

## **SCENE BY OLIVER E**

*(Ambient city-night-noises play. A drunk man, Craig, stumbles across the stage, chugs from a flask, belches, falls down-right-center stage, gets up, dusts off his coat and pants, and exits out stage right.)*

*(Harry is watching tv in the living room down center stage. and his mom, Elizabeth, is cleaning the kitchen area near stage up left. The clock reads 10pm.)*

**ELIZABETH**

*(Her smartphone on the kitchen counter buzzes. She quickly stops cleaning to look at her phone.)*

No... This isn't... Oh no...

**HARRY**

What is it?

**ELIZABETH**

Your dad lost his job.

*(They hear a distant groan outside.)*

**HARRY**

Did you hear that?

**ELIZABETH**

I did.

**HARRY**

Must be him.

*(Elizabeth doesn't respond, stares at the audience. Harry and Elizabeth freeze and listen. Half a minute passes. Craig gets louder, keys rustle at the door up center stage for a good ten seconds, at which point Craig gets up and unlocks the door.)*

**CRAIG**

*(empty flask in hand, keys in the other, he barges into the room. Harry stares at him, Elizabeth scrubs a plate in the sink, intensely focused.)*

There's my beauuutiful famly!

*(His son holds his attention. He starts to frown.)*

Son... you shouldn't be up now no you shouldn't...

**HARRY**

*(nervous and tentative)*

It's-uh-only ten o'clock dad...

**CRAIG**

That's past your bedtime.

**ELIZABETH**

He's not so little anymore, Craig. He's seventeen.

**CRAIG**

*(Takes in his son who's holding an xbox controller, almost inspecting him. His face softens, then goes dark.)*

Somehow I've raised a manchild.

**HARRY**

I'm not a-

**CRAIG**

How many days have you worked in your life, huh, son? *(Harry and Elizabeth make eye contact)* .... Sitting around like a bum all the time, getting shit grades at school. Good for nothing aren't you.

*(Harry and Elizabeth keep holding eye contact. Harry's jaw clenches. Craig notices.)*

**ELIZABETH**

*(Still holding eye contact with Harry, Harry, face flushed, opens his mouth.)*

Don't.

*(Harry holds his tongue back, closes his mouth.)*

**CRAIG**

*(A pause. Craig feels confused and guarded, though still drowsy.)*

What...

**ELIZABETH**

Nothing. You must be tired.

**CRAIG**

*(Craig seemingly forgets about them. He inspects his flask, looks through the open hole, sniffs it, turns it over and hits it on its bottom as if to empty it out. His stomach grumbles audibly. He rubs it. He looks around for food. Frowning, he spots Elizabeth instead. He throws the flask at her.)*

Where's my dinner?

**ELIZABETH**

Dinner was at eight.

**CRAIG**

*(He moves to the kitchen. He yanks her by the hair.)*

No, dinner's right now. Y'understand?

**ELIZABETH**

*(visibly in pain, one arm clutching her hair, other clutching the edge of the counter.)*  
Yes.

**CRAIG**

Say agaain?

**HARRY**

*(line is spoken concurrent to the action)*

Dad, calm down. Come on... just let go of her.

**CRAIG**

I don't go to work all day support my family to hear my bitch son talk back to me when I get home.

*(Letting go of her, he moves toward Harry, wagging his finger at him, not speaking.)*

Don't chyouu fffucking talk back to me again.

*(Craig slaps his son across the face. Harry, shocked, winces.)*

**ELIZABETH**

CRAIG!

**CRAIG**

*(Waving his hand, he knocks over a vase half intentionally. Looks at his son dumbly, really drunk. He spits at the floor. He swivels to face Elizabeth, really out of it.)*

FOOOO-DDDEH. You esspect me to keep putting food on the table-

**ELIZABETH**

-Oh Craig.

*(Craig's body seems to soften from self-consciousness and/or extreme exhaustion/drunkenness. Holding his pointer finger up, his arm falls limp and he collapses.)*