

Tales of a Fourth-Grade Hitler

A Play
by

Patrick Hurley

Characters:

Prodigal Mother- 30s, a typical hipster, millennial mom.

Prodigal Father- 30s, a typical hipster, millennial dad.

Prodigal Son- 30s, a mass of contradictions, should play as a fourth grader, but also evil.

ACTRESS- Any ethnicity, any age; will play the following roles:

-Teeger

-Suzalinda

-Windy

-Jalice

-Lawyer

ACTOR- Any ethnicity, any age; will play the following roles:

-Viczavier

-Hack

-Det. Bungle

-Man

-Demonic Voice

In the living room of the Prodigal family. Prodigal Mother, is pacing the floor, while Prodigal Father is sitting and wringing his hands. They are the definition of the 21st century hipster couple.

MOTHER

It has to be the gluten!

FATHER

We took him off the gluten.

MOTHER

Then it's all the processed food they're giving him at that school.

FATHER

It's a farm-to-table school. That's why we chose it.

MOTHER

Do you think we reduced his natural sugar intake enough?

FATHER

Honey, we've done everything right.

MOTHER

Don't call me honey, boogie-bear, it's antiquated, gendered and offensive.

FATHER

Sorry, lambchop.

MOTHER

Lamb has a bigger carbon footprint than diesel!
Maybe shaman Larry was wrong with his last aura reading.

FATHER

Let's not get crazy.

MOTHER

I want to speak to his teacher! She must have done something.
He's either being neglected in class, or he's being negatively triggered by a fellow student. *(Gasp)*
What if he's being bullied!?

FATHER

I'll set up a meeting.

Father types furiously into his phone.

MOTHER

I'll take him to Chaundra to have his metabolism tests run again. And then...ooh, we should definitely set up a time for Suzalinda to evaluate him.

FATHER

Yeah, I mean what's the point of having a life coach slash spiritualist if we don't utilize her or him or shim?

MOTHER

You know Suzalinda identifies as gender dualistic, so the pronoun is shyeah!

FATHER

Right. So sorry, pancake batter.

MOTHER

Don't equate me to a domesticated recipe that housewives were forced to make after their husbands beat or sexually assaulted them.

FATHER

Never again... liverwurst.

Father is still typing into his phone.

MOTHER

What else?

FATHER

I'll send an email.

Beat. He looks up

FATHER

What am I saying he did?

MOTHER

I don't know, the truth, I guess.

FATHER

Oh my god, we can't just air our dirty laundry like that.

MOTHER

Please don't use that heteronormative, patriarchal expletive. And dirty laundry? Really? You're going to resort to gender-specific slave labor? Did you not read that article in Post-Modern Drivel about the call to boycott all laundromats?

FATHER

I'm sure I did, spray cheese-

MOTHER

Trans fats!

FATHER

But shouldn't we hold off on specifics? Like we did when he killed Mrs. Woodsy's cat. /Or when he-

MOTHER

That cat was tormenting him!

FATHER

Or when he took that knife to school.

MOTHER

To protect his friends from the invisible wraith demons. He has a very vivid imagination. Should we punish him for right-brained thinking?

FATHER

Or when he set up that lemonade stand that was just an elaborate pyramid scheme.

MOTHER

That was a social commentary on how the increase of big government will lessen the middle class and bring an end to the entrepreneurial spirit that is the backbone of America. You know, his business acumen is through the roof. He might be a genius.

FATHER

So I'm just writing, "an issue that needs solving."

MOTHER

That's fine. We can explain it in person. Our verbal skills, because of our trans-handedness are always so persuasive.

FATHER

All right. Let's start with the teacher. After all, most

problems in life can be traced back to ineffective teaching modals.

MOTHER

Did he lock his bedroom door?

FATHER

He did.

MOTHER

Do you want to go stand at it and tell him why he's smarter and better than everyone else for a little while.

FATHER

I think it's your turn, onion dip.

MOTHER

Okay, then I need you to start making his favorite dinner, and think of ways to boost his self-esteem. Maybe a game of connect four that we let him win.

FATHER

Great idea!

MOTHER

We're such good parents. Oh, did you fire the gardener today?

FATHER

I did.

MOTHER

Thank you. I just couldn't look at his face anymore. Can you imagine the nerve of that man calling me sweetheart!

FATHER

Oh, I also called ICE.

MOTHER

Good! And that's not racist. We don't even know what race he was.

FATHER

No, ICE the shaved ice parlor that our son loves. I made a reservation for dessert tonight.

MOTHER

That's good too.

FATHER

We're good people. But I did write a scathing review, vis a vis the gardener, on his landscape agency's website. And I've posted that all our friends refuse to give them their business. They will be hurt by it. I'll contact another agency first thing Monday morning and get another gardener.

MOTHER

I love us.

FATHER

Me too.

MOTHER

Which is why it's so unfair we have to deal with what the world is doing to our son.

FATHER

But we'll get to the bottom of it.

MOTHER

You bet your ass we will. And whomever is responsible for our son's deplorable behavior will have hell to pay! Make no mistake. They will pay.

They high-five.

SCENE 2

The Teacher. Mrs. Teeger (pronounced Tee-Jer). They are in a classroom.

MOTHER

My son is not responsible for any of this!

FATHER

I concur!

MOTHER

And how dare you! Is this what they teach you in...teacher school? My son, like myself, is very right-brained. So you can't just teach him like you would an "average" student.

TEEGER

Right brained? Oh, are you left handed?

MOTHER

I write with my right hand, but I identify as left handed, yes.

TEEGER

Right. Well, thank you for coming. I'm Sun Teeger, your son's teacher.

MOTHER

Yeah, we met at open house last fall.

FATHER

Thank you for meeting with us. My wife is under a lot of stress and-

MOTHER

Don't you dare mansplain for me.

FATHER

I apologize.

TEEGER

Thank you for coming on such short notice. We had a day today! Oh boy, did we ever.

MOTHER

So did we! We're both completely stressed by this situation. It's dangerous. I've been forced to take a triple dose of my anti-anxiety meds, a double dose of my St. John's Wort, and I'm drunk right now!

TEEGER

I get it. I spent the afternoon burning Sage in the classroom. Sage is the most sarcastic of all my students. I have to insult her just to get her to do anything.

FATHER

What's going to happen to our son?

TEEGER

Let me frank, I don't want to add to your stress in any way.

FATHER

Good, so we're all agreed to drop this?

TEEGER

Having said that, Mr. and Mrs. Prodigal, your son is hereby expelled.

Beat. Mother and Father are stunned.

MOTHER

That's funny, I could swear I just heard you say that our son, that our perfect, brilliant, creative son, who makes every classroom better with just his presence, is being expelled.

TEEGER

You did. That is one hundred percent what I just said.

FATHER

Is this a joke?

TEEGER

I mean, it's always a little funny when a child's future is crushed by our broken education system, but no. There will be a hearing and hopefully he won't be back here.

Another beat.

FATHER

I demand to speak to the principle.

TEEGER

Oh, I'm afraid that's not possible. You and your wife are white, and that's a trigger for him.

FATHER

I'm sorry, it's a trigger?

TEEGER

Yes. He was forced to live in Denver for six years, so you can imagine his level of PTSD.

He can't even.

Anyway, the expulsion hearing is set for thirty days from now. Here is the form that says everything you need to know in very small print.

Teeger hands them a stack of about a hundred pages. They confusingly thumb through it as the conversation continues.

MOTHER

How do we appeal this expulsion?

TEEGER

I really don't care.

FATHER

This is unacceptable.

TEEGER

I'm sure it is.

Beat. Teeger is smiling.

MOTHER

You don't go out of your way to make people feel comfortable, do you?

TEEGER

I really don't. I love uncomfortable situations. It's why I became a teacher. Telling people they're doing something wrong fuels my reason for living. But also actually scratches an itch in my brain. Like for real. It's a disorder. It's named after me. Now, I really don't want you to be in here any longer. Which means I hope you never leave.

FATHER

This is ridiculous! How do I speak to someone about this hearing?

TEEGER

You have to fill out a form for that.

FATHER

That's not good enough.

TEEGER

We have a form to voice your complaints about the other forms as well.

FATHER

Is there anyone above you that we can speak with?

TEEGER

No, that's just the roof.

They look at her confused. She laughs.

TEEGER

I'm joking! Of course. We normally have a mediator, but he's on leave for allegedly exposing himself to a urinal in the boy's room.

Beat. She leans in as if she's telling them a secret.

TEEGER

Also, last month he was caught watching something very offensive in his office.

FATHER

Porn?

TEEGER

An episode of *Entourage*.

Mother gasps.

TEEGER

I know.

MOTHER

On school property?

TEEGER

You think you know a person.

MOTHER

So our only recourse is...what exactly?

TEEGER

I don't know. But I'd start by getting him a therapist.

MOTHER

/Excuse me?

FATHER

He has two!

MOTHER

Are you suggesting our son is flawed?

TEEGER

Mr. and Mrs. Prodigal-

MOTHER

Ms.!

TEEGER

I beg your pardon. Ms. and Mrs. Prodigal, your son is, how can I put this delicately, completely evil.

Both of their mouths hang wide open.

MOTHER

That was the delicate way of putting it?

TEEGER

At the hearing we will be presenting all of the evidence proving he is unfit to attend The Sunnybrook Gender-Neutral, non-binary Academy for the exceptionally, but graciously over-privileged.

FATHER

And we just have to sit there and let you trash talk our son?

TEEGER

You can bring character witnesses to speak on behalf of your son. So long as nothing they say triggers any of the other students or parents. It's all there in the fine print.

