

WHO KNOCKS by Connie Guccione

Mary and Rose – both 70+

ROSE:

Mary, I want you to go to the visitation with me this afternoon.

MARY:

What for? I don't even know this Marilyn.

ROSE:

You do!

MARY:

If you say so, but I have better things to do than to look at a corpse. What's the point; you can't catch up on old times.

ROSE:

Oh come on Mary. Maybe we'll see some old friends there and we can reconnect. That would be nice, don't you think? Besides, don't you want people to come to your visitation when you die?

MARY:

Hell no! I look bad enough alive, imagine what I'll look like dead. Cake makeup, bouffant hair, pink dress with pearls. Oh, I think that's what we wore 50 years ago. I should really think about what I want to wear in my coffin.

ROSE:

Mary, please go to the visitation. You know, this could happen to us.

(Mary bursts out laughing.)

MARY:

What? Die? Surprise! It certainly is going to happen to us. Probably sooner than later.

ROSE:

Oh, you're so bloody insensitive. Try to understand for a change.

MARY:

I do understand, Rose, but we're all going to die. We should try to make the best of every day. Just live in the moment. Okay?

ROSE:

That's all very philosophical, but I'll probably still die all alone in my closet apartment. I won't be found for days, weeks, months. The thought scares me.

(Mary laughs)

It's not funny!

MARY:

You're right.

(Mary continues to laugh)