

BASKET CASE

by

Joseph Arnone

Copyright © 2017 MonologueBlogger.com All rights reserved.

EXT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

MA comes storming in, mascara smeared across her face. She looks violently at her daughter, VICKY.

MA

Vicky, turn down that shitty music. Now! I have to tell you something serious.

Vicky turns down the music.

VICKY

This better be good.

MA

It's not good, wiseass. Been trying to figure out how to tell you this, you may want to sit first, I don't know. You're Uncle Frankie died. He got hit by a truck this morning. He's toast.

VICKY

Are you kidding me right now?

MA

No, it happened this very morning---

VICKY

Who's Uncle Frankie?

MA

My brother.

VICKY

You have a brother? Since when?

MA

I must have told you about him at least twice, Vicky! For God's sake now's not the time to bust my hump, okay?!

VICKY

Why is it always my fault? I didn't even know I had an Uncle!

MA

Well, you did!

Ma pouts and gets quiet.

VICKY

Are you sad?

MA

Well...sort of...I don't know...what's sad nowadays, anyhow...we're all sad about something. I guess this adds to my basket case, but who knows...look, I need you to find something black.

VICKY

What?

MA

Clothing! Find something black...to wear. We need to go to the wake.

VICKY

I'm not going. I don't even know who the fuck this guy is!

MA

How dare you curse like that when a family member just got hit my a mack truck. Shame on you!

VICKY

Ma, why is it always my fault?!

MA

You're going to the funeral and you're wearing something as black as you can find it. And no torn clothes, I don't want to see you in anything with holes. No bag lady type stuff. I want to take pictures. Think you can pull that off?

VICKY

Pictures? It's a funeral, Ma.

MA

Yeah, well I want you to look nice. There's some other relatives that will be there you never met.

VICKY

There's more? I thought it was just you, me and Grandma for my entire life!

MA

Nope. Get ready.

VICKY

Can't believe you're making me do this.

MA

Believe it. When it's your time, you'll want people to stare at your dead face, too.

VICKY

I could care less. I'll be dead.

MA

Too damn bad.