

EXCERPT FROM
The Scent of Coconut Had Haunted her for Days
By Tara Meddaugh
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EXCERPT

AT RISE: A MAN, the narrator, who also plays the Husband, stands. He is in his mid-twenties. He speaks to the WOMAN, unless otherwise noted. The WOMAN is in her early twenties and stands near him.

MAN

(to Audience)

The scent of coconut had haunted her for days.

WOMAN

I can't get that smell out.

MAN

It's nice. Sweet.

WOMAN

I don't like it.

MAN

You used to.

WOMAN

Well, not anymore!

MAN

(to Audience)

It had been this way since the day she first noticed a small green plant growing in the cracks of her picnic table.

WOMAN

Did you see this?

MAN

What?

WOMAN

It's a clover!

MAN

So?

WOMAN

In the table! C'mere! Look! There's a clover growing in the table!

MAN

Is it a four-leaf?

WOMAN

I don't...no, I don't think it is. Just a three leaf. But still—can you believe it? Isn't it funny? Life growing up in a picnic table?

MAN

It's filthy is what it is.

WOMAN

It's just a plant.

MAN

It's a filthy table if a weed is growing up in it.

WOMAN

I think it's cute.

MAN

I think you're cute.

(to Audience)

She was a newlywed. Newly married. Newly moved. Newly in-laws. Newly thoughts.

(WOMAN changes positions away from the table.)

WOMAN

Your mother keeps talking about our having a baby.

MAN

(to Audience)

She loved her new life.

WOMAN

“Haven't been using my knitting needles lately...”

MAN

(to Audience)

She loved her husband.

WOMAN

“Sure would be nice to have a reason to make some booties...”

MAN

(to Audience)

She loved her house.

WOMAN

“Maybe even a warm winter hat...”

MAN

(To Audience)

She loved her in-laws.

WOMAN

“I will not be pleased if I die before you give me a grandchild.”

MAN

(to Audience)

She hadn't given much thought to having children yet. She was twenty-three, still paying off credit cards from college, and had just started a career in tutoring High School students for standardized tests...She had no desire for children yet.

(WOMAN moves back to the position at the table)

WOMAN

You're pretty cute yourself.

MAN

(to Audience)

Yet on that day...

(WOMAN puts her hands on MAN'S chest)

(to Audience)

When she discovered the three-leaf clover growing up from within her newlywed picnic table...

(WOMAN kisses MAN)

(To Audience)

She made love to her husband freely, the coconut lotion her mother-in-law had given her, wafting in their bedroom, like a breeze of fertile air.

(WOMAN leaves him)

(To Audience)

Perhaps breeding baby, but assuredly breeding fear, and dread, and hate.

(WOMAN move closer to MAN, then walks past him)

MAN

Hey...where you are going? You just got home.

WOMAN

What?

MAN

(embraces her)

Don't leave me yet...

(kisses her)

WOMAN

(breaks away)

A fifteen year old boy at school didn't know who the first American president was.

MAN

Huh.

WOMAN

He thought it was Lincoln.

(he embraces her again)

Doesn't that bother you?

(MAN shrugs)

How can that not bother you?

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For more information about this play or Tara's other work, visit www.tameddaugh.com.