

EACH DAY GO BY

by

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INT. LIVING ROOM - BROOKLYN - 1970'S

HITCH enters the living room and takes a seat in 'his' chair.

HITCH

That boy got the smoothest jump shot I ever did see. Smooth as ice, let me tell ya and a hang time that lasts for days. (beat) Last for days and days, lemme tell ya. Yeah...real nice, real nice he was.

Enter PATRICE.

PATRICE

Who you talking too?

HITCH

Huh? Oh, I just talkin'. Can't a man talk outloud if he want to?

PATRICE

I don't care who you talkin' to, just wasn't sure if you be talkin' to me.

HITCH

Why'm I gonna talk to you? You weren't even in the room.

PATRICE

I was within ear shot nasty man.

HITCH

Who nasty?

PATRICE

You nasty.

HITCH

Nasty such a nasty word.

PATRICE

Be nice.

HITCH

I'm nice.

PATRICE

Ha!

HITCH

I am.

PATRICE

You becoming a grumpy old man is what.

HITCH

You think?

PATRICE

Hmm mmm.

HITCH

How long?

PATRICE

Long enough.

HITCH

Why'nt you go and say something sooner?

PATRICE

You can't reverse destiny. It's in the cards for ya. Remember how you always used to tell me how you ain't never gonna end up like yo Daddy? Well, you the spittin' image of 'em. Even wearing same kind a clothes. I tell ya.

HITCH

For crying out loud woman...ain't it your job to prevent a man from turning into, into, into a, a, one of those...you know what I say.

Hitch stands up and takes off his flannel shirt.

PATRICE

What you doin'?

HITCH

I ain't ever gonna wear shirts that look like this ever again. Hell no! (squarely looking at her)
What else I gotta change?

PATRICE

Shave! You gettin' that one week don't care to shave beard look. You could lose that!

HITCH

What else woman, tell me??

PATRICE

Those boots! Same damn pair of boots for twenty years. We need to get you some other kind a footwear.

HITCH

But the boots---

PATRICE

Ain't yo Daddy have the same exact pair? You sure they ain't his boots?

HITCH

These boots is good to me. I been through alot with these boots. They like a companion. Can't take a man's boots away from 'em. Too much history.

PATRICE

You gettin' sentimental over a pair of dirty old boots? Shouldn't even be wearin' them inside the house. I can't imagine---

HITCH

It's like a wedding ring.

PATRICE

What?! You go and bump yo head? How you gonna compare those dirty ass boots to a wedding ring?

HITCH

I'm not saying my boots is more important than my ring but it has a similar impact.

PATRICE

You definitely sounding like yo Daddy.

HITCH

No, no, no. I'm serious. These boots, I work in these boots, I put food on the table and pay the bills wearing these here boots, I've repaired these boots and talked to these boots cause I keep them alive---

PATRICE

You just say you talk to yo boots?

HITCH

I did say such a thing.

Patrice looks at Hitch like he's losing his mind. Hitch reacts by throwing his arms up in the air and sitting back down in his chair.

PATRICE

If you had to decide between keepin' either yo wedding ring or those stinky boots, which one you going for?

HITCH

With the boots I get two.

PATRICE

What?!

HITCH

Ha, ha, ha, ha I'm joking, I'm kidding thunder buns. Of course I pick my ring but I'd miss my boots.

Patrice smirks.

HITCH (CONT'D)

Patrice, it's like this...I got these boots now over twenty years ago...it's sort of like a connection to my past...every dent and wrinkle gets kept and remembered, bringing me back to who I was, who I am...look here...(he points to a deep scratch in the side of his right boot)...you see this scrape? This happened when I was rushing to get to the bakery for your Mom's on Mother's day. I was rushing up a storm, going through all kinds of traffic, work keeping me late and all kinds of drama just to get Mama's favorite pastry...those tricolored italian cookies she liked so much and when I was crossing the street and made it over to the sidewalk I tripped and fell over a metal stack a garbage...got snagged, tore right into my boot...I was furious and I blamed your Mama but after she gone...

(MORE)

HITCH (CONT'D)

I sometimes notice that gash and it brings me back, makes me think about her, makes me think about how happy she was when I opened up that pastry box and her eyes lit up and....oh, I know I must sound so damn stupid, making such an analogy, I admit it's a pretty strange analogy but it rings true to me and...this one here...(points to the top of his left boot) ...I got this indentation, looks like a thumb print, when Loronzo hit his first three in that game against...the panthers. I jumped so high but my foot was caught under a piece of the bleacher and it pinned me down when I jumped or tried to jump...pulled out my knee and everything but I was so proud of our boy that day, nothing mattered...I look at that dent, top a my shoe, each day go by...think of our boy, think of our Loronzo...

PATRICE

...You got any of me?

HITCH

You?

Patrice nods.

HITCH (CONT'D)

I got one or two. (he smiles)

PATRICE

Give me one.

HITCH

That day I lost half a shoe lace...when I rushed you to that hospital for those cramps you was gettin' that time.

PATRICE

Yeah, I remember. Does that count if it's a shoe lace, not the shoe?

HITCH

Oh yeah, yeah. I got the same shoe laces too.

PATRICE

You what?!

HITCH

Yeah, I tie them up. Extra knots
is all.

PATRICE

Gonna put them boots in a museum.

HITCH

I wish. Ain't nobody interested in
my life story.

Patrice kisses the side of his head.

Oh...now, I ain't changed my
underwear in fifteen years.

Hitch grabs Patrice and pulls her on top of him.

PATRICE

Oh! Hahaha. You better have!

HITCH

Hahaha. I got stories, I got
stories.

They laugh together and kiss.