

The Goldfish

by

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Cast of Characters

<u>CAMERON</u> :	20's
<u>HUNTER</u> :	20's
<u>KIMMIE</u> :	20's
<u>TRISHELLE</u> :	20's

Place

Backyard

Time

Early morning

Setting: The play takes place outside in the backyard of Cameron's trailer home. The lawn is an absolute disaster. Not only is it unkempt, but destroyed from the party the night before. There is a kiddie pool filled up with filthy water and beer cans floating in it. There's a cooler centerstage with beer in it that's bashed in. Lawn chairs are scattered around, some turned on their side, others upside down. There are balloons that have lost some of their helium and are barely fighting against gravity. Remnants of a circus like event are revealed, with hula hops, bowling ball pins and fireworks scattered about.

At Rise: The play opens with a vibrant morning sun beaming its brightness over Cameron as he stirs awake. Cameron wears a robe with flashy underwear that sparkles. He wears a blue wig and a tie with no shirt. His robe is dirty and has images of ducks imprinted all over it. Hunter sits in a lawn chair beside the dented cooler, drinking a beer calmly. Hunter is a bit disheveled but that's from just finishing his nightshift at work.

*Hunter sits in a lawn chair drinking
from a can of beer.*

*Cameron is passed out on the lawn but
begins to stir awake.*

The sun beats down.

CAMERON (*To himself.*): ...Fuck'n...(Raises his hand above his eyes.)
Fuck'n sun will kill me. (*Rolls his tongue around his mouth as he
sits up and notices Hunter.*) ...Hunter? That -

HUNTER: Yeah, it's me man.

CAMERON: Thought I died.

HUNTER: Ya didn't die.

CAMERON: Where is everyone?

HUNTER: How should I know?

CAMERON: Oh, you had work last night.

HUNTER: Been sittin' here.

CAMERON: Just sittin' there?

HUNTER: Uh-huh.

CAMERON: Why?

HUNTER: Checked if you were breathin'...you were breathin'.

CAMERON: Last night..last night was -

HUNTER: I know man. (*Sarcastically.*) It was great! Best time of
your life, until the next big money pit.

CAMERON: Throw me a beer.

*Hunter dips his hand inside cooler
and tosses a beer to Cameron.*

*Cameron cracks it open, it spills over
but he doesn't care. He drinks.*

*Cameron crawls to a lawn chair opposite
Hunter. He sits.*

Thank God there's somethin' left to drink. (*He burps.*)

HUNTER: Yeah.

CAMERON: Why'd you come by?

HUNTER: I didn't.

CAMERON: No, I mean now.

HUNTER: Got off work, passing by so I figured...

CAMERON: Wish you were here last night.

HUNTER: I know, I know, I get it.

CAMERON: You alright?

HUNTER: I'm fine.

CAMERON: You seem pissed.

HUNTER: I'm always pissed.

CAMERON: About?

HUNTER: Everythin' and nothin' cause it don't matter, so fuck it.

CAMERON: Had these dancers with hula hoops...spittin' fire out of their mouths...fuck'n tonic!

HUNTER: Who cares?

CAMERON: I'm just tellin' you -

HUNTER: Look man, I don't want to hear about it.

CAMERON: Then why are you here?

HUNTER: I wanted to get a real good look at what one-hundred thousand dollars looks like when it's gone down the drain. You my friend, you're the definition of drain.

CAMERON: I'm enjoyin' my life.

HUNTER: Excessively. You can't stop. You won't stop until all your money is gone. What'll you do then? You gonna come ask me for money like you used to? Cause your shit out of luck kid. I ain't got nothin'. Savin' to buy me one a them tiny house bungalows. Shit, you coulda bought like ten of 'em, flipped 'em for a nice profit, too. Instead, you're blowin' the load on drinkin', fuck'n, this circus you got goin' here. Tossed two fellas outta here for you this mornin'. Both passed out on the front lawn. Chased them out.

