

Stay The Night

by

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Cast of Characters

AMANDA:

24

WILKIN:

35

Place

Manhattan Penthouse

Time

Night

2.

Setting: An open living room with large windows overlooking New York City.

At Rise: Amanda and Wilkin rest together on a bed.

AMANDA: You are different from the other men I meet with.

WILKIN: Am I?

AMANDA: Not in a strange way, but more so in a mysterious way.

WILKIN: Ha!

AMANDA: I'm serious.

WILKIN: No one's ever said that to me before.

AMANDA: And how does it strike you?

WILKIN: Silly.

AMANDA: You don't consider yourself mysterious?

WILKIN: That's an odd question.

AMANDA: You don't like looking in?

WILKIN: ...I do...

AMANDA: You look in?

WILKIN: We all do, don't we?

AMANDA: So, how do you see yourself?

WILKIN: I'm just trying to do good in my life, nothing special.

AMANDA: For who?

WILKIN (changing subject): Are you hungry?

AMANDA: I'm asking you a question.

WILKIN: I don't have an answer.

AMANDA: Surely you have an answer. How does a man acquire such wealth and not have a purpose?

WILKIN: Do you have a purpose?

AMANDA: No...I wish I did, I mean, I have a goal, but I'm not sure I'll ever get there.

WILKIN: And what is your goal?

AMANDA: To die on a tropical island.

WILKIN: Sounds morbid?

AMANDA: On the contrary, it's quite beautiful.

WILKIN: When do you think you will reach your goal?

AMANDA: Oh, I have some time. Do you have a goal?

WILKIN: I think I've said all that I would like to say.

AMANDA: Do you see? Why can't you talk to me?

WILKIN: Because that's not our arrangement.

AMANDA: All the others talk to me. They complain about their wife, their mistress, their business and all sorts of depressing and scary facts.

WILKIN: Scary?

AMANDA: I'm told things that are criminal.

WILKIN: Really?

AMANDA: Yeah.

WILKIN: Like, what?

AMANDA: Well, one guy, he's a high-powered attorney, represents only famous people, he's actually confessed a murder.

WILKIN: You're kidding?

AMANDA: Wish I was.

WILKIN: A murder he was directly involved in?

AMANDA: I guess so.

WILKIN: I empathize for you.

AMANDA: Why?

WILKIN: It's a tough gig.

AMANDA: I'm like a bartender, I hear the rants and ramblings of the upperclass. It's fascinating. The stakes are high, there's a lot of hush hush but I'm non-existent. The things I see and hear, I'm the fly on the wall and it's my job not to utter a single word. I exist to do my job and nothing more. I have no opinion, no thoughts, no decisions. I care about one thing and one thing only...my money.

AMANDA (cont'd): That's why I exist. I'm selfish, I'm lonely and I'm powerful. You know why? Because I know how to keep a secret. When you know how to keep a secret you become valuable, people treat you nice, you get looked after. It's all calculated, it happens slowly, until suddenly they realize I'm holding the cards and there's nothing they can do.

WILKIN: Is that why you keep asking me questions?

AMANDA: Of course.

WILKIN: I see.

AMANDA: You are a hard nut to crack.

WILKIN: Well, I admire your efforts but I play by a different set of rules.

AMANDA: Do you?

WILKIN: Amanda, you're in over your head with me. What you see is what I want you to see and that is all you will see. Unlike the politicians and athletes and whoever else you hold accountable for their "secrets", you will never know anything more about me than the name I told you was mine.

AMANDA: Your name isn't Wilkin?

(WILKIN stares at her)

AMANDA: Why?

WILKIN: My secrets are safe with me.

AMANDA: But why are you so protective of yourself?

WILKIN: Would you like me to order food?

AMANDA: Why can't you answer my quest---

WILKIN: Because that's the way it is!

(BEAT)

AMANDA: Don't shout.

WILKIN: I'm sorry.

AMANDA: I think I better go.

