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 than 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.