HUNTER (cont'd): Found you back here lookin' like something out of a freak show. You look like you ain't slept in a year, I'm tellin' you Cam'ron, you're holdin' on by a thread, next step, I don't wanna know what the next step is gonna look like for ya but it ain't gonna be pretty, tell you now, it ain't gon' be pretty.

CAMERON: What do I look like?

HUNTER: Like a man who has lost his life and don't know it yet.

CAMERON: It was just a party man.

HUNTER: You know I bumped into Trishelle yesterday before work at the grocery store. She told me some things.

CAMERON: What things?

HUNTER: She told me you've spiraled out of control. Quit your job, fallen behind on bills. Hell, didn't they impound your car last week? And it's not cause you ain't had the money. It's cause you wastin' all your money on some stupid shit; like gambling. What you doin' runnin' car tournaments? You got some of the worst, most crooked sons of bitches comin' out of the woodwork at a chance of takin' your money and they are, every time...how much you got left?

CAMERON: I'm alright.

HUNTER: How much? Half? Can't be. Way less than half now, right? Fifteen? Ten? FIVE? WHAT YOU GOT?

CAMERON: Why you comin' at me man?

HUNTER: Why? Trishelle, the woman you are supposed to marry was crying in my arms man!

CAMERON: Why she cryin' in your arms?

HUNTER: Cause you fuck'n up.

CAMERON: I've only been taking some time before my life gets serious is all. I took time off work is all.

HUNTER: They won't hire you back.

CAMERON: What you talkin' bout?

HUNTER: They told me so. Been wantin' to speak to ya but you're too busy being the local showman.

CAMERON: What the heck are you talkin' about? I worked everything out with Davey. I'm good.

HUNTER: Davey's the one who told me.

CAMERON: What he say?

HUNTER: Said you're out.

CAMERON: How's that?

HUNTER: Said your time off reached its expiration date.

CAMERON: Can't be.

HUNTER: That's what he said.

CAMERON: WE agreed to three months.

HUNTER: Three months?

CAMERON: Yeah, man.

HUNTER: It's been six months you fathead. SIX! Your head's so fogged up you can't even see what day it is. What day is it?

CAMERON: Huh?

HUNTER: What..day..is it?

CAMERON: Tuesday.

HUNTER: Lucky guess.

CAMERON: That was a lucky guess, actually.

They both laugh.

HUNTER: Your life is fallin' apart and you're makin' jokes. You ain't gonna be laughin' for long.

CAMERON: What you mean? Why you keep makin' threats?

HUNTER: Hey man, I came by to tell you that your girl is leaving your ass. Let that sink in. I've come to tell you that you got no job. Let that sink in. To tell you you've pissed away your Aunt's inheritance and you are worse off than you were before. Now what? What you gonna do?

CAMERON: Find a new job.

HUNTER: Good luck.

CAMERON: I'll get a new job.

HUNTER: Ain't nobody and I mean NOBODY hiring ANYWHERE.

CAMERON: I'll talk to Davey.

HUNTER: Davey is the last guy you wanna be talkin' to right now. His dog just died. Blames himself.

CAMERON: Why?

HUNTER: Dog ate some old critter bait he thinks he left out in the yard somewheres and forgot about.

CAMERON: That's horrible.

HUNTER: Yeah, sad.

CAMERON: ...How long should I wait?

HUNTER: For what?

CAMERON: Until Davey's over his dog dyin'?

HUNTER: Davey ain't ever gonna get over his dog dyin', specially if he blames himself.

CAMERON: Aw hell, this is all just a bunch of bull man! These are fixable things. Not the end of the world. Trishelle ain't goin' anywheres. Davey ain't gonna let me go, neither.

HUNTER: Your head is cracked, you know that?

CAMERON: No -

HUNTER: You stopped looking reality in its face and swapped it out for delusion and denial. I get it. It's nice to live out a fantasy, as if there are no troubles in ya life and nothin' matters enough to get you worried but you took that trip too far kid, time ain't your friend no more, the ship's sailing, it's sailed, it's gone.

CAMERON: Pass me another beer.

