

Basket Case

by

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FADE IN.

EXT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

MA comes storming in, mascara smeared across her face. She looks intensely at her daughter, VICKY.

MA

Vicky, turn down that music.
Now! I have to tell you
something serious.

Vicky turns down the music.

VICKY

This better be good.

MA

It's not good, wiseass. Been
trying to figure out how to tell
you this, you may want to sit
first, I don't know. You're Uncle
Frankie died. He got hit by a
truck. He's toast.

VICKY

Are you kidding me right now?

MA

I wish I was.

VICKY

...Who's Uncle Frankie?

MA

My brother!

VICKY

You have a brother?

MA

Now's not the time to bust my
hump, okay?!

VICKY

I didn't even know I had an Uncle!

MA

Well, you did!

Ma pouts and gets quiet.

Vicky walks over to her mother to comfort her.

VICKY

...Are you sad?

MA

Well...sort of...I don't know...what's sad nowadays, anyhow...we're all sad about something. I guess this adds to my basket case, but who knows? Look, I need you to find something black.

VICKY

What?

MA

Clothing! Find something black...to wear. We need to go to the wake.

VICKY

I'm not going. I don't even know who the fuck this guy is!

MA

How dare you curse like that when a family member just got hit by a mack truck. Shame on you!

VICKY

Ma, why is it always my fault?!

MA

You're going to the wake and you're wearing something as black as you can find it. And no torn clothes, I don't want to see you in anything with holes.

MA (cont'd)

No bag lady type stuff. I want to take pictures. Think you can pull that off?

VICKY

Pictures? It's a wake, Ma.

MA

Yeah, well I want you to look nice. There's some other relatives that will be there you never met.

VICKY

There's more? I thought it was just you, me and Grandma for my entire life!

MA

Get ready.

VICKY

Can't believe you're making me do this.

MA

When it's your time, you'll want people to stare at your dead face, too.

VICKY

I don't care, I'll be dead.

MA

Too damn bad.

VICKY

Will I meet any brothers or sisters I don't know about?

MA

Hardy har har. You're a riot.

VICKY

This isn't fair! I have mid-terms I'm studying for.

MA

Don't act like you're an honor roll student.

VICKY

But I need to study or I'll fail.

MA

You've been taking summer school since you could walk and talk.

VICKY

You're so mean.

MA

It's the truth, ain't it?

VICKY

What do you want me to do, admit that I'm stupid?

MA

You're not stupid.

VICKY

But, isn't that what you just said?

MA

I didn't call you stupid.

VICKY

You implied---

MA

I wasn't implying that you are dumb. Will you give me a break already, my brother just died.

VICKY

Fine, if I fail it's *your* fault.

MA

You shouldn't have to study. You should already know the answers.

MA (cnt'd)

When I was your age, I was always
a step ahead, two steps in fact.
Never had to study.

VICKY

Yeah, right.

MA

All I did was pay attention.
Pay attention and remember.
You do neither, you're too
worried about boys and your
hair and your make up and your
clothes and your face is always
locked in to your phone like a
you're possessed. You've become
a zombie.

VICKY

At least I'm not ugly.

MA

What?!

VICKY

I look like Dad.

MA

You look like me.

VICKY

No, Dad.

MA

You haven't even met your father.

VICKY

I've seen pictures. I'm the
spitting image of him.

MA

You're all me.

VICKY

And you hate that I look like him.

MA
You are a clone of me, so, deal
with it.

VICKY
I don't care!

MA
Go get dressed.

VICKY
Now?

MA
No, tomorrow. YES, yes, now, this
instant. We're already running
late.

Vicky goes into her bedroom.

Ma goes into her bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. MA'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Ma fumbles through her closet and pulls out a black dress.
We hear Vicky from the other room.

VICKY (V.O)
This is so ridiculous.

MA
This is life, kid.

VICKY (V.O)
What are you wearing?

MA
BLACK.

VICKY (V.O)
Yeah, but what?

MA

I have a black dress I wear for death.

VICKY (V.O)

You're so morbid.

MA

I was raised to mourn.

CUT TO:

INT. MA'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Vicky enters the bedroom holding a black sweater and black jeans.

Ma looks at what Vicky is holding up.

MA

You're joking?

VICKY

Come on, Ma, this is all I have.

MA

Disgrace.

VICKY

Stop.

MA

Haven't I raised you better?

VICKY

Yes or no?

MA

You don't have anything more flattering than that?

VICKY

You said black, this is black. THIS is all the black I can find.

MA

Okay. If that's how you wish to look..okay.

VICKY

I've never been to a wake before.

MA

Yes, I see that.

VICKY

How long we have to be there?

MA

Couple of hours.

VICKY

Are you shittin' me?

MA

Nope. And afterward we go to Dalia's for food.

VICKY

What?

MA

And then back to the wake.

VICKY

Are you all nuts?

MA

That's the process, kid.

Vicky leaves the room completely annoyed and confused.

FADE OUT.