

# ***Tomorrow the Sun Will Shine***

*by*

*Joseph Arnone*

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Cast of CharactersDWIGHT:

25

MRS. SAPHIRE:

49

Place  
StudyTime  
Evening

Setting: The play takes place inside the study of Dwight's estate. The room is lavishly furnished with large framed paintings from reputable artists, thick persian rugs, a massive stone fireplace and Italian wood carved furniture from a master artisan. There is an entire wall dedicated to books both old and new covering history, philosophy, mathematics, science and art.

At Rise: The play opens with Dwight sitting in a single sofa chair facing downstage center, drinking. The mood is somber and the lighting is dim.

*Dwight sits in a single chair sofa. He's dressed in a suit but his jacket hangs on the back of the chair he sits in. He drinks from a glass of scotch on the rocks.*

*A fireplace burns bright - stage right.*

*Dwight stares out lost in thought.*

*Enter Mrs. Sapphire.*

MRS. SAPPHIRE: Oh, there you are Dwight. Thought you were running late for supper.

DWIGHT: I won't be eating.

MRS. SAPPHIRE: I made your favorite.

DWIGHT: I'm not hungry.

MRS. SAPPHIRE: I can fix you a plate and leave it on the -

DWIGHT: Is there something wrong with you?...I said, I'm not eating.

MRS. SAPPHIRE: There's no need to be rude.

*(awkward pause.)*

*Mrs. Sapphire makes her way to the door. As Dwight speaks, Mrs. Sapphire slowly makes her way to the couch opposite him.*

DWIGHT: I've growled to defend..long enough. I've barked when necessary, but never bitten anyone. I could. I should. But I know that if I clamp down, I'll never let go. Reason and rationality won't have a chance. All that will be left is rage. Rage against the philosophies...it's all there, deranged and leaking its dysfunction over everybody.

Am I supposed to remain idle? Hmm? Act like a well behaved pup? Roll over and play dead? God forbid I use my voice; it isn't heard. And when I choose the only choice I have left, I am wrong. So wrong. So wrong.

Love makes us travel to the end of the stars, doesn't it? Love challenges our highest tolerance to pain. But despite knowing all this, it won't make a difference. People will be who they must be, each of them designed to play out their action in the grand narrative, no one ever having the will power, let alone awareness to change, to care deeply enough to alter their perspective, to alter their darkest desires.

DWIGHT (*cont'd*): No, instead we cover the truth up with lies and delusion, because that's where we are safe, that's where we can continue to pretend that everything's okay, until it no longer can be and we reach our end. What happens when we face our wrongs? Does such courage exist anymore? In any of us? When we take full accountability? When we admit our wrongs for something as simple as being a better person?

Today, I told Rebecca that our time together has come to a close. There was no resistance, no argument from her...only acceptance. It was as if she already knew. And despite all our misconnections, there remained this final connection. I thought that profound. We shook hands. Don't ask me why we did something so ridiculous as that but somehow it filled that moment with kindness. We smiled at one another. It was gentle. It was tender and in that moment I was completely in love with her all over again...a rush of love passed through me as if something that had been long dead began working again. I should have kissed her right then and there. I should have given her what I was feeling. She deserves as much but even in that, I failed. I failed...

Perhaps now you may see why I am not hungry Mrs. Sapphire. I'm not sure I will ever eat again. I want to die in this room, in this chair, however long it takes...I want to fade away and be free from this madness.

MRS. SAPPHIRE: There won't be a wedding?

DWIGHT: (*nods no*)

MRS. SAPPHIRE: Are you sure?

DWIGHT: (*nods yes*)

MRS. SAPPHIRE: Don't you believe things could change if Rebecca moved into the estate?

DWIGHT: (*nods no*)

MRS. SAPPHIRE: I was a young woman once. I was in love once.

DWIGHT: Are you going to tell me a sob story in order for me to see the light and somehow be a hero and save the day? (*laughs*) Life should be such a fantasy.

*Dwight gets up and pours himself another drink from the nearby bar stage left.*

MRS. SAPPHIRE: I have to walk on pins and needles with you Dwight.

DWIGHT: Excuse me?

MRS. SAPPHIRE: I'm always doing my best for you. Always.

DWIGHT: You do, I'm afraid, you do.

MRS. SAPPHIRE: Why are you afraid?

DWIGHT: Because you make it hard for me to hate you.

MRS. SAPPHIRE: Is that what you want? To hate?

DWIGHT: I believe so.

MRS. SAPPHIRE: I must disagree.

DWIGHT: Does it really matter what you have to say to me? There truly is nothing and I mean nothing that you could do or say that will make me, I don't know, whatever it is I sense you are trying to do.

MRS. SAPPHIRE: You are under my watch.

DWIGHT: Watch! Well then I relieve you of your duties. You are clear to go. I will support you somewhere in Italy or Paris even, go and leave me alone to stew in my own mess.

MRS. SAPPHIRE: That is the drink talking now.

DWIGHT: Is it? Well then shall we let it talk?

