

# Skidding on Butterflies

By Tami Canaday

At rise: Katie is opening up the front door to her living room. Mo enters.

Hi.

MO

Hello. Come in, come in.

KATIE

So, this is all yours.

MO  
*(looks around)*

Yes.

KATIE

Nice. Really nice.

MO

Why . . . thank you. *(hearty)* How are you?

KATIE

*(MO looks at KATIE)*

It's okay. *(grabs MO's hands)* I'm nervous too.

KATIE

*(MO quickly pulls her hands away)*

Uh, do you have a twenty for the taxi outside?

MO

Oh. Sure, I do.

KATIE

*(She grabs her purse and exits. MO looks around and then slowly moves through the living room. She trips over a pile of magazines on the floor and grabs a chair to steady herself. She stands flat against the wall. KATIE returns)*

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KATIE

All taken care of. *(looks around)* Mom?

MO

Over here.

KATIE

Ah, would you like to sit down?

MO

No.

KATIE

It's all right. Really.

*(KATIE hugs Mo who pulls away. Katie steps back. An uncomfortable beat)*

KATIE

Would you like some iced tea? Or lemonade?

MO

Do cheap chocolate bars still taste waxy?

KATIE

What?

MO

Do cheap chocolate bars still taste waxy?

KATIE

Well no, they taste a lot better these days. Mom, please sit. The large chair over there is comfortable. It's Rick's chair, but when we have guests, it's our guest of honor chair. *(MO ignores her)* Mom, please.

*(MO continues to ignore her. She looks around and indicates photograph of Rick Junior)*

MO

Rick Junior is growing up.

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KATIE

*(hands photograph to MO)*

We call him Ricky now. He doesn't like the junior part.

MO

Well, where is he? Have him come out and say hi to me. I want to finally meet him. *(calls out)* Ricky.

KATIE

He's not here. *(KATIE takes photograph from MO. Rushes in)* He's away at outdoor lab. It's a school camp for sixth graders. They hike, fish, learn how to tie knots, roast marshmallows, tell ghost stories, watch the stars, ah you know . . . create a fire by rubbing two sticks together . . . *(watches MO)* That kind of . . . wonderful experience. Did you leave your luggage in the taxi?

MO

*(snorts)*

Hardly.

KATIE

*(looks around)*

Did you bring any other clothes?

MO

Just what's on my back. Ricky should be here to meet me.

KATIE

Why didn't they give you any extra clothes? How do they expect you to find work?

MO

They may have, I just don't recall. *(sighs)* Ricky, my only grandchild.

KATIE

Yes, he is. Now, for the first few days with us, you can relax. Get to know me in my everyday life. Meet Rick. He'll be here later on. He wanted to give us a chance to reacquaint. We've both taken a few days off from work.

**(continued . . .)**