

IMAGINARY, YOU

by

Joseph Arnone

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INT. WALDO'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

We face WALDO, who is stoned out of his mind. He sits dead center on his three person couch, staring out in a trance.

Weed and a bong rest beside each other on the table before him.

A typewriter also rests on the table and types out the thoughts we hear Waldo speak.

WALDO (V.O)  
Hello, invisible friend, my  
imaginary, YOU. Nothing's  
clear...awake but not conscious,  
my brain exudes neuron flashes,  
vibrating, trying to ignite me,  
stir me...this isn't my  
life...aimless, so terribly  
aimless---

A thunderous knock snaps Waldo out of his melodramatic babble. He hides his weed/bong under the couch cushion and places his typewriter in a nearby closet.

CUT TO:

The door opens and we see Waldo's older brother, RALLYE (33). He wears the most stylish, well fitted suit by today's high fashion standards.

Rallye barges in past Waldo.

RALLYE  
Smells like a whore's asshole in  
here!

WALDO  
Hello, Rallye. What's---

RALLYE  
I was knocking for ten minutes  
this time!

Waldo tries to ease the tension.

WALDO  
You want a beer or something, you  
seem a bit high strung---

RALLYE  
You forgot what today was?

WALDO  
...What's today?

RALLYE  
Our father's funeral.

WALDO  
...Oh, shit...yeah, I uh, I know.

RALLYE  
Why didn't you come?

WALDO  
I'm still going.

RALLYE  
We buried him! Two hours ago!

WALDO  
Right, well...well, I plan on going, after everything, on my own time...How's Rita?

RALLYE  
Our mother is a wreck.

WALDO  
Is she?

RALLYE  
Why don't you try calling her to find out? (beat) I just came by cause, I don't know...I just came by. I gotta head back to the island.

They stare at one another.

I go to work each day, busting my ass, raising a family. I own a house!

WALDO  
Yes, you do, you own a house, Rallye.

RALLYE  
And you fart around all day in your disgusting robe, your place stinks, you smell like alleyway trash. Just living on your one book residuals! You're ridiculous. Go get a job! Pop out from your bubble and enter the real world.

WALDO  
Okay.

Rallye notices writing papers on the table. He picks them up and examines them.

RALLYE  
What is this? (beat) Are you writing again?

WALDO  
It's just doodlebugs.

RALLYE  
Have you been taking your meds?

WALDO  
Yes.

RALLYE  
Let me see your prescription bottles.

WALDO  
Rallye, please don't do that to me.

RALLYE  
You know what will happen to you if you venture into this shit again, right?

Waldo looks off.

WALDO  
I know.

Rallye snaps his fingers.

RALLYE  
Wake up Waldo, you can't go back in life. You can only go forward.

Waldo nods.

Rallye gathers up all of Waldo's writing materials and holds them.

Dad's not around to protect you anymore, Waldo.

Waldo let's out a flash of anger.

WALDO  
I'm fine!

Rallye becomes timid from Waldo's sudden burst.

Waldo quickly recoils his rage.

Rallye leaves.