

5 LORI, HARRY (AGE 46)  
 & YOUNG DREW (AGE 15)

LORI Our photo albums?

HARRY Well, of course our photo albums. Do we keep strangers' photo albums in the house?

LORI Well, don't you want them?

HARRY No.

LORI Well, at least keep some. I don't need them all.

HARRY No, that's okay.

LORI Harry, you have to keep a few.

15 START HARRY Lori, do you think I want to sit around looking at photos of the life we had? I want the life we had. I don't want photos of it.

LORI Then come back with us. Why do you want to stay here? I want you to come back with us, Harry. I do.

HARRY I can't.

LORI Of course you can.

HARRY I can't.

LORI You can't. Right. I guess you just don't love me enough, huh?

HARRY *doesn't answer.*

No answer. Well, that is an answer. You could've told me that nine years ago, Harry, and we both would have been a lot better off. I could've stayed back east and you could've come out here and been a cowboy all by yourself. Drew? Time to go, honey.

*Young DREW enters from the bedroom carrying a knapsack.*

Say goodbye to your father, Drew. We have to get on the road. I want to make it to Winnipeg before dark.

DREW Goodbye.

HARRY Take care, Drew.

DREW I will.

HARRY Oh, here. (HARRY takes the hockey card out of the cupboard.) I want you to have this.

*HARRY hands DREW the hockey card in a plastic baggie.*

LORI What's that? Is that your hockey card?

HARRY Yeah.

LORI Why are you giving him your hockey card?

HARRY Well, what am I gonna do with it?

DREW (looking at the card) Who's Turk Broda?

HARRY He played a long time ago. It might be worth something someday. My old man gave it to me when I moved out.

LORI I thought you took it.

HARRY Took it. Gave it. (to DREW) Anyway, it's not much but it's the only family heirloom we've got.

DREW But, I don't like hockey.

HARRY Well, take it anyway.

DREW What for?

HARRY Because.

DREW Because why?

HARRY Because I'm tellin' you to!

DREW All right!

HARRY God.

DREW Geez.

HARRY Damn.

LORI ... Well?

HARRY Well what?

LORI Anything else you wanna say?

HARRY ...No, that's pretty much it.

LORI That's pretty much it. Honest to God, Harry, in the long history of goodbyes that has got to be the worst. Come on, Drew. Let's go.

LORI and DREW *move towards the door.*

HARRY Drew, you can stay if you want.

DREW What?

LORI Oh, Harry, don't.

HARRY He's fifteen years old, Lori. He can decide for himself where he wants to live.

LORI He's already decided.

HARRY No, you decided. Drew, what do you say? You don't have to go back if you don't want to.

LORI Harry, don't do this.

HARRY Drew?

LORI He wants to go with me.

HARRY Let the boy answer for himself, Lori. Drew, what do you want to do? Now, I know I haven't been the greatest father so far, but I didn't exactly learn from the best so... I mean, maybe I can get better. Maybe we can both get better.

LORI Oh, God, Harry.

HARRY What?

LORI Do you realize what you just said? Jesus.

DREW Here. You should probably keep this. *(He holds the hockey card out to HARRY.)*

HARRY No, I want you to have it.

DREW *puts the hockey card on the table.*

DREW *(to LORI)* Can we go?

LORI Yeah. Wait in the car, sweetie.

HARRY *(picks up the hockey card)* Drew?!

**THE END**

DREW *exits.*

LORI He's been a good son, Harry. He doesn't need to get better. What kind of father are you? Shit.

HARRY I said I wasn't great.

LORI Well, you were right! God. Goodbye, Harry. And don't bother calling us if you can't do any better than that.

HARRY This isn't on me, Lori. You're the one who decided to leave. You're the one who wouldn't give it a try out here.

LORI Oh, I gave it a try all right. Nine years. Nine years that I will never get back. And with a man who didn't even love me.

HARRY I didn't say I didn't love you.

LORI And you didn't say you did! You just can't say the words, can you? No, this is on you, Harry. This is every bit on you.

*Music: Cut #12 "When It's Gone, It's Gone."  
LORI exits. Lights down. End Act One.*