

BLACKWATER

A hospital room in the ICU. Flowers everywhere.

EDWARD SAFFRON, 65, lies in bed on a respirator. His eyes are heavy but open: a man on the verge of a long overdue sleep. CALVIN SAFFRON, 32, sits beside him, eating from the gift basket on his lap. He wears headphones which are synced to the TV he is watching (images we don't see). He guffaws at his program and continually refers back to Edward, who does not respond.

BUTCH SAFFRON, 36, appears in the doorway, wearing a very dark three piece suit.

CALVIN

Someone lied to *you*, Sister.

BUTCH

What?

CALVIN

He's not dead yet.

BUTCH

(looking himself over)

I came from my job, where I work.

Calvin clicks off the TV. Butch lingers in the doorway.

BUTCH

How's he feeling?

Calvin gestures toward the bed: "How do you think he's feeling?"

Butch edges into the room.

BUTCH

Lotta flowers here.

CALVIN

Yes, well, apparently he has many friends.

Butch reads a few cards.

BUTCH

“From your friends at Bella Luna.” “From your friends at Gary’s Stationary.” “From your friends at Jiffy Lube.” Pretty eclectic group.

CALVIN

I suppose they’ll exchange hugs and coupons at the funeral.

BUTCH

Wow, I didn’t know he... touched so many lives.

CALVIN

Oh come on, he was great with strangers. Or people he could tip. It’s just the relationships where he had to see the people’s moments of weakness he couldn’t quite handle. Or the ones where the people had to see *his* moments of weakness. Or the ones where he had to see the people two days in a row.

BUTCH

Yeah, well, what can you do.

CALVIN

(exploding)

You can hold his hand while he has a heart attack and slips into a coma!!

BUTCH

You’re a better son than I am! What can I say??

CALVIN

Oh, I wasn’t here either. But, I imagine that’s a way a person could have been useful.

BUTCH

Where were you?

CALVIN

Getting a Shasta.

BUTCH

So, he was alone?!

CALVIN

Yeah, for three minutes out of four thousand and sixty-three. Sorry my parch wasn't timed better.

BUTCH

And where was Mom?

CALVIN

I sent her home. She hadn't slept in weeks. She was starting to look like Arafat.

BUTCH

She'd kill herself if she knew that no one was with him.

CALVIN

Well, where the hell were you?

BUTCH

I have a job! *Responsibilities!*

CALVIN

(simultaneously)

Responsibilities! Yes. We all know. You're terribly important down at the law firm of Cunt, Shit, and Steinfucker how-may-I-help-you.

BUTCH

I don't need this.

CALVIN

No?

BUTCH

I have commitments I have to honor, people who rely on me---

CALVIN

And I don't?

BUTCH

I don't know, do you?

Slight pause.

BUTCH

You know what, forget it. I don't need to explain my life. My choices to you. God knows I don't need you to explain yours to me.

CALVIN

And what choices would those be, Butch?

BUTCH

I don't think this is the time for this.

CALVIN

("for the last time")

Being an actor does *not* make me gay!

BUTCH

Sucking guys off in the back of the house during mom and dad's thirtieth anniversary party kinda does.

CALVIN

Oh, you're still on that.

BUTCH

Know what? Do what you want. Lie to them, lie to yourself, date women for all I care.

CALVIN

'Cause you do care... so much.

BUTCH

That card's overplayed, Cal. Pretending you're unloved might snap Mom into some sad, subservient trance, but it won't work with me.

CALVIN

Don't talk about her that way.

Butch just looks at him.

CALVIN

You've never been able to accept it. That she's my advocate. I'm sorry I'm her favorite. Just like I'm sorry you were Dad's.

BUTCH

He's not dead yet.

CALVIN

What? Oh. You brought that around from earlier. Cleva girl.

BUTCH
Don't do that.

CALVIN
Accents calm me.

BUTCH
No, I meant--- let's not compete. Okay?

