

HIGHFLYING

by

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INT. FUNERAL PARLOR - EVENING

Two sisters MADDIE and DENA talk with one another in a neighboring room to a funeral parlor, while attending a wake.

DENA

How do you do that?

MADDIE

What?

DENA

Get everyone in the room to look at you and show interest?

MADDIE

You think?

DENA

All the time. In fact, there isn't a time when your presence isn't felt.

MADDIE

The way you say it makes me feel like it's a bad thing.

DENA

No, it's not a bad thing...I wish I had that magic.

MADDIE

Ha, ha, ha. Magic?

DENA

I'm serious. The way you waltz into the room, doesn't matter what the event, doesn't matter what time of day...everything always seems to line up for you. People go up to you to say hi, shake your hand, give you a hug and these are people you've never met before in your life. I should know, I'm your sister so, I know who you know and it's always the same, you meet and greet like you've known these strangers for years.

(MORE)

DENA (CONT'D)

It puzzles me and astonishes me cause I didn't inherit not one percent of whatever it is you have naturally...I'm always the one who has to scream for attention, wave my hands to get noticed and the best part of it is that you don't even seem to realize it or maybe it's just that you don't even care or maybe you care and you are so used to it that you handle these encounters with grace and dignity and...

MADDIE

Hey...hey, are you okay?

DENA

Oh, Maddie, please, the last thing I need is another big sister therapy session from you. I rather puke in my own mouth.

MADDIE

Sorry.

DENA

And don't be sorry. God! Can you just once stop being so freaking perfect and saying all the right things?

MADDIE

Should I just stand here mute?

DENA (LAUGHS)

...No, I'm sorry. (beat) Greg is leaving me.

MADDIE

What?!

DENA

Piece of shit.

MADDIE

When?

DENA

The asshole already left, actually...it's all about filing papers to finalize the divorce.

MADDIE

This is terrible...Dena, I'm-

DENA

If you say you're sorry I'm liable to punch you in the face.

MADDIE

Oh, no, um, I'm, I'm here for you is all I'm trying to say-

DENA (CRYING)

I'm sorry, I love you, I love you...I'm just in a bad place right now.

Dena pulls out a gun.

MADDIE

Holy shit!

DENA

No, not for me. I want to give you this gun because I actually thought of shooting Greg. Not killing him but wounding him. Kept imagining myself being in one of those Tarantino movies and busting a cap in Greg's knee but I'm too soft, I can't go through with it. Take my gun.

Dena hands it to Maddie.

Just put in in your Louis Vuitton bag, it's the perfect size for a gun, no? And what's it like having one of those Louis bags anyway?

MADDIE

And what do you want me to do with it?

DENA

I don't know, you're my big sister, you'll figure it out.

MADDIE

Right, right.

DENA

Poor Reggie. He'll never know how close he came to death.

MADDIE

You really shouldn't be talking
this way.

DENA

What other way is there? I don't
have the perfect highflying life
like you dear sister.

MADDIE

My life isn't all that perfect.

DENA

Ha, ha, ha.

MADDIE

Laugh all you want Dena but you
shouldn't judge a book by its
cover.

DENA

Oh, please, spare me your little
problems. What could they
possibly be? I don't think you've
experienced anything worse than a
broken fingernail or a bad hair
day.

MADDIE

There are things about me you have
no clue about.

DENA

Such as?

MADDIE

Things, Dena, things I won't talk
about.

DENA

For fear of what? Huh?

MADDIE

It's personal.

DENA

I just gave you a gun I was
considering blowing my husband's
head off with and you can't give
me something, anything??

MADDIE

I'm in remission.

DENA

What?!

Maddie stares into her sister.

Oh-my-you didn't tell me!

MADDIE

Shut up. Of course I didn't. You have the biggest mouth in the family and if you say anything just remember I now have a gun.

DENA

I won't say a word to no one.

MADDIE

I don't want to get into it but you asked for an example and I gave you an example, so there.

DENA

I take back what I said. (beat)
Are you going to be alright?

MADDIE

I was lucky, caught it in time and it was in the earliest stages and I really don't want to say anything more than that.

DENA

Okay, okay, I get it.

MADDIE

Let's go drinking.

DENA

Huh?

MADDIE

You down for a margarita or do you want to sit there and cry all day?

DENA

I'm down.

MADDIE

Let's go. We'll take my car...I need to get out of here...

Maddie and Lena exit out the back entrance.