

# ***You Wouldn't Believe Ralphy***

*by*

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Cast of Characters

RALPH: 20's

DONNIE: 40's

KELLY: 30's

Place  
Cabin house

Time  
3PM

Setting: The play takes place inside a large empty room of a Cabin house on the outskirts of London. Empty except for a kitchen that runs alongside a single wall. The floors are of wood, the walls are chipped paint, revealing many different previous coats of paint throughout its past years of existence. There's a wooden desk and TV monitors for surveillance. A few wooden chairs are scattered around the room.

At Rise: The play opens up with Kelly sitting at a wooden desk counting boxes full of money. Every now and then she scribbles a number in her ledger. Ralph knocks on the door. Kelly looks at the small TV camera screen and pushes a button under her desk that makes a buzzing noise so Ralph can enter the room.

KELLY sizes RALPH up.

KELLY: Not in the fucking mood for it.

RALPH: Where's Donnie?

KELLY: You're on Donnie's shit list.

RALPH: What else is new?

KELLY: Have you come to deliver the money or the bullshit?

RALPH: Can I speak to Donnie?

KELLY: He's sleeping.

RALPH (to himself out-loud): Shit.

KELLY: What story is it now? Aliens from outer space?

RALPH: It ain't that.

KELLY: You was in the hospital and just got out?

RALPH: Stop it, Kelly.

KELLY: You were kidnapped by Gypsies and narrowly escaped?

RALPH: Stop takin' the mick!

KELLY: (laughs)

RALPH: If I told Donnie, he'd understand.

KELLY: Do yourself a favor and get the fuck out.

RALPH: Not until I know things are good with Don.

KELLY: You're gonna wake him up!

DONNIE enters the room.

DONNIE: I'm up...what time is it Kel?

KELLY reads her wristwatch.

KELLY: 3PM on the dot.

DONNIE: There's a shit storm in my head.

KELLY: Want some black coffee, Don?

DONNIE: Oh, that would be lovely...just one sugar, please. Thanks.

KELLY fixes DONNIE a cup of coffee at the kitchen wall.

DONNIE examines RALPH.

DONNIE (cont'd): You soiled yourself, Ralph?

RALPH: I did.

DONNIE: That mud or shit on your trousers?

RALPH: A bit of both, I'm afraid.

KELLY hands DONNIE his coffee.

DONNIE (to KELLY): Thanks, darling.

KELLY (to DONNIE): He's already setting the bait for a story.

RALPH: Kelly!

KELLY: Always a story! Never pays upon time!

RALPH: I make the effort!

KELLY: Shut up already! You're a no good skinny bastard!

DONNIE: Shhh, shhh, my brain is trying to wake up...

KELLY sits and continues counting money and placing them in shoeboxes.

DONNIE sips his coffee.

DONNIE: Delicious, Kelly.

KELLY: (grunts)

DONNIE: That the bean from Colombia that we like?

KELLY: ...It is.

DONNIE: Okay, Ralph. Why don't you have a seat and you could explain to me why you don't have my money.

RALPH takes a seat.

RALPH: It's not that I don't have your money, Don.

DONNIE: Oh, no?

RALPH: I have half.

DONNIE: Half.

RALPH pulls out a muddied roll of cash.

KELLY: What the fuck is that there?

RALPH: It's Don's money!

KELLY: Covered in shit?

RALPH: It's mud, it's covered in mud.

KELLY: You expect me to count it?

RALPH: It's the money I owe.

KELLY: Now you bringin' us dirty notes, you dirty bastard!

DONNIE: Now, now, Kelly, Kelly please, it's too early in the day for me.

KELLY: Just you wait!

DONNIE: Kelly.

KELLY: Expects me to wash it down!

DONNIE: Ralph, she won't except that.

RALPH: But it's the money.

DONNIE: I know it's the money, but that's no way to make payment.

RALPH: I haven't gotten to what happened on my way over here.

