

# ***Drinks on the House***

*by*

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Cast of Characters

<u>ONNIE</u> :	20's
<u>LEON</u> :	50's
<u>DRAY</u> :	20's

Place  
Living room

Time  
Day

2.

Setting: The play takes place inside a large loft space in Brooklyn, New York. It's dingy and old. It's messy and artsy.

At Rise: The play opens with Leon, Onnie and Dray sitting on the couch and bean bags, talking.

LEON: You both had dinner?

ONNIE: Yeah, well, not really, we had some leftover pizza in the fridge, but that's about it. I don't know, you hungry Dray?

DRAY: I can always eat.

LEON: Want to order in or go out somewhere?

ONNIE: Umm, we can, uh, we can just eat here if you want.

LEON: Is that what you want Dray?

DRAY: Yeah, sure, we can eat here..that's cool with me.

LEON: Is it?

DRAY: Yeah, yeah, sure thing.

LEON: What do you guys like to eat, other than leftover pizza?

ONNIE: There's a great Japanese restaurant nearby.

LEON: Excellent.

ONNIE: You like Japanese food?

LEON: Course I do. I have memories of taking you to Benihanas when you were a kid. You don't remember?

ONNIE: No.

Awkward beat.

LEON: That's alright.

ONNIE: Should I call them?

LEON: Oh, yeah, please, it's all on me.

ONNIE: I know. You want to look at a menu first, see what they have or..?

LEON: Anything beef and a miso soup.

ONNIE: Okay..Dray?

DRAY: Sashimi, Unagi, Tempura, Udon and Sukiyaki.

LEON: Hungry? (smiles)

DRAY: Is that alright?

ONNIE: Got it.

ONNIE goes to grab her cellphone in the other room.

LEON: How long you two been together?

DRAY: Two years.

LEON: Oh, you're at the two year mark, eh?

DRAY: What's at the two year mark?

LEON: Breakups. Unless you can both ride the tumultuous wave about to explode in your faces. If you can do that, you are usually good for about another five years or so, then there's another calamity and if you get over that hurdle, well, you're probably in for another decade or so and then who the hell knows what happens from there...shit gets crazy.

DRAY: I never heard about the two year mark and all the other milestones.

LEON: I'm living proof. How's my daughter?

DRAY: Uh, she's good, she works hard.

LEON: She does? I thought she got fired.

DRAY: Well, she did but she's been doing a lot of freelance work and it keeps her on her toes.

LEON: What about you?

DRAY: I'm in a rock band, going on tour in a week.

LEON: Rock band?

DRAY: Yeah.

LEON: How's that working out?

DRAY: Uh, it's good, you know, we just signed a deal with a small independent record label and so, that's why we have this tour, just in the states at first and if that's successful then maybe overseas to Europe.

LEON: What do you do?

DRAY: I'm the singer, I sing and write and stuff.

LEON: You any good?

DRAY: I mean, I think I'm good but I feel ridiculous defining my own worth.

LEON: You should.

DRAY: What's that?

LEON: You don't have to define yourself to me or anybody else.

DRAY: Right..I'm trying to be polite, I guess.

LEON: And you are polite, but who has time for polite, right?

DRAY: Right.

LEON: You wanna storm around the apartment and be an asshole, then be an asshole...I'd rather you be honest with yourself than be some phony prick...God knows I see enough of that.

DRAY: Where?

LEON: Where? Everywhere my friend. The whole fucking world, everyone in it.

DRAY: That's a lot of people.

LEON: It is, isn't it? A whole world full of assholes. How do you like that?

DRAY: ...Well, not everybody.

LEON: Most.

DRAY: I guess.

LEON: Oh yeah...most.

DRAY: What do you do, uh, for a living that is?

ONNIE enters the room.

ONNIE: Dad owns an investment group for businesses. Fun.

DRAY: No shit?

LEON: That's my trade.

DRAY: How did you get into that?

LEON: I've always had the knack for sniffing out who's gonna win the game or lose it.