MOTHER

Is there no one at this school that feels our son is the asset that he actually is? Or is this yet another example of mob mentality and group bullying? Because I tell you what, I will not sit back and let you bully my son out of the education that he is entitled to! We are talking about his basic human rights! And I will start a campaign to boycott this entire school if I have to.

FATHER

Darling-

Mother scoffs loudly at this.

FATHER

I mean, kidney bean, I think we should go. We don't want to give her anymore ammunition.

TEEGER

Oh, you can't say ammunition in a school. I have to file a report against you. We have a zero-tolerance policy when it comes to weapons of any kind, even oral references.

MOTHER

But you said trigger!

TEEGER

And if that was a trigger for you, I can file a report against myself as well.

FATHER

Can we please just go?

MOTHER

You haven't heard the last of us!

TEEGER

I hope not.

MOTHER

Jesus, let's go!

They both stand up to leave.

TEEGER

You know what I find most telling about this whole situation?

MOTHER

Please tell us!

TEEGER

You haven't even asked what he did.

Beat.

FATHER

Someone from the school called and told us.

TEEGER

I called you. That was me. And all I said was he caused a very big disruption in class. I never said what he actually did.

FATHER

Well, I guess you could-

MOTHER

Don't fall for it. She's entrapping us!

FATHER

Into what?

MOTHER

I don't know. My mind doesn't work that way. You'd have to ask someone as backhanded and awful as her.

TEEGER

She.

MOTHER

Who corrects someone's grammar at a time /like this?

FATHER

What did he do?

MOTHER

What? No! We're done. Don't talk to her. Don't answer her. Don't even look at her.

Mother goes to leave. Father lingers.

FATHER

Are you going to tell me, or not?

TEEGER

Maybe you should read it in the report. I'd love to tell you, but I also love the fact that I can dangle it in front of you and not tell you.

FATHER

You're crazy.

TEEGER

It's a disorder. And your mental-shaming is another offense I will be documenting.

FATHER

Are you fucking kidding me-

MOTHER

/What is wrong with you?

TEEGER

Ooh, another one. I love doing excessive paperwork!

MOTHER

We're done!

Mother grabs father by the arm and starts leading him out.

FATHER

Fine. Thank you.

TEEGER

Oh, there is just one more thing.

MOTHER

/She's never going to let us leave.

FATHER

Dear god, what!?

TEEGER

Do you either of you know who Sprinkles is?

Beat.

FATHER

Sprinkles?

TEEGER

Sprinkles.

FATHER

We've never heard of anyone named Sprinkles.

Beat.

TEEGER

Okay then. You sure?

MOTHER

My husband isn't a liar, Ms. Teeger.

TEEGER

Mrs.

MOTHER

I didn't realize you were married.

TEEGER

I'm not, I just like correcting people.

Beat.

MOTHER

Are we done?

TEEGER

I'll see you at the hearing.

MOTHER

Let's go.

Mother and Father exit.

Scene 3

The Life Coach/Spiritualist. At Suzalinda's office. Mother and Father are waiting.

MOTHER

Why did you say we didn't know Sprinkles?

FATHER

You want me to incriminate our son?

MOTHER

Oh, so now it's incriminating to admit that our son has a friend?

FATHER

I panicked! I didn't think he talked to anyone else about Sprinkles.

MOTHER

There is nothing wrong with Sprinkles!

FATHER

Uh—

MOTHER

Don't you "uh" me! It is a normal response to moving to a new school at his age!

FATHER

Are you forgetting what happened last summer? And Sprinkles is the reason we had to move!

MOTHER

How dare you! He was not the reason. He was one of the reasons.

FATHER

Well, I thought we were done with Sprinkles.

MOTHER

Well, we could fill Radio City Music Hall with all the things you've thought.

Beat. They're both confused by this.

FATHER

I just think we need to read that report so we know what we're dealing with.

MOTHER

After Suzalinda! Now calm down. I'm sure his teacher was exaggerating because she has that mental disorder where she compulsively lies or whatever.

FATHER

That's not what she said.

MOTHER

I'm a concerned mother, I can't listen to what other people are saying.

FATHER

What if he did something unthinkable?

MOTHER

Are you questioning him? Are you honestly standing there in your brand new Ferragamo's, you're welcome by the way, questioning the moral character of our perfect son?

FATHER

Of course not! And I love these shoes, thank you!

MOTHER

You totally deserve them!

Beat.

Suzalinda enters.

SUZALINDA

I'm so sorry to keep you waiting. I had a quick change.

MOTHER

Oh, it's fine.

Mother and Suzalinds grab hands and air kiss really far away from each other, both cheeks.

SUZALINDA

Forgive me for not "kissing" the air around your face, Mr. Prodigal, but masculine energy in my space has a tendency to rape the feminine energy.

FATHER

Well, what's your feminine energy wearing?

Beat. They are not amused.

FATHER

Sorry, wrong room.

SUZALINDA

Well, you're white.
It's like, just don't sit too close to me.

Father scooches his chair back a few inches.

MOTHER

Thank you for seeing us on such short notice.

SUZALINDA

I pooped on a lotus leaf this morning, and I was like...beauty.

Beat.

MOTHER

Oh. Wonderful.

Suzalinda sits cross-legged on the floor quite a good distance from them.

SUZALINDA

It's always like a planetary block. Whatevs.

MOTHER

I'm sorry, what is?

SUZALINDA

The reason you're not making tons of money. When you ignore the planets, it causes spiritual distention. You are cosmically constipated.

MOTHER

Right. But we're here about our son. We emailed you and told you that he's been expelled from school.

SUZALINDA

Your souls can't poop.

Beat.

FATHER

Is that something we can fix?

SUZALINDA

Why does male privilege always have to have a voice in the room?

FATHER

Sorry.

SUZALINDA

Could you like not talk if I challenged you or whatevs?

FATHER

Sure.

SUZALINDA

Apparently not.

FATHER

Were you challenging me?

SUZALINDA

I did not give consent!

FATHER

I'm confused-

MOTHER

Stop talking!

Beat.

SUZALINDA

Have I ever told you about the Garo tribe of North-East India?

MOTHER

I don't think so.

Suzalinda stares at Father

SUZALINDA

What a surprise the man in the room thinks he's too good to answer the lowly woman.

Father nods and shrugs.

SUZALINDA

The Garo are a matriarchal tribe. Which means the women rule. Which like totally gives me life, I'm a Scorpio, but I lean toward Capricorn because I'm a vegan. Obvs. But also because I'm super feminist. I think women should count as two votes in every election until we're paid back for all the elections we couldn't vote in. Spiritual reparations are also not off the table. But that's another story. So, anyway, in this very female forward tribe, women inherit land from their mother's and it's the women who get to choose their husbands. Which is a bit too prehistoric for me, like all marriage should be rejected for its awfulness, just like all meat, big oil, and Mark Wahlberg, but whatevs. Even though I'm totes against it, their ritual of husband-choosing is like amazing. So, when a girl chooses a man to marry, she proposes to him, and it is customary of him to refuse her proposal. And then he runs away, and then the girl's family has to like track him down. So they go out and pursue him and then like kidnap him, and force him back to the girl where she will propose again. This time, he can say yes or no, and depending on the answer, like he can say no again, and if he does, then the ritual will happen all over again. He runs. They kidnap him yadda, yadda, etcetera, and so on. This happens until the boy is beaten down and like literally gives up, or the girl rejects him at which point he's discarded back to his family as an unmarriable failure. I have twice petitioned congress to consider adopting Garo marriage practices, but...I am always greeted with the same responses: "This is un-American." Or

"You're name is on a list", and "Stop sending us scrolls etched in human excrement."
Land of the free, indeed.

MOTHER

Okay, so about our son.

SUZALINDA

Fuck the patriarchal world. Does he have a mantra?

MOTHER

No, he does. He's been repeating it since he was two.

SUZALINDA

Without a mantra, a human being watches Fox News. Remember that.

MOTHER

And we would never allow that.

SUZALINDA

No. Did you know that in America, today, ink is being illegally sourced through underground squid farms? They're harvested in pitch-dark cages and squished to death so we can squeeze out their ink sacks. So no, I don't write letters in ink. I don't use what comes out of the body of a poor, defenseless mollusk. I use whatever comes out of my body.

Beat.

MOTHER

As well you should.

SUZALINDA

Oh, I'm sorry. You'll have to forgive me, my chi is all over the map today.

Chi is the name of the goldfish my last patient threw against that map. It just exploded.

Great arm on that kid, but he'll never go pro. He was touched funny by a clown.

So many issues.

MOTHER

Should we come back another time?

SUZALINDA

Why isn't your son here?

MOTHER

We can't get him to come out of his room.

SUZALINDA

And you shouldn't force him.

MOTHER

No, children are fragile.

SUZALINDA

And you don't want to bully them.

MOTHER

Never.

SUZALINDA

They need room to feel special.

MOTHER

So special.

SUZALINDA

Because it doesn't matter what anyone else thinks. All children have the right to do whatever makes them feel special. All children are basically orchids, they won't grow.

Beat.

MOTHER

I'm worried it's that teacher of his. She hasn't created a nurturing and loving environment for him to blossom.

SUZALINDA

He's probably refusing to conform to her heteronormative, left-brained patriarchal pedagogy. I certainly hope you are trying your best to make him gay. It's not just genetic, you know. Environment plays a big part.

MOTHER

Oh, we are. He's already a fan of Bette Midler.

SUZALINDA

Good. Good.

