

# ***Tomorrow Will Be***

*by*

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Cast of Characters

EDWARD: 40's  
MABEL: 40's  
MOTHER: 80's

Place

Edward/Mabel's home.

Time

Evening

Setting: The play takes place inside Edward and Mabel's home. We only see the ground floor which encompasses the dining room at stage right. A staircase leading upstairs center stage. The living room at stage left. This is a modestly upscale suburban residence.

At Rise: The play opens with Edward and Mabel sitting at their dining room table. Empty plates sit in front of them. There is roasted turkey on the table, cranberry sauce, a bowl of mixed vegetables and a bowl of mashed potatoes.

MABEL: She's your mother. Why don't you check on her?

EDWARD: Won't you?

MABEL: I'd rather not.

EDWARD: Let's sit tight. Wine?

*Edward gets up and goes into the liquor cabinet with a bottle of red.*

*He pours two glasses and places the red back inside the cabinet.*

*Edward goes back to the dining table with both glasses of red wine.*

*They drink.*

MABEL: Won't she notice?

EDWARD: What?

MABEL: The wine.

EDWARD: Oh!

MABEL: Let's drink it down.

EDWARD: Are you sure?

MABEL: Before she notices.

*Edward and Mabel down their wine.*

EDWARD: Quite good, actually.

MABEL: Yes..it is.

*(pause.)*

EDWARD: She is certainly taking her time.

MABEL: I've already told her dinner is ready..twice.

EDWARD: Yes, of course you did...food is getting to be about room temperature, wouldn't you say?

MABEL: Yes.

EDWARD: At that age..her age..we have to show patience, don't we?

MABEL: I'm quite famished, Edward.

EDWARD: You are dear?

MABEL: Please, could you go up to her?

EDWARD: (*closes his eyes.*)

MABEL: Go on. Maybe something is wrong. It is better to see that she is okay.

EDWARD: (*pretending to hear something upstairs.*) Well..I think I..was that a murmur?

MABEL: Edward!

EDWARD: Ha, ha, ha.

MOTHER: (*offstage.*) Edward!

EDWARD: Yes, Mother?

MOTHER: I'm not eating this evening.

*Edward gives an annoyed glance to Mabel before getting up and walking over to the bottom of the staircase.*

EDWARD: Is everything alright?

MOTHER: Your father's upset.

*Edward glares at Mabel.*

EDWARD: Did you say father?

MOTHER: He doesn't want me to come down. His indigestion is acting up. I'm going to stay with him. He wants me to stay with him.

EDWARD (*to Mabel*): What do I say to that?

*Mabel crosses the room to get more red wine.*

MABEL: I have no idea, darling.

EDWARD: Mother, aren't you hungry?

MOTHER: I'm worried about your father.

EDWARD: Of course you are...why don't you come down only for a quick bite, to put something in your stomach? You need nutrition.

*Mabel brings wine to the dining room table but pours two full glasses before setting it down.*

MOTHER: Nutrition is overrated.

EDWARD: Mother, please do come down. I am sure father will be quite well without you...Mother? ..Mo -

*Mother appears at the top of the stairs.*

MOTHER: But not for long. I don't wish to leave him alone.

EDWARD: I know, I know.

*Mother descends the stairs only to be greeted by Edward's arm.*

*Edward walks his mother over to the dining room table and makes sure she's seated comfortably before taking his own seat.*

MOTHER: (*pointing.*) What's this?

MABEL: We're having roasted turkey with cranberry sauce, potatoes and a sound mix of vegetables.

MOTHER: I hate vegetables.

EDWARD: Now, now, we shouldn't put down vegetables.

MABEL: It's a torment to eat them. Ever since I was a little girl, I remember hating them and my feelings have never changed. Can't stand them.

*Edward slices the turkey and begins to fill his mother's plate.*

That's too big. I can't eat a slice that large.

EDWARD: Well, eat what you can. Potatoes?

MOTHER: No.

EDWARD: Would you like cranberry sauce over your turkey?

