

L."

SCENE FOUR—COLLINS' LIVING
ROOM—THAT NIGHT

START

LIGHTS UP. Gary is about to set up the air mattress. It hasn't been blown up yet. Dad ENTERS from the stairs.

DAD:

Where is everybody?

GARY:

Maggie and Wendy went to church services. Karen is upstairs sleeping.

DAD:

So it's just us fellas.

GARY:

Yep. Guess so.

DAD:

(sitting on the couch) Have a seat, young Gary. Let's have a little heart-to-heart.

GARY:

(leery) About what?

He joins Dad on the couch.

DAD:

About life. Y'know, when I was in Vietnam my unit was stationed in the Tay Ninh province along the Cambodian border. Ever hear of it?

GARY:

No, but Hanoi is supposed to be amazing.

DAD:

It wasn't then! Anyway, we were pretty isolated up there. One night I'm on patrol. And I hear this rustling. I go into a crouch and lock 'n load my M-16. I hear two bushes part, and there was Charlie Cong. Actually three Charlie Congs.

GARY:

They were all named Charlie Cong?

DAD:

No. That was their nickname. "Cuddles" was taken. The first Charlie saw me. He was fixin' to gut me with his bayonet. So I fired. Blasted him into tomorrow. Before the other Charlies could go for their weapons I wasted them too. With extreme prejudice.

GARY:

Why are you telling me this oh-so-delightful story?

DAD:

As an illustration. That I'm capable of killing. Do you see what I'm getting at?

GARY:

You stayed in that room for five months because you have PTSD?

DAD:

ng
No, you idiot. That I'm willing to do whatever has to be done to protect what is near and dear to me. Comprene now?

GARY:

No. Please talk civilian.

DAD:

Wendy! I will go to great lengths to protect Wendy!

GARY:

From what?

DAD:

From unhappiness. And if you do anything to cause said unhappiness, so help me I'll—

GARY:

You'll do what, kill me?

DAD:

o
le
Maybe not with extreme prejudice but certainly with a healthy dollop of delight.

GARY:

This weekend just keeps getting better and better. What makes you think I'm going to make her unhappy?

DAD:

I saw the way you were looking at Karen. All mooney-eyed.

GARY:

Me? Are you kidding? After five months of isolation you just "happen" to run down the stairs the minute she arrives?

DAD:

That was a coincidence.

GARY:

(scoffing) Yeah, right.

DAD:

Coincidences happen. There was this little girl named Laura Buxton—

GARY:

I KNOW WHO LAURA BUXTON IS!

DAD:

Well see, that's another coincidence.

GARY:

You've been drooling over Karen the second you saw her. And it's really CREEPY!

DAD:

I will not let you besmirch my good character.

GARY:

Oh please. They can see it from outer space.
(mimicking Dad) "Those lucky Africans?"

DAD:

Hey, you are out of line, Mister.

GARY:

Who needs the "Kama Sutra" to turn you on when you can watch Karen eat a muffin?

DAD:

Watch it. I could still take you.

Gary returns to the air mattress.

END

GARY:

Yeah, I'm sure. Goodnight, Rambo.

Furious, Dad jumps Gary.

GARY:

HEY!!!

rl

*They tussle and roll around, ad libbing, "Get off me!"
"That's my bad knee!" "Stop pulling my hair!" Etc.*

*Mom and Wendy ENTER through the front door and
are stunned.*

WENDY:

Oh my God!

ou

MOM:

What is going on here?

The boys stop fighting.

DAD:

(casual) Oh. Howdy-do.

Wendy remains calm throughout.

WENDY:

Are you two insane?

hen

DAD:

Your husband jumped me!

GARY:

WHAT?!

MOM:

I don't believe that for a second.