

# ***THE LAST TIME***

*by*

*Joseph Arnone*

Copyright © 2020

[www.MonologueBlogger.com](http://www.MonologueBlogger.com)

All rights reserved. No part of this ePlay may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording or any other storage and retrieval system, without the written permission of the author or publisher.

Cast of Characters

<u>WENDY</u> :	24
<u>DAD</u> :	55
<u>ROGER</u> :	27

Place  
Car

Time  
10:45 PM

Setting: A street in the borough of Queens, New York.

At Rise: DAD pulls his car alongside a curb. WENDY wipes tears from her face while looking out the car window.

(Dad puts car in park)

(Wendy wipes a tear from her eye  
while looking out the car window)

DAD: It's just a loaner, I'll pay it back in two weeks.

WENDY: When was the last time we saw each other?

DAD: Been awhile...

WENDY: Two years.

DAD: No.

WENDY: Definitely two years, you stopped buy my place for fifteen minutes, had a cup of coffee, cookies and left.

DAD: I remember, I was in the area that day for court, had to pay a ticket.

WENDY: ...I've always wondered why you abandoned me when I turned seventeen and graduated high school. You made all these promises to me, saying you were gonna be my manager and guide me into being this great singer but instead you were nowhere to be found.

Looking back on things, I know you must have been going through your own problems...being divorced from mom and trying to grow your business, but I can't help but wonder how much you ever truly loved me to just leave like you did. (beat) I was never a focal point in your life, was I?

You look at Charles and you see how successful he's become and I'm happy and proud of him to no end, I want the best for my brother, but when you look at him, it protects you from facing your own failures with me.

Charles doesn't make you feel like a loser father but I do because the wasted potential of my life leaves egg on your face.

(she looks at him)

You've never wanted to admit that you should have been there for me when I needed you most but that's okay because through all my years of struggle, of figuring things out on my own, look at the woman I've become.

DAD: And I'm proud of you for being able to make a living selling your music on the internet. That's success in itself, isn't it?

WENDY: Come on, Dad.

DAD: What?

WENDY: Stop trying to bullshit me.

DAD: What do you mean?

WENDY: The greatest salesman the world has never known.

DAD: You don't think I'm proud of my daughter?

WENDY: Oh, now I'm your daughter.

DAD: Of course you're my daughter.

WENDY: I was a nobody to you when I was a failure, right?

DAD: Where are you getting all of this from?

WENDY: I lived at mom's house for three fucking years in a basement with my boyfriend Roger and you didn't do shit to help me or even ask how I was.

DAD: You can't blame me for how you've turned out.

WENDY: And how did I turn out, Dad?

DAD: You've turned out good but you can't blame me for your shortcomings.

WENDY: I'm not talking about my shortcomings, I'm talking about my upbringing, giving me a fair shake in the world, so I wouldn't spend years trying to dig myself out from the gutter.

DAD: Each of us is responsible for our own lives, Wendy.

WENDY: You were supposed to be part of what I'm doing, you were the one who made me believe I could sing.

DAD: Because you can.

WENDY: Right.

DAD: I didn't know you've been carrying this anger around all these years.

WENDY: That just shows you how aware you've always been.

DAD: Haven't I been one of your greatest supporters?

WENDY: Supporter?

DAD: I've always given you guidance.

WENDY: Guidance? What guidance?

DAD: All the phone conversations we've had.

WENDY: Talk is cheap. (beat) You've never showed up to one of my gigs. Not one! I've performed hundreds of shows all over the city and you couldn't find it in your heart to come to one fucking performance?

DAD: I know.

WENDY: Do you?

DAD: You're right---

WENDY: And when was the last time you actually listened to any of my songs?

DAD: I always listen to your songs.

WENDY: You do?

DAD: At home, in my car...all the time.

WENDY: You don't make this easy for me.

DAD: I don't want to put you in this situation.

WENDY: But you are!

DAD: They told me if I don't have the money by tonight they'd come after me, you're my only hope.

WENDY: Can't believe you involved yourself with those types of people.

DAD: Desperate men do desperate things.