HUNTER: You hearin' me?

CAMERON: Yeah, I hear ya! What you want me to say man?

HUNTER: I don't give a damn what you say to me, it's what you sayin' to yourself that's got you all wrong.

CAMERON: Cause you're so perfect, right?

HUNTER: This ain't about me.

CAMERON: Don't ever see your only son.

HUNTER: Don't bring Lucas into this.

CAMERON: You completely abandoned your own boy. That boy's growin' up without a father and it's all on account of -

Hunter punches Cameron in the face.

HUNTER: Talk about my son ever again, I'll kill you.

Hunter walks off.

Hunter's car is heard screeching off.

Enter Kimmie.

KIMMIE: ...There you are Cammie, baby lips. (*Hugging Cameron.*)
Cammie you are as sweet as warm apple pie.

CAMERON: ...You still here?

KIMMIE: What's wrong?

CAMERON: Just took one to the jaw.

KIMMIE: What happened?

CAMERON: Not important. I'll live.

KIMMIE: (*Looking around the yard.*) Outside looks just as bad as inside.

CAMERON: Yeah, everythin' trashed?

KIMMIE: I tried to tidy up some.

CAMERON: Thanks..why?

KIMMIE: Because.

Kimmie gives Cameron a shoulder message.

Cameron moves away from her.

CAMERON: I have to get some things together.

KIMMIE: You said I could stay a while.

CAMERON: ..Did I?

KIMMIE: Mm-hmm.

CAMERON: ..I was drunk Kimmie.

KIMMIE: But you said I could stay.

CAMERON: ..You can't.

KIMMIE: Why?

CAMERON: Can't have you here.

KIMMIE: But, why?

CAMERON: Cause I'm engaged.

KIMMIE: Engaged with what?

CAMERON: To be married.

KIMMIE (*Flirting.*): You weren't married last night.

CAMERON: You really need to go.

KIMMIE: I don't want to leave.

CAMERON: Don't you have a home?

KIMMIE: No.

CAMERON: No?

KIMMIE: No, I don't.

CAMERON: Well, where in hell did you come from then?

KIMMIE: I fell here, like an angel.

CAMERON: Listen, Kim, Kim...I'm really sorry but you need to leave because I – the party's over.

KIMMIE: But you told me you loved me.

CAMERON: What??

KIMMIE: Said you wanted to be with me.

CAMERON: And you believed me?

KIMMIE: I feel the same way as you do.

CAMERON: Kim –

KIMMIE: Yes?

CAMERON: Where can you go cause you can't stay here.

KIMMIE: I don't understand.

CAMERON: Last night, I was out of my head, okay? I mean I was...it was the fuck'n circus for me last night -

KIMMIE: It was so much fun Cammie!

CAMERON: Yes, but -

KIMMIE: Was beautiful! Cotton candy! Clowns, jugglers! (*Laughs.*) The fireworks! -

CAMERON: KIMMIE! ...Please, what I'm tryin' to say is - what I need to tell you is that I can't have you here no more. If I said the things you tol' me I said to you last night, well, I didn't mean 'em. Maybe in the moment, I got carried away, was feelin' high as hell, told you I loved you and that stuff, but that, that was in the heat of the moment kind of thing like, it wasn't what I really feel about you, it was - we were caught up in that moment and the moment was real, I'm sure the moment was real, you're a nice girl and all but that's all it was, that's all it will ever be...a moment between us Kim and that's the end of it. I don't wanna hurt you or offend you or - I'm sorry if I - I didn't mean to make what we were feelin' more than what it was...so, I take it back, I don't love you, I don't, and believe me when I tell you, you sure as hell don't love me, trust me, you think you do but you don't...now I got get some things on track 'round here, I gotta get back to Trishelle - you know this now, I gotta organize this mess, it's all a mess, we're gettin' married Kim, you understand? Can't have you 'round here no more.

KIMMIE: I never said I loved you, Cameron.

CAMERON: Okay, alright.

