

# ***Mad to the Core***

*by*

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Cast of Characters

PHEBE :

20's

DEAN :

20's

Place

Phebe's living room

Time

Evening

2.

Setting: The play takes place inside of Phebe's living room. It's a shaggy looking room reminiscent of 1960's décor. Old and outdated.

At Rise: The play opens with Phebe smoking a fag while sitting on the couch and drinking from a glass of whiskey.

PHEBE: (*Smoking.*)

*Dean enters the house.*

DEAN: You're here?

PHEBE: Where else?

DEAN: Don't you have your shift?

PHEBE: Nope.

DEAN: What happened?

PHEBE: I left.

DEAN: Left?

PHEBE: Quit.

DEAN: Quit?

PHEBE: Stop repeatin' everything I say, Dean. YEAH! I quit.

DEAN: Why didn't you tell me first?

PHEBE: You my father or somethin'?

DEAN: I don't wanna be your father.

PHEBE: He's dead.

DEAN: ..What?

PHEBE: Yeah...last night...dead.

DEAN: ...

PHEBE: ...He was walkin' home from the pub...headed straight into an oncomin' bus...probably suicide, I should think. He always talked about killin' himself, so..guess he finally went all in.

DEAN: Ah...

PHEBE: Doesn't surprise me, actually. Just didn't expect it to be now. Definition of a selfish prick that is.

DEAN: That's still your father.

PHEBE: So?

DEAN: You shouldn't talk that way, especially if he's dead.

PHEBE: That make him a saint now?

DEAN: Shouldn't talk ill of the dead.

PHEBE: Why, Dean? Is he gonna come back and haunt me?

DEAN: It's a form of respect for those that left us.

PHEBE: If a person was a destructive bast'rd while they were alive, do you really think death will change 'em for the better, they'll somehow reinvent themselves?

DEAN: I'm not saying that.

PHEBE: How does that even work?

DEAN: I don't -

PHEBE: Right? If you're a prick on Earth, you'll be a prick wherever you go next.

DEAN: But that's still your father.

PHEBE: You don't know shit about my father! So shut your mouth!

DEAN: Here we go -

PHEBE: Where did you just come from?

DEAN: The pub.

PHEBE: That's right, the pub.

DEAN: So?

PHEBE: Drinking with all your goons.

DEAN: What's wrong with that?

PHEBE: Plenty wrong with that.

DEAN: Since when?

PHEBE: Since you remind me of my father.

DEAN: I do?

PHEBE: Yeah, since he died.

DEAN: ..But he just died, didn't he?

PHEBE: It got me thinkin'.

DEAN: Thinkin', about what?

PHEBE: How similar you two clowns are.

DEAN: Clown?

PHEBE: With your big red nose and bloodshot eyes.

DEAN: Cause I had a few pints?

PHEBE: Pints!

DEAN: Yeah, pints!

PHEBE: Pints!!

DEAN: YEAH, PINTS!

PHEBE: PINTS!! PINTS!! PINTS!!

*(Pause.)*

*Dean motions to leave.*

Back to the pub?

DEAN: Fuck off!

PHEBE: I'm changin' my life.

DEAN: So, change it then!

PHEBE: I'm leavin'.

DEAN: ..Leavin'...where?

PHEBE: You're all mad to the core.

DEAN: You ain't leavin' nowhere's.

PHEBE: I am.

DEAN: WHERE?

PHEBE: Anywhere.

DEAN: Like?

PHEBE: New York.

DEAN: Fuck is in New York?

PHEBE: I don't know!

DEAN: You losin' your mind?

PHEBE: I've savings.

DEAN: That's our savings.

PHEBE: Took my share, which is most of it anyway, cause you never contribute anything, and I'm goin' alone.

DEAN: All 'cause your father died?

PHEBE: It's 'cause of everything. Everything. I'm wastin' time here, Dean! Dying a slow death. Livin' the same day. Seeing the same houses, the same faces, havin' the same talks in the same houses *with* the same faces who live inside of 'em. Nothin's new!! We never do anythin' different. We never go for the drives we said we was gonna go on cause your car is always in repair. We don't even walk anywhere but 'round these same streets! When we talk it's like two kids who don't understand anythin'. When do we ever discuss anythin' that's interestin'? I work my shift, come home, you work your odd hours, spend the rest of your time in the pub and come home; we're not goin' anywhere. Day in, day out. On repeat! Is this it now? Another fifty years of this? You think that's how the story's gonna play out? Well it ain't, I've already put my time in...I'm already loose at the seams.

...I can't believe he did it but I understand why he did what he did. He needed an out! I just didn't deserve a Dad like him. And before I buy that same ticket, I am leavin' this place, on a different route and I'm never comin' back.

DEAN: ..Ya know...I don't talk like a kid.

PHEBE: Is that all you heard me say?

DEAN: I talk 'bout things that matter.

PHEBE: Go to the pub, Dean.

*Pause.*

DEAN: ...Wanna watch the tele?

PHEBE: Nooo!

DEAN: What you wanna do then?

PHEBE: *(Cries.)*

DEAN: Okay...alright...will ya stop that now...would ya? *(To himself.)* Oy man...*(He sits on the couch.)*

*Pause.*

*Dean grabs the acoustic guitar and strings it.  
He sings, making up a song on the spot.*

DEAN: There's a girl I know named Phebe,  
who wants to live her life,  
She drives her man Dean cra -

PHEBE: Stop it, stop it right now, ya can't sing fer shy't. I hate  
your uselsss rhymes.

