

Tonya & Peaches

A 10 minute monologue

By Evan Spreen

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Lily Everett: F (20s-30s) “Peaches” the clown. Performer with a traveling circus. Tonya’s friend and confidant. Loves being a clown. Though she has become disillusioned with the circus.

Ethnicity is completely open.

Setting: 1997. A traveling circus at a stop in Baraboo, Wisconsin.

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Lily enters in full clown costume and make-up. She carries a crate that she places downstage center. She sits on the crate and takes her red nose off and sticks it in her pocket. She addresses the space that contains the audience; her head angled slightly up.

LILY

Hi. Oh, god. Hi Tonya. Hi. You doin’ okay? Well, you look good. You look like you. A little rough around the edges, sure. But I’d know those big sleepy eyes anywhere.

It’s okay, sweetie. You know me. No, I didn’t bring you anything to eat. I should’ve smuggled you a banana. I’m sorry.

This is so messed up. Shit. How can we be doing a show tonight? It’s not fair. I’ve only got thirty minutes and I’m not supposed to be in here. If Jeff catches me

I’m sorry that’s insensitive. You’re stuck in that little room, and I’m worrying about me.

Look at you. You can’t move in there. This is awful. No. No. No. Calm down. Calm down. I’m right here. Oh, my tone is probably stressing you out.

I’ll pull it together. Or I’m gonna have to put on my makeup all over again. Okay. There. How’s that? Look at my big goofy smile. Look at me. Yeah. That’s it. See? Just look at this silly girl. We’re both silly girls. Right?

Everything is fine. We’re doin’ just fine. It’s Saturday. It’s probably 6:45. I don’t know. I took my watch my off when I got into costume. We’re in Baraboo, Wisconsin. Tomorrow we pack up and head to Minneapolis.

After the show I’m gonna go back to the hotel they have us in. I’m gonna eat the leftover Chinese takeout from last night. I fell asleep and then I wasn’t hungry in the morning.

But before I torture myself with cold noodles, I'm gonna spend some time with the guys. Lucky and Rombo and all of them. They're gonna miss you. Lucky especially. You love playing with Lucky. I don't like him so much ever since he pooped on my shoes. I'm just kidding. I think you've pooped on my shoes too if I'm honest. I know. I know it was an accident. You don't have to be embarrassed.

Has anyone else come to see you? No? I know Jeff treats you well. I hope he does.

My boyfriend Diego wanted to come. I just got off the phone with him. You remember Diego? He went home for this leg of the tour.

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I wanted to go with him and meet his parents. Never been to Mexico City. Or Mexico for that matter.

Yeah. We're back together. We started dating again. Forgot I hadn't told you.

Oh, don't give me that look. He's sweet. He's a big dork. But so am I. I mean look at me. I'm "Peaches" the Clown.

We're going to quit. Once the tour's up. We wanna start a school.

Movement arts. Theater. Dance. Clowning.

Probably Mexico City. He's teaching me Spanish.

With what money? Well, not mine clearly. Diego has some savings.

Yeah, I don't know if it's gonna work out either. But it's a nice dream. Isn't it? Scares the hell out of me. But in a good way.

Like when you get nervous before a first date. It was like that the first time I went out with Diego. When your shoulders get tight and you're so dang excited that you start going through all the possibilities for the future in your head. But you also can't stop listing all the ways you're gonna screw it up. Because you've learned by now. You've learned how badly people will treat you. But you keep trying. You keep hanging on thinking maybe just maybe this time it's gonna be okay. This time he'll be on my side. He'll really see me. And it's just milkshakes. It's just stupid milkshakes. Why do your hands keep shaking if it's just milkshakes?

Mexico is my milkshake. Does that make sense?

No? Okay.

Yeah. A milkshake does sound good right about now.

Why did we break up in the first place?

We broke up because he cheated on me.

Then we had a fight. Just a fight. I spent a couple months on my own thinking about the whole thing. We got back together a couple weeks ago.

I love him. It's so damn hard because I love him.

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I know. I know. I know. I'm an idiot. I should leave him.

But I know what it's like. I cheated on a guy in high school. Billy Owens. It was a stupid drunk mistake. And he wouldn't even look at me after. I know what it's like to be the bad one. And part of me still wishes I could talk to Billy. I tried last year. Haven't told Diego

that. Besides, Billy didn't write back. I thought 14 years would've changed things. It hasn't.