KIMMIE: Look at you! Bet you feel mighty good having a gorgeous bombshell of a woman such as myself being affectionate with you. I don't love you! Who could love such a selfish, inconsiderate, FOOL?! You're a dumb fool!

Kimmie walks away.

CAMERON: Where you going?

KIMMIE: HOME!!!

CAMERON: Thought you said you had no home?

KIMMIE: I'll find me a home you son of a bitch!

CAMERON: I'll drive you!

Cameron runs in front of her and stops her.

Let me drive you to wherever it is you're going.

KIMMIE: Loser!

CAMERON: Wait! You can't go walkin' 'round the neighborhood like that.

KIMMIE: Like what? Are you insulting me?

CAMERON: No! I'm only sayin' you could take a hot shower -

KIMMIE: I like cold showers asshole!

CAMERON: Cold shower and um, I can fix you up some breakfast. I can offer you fresh clothes. I'm not - I wasn't tossin' you out or anythin' like that - I wouldn't do such a thing as that to a woman. Don't go like the way you're goin', okay?

KIMMIE: You said you wanted me to leave so I was leaving.

CAMERON: I know what I said. Please stop takin' everythin' I say so literally.

KIMMIE: You don't want me to go?

CAMERON: NO, I mean, YES, yes I want you to go when the time is right for you to leave. Take a cold shower, feel good, I'll make us some coffee and things will be chill.

KIMMIE: This is hard for me. You think this is all a cake walk? Girl like me? You think it's easy? I never imagined I'd meet a fella like you. It was always a thought. Not a big one, but a thought, a tiny thought that would float 'round in the back of my mind thinking one day I might actually meet some fella on the job I really like and who really likes me, but I was never, never one to believe in fairy tales. Then it happened, last night you connected to me, you took me by surprise, ya said some of the most beautiful things anyone's ever said to me and I was taken..by you..you really looked at me...now I know there must be something missing in your life cause there can never be another woman if you looked at me the way you did...I think you aren't in love with that other woman. I think you let yourself go last night and that you said some things to me that you really meant to say Cameron...that you needed to say..I know cause I felt your words. I know what's real and I know what's not real. You're only trying to play it straight. You're in too deep. You're just trying to straighten out your life, but you don't love her...no, you don't love her, cause you already proved you could love me.

CAMERON: You don't believe me?

KIMMIE: Of course I believe you silly!

CAMERON: No, I mean, when I tell you I don't love you.

KIMMIE: I think you have to come back to your senses.

CAMERON: But I've already told you what I feel.

KIMMIE: No way.

CAMERON: And you refuse to believe me.

KIMMIE: Love plays tricks on our minds, Cameron. Don't you know that? Let me ask you something...this person you are supposedly engaged to...you may think you love her, but in actuality, you don't. You don't cause you've been trying to run away from her. You said so yourself. That's why you been throwing these wild parties. You been trying to escape your life. I know the whole story. You spent your entire Aunt's inheritance because you have tried to distract yourself from the life you don't wish to follow through on. I'm not trying to be no psychologist or whatever, this is what you told me. I didn't ask for your life's history but YOU TOLD ME.

CAMERON: What did I tell you?

KIMMIE: You said you wasn't happy with your life. Said you hated your job, hated your friends, hated the idea of getting married...you even told me that you went out and killed your friend Davey's dog.

CAMERON: WHAT?!

KIMMIE: What?

CAMERON: I did what? What did I say about the dog?

KIMMIE: Said you fed your friend's dog some rat poison.

CAMERON: No way! There's no way I did something like that.

KIMMIE: But you did.

CAMERON: How you know what I did and didn't do?

KIMMIE: You confessed me your sins, that's the phrase you used.

CAMERON: Why would I do such a thing?

KIMMIE: You got me on that one. People do the strangest things.

*Kimmie digs into the cooler and
cracks open a beer.*

CAMERON: The party is over!

KIMMIE: Take it easy lover boy, it's just a beer.

Cameron sits on the ground and sulks.

After a moment...

Hey...here sweet lips, it's alright. Don't get your jeans in a knot.
Hey...Hey...Cameron...Cammie?

