

# ***A Lifetime Supply of Sunshine***

*by*

*Joseph Arnone*

Copyright © 2022

[www.MonologueBlogger.com](http://www.MonologueBlogger.com)

All rights reserved. No part of this ePlay may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording or any other storage and retrieval system, without the written permission of the author or publisher.

Cast of Characters

LARA: 60's  
ED: 60's  
MR. P: 27

Place  
Galveston, Texas.

Time  
1900.

Setting: The play takes place inside a large yet modest home. The house décor is dated by two decades but still maintains its charm and modern feel for the year 1900.

At Rise: The play opens with Ed sitting center on a three seat sofa snoring. A newspaper rests on his lap with his hands on top of it.

A knock on the front door is heard. Lara enters from the kitchen wearing an apron. She glances over at Ed as she walks to answer the front door.

Lara opens the front door and Mr. P stands on the porch wearing a black three quarter length summer jacket, a black fedora hat with round eye glasses.

LARA: ..Yes.

MR. P: Evening, Mam.

LARA: Evening.

MR. P: How's everything goin'? Alright, I suppose?

LARA: ..Can I help you?

MR. P: Not exactly..you see..I'm here to help you, I believe.

LARA: Help me? ...with, what?

MR. P: The trouble I'm having is that I'm not exactly sure how to go about telling you what I've traveled all this way to inform you of...reason being is that when I do tell you what it is I've come to say, I am not sure you would believe me.

LARA: I'm sorry but if you're trying to sell me something, we're not interested.

MR. P: Please, don't close that door.

LARA: I have a husband and he's home.

MR. P: Mam, I personally bring you no threat whatsoever; in point of fact, would you mind waking up your husband and asking him to..?  
..This concerns the both of you.

LARA: How do you...do you happen to work for the authorities?

MR. P: Authorities? (*smiles*) No, Mam.

LARA (*calling*): ...Ed...Edward?

*Ed mumbles, remains asleep.*

(*to Mr. P*) ..Pardon me.

MR. P: He's a deep sleeper, isn't he?

*Lara closes the front door.*

LARA (*harsh whisper*): Ed..Edward wake up! (*beat*) Edward!

*Mr. P snaps his finger and Ed instantly pops his head up from the couch.*

*Ed looks around awake but disoriented.*

ED: What?

LARA: Ed, there's a man out on the front porch who would like to speak to you.

ED: Who?

LARA: He didn't say.

ED: What does he want?

LARA: He wouldn't specify.

ED (*leaning forward*): It's Sunday, I have no appointments today.

LARA: I don't think he has an appointment.

ED (*rising*): I don't recall us expecting anyone.

LARA: I think he's a stranger.

*Ed crosses over to the front door, opening it.*

MR. P: Evening, sir.

ED: Evening.

MR. P: Don't wish to alarm you or your wife.

ED: And you are?

MR. P: Mister P, sir.

ED: Mister P...what..?

MR. P: Only..Mister P.

ED: That an abbreviation of some sort?

MR. P: That's all I know.

ED: How can I help you?

MR. P: Perhaps it would be better for us to speak inside.

ED: Are you hurt?

MR. P: No, sir.

ED: Have you taken ill?

MR. P: No, sir.

ED: ...Are you a new resident in town?

MR. P: I don't believe I am. I think I was at one time, but that was decades ago, I imagine.

ED: ..Listen Sonny, you pulling my leg?

MR. P: Oh no, on the contrary, sir.

ED: Have yourself a good day.

*Ed slams the door and locks it.*

ED (to Lara): What in the hell is wrong with that man?

LARA: He said he had something to tell us, said he traveled this way to help us.

ED: What's he selling?

LARA: Said he wasn't selling anything.

ED: What's he preaching?

LARA: He told me we would not believe what he had to say.

ED: Exactly.

*Knock on front door.*

LARA: Oh, my.

*Ed looks through the front window.*

ED: He didn't specify what he wanted?

LARA: No.

