

# ***Lost in Thought***

*by*

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Cast of Characters

EDNA:

50's

MARSHA:

30's

Place

Backyard

Time

Morning

2.

Setting: The play takes place outside in the backyard of Marsha's home. It's a large yard with a deck attached to the back of the house. There's a white picket fence surrounding it.

At Rise: The play opens with Edna walking along the white picket fence on her side of the fence when she notices and observes Marsha.

*Marsha stands unmoving with a hose in her hand. The hose is aimed down over her feet, which have become soaked. Marsha stands in a small mud puddle but remains staring out.*

*Edna peers through the white picket fence and observes Marsha. Edna then goes around the fence and enters Marsha's yard, approaching her.*

EDNA: Marsha? *(Walks closer.)* Marsha?? *(Still closer.)* M-Marsha!

MARSHA *(Blinking.)*: Oh, it is you Edna, I didn't see you there.

EDNA: Are you alright?

MARSHA: Alright? Why wouldn't I be alright?

*Edna points to the puddle Marsha is standing in.*

Oh! How did—the hose has been running—I was watering the lawn and I—oh...boy!

*Marsha slips and lands on her back.*

*Edna springs to action. She helps bring Marsha back to her feet.*

I'm fine, I'm fine.

EDNA: Are you okay?

MARSHA: Yes, yes, I'm fine, I'm fine.

*Both women walk to the patio, stage right. Edna helps Marsha sit. Edna shuts off the faucet to the hose.*

EDNA: Did you hurt yourself?

MARSHA *(Laughing.)*: No, not at all—you look petrified!

EDNA: Well, I'm—I guess I got frightened..for YOU! For YOU!

MARSHA: Eh, a slight pull, but I can now say I've officially taken my first mud bath. Ha, ha, ha.

EDNA: *(Smiles but still concerned.)*

MARSHA: Really, I didn't get hurt.

EDNA: May I ask..I know you were watering your lawn, but, but you seemed...frozen.

MARSHA: Frozen?

EDNA: Frozen and, blank.

MARSHA: Blank?

EDNA: Yes blank, expressionless, unmoving. Motionless. You, you looked frozen. I'm sorry. I don't mean to pry, but it seemed quite out of the ordinary. I was working in my garden when I heard this gushing sound of water, and I became curious, the water sounded like it had been going on for too long. So, I looked between the fence, and noticed you...you staring straight out, in my direction. At first, I figured you were just doing yard work, but your behavior seemed unusual to me...you...weren't active. The hose you were holding was pouring over you and so, I thought perhaps you were only cooling yourself off, but, you remained..unflinching. It did appear as though you were staring right at me, so, I waved at you, but when there was no reaction, I became concerned. I was sure you were staring directly at me. I walked along the fence to get a closer look at you, and you were...well, I called out to you, again, then again, Marsha, but you wouldn't respond! I decided to approach you and I called your name a few times before finally, finally, your eyes focused, and you spoke to me as if nothing was out of the ordinary, as if you knew I was there the entire time, as if standing in a pool of mud was insignificant.

MARSHA: I've been this way all my life.

EDNA: Yes?

MARSHA: Lost in thought.

EDNA: Yes, but...well -

MARSHA: Have you never been lost in thought?

EDNA: It has happened, but never so -

MARSHA: I'm fine. You shouldn't worry.

EDNA: But, but -

MARSHA: How is your garden keeping?

EDNA: It's, uh, it's coming along.

MARSHA: Thank you.

EDNA: Pardon?

MARSHA: Thank you for keeping such a beautiful garden.

EDNA: I try. (*Chuckles.*)

MARSHA: It's lovely.

(*Awkward pause.*)

I should go inside and clean myself up.

EDNA: Oh! Of course! Are you sure you're okay?

MARSHA: I'm perfectly fine, Edna. I'm happy you are so nosy.

EDNA: What?

MARSHA: What would I have done if you weren't always keeping tabs on me and my husband?

EDNA: Tabs? I wasn't -

MARSHA: Spying. Since the day we moved in, it's been nothing but discreet observations. Your husband Henry, too, always watching, but, well we don't mind.

EDNA: My husband and I don't spy on you! We've -

MARSHA: Sure you do! But it's quite alright. Whenever we make love, we're sure to draw the curtains. (*Laughs.*)

EDNA: We don't—we have no interest in watching you or your husband or -

MARSHA: I'll have you know something, Edna, if you really want to know something that I secretly know...about your husband.