CALVIN
I'm not competing, Paul Stuart.

BUTCH
I told you-- I came from the office!

CALVIN
Well, I haven't showered in two days. I haven't had any protein at all.

BUTCH
Just, let's just do what we gotta do here and not judge each other for it.

CALVIN
Well, gosh, Butch, I don't know what to say accept.... WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?

BUTCH
Shhhh!!!! Calvin! He's...

Butch really looks at his father for the first time and is freaked.

BUTCH
Jesus Christ! His eyes are open!

CALVIN
(sarcastic)
Better call a nurse.

Butch waves his hands in front of Edward's gaze.

BUTCH
Can he see us?

CALVIN

Not with your hands all up in his face. (*then, softening...*) Sometimes his eyes'll follow you around the room. Sometimes they're just fixed on a spot in the fourth dimension.

BUTCH

Jesus.

CALVIN

So what did you mean by that "do what you gotta do..."

BUTCH

Nothing.

CALVIN

The will's already written, Butch---

BUTCH

I wasn't implying--

CALVIN

That I have some moustache-twirling agenda?

Butch pulls his brother aside and talks in hushed tones.

BUTCH

Look, I don't care why you've been here. I find it odd, since all I ever hear from you is how you hate the guy and how belittled you consistently feel around him. But, I really don't think it's any of my business.

CALVIN

And I, for the life of me, can't figure out why you, God's answer to father's around the globe, have *not* been here.

BUTCH

Look, I'm sorry you've borne the brunt the past few weeks---

CALVIN

And then some.

BUTCH

But, I didn't know this was going to happen or I would have been here!

CALVIN

He was dying, Butch.

BUTCH

He's been dying for a long time.

CALVIN

Fine. Whatever.

BUTCH

What would make you feel better? Fisticuffs, what?

CALVIN

"Fisticuffs?"

BUTCH

Okay--

CALVIN

So fruity when brute-y.

BUTCH

(weary)

I give up, Calvin. Really. You win. Okay? You win.

CALVIN

Goodie, goodie, goodie. Always hoped I would.

Pause.

CALVIN

Suddenly I'm hungry.

BUTCH

Can he hear us?

CALVIN

Hmm?

BUTCH

I mean, did they give you an official prognosis on his brain activity?

CALVIN

Um, I don't know.

BUTCH

What do you mean you don't know? You didn't think to ask? Dad? Can you hear me? If you can hear me, move--- can he move anything?

CALVIN

Sometimes his pointer finger moves. Up toward my face... with judgement.

BUTCH

Well, that's... if he'd move anything...

CALVIN

I know, right? "What did I tell you about giving blowjobs in the back of the house?"
"What, Dad?" "Use your hands."

Calvin laughs. Butch is on the verge of joining in, but is uncomfortable about it. They lean in to see if their father moves. They lean back. What to say.

CALVIN

How's Ali?

Pause.

CALVIN

Bonjour? Como se llama?

BUTCH

Allison is fine.

CALVIN

She pregnant?

BUTCH

Not yet.

CALVIN

You're trying though.

BUTCH

Are you asking me if we're fucking? Then yes, we're fucking.

CALVIN

Each other?

BUTCH

Yes... of course. Why would you say that?

CALVIN

I don't know.

BUTCH

Have you talked to her recently?

CALVIN

No.

BUTCH

Then why did you say that?

CALVIN

You just always struck me as a couple who would eventually cheat on each other, that's all.

BUTCH

Good, this is great. I'm so glad I came.

CALVIN

You asked me.

BUTCH

Well, I'm not fucking anybody else. What she's doing, I don't know and---

CALVIN

You don't want to know. Yo comprendo.

Beat.

CALVIN

You just might want to suss out --- before you start having little Butchettes -- whether or not your wife's sleeping around.

BUTCH

She's not sleeping around!!!

CALVIN

All right... Jesus... you're really in a swell mood.