*Knock on the front door.*

ED: I don't have the tolerance for this.

LARA: What should we do?

ED: He didn't do anything wrong, did he?

LARA: No.

*Knock on the front door.*

Why did you close the door so suddenly?

ED: What do you mean, *why*?

LARA: We should have at least been more hospitable to him.

ED: He's a type of scam artist it seems. I've seen his kind, popping up all over town as of late.

LARA: But how do we know for sure?

*Loud knock on front door.*

ED: What will you have me do, Lara?

LARA: Offer him some tea and pie.

ED: Why are you always attracting strange folk?

LARA: I've been doing nothing of the sort; been in the kitchen all morning.

ED: Let him walk off. Sooner or later he'll get the message.

*Louder knock on front door.*

Christ!

LARA: Edward!

ED: Excuse me, sorry.

LARA: We should offer that man a beverage and let him be on his way.

ED: Why you putting this on us? Don't I have the right to enjoy my Sunday without dealing with one of your fiascos?

*Lara stares at Ed.*

*Ed opens the door in anger.*

MR. P: Mr. Landford, I only wish to help -

ED: How do you know my name?

MR. P: It says so on your mailbox.

ED: ...What exactly is the point of your visit?

MR. P: Point?

ED: Mister, you are on my property. You've knocked on our door repeatedly and I'm beginning to believe this is some form of harassment -

MR. P: I'm not trying to harass anyone.

ED: You looking for work? That it?

MR. P: No.

ED: A place to stay is it?

MR. P: Afraid not.

ED: ...Well...

MR. P: I'm only passing through, sir...with purpose.

ED: ..What's your purpose?

MR. P: Perhaps you should be so kind as to invite me inside your home as your wife suggested...

ED: ...You fancy some tea and pie?

MR. P: That would be most lovely, sir.

ED: And after, will you agree to be on your way?

MR. P: That's the plan.

ED: Just a second. Lara. (*nod to a glass case on the wall*)

*Lara opens up a glass case on the wall.  
She takes out a sawed off shotgun.*

*Lara checks the barrel and nods to Ed  
that it's loaded.*

*She aims the gun firmly at Mr. P's chest.*

ED (*to Mr. P*) You sure you still wish to come into our home?

MR. P: It'll all be fine.

*Ed steps aside making room for Mr. P  
to enter.*

*Lara keeps the shotgun aimed directly  
at Mr. P's chest.*

MR. P.: This is...this is quite the lovely home you have here. Just as I..vaguely..I vaguely, remember...

LARA: Remember, what?

MR. P: This home. My home? Feels like my home. Can't say I completely recognize it. Is it my home, or...I wish I could honestly say...(pointing) that table...(touches wooden table with his fingers) these grooves...(he sits at the table, placing both palms down on it) Everything appears smaller, but can't say for certain.

MR. P (*cont'd*): Tell me, have you changed the house much since you first took ownership?

*Ed and Lara exchange looks.*

ED: We had this structure built after we purchased the land.

MR. P: Ah, I see. And the interior?

ED: Interior?

MR. P: Has it remained the same since the structure's been built?

ED: Lara likes to decorate but overall I imagine it's remained just about the same.

LARA (*to Ed*): You don't notice the changes I make, regardless.

*Ed darts a look at Lara.*

*Mr. P stands up and walks around observing the home.*

MR. P: It's a warm home, isn't it? A place where a person feels safe, secure, never to expect the kind of tragedy life could throw at it...as it is what we call it..home. The tricks we become accustomed to, are what keeps us here. There are so many disturbances that take place around the world, accidents, acts of violence, an unforeseen circumstance that can change a life forever. A home is where we spend most of our time, it seems. Where we try to relax and be our true selves, say the things we wish to say, do the things we wish to do, behave in the ways that the outside world will never get to witness. Our homes aren't as great as we assume them to be...we don't often take the kind of notice we should take, of our own self-confinement. In some ways a home acts as a signpost to the passersby that says what we wish for it to say about who we are; when all we are is what we are. Don't you think?

