

WHO KNOCKS by Connie Guccione

Mary and Rose – both 70+

ROSE:

Marilyn Mann. You don't remember her from high school? She was Marilyn Lo then.

MARY:

High school? Who remembers someone from over 50 years ago?

ROSE:

I do! 50 years isn't that long ago. I kept in touch with Marilyn, then she got married and that was that.

MARY:

That's life. Now, will you get to the damn point before *I* have a heart attack.

ROSE:

Stop joking about heart attacks!

MARY:

Rose, get a grip before I strangle you, then you won't have to worry about a heart attack. Now, tell me what's really going on.

ROSE:

She's dead! Marilyn's dead.

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(Mary continues to laugh)

ROSE:

Stop it! It's easy for you to laugh. You've got kids who call you everyday. If you don't answer, they'll know something is wrong. But me?

MARY:

Kids! They only call when they need something – money, babysitting. They're probably waiting

for me to kick off to get their inheritance. Little do they know there isn't anything for them.

ROSE:

Yeah, but--

MARY:

It doesn't matter if you have kids or not. In the end, we're all alone. We're born alone; we live alone; we die alone.

ROSE:

Well, that makes me feel much better. Thanks Mary.

MARY:

Don't worry, someone will find you. Eau de Mort will will lead someone to your putrid body.

ROSE:

Ha, Eau de Mort! Seriously, you must think about it? Lying here on the floor. Alone.

MARY:

I think about it. Then, I say who cares, I'll be dead! Not my problem.

ROSE:

You're impossible.