

With a Broken Wing

by

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Cast of Characters

<u>LEA</u> :	18
<u>BOB</u> :	18
<u>HESTER (Lea's mother)</u> :	40's

Place
Living room

Time
Evening

Setting: The play takes place inside the living room of a suburban home. The place is large but filled with items that create heavy clutter and mess, making the living environment tense and uncomfortable.

At Rise: The play opens with Hester, knitting and watching TV. She drinks her whiskey and smokes her cigarette proudly.

Lea and Bob enter the living room. They stop short and stand without going deeper into the room.

Hester drinks and smokes her cigarette - staring directly at them both.

HESTER (to Lea): This Bob?

LEA: Yes.

HESTER: Grab yourself a seat, Bob.

Bob and Lea sit down together side by side on the couch.

Hester lowers the volume to her TV.

BOB: Nice to meet you.

HESTER: Is it?

BOB: Huh?

HESTER (*Like a statement.*): Nice to meet me.

BOB: Yes -

HESTER: What's your last name?

BOB: Watkins.

HESTER: Bob Watkins, that it?

BOB: Yes.

HESTER: Unusual. That's your full name?

BOB: My middle name is Samuel.

HESTER: Bob Samuel Watkins.

BOB: Yes -

HESTER: ...Are you nice?

BOB: Nice?

HESTER: Heartfelt, are you a friendly person?

BOB: I try to be.

HESTER (*Quickly*): What?

BOB: Heartfelt, friendly.

HESTER: How much of a performer are you, I wonder?

BOB: Performer?

HESTER: Mm-hmm.

BOB: I'm not sure I follow.

HESTER: You find my daughter attractive?

BOB: ...I do.

HESTER: Do you wish to have intercourse with my daughter?

LEA: MOM! What is wrong with you?!

HESTER: I am not talking to you, sweetheart. I am talking to Bob.

LEA: Mom, stop!

HESTER: Answer my question, Bob.

LEA (to Bob): You don't have to answer her.

BOB (to Lea): It's okay. (to Hester) Your daughter is beautiful and if I'm being honest, if the opportunity presents itself, if she wanted to and all, I think, well, then I guess, well I would like to, huh, maybe we would try and see if, uh, if that would be something that we, uh, we would consider -

HESTER: Lea's father and I had sex on our first date. Wasn't really a typical first date. We were young, looking to have fun. We ditched this party we were at and went into the back of Jack's pickup truck where Lea was conceived. First time. That's how it happened. That's how this pretty little thing you like so much came to be.

Lea is embarrassed and it shows.

BOB: I try to make good decisions.

HESTER: Do you?! Well, that's good of you Bob. That's a mindful approach to living life.

LEA (to Bob): Can we go now?

HESTER: Bob and I only just met -

LEA: I want to go, Bob. Let's go now!

HESTER: Lea. Where are your manners?

LEA: Where are YOURS?!

BOB: (to Lea) I don't mind speaking with your Mom.

HESTER: You see?

LEA: We have movie tickets.

HESTER: Shhh! What's two minutes more with Bob? (*Pouring herself a drink.*) Bob?

BOB: No, thank you.

HESTER: It'll take the edge off.

BOB: I'm driving.

HESTER: Good. That's good on you. I like that. Responsible Bob, eh? Kind smile. Hair done just right. Clothes are carefully picked out and you smell awfully clever. You clever, Bob?

BOB: I'm pretty smart.

HESTER: Book smart or life smart.

BOB: Uh -

HESTER: What do you read?

BOB: I...I haven't read much lately.

HESTER: Hmm. Come from a good family?

BOB: They're alright.

HESTER: Who do you hate more, your mother or your father?

BOB: My father.

HESTER: Right. Momma's boy.

BOB: I wouldn't say that -

HESTER: I would. Why don't you read?

BOB: It's been hurting my eyes lately.

HESTER: Yale did a study, says reading expands cognitive thinking. Did you know that?

BOB: No.

HESTER: You should.

BOB: Why?

HESTER: What?

BOB: Why should I know that?

HESTER: Because a person should know such things..that's why.

LEA: Told you she was a drunk.

BOB: You shouldn't say that about your mother, Lea.

Hester smashes her glass against the wall.

HESTER: Bobby? Fetch me another glass in the kitchen, please.
(*Pointing.*) It's that way. (*Bob gets up to go to the kitchen.*) Any
glass will do...above the kitchen sink preferably. Make sure it's
sparkling clean. Nothing I hate more than drinking out of a spotty
glass.