MOTHER: No.

EDWARD: What about -

MOTHER: No veggies.

EDWARD: Your plate is looking a bit bare -

MOTHER: What's it to you?

MABEL: Let mother eat what she wishes, dear.

MOTHER: I'll have more wine! Where's my glass?

*Edward and Mabel look at one another.*

EDWARD: Just a moment mother.

*Edward fetches a wine glass for his mother. He darts an annoyed look at Mabel.*

*(pouring.)* Only one glass.

MOTHER: Only one? Where's your manners?

EDWARD: You aren't eating enough and your drinking has become, well...excessive as of late.

MOTHER: And I brought you into this world, didn't I? Your existence is alive because of me, therefore, I'm entitled to have a glass of wine, if not for my age, then for giving birth to your life.

*Mother guzzles down her wine.*

Hit me!

EDWARD: Excuse me?

MOTHER: I want another.

MABEL: She's already caught up to us dear. Ha, ha, ha.

MOTHER *(to Edward.)*: What she say?

EDWARD: Never mind. Why did you drink it down so?

MOTHER: I'm thirsty.

EDWARD: Thirsty..

MOTHER: Now pour.

EDWARD: Mother...alright...just...alright...

*Edward pours his mother another glass of wine.*

MOTHER: Son, you are as cheap as they come. To think a man with all your money, can't offer your little old mother a tender glass of wine. Phew!

EDWARD: Cheap? (*sighs.*) Drink slowly or it will go straight to your head like always.

MOTHER: Like always! Right! That's the spirit!

*Edward fixes Mabel's plate with food.*

EDWARD: Sorry, Mabel.

MOTHER: What are you apologizing to her for?

MABEL: There's no reason to be rude, mother.

MOTHER: No reason at all, eh? (*laughs.*) This wine is delish.

MABEL: Did you say delish?

MOTHER: As in delicious kid, keep up with the times.

EDWARD (*cutting in.*): Here is your plate. Please, begin eating. Let's all try to have a nice time this evening...yes? ..YES??

*Mabel and Mother mumble in agreement under their breath.*

*Edward fixes his plate and finally sits.*

EDWARD: Ahh! Dinner.

*Pause.*

MOTHER: Where's your father's plate?

EDWARD: Father's?

MOTHER: Did you already know his ulcer was upsetting him?

EDWARD: Uh, no, I didn't.

MOTHER: Where's his plate?

EDWARD: Father is gone.

MOTHER: Gone? Gone, where?

EDWARD: Mother...Father has passed away.

MOTHER: Look at how you speak to me! You ought to learn some manners, that is your Father! Your Father is alive and well. More alive than you'll ever be.



EDWARD: Last year, he died last year, Mother.

MOTHER: What did you just say?

EDWARD: I'm sorry.

MOTHER: Don't, look at yourself...don't, don't tell..me that...he's...he's upstairs..he was complaining to me about his ulcer..he just told me that he forgot to take his medication again and he's flaring up..he's just upstairs!

*Mother raises up from her chair.*

EDWARD: No! Mother, mother please, Father isn't upstairs..he's no longer with us.

MOTHER: I don't believe you!

EDWARD: Please, please listen to me.

MOTHER: (*calling.*) Troy? Troy??!!

EDWARD: Mom -

MABEL: Mother!

MOTHER: What?

MABEL: Let's have dinner and afterwards we can listen to the radio.

MOTHER: The radio?

MABEL: Yes, you know you love listening to the radio.

MOTHER: Why don't either of you believe me? You're both trying to do your best to take me away from him, aren't you?

EDWARD: Why we would we ever want to do such a thing?

MOTHER: He's here! Why, only yesterday we were both sitting right over there. Holding hands, talking about when you were first born Edward - and how I had to make sure my hair was perfect before giving birth. (*to Mabel.*) I had this thing about my hair and make-up. If I looked beautiful, I was certain my baby would come out beautiful, too. Ha! We reminisced and laughed and we had the most wonderful time together in those years, oh you couldn't imagine the times we have. Why is that so hard to believe?

