

THE WOMAN AND THE SPOON

(a monologue)

by

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Cast of Characters

WOMAN: Female, 50s-plus and So. Angry.

A BENCH, representing a church pew.

RELIGIOUS music plays.

Enter WOMAN, 50s-plus.

She carries a LARGE METAL SPOON.

She is scowling.

She sits on the bench.

WOMAN

I'm not making the Sign of the Cross, and you know why.

Not kneeling, not standing, not shaking hands during the handshake of peace.

(shakes spoon furiously)

And you know why.

You took another one from me. Another kind soul. Another friend. Another pet. Another reason to wade through the muck all day, every day.

“OK,” I think, “the world’s essentially garbage. Wars, hate. Crooked politicians. Crooked priests. Bigots. Nazis - seriously, Nazis? Still? But at least there’s - ” and then you take it away from me. And you replace it with more muck. More dreck. More horseshit and bullshit and chickenshit and pretty much every kind of shit I can think of. A vast rainbow of shit. Every different color of shit, and it’s all shit.

(shakes spoon)

I'm not kneeling any more. I can't. And you know why. You wouldn't respect me if I did it and I wouldn't respect myself, either, for doing it.

My mother, she always taught me: Ask for the things you want. Go on ahead and ask, you gotta ask. Sometimes, God says Yes. Sometimes, He says No. Sometimes He says, I have Something Else in mind.

Sometimes, rejection is God's protection.

God has a plan, for you and for me.

Or God has a plan but things like cancer in babies and cats that never come home again and the rent going up another fifty bucks a month even though you haven't gotten a raise in three years and a spouse that decides for whatever reason they don't want to be married any more, or someone says they don't want to be your spouse, not ever, not at all ... That's not on God's plan. That happens to everyone.

(shakes spoon)

It all adds up, though. It all adds up.

Flora Johnson. Comes here every day, rain or shine.

Whether it's freezing outside, icing up and she's liable to break a hip when she falls instead of having the good sense to stay home where it's warm.

If she could hear the things I'm thinking. The thoughts I'm thinking, right here. Flora has always suspected I was a loon. Me, a loon.

(shakes spoon)

She prays every day, she trusts You completely, gives You full credit for everything that's ever happened in her life.

She has complete and utter faith in you.

God, what it must be like to have such faith and trust.

(shakes spoon)

I have this. I'm so mad at you.

(shakes spoon)

Here is my prayer. If you so loved the world so much to send your only begotten son to die for Flora, you did it for me, too. I count, too. Just as much as her.

And I'm mad at you.

(shakes spoon)

I'm here. I'm here, aren't I?

I'm not genuflecting any more. Not until - until I'm not mad any more.

(rise)

And!

(shakes spoon)

I!

(shakes spoon)

Am so!

(shakes spoon)

Angry!

(shakes spoon, furiously)

(sits, spent)

And You know why.

I'm here, though. I'm here.

(she shakes her spoon)

End of Play