LEA: What the fuck are you doing?

HESTER: Getting to know Bob Samuel Watkins.

LEA: You disgusting bitch! I hate you!

HESTER: And Mommy hates you too, darling.

LEA: You're pathetic.

HESTER: He seems like a harmless fella.

LEA: I couldn't give a shit about your opinion!

HESTER: He is nice, too not bad, he seems real nice.

*Bob enters the living room. He hands Hester
the glass.*

We were just talking about you Bob.

BOB (*Sitting.*): Oh, yeah?

HESTER: Yep. My daughter here thinks I'm being rude. Have I been
rude to you?

BOB: Not really.

HESTER (*to Lea*) See? (*to Bob*) Lea has always overreacted, highly sensitive. Do you think you could keep up with a girl this sensitive? Do you think you could keep an eye on a girl, like Lea? (*Laughs.*) Tell me Boborino, on a scale of one to ten, ten being the highest, one being the lowest...how much have I unsettled you?

BOB: Honestly?

HESTER: Why not?

BOB: About a four.

HESTER: A four?!

BOB: Yes.

HESTER: Four is a good number.

BOB: It is?

HESTER: Excellent number. My favorite number. I was aiming for four.

BOB: You were?

HESTER: Four. If you had said any other number, I would have known you were lying. Those are not good odds for you, but you came through shining bright. Four.

LEA: Bob...we should get going now, please.

BOB: Well -

HESTER: Go ahead, Bob, get going. You know what to do and what not to do.

BOB: Um...well, this may sound, but..I'd like to stay.

LEA/HESTER: WHAT?!

BOB: I'm enjoying our conversation, actually and I'd like to have a drink. Maybe watch a movie on the tele instead.

LEA (*to Bob*): Are you crazy?

BOB: I don't mind being around your mother, Lea. All she wants to do is make sure that you're in good hands.

LEA: Why in the hell would you want to stay in this shithole?

BOB: We don't talk like this in my house.

LEA: Like, what?

BOB: Direct.

LEA: Leave!

BOB: Wha -

LEA: Get out of here!!

HESTER: Lea, that's no way to talk to Bobby boy -

LEA: GET THE FUCK OUT!!!

Bob begins to leave.

LEA: You miserable bitch. You're out to ruin my life. Whenever something good happens you're there to tear it to shreds, aren't you?

Lea exits the room. Time passes.

Hester raises the volume up to her TV. She gets up and starts dancing to it.

This dance goes on for about a minute before Jack and Bob enter through the front door. Jack entering first.

They both have an open beer each in their hands.

HESTER: You're home early.

JACK: Got laid off.

HESTER: AGAIN?!

JACK: Again.

HESTER: WHY?!

JACK: Cause I'm cursed, that's why. It's the black cloud that's been following me around my whole life.

HESTER: *(Notices Bob.)* What the hell is *he* doing back here?

JACK: He was outside crying on the stoop.

HESTER: Crying?

BOB: I was, I, I was just -

JACK: Like a baby.

HESTER: Lea threw his ass out.

JACK: I know.

HESTER: The girl's a savage. Lea! You got company!!

Lea comes downstairs.

LEA: What the fuck Bob, I told you to leave!

BOB: Your Dad invited me back in, so...

LEA: Why'd you invite Bob back in?

JACK: He was outside crying, like a weeping willow. Should have seen him. Had his head leaning up against the pole, looking up at the sky, mumbling...so, gave him a beer.

LEA (to Bob): You were crying?

JACK: Balling. Like someone had died. Horrible.

LEA: Bob, that true?

BOB: I was sad.

LEA: But crying?

BOB: ...I guess.

JACK: Like a Goddamn wrecking ball -

LEA: We get it, Dad! (to Bob) Really, Bobby?

BOB: (Nods.)

LEA: Aww. That, I, I didn't think you'd cry.

Lea hugs Bob. She kisses him hard.

HESTER: Ain't that sweet. That their first kiss?

JACK: How should I know?

HESTER: Looks like it. Remember our first kiss Jack?

JACK: I do. By the barbecue, weren't it?

HESTER: The kiss that started it all that night.

JACK: Yes, it was.

HESTER: But you've been fired!

LEA: Fired? Who? Daddy?

HESTER: Again!

LEA: What the hell's wrong with you, Dad?

JACK: Don't you two start gangin' up on me now - I've just about had the worst day and you wanta start somethin' up, you'll be barking up the wrong tree!

