

# ***Bloke on the Dock***

*by*

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Cast of Characters

MATILDA:

20's

RICKY:

20's

Place

Shipping dock

Time

11:00 AM

2.

Setting: The play takes place during the early 1900's on the New York City shipping docks.

At Rise: The play opens with Ricky struggling to carry a large crate of vegetables. Matilda watches him with a sore eye.

MATILDA: Ricky, why you always sweatin' on the job?

RICKY: Cause I'm woikin' (*working*) hard for ya, Tildy.

MATILDA: Since when did ya start callin' what you do *hard woik*?

RICKY: I get paid for a reason, don't I?

MATILDA: Too much boozin', ya can't walk a straight line or else you'd do the woik half the time it's takin'.

RICKY: What I do in me off hours is me own bloody business.

MATILDA: Not when you come here on a slump, expectin' the sun to dry you out. Your eyes resemble a bloodhound's and it's exhausting watchin' you trudge along.

RICKY: Don't watch me then.

MATILDA: Watchin' you is me job, Ricky.

RICKY: Are you done drainin' me energy?

MATILDA: Wasted potential.

RICKY: I'm doin' me job!

MATILDA: Half-assed!

RICKY: The woik gets done.

MATILDA: Sweatn' all over the produce. Gettin' half this town half drunk from your alcohol proof.

RICKY: I should open me own pub. Ha, ha, ha.

MATILDA: That'll be the day. You won't have a lick of liquor in the joint. They'll have to turn ya upside down to pour them customers a drink.

RICKY: Ha, ha, ha, that's a good one there Tildy.

MATILDA: I weren't jokin' ya.

RICKY: Aw hell, why ya havin' a go at me love? I show up on time.

MATILDA: Your body shows up but your mind arrives half passed three.

RICKY: Cut me a break, would ya dear?

MATILDA: And don't go dearin' me neither.

RICKY: I might not be as fast as you wish, but I get the job done.

MATILDA: You do the woik of half a man.

RICKY: So where's the other half gone to?

MATILDA: I've been wonderin' that fer years.

RICKY: Is it time for lunch? I'm starved.

MATILDA: The nerve!

RICKY: What?

MATILDA: Haven't ya heard a word I said?

RICKY: When me stomach's full, I go better at it.

MATILDA: You're way too behind to grab any grub.

RICKY: I can eat and woik at the same time.

MATILDA: If you fall behind today, I'm dockin' your pay.

RICKY: What's that you say?

MATILDA: You heard me loud and clear.

RICKY: I heard it but I don't believe it. Ya wouldn't do that to me would ya Tildy?

MATILDA: You bet your rotten arse I would.

RICKY: But a man needs his pay.

MATILDA: And a business needs good woikers.

RICKY: All this talkin' is slowin' me down?

MATILDA: Slowin' ya down from what?

RICKY: From woikin'!

MATILDA: Ya fired!

RICKY: WHAT??

MATILDA: Remove yourself from the premises.

RICKY: How can ya...fired me?

MATILDA: That's right.

RICKY: But how have I wronged ya?

MATILDA: Losin' money.

RICKY: Who?

MATILDA: ME.

RICKY: Noooo.

MATILDA: Because of you I'm losin' delivery time. Because of you I have unhappy customers and when there's unhappy customers, there's dropped accounts. This past month alone I lost three accounts on account of you! THREE! That's three less mouths to feed around here for men that woik twice as hard as you to feed their families. You are free to go!

RICKY: But I need this job.

MATILDA: And I need me business.

RICKY: You're business?

MATILDA: That's right.

RICKY: Only reason why ya here and ya have a business in the foist (*first*) place is cause ya old man dropped dead buildin' it all up and he left it for ya.

MATILDA: And I won't allow you or any other lazy woiker to run what he built into the ground.

RICKY: Ya already runnin' it into the ground.

MATILDA: Says you!

RICKY: Says the lot of us.