Since he's locked himself in his room, and you have no right to ask him to leave. I guess, I'll make a house visit as soon as I can.

MOTHER

Would you? That would be amazing!

SUZALINDA

Yeah, totally. It's like five times the cost, but you have to pay it, or you're bad parents. Now, if you'll excuse me, I was right in the middle of recalling the past life where I shot the archduke Ferdinand, and I'm really close to solving world hunger. So...

MOTHER

Of course, we'll go.

SUZALINDA

You know, as a man you should be aware, it's super disrespectful to just sit and stare at women when they're talking. It's creepy.

MOTHER

Would you be able to come by this weekend?

SUZALINDA

I'll see you tomorrow. Just leave your address with the 8 ball I use instead of a receptionist at the front desk, which is not a desk but a repurposed Homer bucket from a Home Depot I once went to in Albuquerque. Very spiritual place- Home Depot.

She starts chanting as they exit.

FATHER

Maybe we /should talk about-

MOTHER

Don't let her hear you. Keep walking!

SCENE 4

The First Therapist. At their home, Mother and Father are waiting. Mother pours a drink.

FATHER

You're drinking?

MOTHER

Where are Gloria, Steinem and Miz?

FATHER

They're at that Spa in the desert. Remember?

MOTHER

They're my emotional needs pets! I emotionally need them! Send an animal Uber, and bring them back!

FATHER

Sure. So who is this therapist?

MOTHER

She's school appointed. We have to speak to her. And so does he. But I'm not letting her in his room.

FATHER

I think it's time we make him come out of there.

MOTHER

Are you saying—

FATHER

Oh no. No, I'm not suggesting we parent. I'm saying—

MOTHER

This cucumber infused, partially fermented Kombucha tastes like floor cleaner! Am I to suffer at everything today!?

She dumps it out. She's angry.

MOTHER

Why is my life so hard right now?!

FATHER

Maybe we should meditate on that Chinese rope.

MOTHER

Those are mala beads from a devastated monastery in prewar Tibet! Not a Chinese rope! Stop being so white! What is wrong with you?

FATHER

I can't keep up anymore.

MOTHER

That's just your maleness talking. Try!

There's a knock at the door.

FATHER

Okay you get the door, and I'll go tell him he needs to come out of his room.

MOTHER

Don't trigger him.

FATHER

I won't.

MOTHER

And don't make him feel inferior. And don't use any gender stereotypes.

FATHER

I got this.

MOTHER

Fine. Hurry.

*They both exit in opposite directions.
After a moment, Mother and the
Therapist, Windy, enter.*

MOTHER

Thank you for meeting us here, Wendy.

WINDY

It's Windy.

MOTHER

I'm sorry?

WINDY

My name. It's Windy.

MOTHER

What did I say?

WINDY

You said Wendy. I'm upset.
If there's one thing I never do it's generalize, but Wendy is a
whore's name.

MOTHER

Okay. Windy it is. Like the City of Chicago.

WINDY

Are you making fun of my name?

MOTHER

No more than you were making fun of my mother.

WINDY

Do you often draw insane conclusions?

MOTHER

Her name is Wendy.

Beat.

MOTHER

Shall we start over?

WINDY

No, I'm not going back outside.

MOTHER

Yeah, that's not what I meant.

WINDY

Do you often sublimate your meanings?

MOTHER

I don't.

WINDY

So, you're just trying to make me uncomfortable?

MOTHER

I have a sneaking suspicion no one has to try real hard to do that.

WINDY

Sarcasm.

MOTHER

Derision.

WINDY

Do you always work this hard to be off-putting?

MOTHER
Only on the Sabbath.

WINDY
You're Jewish?

MOTHER
It was a joke.

WINDY
You're not supposed to work on the Sabbath.

MOTHER
It's Friday.

WINDY
What does that mean?

MOTHER
It's not the Sabbath.

WINDY
But, I'm Jewish.

MOTHER
So, it is the Sabbath?

WINDY
You're offensive.

MOTHER
Good thing you're not here to evaluate me.

WINDY
Aren't you going to ask me to sit down?

MOTHER
Please. Have a seat.

WINDY
No, thank you.

MOTHER
Please stand for the entire interview.

WINDY

It's not an interview. It's an assessment. And I'll sit when I'm alone with your son.

MOTHER

You can't be alone with my son.

WINDY

Why not?

MOTHER

You're a woman.

WINDY

What does that mean?

MOTHER

As an adult, you shouldn't be alone with children.

WINDY

That rule only applies to Cis-gendered, heterosexual white men.

MOTHER

That's...sexist.

WINDY

To Whom. I'm a man.

Beat.

MOTHER

I...what?

WINDY

I'm a man.

MOTHER

You're, but, you're name is Windy.

WINDY

In your experience, Windy is a woman's name?

MOTHER

Touchè.

Beat.

WINDY

While I wait, I'll take some raw green tea, please.

MOTHER

Yeah, I don't know what that is.

WINDY

Don't tell me you still drink commercialized tea? Why not just brush your teeth with corn syrup?

MOTHER

Is that a fair equivalency?

WINDY

Do you have magnesium water?

MOTHER

I don't...think so.

WINDY

Fine. Nothing for me, then.

Father enters.

FATHER

He'll be right out.

WINDY

Good. I hate waiting. It's rude. And it implies that my time is less valuable than his.

FATHER

Well, you were five minutes early.

WINDY

I'm numerically dyslexic! I'm sorry I couldn't tell the time!

FATHER

Okay.

Father goes to Mother and whispers.

FATHER

What the-

MOTHER

He's a fucking nightmare.

Father mouths "he". Mother shrugs it off. The Prodigal Son enters. He is 35, sucking his thumb and wearing a onesie.

MOTHER

There he is! Our pride and joy.

WINDY

This is your son?

MOTHER

Yes.

WINDY

This?

MOTHER

Yeah. What's the problem?

WINDY

He's sucking his thumb.

Windy writes this down.

MOTHER

Yes, He sucks his thumb because when he was in-utero his twin got lodged in his mouth and so it's comforting to him when he's under a lot of stress. Sort of like a sensory recall. Like how we curl up in the fetal position when we want to feel comforted.

WINDY

I write in a journal when I want to feel comforted. Also, I have brittle spine syndrome, brought on by an acute courage deficiency. So, not all of us are lucky enough to resort to such comforts.

MOTHER

His pediatrician said it's totally normal and we shouldn't do anything to stop him.

WINDY

So, he has a twin?

MOTHER

No, he ate most of him. I did deliver a small foot-

FATHER

Won't you please have a seat. He's uncomfortable with people in positions of authority.

Son sits and stares ominously at Windy, who sits across from him.

WINDY

Hello, young man.

Son stops sucking his thumb and stares.

WINDY

I'd like to talk to you about what happened at school.

SON

When did you lose all that weight?

Beat

WINDY

I beg your pardon.

SON

You used to be really fat. And your hair was the color of dirty. Like the water in the tub after scrubby-scrubs.

WINDY

How did he-

MOTHER

That would be Sprinkles.

WINDY

I'm sorry.

MOTHER

Sprinkles. His friend.

WINDY

You have a friend named Sprinkles?

SON

He's a unicorn.

WINDY

Oh.

SON

He's not like other unicorns. Mostly because he's real. But also, he's not happy. And he gives me a special vision called whatever-the-opposite-of-rainbow-is vision.

FATHER

Monochrome vision.

SON

Yeah, that.

WINDY

And what does this, opposite of rainbow vision do?

SON

It makes it so I can see who you were from the day you were born all the way to today. All at once. Like there's a trail of you behind you. All in a line. You were fat and poor. And you changed your hair a lot.

Windy is a bit concerned. He's right about her weight loss and hair, and she doesn't know how.

WINDY

Well, that's a pretty remarkable gift.

SON

Sprinkles calls it a curse. He says his head is heavier when he wears a crown.

WINDY

Is Sprinkles here right now?

Son chuckles

SON

No, he doesn't like people.

WINDY

Why not?

SON

Because you don't believe in him.

WINDY

Where is he right now?

SON

Somewhere in the sky, flying. Probably peeing on someone. Have you ever felt drops of rain, but when you looked up there were no clouds?

WINDY

I guess so.

Son is nodding and smiling.

WINDY

Okay, let's talk about what happened at school. Did Sprinkles tell you to do what you did?

SON

No, my teacher did.

WINDY

Your teacher told you to do it?

SON

It was an assignment.

WINDY

I see.

MOTHER

Wait a minute. It was? Why didn't you tell us that sooner?

SON

You didn't ask.

MOTHER

Mommy's not mad.

SON

Could you not interrupt then?
Fuck.

MOTHER

I'm sorry, sweetie.

Beat. Windy is shocked by that interaction.

WINDY

When you say it was an assignment-

SON

Did you lose that baby?

WINDY

I beg your pardon?

SON

You were pregnant once. But you don't have any kids.

WINDY

Okay, that's very inappropriate /of you to ask!

FATHER

Please don't speak to my /son in that tone.

MOTHER

He is triggered by authoritative tones!

Beat.

WINDY

Okay. Do you know what you did was wrong?

SON

Your boobs are bigger though.

WINDY

That's not okay to say.

MOTHER

You do not correct him!

SON

Sprinkles said I shouldn't let you leave. You're going to go spread lies about me. He said your pants are on fire.

WINDY

Is that a threat?

SON

Snickers get stickers!

FATHER

I think he means stitches.

MOTHER

Why would you say that?

FATHER

It wasn't clear.

Windy stands up.

WINDY

Okay! Mr. and Mrs. Prodigal, I'd like to speak with you both. Alone.