EDNA: ...What?

MARSHA: My dog Arty.

EDNA: Arty?

MARSHA: My dog, Arty, was resting on the deck, minding his own business. He was bathing in the sun, if you will. Just around here (*Pointing.*) Henry, your husband was standing behind a window on the second floor. THAT window there (*Pointing.*) To be exact, and do you know what he did? He opened the window and aimed a pellet gun at Arty and shot him, shot him right in the ass! Poor Arty howled in pain. Such a sound of panic! I have never heard such a sound in all my life. HOWLING! CRYING! AGONY! I quickly took my poor little, defenseless Arty into my home and inspected him, only to find a pellet bullet embedded in his buttock! I was forced to fish it out with a pair of tweezers.

MARSHA: Luckily and thankfully I was able to rid Arty of the bullet. Your husband, Henry, shot my dog!

EDNA: That's impossible.

MARSHA: Do you deny it?

EDNA: What's there to deny? Your story is ludicrous.

*Marsha blankly stares at Edna.*

...Marsha?...M-M-arsha???

*Edna waves at Marsha who doesn't respond.*

*Edna claps her hands. No response.*

*Edna jumps up and down waving her arms.*

*Still, no response.*

*Edna slowly extends her hand to touch*

*Marsha's shoulder and just as she is about to make physical contact -*

MARSHA: A HOLE IN ARTY'S ASS!!!

*Edna screams.*

*Marsha screams back.*

EDNA: This is...this is getting to be too much.

MARSHA: Arty's been scarred for life.

EDNA: What evidence do you have?

MARSHA: Calculations. I took physics in college. I have calculated the exact coordinates and after careful examination and investigation, the bullet's trajectory came from *(Pointing again.)* THAT exact window.

EDNA: But why would Henry do such a thing?

MARSHA: Your husband keeps secrets from you. If you aren't aware of a pellet gun, what else aren't you aware of?

EDNA: How dare you? Up until this moment in time I had always thought highly of you.

MARSHA: Maybe I should call the cops.

EDNA: *(Shrieks.)*

MARSHA: You go on! Ask your husband! See if he tells you the truth! Go! Off my property!

EDNA: Hold on.

MARSHA: OFF!

EDNA: Hold on one moment! PLEASE. One second, dammit! (*Beat.*) Arty shits in my yard. He found an opening somewhere in the fence, and he's been leaving giant dinosaur sized turds all over my precious garden. I went to Wal-Mart... I bought a pellet gun, and I shot Arty in his ass. There. I said it. It was I.

MARSHA: You shot Arty in his bum?

EDNA: I did.

MARSHA: Why didn't you just say something?

EDNA: I didn't know how.

MARSHA: How do we make this right?

EDNA: I'm sorry.

MARSHA: No, that simply won't do, Edna. No.

EDNA: But I admitted my wrongdoing and I am terribly sorry.

MARSHA: Arty is scarred for life. He's been traumatized. I still have a difficult time getting him to come out in the yard. There's only one of two ways we can settle this.

EDNA: One of two?

MARSHA: Either I phone the police and file a report against you or...

EDNA: Or?

MARSHA: Or, you go up against that tree (*Pointing.*) and I will shoot you with the pellet gun...in, in the same place, your ass.

EDNA: No!

MARSHA: The choice is yours, Edna.

EDNA: This is absurd!

MARSHA: It is for Arty's sake.

EDNA: We really don't need to take things that far.

MARSHA: You already did.

EDNA: You will really call the cops?



MARSHA: I won't just call the cops, this is an issue we'll take up in court.

EDNA: No, no, no.

MARSHA: Yes, yes, yes.

EDNA: I am having a hard time with this.

MARSHA: Yes or no?

EDNA: Can't we figure something else out?

MARSHA: No. (*Beat.*) Get your gun.

EDNA: Now?

MARSHA: Now or never.

EDNA: This will only be kept between us.

MARSHA: And Arty. You, me and Arty.

EDNA: And no one will ever know about this?

MARSHA: My word is gold.

EDNA: ...Alright...alright, I'll do it. But I want you to mend the fence. I want Arty to stop crapping in my yard.

MARSHA: Deal.

*Marsha puts out her hand to shake Edna's.*

*Edna shakes Marsha's hand.*

*Marsha freezes again.*

*Edna struggles to free her hand. She runs off back into her own yard.*

*Marsha remains unmoving with her arm extended.*

*Lights out.*

**END OF PLAY**