

# BROCCOLI

A ten-minute play

by

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**CHARACTERS**

**STEVEN** – a young man who's engaged, dressed in sweats and an old t-shirt.

**MONICA** – the young woman Steven is engaged to, dressed in nice pajamas.

**TIME**

Present, right before bedtime

**SETTING**

An apartment.

**NOTES**

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**Monica storms out of the bedroom. Steven runs after her.**

MONICA  
OF ALL THE NERVE!

STEVEN  
Baby, wait . . .

MONICA  
I WILL NEVER, EVER FORGIVE YOU FOR THIS!

STEVEN  
Baby, wait, let me explain . . .

MONICA  
I HAVE NEVER, EVER IN MY LIFE BEEN TREATED SO . . .  
SO. . SHABBILY!

STEVEN  
Oh, come on, Monica.

MONICA  
You and ME ARE THROUGH!

**Short pause.**

STEVEN  
You don't mean that.

MONICA  
Yes I do! You have NO respect for the sanctity of our  
relationship!

STEVEN  
Look, I didn't mean to . . .

MONICA  
You know, THIS makes me think, it makes me think that this  
is the man I'm supposed to marry, this is the man  
I will soon be pledging to spend the rest of my life with,  
have children with, the man that's SUPPOSED to  
LOVE AND CHERISH ME FOREVER AND EVER . . . when this man  
goes and does something LIKE THIS, I have to ask myself,  
what does this mean?

STEVEN  
Damn it Monica, what to you expect? I'm only human!

MONICA

You are LESS than human!

STEVEN

I'm a guy, stuff like this happens to guys, I'm a victim of my own body!

MONICA

You are a PIG!

STEVEN

YOU ARE OVER-REACTING!

MONICA

Am I? Engagement . . . OFF! Relationship . . . OVER!  
Me . . . PACKING MY BAGS AND LEAVING YOU!

STEVEN

Monica WAIT . . . Look, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I messed up,  
I slipped and . . .

MONICA

I knew this would happen, I should have never let you  
go out with your friends last night.

STEVEN

What?

MONICA

You went out drinking with your buddies, drinking that  
nasty imported beer you and those immature FRATBOYS you  
call your friends can't live without, getting drunk on that  
skanky BEER and now I have to pay for it!

STEVEN

Drinking beer with my friends has NOTHING TO DO WITH  
IT!

MONICA

I suppose once we got the marriage license, once I signed  
on the dotted line, you were thinking it could be a regular  
Saturday night thing, drinking beer with your buddies,  
yippee, having fun, acting like a pig, taking advantage of  
the wife at home!

STEVEN

Goddamn it, my friends have nothing to do with it! If it  
makes you feel any better, it's all your fault.

MONICA  
WHAT!

STEVEN  
You INSISTED on the stir-fry. You wouldn't rest until we had the STIR-FRY!

MONICA  
OH MY GOD!

STEVEN  
You had to make me eat my VEGETABLES!

MONICA  
So, I cook stir-fry for you and you take that as a license to act out AN OBSCENETY!

STEVEN  
I'm telling you. It wasn't me. It was the broccoli.

MONICA  
Don't you DARE try to blame this on the broccoli.

STEVEN  
I maintain it was the broccoli and I stand by my statement.

MONICA  
It was the beer.

STEVEN  
Broccoli.

MONICA  
Beer!

STEVEN  
Broccoli.

**Short pause.**

MONICA  
You know what? It doesn't make one whit of difference whether it was beer or broccoli. What you did was in-ex-cuseable.

STEVEN  
I said excuse me.

MONICA

PIG! DON'T SPEAK TO ME EVER AGAIN!

STEVEN

You are overreacting. So I FARTED in front of you.  
So what? I FARTED, so shoot me!

MONICA

Don't you DARE say that word in front of me!

STEVEN

I FARTED. PEOPLE FART. MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN ALL  
AROUND THE WORLD FART!

MONICA

STOP IT! STOP IT! STOP IT!

STEVEN

Farting is a way of life!

MONICA

Steven. I'm warning you. Don't do it, don't say it, don't  
even think it.

STEVEN

Remember that next time you get the urge for STIR-FRY!

MONICA

Would you stop with the stir-fry!

STEVEN

You know how I feel about vegetables!

MONICA

Vegetables are good for you!

STEVEN

So is FARTING!

MONICA

AHHHHH!!!!

**Short pause as Monica gets a suitcase and starts stuffing  
things into it. Steven watches helplessly.**

STEVEN

Monica. Monica, baby. We're not going let a little

gas come between you and I, are we?

MONICA

Steven, we are supposed to enter into HOLY MATRIMONY, you and I, less than a month from now. We are supposed to vow to love each other until the end of time. We are supposed to respect each other. How can I respect a man who points his rear in my direction and goes PPTHTTPPPP!!!

STEVEN

It's a human condition, it happens to everyone. Everybody breaks a little gassy wind now and then.

MONICA

I don't!

STEVEN

Monica, you get gas just like everyone else.

MONICA

I . . . I don't . . . I don't trumpet it out for the whole world to hear. I keep it inside like a respectable person.

STEVEN

Not while you're asleep.

MONICA

Oh! We are through talking about this! I'm leaving!

STEVEN

Monica. Listen to me. We've been together for two years. We've been engaged for a year and shared an apartment for the last six months. We adopted a cat. We love each other. You going to throw that all away, everything we have together, just because I cut the cheese?

MONICA

It's not just . . . cheese. It's more than that.

STEVEN

Then what is it?

MONICA

I just want us to be better than FLATULANCE. I want us together to be about our souls touching, not our dirty socks and underwear.

STEVEN

Honey, you already know me better than anyone else. As time goes on, you'll see a lot more. I'm not perfect. I watch too much TV, I eat junk food, I can't fold laundry. My posture's not the greatest. My teeth aren't straight. I tell stupid jokes. I don't understand the attraction the game of golf has for people. That's me. That's your fiance'. I'm not perfect. I never will be perfect. That's the reality. That's life.

MONICA

Steven, you . . . you don't have to be perfect. It's just . . . I just don't want to be one of THOSE wives, you know, sitting around in a faded housedress and sagging hose, making jokes about my husband's gas and back-hair while you bump around the house in old boxer shorts and an undershirt, picking your nose and drinking Budweiser out of a can. It's a nightmare I have, and whenever you belch or . . . f-fart . . . I get this horrible vision of you and I turning into Ma and Pa Kettle, and I don't want that Steven. I don't want that. I want us, you and me, I want our love to be special.

STEVEN

It is special.

MONICA

How do you know that? How can you be sure?

STEVEN

You wanna know? You really wanna know? You wanna know what's gonna happen fifty years from now? You wanna know what's gonna happen when your body spreads out and sags, your hair gets thin and grey, you lose all your teeth and end up with a bigger mustache than your husband? Do you want to know will happen then?

MONICA

What?

STEVEN

I will still love you. Even more than I do today. No matter what you look like, what you say or how you smell. I will always . . . love you. That's what makes it special. That's what makes it ours.

**Short pause as Monica looks at Steven, then runs into his arms, kissing him.**

MONICA

Honey, I'm so sorry I screamed at you.

STEVEN

I'm sorry I farted in your face.

**They laugh and kiss again. STEVEN stops and sniffs the air.**

STEVEN

Wait a minute . . . is that . . . did you . . .

MONICA

Broccoli.

STEVEN

Beer.

MONICA

Broccoli.

STEVEN

Beer.

MONICA

Broccoli.

**Steven chases her back into the bedroom.**

**THE END**