

# ***DEEP DOWN***

*by*

*Joseph Arnone*

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Cast of Characters

BETH: 28

DANIEL: 25

Place

Brooklyn apartment

Time

7:35 PM

2.

Setting: A modern day one bedroom apartment in hipster area Brooklyn.

At Rise: Daniel and Beth are hanging out in their livingroom.

DANIEL: Thought we'd watch a movie, go out and grab ice-cream, maybe hit up the park, listen to some live music.

BETH: You really know how to sell a bag of shit, don't you?

DANIEL: You don't want to do any of those things?

BETH: It's not that.

DANIEL: What?

BETH: *YOU* don't want to do any of those things.

DANIEL: Why would I suggest those activities if I wasn't---

BETH: You make suggestions to make me happy, not because deep down you wish to do any of them.

DANIEL: I do.

BETH: Do you really?

DANIEL: What's wrong with making you happy?

BETH: It doesn't make me happy knowing you are only doing things on my behalf.

DANIEL: Why not?

BETH: Because I want to do things we both like doing.

DANIEL (jokingly): We both like sex.

BETH: Don't even bring that up.

DANIEL: Why not?

(pause.)

Things haven't been great in that department?

BETH: It's getting tired.

DANIEL: Don't I satisfy you?

BETH: We get to the destination but traveling there sucks.

DANIEL: Since when?

BETH: Since you stopped making me hot.

DANIEL: Last night I made you hot.

BETH: We were drunk as fuck.

DANIEL: So?

BETH: A fucking fire hydrant could make me hot when I'm that wrecked.

DANIEL: I thought we smashed.

BETH: Look, it was better than the usual roll over and play dead routine but do we have to be drunk to perform that way?

DANIEL: But you did like it.

BETH: From what I remember.

DANIEL: What do you want a fucking comic book hero to just fly in and conquer your greatest fantasies---

BETH: I need a man who knows how to make me feel erotic.

DANIEL: Erotic.

BETH: Yeah, look it up if you don't know the meaning.

DANIEL: Is this your word of the month?

BETH: How else am I supposed to communicate to you?

DANIEL: You repeat yourself.

BETH: And you do nothing to change it.

DANIEL: So it all falls back on me, doesn't it?

BETH: Who else am I dating?

DANIEL: You know where I am right now? I'm in my head. As much as I imagine taking hold of you and giving you exactly what I know you need---it plays in my mind instead---the things I would do to you and how you'd enjoy it---I'm crippled by the reality of not acting on my impulses because I know that if I tried, I'd fail...with you...I'd fail.

BETH: Why would you fail?

DANIEL: Because I've already given you the best of me and I think you already know that. I wish I could be different, more of what you need but my love can't climb any higher and maybe that's my own short comings as a man...

BETH: Why don't you ever tell me?

DANIEL: I've reached a place that I believe in, that should be good enough to give and receive and it's taken me a long time and I thought with you that maybe I could pull it off, but I guess deep down I've always known I couldn't keep you forever, that I was bound to get found out. My whole thing was hanging on for as long as my grip would let me, but things have gotten so heavy between us lately that I'm just about ready to let it all go and accept my fate.

BETH: ...Have you been raped?

(pause.)

DANIEL: Why would you ask me such a question?

BETH: Daniel---

DANIEL: That's the most fucked up thing you've ever asked me---

BETH: You can tell me---

DANIEL: No.

BETH: ...I'm sorry.

(Daniel grabs his sweater)

DANIEL (sarcastic): I think I'm gonna go get ice-cream by myself because I really want to and then I'm gonna go to the park and listen to some music cause I REALLY WANT TO.

BETH: I don't blame you.

DANIEL: Shut up.

BETH: You mentioned the past and I assumed something ugly may have happened to you---

DANIEL: What difference would that make for us if you knew all the details?

BETH: Maybe it's something we can work through together.

DANIEL: If the trust I have for you gets broken I don't know for sure what that could do to me. It's not safe, I'm not safe with this whole idea.

BETH: We're stuck, aren't we?

DANIEL: I don't want to be.

BETH: Something has to break.

DANIEL: I don't know how.

BETH: Things can't stay like this forever.

DANIEL: What about you though?

BETH: What about me, Daniel?

DANIEL: Some days you walk around this apartment like a horny lioness just waiting to pounce but yet you want erotica, you want to be teased and chased and worked up. You want Superman to come flying in for the rescue, riding you up into the sky like Lois fucking Lane or maybe it's the Incredible Hulk you want, big green and mean and you want that sweaty grunting machine to pounce and pummel you into ecstasy and oblivion. HUH?! Where does that shit come from? What makes you so normal?

BETH: The day you go comic book hero on me is the day we will get married.

(beat)

DANIEL: Otherwise, I'm just a passerby, right? (beat) I'm not good enough to marry?

BETH: You have potential.

DANIEL: Why isn't what I do for you good enough? You always put pressure on me and did you ever consider the fact that if you backed off and stopped judging me so much that I might actually be able to break past my own limitations and give you what you want?

BETH: I wasn't aware that I've been pressuring you.

DANIEL: You know, my father was a real asshole to me growing up as a kid. He used force whenever and wherever he could to make me do what he wanted. Verbally, he used some pretty harsh words to motivate me. Words like cocksucker, bitch, loser.

BETH: I don't want to hear anymore---

DANIEL: My father would take me to the park so I could practice playing basketball, cause I made my school team. If I missed a shot I'd get a smack, if I stumbled while I dribbled I'd get kicked. I used to shake, uncontrollably, my shoulders, my arms, everything would quiver and I tried so hard to control my body...I tried so hard to make him proud of me.

I knew how he was treating me was horrible but what's a twelve year old kid supposed to do?

DANIEL (cont'd): So you see, there's a trigger in me, it shuts me down when I'm commanded to do something. I shut off instantly. I become self-conscious, instead of living in the moment because I feel like I'm always being judged.

BETH: I've heard this all before, Daniel.

DANIEL: It's the truth.

BETH: Is it the whole truth?

DANIEL: Why do you keep questioning me?

BETH: Because I believe that if you stopped worrying about pleasing me and focused more on pleasing yourself, we wouldn't be together.

DANIEL: ...That makes no sense.

BETH: It makes total sense...I know who you really are...I know and I'm telling you it's alright...it's alright to be who you are meant to be...

DANIEL: You're freaking me out...stop!

(DANIEL throws his sweater)

...If you don't love me enough to stand by me than move on if you feel I can't fulfill your needs.

BETH: You need to understand that it's two lives, not one, that will go in vain.

You owe it to yourself to rise above your problems and find happiness inside yourself and I deserve to be with someone who will give me all that I desire in this life.

We need to stop wasting our time. I much rather go at it alone with the hope of finding someone who can fulfill my needs than be with a man who will forever be burdened with his past and not accept his true nature.

Life won't wait for us, Daniel. It continues on and doesn't care what role we play in it. Only I know what role I wish to play and this isn't it. I won't be made to feel guilty for leaving you because I didn't realize it until this very moment that this is what I have to do...for both of us.

**END OF PLAY**