

SPITTING IMAGE

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9/10/2024 (Version #4)

CAST

Fiona - 30s, acts just like her mother

Meredith - 50s, Fiona's mother, the epitome of a Midwestern mom

Jerome - 30s, Fiona's husband, intensely hates onions, feels unheard

Rod - 50s, Jerome's father, also hates onions, passionate Bears fan

*all underlined phrases should be spoken by said characters simultaneously

(Fiona prepares dinner, hair up in a claw clip. Jerome walks into the kitchen.)

FIONA

Babe, Try this casserole.

(Jerome takes the tasting spoon from Fiona. Fiona opens a bottle of wine, pours it, and swirls it three times. She makes a signature noise showing how she enjoys the wine.)

JEROME

Fiona, you didn't put onions in here, right? It smells like -

FIONA

Jerome, you think I'd put onion in there when you hate onions? Stop being ridiculous.

(Jerome takes a taste, and takes a long look at Fiona.)

JEROME

You are such a liar!

FIONA

(waving her hands around)

Can't you just grow up and eat 'em like an adult? They enhance the flavor!

JEROME

You know how much I *despise* onions. You never listen to me,

Fiona. Your mother does the same thing! God, you are just like your mother!

FIONA

And that's such a bad thing?!

(Fiona whips out her phone and dials.)

JEROME

I didn't say tha - Who are you calling?

FIONA

My mother!

JEROME

Oh, for the love of God.

(Jerome rubs his temples.)

(Lights up on Meredith in her own kitchen. Fiona and Meredith have their hair clipped up the exact same way. Meredith picks up the phone.)

MEREDITH

Hi, Fi!

FIONA

Hi, Ma!

MEREDITH

What's up, Buttercup?

FIONA

Jerome's here too.

MEREDITH

Hi, Jerome.

JEROME

Hi, Meredith.

FIONA

You're on speaker phone now, Ma. Jerome here is flipping out over-

(Meredith and Fiona sit down. Both cross

their left leg over their right. Jerome huffs.)

JEROME

I am not *flipping out*! You know how I feel about onions! They're the devil's vegetable! And you blatantly lied about putting them in the casserole.

MEREDITH

Oooooo what casserole?

FIONA

The chicken noodle one.

MEREDITH

Oh, great choice. Got that recipe from the Barefoot Contessa.

FIONA

God, I love the Barefoot Contessa. What a classy lady.

MEREDITH

What a classy lady.

(Meredith sets her phone down, puts it on speaker as well, and both women pour another glass of wine. They swirl the glass three times and take a sip. They both vocalize the same noise after taking a sip.)

JEROME

Fiona, put the wine down, let's finish this conversation alone?

(Jerome starts rubbing his temples again. Fiona breaks synchronicity with her mom, sets her wine down, and glares at Jerome.)

FIONA

What are you, the wine police? I'm just having a glass while we chat with my Ma.

MEREDITH

Oh, I've got my glass here too! What are you sippin' on? I've got Pinot Grigio-

FIONA

Pinot Grigio.

JEROME

Fiona, I'm serious -

(Fiona shushes Jerome. Jerome rubs his temples again and starts pacing.)

FIONA

Anyways, Ma, Jerome is throwing a fit over here because I threw some onion into the casserole. Which is ridiculous.

MEREDITH

That's ridiculous!

FIONA

I mean of course I'm gonna put 'em in. They enhance the flavor!

(Fiona and Meredith wave their hands around simultaneously.)

MEREDITH

They enhance the flavor!

(Jerome explodes.)

JEROME

You JUST DON'T LISTEN! I don't care that casserole is the most flavorful dish in all the fifty fucking states! I HATE ONIONS. What is it gonna take to get that through your Barefoot Contessa cast iron skillet thick skull of yours?!

(Fiona and Meredith both set their wine glasses down, mouths agape, wide eyed.)

FIONA

I'll call you back, Ma.

(Fiona hangs up the phone. Lights go down on Meredith.)

FIONA

Wow.

JEROME

God, I'm sorry. I know I got hot headed -

FIONA

You know, for saying I'm just like my mother, you act just as irrational as your father.

JEROME

Irrational? You know what - we'll see who's irrational.

(Jerome calls his dad and puts him on speaker phone. Lights up on Rod in his living room, watching a Bears game, rubbing his temples. Both men scratch the back of their heads, and Rod answers the phone.)

ROD

Jerome, you know not to call when the Bears game is on.

(Jerome and Rod mirror their temple rubbing.)

JEROME

Sorry to bother you, Dad. Just a quick question. If mom made you dinner, and there were onions in it-

ROD

I'm gonna stop ya right there, son. That would never happen cuz you know how I feel about onions. They're the devil's vegetable.

(Jerome and Rod wave their hands passionately.)

JEROME

They're the devil's vegetable!

(Fiona rubs her temples and swirls her wine.)

(Blackout.)