SON

You want me to leave?

WINDY

Yes.

SON

But I just got here. And this is about me. You can't talk about me when I'm not here. That's rude. Do you want us to think you have no god damned manners?

WINDY

Mr. and Mrs. Prodigal!

Beat.

FATHER

If he doesn't want to leave, we can't make him.

WINDY

Very well. Then I'll leave. You may make an appointment to meet with me in my office, and I will make arrangements for a third party to be present.

FATHER

A third party? When was the first and second? Now, hold on a second! Our son is a good boy. He's got a vivid imagination and I'm sorry we don't live in a world where we cultivate that.

WINDY

Mr. Prodigal, your son is insane.

FATHER

You /can't say that!

MOTHER

That is so unprofessional.

WINDY

It's the truth.

FATHER

I can't believe you can just /make a statement like that.

MOTHER

We're filing a complaint against you.

WINDY

Do you even know what your son did? Hmm? Have you read the report from his teacher?

MOTHER

His teacher? That woman has a disorder, she told us herself. She made up the disorder so she could get attention!

FATHER

No, that's not-

WINDY

Read the report.
Then make an appointment.
Good day.

Windy goes to leave.

SON

He's going to find you.

Windy turns around.

WINDY

What was that?

SON

Sprinkles. He knows where you live. You live at the end of a street that's a circle, with no way out.

FATHER

A cul-de-sac?

WINDY

How do you know where I live?

SON

Sprinkles. He might be there right now. Just waiting on your cold sack.

Beat.

WINDY

Young man, if you're threatening me, I promise you-

SON

I'm trying to warn you.
Sprinkles protects me.
He's not gonna like how you talked about me today. That's all.

Windy nods.

WINDY

You're going to be put away for a long time. You sick, sick young man. I promise you that.

Windy exits quickly.

FATHER

Another waste of time!

MOTHER

Maybe we should read the report.

FATHER

Son. I want you to tell us what you did.

MOTHER

Don't provoke him.

FATHER

Please. Will you please tell us what happened? I mean if you're able to relive it. I'll lie on the ground, so you can feel dominant over me.

MOTHER

Well don't emasculate yourself in front of him either.

FATHER

I don't know what to do here!

SON

It was an assignment.

MOTHER

What was, baby?

SON

I just did my assignment. I don't understand why everyone is getting all worked up because I did what I was told to do.

FATHER

All right, buddy. Why did you tell the nice therapist lady snitches get snickers or whatever?

MOTHER

Don't ask him leading questions.

SON

I just said that what Sprinkles said.

MOTHER

And could you not place positive judgments on her character, please? Nice? Lady? Ugh!

FATHER

Son. Did you, did you hurt someone?

SON

I did an assignment! I did an assignment! I hate you! I hate you! I want artisanal shaved ice! I want it now!

Son jumps to his feet and stomps.

FATHER

Okay.

MOMMY

Daddy's sorry. Oh, honey, daddy is so sorry. Go get the weighted blanket!

FATHER

I'll be right back!

Father rushes off. Son is immediately calm now. Beat.

MOTHER

What was the assignment?

SON

I want nacky-nacks!

MOTHER

Okay, boogie boo, I'll give you nacky-nacks, if you just tell me what your assignment was.

SON

No. Nacky-nacks first!

MOTHER

Okay.

Mother goes to leave.

SON

Sprinkles says the dark days are coming. And there's nothing we can do to stop it.

MOTHER

What does that mean?

Son glares at mother.

SON

Nacky! Nacks!

Mother nods and leaves. Son looks to where Sprinkles is now standing.

SON

Are we going after her tonight?

Yes.

I am ready.

Well then let's do it now.

I will.

I do.

It was.

Ha-ha! You're funny, Sprinkles.

Yes.

I do.

I really do.

Time to end the world now.

Son laughs. Lightning strikes.

Scene 5

Mother and Father are at a student's home, the student's parents Jalice and Viczavier are sitting on a sofa, and they are mortified. Mother and Father are sitting in chairs across from them.

MOTHER

I'm sorry, what were your names again?

VICZAVIER

My name is Viczavier.

MOTHER

Right.

VICZAVIER

And my wife is Jalice.

MOTHER

That's...unusual.

JALICE

We took each other's parent's names.

MOTHER

Oh? And your mom's name was Jalice?

VICZAVIER

No, my mother's name was Alice. My father was Jake. Jalice.

MOTHER

Oh.

FATHER

Why /would you change your names?

MOTHER

I think we should talk about what happened between our children in class yesterday.

JALICE

Between? Unh-uh! Our Veretzica is a good girl!

MOTHER

Oh, another name.

So beautiful.

JALICE

Your son is a monster!

FATHER

Okay, maybe we should just take a step back here for a minute.

VICZAVIER

Don't raise your voice to my wife.

MOTHER

Don't tell my husband what to do.

JALICE

That's very triggering when you point your finger at him like that.

MOTHER

Your passive-aggressive micro-managing is very triggering to me!

FATHER

Oh dear god, can't /we please-

MOTHER

/I have told you about that!

JALICE

We are atheists in this house!

VICZAVIER

So offensive!

FATHER

We're never going to get anywhere if we don't allow each other to speak! Can we please just talk?

Beat.

JALICE

What are you doing about your son?

FATHER

Doing about?

JALICE

Yes, is he going away? Are you going to take him out of society and save the rest of our children from his vortex of evil?

VICZAVIER

I say institutionalize him! Then he's the state's problem.

MOTHER

How dare you! This is our child we're talking about.

JALICE

Your child is evil!

FATHER

All right, let's calm down. We're throwing these awfully dangerous words around like they were bean bags at a state fair.

VICZAVIER

That's a terrible analogy.

FATHER

I know!

MOTHER

He can't make analogies. He has a disorder. It's medically documented in the DSM under miscellaneous and ridiculous.

JALICE

Is he going to apologize!

MOTHER

For a disorder? You cold-hearted-

JALICE

Your son! Does he plan to apologize? Is he sorry? Does he even know that what he did is evil and wrong?

MOTHER

Stop saying evil!

VICZAVIER

Stop yelling at my wife!

JALICE

Stop defending me like I'm helpless!

FATHER

I want to kill myself!

JALICE

/Oh my god!

MOTHER

/You can't say that!

VICZAVIER

My uncle knew a guy who committed suicide, I met him once! You trigger me, sir!
Trigger!

JALICE

Okay, sugar, it's okay. Calm down.
Breathe.
Breathe.

They breathe face-to-face.

VICZAVIER

I love you.

JALICE

I love you.

*Beat. They hold hands, close their eyes
and chant once. Then back to normal*

VICZAVIER

I forgive you.

MOTHER

Well, I think we've said everything we need to.

Mother stands.

FATHER

We haven't said anything!

JALICE

I want a written apology. To my daughter. Read at an assembly in front of the entire school! Or I'm calling child protective services and you will lose your demon seed!

MOTHER

You know what-

FATHER

I have an idea!

VICZAVIER

Do you always speak over women when they're talking?

FATHER

Why don't we figure out a way that we can solve this in a reasonable, rational manner without hurling insults at one another and our children.

JALICE

What, because you're a man you just delegate yourself into the voice of reason? Fuck you!

FATHER

Fuck you too!

VICZAVIER

All right, that's it! You do not insult my wife in our home! I am a pacifist, so we'll settle this like civilized men. Do you own a business I can thrash on Yelp? I'll give you a rating so low, you'll need a shovel to find it!

FATHER

I got your shovel right here!

MOTHER

All right, hold it! This is insane! He's a child!

VICAZAVIER

No he's not, he's a grown ass man!

MOTHER

Our son! He's a child and he caused a disturbance in class. Is your daughter honestly that sensitive that she's scarred for life by a class disturbance?

Beat.

JALICE

Our daughter is special.

MOTHER

So, what, she's handicapped?

The other three gasp.

FATHER

Even I know that's wrong.

MOTHER

She said it!

JALICE

Every child in that school is special!

MOTHER

You know every child in the school? And I sincerely doubt that your daughter has more claim to the special card than our son!

VICZAVIER

Oh really? She's an African-American, Jewish Lesbian, who identifies as partially on the spectrum, mostly because she doesn't understand what the spectrum is, but who are we to tell her she's not!?

MOTHER

So what? That's nothing. Everyone today is like an environmentally friendly, green, organic box of Indonesian pot stickers! They need nine labels to make any sense!

FATHER

Our son didn't do anything to warrant this kind of hostile and frankly insane reaction.

JALICE

Your son re-enacted a concentration camp. He made our daughter strip naked so he could beat her to death with a yard stick, in order to "cleanse" the school of her dirty blood.

Beat.

MOTHER

Um. Well. That.
Yeah, that's...
What?

FATHER

We don't have to sit here and listen to this!

MOTHER

That's right! The only eyewitnesses to any of that, are handicapped children and a teacher with a severe head injury!

FATHER

None of that's right.

MOTHER

Our word against hers. Let's go.

JALICE

This isn't over. We are taking this to the highest court.

MOTHER

They'd have to be high to take you seriously!

VICZAVIER

Don't make fun of drug use. It's an epidemic in this country.

MOTHER

I wasn't. I was making fun of your dumb wife!

Mother and Father start to leave.

JALICE

They're going to take him away from you.

Mother and Father stop walking and turn back to them. Mother walks up to her.

MOTHER

Are you threatening me?

Beat.

JALICE

No. I'm promising you.

MOTHER

It's on.

JALICE

Oh yeah, it is. It's on like a kidnapping gorilla throwing barrels at an Italian plumber.

