

From Miles and Ellie, by Don Zolidis

MARY, 60s

(MARY is filling in her daughter's ex-boyfriend on everything that has transpired in the past twenty years.)

MARY

Oh my God no. She is not fine. She is far away from fine. Let me just fill you in –

<ELLIE

Mom it's okay. >

MARY

No we are going to wash the decks here – you have to let pain erupt out of you – Ellie went to college, fell in love with a series of losers –

<ELLIE

I didn't fall in love with them.>

MARY

Every month she would have some new disaster. Like they were running off to Africa to photograph hippopotami or something – and then she met Gary, the chiropractor – and they got married –

<MILES

Oh. >

MARY

Don't worry, no children, apparently that wasn't important to them – but Gary lost his job and became a free-lance journalist which was just a rotten idea, and he found himself going to a lot of stripper joints – apparently most of the stories he was covering were about stripper joints – and they also required him to tip liberally and do things like get in showers with women who had a lot of tattoos – but this one here didn't think, hey, my husband needs to be kicked to the curb, no, she stuck with him like a face-sucking leech until he came home with Gonorrhea one night from a special lady named Destiny, who wasn't actually a lady if you know what I mean. No manners at all. So, finally, after three counseling sessions and twenty-five hundred dollars paid to a guy named Dr. Larry, they decided it would be best if they got a divorce. And so, here she is, her best years wasted on a loser, raw, emotionally naked, and writing down the word whore on her Balderdash cards and thinking we don't know who wrote that. There.

(to read the rest of this play, please email me at donzolidis@yahoo.com)

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