

BOULEVARD

by

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INT. KELLY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

KELLY writes in her notebook. Her MOTHER enters.

MOTHER

When you gonna stop all that nonsense and get yourself on a path to success?

KELLY

What are you talking about?

Gesturing to her daughter's notebooks.

MOTHER

This. All this stuff. Where is it going?

KELLY

I don't know.

MOTHER

You're old enough to get a job and start helping us. You're father's been out of work now for two months and not once have you offered to help out. Even a part time job, something to be part of this family, instead of locking yourself up in this room dabbling or doodling or whatever it is that you do.

KELLY

Writing, Ma.

MOTHER

Writing. Writing doesn't pay the bills around here. Starting tomorrow I want your ass hitting the boulevard and finding some sort of work. Get a job. You've lived stress free for sixteen years. I've had it.

KELLY

I'll see about getting something at the sandwich shop. Frida has a job there, maybe she can get me something a couple days a week.

MOTHER

Good. That's reality, child. Living in your room—

KELLY

I said I'll get a job, alright?  
Don't have a go at me.

MOTHER

I will have a go at you anytime I  
desire.

KELLY

I don't want to hear it. I'm in  
the middle of something and I  
already said I'll go out tomorrow  
to find a job. What more do you  
want from my life?

MOTHER

I want you to think! I want you  
to look ahead. Stop being so  
self-absorbed and wasting your  
time. I don't see no hunger, no  
ambition in you. I don't see you  
going out and doing anything with  
your life.

KELLY

I am! What do you think I'm doing  
by writing?

MOTHER

Do you even know how to make any  
money from it?

KELLY

No.

MOTHER

So why bother?

KELLY

Cause it's what I like doing. Why  
can't I do stuff I like doing?

MOTHER

I liked dancing when I was your  
age. Didn't mean I was going to  
be a ballerina!

KELLY

Leave me alone.

MOTHER

I've read your stuff, by the way.

KELLY

You what?

MOTHER

Your so called writing. I've read it. I didn't like it. You're much better off going to school and working your way up to something. Too much of this writing—

KELLY

How can you do that to me, when I've already told you to stay out of my shit!

MOTHER

Don't you dare take that tone with me.

KELLY

Don't read my stuff! It isn't for you.

MOTHER

But it's about me. It's about your dad, your brother...all of us! You don't think I can read between the lines of your writing. How can you do that? How can you say such horrible things about all of us?

KELLY

It's not about any of you.

MOTHER

Oh no. What about the one where you talked about how your father slapped me and nearly broke my nose? Your story is exactly like what happened! What kind of writer is that?

KELLY

It's a fabrication...I have to write from my life but I turn it into something from my imagination. Something you will never understand.

MOTHER

Sounds like I can't do a damn thing in my own home without you writing something about it.

KELLY  
Are you done?  
(beat)  
You don't understand...

MOTHER  
Stop writing about this family and  
about our personal lives.

KELLY  
That's not what it's about. It's  
hard to explain.

MOTHER  
I've already read it. Don't deny  
it. Just stop it. I'm telling  
you now.

KELLY  
You won't ever truly understand.  
I'm different then you are.

MOTHER  
What are you an alien species?  
Cut the crap.

KELLY  
Just forget it. Leave me alone.  
Please.

MOTHER  
I'll leave you alone. I'll be  
waking you up nice and early  
tomorrow morning.

KELLY  
Whatever.

MOTHER  
Nice and early.