

Otto and Sandra

by

Joseph Arnone

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Cast of Characters

SANDRA:

30's

OTTO:

30's

Place

Otto's apartment

Time

Night

Setting: The play takes place in Manhattan, inside of Otto's penthouse apartment. The apartment is on the top floor of a luxury high-rise. There is a balcony partially obscured stage right. A small bar centerstage. Beside the bar is the exit/entrance doorway. There is a king size bed stage left. Although the place is spacious and clean, it is unkept, bare and empty of life, no proper lighting has been installed yet and it barely has any furniture in it.

At Rise: The play opens with Otto and Sandra kissing on the edge of Otto's bed.

The lights rise on Sandra and Otto.

They face one another on the edge of a bed kissing.

Sandra pulls away.

OTTO: What's wrong?

Sandra stands up and walks to the window.

...what?

SANDRA: I feel like people are watching us without the blinds yet installed. Are we going to keep this apartment like this? We haven't even had the couch ordered yet.

OTTO: The couch?

SANDRA: I thought you said you had it ordered?

OTTO: OH! Oh...yes -

SANDRA: And?

OTTO: I've been away on business.

SANDRA: You've been that busy?

OTTO: Yes, you know that.

SANDRA: But you've had no time to order one piece of furniture for this place? We don't even have closets here yet Otto.

OTTO: ...What do you want me to do?

SANDRA: I want you to make it accommodating!

OTTO: Is this why you've been acting strange all night long?

SANDRA: I'm not acting strange.

OTTO: You are. All night. Over furniture?

SANDRA: It isn't just furniture. It's, it's a lot more than that. It's the intention, it's the knowing that I am here and I've been waiting for us to renovate this place for months, I mean, it's empty, it's bare, look around you, it has no life and I'm the one living here for most of the time!

OTTO: I'll put in all the furnishings you wish to make.

SANDRA: You've had several months, Otto.

OTTO: Months, months, time goes fast.

SANDRA: I don't care.

OTTO: We will go out for new furniture this week if you want. We'll pick things together.

SANDRA: But why do you need me? Why can't you ever take the initiative to do this on your own? You are the designer Otto, you put all your energy into your work, into other people's homes but nothing into our own, or what I hope to think it is, some kind of home to us...

OTTO: Of course it is. I've just been struggling with things lately Sandra, you know that. Time isn't exactly on our side right now (*Silence between them.*) What if I pick things you don't like?

SANDRA: Impossible.

OTTO: It can happen.

SANDRA: That is one nice thing I can say about you right now, you're a genius in design. You've better ideas, better taste than I'll ever have with it.

OTTO: That isn't true. You've quite the talent yourself.

SANDRA: Besides, whenever we've gone out to buy something, you always have the final say.

OTTO: No.

SANDRA: You are never satisfied with what I want.

OTTO: That isn't so, Sandra.

SANDRA: It is so! That dress, remember the white gown I wanted, the one that sparkled?

OTTO: Yes.

SANDRA: You wouldn't let me have it.

OTTO: It was a terrible dress.

SANDRA: I think you were worried it would bring too much attention to me.

OTTO: What has got into you?

SANDRA: I'm not happy Otto, not with us...not with any of this, this, this situation we're in. I don't even understand it anymore, I don't understand us anymore.

OTTO: I treat you good Sandra.

SANDRA: On your own terms.

OTTO: Really?

SANDRA: Yes, only on your own terms. You are oblivious Otto. I don't know where your mind is lately, I almost don't want to know, it's certainly not on us.

OTTO: We are supposed to be having a wonderful night. We haven't seen one another in a while. Haven't you missed me?

SANDRA: (*Shrugs her shoulders.*) There are some things I miss and other things I don't.

OTTO: What do you miss?

SANDRA: Stop, I only want to talk about the bad things.

OTTO: Oh.

SANDRA: Because I think the bad things are outweighing the good...

OTTO: Such as?

SANDRA: Such as having a baby.

(*Pause.*)

*Otto lights a cigarette. Pours a brandy.
Hands a glass to Sandra.*

SANDRA (*cont'd*): Well..aren't you going to respond?

OTTO: What about it?

SANDRA: I don't want to have a baby.

OTTO: But we decided -

SANDRA: YOU! YOU decided. You! You decided Otto!

OTTO: You said it is something you would want to do -

SANDRA: Eventually, Otto. Not now. You put pressure on us now to have one and I am not ready for it.

OTTO: Why?

SANDRA: Because I need my freedom.

OTTO: You will still have your freedom.

SANDRA: No, I won't.

OTTO: Freedom to do what?

SANDRA: Freedom to do whatever the fuck I want! And not be made to feel, to feel -

(Pause.)

OTTO: You are getting so excited. I wish you wouldn't.

SANDRA: Don't try to get me to calm down and sweet talk me into getting your way. It won't work.

OTTO: I don't know why you -

SANDRA: There is no convincing me otherwise.

OTTO: You swing back and forth, that comes from you, not me. You don't know how to make up your own mind...about ANYTHING. You can't expect me to wait in the dark to start a family. I am getting impatient with your indecisiveness.

SANDRA: And I don't want a baby!

OTTO: But you will have everything taken care of for you.

SANDRA: What does that mean?

OTTO: You will never want for anything.

SANDRA: But what I want I won't have.