BUTCH

And I don't want you talking to her behind my back anymore.

CALVIN

Behind your--- what is this, the fourth grade? She likes me. She relates to me. My plight, if you will.

BUTCH

I won't.

CALVIN

She was my girlfriend first.

BUTCH

Yeah, as elaborate ruses go, I'm sure it was a meaningful, you know, intimate, whatever.

CALVIN

Dad was hassling me about girls. You know I had to bring one home if I wanted that Celica. And as I recall, at the time the jury was still out on my sexuality.

BUTCH

Yeah, out at a rave with leather pants and glow sticks.

CALVIN

Just because I played with Barbie did not mean I was gay.

BUTCH

Sticking her up your butt while you had sex with Robbie Nelson did.

CALVIN

Oh, yeah, I told you about that one.

BUTCH

Yeah, ya did.

CALVIN

Robbie Nelson. I wonder what he's doing.

BUTCH

How's the job search, Cal?

CALVIN

Fine. I have like ten resumes out.

BUTCH

You follow up?

CALVIN

Yeah.

BUTCH

And?

CALVIN

And nothing. I'm waiting to hear back.

BUTCH

From all of them? You didn't speak to any of them?

CALVIN

I left messages.

BUTCH

You called over the weekend.

CALVIN

No. I called them Friday.

BUTCH

What time?

CALVIN

Sixish.

BUTCH

Jesus, Cal! I thought you hated waiting tables.

CALVIN

I do. But, the thought of being trapped in a three-sided bulletin board eight hours a day doesn't exactly allure me.

BUTCH

You know I'm not sticking my neck out for you anymore after all that shit you pulled with Evan.

CALVIN

I know! I know.

BUTCH

He was a viable connection; I don't know why you blew it.

CALVIN

Well, maybe I want to be a disappointment all my life.

BUTCH

You're not... a disappointment.

Beat. Butch looks at his father.

BUTCH

How much longer does he have to live like this?

CALVIN

You kidding? I'm having the best time. He's never been so attentive. I've accomplished more in the past week than I have in twelve years of therapy.

BUTCH

That's because your therapy's a joke.

CALVIN

Therapy is NOT a joke--

BUTCH

I said YOUR therapy's a joke. You've been seeing the same guy for what did you say-- twelve years? He can't possibly be objective at this point. If anything he's your friend.

CALVIN

For one-fifty an hour he better be a helluvah better friend than he's been, I'll tell you what. He better tell me some of *his* goddamn faults, I'll tell you what.

BUTCH

Well, some whores don't kiss.

CALVIN

Fuck you!

BUTCH

Right, fuck me.

CALVIN

No, don't you do that! Say something provocative and then back off like *I* can't handle it. You've always done this. Throw a grenade then turn away from the wreckage. Open your book. Have a latte. My whole life, I swear.

BUTCH

I can't believe he was alone.

CALVIN

I had to go out for some air!

BUTCH

I'm not blaming you, I'm just saying it's unfortunate, all right?

CALVIN

Why'd you even come here? To show me up? To make me feel like a failure? To make me feel like a worthless, aimless, aging goddamn failure?

Calvin hides his face and sobs. Butch doesn't move.

CALVIN

You're not going to comfort me, are you?

Pause.

CALVIN

You're not for a second buying into my breakdown.

Pause.

CALVIN

Well, you shouldn't because I'm faking. I'm a rock, I've been a rock, and I can't feel a goddamn thing and I can't understand it. I can't understand why I am so fucking strong all of a sudden.

BUTCH

I haven't cried since Pom-Pom died.

CALVIN

That was fifteen years ago.

BUTCH

Was it?

CALVIN

Yeah, I think so...

BUTCH

God.

CALVIN

Yeah, fifteen years.

BUTCH

That's--

CALVIN

Some unhealthy-ass shit, Butch. No wonder you're so uptight. No wonder your name is Butch.

BUTCH

Where is Mom now?

