

LIFE MOVES

by

Joseph Arnone

Copyright © 2018 MonologueBlogger.com All rights reserved.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

STEADROY and his teenage daughter CARLA sit in the living room.

STEADROY  
Stop cracking your knuckles.

Pause.

CARLA  
What? I'm supposed to stay still  
the whole time?

STEADROY  
Shhhh.

CARLA  
So mean.

STEADROY  
Don't crack your knuckles.

CARLA  
I can't wait to leave.

STEADROY  
Then leave now. Who's keeping you?

CARLA  
Very funny.

STEADROY  
You have legs. Walk yourself down  
the road and wait for your friend  
to pick you up from there.

CARLA  
No. I don't feel like walking.

STEADROY  
Cause your lazy. You need to learn  
how to move in life.

CARLA  
I move. I move more than you do.

STEADROY  
I get up each morning at  
five-thirty in the morning to go  
to work. I don't stop moving until  
I come home and sit on the couch.

CARLA  
So?

STEADROY

So, learn to make sense when you talk.

CARLA

I play sports. I play basketball and volleyball and I'm on the track team.

STEADROY

You're on the track team?

CARLA

Yeahhh.

STEADROY

How much is that costing me?

CARLA

That's all you care about.

STEADROY

I'm supposed to care about it. Who else is gonna care about it? You?

CARLA

You never come to any of my games.

STEADROY

But you suck at all sports, so why waste my time, honey?

CARLA

Yeah but, you're still supposed to show encouragement and support.

STEADROY

Let me break it down to you...I've been supporting you since you were born and I am what you call an honest father. I don't con you like all the other parents.

CARLA

What con? What are you talking about?

STEADROY

I don't make believe you are good at something if you are horrible.

CARLA

So you're saying I'm horrible?  
Thanks, Dad.

STEADROY

Actually, yeah, that's exactly what I'm saying.

CARLA

Why don't you teach me, try to make me better?

STEADROY

Because you're what we call a lost cause, honey. Which means, no matter how hard you try, how much you practice...you're always gonna suck. You can't jump, you can't bend, you have no reach, you tire out, you move like a sloth stuck in glue, you huff and puff and moan...it's like self-inflicted torture. I can't see that. Don't know why you do sports.

CARLA

Well, how do you know all those things if you don't come and watch me?

STEADROY

That's what MA MA is for. That's how this family program works.

CARLA

Forget it.

STEADROY

Am I lying? Don't you huff and puff? Your mother showed me a video clip of you on the basketball court. Both teams went back and forth three times, up and down the whole court before you even made it to mid-court when a time-out was called. Can you imagine that? It was like seeing someone go through a series of slow death strokes. You were hot, sticky, flushed and barely able to breathe...like the walking dead. Sports ain't your thing kid.

CARLA

Well, I'm gonna keep trying.

STEADROY (SARCASTIC)

Yeah. Why not?

CARLA  
God! Where is she? Taking forever!

STEADROY  
That's because you pick friends  
who are even slower than you.

CARLA  
Stop, Dad. I mean it.

STEADROY  
You asked me a question.

CARLA  
Yeah but you don't need to be so  
rude all the time.

STEADROY  
Okay.

Pause.

CARLA  
Were you good at sports?

STEADROY  
I was the best.

CARLA  
What about mom?

STEADROY  
She was the best, too.

CARLA  
So where the hell do I come from?

STEADROY  
Uncle Charlie. You inherited his  
genes.

CARLA  
That's disgusting.

STEADROY  
Yeah well, you win some, you lose  
some.

CARLA  
But I'm smart, right?

STEADROY  
Smart? You have a functioning  
brain. That's as far as we go I'm  
afraid.

CARLA  
I hate you.

STEADROY (LAUGHS)  
I know you do.

CARLA  
Not my fault. You and mom made me.  
I didn't make me.

STEADROY  
That's true. I'm only kidding,  
sweetheart. You have an  
intelligent mind.

CARLA  
Really?

STEADROY  
Well, you like history and  
economics and writing...you still  
like English class?

CARLA  
LOVE English class.

STEADROY  
There you go. You can't like all  
those subjects and not be smart.

CARLA  
I get good grades with everything.

STEADROY  
I know you do. I'm proud of you  
for that.

CARLA  
Are you Dad or are you just saying  
that?

STEADROY  
I'm very proud of your grades.

CARLA  
Cool.

STEADROY  
You talking to boys?

CARLA  
Don't ask me that.

STEADROY

Make sure when you go out this evening that if there are any boys on the premises that they know to play nice.

CARLA

Yeah, I know.

STEADROY

Are there boys gonna be there?

CARLA

Most likely.

STEADROY

Any boys you talking to that you like?

CARLA

I can't believe you're asking me this. No. I'm not telling you anyway.

STEADROY

Just checking. Just be careful. You hear me?

CARLA

Yes, Dad, please.

STEADROY

I worry about you. You're my daughter. I will crush them into the ground if they want to play games. You understand?

CARLA

Yes.

STEADROY

Make sure they understand too.

CARLA

I will. I'm not stupid.

STEADROY

Okay, okay. Just making sure.

(pause.)

If any boy likes you or whatever, you know, bring them here to the house first so they get my approval. I have to meet them first if they want to ever take you out. You know that, right?

CARLA

Dad, are you going to quit it?

STEADROY

I know how boys are? i was a boy once too. They only think with one thing in mind. Girls develop faster so, your emotions are more advanced then some little idiot boy.

CARLA

Yeah.

STEADROY

I'm sure you mother informs you of all of this but I just want you to know I know a few things too. I have the boy side perspective and want you to be aware. I'll shut up now, I don't want to be annoying.

CARLA

Way past that point, Dad.

STEADROY

Right.

CARLA

I'm gonna go wait outside.

STEADROY

Okay. Be safe and have fun. If you need me, call me. Okay?

CARLA

Fine.

Carla kisses her dad on the cheek.

STEADROY

Alright, I love you. Be safe.

CARLA

I will. Love you, too.

Pause.

Steadroy walks over to the front window and keeps an eye on his daughter.