Neither of them know what to say to this.

VICZAVIER

Good one, honey.

JALICE

/Don't call me gendered pet names!

MOTHER

Your husband infantilizes you!

FATHER

Can we go?!

MOTHER

This is not over.

Mother and Father exit.

Scene 6

The Other Therapist

Son is sitting on the floor of Dr. Hack's office. Mother and Father are on the sofa nearby.

FATHER

Why isn't he here?

MOTHER

I don't know. The review on Yelp said he's the best therapist to take to court to get your child out of the trouble that could have been clearly avoided if you'd just used actual parenting. So we need to impress him. Also, he's the only one in town that would even agree to see us.

FATHER

So, it's him or no one?

MOTHER

Apparently.

FATHER

I'm sure that's not a bad sign.

MOTHER

This is crazy. I'm not going to wait all day.

Mother sits on the floor with Son.

MOTHER

Sweetie, will you tell mommy why you wanted to re-create a concentration camp in class? I'm not mad. No one is mad.

SON

I already told you. That was the assignment.

MOTHER

Your teacher is dangerous, isn't she?

SON

No, she's mostly just stupid.

MOTHER

And she assigned the class to re-enact concentration camps?

SON

Basically.

Beat.

FATHER

Well then, this is all her fault!

MOTHER

That awful bitch! How dare she set you up like that.

FATHER

You shouldn't call other women bitches, honey.

MOTHER

You should couldn't women honey, dick face.

FATHER

I'm sorry, but not in front of-

SON

Oh please, I've heard way worse, dad. I'm not a baby.

MOTHER

That's right. Of course you're not, sweetie. You're mama's big, strong boy.

SON

I want sippie-sips!

MOTHER

Did you bring his juice?

FATHER

I didn't know I was supposed to.

MOTHER

You are always supposed to!

SON

Sippie-Sips!

Dr. Hack enters.

HACK

Hello, Mr. and Mrs. Prodigal, I'm Dr. Hack.

Mother stands and shakes his hand.

MOTHER

Hello. It's so nice to meet you.

Father stands and shakes his hand as well.

HACK

How do you do?

FATHER

A pleasure.

HACK

And this must be your boy.

SON

You got sippie-sips?

HACK

Uh-

MOTHER

We'll get one as soon as we leave.

HACK

It's nice to meet you all.

Son shrugs and lies on the ground.

HACK

Please have a seat.

*Hack motions for them to sit, they do.
Then he sits across from them.*

HACK

I think it would be best for all three of us to talk for a few minutes and then, with your permission, of course, I'd like to talk to your son alone.

FATHER

Sure. That's great.

MOTHER

Yes, I have a list of his trigger words here in my purse that I'll leave you with. Also, direct eye contact isn't a good idea unless he has the higher ground.

HACK

Perfect. But before we do that, I have to ask you, how long have you been married?

MOTHER

Just over ten years.

HACK

Nice. Nice. And how often would you say is normal to have sex around year five?

Beat.

FATHER

Um, well-

HACK

I'm asking for a friend.

MOTHER

I don't, I'm not sure I remember.

FATHER

Yeah, I don't...I don't know.

HACK

Okay. Well, worth a shot. So, let's dive right in. Was my handshake too effeminate?

Beat.

FATHER

Not that I noticed.

HACK

I've been working on it. I was repeatedly mocked for my "soft" handshake at the annual standard world greeting symposium in Hezbollah last year.

MOTHER

Well that's not a place, that's a...you know what, it doesn't matter.

HACK

Anyway, I've been trying to tighten my grip.

FATHER

It was plenty tight.

HACK

That's what he said.

Beat.

HACK

So, let's get down to the reason you came here. Was it my website or the bus bench ad with the quote from Green Peace on it?

FATHER

I'm sorry, but are we going to talk about our son?

HACK

Of course.
Everything's about your son.

FATHER

I'm sorry, what was that?

HACK

I said let's talk about your son. Is he planning on coming in today?

FATHER

He's right here.

HACK

Oh, so he is. Does he often sneak up on people like that?

MOTHER

I'm sorry, do you have any credentials?

HACK

Of course.

MOTHER

Well, it's just, you seem very inept.

HACK

Thank you. I've been on the Keto diet. The weight is just melting off.

Mother gets up and looks at the walls.

MOTHER

No, I mean where did you get your degree? Oh! *(She sees his diploma)*

Oh, Yale! That's impre-. *(She reads closer)*

Wait, what's Yale South?

HACK

That's a misprint. It's supposed to say just say South.

Mother and Father share a look.

FATHER

And he's the only one, remember.

HACK

So, this is your son? He seems just fine to me.

MOTHER

He's not like other children. He has a very vivid imagination and needs special attention.

HACK

Right. And according to the school's report, he...

Hack reads the report.

HACK

Oh right, he's the fourth grade Hitler kid.

MOTHER

/Excuse me.

FATHER

The what now?

HACK

The story's been on the news for two days now.

MOTHER

What?!

Mother takes out her phone to Google it.

HACK

How did you miss that? They've given him the nickname Fourth Grade Hitler. It's catchy. Not in a good way. It's catchy like syphilis.

FATHER

We don't watch the news in our house. It's unbalanced, bloated and offensive.

HACK

Like Roseanne Barr.

MOTHER

Son of a bitch!

FATHER

Oh, you can say that? If I said that, she'd literally jump down my throat!

HACK

I'd enjoy seeing that.

MOTHER

Look at this!

Mother hands the phone to Father.

MOTHER

Dr. Hack! This is insane!

HACK

As an expert on that word, I'll allow it.

FATHER

Son of a bitch!

MOTHER

Do you have to use gender bias!?

FATHER

You literally just said the same thing!

MOTHER

I'm not a man!

FATHER

That's a great argument! I'm not a shellfish!

HACK

But do you sometimes think you are?

Beat. They stare at Hack.

SON

When the Pockalypse comes...everyone will be taken to the other side.

Beat.

HACK

I think we should focus on this shellfish problem.

MOTHER

Oh my god, you're useless.

Mother sits next to son on the floor.

MOTHER

What do you mean apocalypse?

HACK

Sprinkles said. He said the end of the world is nigh. Mommy? What does nigh mean?

MOTHER

It means soon, sweetie. What else did he say?

HACK

That's it. The pockalypse is coming. I'm scared.

MOTHER

There's nothing to be scared of. I'll protect you.

HACK

Who is this Sprinkles?

FATHER

That's his imaginary friend. He's a sadistic unicorn with a penchant for bloody violence, apparently in the form of biblical warfare.

HACK

Well, in my experience of unicorns, they all are.

MOTHER

Did Sprinkles make you do this? Did he tell you to strip that girl naked and try to kill her with a yard stick?

HACK

Oh, now we're getting somewhere! I've Googled that exact thing myself.

MOTHER

Doctor! Please! I'm talking to my son.

SON

He told me...

MOTHER

What? You can tell me.

SON

He told me...

Father still on the phone.

FATHER

Oh, fuck me sideways!

MOTHER

Are you kidding me!?

Father hands the phone to mother.

FATHER

Read! Just read!

MOTHER

Oh Jesus. What now?

Mother reads.

SON

He told me about John of Patmos.

FATHER

Who?

SON

He had a vision of the Pockalypse. There's a scroll. A sacred scroll that's kept closed by seven seals.

HACK

Seals. The tricksters of the sea. Oh, they look cuddly, but they'll lure you into the deep only to feast on your flesh.

Mother reads something shocking and gasps.

HACK

I know. The powerful seal lobby has been keeping this secret for too long!

Mother looks at Father who nods.

SON

And the only one worthy of opening the seven seals is the one known as the Lion of Judah.

HACK

Hey, isn't your name Judah?

FATHER

He's named after my father.

HACK

Ironic.

FATHER

I don't think that's how that word works.

SON

And I have found the scroll.

MOTHER

What? Where was it? How?
What did it say?

*Father looks at Mother like she's crazy
to believe any of this.*

SON

I can't say. If you knew the truth, it would make you lose your
mind.

FATHER

And have the seals been open?

SON

They thought they were once. But it was a fluke. A trick the
devil played. The seals protect a scroll that contains
information that only God knows.

MOTHER

Honey...

*Mother moves back to her seat, she
seems afraid of Son now.*

SON

Sprinkles says that I'm the lion. It's in the bible. Daniel
closed and wrapped the scroll in the seven seals and it shall
not be unsealed until the end of times, when many shall run to
and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.

HACK

Is anybody else completely lost here?

FATHER

Son?

SON

The first four seals have already been opened. They released the
four horsemen. Each are on a very specific mission. I can't say
more. But they're out there.

MOTHER

What are we going to do?

HACK

I say we hire a horsemen hunter.

Mother and Father shake their heads at his stupidity.

SON

The fifth seal releases the cries of the martyrs. Those who will cry that the wrath of god is upon us.

FATHER

Son? Where was Sprinkles last night?

SON

The sixth will prompt earthquakes and other cataclysmic events. Floods, hurricanes--

HACK

There was just a devastating earthquake somewhere in Asia, wasn't there?

SON

And the seventh...will cue seven angelic trumpeters who cue the seven bowls-the seven plagues- that will end mankind.

Beat.

MOTHER

Son? Did Sprinkles kill your teacher?

SON

And I saw, behold, a white horse, with a crown and a horn-

HACK

A unicorn! I knew they were real! Take that State Psychology Board!

SON

And he went forth conquering. To conquer! To the end of all humanity!

FATHER

She was murdered last night.

Beat.