OTTO: Like, what?

SANDRA: You.

OTTO: Me?

SANDRA: All of you.

OTTO: How much more of me can you want?

SANDRA: Only the part of you that makes me feel loved.

OTTO: Why do we go down these roads? Why can't things be good the way they are?

SANDRA: Because they aren't.

OTTO: Why do people always look for more than what they need?

SANDRA: This isn't what I want.

OTTO: What then? You tell me, what is it that you want?

SANDRA: You won't marry me.

OTTO: Don't start this again.

SANDRA: But why? Aren't I good enough to marry?

OTTO: I told you I am not getting married again.

SANDRA: But why? Shouldn't we have -

OTTO: A big event for NOTHING!

SANDRA: But it isn't nothing, Otto. It is a celebration of our love, isn't it?

OTTO: No, it isn't, it...we do not have to be like everyone else to feel connected, to be together.

SANDRA: I don't wish to be like everyone else, but this is something I want.

OTTO: Why?

SANDRA: Because I've never been married, Otto...

OTTO: (*Sighs.*) Can't you see why I don't wish to be married? I like things the way they are with us...I don't want to change it. I want us to continue what we have..there is nothing wrong with being the way we are..society keeps putting these ideas in your mind and I am telling you it is all bullshit..we need to be true to us and what we want and how we wish to function..I love my life the way it is with you in it, the way in which you are in it, the way we aren't so tied down...things don't need to get complicated.

SANDRA: Having a baby isn't complicated, Otto?

OTTO: No, it isn't.

SANDRA: It certainly is.

OTTO: Not with me it isn't.

SANDRA: I have to be the one to carry this baby for nine months and be responsible for it each and every day for the rest of my life. You are expecting me to take on a completely life changing event, are you even aware of the work we will *both* need to put in?

OTTO: I told you, you will never be alone, I will have an entire staff working for you.

SANDRA: A staff?

OTTO: Why not?

SANDRA: And where will you be?

OTTO: Here.

SANDRA: But where is here?

OTTO: I will visit. Spend quality time.

SANDRA: Don't you want a family?

OTTO: Yes, but I want a family the way I wish to have a family. What is so wrong with that?

SANDRA: Why are we together?

OTTO: Because we love one another.

SANDRA: Do we?

OTTO: Yes.

SANDRA: But how do you define love, Otto?

OTTO: Love is different for different people.

SANDRA: But you, how do you define it for yourself?

OTTO: Contentment.

SANDRA: Is that all?

OTTO: Yes, why should it be more than that?

SANDRA: It sounds empty.

OTTO: My idea of happiness doesn't lack romance.

SANDRA: But even still.

OTTO: I have already been married and divorced and the entire experience was a living nightmare. I cannot have that experience ever again in my life -

SANDRA: You shouldn't take your past out on me!

OTTO: It has nothing to do with you. This is my own personal

OTTO (cont'd): experience and I refuse to ever repeat it.

SANDRA: And now you wish to have a baby out of wedlock?

OTTO: Yes, you know this is what I want.

SANDRA: But, I don't feel...

OTTO: Say it.

SANDRA: I feel as though you are only using me to bring a baby into this world and nothing more.

OTTO: But you know how I feel about you, don't you?

SANDRA: I can't do this. I need to go somewhere tonight...I don't wish to hear much more from you.

SANDRA begins to pack items into a bag.

OTTO: Where are you going in the middle of the night?

SANDRA: To a hotel.

OTTO: Wait, wait, please stop.

SANDRA: I am not your whore.

OTTO: Whore? I wish for you to be the mother of my child. How can you think I view you in such a way?

SANDRA: Where have you been?! I don't only mean physically but mentally! Don't you see, I feel used Otto? And I don't, I don't feel appreciated. You have this way about you, so nonchalant, that you make me feel unloved, dismissed and I don't deserve to be dismissed! After all I've put up with from you, the last thing I should feel is as if I'm something on the side, do you understand?

I've put my time in to all of this, into us and you don't even have the humility to try to understand us or what we really mean to each other. Do we really mean anything to each other Otto? Or are you taking advantage of me, for who I am, what I represent, what I believe in?

...You get what you want, you go on these trips, you're away for multiple days, you leave, you stay, you leave...and leave for longer and then you push me aside. I've seen you do this with everything, with others, with family, with friends and of course you will do this again with our baby and that is where I refuse you. THAT is when I show you my other side, the side of me that you've only seen once before and begged to never see again.

SANDRA (cont'd): This thing of ours has been a tug of war and it will only get worse because of your own sophisticated ego and pride – *selfishness* is a better word because you don't know how to put me first before your own wants and needs. So, what am I doing here? Do you expect me to wait around until I am pregnant? Live with the regret because I am involved in something that lacks true love? And all of this is because of your past, all of it! It all stems from there Otto, you expect me to pay the price for it all and I can't any longer, this time I'm refusing to, this time I'm saying no and this time, I mean it.

Sandra walks to the exit door.

OTTO: ..What if I was to marry you?

SANDRA: ..What?

OTTO: ..What if we did get married?

SANDRA: ...No, we can't Otto. I wish we could, but I realize we shouldn't...I don't want to battle for half of what I deserve..I think one day you will realize that as well...

Sandra exits.

Otto pours himself another drink.

Lights dim.

END OF PLAY