(WENDY makes a call from her cellphone)

WENDY: Rog...yeah, we're here, bring it down.

(WENDY hangs up the cellphone)

DAD: I want you to know how much I appreciate you helping me out, Wendy.

WENDY: I know.

DAD: Two weeks you'll have it back, I promise, this is the last time.

WENDY: You are such an asshole father. I'm doing this for you cause I don't want your body found floating in the river.

(pause.)

DAD: ...Wendy, if I had been able to give you more I would have.

WENDY: You know, I used to buy into that but it doesn't ring true for me anymore.

DAD: I've never been a wealthy man---

WENDY: Who's talking about money? I'm not talking about money. I don't want your money and never did. You've never been a father to me!

DAD: Your mother never made it easy for me---

WENDY: That's because you never paid child support---

DAD: Because I---

WENDY: What? What??

DAD: Because I had...

WENDY: Other responsibilities...right?

DAD: Something like that.

WENDY: Don't you think that's fucked up?

DAD: It's not fucked up when you're trying to find happiness.

WENDY: You ran away from us!

DAD: It was wrong.

WENDY: You know, we were so close when I was little. Didn't that mean anything to you?

DAD: It meant everything to me.

WENDY: How can you walk away from that?

DAD: Your mother threw me out.

WENDY: Stop saying that. Why didn't you fight for us?

DAD: I was angry, angry at your mother, angry at myself for not being able to keep things together for all of us, I made so many mistakes, things that I'm not so sure you even know about...things I am ashamed of and I lost everything when your mother threw me out and I never thought for a second that she would ever throw me out and I was filled with such hatred at everything, I didn't recognize myself anymore, I began to drink and it took me down this dark rabbit hole that I don't think I've ever come out from...

...I've been miserable ever since...I've lost my sense of self and I have my good days, bad days but I never feel complete and I think because I was so destroyed over what happened that I couldn't face you or your brother the way that I used to because I felt like my armour was shattered and my kids, you two kids would see me for what I really was, for what you see me as now and there's nothing I can do about it...

...I'm not strong enough to change it, to fix it, to go back...if I could go back, there isn't a day that goes by when I think to myself what I would do differently if I could have one chance to go back and do it all over again...it's not...I know it's not fair to you and that---

(ROGER taps on WENDY'S side window)

(WENDY lowers the window)

WENDY: Hey...

ROGER: What's up?

(ROGER hands WENDY an envelope of cash)

Here it is.

DAD: Hey Roger! Thank you so much for helping me out!

ROGER: It's all we have saved.

WENDY: Roger, don't---

DAD: Two weeks I'll get it back to you, I promise.

ROGER: Don't you still owe Wendy five grand for something else?

WENDY: Roger! Go upstairs!

ROGER: You know, your daughter and I bust our ass to get to where we are right now and you come along and wipe us out and we all know we won't ever see that money again...you set us back on the things we want to do for our own lives and it's wrong, you're wrong...I know this is some sort of life and death situation like it always seems to be with you but it makes me furious and I want you to hear it from me.

DAD: I'm ashamed, I'm really ashamed Roger and you're right.

ROGER: I don't want to be right, I want you to be right with Wendy. I don't care about the money as much as I care about Wendy's relationship with you and it's pathetic. Now you have your money and you'll run off for God knows how long, maybe years again before you come around here with a hand out...at least try to be a father...for once...be her father.

(ROGER walks away and into the building)

WENDY: I'm sorry.

DAD: He's right. You know what...take the money---

WENDY: What? No!

DAD: I don't want it. They kill me, they kill me---

WENDY: No! You take the money and clear your name.

(DAD breaks down crying)

DAD: I'm so sorry...my whole life...I can never get ahead...always fucking up...if you only knew how much I love you...you have no idea, no idea, no idea...

I've lost all my self-respect. I have nothing left.

WENDY: You have tomorrow. Pay those bastards their money and start fresh tomorrow.

DAD: I'm sorry.

(WENDY hugs her father)

(A CAR pulls up alongside the car and a gangster fires gun shots at DAD)

(The CAR screeches off)

(Lights fade to black)

**END OF PLAY**