

# ***Local Guy from the Niighborhood***

*by*

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Cast of Characters

|               |    |
|---------------|----|
| <u>PHIL</u> : | 33 |
| <u>JACK</u> : | 67 |
| TIFFANY:      | 30 |

Place  
Maspeth, Queens

Time  
1 PM

2.

Setting: It's a warm and breezy day outside in the town of Maspeth. There's a two family brick house with a short staircase in front, leading up to the main entrance.

At Rise: Phil walks up the block and notices Jack sitting on the staircase by himself.

PHIL: Yo, what's up Jack, how ya been?

JACK: Been? (Jack scrunches his shoulders)

PHIL: Meinga, it's about time we finally got outside, right?

JACK: Same shit, inside, outside, whatever.

PHIL: Thought you'd have a bit of an uptick after this month?

JACK: What's that you said?

PHIL: Uptick, you know, an uplift, a smile, something.

JACK: You mean happy?

PHIL: Yeah, happy.

JACK: Why would I be happy?

PHIL: Not feeling locked up in your house, getting some fresh air outside.

JACK: Ain't nothing changed in my life. I'm used to being miserable. I look around and realize that everybody else finally got a chance to have MY life. From my apartment upstairs to this here stoop, that's as far as I've gone for the last ten years.

PHIL: How you go shopping?

JACK: My daughter.

PHIL: You have a daughter?

JACK: Why?

PHIL: Never in a million years would I take you for a father?

JACK: And why's that?

PHIL: You don't look like the father type?

JACK: What does a father type look like?

PHIL: Not like you, that's for sure.

JACK: Am I supposed to look like you instead?

PHIL: No, I'm just saying that you don't seem like the kind of guy that cares about anything and the fact that you actually have a daughter surprises me because being a father makes you responsible for someone else's life and you, honestly---and I don't mean to make

PHIL (cont'd): you feel like bad or anything, but honestly, you seem like the type of guy that if the world came to an end you'd probably never notice or you'd notice but you wouldn't give a damn.

Am I right?

So, having a daughter...I can't picture you feeding the baby a milk bottle or baby food or burping the baby, taking the kid to dance school or school in general or really doing anything much that a father is supposed to do for their child...you don't strike me as that way...like, you're more like the kind of guy who goes to his crummy job, comes home, eats dinner and watches television while drinking beer after beer, until finally passing out on the couch.

Maybe I'm a bit judgmental, but I know you a long time and you asked me what a father is supposed to look like and maybe now you can sort of see where I'm going with this thing here...

JACK: What the fuck in God's name are you talking about?

PHIL: That's what I thought, forget about it.

JACK: Do me a favor...grab me a pack of smokes would ya and some coffee? Oh, and if you can get me a glazed donut that'd be good.

PHIL: I gotta make it quick.

JACK: So, make it quick.

PHIL: So, give me the money.

JACK: Use your own, I'll get it back to ya.

PHIL: Jack, you already owe me two hundred. I don't even ask you for it and you gotta insult me by adding to the tab.

JACK: What's two hundred dollars? Cheap bastard.

PHIL: Cheap bastard? Not only do I cover you but I go and get it for you, I should charge interest.

JACK: Interest my ass. I'm a veteran.

PHIL: Yeah, yeah, I know...always giving me the guilt trip...ah, I'll go for you Jack, last run.

(enter TIFFANY carrying grocery bags,  
out of breath)

TIFFANY: Dad, I was honking the horn, you don't hear me. I can't carry all these bags by myself. There's more in the car.

JACK: I can't carry them.

TIFFANY: What about you?

PHIL: Me?

TIFFANY: Yeah, you.

PHIL: Sure, I can, where's your car?

TIFFANY: It's right there, a few houses down---

PHIL: The blinking lights?

TIFFANY: Yeah.

(PHIL walks to the car)

JACK (to Tiffany): Door's open.

TIFFANY: Gee dad, thanks. (beat) Hey, he won't rob my car will he?

JACK: Why would he do that?

TIFFANY: I left it running.

JACK: He's good for it.

TIFFANY (confused): Good for what?

JACK (confused): What?