CALVIN

Picking out a dress for the good-bye scene.

BUTCH

How's she holding up?

CALVIN

I don't know. You should come around more and ask her.

BUTCH

I'm around now and asking you.

CALVIN

Fine. Shitty. I don't really know.

BUTCH

You can't tell?

CALVIN

Not really.

BUTCH

Well, have you seen her?

CALVIN

Every day.

BUTCH

And you can't figure out how she's doing.

CALVIN

Sometimes she appears a terrified piece of wet herring, and other times I think she's just bucking at the stall.

BUTCH

What do you mean-- bucking at the---

CALVIN

Like a race horse--

BUTCH

Yeah, I get the--- she admit that? That she's impatient for him to die?

CALVIN

Are we talking about the same woman?

BUTCH

So how do you---?

CALVIN

You know she's got that pollen allergy?

BUTCH

No.

CALVIN

Her whole life, Butch.

BUTCH

But I always sent---

CALVIN

She'd never throw out your flowers. And of course, she won't hear of removing any of these. So invariably when she's in here she's sneezing her face off like some stubborn asthmatic mule---

BUTCH

She was allergic to my flowers?

CALVIN

My story's losing its momentum here. So, he slips into this semi-cauliflower state...

BUTCH

And she stops sneezing.

CALVIN

You wanna tell this or---

BUTCH

Sorry.

CALVIN

So she keeps sneezing but a coupla times I swear I heard (*makes sneezing sound*):
"I'm free! I'm free!"

BUTCH

She wouldn't know what to do with freedom if it came with a fucking manual.

CALVIN

Well, the check's in the mail.

BUTCH

Yup. It sure is.

Pause.

CALVIN

Think she'll remarry?

BUTCH

And leave you for another man?

CALVIN

I'd leave me for another man. I'm tired of waking up and seeing my same damn face in the mirror. The other day I splashed water on my face and looked up-- genuinely disappointed.

Edward moves his hand, his pointer finger out..

BUTCH

Did you see that?

CALVIN

Yeah. Eerie, no?

BUTCH

Jesus. What's that smell?

CALVIN

What sme--- ughhhhhhhh. Dad!

BUTCH

Jesus. I forgot that that happens.

CALVIN

Maybe he felt it coming and was trying to get us to pull his finger.

They can't help but laugh.

CALVIN

It's nice to see you have a sense of humor about him.

BUTCH

What's that mean?

CALVIN

Nothing. I just thought that...

Edwards eyes close. Butch's body tenses.

BUTCH

Dad?

CALVIN

He's just sleeping. Just sleeping. See? I'll give you guys some privacy. You know, times' short and ummm... I'm sure there are things you want to say.

BUTCH

Mom asked me to do the eulogy.

This stops Calvin.

CALVIN

Of course she did.

BUTCH

Yeah well.

CALVIN

I mean, we all know what I would say: "Once an intimidating, stoic man, with a raging fear of being exposed as a person truly unworthy of love, Edward Gary Saffron systematically struck out at his wife and children, the youngest especially, having loved the eldest dearly, he eventually failed to respond to chemotherapy, and turned into a fetid, farting, invalid who...."

Butch starts to cry.

CALVIN

Butch, what-- I'm sorry. Butch? Oh my God, I was just joking... to hide my obviously real but.... unrealized pain. I'm such a shit. What can I do?

I don't... I don't...
BUTCH

What is it?
CALVIN

I don't know...
BUTCH

Don't know what?
CALVIN

What to say at the funeral!!
BUTCH

What are you talking about?
CALVIN

BUTCH
All of these people are going to be there! All these "friends". Telling us what a great fucking guy he was. Aren't you sick to your stomach just thinking about it?

CALVIN
Well, no. Well, I mean I am. But, I've always been, so I'm used to it.

BUTCH
I mean God! The whole plane ride here I'm wracking my brain for a way to start. A way to end. Anything. It's like looking into a black hole. And the black hole is my heart. I've been shaking for twelve hours. I can't see straight.