WILKIN: No, don't, stay, please stay...I'm sorry I yelled.

AMANDA: You make me uncomfortable.

WILKIN: There's nothing to be uncomfortable about.

AMANDA: I don't know who you are.

WILKIN: Isn't that the point?

AMANDA: But something, anything, a memory, a story..you give me nothing.

WILKIN: Does it mean that much to you?

(AMANDA nods)

When I was a kid, must have been seven or eight years old, I fell ill while at school. My head was pounding and I threw up and I went to the nurses office. Well, I was starting to burn up with fever and my father came to pick me up. I remember being happy to see him because I was so sick, but the minute we left the nurses office I caught a beating in the hallway. Right in front of this girl Tanya I had a crush on. I was smacked one way, then the other way, pushed into the staircase and kicked...and Tanya, by the look of her eyes, I knew she witnessed the whole thing. I was humiliated. I didn't care less about the beating because I was used to getting hit, but the embarrassment, oh, that was horrible. I knew I'd have to face her and whoever else she told, when I went back to school. Are you happy I shared that story with you?

AMANDA: I'm sorry.

WILKIN: There's plenty more where that came from---

AMANDA: NO that's, we don't have to---

WILKIN: Should I order some food?

AMANDA: Sure.

WILKIN: How about that restaurant we love?

AMANDA: Francese?

WILKIN: You down?

AMANDA: Do we have more wine?

WILKIN: Yes.

(WILKIN pours AMANDA a glass
of wine)

AMANDA: I was only making conversation.

WILKIN: No, you were investigating.

AMANDA: What do you think I am, secret service?

WILKIN (jokingly): You're a whore.

AMANDA: Excuse me?

WILKIN (nervously): What?

AMANDA: I never thought you would speak---

WILKIN (jokingly): Am I wrong?

AMANDA: I'm leaving, don't worry.

WILKIN: Amanda, I was only making light of it.

AMANDA: Fuck you!

WILKIN: It was a bad joke!

AMANDA: It's not that it wasn't funny, it's that you yourself have no class.

WILKIN: So, it was funny?

AMANDA: Fuck off! SO WHAT?! Who the fuck are YOU to judge me?! You don't know *nothing* about me. What makes you so great?! Huh? With your big penthouse and glorious views. Does that make you better than me? Fuck you, you piece of shit...

(AMANDA begins getting dressed and gathering her belongings)

WILKIN: You're right.

AMANDA: Fuck off!

WILKIN: I'm not better than you.

AMANDA: Screw you!

(AMANDA turns point blank at WILKIN)

Give me my money.

WILKIN: Amanda, I didn't mean---

AMANDA: MONEY!

(WILKIN goes to a draw and pulls
out a wad of cash)

WILKIN: Before I hand you over your money, please allow me to apologize. I was stupid and wrong for trying to make light of your profession. I thought you would have found it funny for some dumb reason and obviously I was mistaken. Please, Amanda, I'm sorry - I will never speak to you that way again. I took things out of context and I feel like a loser for saying what I said...please, stay the night and let's be friends...I love your company and I know I crossed the line. Can you give me a pass..?

AMANDA: I didn't expect that to come from you.

WILKIN: I'm sorry. That's not who I am.

AMANDA: Why would you think that was funny, I mean, it could be funny but not at my expense, get it? You think I want to do what I do?

WILKIN: I don't know.

AMANDA: You're a dick.

WILKIN: I know.

AMANDA: You're a tiny, little, itty-bitty, can't see it, DICK.

WILKIN: Are we even?

AMANDA: I want food and if you ever ever ever ever ever speak to me that way again I will hurt you real bad.

WILKIN: Really?

AMANDA: Really.

WILKIN: Okay. Never again. I'm sorry. Are we friends?

AMANDA: We'll see.

(WILKIN hands money to AMANDA)

(AMANDA throws it in his face)

Now, we're friends.

(WILKIN picks up the money from the
floor)

END OF PLAY