MRS. SAPPHIRE: I am hired to perform my duties in which I do exceptionally well. My word is my oath. It is my bond.

DWIGHT: Was my father selfish? Was my mother rotten? ..Tell me...tell me the truth...tell me who they really were, the scoundrels.

*Dwight sits down in his single sofa chair.*

MRS. SAPPHIRE: Your mother and father were two of the most lovely people I have ever had the good fortune to know. I miss them terribly.

DWIGHT: What exactly is it that you miss Mrs. Sapphire?

MRS. SAPPHIRE: Your father's generosity, your mother's interest. They never made me feel like I was the hired help. Forgive me for saying this, but they were my family.

DWIGHT: Family. Family, family..family. La famiglia. What I have received by way of education, by way of private circles, I have a different view.

MRS. SAPPHIRE: How so?

DWIGHT: A different view indeed.

MRS. SAPPHIRE: Maybe it's best I lay out your -

DWIGHT: Maybe it best you LISTEN to what I have to say. (*pause.*) My father, always looking for the next laugh, the next deal, the next woman to bed -

MRS. SAPPHIRE: (*shrieks*)

DWIGHT: - we are all adults in this room I presume? My mother, she took it but in a different way than most, found her revenge in a man who calls himself Mr. Barwick. Ever hear of him? The tailor? Had his own clothing line and everything. Mother was a rose cheeked hat model and the two got on outrageously. Remember?

MRS. SAPPHIRE: There was nothing outrageous about your mother and Mr. Barwick.

DWIGHT: I beg to differ.

MRS. SAPPHIRE: There was no such notion.

DWIGHT: Well, you are entitled to your opinion, aren't you?

MRS. SAPPHIRE: From where do you find such information?

DWIGHT: I am a keen observer of the human condition. I read between the lines. I sniff out the truth behind every word, behind every chuckle.

MRS. SAPPHIRE: I am afraid you are terribly mistaken.

DWIGHT: You would say that.

MRS. SAPPHIRE: Your mother and father were some of the most respected and well-loved -

DWIGHT: Rubbish! More fairytales that I am told to believe. I am old enough and I have been living in the real world Mrs. Sapphire. There's no convincing me otherwise. What does any of it matter anyway. I have pulled back. There will be no more guests. No more visits. Our doors are officially sealed. I am removing myself from this circus and wish to be alone. Your life has just been made a whole lot easier. I will only exist on this estate, until I join the ocean, the unknown. There is only you and I now Mrs. Sapphire...only you and I.

MRS. SAPPHIRE: You have never spoken in this manner.

DWIGHT: Do I surprise you?

MRS. SAPPHIRE: Can't say you surprise me...I am only disappointed.

DWIGHT: Are you? In me?

MRS. SAPPHIRE: I have watched you grow into the man you are, Dwight.

DWIGHT: Here comes your, "I am a like a mother to you speech".

MRS. SAPPHIRE: That's not what this is...

DWIGHT: What then?

MRS. SAPPHIRE: I am only disappointed, is all.

DWIGHT: And is that supposed to upset me?

MRS. SAPPHIRE: Not in the slightest. I am only stating the facts.

DWIGHT: The facts.

MRS. SAPPHIRE: Oh yes, the facts. For without facts there is only speculation.

DWIGHT: And you know the facts?

MRS. SAPPHIRE: I know all the details of all the facts.

DWIGHT: You do?

MRS. SAPPHIRE: Everything.

DWIGHT: Hmm. *(beat)* So, I should trust you?

MRS. SAPPHIRE: *(laughs)*

DWIGHT: Why do you laugh?

MRS. SAPPHIRE: Never trust anyone.

DWIGHT: Not even you?

MRS. SAPPHIRE: Not even yourself.

DWIGHT: Are you trying to get me to bend?

MRS. SAPPHIRE: Bend?

DWIGHT: To your will.

MRS. SAPPHIRE: What good would that do either of us?



DWIGHT: Are you not getting tired of this verbal game?

MRS. SAPPHIRE: I believe we are only in conversation.

DWIGHT: You have great wit.

MRS. SAPPHIRE: Thank you.

*Dwight downs his drinks. Tries to get up for another but Mrs. Sapphire takes it from him.*

MRS. SAPPHIRE: I'll do the honors.

*Mrs. Sapphire pours more scotch in Dwight's glass.*

*She hands him his drink. She then bends before him and takes off his shoes.*

DWIGHT: That...ttthank you. Thank you.

*Mrs. Sapphire sits across from Dwight.*

DWIGHT: Why don't you pour yourself a glass of the finest scotch this side of..of, of wherever we exist, yeah?

MRS. SAPPHIRE: Shhh.

*Dwight drinks and rests his head backward.*

*Mrs. Sapphire takes his drink. At first Dwight rebels but Mrs Sapphire overpowers him.*

MRS. SAPPHIRE: Shh. You've had a difficult day Dwight. Tomorrow, tomorrow the sun will shine.

*Mrs. Sapphire sets his glass down beside the sofa table.*

MRS. SAPPHIRE: Tomorrow the sun will shine...

**END OF PLAY**