TIFFANY (annoyed): I'll be right back.

(TIFFANY enters the house)

(JACK lights a cigarette)

(PHIL comes back carrying bags)

PHIL: How's your poor daughter doing this all by herself?

JACK: What the hell do I know?

PHIL: I took the keys.

JACK: What keys?

PHIL: The car keys, she shouldn't leave it running.

JACK: She knows that.

PHIL: Should I bring the bags up to your place?

JACK: Whatever.

(TIFFANY comes out)

TIFFANY: Is there a lot more?

PHIL: A few left, you shouldn't leave your car running in this neighborhood, I have your keys.

(PHIL hands TIFFANY her car keys)

TIFFANY: I'm trying to be quick cause there's never any parking spots around here.

PHIL: I know it's a pain in the ass. Everybody has to own like three cars, take up all the spaces, nobody could park anywhere, but hey, from now on you got bags, park across the street over there, I'm friends with the owner who owns that driveway.

TIFFANY: Yeah?

PHIL: Just tell him, you're a friend of Philly's.

TIFFANY: Are you sure?

PHIL: Absolutely.

TIFFANY: Thanks. I'm Tiffany.

PHIL: Should I bring these bags up?

TIFFANY: I'll take them up if you don't mind grabbing the other bags---

PHIL: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

(PHILLY sets the bags down)

I'll be right back.

TIFFANY: Okay. (beat) Dad, who is this guy?

JACK: His name is Phil.

TIFFANY: I know, but who is he?

JACK: He's a local guy from the neighborhood, he's a plumber, I don't know.

TIFFANY: Is he?

JACK: Yeah. Did you get my almond milk for me?

TIFFANY: I got it, I got it.

(TIFFANY goes into the apartment)

(JACK smokes his cigarette)

(PHIL comes walking back with remaining bags)

PHIL: Hey, Jack, uh, your daughter, is she married or anything?

JACK: Get the fuck outta here. YOU?

PHIL: What?

JACK: You're interested in my daughter?

PHIL: I'm just saying.

JACK: Ask her if she's single.

PHIL: Is she?

JACK: How should I know?

PHIL: So, she's definitely not married?

JACK: Nah.

(TIFFANY comes back outside)

PHIL: This is the last of it. You want me to move your car for you across in the lot or---

TIFFANY: Oh, no, no that's fine, I'm just dropping off and on the run.

PHIL: Oh.

JACK: I don't want my almond milk getting warm, ruins the taste.

TIFFANY: Already brought it upstairs.

PHIL: Want me to bring these upstairs for you?

TIFFANY: That's okay, I'll get it, don't worry. (she grabs bags from Phil) Dad, you gotta put your own items away on your own cause I have to be somewhere.

JACK: Always gotta be somewhere.

TIFFANY: I know, I'm sorry but next time we'll have coffee.

JACK: Coffee.

(JACK gets up, tosses his cigarette)

Alright. Away we go.

PHIL (to Tiffany): I'll watch your car for you until you come out, make sure no cop car or anything.

TIFFANY: You don't have to.

PHIL: Nah, nah, it's alright...go ahead, I'm in no rush.

TIFFANY: Thanks, Phil.

(JACK goes inside apartment)

JACK: He likes you, ya know.

TIFFANY: Nooo.

JACK: He wants to get married, have kids.

TIFFANY: What?!

PHIL: That's not what I---I asked if you were married...how embarrassing...I just asked if you were married cause I think you're pretty is all and I was curious---

TIFFANY: Not married, but boyfriend.

PHIL: Oh! Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to---

TIFFANY: Don't be sorry, you're so sweet.

PHIL: If you ever break up, I'm next in line, ha ha ha.

TIFFANY: And a sense of humor, too.

JACK (from within the apartment): While I'm young!

TIFFANY: Alright! God, no patience that man.

PHIL: That's really your father?

TIFFANY: The one any only.

PHIL: Never imagined your father being a father.

TIFFANY: Neither do I.

(THEY laugh)

I'll be right back.

PHIL: Go ahead...

(TIFFANY enters the apartment)

(PHIL looks after her)

END OF PLAY