DONNIE: Give it.

RALPH hands DONNIE the muddy ball of money.

RALPH: I wanted to---

DONNIE: Shhh, shhhh...(counts the money) Is that a fiver?

RALPH leans in.

RALPH: That's a fiver.

DONNIE looks up at RALPH.

DONNIE throws the money in RALPH'S face.

RALPH: Donnie--

DONNIE: That's not half.

RALPH: I was gettin' to that.

DONNIE: When I asked you, you told me half. You lying to my face?

RALPH: You're going too fast for me---

DONNIE: WHERE...IS...MY...MO...NEY...?

RALPH: I don't have it.

DONNIE: Why?

RALPH: You won't believe it if I told you, so I been tryin' to make somethin' up that's more believable, cause the thing that actually happened is so unbelievable that you will shoot me right on the spot if I told ya.

DONNIE: Now I want to hear the story.

RALPH: The real story?

DONNIE: The real story you fucking twat.

RALPH: Can I sit down? You got me all nervous, my body's quiverin'.

KELLY: Dramatic effect he is!

RALPH: Fuck off Kelly!

KELLY: I'll smack you around myself if I have to!

DONNIE: My head is pounding! I almost avoided a headache and now I have one. I need quiet!!! (beat) Ralph, you fucking tart...begin your yarn.

RALPH: ...Alright, alright, this is a true story, it's true, so, it's like, I was walkin' along the fuckin' pond, you know, it was a short cut to get here, same way I always take and so I took it, but when I was walkin' I tripped over a log, a log that I always leap over but this particular time it tripped me and so I fell to the ground face first into dirt and grass and that's when I hear the growlin'. I heard this growlin' sound vibratin' in my ears as if it was in my brain and when I looked over, there was this fuckin' alligator, this giant fuckin' alligator starin' right at me, breathin' it's hot breath right on my face.

RALPH (cont'd): I started cryin' Don. I pissed myself too - look (pointing to his jeans) and so I slowly rolled over as quietly as I could, AWAY from the alligator and I kept rollin' and rollin' further away, until I got far enough to feel free of its jaws.

When I felt safe and looked over, I saw that your money fell out of my pocket and was layin' there, like, five feet from the alligator's mouth and you know, the alligator went for it, it took bite of the money and drove straight back into the water.

There was nothin' I could do, nothin'. I swear to God that's what really happened Donnie, I swear it. I swear it.

DONNIE: That's some story.

RALPH: That's what I'm sayin'!

DONNIE: Kelly, what do you think?

KELLY: I think he's full of shit.

RALPH: Fuck you, Kelly!

KELLY: Go fuck yourself!

DONNIE: Shh, pipe down. Kelly, I'll take a refill, please darlin'.

KELLY grabs DONNIE'S mug and makes a rotten face at RALPH, who winces in reply.

DONNIE stretches and yawns and lets off a twisting whopper of a punch to RALPH'S face.

RALPH falls to the floor.

KELLY brings back DONNIE'S mug.

DONNIE pours the coffee over RALPH'S face.

RALPH screams.

DONNIE hands KELLY the mug and nods. She goes off to fix him another cup.

DONNIE (cont'd): Alright, Ralph. It's been a rough day for ya, hasn't it?

RALPH: I'm fuckin' burnt!

DONNIE: Better than getting eaten alive by a croc, eh? (laughs)

RALPH: I swear it!

DONNIE: I'll give you till next week to pay up in full cause you entertained me. That count for something, no?

KELLY hands DONNIE his mug of coffee.

KELLY: Kill him off.

DONNIE: Kelly, please.

KELLY goes back to her desk.

We on the same page, Ralphy?

RALPH: Yes.

DONNIE: Next week or I will make sure those alligators are well fed.

RALPH: Okay, I promise, I'll have it. Thanks Donnie. Thank you so much.

LIGHTS OUT.

END OF PLAY