

Better Outcome

by

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Cast of Characters

MICKEY:

Any

SID:

Any

Place
Car

Time
Night

Setting: The play takes place inside a black Cadillac.

At Rise: The play opens with Sid sitting behind the driving wheel of the vehicle when Mickey enters and sits on the passenger side.

MICKEY: Why didn't you bring the car around when you saw me?

SID: You told me to stay put.

MICKEY: Yeah, but you saw me, no?

SID: I saw you.

MICKEY: Come around when you see me.

SID: Sorry.

MICKEY: We're goin' to Sonny's. Gotta pick somethin' up. Real quick.

SID drives.

SID: No problem.

MICKEY: Drive fast too, I gotta shit.

SID: Yeah?

MICKEY: (*winces*) ...right under the rib, hate when this happens...

SID: Yeah.

MICKEY: (*laughs*) *Meinga*, I just stained your leather seats! Ha, ha, ha.

SID: Yeah.

MICKEY: Listen, this Tuesday, we gotta take care of somethin'. We're gonna drive over to Brooklyn and find a guy, you understand?

SID: No problem.

MICKEY: Of course it's no problem. Why'd it be a problem?

SID: No, I was just saying, figure of speech.

MICKEY: I don't make problems, I solve them.

SID: I know.

MICKEY: Some prick named Luca, lives on 60th Lane beside an alleyway. Perfect. Pull right in and wait for him.

SID: You said, Luca?

MICKEY: Luca.

SID: What we gonna do to 'em?

MICKEY: Kill 'em.

SID: Kill 'em?

MICKEY: Is there an echo in this fuckin' car or what? YEAH! Kill 'em! What the fuck?

SID: I'm just sayin'.

MICKEY: What are you sayin'? Stop sayin'? You tryin' to sound smart?

SID: NO, I was just, I wanted to find out what our game plan was---

MICKEY: All of a sudden you need directions?

SID: Mickey, please, I was, I only wanted to know what we was gonna do is all.

MICKEY: Ya know you're not actin' like yourself. What is it with you?

SID: When?

MICKEY: Today, yesterday, all week, what is it?

SID: I been tired lately is all.

MICKEY: Tired? *(laughs)* TIRED?! Oh man, what a joke you are.

SID: Yeah.

MICKEY: Lighten your load.

MICKEY offers SID a blunt.

SID: Nah, I'm good.

MICKEY: Come on, take a puff.

SID: Not while I'm drivin', it gets me all foggy.

MICKEY: Take a puff.

SID: Mickey, I like to drive clear when I'm workin'.

MICKEY: *(shrugs)*

MICKEY sparks the blunt and puffs.

MICKEY: Want some snow instead?

SID: I'm good.

Pause.

MICKEY: I like nights like these...not too hot, not too cold...everything feels happy. I got nothin' to be happy about but I feel happy this instant. Spent my life contemplating scenarios. If I say this, if I do it this way or that, always tryin' to get to a better outcome of things. (*pointing*) Take 80th down. Nice and quiet. ...Right there! That was Annie, where Annie lived...good times...we was close, would of married her too, but you know, those things don't work out for guys like us...not with a woman like she, she was everything, you know? Everything, really...(laughs) crazy, too but fun crazy not crazy crazy, follow? Crazy enough to be with me, but you know, she needed to go on cause it wasn't right, her and me weren't right, but I got to know...that's good enough for me...*just to know*...ah, what's the use, (*clears his throat*) come off 80th, make a left here...you know the zig zag way...

SID: I know...you ah, can I ask you somethin'?

MICKEY: What's that?

SID: You ever think about leavin' this place?

MICKEY: Like a vacation?

SID: No, I mean, just leave, forever.

MICKEY: And do what?

SID: Start a new life...

MICKEY: But doin' what though?

SID: I don't know, didn't you once tell me you liked music.

MICKEY: Music...no, I said I like the piano, that I like playin' the piano.

SID: Yeah, the piano.

MICKEY: Yeah.

SID: So, what about doin' somethin' like that?

MICKEY: For money?

SID: No, for enjoyment like, you know?

MICKEY: When I was six years old, my mother she come up to me and asked me what I wanted for Christmas..I said I wanted a piano..never got one..around the corner from me was this piano shop, used to go there after school..this old man named Lenny used to let me play on this Steinway piano, ahh was a dream, so smooth, the sound this thing had, it would vibrate the room...anyway, he had his time, the shop was sold and turned into another deli and that was the end of that, but I always used to think about the piano...ever since.

SID: Why not retire and spend the rest of your days playin' the piano?

MICKEY: Are you stupid or what?

SID: What??

MICKEY: You taking stupid pills Sid?

SID: Come on Mick, you never think about leavin' this place and---

MICKEY: I'm too old to be a concert pianist.

SID: But is that what you wanted?

MICKEY: Doesn't matter what I wanted, what matters is what matters.

SID: Sorry I asked.

MICKEY: Fuck is wrong with you? Maybe you need to retire, go somewhere...

SID: Mickey, you're not hearin' me.

MICKEY: What ain't I hearin'?

SID: Mickey, it's not too late.

MICKEY: Hey, listen here! What the fuck are you talkin' about Sid?!

SID: Before we get to Sonny's!!!

Pause.

MICKEY: ...Sonny's?

SID: Yeah, Sonny's...they're waitin' for you there.

MICKEY: What? WHO'S waiting for me WHERE?

SID: They're gonna kill me for tippin' you off man.

MICKEY: WHAT?! You fuckin' with me?

SID: Mickey...

MICKEY: Those sons of bitches! After everything I ever done for him! YEARS and YEARS! My whole life that...pull over, pull over now.

SID pulls car over.

MICKEY opens door and vomits.

SID hands MICKEY a tissue.

SID: Here...

MICKEY steps out of car, lights a cigarette.

SID steps out of car, joins him.

Nothing is said until the moment is right to talk.

MICKEY: They came to you with this?

SID: Yes.

MICKEY: When?

SID: About a month ago...they had me on stand by and this mornin' I got the call it would be tonight.

MICKEY: Tonight.

SID: That's right.

MICKEY: Are you nuts for telling me?

SID: Look, the decision is yours...you can skip town and that's it. I have my own arrangements, I'm gettin' outta here either way. I've had enough of this, I'm finished.

MICKEY: They'll come for you.

SID: I don't care anymore, Mickey. This isn't livin'. Waking up in cold sweats, waiting for when my number gets called. It's only a matter of time, no matter what I do...I'm low level, nothin'. They even want to remove you and look who you are...imagine me? I gotta leave while I can. For all I know it could be tonight and I'm not risking my life. I made arrangements already...I'm sorry I didn't tell you sooner, but to be honest with you I didn't think I was gonna...then somethin' happened, I saw you coming out the club tonight, I saw you give money to that homeless lady, and how you hugged her and everything, nobody really does that anymore, right?

SID: (*cont'd*) And you haven't been all that terrible to me...at least not like the others, so...if you want out, I'm givin' you your out.

MICKEY: I got nowhere to go...no savings...nothin'.

SID: I'll lend you some---

MICKEY: Shut up, lemme think...no, no...no...no...NO!!! NO!!!

Pause.

MICKEY: Let's go.

SID: Where we goin'?

MICKEY: I'll tell you on the way...

MICKEY gets in the car.

SID gets in the car.

LIGHTS OUT.

END OF PLAY