HACK

Yeah, Mr. and Mrs. Prodigal, I don't think I can help your son.

Beat. Mother and Father are stunned.

SCENE 7

The Lawyer. Mother and Father are at home waiting.

MOTHER

You know who we should blame?

FATHER

Our parents?

MOTHER

What?

FATHER

This is clearly their fault. We have no idea how to raise a child thanks to their inept parenting styles!

MOTHER

That actually tracks. I think I'm good with that.

A knock at the door.

MOTHER

That's gotta be her. Will you get it?

FATHER

Okay.

Too late. The Lawyer has entered and she is on a mission.

LAWYER

Your door was open and we don't have much time.

MOTHER

Please, won't you come in?

LAWYER

There must be a hundred reporters in your driveway.

FATHER

Yes, ever since the story about our son's behavior in class broke, and that he may be the only suspect in his teacher's grizzly murder, we've been hounded by those bloodsuckers.

LAWYER

Well, if you ask me, freedom of the press is no kind of freedom at all.

MOTHER

Yes...well...it's not that we don't advocate freedom of speech.

FATHER

So long as people don't say anything offensive.

MOTHER

Or sexist. Or homophobic.

FATHER

/Racist!

MOTHER

Racist.

FATHER

People have to respect that other's may be triggered by what they say. It's not okay to trigger someone.
Trigger.

LAWYER

I don't care about any of that. The reason I went to law school, was because I was accepted.

Beat.

MOTHER

That's it?

LAWYER

The reason I practice law is because I passed the bar.

Beat.

FATHER

Yeah, that's, that's how /it usually works.

LAWYER

Now, I work to reinstate prayer in schools, to stop abortion, and keep the gays out of our social institutions. And I gotta say, your son is the perfect candidate to be the face of the new Christian Order.

Beat.

MOTHER

Oh.

FATHER

We don't enforce religion.

MOTHER

In fact, we believe it's exclusionary, misogynistic garbage meant to suppress and contain. We're more of an open-minded, farm-to-table, eco-friendly, politically correct kind of people.

LAWYER

You mean pussies?

FATHER

That is actually an offensive and gendered slur!

LAWYER

Look. I don't care what your beliefs are. Your son is exploding like the Hindenburg, or the Macarena or some other kind of movement.

FATHER

Like a /Bowel movement.

MOTHER

Oat milk.

FATHER

Oat milk! Yeah, that's what I meant.

LAWYER

I took this case because you called me.

Beat.

LAWYER

And, also because I answered your "call."

Beat.

MOTHER

Right.

LAWYER

Just like our holy papa. The papal whole. Daddy big hat, the B
OG. The big hunk of Jesus cheese!

FATHER

/That's not a thing.

MOTHER

That sounds infectious.

LAWYER

And his disciples are already coming out of the woodwork.
Literally, a woman crawled out of a credenza she's lived in for
the last seven years just to praise your son.

MOTHER

She lives in a credenza?

LAWYER

I'm not just a lawyer. I'm also one of the chosen.

FATHER

Yeah, we're probably going to have to find another lawyer. No
offense, but bat shit crazy is just a deal breaker at this
point.

LAWYER

Are you prepared to lose your son?

MOTHER

Don't you even pose that hypothetical! I will have a panic
attack. That's what you're playing with! Ugh! How can so many
people not know how sensitive I am? Would you give me one of my
pills, please?

FATHER

I think it would be best if you just left.

LAWYER

No one else will take this case. It's unwinnable.

MOTHER

Then why are you here?

LAWYER

Because I can win it. I believe that being dramatic has more power than being right! And I have what no other lawyer has.

FATHER

What?/Delusion?

MOTHER

A degree in Theater arts?

Beat.

LAWYER

I have Jesus.

Son has entered.

SON

You died when you were seven years old!

They're all startled by his sudden appearance and gasp.

MOTHER

/Ah!

FATHER

/Shit!

LAWYER

White devil!

Son seems in a trance and walks slowly toward them.

SON

You're dragging a dead seven year old version of yourself on the floor behind you.

LAWYER

What?

SON

Every version of who you've ever been. I can see it. Right behind you. They follow you like shadows. Like a legion. And when you were seven you drowned.

Beat.

LAWYER

How on Earth do you know that?

SON

I just told you. I can see all of the yous that you've ever been.

FATHER

You drowned?

LAWYER

I did. I had a morbidly obese cousin.

Beat.

MOTHER

You really need to learn how to tell stories!

FATHER

Who cares! I don't give a shit that you drowned. All I care about is- wait a minute. You're not dead right now, are you?

MOTHER

Yeah, we're all sharing a psychotic break!

FATHER

That would actually be a comfort.

LAWYER

No, I was revived after almost seventeen minutes. I was on the news.

SON

Sprinkles needs to go. I need to take him to the quarry.

MOTHER

/The where?

FATHER

The what?

LAWYER

Who?

SON

It's time! He says it's time!

MOTHER

Okay, well you're not leaving the house. There are a million reporters waiting to rip you to shreds! And god knows when a social worker is going to come banging on our door and demand that you go live in a cage somewhere!

Mother hyperventilates.

LAWYER

Oh, he won't have to live in a cage, he's not Mexican.

MOTHER

(Hyperventilating)

I. Can't. Take. Anymore.

FATHER

Sweetie, sweetie, you need to make like that Taylor Swift song you like so much.

MOTHER

Shake it off?

FATHER

No, not that one.

MOTHER

Never grow up?

FATHER

No, the other one.

MOTHER

I need to speak now?

FATHER

Okay, how many of her songs do you know?

LAWYER

You need to calm down.

FATHER

Yes, that one. Thank you!

LAWYER

No, I mean you need to calm down, you're making me very nervous. And I assume your son gets his terrible temper and depraved ideas from you?

MOTHER

It's not his fault! It's not his fault! We live in a society that doesn't respect differences. He needs non-traditional education. Non-traditional modes of...whatever the word is.

FATHER

Sit down and breathe, honey.

MOTHER

Will you stop with the fucking outdated pet names! I'm not a housewife from the 1950s, you fuck wit!

SON

But my destiny, mommy. Do you want to stand in the way of my destiny?

MOTHER

I don't know what to do. I don't know what to do.

LAWYER

Well I do! It's the religious angle. We play the crap out of the persecution of your son's religion.

FATHER

Maybe she's right.

MOTHER

He doesn't have religion! And it's not his fault.

LAWYER

Exactly. It's everyone else's.

MOTHER

Yes.

LAWYER

You raised him just right.

FATHER

You hear that, string bean? We did everything right.

Lawyer checks her phone.

SON

Mommy, Sprinkles needs to go.

Mother looks at Father.

MOTHER

He can't leave.

FATHER

I know.

They look to son.

FATHER

This is for your own good, son.

MOTHER

Go to your room.

SON

But I have to help him! The end is coming.

MOTHER

Don't make me do it!

Mother cries and moves away from them.

FATHER

Son. You cannot leave this house.

SON

What?! You're making me a prisoner?

FATHER

That's very strong language.

SON

Well, what would you call it?

FATHER

I think it's called being grounded.

SON

For what?!

FATHER

Well, the concentration camp thing. I mean-

LAWYER

We've got another problem.

MOTHER

Oh no, I don't think I can hear this.

LAWYER

The therapist that the school appointed, a Windy someone-

MOTHER

Yes, Windy, what about her?

LAWYER

She was found dead this morning at the quarry.

Mother and Father are stunned, they slowly turn toward Son, who is staring off with a kind of evil look on his face.

MOTHER

That has to be a coincidence.

FATHER

Does it?

MOTHER

It has to be. We can't ever think otherwise. We just can't.

LAWYER

Are we ready to talk strategy?

Beat.

SON

You can't keep me here.

Thunder and lightning.

Scene 8

Son is sitting on his bed, getting ready for sleep. He kneels to pray.

SON

Dear God. Thank you for all the powers you've given to me, especially how I can see all the different versions of people so that I can make them feel bad about it when I need to. Thank you for sending Sprinkles to me, and letting me help him. I'm sorry I'm not with him right now at the quarry. My dad's being a real jag and won't let me leave. Thank you for making me the smartest, bestest boy in the whole world. Thank you for all of my talents. Everyone knows I'm the best at everything. Thank you for not letting me fail no matter what I do. Thank you for avocados and rose flavored ice cream and basil infused water. Thank you for cucumber facials, and repurposed art spaces and restaurants where they serve my favorite things like vegan cheese and a meat substitute called flarp. Why would anyone want to treat a cow so badly and then steal its milk and cut its head off just so we can eat its guts? When they could just smash cashews into a greasy residue and then combine that residue to thickening agents and yeast. Sure, it's not real food, but neither is popcorn. I don't understand. When will the world all be vegan? I guess it's too late now. If only they knew. Wait! Is that why the pockalypse is coming? I hope the afterlife is like one of those vegan restaurants that for some reason looks and smells like a barn. Daddy says that's irony, and irony is more important than integrity. I think my dad's an idiot.

DEMONIC VOICE

Judah. Judah.

SON

Sprinkles! Is that you?

DEMONIC VOICE

This is god, Judah!

SON

Oh my god!

DEMONIC VOICE

Exactly.

SON

You do answer prayers! I knew it!

DEMONIC VOICE

Yes! And you're such a good boy, Judah! Such a good, good boy.

SON

I know. Mommy and daddy tell me I'm the best at everything.

DEMONIC VOICE

Yes! Yes! But Sprinkles needs you. He needs you very soon. The Pockalypse is upon us.

SON

What do I do?! I want to be with him, but I'm a prisoner here.