ED: Home is where the heart is.

MR. P: That's right, isn't it? You do have a wonderful home Mr. and Mrs. Landford, filled with plenty of heart.

LARA: Ed...I believe this is...(she holds up the gun)

ED: Let me have it.

LARA: Tea and pie.

*Lara hands Ed the shotgun.*

*Ed aims shotgun at Mr. P's chest while*

*Lara goes into the kitchen to prepare  
tea and pie.*

MR. P: A good woman...your wife.

ED: Yes, she is.

MR. P: I've never been with a woman.

ED: ...Never?

MR. P: Never.

ED: ...Why not?

MR. P: I'm all work.

ED: What sort of work you in?

MR. P: Even I don't know the particulars. I do what I believe I'm meant to do and try not to question much else. That's not to say I haven't questioned the elements..but, there are no answers, at least, answers not yet shared, maybe not in my time, but perhaps one day, one day the deepest questions will be answered. There is so much we don't understand..it can get frustrating. I've realized it's best to let dead dogs rest in order to focus on the things I'm supposed to do. If not, I allow distractions to enter my path, which can lead me down the rabbit whole and there you have it..nothing gets done..ever..

ED: You must work for a major corporation then?

MR. P: Corporation?

ED: A business..a company..an organization.

MR. P: Oh YES, an organization. Sure.

*Lara comes out carrying a tray with  
tea and pie.*

*She sets it down on the table.*

LARA: Gentleman, tea and pie.

*Ed gestures for Mr. P to gather where  
the table is.*

*Ed, Mr. P and Lara all sit down.*

*Mr. P tries the pie and melts with pleasure. He sips his tea and drinks it all in one go. He goes back to the pie and performs another round of pleasure.*

*Ed and Lara watch Mr. P in fascination.*

MR. P: This pie..this pie is extraordinary.

LARA: Thank you.

MR. P: The tea was profound.

LARA: That's quite a word.

MR. P: Exquisite.

LARA: (*giggles*)

ED (*proudly*): My wife is a magician in the kitchen.

MR. P: Do you believe in magic?

LARA: Magic? Oh, I don't -

ED: That was a figure of speech.

MR. P: I know what it was that you said, Mr. Landford. I am asking, if either of you believe in magic?

ED: Magic?

LARA: I've always liked magic.

MR. P: And you, Mr. Landford?

ED: Well, I guess I enjoy the entertainment of it, just like anybody else.

MR. P: That's good. (*beat*) Thank you both for inviting me into your home and offering me this delicious tea and pie.

ED and LARA: You're welcome.

MR. P: ...Now I must tell you the bad news...

*Ed and Lara hold hands across the top of the table.*

I must tell you both the reason why I have arrived.

ED: Please, do.

MR. P: What I am about to tell you isn't going to be believed by either one of you, but I am hoping that after I've left, you will come to your senses and believe in me.

A long time ago something very special was taken from the both of you. Times were hard and there was an opportunity that came your way and you both decided to take it. You won't recall what it was you gave up to gain what you have now, but it...it doesn't matter...what truly matters is that deep down you both know that something's been missing, it rings true, even though you can't place it...it's important to hold on to that sound inside yourself because that inner truth is real...something terrible is coming...it is only days away and I have come in time to tell you before it's too late...Galveston will be hit with a natural disaster the likes of which has never been seen and you both will be in the center of this travesty, losing everything, including your lives. Thousands of people are going to die. It is unavoidable. They cannot be saved. Wind and water will rise and destroy everything.

ED: How do you know this?

MR. P: Mr. Landford...I just know.

LARA: What are we supposed to do?

*Mr. P pulls out a blue lightbulb.*

MR. P: All you need to do is take this lightbulb and plug it in. One activated your home and everything in it will be protected from the approaching storm.