DEAN: Thought you liked my singing.

PHEBE: It's lousy like all the rest of ya.

DEAN: It relieves my stress.

PHEBE: What stress ya having, Dean? You haven't had a proper job in  
two whole years. Is that worth celebratin' at the pub?

DEAN: I take the odd job out, ya know?

PHEBE: The odd hours, here and there!

DEAN: I'd take all the work they throw at me -

PHEBE: Rubbish! You're a lazy thug of a man. Big and burly but all  
you carry 'round is your own shoulders and growing waste. You don't  
know how to put your size to good use.

DEAN: I told you if we moved to the countryside, there'll be more  
work -

PHEBE: You want me to die altogether? Don't you hear a word I'm  
sayin'? I NEED TO LEAVE!!

*Dean puts the guitar down and looks  
at Phebe.*

DEAN: ...I could get us tickets to see a game?

PHEBE: I don't care about seeing a match with you any longer. Don't  
you see?

DEAN: Wanna go ice-skatin' then?

PHEBE: Huh?

DEAN: Take you ice-skatin'. Ross has - he works there ya know, does  
part time during the winter, so..we could go there for a skate. I  
can't skate at all but I'll take ya and I'll watch ya cause I know  
you like skatin' and it's somethin' different and all.



DEAN (cont'd): Maybe if we go to the skate rink, we'll go for some kebabs after, umm, and we—maybe they gonna start puttin' up some of those Christmas lights 'round here and we could go for a walk to check things out some...? Would that..I mean..ya know..wouldn't that be somethin that you -

PHEBE: Why did my father have to go Dean?

*Dean puts his hand on Phebe's shoulder.*

DEAN: ...He was tired...We all get tired sometimes, don't we?

PHEBE: He left me.

DEAN: ...He left himself, he didn't leave you.

PHEBE: I don't feel well.

DEAN: Want a cup of tea?

PHEBE: Yeah.

DEAN: Why don't you lay back...I'll make you some tea.

*Phebe lays back on the couch.*

*Dean puts on the kettle in the kitchen. He looks over at Phebe.*

*Phebe gets up and runs to the bathroom. She is heard throwing up.*

*Dean stands at the bathroom doorframe looking on at Phebe.*

*Dean grabs a few paper towels and goes into the bathroom.*

*We hear Phebe throw up some more.*

*Both Phebe and Dean come out of the bathroom together.*

*Dean brings Phebe to the couch.*

*The kettle is heard whistling.*

*Dean goes to it and makes the tea.*

*Phebe sits back, doesn't lay down.*

*Dean brings over tea.*

DEAN: Here you go...make you feel betta.

*Phebe takes a sip.*

You alright?

PHEBE: ...alright.

DEAN: Look...I could, we could go to New York together.

PHEBE: We can't.

DEAN: Why can't we?

PHEBE: I don't want you to come.

DEAN: Why?

PHEBE: Dean...you're good and everythin', but this, this is the end of the road for us.

DEAN: Nah, you're just upset right now.

PHEBE: Yeah, I'm upset and all, but this has been brewin' for a while now...I didn't just make the decision, it was decided a while ago.

DEAN: But, your dad just died, you're thinkin' irrational.

PHEBE: Not really.

DEAN: We breakin' up then?

PHEBE: *(Nods.)*

DEAN: Just like that?

PHEBE: *(Nods.)*

DEAN: What am I supposed to do now?

PHEBE: *(Shrugs.)*

DEAN: I can't keep up with everythin'.

PHEBE: I know.

DEAN: You know?

PHEBE: I can't do nothin'.

DEAN: You're fuckin' me over is what you're doin'.

PHEBE: No -

DEAN: Yeah, you are! You know I haven't found solid work yet.

PHEBE: Well -

DEAN: And we're behind on the rent.

PHEBE: Dean -

DEAN: So, you're takin' off at the perfect time, leavin' me holdin' the bag.

*Dean drinks from whiskey bottle.*

PHEBE: I took care of things on my end..I been carryin' us and I'm drownin'.

DEAN: This is all about the money, isn't it?

PHEBE: Not just the money, Dean.

DEAN: I got nowhere else to go.

PHEBE: After we bury my father, I'm leavin'.

DEAN: That doesn't give me much time, Phebe.

PHEBE: I'm not tryin' to put you out.

DEAN: Feels like it.

PHEBE: I have to do this for me.

DEAN: Couldn't you wait till I'm more settled then?

PHEBE: The time will never be right and let's admit it, this has been a long time comin', no?

DEAN: No.

PHEBE: Come on, let's not bullshit each other.

DEAN: But we been workin' things out.

PHEBE: It's a standstill, ya know? Don't you want more out of life?

DEAN: I thought we were findin' our balance.

PHEBE: That's been in our minds all along.

DEAN: How?

PHEBE: It isn't real, Dean.

DEAN: I thought things have been good.

PHEBE: I don't love you anymore.

DEAN: ...You don't?

PHEBE: Tell me the truth, Dean...do you really love me? Or am I here out of convenience? Be honest.

DEAN: ...I'm going for a drink.

PHEBE: ...Go...

*Dean goes to the front door.*

*Dean exits.*

*Phebe sips her tea.*

**END OF PLAY**