

# ***Tina, Hank, Hank, Tina***

*by*

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Cast of Characters

HANK: 20's  
MARV: 20's  
TINA: 20's

Place  
Beach

Time  
Afternoon

2.

Setting: The play takes place during the present day on a bare beach.

At Rise: The play opens with Hank, Marv and a horse. Hank and Marv are in the midst of an argument. It is the fall time.

HANK: I can't do it anymore, Marv.

MARV: Do what?

HANK: Come racing out here each time you have a knife in your back.

MARV: But you're my brother.

HANK: No shit.

MARV: And brother's don't give up on each other.

HANK: No one's talking about giving up on anybody.

MARV: What are you saying exactly?

HANK: I'm saying that you never give any consideration for me. You always call me as if the world is ending and my life is supposed to stop on a dime because your life is fucked up.

MARV: But my life is fucked up.

HANK: I know!

MARV: Don't you want to see my life LESS fucked up? My life could become grandiose my friend. You're here to help me seal the deal that will make us both filthy rich.

HANK: I don't believe it...

MARV: You don't believe me?

HANK: Believe? You expect me to believe? What I believe is what I see, Marv. What I can hear and taste. Not pipe dreams! You expect me to entertain your delusions of grandeur when this morning some guy in a strange hat is pressing a gun to my forehead? HUH?! Is that your idea of dreaming big? Is that how you get your kicks? How the hell do you live this way? HOW?! The moment I arrived here it's been nothing but misdirection, running in circles and getting shot at. And what the hell are we doing with this HORSE? Is it another scheme you plan to erect? Is it all part of your master plan for us to become kings of our own empires? I know, I KNOW you want me to dress up in a knights outfit and storm through some spooky valley to save the princess, right? Is that it? Because there is NO princess, Marv! There's you and me and the same old story since we were kids!

MARV: Here comes Tina.

HANK: WHO?

MARV: Shh. Tina, I want you to meet Tina.

HANK: ...Tina?

MARV: Yeah, yeah. Be calm cause she's sensitive. The slightest negative mood sets her off on a whirlwind of sadness and gloom. Takes days to snap her out of it. *(to Tina)* Tina, baby, how are you?

TINA: Hi, Marv. This your brother?

MARV: You betcha. Tina, Hank, Hank, Tina.

HANK: Hi.

TINA: Hi, Hank.

HANK: Hi.

MARV: Tina's an artist.

HANK: Oh, is she?

MARV: Oh, yeah. She a great one, too.

TINA: Oh, Marv, stop.

MARV: I wouldn't say it if it wasn't true. Her work is going to be in the museum some day.

HANK: *(sarcastically)* Which museum is that?

MARV: Well, all of 'em.

TINA: *(laughs)*

HANK: Great.

MARV: Thought you two should meet. I have to go. Got a meeting with Ellis and can't be late.

HANK: Ellis?

MARV: Won't be more than an hour.

HANK: Didn't you need me to be with you for Ellis?

MARV: Nope. Need you to entertain Tina while I'm gone.

HANK: But on the phone, didn't you specifically say that my reason for coming over here was because you -

MARV: Now, now, Hank, plans change. Go for a stroll with Tina, get to know one another. Ellis and me will do just fine. If Tina likes you, she'll paint you. Ain't that right, Tina?

TINA: Anything's possible.

MARV: Be back in no time!

*Marv jumps on the horse and rides off.*

*Hank awkwardly smiles at Tina.*

TINA: Are you really Marv's brother?

HANK: Not by choice.

TINA: You look nothing alike.

HANK: Don't I know it.

TINA: What's wrong?

HANK: Nothing. My brother is full of surprises.

TINA: He sure is. Know what he did for me?

HANK: I can't imagine.

TINA: He bought me all new canvases and paints and paint brushes. I have a whole new studio all to myself so I can create.

HANK: Really?

TINA: Uh-huh.

HANK: Are you two together?

TINA: I wouldn't call it that.

HANK: What would you call it?

TINA: You know..we chill.

HANK: ..Right, right well, I'm gonna head off now.

TINA: Don't you wanna see my studio?

HANK: Not particularly.

TINA: No? *(getting sad)*

HANK: ...It's just that, um, I have to be somewhere important and I can't be late.

TINA: *(pouting/sad voice)* But Marv said that we were spending the afternoon together.

HANK: He did, did he?

TINA: Yes, he did.

HANK: That's cause he's full of shit.

TINA: (*sadly*) He is?