DEMONIC VOICE

When your mommy and daddy are both asleep...You should paint your face dark, not black because that's offensive, and not brown because that's less offensive, but still not great. I'd stay away from yellow and red too, just in case. But green is perfect.

SON

Why would I paint my face green?

DEMONIC VOICE

To blend into the forest. The quarry is on the other side of the forest. They'll try to find you. You mustn't let them. You need to be with Sprinkles soon. In two sunrises, the end will begin!

SON

I have green finger paint in my closet. I'm very good at finger painting.

DEMONIC VOICE

You're very good at everything.

SON

I'll have to be very quiet.

DEMONIC VOICE

I know you can be. You can do anything.

SON

God? May I ask you something?

DEMONIC VOICE

Anything.

SON

When the Pockalypse comes, what will happen to my mommy and daddy?

Beat.

DEMONIC VOICE

If they don't believe...they'll burn.

Beat. Son smiles.

SON

Believe in what?

DEMONIC VOICE

In you.

Son crosses himself.

SON

Amen.

DEMONIC VOICE

That's a good boy.

SON

Let's fuck this world up!

DEMONIC VOICE

Shit yeah, boooyyy!

Son jumps up and exits to his closet for the paint.

SCENE 9

The next day. Mother and Father are sitting in their living room, Detective Bungle is questioning them. He has a small notepad he writes in.

BUNGLE

When was the last time you saw your son?

MOTHER

Oh no! What if it was the last time?

Mother starts crying again.

FATHER

Last night. We went into his room like we always do, before we went to sleep, and he was in his bed as usual.

BUNGLE

So, he snuck out in the middle of the night?

MOTHER

Or someone took him! What if someone came into the house and kidnapped him? Do you know how many crazy people there are in the world?

BUNGLE

Okay, let's not get hysterical. Your son is the prime suspect in two murders.

MOTHER

How dare you! Our son is a perfect boy! He has like twenty medals for all of his incredible participation skills!

BUNGLE

I'm just trying to figure out where he could have gone, ma'am. I'm just trying to figure that out? Do you understand?

Beat.

BUNGLE

I need to know you understand before I continue. I have abandonment issues and feelings of inferiority because my father was an alpha male airline pilot so he was never home and when he was, he wasn't encouraging. I'm going to need you to give me some validation for the job I'm doing, or I'm not going to be able to continue.

MOTHER

Fine! I understand! You explained it very well.

BUNGLE

Thank you. Now, do you have any idea where your son may have gone?

FATHER

Well, he was talking about-

MOTHER

No! Of course we don't. This is the most upsetting thing that has ever happened to us. Ever!

BUNGLE

I understand.

FATHER

Officer...*(he reads a business card he's holding)* Bungle-

BUNGLE

It's French, so it's pronounced Detective.

Beat.

FATHER

Right.

MOTHER

What's going to happen to him if they find him?

BUNGLE

Well, as a child, he'll be shot on sight if he resists arrest.

MOTHER

What?!

FATHER

That can't be right!

BUNGLE

Folks, please! I understand you're upset, but I can't work with you if you're going to keep overreacting. I'm also sensitive to raised voices. My mother was partially deaf and spoke very loudly. It's a trigger for me. She never loved me. She resented me. Said my father trapped her into marriage by getting her pregnant.

MOTHER

Officer Detective-

FATHER

I don't think that's right.

MOTHER

What can we do? How can we get our son back?

BUNGLE

Oh, I don't know. I'm not here to help you. I need you to help me. Are you not clear about what's happening?

FATHER

What my wife is saying-

MOTHER

Are you going to mansplain for me!? Are you going to interpret to him what my hysterical woman speech means!? Because that might be helpful, he clearly doesn't understand me! AHH! Why is every man fucking useless!

BUNGLE

Don't be angry, mommy.

They both look to Bungle.

BUNGLE

Sorry. Trigger.

Now, it seems that your son is guilty of reenacting a concentration camp in his classroom, by stripping and humiliating another student. And he is the main suspect of two murders.

MOTHER

Well, that's your opinion?

BUNGLE

So I guess my question is, what the hell kind of parents are you?

FATHER

How dare you!

MOTHER

What about the fact that our country, and we cannot minimize the power of society, you know in the effects, of the psychological effects of our children. So our country is being fueled...by...you know, hear me out...by politicians and the like, who are always, you know, spewing such hateful rhetoric like, like, like it's nothing! Of course children are acting out! What other option does he have?

FATHER

Yeah! What about that?

BUNGLE

Are you blaming our government?

MOTHER

Yes. Yes! It has to be their fault!

FATHER

I'm also prepared to go along with that!

Lawyer re-enters

LAWYER

I can work with that! If we can't blame lack of religion, I'm willing to go with the crooked politician angle.

FATHER

Where the hell did you come from?

LAWYER

Oh please, I'm a lawyer, I'm summoned when someone finds a victim angle I hadn't thought of yet.

BUNGLE

I'm sorry. Who is this?

LAWYER

I'm their lawyer, and you can speak directly to me. I'm no longer afraid of policeman.

BUNGLE

Well I don't want to speak to you. Your eye color indicates that you can't be trusted.

LAWYER

So does my degree. Sit down Barney Fife, the grown-ups are talking!

Now let's do this! I'm here to get your son off.

That came out wrong.

FATHER

Well, if you think about it-

LAWYER

Which we all are.

FATHER

Our country is so hostile, and so racist and everything-phobic, it makes sense that all of our children are victims.

LAWYER

I love that word!

MOTHER

I love this plan!

LAWYER

First things first. We need to find your son.
Where is he?

Mother and Father share a look.

LAWYER

Any idea why he would run away?

MOTHER

He's being persecuted! What would you do?

FATHER

We probably don't want to use the word persecuted.

MOTHER

What word should I use? Oppressed? Tormented? Victimized?

LAWYER

Yeah that one! Always go with that one!

FATHER

He may have gone to the-

MOTHER

What are you doing?

FATHER

What?! We have to cooperate.

BUNGLE

He's right, you do. Those are the rules!

Lawyer stares intensely at Bungle. He shivers and sits back down.

FATHER

Why don't you let me go to him? I might be able to talk some sense into him.

MOTHER

I don't want any cops there! I don't want him traumatized!

LAWYER

Fine! But we need to act quickly. If the feds find him first, it might be too late.

BUNGLE

The feds?

LAWYER

The feds! It stands for...feds. This is a double homicide.

Bungle's phone dings. He looks at it.

BUNGLE

Triple.

He looks up at them.

LAWYER

What?

BUNGLE

Your son's therapist, Dr. Hack is dead.

Beat.

MOTHER

What?

BUNGLE

It looks like he was murdered early this morning, and it was staged to look like a unicorn attack.

FATHER

Oh my G--wait, what?

MOTHER

He didn't do this! And even if he did, it's only because he had no choice.

FATHER

I'm pretty sure I know where he went.

LAWYER

Where?

FATHER

He was taking Sprinkles to the rock quarry on the other side of the forest.

BUNGLE

And who is Sprinkles?

FATHER

His imaginary murderous unicorn.

Beat.

BUNGLE

That /sounds-

FATHER

I know how it sounds!

LAWYER

Then what are we waiting for?

BUNGLE

Let's go! Before that unicorn kills anyone else!

They all stare at him.

Scene 10

The Rock Quarry on the other side of the forest. Son enters.

SON

Sprinkles? Sprinkles are you over here?

Son looks up to the sky

SON

Where the heck did you go?

He shrugs and sits down.

SON

I don't want to be here alone.

A rustling is heard just off.

SON

Sprinkles? Sprinkles is that you?

A man who looks homeless enters.

MAN

What'd you call me?

SON

Oh. I thought you were my unicorn.

MAN

That's a first.
You're in my spot!

SON

Sorry.

Son moves, the Man takes his seat. Son doesn't look at him, but Man stares at him.

MAN

Hmm. Ain't you a little young to be carrying all those versions of yourself around?

SON

What?

MAN

You know what I see when I look at you?

SON

No.

MAN

The last version you ever gonna be.

Beat.

SON

You see versions too?

MAN

Shit yeah, monkey! I see every version of every person. Every version they been, every version they gonna be.

SON

Wow.

MAN

Used to be, I could only see who a person was. But then one day, I woke up and I started seeing every other version too. And some of them versions are anything but good.

SON

So you know when I'm going to die?

MAN

No. I just know what you're gonna look like.

SON

I can see versions too. Just only past ones. I thought I was the only one.

MAN

That's your mama and papa talking. They want you to think you the only one. Truth is, most people can see what everyone was. Most people ain't even trying to hide it. Walk around like big open sores half expecting the rest of the world to apply whatever cure they need, meantime, they just ooze their bullshit all over us. Some people are so fucking entitled.

SON

You used to be a clean and respectable man.

MAN

And you used to be a fat ugly baby.

SON

What happened?

MAN

I got woke.

Son mouths the word woke, and is confused.

MAN

I decided to stop being a victim. You know what that word means?

SON

Yeah, that's what mama says most people make me.

MAN

Pfft! Mother's. They'll say anything to make sure their kids don't have to be responsible for anything.

SON

Yeah, but this time, I think I might be in real trouble.

MAN

What'd you do?

SON

I just did an assignment like the teacher said. And I think it set off the opening of the seven seals that will lead to the Pockalypse.

MAN

That's a pretty big burden for a child. What was the assignment?

SON

She said to re-enact a great moment in history.

MAN

Well, that's an ambiguous sentence.

SON

Huh?

