

Each Day Go By

[November 15, 2020](#) [Joseph Arnone](#)

1970. Living room. Brooklyn. A short scene about two parents who lost their son due to a tragic event that took his life. Drama. 2 person scene.

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*HITCH enters the living room and takes a seat in 'his' chair.*

**Hitch:** That boy got the smoothest jump shot I ever did see. Smooth as ice, let me tell ya and a hang time that lasts for days. *(beat)* Last for days and days, lemme tell ya. Yeah...real nice, real nice he was.

*Enter Patrice.*

**Patrice:** Who you talking too?

**Hitch:** Huh? Oh, I just talkin'. Can't a man talk outloud if he want to?

**Patrice:** I don't care who you talkin' to, just wasn't sure if you be talkin' to me.

**Hitch:** Why'm I gonna talk to you? You weren't even in the room.

**Patrice:** I was within ear shot nasty man.

**Hitch:** Who nasty?

**Patrice:** You nasty.

**Hitch:** Nasty such a nasty word.

**Patrice:** Be nice.

**Hitch:** I'm nice.

**Patrice:** Ha!

**Hitch:** I am.

**Patrice:** You becoming a grumpy old man is what.

**Hitch:** You think?

**Patrice:** Hmm mmm.

**Hitch:** How long?

**Patrice:** Long enough.

**Hitch:** Why'nt you go and say something sooner?

**Patrice:** You can't reverse destiny. It's in the cards for ya. Remember how you always used to tell me how you ain't never gonna end up like yo Daddy? Well, you the spittin' image of 'em. Even wearing same kind a clothes. I tell ya.

**Hitch:** For crying out loud woman...ain't it your job to prevent a man from turning into, into, into a, a, one of those...you know what I say.

*Hitch stands up and takes off his flannel shirt.*

**Patrice:** What you doin'?

**Hitch:** I ain't ever gonna wear shirts that look like this ever again. Hell no! *(squarely looking at her)* What else I gotta change?

**Patrice:** Shave! You gettin' that one week don't care to shave beard look. You could lose that!

**Hitch:** What else woman, tell me??

**Patrice:** Those boots! Same damn pair of boots for twenty years. We need to get you some other kind a footwear.

**Hitch:** But the boots—

**Patrice:** Ain't yo Daddy have the same exact pair? You sure they ain't *his* boots?

**Hitch:** These boots is good to me. I been through alot with these boots. They like a companion. Can't take a man's boots away from 'em. Too much history.

**Patrice:** You gettin' sentimental over a pair of dirty old boots? Shouldn't even be wearin' them inside the house. I can't imagine—

**Hitch:** It's like a wedding ring.

**Patrice:** What?! You go and bump yo head? How you gonna compare those dirty ass boots to a wedding ring?

**Hitch:** I'm not saying my boots is more important than my ring but it has a similar impact.

**Patrice:** You definitely sounding like yo Daddy.

**Hitch:** No, no, no. I'm serious. These boots, I work in these boots, I put food on the table and pay the bills wearing these here boots, I've repaired these boots and talked to these boots cause I keep them alive—

**Patrice:** You just say you *talk* to yo boots?

**Hitch:** I did say such a thing.

*Patrice looks at Hitch like he's losing his mind. Hitch reacts by throwing his arms up in the air and sitting back down in his chair.*

**Patrice:** If you had to decide between keepin' either yo wedding ring or those stinky boots, which one you going for?

**Hitch:** With the boots I get two.

**Patrice:** What?!

**Hitch:** Ha, ha, ha, ha I'm joking, I'm kidding thunder buns. Of course I pick my ring but I'd miss my boots.

*Patrice smirks.*

**Hitch:** Patrice, it's like this...I got these boots now over twenty years ago...it's sort of like a connection to my past...every dent and wrinkle gets kept and remembered, bringing me back to who I was, who I am ...I look at that dent, top a my shoe, each day go by...think of our boy, think of our Loranzo...

**Patrice:** ...You got any of me?

**Hitch:** You?

*Patrice nods.*

**Hitch:** I got one or two. *(he smiles)*

**Patrice:** Give me one.

**Hitch:** That day I lost half a shoe lace...when I rushed you to that hospital for those cramps you was gettin' that time.

**Patrice:** Yeah, I remember. Does that count if it's a shoe lace, not the shoe?

**Hitch:** Oh yeah, yeah. I got the same shoe laces too.

**Patrice:** You what?!

**Hitch:** Yeah, I tie them up. Extra knots is all.

**Patrice:** Gonna put them boots in a museum.

**Hitch:** I wish. Ain't nobody interested in my life story.

*Patrice kisses the side of his head.*

Oh...now, I ain't changed my underwear in fifteen years.

*Hitch grabs Patrice and pulls her on top of him.*

**Patrice:** Oh! Hahaha. You better have!

**Hitch:** Hahaha. I got stories, I got stories.