

THE LAST MORNING AFTER

A 10-minute Monologue

by

Mare Biddle

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Mare Biddle
v|t 480.213.9974
PO Box 38220
Phoenix, AZ 85069
MareBiddle.com
Mare@MareBiddle.com

THE LAST MORNING AFTER

Cast

Ryan

18-25 year-old male

SCENE:

Noon on Sunday inside Ryan's apartment

TIME:

Present

THE LAST MORNING AFTER

SETTING: CS a black cube serves as the edge of his bed and driver's seat of Ryan's car. A clean t-shirt is folded on a cube UL.

Throughout the play, single spotlights extinguish. At random times Ryan notices the change and at other times he does not.

AT RISE: Ryan is seated on the edge of his bed with a bad hangover.

RYAN

My last drink was on a Saturday night at the Miniplex Bowling Alley on 53rd Street. How pathetic is that? I mean that's almost as bad as getting sober on New Year's Day – totally cliché.

It's actually kind of a funny story, from what I remember. Believe me, me and my buddy Matt didn't start out at the bowling alley. No seriously. We started out at my place watching the game.

Couple of six packs, pretty good weed, and we were all set up. And let me just stop here and say that I don't really get when people say that MARAJUANA IS THE GATEWAY DRUG – I heard this comedian say once that that's like saying riding tricycles is the gateway to becoming a Hell's Angel.

Anyway...I digress...so where was I? Oh, so we're watching the game, we lose, game ends. You know they still don't have a rotation that makes any damn sense at all and if they could ever find it in themselves to pull down half a dozen offensive rebounds...and if they ever decided to play defense anytime before the fourth quarter...

So anyway...game ends, and we're now starving. Weed does have a way of making pancakes seem like a really good idea at 10:30 at night. Definitely an IHOP moment. Okay, so here's the bowling alley connection – I know you were wondering when I was going to get to the point –

(Ryan stands.)

We come out of the IHOP, and...I swear to God this is true...right across the street...is a big neon sign that read: JOIN US FOR EXTREME BOWLING AND OFFTRACK BETTING SATURDAY'S AT MIDNIGHT. Right?

I mean, seriously, how could we pass that up? Right? Okay, so we go over and the place is packed with all these crazy people...but like every kind of person you could imagine. Housewives, freaks, middle-aged-golf-course-types, geeks, and chicks! You should have seen how many girls were there.

We got a lane opposite these four girls...and man, they were...well, they were...NICE. Matt thought they were still in high school, but I figured, so what man, they were flirting with us and they wanted to party. The cocktail waitress came around and we ordered a couple of pitchers.

We were having a great time...well, the girls and I were having a great time. Matt started sulking. He gets that way—he's such a lightweight. And then, this one time, when I was up, I tripped on my shoelace and just went flyin' – like half way down the alley. It was hilarious.

But the stupid manager came over and said we were too drunk – wanted to see I.D.'s – said some crap about how the girls were underage and told us we had to get out...that guy had no sense of humor..."Don't ever lose your sense of humor, Dan. Don't ever lose your sense of humor...oh man, that was a great movie...did you see that movie? *About Last Night*...it's a classic.

And that's my story. Yeah. Now...I gotta deal with the fallout. I was supposed to meet my girl friend and her parents for brunch at eleven. Of course, she called all pissed off (*as his girl friend*) "Ryan, where are you? How could you do this to me? It's their anniversary. You promised you'd be here." Same old shit...she thinks I have a "problem."

I gotta get in the shower.

(Ryan stumbles onto the edge of the bed)

Oh shit...I'm still a little drunk...okay...nice and easy

(Ryan rises, and walks up center stage, puts on the clean t-shirt over the top of his other one, turns and gingerly makes his way back toward the cube)

Coming down the stairs to my car, my head is just sloshing with every step. You know, I'm never quite sure what I'm going to find in the parking lot – I guess nothing would surprise me. Oh there it is...

(Ryan circles his car and gets in)

Looks all right. Okay, folks, Ryan is on the road, let's see who can cooperate today. No need to be alarmed...everything is under control. Oh man...my head...wish I'd taken something...oh for God's sake lady...do you always merge onto the freeway in a total fog or is it just my lucky day?

So let's see...I need an excuse...um, I got called in to work last night and there was a problem at the restaurant with a patron—you can even call Mike and ask him, he'll tell you—and we tried to call this guy a cab, and he became belligerent and started throwing glasses and breaking dishes, so we had to call the cops...no, that won't work, it's too much.

(A beat.)

How about this, I was at the restaurant and this woman went into labor right as we were closing and...oh yeah, that's much better...

Is anybody going to drive the speed limit today?

(Ryan sweeps across two lanes with just a glance)
 If my head is going to pound it may as well throb to some tunes.
 (Ryan turns on the radio, starts punching stations)
 Man, there is not one single good radio station in this whole city...screw it...
 (Ryan breaks suddenly)
 Hello, idiot, this is the FAST LANE. We all call it that for a reason. Move dickhead!
 (A beat.)
Thank you...

(Taking his eyes off the road, and then correcting, Ryan searches for a CD case)
 Where is that set? That's what I really want to listen to...what time is it? Ah, there it is...shit!
 (He swerves to avoid a car)
 I hate this case
 (Ryan checks the rearview mirror, puts one knee on the steering wheel, fumbles with the case)
 Ah, c'mon, hurry up...god my head...
 (The CD pops out, falls on the passenger floor)

Shit! Okay. All right. Let's see...
 (He lunges for the CD, retrieves it, and swerves to maintain his lane)
Finally. That was way too difficult for Sunday...oh no, I gotta get off here...
 (As he sweeps across traffic, he is focusing on his right rearview mirror)
 Ah...not now...c'mon you bastard...let me in, I gotta get off here.

Move...you jerk let me in! That's it...
 (Ryan punches the accelerator, laughs, jerks the car, looks forward)

Oh god...I'm...
 BLACKOUT

The End.