

Drenched to the Bone

by

Joseph Arnone

Copyright © 2021

www.MonologueBlogger.com

All rights reserved. No part of this ePlay may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording or any other storage and retrieval system, without the written permission of the author or publisher.

Cast of Characters

CANDACE:

30's

MILES:

30's

Place

Candace Apartment

Time

Night

2.

Setting: The play takes place inside Candace's apartment. It's a large one bedroom apartment with old rustic charm with an industrial feel and minimalism to it.

At Rise: The play opens with Candace sitting on her sofa organizing photos inside a photo album when she hears a pounding knock on the front door.

CANDACE: What the hell you doing out in the rain?

MILES: I was waiting for you.

CANDACE: I've been home.

MILES: Since when?

CANDACE: All day.

MILES: But I knocked. Really loud.

CANDACE: That's why I opened the door Miles.

MILES: I feel lousy.

CANDACE: You want---

MILES: Coffee? Yes, please.

CANDACE: You look drenched to the bone.

MILES: Can you dry my clothes for me; give me like a robe or something in the meantime?

CANDACE: Why don't you take a hot shower? There's a robe behind the door.

MILES: Will do...

Miles begins taking off his clothes.

CANDACE: Not here! Leave your wet clothes outside the bathroom door.

MILES: You've seen me naked.

CANDACE: Yeah, but, still.

MILES: What, still?

CANDACE: I don't want to see you naked anymore Miles, okay?

MILES: (beat) You don't need to get so worked up about it. I think I ave a pretty decent body.

CANDACE: It has nothing to do with your body. Go in the shower.

MILES: I'm just sayin'---

CANDACE: (shouting) Go in the shower!

MILES: (shouting back) Why are you shouting?!

CANDACE: Because aren't we done with all this?

MILES: What?

CANDACE: THIS, this emotional shit.

MILES: I'm just going to use your shower.

CANDACE: Don't play dumb, Miles.

MILES: Whatever.

CANDACE: You can't stay long.

MILES: No?

CANDACE: No.

MILES: I'll go now.

CANDACE: Wait!

MILES: No, fuck it, you want me to leave, I'm not welcome obviously, so why the hell am I going to be here?

CANDACE: Why did you come over in the first place?

MILES: I wanted to, okay?

CANDACE: Yeah, but why?

MILES: I need a reason?

CANDACE: Usually when someone goes over someone else's apartment, there's a reason.

MILES: ...Why do you think I came here?

CANDACE: Look, I can't play these head games with you. You are welcome to take a hot shower, I'll dry your clothes for you, make you a cup of hot coffee, even borrow my umbrella on your way out, just stop with the mind numbing games.

MILES: What is life without games?

CANDACE: Enjoyable.

MILES: We always used to play games.

Candace tends to the coffee maker.

Miles looks on awkwardly.

CANDACE: Stop sounding like a weirdo.

MILES: I came over cause I wanted to look at you. Being in my mind wasn't good enough and so I took a bus over to see you in person because it makes me feel better, makes things feel more real for me is all. The mind can be a limiting place if we allow it to be. There's something about the physical sense that makes things feel, I don't know, like they matter. I know I may not mean anything to you anymore and I totally get that and it's a real, uh, I really appreciate you letting me in your apartment and allowing me to see you cause I don't think I'd be as good to me as you are to me if I were you looking at me...am I making sense? So; I was watching you from outside, but that wasn't enough, I wanted to hear you talk, see you behave, have you look back at me, just so I can feel something again...been hard to feel anything anymore; I'm sorry, I had to tell you the truth. I wasn't going to knock but every time I was about to walk away my heart started to pound; and I, I, I wanted more..of you..even if it's momentarily, this way I can keep breathing a little bit longer, at least until I can learn to breathe on my own again.

CANDACE: ...We're not enemies Miles.

MILES: Yeah, I know, I know we're not enemies.

CANDACE: And I never want to be your enemy.

MILES: Same here.

CANDACE: It was very nice what you just said to me.

MILES: I'm stupid.

CANDACE: Don't ever say that.

MILES: Oh.

CANDACE: I'm brewing your coffee.

MILES: Right.

Miles exits the room.

30 seconds go by.

Candace works her way to her couch and sorts through the stack of album photos.

Miles screams.

Candace jumps up and runs offstage.

MILES: He was here, he was here, I knew it. I knew that son of a bitch couldn't wait! Couldn't wait till we broke up. His fucking watch! (*Miles throws the watch to the floor*) Didn't take you long, did it? Get rid of me so you have the freedom to be with him. That pile of PIG VOMIT! How long was it all being planned? Huh, Candace? How long?

CANDACE: That was my father's watch you just through on the floor, Miles.

MILES: Your father is dead!

CANDACE: But it's my father's watch.

MILES: And when did that magically appear?

CANDACE: It was sent to me just this week. In a package. No return sender. It just arrived with a message, a small note left inside the box, it was handwritten, sloppy...no idea who sent it, no idea who would wish to send it, no idea if it's even my father's actual watch. I kind of recall him wearing it, I may have seen him wearing it...I've been searching through photos trying to see if I have one of him wearing the watch...to confirm it, to be sure it's actually his.

Miles motions to pick up the watch.

CANDACE: (*exploding*) DON'T TOUCH IT!!!

Miles freezes.

Candace goes over to the watch and picks it up from the floor.

CANDACE: It chipped.

MILES: Where?

CANDACE: It chipped where it winds. Popped off.

MILES: I'll help you find it.

CANDACE: No. Don't. I don't need your help.

MILES: I'll pay for the whole watch to be fixed. I know a guy that actually specializes in watch repair. He's downtown in the city, I know him a long time. Burt's his name and he'll make your father's watch look brand new.

CANDACE: I don't want my father's watch ever touched by you again.

MILES: I fucked up, I'm sorry.

CANDACE: You jump to conclusions and you...what's the use? I'm not going to be that person. I'm not going to explain to you all your faults. You will have to live out your own life and either realize them on your own or don't. Not my job.

Candace pours the coffee.

CANDACE: Here's your coffee, Miles. You are still welcome to shower and have your clothes dried.

MILES: No. I'm. I'm gonna just go but I'll...

Miles gulps down the hot coffee and rests it on the counter.

MILES: I'll head out. I'm really sorry.

Miles lets himself out the front door.

Candace locks the door.

She closes the curtains over the windows.

Candace returns to sorting out the photos of her father. She cries.

Lights slowly fade out.

END OF PLAY