

Blood On Ya Hands

by

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Cast of Characters

<u>DUNSTON</u> :	59
<u>CARL</u> :	48
<u>LARRY</u> :	36

Place

Dockside near Whitechapel

Year

1888

2.

Setting: A foggy mid-day working at the docks in the 1880's.

At Rise: Fisherman Dunston takes notice of Carl as he gets back to work.

DUNSTON: Where'd you fockin' go there?

CARL: To the feckin push carts.

DUNSTON: Grub? You look like a waif, what grub you getting'?
(laughs hardily)

CARL: I was hungry.

DUNSTON: Hungry? Lemme tell ya somethin', you go wanderin' off the docks again you'll be fired fer it. Ya hear? Moses walkin' round here with his stick out and I ain't coverin' for ya no more. Keeps askin' me, "Where's Carl at?" "Have ya seen his whereabouts?" I aim to tell 'em. Lose me own job and I got mouths to feed, yeah? Stay put! Takin' on extra work fer ya and me shoulders are growin' sore cause a ya. Stay with the Reiher! No thanks, no nothin'. You're a headache I don't come to need. Ya hear? Work your hours and nobody cares what you do in the nights, but work your miserable hours like the rest of us lubbers. Make me work twice as much with half the pay. No more! Next time won't be no next time. Aye?

CARL: I was fockin' hungry.

DUNSTON: Ya wait ya turn! You aren't the only fool who's starvin'!

DUNSTON notices blood on CARL'S fingers.

What's that there? The tips of ya fingers...what that be?

CARL: Fish.

DUNSTON: What fish?

CARL: Cuttin' open a fish.

DUNSTON: When?

CARL: Just now.

DUNSTON: You just finished tellin' me ya ate food at the carts.

CARL: It was seasoning for me fish is all.

DUNSTON: And this whole time the fish you kept in your pocket, eh?

CARL: ...That's what I done.

DUNSTON: ...Somethin' ain't right about you, lad.

CARL: Aye.

DUNSTON: Who was that lady you was talkin' to?

CARL: When?

DUNSTON: Just before.

CARL: There was no woman.

DUNSTON: I seen ya with me own two eyes.

CARL: WHEN?

DUNSTON: Right before you gone missin'! Headed toward the Dorset Street way or other. (beat) Don't fuck wit me, lad.

CARL: I don't have to answer to you old man.

DUNSTON: No, huh?

CARL: I'd be advised to shut your barkin' mouth.

DUNSTON: Really?

CARL: I'm tellin' ya now, mind yo business.

DUNSTON: And what you gonna do if I don't mind me business? Eh? What you gonna do tough guy?

CARL: I'm a slit your throat.

DUNSTON: What's that you said to me?

CARL: I said, clear and loud as this foggy day mate, I'm a slit your throat if you don't fock up.

DUNSTON: I'd like to see ya try it, lad.

CARL: Your day will come.

DUNSTON: You don't spook me, son.

CARL: I ain't ya son, don't ever call me ya son.

DUNSTON: Alright...let's get back to pullin' nets.

CARL: I want you to ferget whatever it is you think you seen.

DUNSTON: Is that a threat?

CARL: It's a fact.

DUNSTON: I don't take threats lightly.

CARL: Have it your way.

CARL pulls out a knife.

DUNSTON: I think ya did somethin' to that girl you was with.

CARL: Come closer little man.

DUNSTON grabs a piece of wood in defense.

DUNSTON: Come any closer and I'll smash ya skull.

DUNSTON smiles.

That there's blood on your hands, ain't it Carl? HELP! HELP!
You're a murderer and you know I know it.

CARL swings his knife, narrowly
missing DUNSTIN'S face.

Go on and try to put me away. HELP!!

LARRY enters the scene.

LARRY: What's goin on here fellas?

DUNSTON: This man here is a criminal.

LARRY: Ha! We're all criminals, ain't we lads?

DUNSTON: He's goin' round killin' women.

LARRY: You have too much to drink again there, Cal? Who's to blame today, is it Hennessy or Jameson? Ha!

DUNSTON: Larry you stupid fock I'm tellin' ya, I'm three days sober since we first docked here and my vision is sharp as a whistle.

LARRY: In this fog?

DUNSTON: You ain't listenin' ta me. I told ya this bastard here has blood on his hands. Evidence he's out there doin' wrong.

LARRY looks an CARLS hands and sees
dry blood on his fingers.

LARRY: What's that from, Carl?

CARL: Me lunch.

LARRY: Oh, yeah?

CARL: Fish.

LARRY: Lunch ain't for another forty-five minutes or so.

DUNSTON: That's what I been tellin' 'em!

LARRY: Hold on, Dun. (to CARL) Why you breaking early for lunch?

CARL: I had no breakfast this morning, pains in me belly.

LARRY: Did you call your Mommy, too?

LARRY laughs heartily.

CARL: I ain't done no such thing as that.

LARRY: Hmmm.

DUNSTON: Tired of coverin' for him and now he's trying to stick me with a blade!

LARRY: Alright, calm down, calm down. (to CARL) Do I need to take that blade off ya, Carl?

CARL: No.

LARRY: Don't be sticking Dunston with no blade, ya hear?

CARL: So long as he don't keep disrespecting me. Accusing me of things.

LARRY: Whether or not what you are being accused of is true, ain't my business. What is my business is that ya labor. If you don't come to work and labor, you'll be off the job, even if ya can do the work of three men, ya hear? That goes for you too Dun, stop making a fuss.

DUNSTON: If you ain't come, I'd be dead by now.

LARRY: Well, it must be yo lucky day then. Ha!

LARRY walks off.

And be sure if I hear any more confusion, Moses will get the full report and you both'll get tossed out.

CARL: Lucky.

DUNSTON: I'm done speakin' with you.

CARL: Next time it'll be your blood on me hands.

DUNSTON: I want no part of ya. Your business is yer own. I'm tru wit it.

CARL: My business is my own.

DUNSTON: But if I see ya goin' round talkin' to girls and comin' back with blood on your fingetips, that will be the end of ya, sure as my name is Dunston.

CARL: I'm not worried 'bout you Dunston, we have a long journey back together to New York, don't we?

DUNSTON: I got me eyes on ya, Carl. You won't catch me sleepin', that's fer sure.

CARL: Good. (he smiles)

END OF PLAY