ED: *(starts to laugh)* ...You can't be serious. For a minute there, you had me. *(laughs louder)* You had me going! *(laughs louder)* Now I've heard some wild tales but this, THIS has got to be the greatest. Wait till I tell all the fellas in town. Ha, ha, ha! Mister P, you can make an honest living telling such tales.

MR. P: Mr. Landford, this will one day become a historical fact.

ED: *(laughing even louder)*

LARA: *(joining in with laughter)*

ED: What a Sunday. Offering us a lifetime supply of sunshine! Is that what you do? Knock around on people's doors and tell them made up stories for some tea and pie? Ha, ha ha.

LARA: Would you like another slice of pie?

*Ed and Lara burst out laughing together.*

ED: Good one, Lara. Ha, ha, ha!

MR. P: This truly is no laughing matter.

ED: Where's the proof? Show us the proof of your claims.

MR. P: I have none.

ED: Exactly. Which gives us reason to believe this is all a work of fiction. Care for more tea and pie?

MR. P: No, thank you.

ED: Boy, I need that. A good laugh cleans out the arteries. I really, really needed that.

*Lara starts cleaning up the table.*

LARA: Mr. P, you honestly had us going. Kept me in suspense!

ED: Tell me, how much you make on the road?

MR. P: The road?

ED: Aren't you like one of those acting troupe's? Travel around and perform, or kind of like a carnival act but not exactly; you might have your own niche going for you Mr. P. I give you all my blessings. Ha, ha.

MR. P: Mr. Landford...this lightbulb isn't what you think it is.

ED: No, huh?

*Ed takes the bulb from Mr. P's hand and examines it.*

Looks about right. Looks the same to me.

*Ed hands it back.*

MR. P: Please, you must take it and use it or evacuate. Those are your only two choices.

ED: There are over thirty-thousand people living in this town. Why in hell would you knock on our door to offer us this lightbulb?

MR. P: It belongs to you.

ED: How so?

MR. P: It's why I traveled here. I needed to make sure I've given you the chance.

ED: Why us? Why not Doctor Reynolds across the street?

MR. P: I was drawn to this house. I was led here.

ED: Led? By what?

MR. P: Familiarity.

ED: To be honest, and I appreciate your humorous story, but you have taken it too far and your continued riddle talk is getting on my nerves. Perhaps it's time you've gone to the next house. Go directly cross the street there to Mr. Reynolds, he's the green house with the large tree in his front yard. He'll buy into your story. How much you selling this bulb for anyhoo?

MR. P: It's not for sale.

ED: Try your story out on Reynolds. I bet he'll pay a pretty penny for this lightbulb.

*Ed gets up from table.*

That'll be all now.

*Mr. P rises.*

*Lara enters the room.*

I'll walk you to the door.

MR. P: I implore you to keep this lightbulb and activate it.

ED: If I take that lightbulb from you, I'll look like I bought into your story hook, line and sinker. Can't do that. Besides, I still get the feeling that the fellas in town put you up to this.

MR. P: Your life depends on this! This is no false story. You are going to die!

*Ed aims gun at Mr. P.*

ED: We've gone as far as we're gonna go boy.

LARA: Ed...

ED: ..It's alright Lara..hang tight..Mr. P was just leaving...ain't that right, son?

MR. P: Son?

ED: Ss...ss...son.

*Ed lowers his gun.*

*Mr. P hugs Ed. Ed remains numb.*

*Mr. P stops hugging Ed.*

*Mr. P hands Lara the lightbulb and touches her face gently.*

MR. P: Your fate is in your hands.

*Mr. P exits.*

ED: ...Wait...

LARA: Ed? Edward are you okay?

ED: I'm...(Ed wobbles)

LARA: ED!

*Lara helps Ed sit on the sofa.*

*Lara takes the gun and places it back in the glass encasement on the wall.*

ED: Son...have we...tell me Lara, had we a son?

LARA: ...Couldn't be...but I did hear some strange wind picking up out there.

*Lights slowly fade to black.*

**END OF PLAY**