HESTER: That's the fifth time this year and we're only in May! That averages out to one a month. Can't hold a job down for beans!

JACK: That's not so -

LEA: How'm I gonna have money for my prom dress, Dad? You promised me a dress!

JACK: You're gettin' a dress - shut your mouth!

HESTER: Your father is a good for nothin'. Just the sack. He's good in the sack, other than that he's absolutely a useless entity.

BOB: I...I could get you your prom dress, Lea.

Everyone looks at Bob.

LEA: What did you just say to me?

BOB: I have savings. I know I haven't officially asked you to, if you'd go to the prom with me, but, I mean, if you're so hellbent on having a proper dress and all, I mean, I'm sure I could help you out, give you the money, so you could be what you, you know, have what you want.

LEA: But I'm already going to prom with Danny.

HESTER: That ain't right, Lea. Did ya hear that Jack? Look what we raised. *(Gives Lea a look of disgust.)* Heartless savage.

BOB: Who's Danny?

LEA: You don't know him, Bob. Danny's from another school.

BOB: Oh.

LEA: Will you still give me the money?

BOB: Well, if you really need it that bad.

JACK: Bob, are you stupid? Why the hell would you give my daughter money for a prom dress, when she isn't going with you?

HESTER: She's a good for nothing. Dating all 'em boys who couldn't give a rat's ass about her. They just wanna get in her knickers, think she notices? It goes over her pretty little head.

HESTER (cont'd): She thinks every one of 'em is in love with her. Finally, she meets a boy like Bob and in her stupid little head, he ain't good enough. You must really care for Lea, eh, Bob?

BOB: I do.

JACK: You're dumb boy.

HESTER: Shut up, Jack. When's the last time you done something special like that for me?

JACK: We're not talking about me. We're talking about Bob here.

HESTER (to Lea): Who the hell is Danny?

LEA: You don't know him.

HESTER: Why not? I'm supposed to know everything.

LEA: Well, you don't.

HESTER: I like Bob.

JACK: I like Bob too.

LEA: So?

HESTER: We want you to go to prom with Bob. I don't wanna be hearing again about a Danny. Girl can't keep one, she's gotta run from one to the other.

LEA: I can't, I promised Danny.

JACK: Bullshit!

LEA: Stop it, Dad, you've caused enough trouble.

BOB: Well, if I can say, if you don't mind me sayin'. Um, I, I, I don't mind if Lea wishes to go with another guy to prom. I only want what is best for Lea. I do. I'm not the jealous type. I'm not. Of course, I would rather Lea go with me. I would. But I can't force her hand. I'm sure this other fella, must be, should be a nice guy. He has to be, if Lea wants to go to the prom with him. Who am I to judge or have a say? It's not like we can't still dance, right Lea? We can still dance together...I like to dance...if I can have one dance with you, then it would all be worth it. It would be worth it, even if I went alone, 'cause I'll have the memory of dancing with you, just once...and one dance is all I need to, to have with you. You make me feel special, Lea. You do. I think my heart shifted when you kissed me back there.

BOB (cont'd): I'm still trying to, to understand why you make me feel the way you do. Seeing you happy is what makes me happy, Lea, and I don't think there's anything dumb about that...no offense to either of you. Just saying. I don't. We live in...in a selfish world at times. I don't want to be that selfish person. There's so much greed, ego, pride...so much of it. But, um..what I'm tryin' to say is, is, what I want is...I want Lea, I want her to be happy. This is my way of swimming against the tide...

JACK: Well, that's one helluva speech, son. You got me at the end there.

BOB: (Smiles shyly.)

JACK: Bob's staying.

LEA: WHAT?!

JACK: We'll order some pizza and watch a movie. Bob's stayin'.

LEA: Why are you both -

BOB: I can't stay.

HESTER: What? Why not?

BOB: I just thought about, something I have to do.

HESTER: Like, what?

BOB: I've decided to do something. (Beat.) Anyway, thank you both for inviting me.

LEA: You could stay Bob.

BOB: I can't.

Bob makes his way to the door.

See you all maybe, um, perhaps another time. (Beat.) Bye.

Bob exits.

HESTER: (to Lea) You'll be a dim to let that man go. He's a keeper!

Lea exits after Bob.

JACK: ...Kids.

HESTER: Our generation was so much more together.

JACK: It's those phones.

HESTER: Yeah.

JACK: Rotting the brains.

END OF PLAY