BROCCOLI

A ten-minute play

by

Joshua James

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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.
Mona
WHAT!

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

Mona
OH MY GOD!

Steve
You had to make me eat my VEGETABLES!

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

Steve
I’m telling you. It wasn’t me. It was the broccoli.

Mona
Don’t you DARE try to blame this on the broccoli.

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

Mona
It was the beer.

Steve
Broccoli.

Mona
Beer!

Steve
Broccoli.

Short pause.

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

Steve
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
fiancé’. 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