Kimmie stands up concerned.

Cammie baby, say something...stop crying, it ain't good for ya.

Kimmie kneels in front of him.

KIMMIE: Come on, settle down, it'll be alright Cameron. I killed a goldfish once. My mother took me to the pet shop when I was six years old an' I stood in front of this big ole tank an' the man who worked there asked me to pick out any fish I wanted an' so I did. He placed the goldfish in a small plastic bag filled up with water an' as my momma and me walked across the parking lot to get back to momma's truck, I had this terrible sense of sadness come over me...what kind of life was this goldfish gonna have? How happy was it ever gonna be? And then I thought, I was gonna be responsible for this creature's happiness, it was gonna be a full time job to feed it, clean the tank, buy its toys and what have you and I just thought the whole idea of owning a goldfish sucked. So I took my fingers an' trapped the goldfish in the corner of the bag an' I squeezed it, its eyes became enlarged an' I got scared, I turned to my momma and said, "Momma, something's wrong with the fish?!" After my momma examined the fish she turned to me and said, "Well, we tried." And with that she tossed it in a nearby garbage and we drove back home without Edgar...I named him Edgar...Edgar the goldfish. Say, you remind me of him, ya know? You look a little bit like he did, especially now cause your eyes are all swollen up. But, you can stop being sad Cameron, you don't have to end up like Edgar cause you can change things...for yourself...you can stop yourself from being tossed in the bin; but that's all on you though.

Cameron stops sulking.

CAMERON: I killed Davey's dog.

KIMMIE: I know.

CAMERON: I killed Davey's dog.

KIMMIE: Yes, you did.

CAMERON: I killed Davey's dog.

KIMMIE: Cameron, are you okay honey?

Cameron gets up and walks.

Where you goin' sugar plum?

CAMERON: I have to tell him.

KIMMIE: Who?

CAMERON: Davey. I have to tell Davey what I did.

KIMMIE: No, you don't.

CAMERON: Of course I do.

KIMMIE: WHY?

CAMERON: It was wrong! Don't you see? I murdered the man's beloved dog!

Enter Trishelle.

TRISHELLE: Are you shitting me?

CAMERON: Trish...Trish.

TRISHELLE: Don't come near me! Who the fuck is this tramp?

KIMMIE: Excuse me?!

Kimmie charges Trishelle and both women pull each other's hair.

Cameron does his best to break them up but can't.

Cameron runs into his house and comes out with a gun. He fires the gun into the sky.

Both women instantly stop and back off one another.

Trishelle gets up first.

CAMERON: TRISH!

TRISHELLE: We are fucking over!!! Don't call me. Don't EVER come to my home. You are dead to me. Pretend I died cause I no longer exist. Have fun with this bimbo trash whore fuck and STAY OUT OF MY LIFE!!!

Trishelle gets in her car and it's heard screeching off in the distance.

KIMMIE: See baby? She didn't love you.

Cameron aims the gun at Kimmie.

CAMERON: Now I said to get. Go find yourself another home. You aint' wanted here.

KIMMIE: But you love me.

CAMERON: I don't love anybody!

KIMMIE: But you said that you love me.

CAMERON: I don't love you!!

Cameron fires his gun into the air.

Kimmie runs off.

*Cameron sees his cellphone and calls
Davey.*

Davey...it's Cameron...listen man - I DON'T WANT MY FUCKING JOB...just listen to me please, I have somethin' very important to tell you...it's about your dead dog...ARE YOU THERE?! You listening to me? Well, I killed him...I poisoned your dog. It was me. I did it. I don't know why I did it. I don't remember doing it, but I know I did. It's my fault, so please, please come to where I live and kill me too. I wanna die. I wanna die, Davey. I'm so sorry for what I done and I wanna die.

*Cameron throws his phone in the kiddie
pool.*

He sits on the lawn chair.

Cop sirens are heard in the distance.

Cameron stares at the lawn.

LIGHTS OUT.

END OF PLAY