

BITS and PIECES

by

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INT. BALLROOM - EVENING

JENNIFER has wrapped up scanning the place and is ready to leave. She walks up to her friend AMY.

JENNIFER
This party sucks.

AMY
Shhh, just go with it.

JENNIFER
Go with what? This blows.

AMY
There's a lot of deep pockets up
in here.

JENNIFER
One guy talking to me was so old
his teeth actually popped out.

AMY
You should have gotten his number.

JENNIFER
I can't.

AMY
What's two or three years max.
You'd be sitting pretty on top of
a mountain.

JENNIFER
I can't roll like that. I don't
know how you do it. This was such
a bad idea.

AMY
Stay away from the crusties.

JENNIFER
What the hell...okay.

AMY
Find someone who actually still
has pigment in their hair and
doesn't drool when they talk.

JENNIFER
Yeah, well, this may be the over
eighty club.

AMY
That guy!

JENNIFER
He's in a wheelchair!

AMY
But he's happy. Awww, look how
cute he is.

JENNIFER
He just pinched that woman's ass.

AMY
Oh, he's a feisty one.

JENNIFER
I can't. I'm sorry. I feel like
I'm selling my soul to satan. I'm
out.

AMY
Wait. Wait. Wait. Just give me
like fifteen minutes. I've been
working on Carlo from Spain who's
currently in the John.

JENNIFER
Hey, why does the toilet get
referred to as John? Why not Bob
or Greg or---

MILTON
Excuse me?

Jennifer looks at Milton, a dashing middle-aged man in a
suit. Her jaw drops.

Hello...I couldn't help but notice
a glow coming from this corner of
the ballroom. Now I see why. I'm
Milton.

AMY
Hey Milt, I'm Amy, this here's
Jennifer.

MILTON
Good evening, Jennifer.

JENNIFER
Hi! Hello there.

MILTON
Which one is yours?

JENNIFER
Mine?

MILTON
Of course.

JENNIFER
Mine what? What's mine?

MILTON (POINTING)
That's my father, the one in the
wheelchair.

JENNIFER
Oh, is he now?

MILTON
What about you? Is it your
Grandmother?

JENNIFER
Oh! Oh, yeah, my grams. She's out
there getting freaky. She's not
pinching asses though but she's
out there getting frisky,
somewhere, anyway.

AMY
There's my Carlo. Gotta go!

Jennifer makes eyes at Amy as 'not to leave me alone.' Amy
bounces.

Jennifer gives a half-ass smile and bops her head and
shoulders.

MILTON
Can I get you a drink?

JENNIFER
I'm good. Thanks. (beat) I stopped
drinking.

MILTON
Really? My apologies for asking.

JENNIFER
Don't be sorry. It's not your
fault I black out and become a
super villain.

MILTON
How so?

JENNIFER
Trust me, a few drinks and I'll
turn this party into a world
crises.

MILTON

Where are you from Jennifer?

JENNIFER

I actually don't know. When I was younger my family moved around quite a bit. Texas, Arizona, then we went east to Mississippi, Virginia, Georgia and when I got old enough I headed north to New York.

MILTON

Why New York?

JENNIFER

I've always had the heart of an urban girl.

MILTON

And how long have you been in New York?

JENNIFER

Not that long but long enough. What your deal?

MILTON

My deal?

JENNIFER

Yeah, come on, who the hell are you? Tell me about yourself.

MILTON

Well, I'm a philanthropist.

JENNIFER

Really? That's it?

MILTON

Well, I'm a philanthropist by way of the press. My family owns a few media publications but I am the heir not by choice, so I run a few foundations because it gives me air in my lungs.

JENNIFER

Righto.

MILTON

Would you like to step out to the deck with me?

Jennifer nods.