

Pit of My Stomach

by

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Cast of Characters

NINA:

Teen

CHARLIE:

35

Place

Motel

Time

2:00 p.m.

CHARLIE: I drove by one of those convenience shops down the road, in that small town we drove by earlier.

NINA: Did you?

CHARLIE: Yeah...looked busy.

NINA: Did you go in?

CHARLIE: Oh, yeah. I wanted to pick up a few items. Line reached the back of the store. Must be all those storm warnings on the news.

NINA: Is it gonna be bad?

CHARLIE: They say so. Hasn't been any evacuation announcements but they say it's gonna be risky for anyone who wishes to ride out the storm.

NINA: Are we staying?

CHARLIE: We could outrun it. Nothing really pinning us down here but, you know, we could, uh, we could take advantage of the circumstances.

NINA: Take advantage?

CHARLIE: Yeah, well, storm is picking up now, probably hit by tonight, right around the time that convenience store closes.

NINA: You're joking, right?

CHARLIE: Now hold on a minute----

NINA: No, no, I won't do it Charlie. I won't. I'm not going in for another one of your hustles. You always give me the worst feeling in the pit of my stomach and it reaches down to my thighs—

Everything goes numb!

Last time, we barely made it through. When the cops questioned me, I was barely able to control myself.

I can't do this again. And you promised me! You promised that you would never ask me to cover for you again, that you would never get me involved in any more of your genius ideas, no matter how bad things get.

What happened to that? Another broken promise? Like always. Lasted two weeks!

NINA: (cont'd) Everytime you make me believe in you, you fall back and let me down...Leave me alone...I'm so done with you, Charlie.

CHARLIE: Are you done?

NINA: No, I ain't done. I ain't even gotten started yet! To think you would consider doing something like that---even---we didn't even get over what happened last week!

CHARLIE: I'm over it.

NINA: Charlie! We can't pull a job that hasn't been planned out. You just finished telling me that.

CHARLIE: This is different. This is spontaneous because we have the weather on our side. It's assisting us. When Mother Nature calls, we gotta answer.

NINA: Mother Nature? So you want to rob a convenience store in the middle of a hurricane??

CHARLIE: What better time? There's nobody around. There's gonna be high winds and pouring rain and not a soul on the street for miles and miles. We get in, we get out, without any footstep worry.

NINA: Dad—CHARLIE, this is impossible! What makes you think that we won't get hurt during the storm?

CHARLIE: Oh, hell, I've been through worse storms than this.

NINA: How do you know?

CHARLIE: It's a category four or five, that's not so bad.

NINA: Please tell me you're joking! We're talking a hundred and sixty mile per hour winds! That's insane.

CHARLIE: We drive up early with the car. There's a glass door in the back that we drive right up to. I get out of the car and baseball bat the door open. One, two, three we are inside. I get the goodies and we're out in a flash. Even when alarms blare it won't matter cause nobodies coming.

NINA: No.

CHARLIE: What?

NINA: I said no.

CHARLIE: You don't mean that.

NINA: I can't believe that you would actually risk my life, your daughter---you would actually potentially and possibly get me murdered.

CHARLIE: It's just a little bit of wind and rain.

NINA: I'm going to bed.

Nina gets in her bed and pulls sheets over her head.

CHARLIE: Nina? (beat) Nina, darling? I see your point but hear me out...when I was inside there, I saw where they keep the safe and I also saw them use it. I got the digits used to open the safe. It was as if God put me there to see it because the timing was impeccable. (beat) Fourteen, Thirteen, Two, Twenty-Seven, Eighteen, Nine, Nine and Seven. I saw the whole thing. Those numbers were burned in my brain. I ran back to the car and wrote them down, just so I don't forget them but as you can see, I know all the digits. I feel it's destiny. There was some thick green cash in there and---

NINA: Charlie, how can you be so stupid?

CHARLIE: What do you mean?

NINA: There is a storm coming. Any owner of a shop is going to clear the safe. Why would anybody in their right mind leave anything of value in a store safe?

CHARLIE: (smiling) That's why I love you and why you take after your old man! You ask the smart questions. I also overheard a conversation. The owner, this old rickety man was in the back talking on the phone. He must have bad hearing cause he was talking so damn loud...I overheard everything he said, clear as day. He said, I repeat, he said that he was keeping EVERYTHING in the store safe because THAT is where the family's personal belongings and finances are most safe!

NINA: No way!

CHARLIE: I swear on my life.

NINA: Don't swear on your life, Charlie---

CHARLIE: I promise, I ain't lying.

NINA: This is too good to be true. You're just trying to get me to agree to the job.

CHARLIE: Damn it. I know I'm a piece of shit on a grand scale and in a multitude of ways but this *one time* I am being as truthful as I've ever been to you in all my life. This is our moment! We do this job and we are gone. I think it's big. I think we pull this off, we won't have to worry about anything anymore and we will finally be on a new road. (beat) This will be the last one Nina, I swear, I swear, I swear.

NINA: What time?

CHARLIE: Seven Thirty-Five.

NINA: Is there gas in the car?

CHARLIE: Full tank.

NINA: What's the plan?

CHARLIE: We hit it and we come back here.

NINA: Here?

CHARLIE: Yep.

NINA: Are you sure that's wise?

CHARLIE: Why wouldn't it be?

NINA: Feels too close for comfort. I mean, we're just up the road.

CHARLIE: Exactly. We keep local, no one will suspect otherwise. If we take off to another town, it's gonna seem too obvious and plus the hurricane.

NINA: What hurricane?

CHARLIE: Very funny.

(pause.)

Are you in?

NINA: What if we get caught, Charlie?

CHARLIE: There is no way we're getting caught.

NINA: But what if we do.

CHARLIE: We won't.

NINA: ...I'm in.

CHARLIE: That's my gal!!!

Charlie hugs his daughter.

You won't regret this!

NINA: I already do.

END OF PLAY