Diego deserves the second chance I never got.

But, he's in Mexico City with his parents. One of these nights, he'll go out drinking with the guys and he'll run into an old friend from school and wow is she gorgeous now. Absolute knockout compared to me. Long dark hair. Perfect skin. Boobs out to here. She's grown into herself. They'll talk over a bottle. It's comfortable. It's safe. She can understand him better than I can. She speaks his language. He can talk in his real voice with her.

Yeah, sorta how we talk.

He'll come back and he'll be quiet for a week and I'll keep asking him what's wrong over and over and he'll say nothing, but I'll know it's something and I'll know exactly what it is before he even says anything and then we'll fight and it'll be the same thing all over again.

It's not because I don't trust him.

It's because I'm worried that some part of me deserves it.

No. I can't think like that.

He won't do it again.

He won't.

He can't. We're starting a life together.

It's not fair for me to talk about it

I got carried away. I'm sorry.

It's just so easy to talk to you. It's so simple. And when I get started it all comes gushing out.

I just wanted to talk to you the way I've always talked to you. Even if it's for the last time.

But, you've got it worse, Tonya. So much worse.

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Here I am rambling on and you're actually hurting.

They've hurt you. It's disgusting. I hate how they've treated you.

It makes me want to quit right now.

I've heard you scream when they hit you.

During training. During shows. During Load-in, Load-out.

It sounds human to me.

It sounds like it could be me.

You don't deserve it. You've never deserved it.

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Thank for saying that, Tonya. That's very kind. It's not the same though. Your pain is so much worse. It's very kind that you would say that. But you can't compare it.

I guess I didn't deserve what Diego did to me. Just like Billy Owens didn't deserve what I did to him.

Ugh, it's so bad. Everything gets tangled up.

We're just girls. We're just two little girls.

But, now it's over.

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You trampled him, Tonya.
He's dead.

You were training with Randall. He dropped the bullhook. You saw him drop it. And you knew. You're so damn smart. You knew the instant he dropped it. And you caved the bastard's head in. Shit.

You killed him. For all the times he stuck that vicious fireplace poker behind your ear. For all the times he stuck it in your ribs. In the spot above your eye.

For all the times he made you stand up on your back legs. Your front legs. All the times he made you dance around. All the times he put you in danger.

But you got him. Maybe I'm not the best judge. But I don't think you did wrong. I don't. You were scared. And he hurt you so badly. For so many years.

Now, it's over. It was the scariest, hardest thing you've ever done in your life.

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But it's over. And you'll get to rest soon.

They're gonna put you in a truck in twenty minutes. Another small room for you to stand in. You'll drive for about an hour or so. And then you'll be at a farm right outside of city limits. They'll take you out. Put you in another small room.

And then they're going to shoot you.

...

They didn't want to have to pay for the anesthesia.
I had to tell you. No one's told you. I'm telling you now. You deserve to know.

You'll never go home. To your real home.
You'll never have a little baby.
You'll never see your friends again.
I'll never bring you a banana again.

I'm sorry, Tonya. You're my friend.
I've always looked forward to our talks.
Having lunch with you is the best part of my day.

God dammit, I'm gonna miss you so much.

You know my favorite thing about you?
You're so big. But you're so quiet.
When you move. It should be loud. But it isn't.
Even right now. You aren't making a sound.
It's like you have so much to say. But you listen instead.

You shouldn't be here. You should be in Africa.
They brought you here as a baby. An orphan. You're older than me.
I bet you had a big family who loved you so so so so much. I bet you walked together
and held on to your mom's tail. And they kept you safe.
Do you remember your mom? What was she like?

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She sounds amazing.

I'm sorry it ended up like this.
I'm really really glad I'm quitting soon. I'm only here for the
smiles. I just wanted the smiles. I didn't know how they treated you.

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I can't bear it.
It's abhorrent.

Bad. That word means bad. Really really bad.

Hey. It's okay. You weren't bad. No matter what anyone else
thinks. I think you did great. I think you're just great.
You can rest now. It's been a long time but you can finally rest.

You wanna hear a joke though? Before I go?

What's the problem with the elephant in the room?
The problem isn't the elephant.
It's the room.

I know. It's not funny. It's never been funny.

Goodbye sweet Tonya.

I love you.

Lily puts her red nose back on and exits.

BLACKOUT

END PLAY.