*Tina sulks and Hank gets affected by it.*

HANK: (*gently*) Hey, he's not full of shit in a completely untruthful kind of way. I just mean he was pulling your leg; he was joking.

TINA: About what?

HANK: About us.

TINA: I'm not sure I follow.

HANK: I think Marv wanted us to meet and spend this afternoon together but he didn't give me a chance to tell him that I have to be somewhere.

TINA: Somewhere more important than me?

HANK: Well, uh, I wouldn't say more important than you, but certainly important for me.

*Tina sulks.*

HANK: ..But we could spend some time regardless.

TINA: We can?

HANK: ..Want to go for a walk?

TINA: Sure!

HANK: (*sighs*)...We'll uh, we'll just walk and talk and yeah.

TINA: Marv talks about you all the time.

HANK: Does he?

TINA: He told me that you and him are working on a major deal.

HANK: Did he?

TINA: Oh, yeah. He said that.

HANK: ...How did, uh, how did the two of you meet?

TINA: Under the boardwalk.

HANK: Under the boardwalk?

TINA: He happened to be passed out drunk on one side and I was passed out drunk on the other and I heard this moaning sound, it woke me right up, it was so endearing, like a little hungry puppy and I knew if I followed the sound I could rescue whatever it was and it turned out to be Marvin.

HANK: What was wrong with him?

TINA: He had a tummy ache.

HANK: A tummy ache.

TINA: I took him back to mine and I fed him soup and put him to bed all nice and cozy and we've known one another ever since.

HANK: Unthinkable.

TINA: I kind of think it is too.

HANK: Let me ask you, if you don't mind, what would you be getting up to if you weren't meeting with me today?

TINA: Uhhhhh, hmmm, I'd probably be working in my studio.

HANK: And do you make a living as an artist?

TINA: Like, do I sell my art work and stuff?

HANK: Precisely.

TINA: Depends.

HANK: On what?

TINA: If someone's buying.

HANK: Right.

TINA: Do you buy artwork?

HANK: Depends,

TINA: On what?

HANK: If I like the art work.

TINA: Gotcha.

HANK: I don't go in for the mercy buy. I have to really feel something for the art piece if I'm going to part with any cash.

TINA: That's the only way?

HANK: That is the only way.

TINA: Interesting.

HANK: What's interesting about it?

TINA: (*confidently*) Marv said that if I slept with you, you'd buy at least three art pieces.

HANK: (*coughing nervously*) Is that what Marv said?

TINA: Uh-huh.

HANK: I'm married. Did Marv tell you that?

TINA: Yep.

HANK: He did?

TINA: Uh-huh.

HANK: You ever feel like you're just waiting for something to fall out of the sky and crush you to death?

TINA: No, why?

HANK: Just asking. Look, you're a nice person and I'm sure your art work is real good, but I don't sleep around, I'm loyal to my wife, even if I can't stand her. It goes against my moral pride and I happen to be a proud man.

TINA: You don't love your wife?

HANK: It's complicated.

TINA: Why?

HANK: She doesn't love me.

TINA: But you love her?

HANK: Madly.

TINA: And she doesn't love you?

HANK: Correct.

TINA: Why?

HANK: Well, Margaret thought she could mold me into the man she wanted to marry but throughout the years of torment, she finally threw up her hands and realized I was an unmovable object. That's not to say I didn't bend over backwards when she'd ask, but there are some lines you just don't cross because sooner or later you forget who the hell you were in the first place and I like me..very much..therefore, she has now accepted me for who I am, which has significantly altered the communication in our relationship and I am left with trying to figure out a way to connect with Margaret on this, shall we say, new plateau.

TINA: (*sulks*)

HANK: Hey...Hey, Tina, are you alright?

TINA: I'm sad.

HANK: Why are you...please, don't be sad.

TINA: You're a good man and there's so very little left of them!

*Tina hugs Hank passionately.*

HANK: Really. I'm fine...no need for any of this, really, I'm--

TINA: Want me to whack her?!

HANK: What? No! No, no need for that.

TINA: What's your address?! I'll knock some sense into that useless bitch!

HANK: I'd appreciate it if - could you not get so up -

TINA: It's people like *her* that make this world horrible. Taking away all the good men like you, that have to spend their every day in utter misery. There's no way out for them, they're all out there begging and wishing for an escape route that never reveals itself. I know all about a woman's scorn, I know it too well! You're just hoping for one good day to come along and make a difference..that's all you want, isn't it? That's all you need, right?

HANK: Not exactly -

TINA: Come off it Hank. Spend the afternoon with me and let me paint you nude. You have those broad shoulders and I can't stop visualizing them on my canvas.