EDWARD: Because we buried him.

MOTHER: Don't be *silly*.

EDWARD: I'm not being silly.

MOTHER: You are, you are being quite silly.

EDWARD: You don't recall his coffin, taking him to mass, the priest, burying him at the cemetery?

MOTHER: I do.

EDWARD: You do?

MOTHER: I'm not a crazy person.

EDWARD: Then why are you pretending that father is still alive?

MOTHER: He's very much alive.

EDWARD: But he's dead!!

*(pause.)*

Forgive me for shouting. I, I'm terribly sor -

*Edward gets up from the table and  
leaves the room.*

*Pause.*

MABEL: Are you okay, mother?

MOTHER: Why did he shout at me?

MABEL: He misses his father.

MOTHER: But I'm trying to tell him that he's here.

MABEL: I know.

MOTHER: You do?

MABEL: ...I understand.

MOTHER: Let me get him.

MABEL: Let him be, he'll be back.

MOTHER: I'm referring to Troy.

MABEL: Father?

MOTHER: Mm-hmm.

*Mother walks to the bottom of the staircase  
and calls out.*

MOTHER (*cont'd*): Troy? Troy dear? Troy?!

TROY: (*offstage.*) Yes.

*Mabel shrieks.*

MOTHER: Why don't you come on down? I'll fix you a nice plate.

TROY: Can't.

MOTHER: Why not?

TROY: My ulcer.

*Mabel rises from her seat in shock.*

MOTHER: Do you want me to bring anything up to you?

TROY: Yes.

MOTHER: And what's that?

TROY: You know.

MOTHER: Yes. Yes, I know.

*Mabel crosses the room and stands behind Mother.*

TROY: I'm waiting.

MABEL: Father? Father Troy?

MOTHER: Oh, let him rest.

MABEL: You were speaking to Father Troy!

MOTHER: Yes, I know that.

*Edward enters.*

EDWARD: Why are you both...finished eating?

MOTHER: Yes, I believe I'm finished Edward.

MABEL: Edward!

EDWARD: What's wrong?

MABEL: Your father's voice. I just heard your father's voice with my own two ears.

EDWARD: Honestly, am I the only one left in this house who hasn't lost the plot?

MABEL: He's upstairs!

EDWARD: WHO?

MABEL: Your father!

EDWARD: Mabel, what are you talking about? Why are you both looking at me like that? Have you lost your damn minds!

*Edward bulldozes his way up the stairs.  
Doors are heard opening and slamming shut.*

*Edward comes back down solemnly.*

*Mabel stands beside Mother waiting in anticipation.*

EDWARD: There is nothing! There is absolutely, irrefutably no one there!

*Edward downs his drink. Pours another.*

I don't know about the two of you but I intend on finishing my dinner with or without either of you joining me.

MOTHER: Edward?

EDWARD: Yes, mother.

MOTHER: Father is waiting for me.

EDWARD: Fine. Fine. What station? *(he chuckles.)*

MOTHER: No, dear. Upstairs.

EDWARD: Fine, mother, fine.

*Mother kisses Edward on top of his head and rubs his shoulder.*

*Edward stares at his food.*

EDWARD: *(to Mother.)* Off to bed now?

*Mother walks to the stairs.*

MABEL: Mother?

MOTHER: I'll be alright. *(smiles.)* ...Troy? Troy dear, I'm coming up now...

*Mabel watches mother until she turns at the top of the stairs and exits.*

*Mabel turns to Edward.*

MABEL: You think mother will be okay, Edward?

EDWARD: I refuse to put her in a home. Promised myself I'd never do that, but this is getting the better of me.

MABEL: Edward.

EDWARD: Yes?

*Mabel hugs Edward.*

What's gotten into you, darling?

*Mabel hugs Edward tighter.*

There there...I am sure mother will be perfectly fine. The wine must have gone straight to her head. Let her rest..tomorrow will be another day, let her rest.

**END OF PLAY**