

Head In The Clouds

by

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Cast of Characters

FRANK:

Early 20's

DRIZZLE:

40's

Place

Parking Lot

Time

5:30 p.m.

Setting: Back parking lot of a plumbing company.

At Rise: Drizzle approaches Frank who is outside his car putting away his toolbox in the trunk.

DRIZZLE: What am I gonna do with you, kid?

FRANK: With what?

DRIZZLE: You know.

FRANK: What??

DRIZZLE: Another pipe today?

FRANK: Yeah, I know, I know, that was all my fault.

DRIZZLE: I know it was your fault, who else's fault is it gonna be?

FRANK: I know, I know.

DRIZZLE: You know, but what are you gonna do to stop breaking shit?

FRANK: Yeah. I gotta slow down. I'm trying to do everything so fast.

DRIZZLE: I told you to take your time.

FRANK: I have trouble keeping up. My radio keeps going off for the next job while I'm knee deep in the first job and it stresses me out.

DRIZZLE: I told you, don't leave one job halfass because it will always come back to haunt you. You will have to go back and refix your mistakes or even worse, one of the other guys will go back on your day off and take all your money.

FRANK: Why does the office put so much pressure on me?

DRIZZLE: It shouldn't take you longer than two hours to do any one job. You're in and you're out. Only more complex jobs like mainline dig ups should be all day affairs.

FRANK:: I know all that.

DRIZZLE: So what's the problem, Frank? (beat) Come on man, when you gonna learn your trade?! Five years you been working in the company and you still don't know how to snake out a line properly. How many pipes you break this month? Yeah, how many? Huh? THREE. Three pipes, Frank. Three and one toilet bowl. I didn't forget the toilet bowl.

I can't keep covering for you like this man. You're killing me ova here. You never get the customer to sign the insurance sheet and it's stacking up. You're too reckless.

Your father...oh man, if your father knew half the shit, he'd get rid of you. I'm telling you, I know your father a very long time. Doesn't matter if you're his son, he will fire your ass off the block.

What is it with you though? Why can't you get it right? By now, you should be snaking out a line with your toes. You should be leaving toilet bowls polished, not cracked. You follow? One day you're supposed to be the one who's gonna take over the business...am I right? How you gonna take things over if you're a screwball? You can't be that way in this line of work kid, you just can't, I'm sorry.

(beat)

Listen kid, I know you have good intentions and you try but you need to really commit. Listen, I know you have your head in the clouds thinking about girls and going out partying but you need to start smelling the salt, okay? Wake up!

There's guys in this outfit that would love to be in your shoes. They would kill for it, literally. You have such a terrific opportunity. Don't blow it. Please. Don't go down schmuck boulevard, okay?

You're young but you won't be young forever. Start taking responsibility now while you still can.

FRANK: This isn't what I want to do...

DRIZZLE: What do you mean?

FRANK: This, all this bullshit, I hate it with a passion. Smelling like shit all day, feeling sore, always stressed out and rushing, trying to make customers happy, hearing you bitch me out all the time.

DRIZZLE: I only bitch you out because I cover for you and I'm trying to protect you from your father.

FRANK: Why? Who cares?

DRIZZLE: I care.

FRANK: Why do you care?

DRIZZLE: Because I hate for a good kid like you to blow it. You may not realize what you have until it's too late and that will be a hard pill to swallow Frank.

FRANK: What's so great about doing this work?

DRIZZLE: You can make a good life for yourself.

FRANK: I hate it! I don't even want to do it! It's forced on me!

You know? No one's ever asked me what I want to do with my life. No one even cares. Everyone just expects me to follow in my father's footsteps and I don't, I don't want to do this shit...my heart's not in it.

DRIZZLE: What is it that you want to do?

FRANK: Anything but this.

DRIZZLE: You don't even know what else you want to do---

FRANK: I like drawing.

DRIZZLE: Are we in kindergarten?

FRANK: No one takes me seriously.

DRIZZLE: Where's drawing gonna get you? What do you draw?

FRANK: Comics.

DRIZZLE: Comics?

FRANK: Yeah, ever read them? Comic books, man.

DRIZZLE: Batman, Superman and all that?

FRANK: Yeah and lots more.

(beat)

DRIZZLE: Your family doesn't know you draw?

FRANK: Sort of but they have no idea what it's really about for me.

DRIZZLE: But how you gonna make a living doing that stuff?

FRANK: I don't know...I want to go to art school...it's still possible if my family would support me...I've been working this job, saving my money cause I plan on enrolling this year cause it's what I want to do with my life. At least I'll get a degree and I can do work in the comic book industry or even animation...there's possibilities.

DRIZZLE: You got any drawings I can see?

Frank takes out his phone and shows Drizzle. Drizzle scrolls through some images.

DRIZZLE: (cont'd) You did all these?

FRANK: Yeah.

DRIZZLE: Wow. Looks like the real thing.

FRANK: Thanks.

Drizzle hands Frank back his phone.

DRIZZLE: I'm not gonna be the one to tell you what to do, I'm not your father or your mother but I will say that if it's what you love and there's a way to make a living at it...(he shrugs his shoulders) I think you gotta really raise the issue with your parents.

FRANK: My dad will kill me. Probably throw me outta the house, Drizz.

DRIZZLE: Maybe talk to your mother first?

FRANK: If she tells him that will be worse. I have to tell him, I just don't know how or when. It's gotta be soon though cause I'm gonna enroll this year.

DRIZZLE: Tell your dad that you need to talk to him about something important...get him alone somewhere...coffee shop or something...make the time...stay in public and just tell him with confidence. Talk to him direct. That's probably your best bet.

FRANK: You think so?

DRIZZLE: I'm pretty sure. I'm not saying your father won't want to still kill you but he may also be more understanding. It comes down to how you approach him with it. Be firm, be honest, see where it goes.

FRANK: Right.

DRIZZLE: Show him you want what you say you want. (beat) Anyway, I'm outta here...should of been halfway home already. My wife is waiting on me...anniversary.

FRANK: Oh, congrats.

DRIZZLE: Yeah, yeah...let me know what happens, kid.

FRANK: Alright. I will.

Drizzle gets in his truck and honks the horn as he drives off. Frank waves.

END OF PLAY