HANK: Tina...no. The answer, I mean I'm flattered, really, but I can't.

TINA: It's okay. (she gets a sad face)

HANK: Why are you so...is it easy for you to be *that* way?

TINA: What way?

HANK: So free with yourself? If I had said yes to going back to your studio and everything that could possibly follow..how is that not bothersome to you?

TINA: What do you mean? I like adventure.

HANK: Adventure?

TINA: Yep. So many people I've known, never did anything and years later they realized that they should have...done something. Then they waste a whole more bunch of years rationalizing why it was wise for them not to have done anything, when deep down they know they should have and so you have this basic, boring, non-existent life, where nothing happens...and in crawls those missed chances, up from the bed sheets of their death bed and smacks them across the nose shouting, "YOU STUPID ASS, WHY DIDN'T YOU DO IT WHEN YOU HAD THE CHANCE?!" (beat) And I don't want to be that person who gets smacked in the nose later in my life. I'd rather keep my nose dirty early on.

(beat)

HANK: That's, um, that's - (nodding) you make your point.

TINA: I make my own decisions. If I want to do something, I do it. If I don't, I won't. I love my life and how I'm living it. Can you say the same for yourself?

HANK: ...No...

TINA: That's what I love about Marv. He's so full of spirit. Nothing gets in his way. When he wants to do something, he goes and does it.

HANK: He does, doesn't he?

TINA: Oh absolutely, he isn't afraid of anything.

HANK: I'd have to agree with you on that one.

TINA: But by that, sometimes a person comes out the other side with knowledge about life.

HANK: Knowledge...

TINA: Like, for instance, I told Marv that meeting up with Ellis today was a big mistake, but he didn't want to listen to me because he deeply feels that by meeting up with Ellis, even though they want to kill him, he'd be facing the problem head on and he'd come out the other side pretty much alright.

HANK: Wait. Did you say kill him? Marv?

TINA: What about it?

HANK: That fella Ellis is planning on killing my brother?

TINA: Yep.

HANK: That stupid son of a bitch.

TINA: What's wrong?

HANK: You know where I can find this Ellis guy?

TINA: He's always at the cafe.

HANK: Will you take me there? Now!

TINA: Sure. No reason to get excited.

HANK: I'm excited! I'm very fucking excited right now Tina!

TINA: WAIT!

HANK: WHAT?!

TINA: *(pointing)* That's Marv!

HANK: Marv? ...What's wrong with him?

TINA: He's walking funny.

HANK: MARV!

*Hank, Tina and Marv run to one another.*

*Marv is bloodied. He holds his face with his hand which has blood streaming out from his cheek.*

*Marv speaks out from the side of his mouth with controlled pain.*

HANK: *(to Marv)* What the hell is going on?

MARV: Been shot.

HANK: SHOT?!

TINA: Oh, no.

MARV: In the cheek. Small bullet. Not too bad. (*shows his face*)

*Hank and Tina wince.*

HANK: Let's get you to a hospital.

MARV: No. That's not the way things work down here. Benny is coming to meet me to fish the bullet out from my cheek.

TINA: Oh, that's good of Benny.

HANK: Is Benny a doctor?

TINA: Benny's a homeless man.

HANK: What?

MARV: He specializes in this stuff.

*Marv sits down on the sand.*

MARV: Once the bullet is out, I'll be fine. Ellis and me are square. We worked everything out! I took one for the team and now we're fine.

HANK: Damn you, Marv!

MARV: Relax, I'm fine.

TINA: You're a genius Marv.

MARV: You think?

TINA: No one is like you.

HANK: You can say that again.

MARV: We got the money.

HANK: What *money*?

MARV: Ellis's money.

HANK: Ellis's money?

MARV: He's fronting me the cash.

HANK: The same guy who just shot you? (*beat*) You want to do business with a guy who just SHOT YOU in the face?

MARV: It's not like that Hank.

HANK: Have I lost my mind completely? What's going on around here?! WHY, WHY would you want to do business with a man like Ellis?

MARV: I trust him.

HANK: You do?

MARV: Any man that keeps his word, I trust. Benny's meeting us at your studio Tina. We gotta get going.

*Tina helps Marv get back to his feet.*

*Tina and Marv start to walk off.*

MARV: *(stops and turns)* You coming Hank?

TINA: Hank will see my studio! YAAAAY!

HANK: I'm...I'm following behind...

*Marv and Tina continue walking.*

*Hank trails behind somberly.*

*(beat)*

**END OF PLAY**