DRAY: Yeah?

LEON: Instantaneously.

DRAY: Wow.

ONNIE: Order should be delivered within the hour, so...

LEON: Got any wine?

ONNIE: (looks at Dray) Wine??

DRAY: Ah, I can do a wine run if you want.

LEON: Please. Here...

LEON takes out a credit card.

LEON (cont'd): Use my card.

DRAY: I can cover the---

LEON: You can't. It's fine. I'll cover it. Go.

DRAY: Any preference?

LEON: Domaine Ramonet Montrachet Grand Cru.

DRAY: What?

LEON: I'm joking, joking. Get anything red. Whatever my daughter wants.

DRAY: Sweets? What would--

ONNIE: I don't care.

DRAY: Cool. Be back!

DRAY exits.

LEON: ...Nice guy.

ONNIE: Yeah?

LEON: Does he shower?

ONNIE: Dad!

LEON: The guy leaves trails of dust when he walks, it floats behind him.

ONNIE: He's a good guy.

LEON: No future.

ONNIE: He's a talented musician.

LEON: Maybe he is.

ONNIE: Fuck do you care? And what the fuck are you even doing here anyway? Thought you moved to France for good.

LEON: I invested in France, moved there for a while, just visiting, in between places, traveling, living, that sort of thing...you?

ONNIE: I'm living, too.

LEON: You can't be serious about that guy.

ONNIE: You know what, if you're gonna be a lowlife, than leave now and get there early.

LEON: (laughs) I've missed you.

ONNIE: No, seriously, I hate you, what do you want?

LEON: Hate me? For real?

ONNIE: Yes.

LEON: Nice place you got here...smells when you first walk in but you get used to it pretty fast.

ONNIE: Leon, if you say one more derogatory thing, I'll call the police and have you escorted out from here.

LEON: You would, wouldn't you?

ONNIE: That's right.

LEON: I'm dying.

ONNIE: What?

LEON: I said, I'm going to die...soon, I was given three to six months if I'm lucky, but who knows.

ONNIE: What---

LEON: Cancer. Caught it too late.

ONNIE: That's--

LEON: I don't have much time.



ONNIE: I'm sorry.

LEON: Do you think we can pack the next three months with the last twenty years? (beat) Don't give me an answer. I'm here because I'm going to die and that's a fact, but I have an empty hole in my heart that I would like to fill before I completely disappear. That hole is you and me...I've been the worst father in so many ways to you Onnie...I don't even know why you let me in your apartment...but, I'm here, luckily, thankfully, to tell you that there is a world from my life that I would like to give over to you, I'm not talking only about money, but more importantly about me, who I really am, what I'm really about...I want you to know everything...I want to know everything about you because I'm tired of imagining your life...I need to know your life...Onnie...you have no idea...I am fully aware that I don't deserve much and that by my saying I am dying is almost a lame excuse to ask you this, so late in the game, but if there's anything that has ever mattered to me in my life, it's you. Maybe you can, I mean I hope that you can give me this last chance to show it...

ONNIE: ...I can't...

LEON: No?

ONNIE: Just because you are dying you want to be given forgiveness for everything you've done? If you weren't dying, I never would have heard from you.

LEON: It's our only opportunity.

ONNIE: Why?! Are you fucking crazy? Torture me my whole life and now you want to play nice when it's too late?

LEON: It's not.

ONNIE: What can we possibly achieve together in three months?

LEON: Teach me to live.

Enter DRAY.

DRAY: Hey, hey! We got the wine and a couple of six packs if you don't mind.

LEON: The more the merrier.

DRAY hands LEON back his card.

DRAY: I'll do the honors.

DRAY exits to the kitchen.

LEON: Should I go?

ONNIE: No...stay...just keep quiet about everything for now...I need time to think..you can stay for now.

Enter DRAY. He carries two glasses of wine and stands between ONNIE and LEON.

DRAY: (holding up the glasses) Drinks on the house.

END OF PLAY