

The Echoes of Our Existence

by

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Cast of Characters

SEANNA: 30's
HOPPER: 20's
WOMAN: 20's

Place

Apartment in Building Complex

Time

Morning

2.

Setting: The play takes place inside an apartment to a building complex. It's a modern day living space, open, furnished as a large studio with a balcony.

At Rise: The play opens with Hopper putting on his pants and Seanna staring at him from bed.

Hopper is getting dressed.

SEANNA: Have you made love to every piece of me?

HOPPER: ...I've tried.

SEANNA: But have you?

HOPPER: You tell me.

SEANNA: *(she looks away)*

HOPPER: What's missing?

SEANNA: You don't care to find out.

HOPPER: ...

SEANNA: Am I so challenging?

HOPPER: It's hard for me, to, to look at you sometimes...

SEANNA: ...We won't last.

HOPPER: No?

SEANNA: Does that bother you?

HOPPER: Depends on how I view things.

SEANNA: Want to end things between us now?

HOPPER: You're asking me that?

SEANNA: We could.

HOPPER: ...

SEANNA: Done.

HOPPER: What's done?

SEANNA: Us.

HOPPER: You're bluffing.

SEANNA: Am I?

HOPPER: If this is what you want.

SEANNA: You could go now.

HOPPER: *(continues getting dressed)*

HOPPER (*cont'd*): ...Feeling useless.

SEANNA: You aren't totally useless.

HOPPER: You're throwing me out.

SEANNA: I'm not throwing you anywhere.

HOPPER: But you want me to leave.

SEANNA: That's called knowledge.

HOPPER: Knowledge?

SEANNA: Uh-huh.

HOPPER: What is?

SEANNA: What you're feeling.

HOPPER: You're a cold woman.

SEANNA: Aren't we adults?

HOPPER: You lack humanity.

SEANNA: (*laughs*)

HOPPER: Human decency.

SEANNA: (*laughing*)

HOPPER: And you're twisted.

SEANNA: I've been called much worse.

HOPPER: I'm not trying to call you names.

SEANNA: Is your manhood wounded?

HOPPER: My manhood?

SEANNA: What is your manhood anyway? Describe it to me.

HOPPER: I wouldn't know where to start.

SEANNA: Give me one example of your beloved manhood.

HOPPER: I don't believe I'm in love with my own manhood. I'm just an average guy.

SEANNA: (*laughs*)

HOPPER: You saying I'm not average?

SEANNA: I'm saying you are traditional.

HOPPER: What's wrong with tradition?

SEANNA: There are values one should hold and others necessary to discard. The trouble is we tend to hold on to the wrong values for far too long.

HOPPER: And just how does one know which is which?

SEANNA: Time decides.

HOPPER: Time...this is all getting a little too philosophical for my taste.

SEANNA: There it is again, avoidance!

HOPPER: What?!

SEANNA: You're blind to the deeper aspects of life, aren't you Mr. Hopper? You float alongside the crest of it. Never conquering any form of understanding...we've remained the same between our beginning and now. There's hardly anything left of us...just the echos of our existence. Sooner or later we will go extinct because you refuse to evolve with the changing tide. There is no connecting, no identifying with anything other than the way it *should* be. You've remained transfixed, unused, deliberately hidden, pretending to be unaware of your own potential or lack thereof. And there we have it, we will never take flight...and even when you've had a spontaneous moment of some indirect inspiration, you quickly bury it, refuse it, ignore it! I frighten you, don't I? Us, our potential, it frightens you, doesn't it? Stay lost, stay where you are, just as you were when we first met. Continue on and pretend. Pretend none of it matters, we'll be fine either way, won't we? Regardless, you'll be unhurt playing it safe.

HOPPER: I don't play it safe. I came here to see you, didn't I?

SEANNA: And you can leave as fast as you arrived.

HOPPER: Wait a minute! I'm trying to understand.

SEANNA: You aren't capable and that's my fault for trying to explain.

HOPPER: Now just hold on a minute. I'll leave, I have no problem with leaving but you are jaded in your thoughts.

SEANNA: Am I?

HOPPER: It's disturbing, actually.

SEANNA: It shouldn't be.

HOPPER: Not everything is so cut and dried.

SEANNA: For me, it is.

HOPPER: That's where you are wrong. You talk to me about evolving but you refuse to hear my response to your point of view, which makes you limited in your assumptions.

SEANNA: ...impressive.

HOPPER: Was it?

SEANNA: Tell me more.

HOPPER: You criticize me, saying such things as I'm blind or I'm rudimentary. I actually side with you on your overall point but what gets me is you're shortsighted in seeing my internal struggle, which, given you aren't an x-ray machine of any kind, how can you? You don't see my conflict, nor should you. I guess you are right when you say that at my foundation I am a common guy, but I am all too aware of it and here's where we differ in opinion, I resist it. You think I don't. You think I embrace this way of being...but, I don't...I feel polluted by it..dirty...stained. It's not something I can scrub off with a rough sponge...there's a lot more to my life that I can't give up. I'll take what you said, that I'm not MAN ENOUGH as you claim..then I'm not..I can only chip away at it, try to fix the bodywork from all the scratches and dents given over time..slowly..hopefully. Some days might not even be worth trying..on those days, what gets me through is to attempt in giving my own life some sort of purpose, improvement..make things better for those around me..maybe it's my pride or maybe I blindly believe in a better world..all I know is that I try...every single day, I try. And if that's not good enough for you Seanna, well...

Hopper makes his way out the door.

He leaves.

Seanna puts on music. She pours herself a glass of red wine. She drinks and dances.

Hard knock on the door.

Seanna opens it.

HOPPER: I thought I gave a good speech back there.

SEANNA: You did.

HOPPER: How can you let me just leave?

SEANNA: Why did you come back?

HOPPER: To tell you I'm in love with you.

SEANNA: Are you?

HOPPER: Deeply.

SEANNA: Hmm.

(pause.)

They come together and kiss.

Hopper places Seanna up against the door and they continue kissing passionately.

Hopper lifts her up and Seanna's legs wrap around his hips.

Hopper carries Seanna to the bed and they both land on it, both invested in one another. The front door remains open.

The door has been left open and someone appears.

At first the woman is about to say something, but instead decides against it. The woman closes the open door.

Lights out.

END OF PLAY