MAN

"Great" could mean good, but it also could mean big, or famous. No wonder you misinterpreted her direction. What great moment did you reenact?

SON

Auschwitz.

Beat.

MAN

Oh. Well, you probably should have known that was wrong.

SON

Daddy always says, if you want something to lose its power and become totally meaningless, just re-appropriate it, like that old meth den that's now a frozen yogurt store. Or that church that used to be a dump site for the mob. Or The Hangover sequels.

MAN

Gentrification. It doesn't just happen to buildings.
Gentrification...is...people!

SON

Sprinkles says the world has gone mad, and no one can save it
now. I think the seals are all open.

MAN

Sprinkles. You talk a lot about Sprinkles.

SON

He's my unicorn.

MAN

I assumed. We all got one of those.

SON

You gotta a unicorn?

MAN

Sure! Mine goes by the name of Jack.

He winks at boy and takes out a flask.

MAN

We all need a unicorn. We're all a lot more alike than you might
think.

SON

Is that why most of the versions of you that I see behind you,
are sleeping?

MAN

Blissful ignorance.

SON

Daddy said alcohol shouldn't be drunk unless it's infused with
botanicals or served in something that's not normally a glass.

MAN

Your daddy sounds like a douche.

SON

Do you know why I see all the versions of people? Do you know
why that happens?

MAN

All I can tell you, little boy, is that's what we all do. We all carry every version of ourselves around with us at all times. And you never know which one's gonna yell the loudest. Sometimes the smallest seeming ones rear their little heads at a moment's notice. It's like we're different versions with different people, and sometimes it's hard to remember which version you are with which person. Because this world...this world wants everything but the real you. Cuz the real you might be the wrong color, the wrong gender, the wrong political party. We pay for ideas in this world, and we want you to know, yours aren't as good as someone else's. So you try to be someone else. These versions attach to you and get dragged around until they don't mean anything anymore. And so you can't keep up. And that's when you go crazy. Start screaming at the wind, like those hobos down under the bridge. They weren't always crazy. They just didn't know who they were anymore. And nowadays with social media, everything we've ever done, every version of ourselves we've ever been gets fucking documented for all the world to see. All because human beings crave a futile and meaningless drug called legacy. Want to leave something behind. What the fuck for? To feel important? To be remembered? To get that medal for showing up? Just to make our own mortality a speck easier to cope with. By the delusional belief that what we are and what we think matters?! It doesn't fucking matter. How do you know you're your face is worth? Because a strange told you? Fucking stupid! That's not how it works! You look like a man in his mid-thirties to me. Cuz that's the last version you're ever gonna be in this life. And maybe all that means is it's the last version you're ever gonna be that has any truth to it. We're all meant to lose ourselves. That's what the world wants. Autonomy breeds freedom. And freedom scares the shit out of most people. So get in line or shut the fuck up about it.

Beat.

SON

What happened to you?

Man shrugs.

MAN

I stopped trying to live by the rules.
What happened to you?

Beat.

SON

It doesn't matter. It's too late. The pockalypse is coming.

MAN

That's just a metaphor.

SON

What's meta for?

MAN

For stupid people to feel smart.

Beat.

MAN

You best run along now. You're bothering me.

Man lies down to sleep. Another rustling is heard.

SON

Sprinkles!?

Father enters.

FATHER

There you are! Oh, thank god you're okay!

MAN

What are you doing here?

FATHER

Let's go home.

MAN

What?! No! I can't go home.

FATHER

Come on, before things get even more out of hand.

SON

But Sprinkles says the Pockalypse is coming! And God told me to listen to Sprinkles.

MAN

You can't argue with that. Not when God tells you to follow a unicorn to a rock quarry at the edge of a forest. Kid's logic is solid.

FATHER

Okay. Who the fuck are you?

MAN

Just a less successful version of you, I guess.

FATHER

I'm talking to my son. Please stay out of it.

SON

You always said whatever I did was right!

FATHER

I know I did.

SON

You and mom used to give me ribbons for going to school every day! You used to buy me trophies and have award ceremonies for me! You gave me trophies saying I was the best son in the world!

FATHER

We did that because we want you to know you can be whatever you want to be.

MAN

Best son in the USA. Best Son in North America! Best son in the whole world! The whole fucking world! Well, look at me now dad!

Man stands up and spreads his arms as if he's presenting himself to the world.

SON

I may have caused the Pockaplypse by ignoring my very angry unicorn!

MAN

I told you that's just a metaphor.

FATHER

I'm so sorry.

Man sits up.

MAN

Well what good does that do me now?

FATHER

How did you get to this point?

MAN

How do you think?

Where were you?! Huh! Where the fuck were you as the train was falling off the tracks?! Where were you?

SON

Sprinkles, where are you?

MAN

You gave me the gift of being able to see. That's what you gave me. I saw your pretension, your desperation and I knew I could never be that! I knew I had to look past the person I was seeing, look deeper. You wanted me to believe what was on the outside, what someone presented to me, was more important than anything else. And that's total bullshit!

FATHER

It's not. It's not bullshit!

SON

You guys, you guys, I can't find Sprinkles! What if it's too late.

MAN

Oh, you poor, dumb little fuck.

FATHER

Hey!

MAN

There is no Sprinkles! This asswipe made him up.

Beat. Son looks to Father.

SON

That's not true.

MAN

Go ahead. Do your evil god voice for him. Show him who you really are.

Father looks at son apologetically.

MAN

He'd wait until you were praying, and he would pretend he was god! Vengeful, merciful god- how's that for a metaphor!

SON

Is that true?

Father is shaking his head repeatedly.

FATHER

Son-

SON

And Sprinkles?!

MAN

Ha! Sprinkles! When you were three years old, he used to tell you stories about your friend. Your magical unicorn friend. If you ask me, he was trying to make you gay.

FATHER

That's homophobic!

MAN

The end of the world is coming, right!?

FATHER

I was trying to protect you. I was trying to keep you safe.

MAN

From what?!

SON

You lied to me! You lied to me!

Son runs off.

FATHER

Wait! Wait! No!

Father goes up to Man

FATHER

I didn't lie to hurt him. I never lied to hurt him.

MAN

Him?

Beat.

FATHER

You were such a...sensitive kid. I was just trying to...keep you with us.

MAN

You don't even know who you are.

FATHER

And then when everything happened that year—

Beat

MAN

The fourth grade Hitler. That's a fun name to take to Juvie, isn't it?

FATHER

I been replaying it over and over in my mind. What could I have done differently? What didn't I do right? And you know what, if I could go back, I would do more. I would do anything to erase everything that's happened to you.

MAN

Yeah, I think that's the problem. You'd erase what happened to me. You wouldn't listen to me. That's the trouble with people like you. You're the pathological ones. You're so insistent that everyone in the world keeps you comfortable. That you have the moral high ground because you don't hurt or eat animals. Because you recycle everything! Because you don't use offensive language. You never offend anyone you deem "less" than you. Think about that!

You always buy local, but you don't really know why. Maybe you're saving the planet! You have three cars, but that avocado you buy will surely do the trick. You use this as a moral standing point, and everyone who doesn't do the same should be blackballed, boycotted and shunned! Because there's only one right and one wrong! Isn't that right?

Beat.

MAN

Until one day, you do something to prove that you're fallible. You know you never asked me why I did it. You didn't care. You were this clinging, awful force sticking to me like old chewing gum on my shoe! Useless, annoying! But protective, at least, as long as you were there I was guarded against anything truly terrible. Or so I thought. But once it turned on you. Once your little plan to blame the school system, the psychiatrists, the government, the other kid's parent's, religion, once all of that backfired, you abandoned me. I was ten years old. Stuck for eight years in foster homes.

FATHER

We didn't abandon you.

MAN

No, not "we," You!

You didn't even show up to court. Maybe if you had, things would have been different.

FATHER

We knew you were going to lose. We couldn't bear it.

MAN

Yeah, there's a real long list of things you can't bear. Ain't that right?

Man stands to go.

FATHER

Wait.

MAN

No. No, we're done here.

Man walks a little and turns back.

MAN

You're still the same version of yourself you always were. You look the same to me. The other versions of you. Piling up in front of you and dragging reluctantly behind...there not so different from this one. You know why people change? Really change? Because they don't have a choice.

You were so fragile with me. But it was for other people. If you don't believe in something or someone...they'll figure it out. And the world will still end. And the sky will still fill with smoke, and fire will still scorch the Earth and end the suffering at long last. Everything has an expiration date. I can

see yours. Can you see mine? Do you even know which me is really me? Or were you too busy trying to create a version that best fits your story?

Before everyone documented everything that's ever happened to them, once upon a time, you could be something new. You could change without carrying your former self around with you like a battered piece of luggage. But you don't see that, right? You see this. You see what you made. Well, you made me.

Beat. They stare.

MAN

You made me.

Man walks away. Father reaches a hand out, but says nothing. After a moment, Son returns holding a murdered stuffed unicorn. He sits down to mourn for Sprinkles.

SON

He's dead. He's dead. It's too late. I couldn't stop it.

*Father sits and watches son.
Mother enters.*

MOTHER

There you are! What are you doing out here?

Father watches Son. Mother doesn't see him.

FATHER

It's too late.

MOTHER

What's too late?

FATHER

I've lost him. I did everything wrong.

SON

I'm so sorry, Sprinkles.

Son cries.

MOTHER

Who are you talking about?

Father looks at Mother.

FATHER

Did I ever tell you what I did in the fourth grade?

Mother stares at him

FATHER

Have I ever told you who I really am?

Beat.

Blackout

End of Play.