MATILDA: You are the ass of a horse!

RICKY: Don't belittle me.

MATILDA: Off! Off the premises Ricky!

RICKY: You don't own this dock! I can bloody well step wherever I so desire.

*The stage lights go completely off, except for two spotlights. One beamed over Matilda and the other beamed over Ricky.*

*The following Matilda and Ricky monologues overlap. They are said at the same time, partly to one another and partly to themselves.*

MATILDA:

What a damn bloody fool! Can ya even believe he's related to me? Could have been runnin' this whole show with me. Loafin' about like it's Sunday mornin', not that he'd break for mass at that. Too content with just being another bloke on the dock. Coulda been somethin' special, instead he's too busy drinkin' and fallin' into the bushes. Is it my fault he is the way he is? Shouldn't he answer for himself? A grown man! Shouldn't he mind his own life?

Kept him on for the guilt, for the bloodline, but one needs to suck out the poison before the toxicity kills ya.

This here is my father's legacy and I will stop at NOTHIN' to make certain he rules the day!!

RICKY:

If I wish to tap dance I could very well please! Acting like she spoon feeds me. Only spoon feedin' goin' round these parts is the spoon wedged in her own mouth.

Not like I don't commit. I put in my share. Nitpickin', always nitpickin'. Watchin' over me like a hawk. Whatever I do is never good enough. A man has a right to drink if he's thirsty! I don't leave no bed unmade.

She's never pulled me in, sat me down and said, "Hey Ricky, I'm puttin' you on." Just once I'd like to be brought on. Naaah! I get treated like I am just another bloke on the dock. When I should be raised from the gutter and given fine clothin', hot meals and better wages.

RICKY (cont'd):

I should be directly involved in the ongoing and outgoings of this outfit, rather than liftin' and carryin' produce carts all damn day. I am more than this!!

*The spotlight shut off and the full stage lights come up.*

PAUSE.

*Ricky walks solemnly over to Matilda.*

RICKY: ...Tildy...Tildy?

MATILDA: Have ya lost your reason?

RICKY: I came to say I'm sorry.

MATILDA: Sorry? Whatever for?

RICKY: Sorry for...missing steps...

MATILDA: Steps? Don't you mean missing miles?

RICKY: ...Yes...what do you want me to do?

MATILDA: ...Go home...clean yourself up and report back here bright and early tomorrow...there's no pay for ya today.

RICKY: But Matild -

MATILDA: Don't you dare raise a bargain. Go. Now. Before I change me mind.

RICKY: ...I'm truly sorry.

MATILDA: Sorry gets you another day, Ricky, but that's about all for now.

RICKY: I didn't mean what I said earlier about your father...your father was like me own father...ya know.

MATILDA: He was a father to many people, Ricky.

RICKY: But I'm his blood. He's me Godfather in this too, ya know...I have fond memories of being with him and stuff. He was always tryin' to do the best for me, always excitin' me about things he was doin'...he was a good man. When he died...hurt me more than me own father leavin'.



MATILDA: We're still family Ricky.

RICKY: It's been hard for me Tildy...I know I shouldn't be doin' what I'm doin' but I don't know how to cope.

MATILDA: Ya can't go on this way.

RICKY: Ya father would know what to do for me...what would ya father have me do?

MATILDA: He'd send you away.

RICKY: Yeah?

MATILDA: Have you board an ocean liner...send you to Spain or Portugal or even further...maybe that's what you need after all.

RICKY: You'd let me do that?

MATILDA: You are your own man, aren't you Rick?

RICKY: Would I still have woik waitin' for me?

MATILDA: You may not want to come back to woik here.

RICKY: I'd really wish to make a go of it with you here, a real go but I don't think I'll ever...it's not likely...is it?

MATILDA (*sincerely*): Tomorrow's a new day Ricky.

*Ricky nods and makes his way offstage.*

**END OF PLAY**