CALVIN
Butch, you don't have to act like--- you don't have to protect me. I knew Mom would ask you. Everyone knew.

BUTCH
What are you talking about?

CALVIN
About you being the one. It's okay. I'm not... newly hurt. It's natural for you to do it. It's like three following two.

BUTCH
(meaning it as insult)
You truly are a miracle.

CALVIN
(flattered)

Why, what'd I do?

BUTCH
This isn't about how my speaking is going to make *you* feel!

CALVIN
What's it about then?

BUTCH
How it's going to make *me* feel!

Butch hides his face in his hands. Calvin is frozen.
Unused to this.

CALVIN
How's it going to make you feel?

BUTCH
Like a fraud. Like throwing up. Like an actor. Like a bad fucking actor. Forget it.
Shit.

CALVIN
I don't understand-- I --- are you telling me seriously, after how close you were,
after all you did together, you'll have nothing nice to say about him?

Butch looks at their father. Checks if his eyes are
open.

BUTCH
(lying)
Of course I will.

Butch stares at Calvin plaintively.

CALVIN
Don't look at me! If anyone , you were his pride and fucking joy!

Butch shakes his head.

CALVIN
He was your goddamn little league coach! Your chairlift partner. You fished
together for fuck's sake! You were fucking close!

BUTCH

Oh, Cal what are you talking about.

CALVIN

What do you mean what am I talking about? He worships you!

BUTCH

I had the same relationship with him as you did.

CALVIN

You're the little him! You're the married, successful attorney.

Butch shakes his head. Calvin is increasingly unearthed by all this.

CALVIN

You're the Class President and the Latin Club. You're the 1500 SAT's, you're Yale!

BUTCH

I'm the weakling and the entitled prince.

CALVIN

No.

BUTCH

The never good enough, chronic disruption.

CALVIN

That's me!

BUTCH

The ingrate, the mother-lover.

CALVIN

What the fuck is going on here?

BUTCH

You think we had, what, father-son handshakes and warm heart-to-hearts?

CALVIN

Yes!

BUTCH

Calvin. He was a prick to me. I got to sit beside him. But, I never got close.

CALVIN

He talked about you when you weren't around like you shit origami.

BUTCH

Well, I never heard it.

Pause.

CALVIN

You never told me.

BUTCH

Well.

CALVIN

And don't say "You never asked," cause I'll have to boot on these peonies.

Butch just shrugs. Calvin paces, a caged animal.

CALVIN

Fuckin' A!

BUTCH

What's the matter with *you* now?

CALVIN

This can't be right. You're just not remembering. Come the fuck on! I was there. I saw it.

BUTCH

Why are you taking this so hard?

CALVIN

He didn't pull you into a corner and tell you you were his favorite?

BUTCH

What do you want me to say, Cal?

CALVIN

He didn't tell you you made being in this family worth it? You followed in his footsteps for godsakes!

BUTCH

He was a financial analyst, I'm a lawyer, I don't know where you get that---

CALVIN

He took you to Blackwater!

BUTCH

I didn't want to go!

CALVIN

But you had the best time! You had a real masculine bonding fucking unga bunga time! You wore down vests and killed things! I never got to do that!

BUTCH

Because you didn't want to!

CALVIN

Oh yes, I did!

BUTCH

Oh no you didn't! You didn't want anything to do with the guns, and you kicked and screamed about his hunting for years!

CALVIN

Well all I heard for a decade was "What a great shot Butch is!" "What an eye!"

BUTCH

So what?

CALVIN

To this day I have to look at that goddamn deer face coming out of the wall--- your bug-eyed, branch-headed, transcendent triumph!

BUTCH

It wasn't a triumph to me.

CALVIN

Well, it was to him. Like everything you did. Every time I got a B it was always "Butch got the brains."

BUTCH

And he said you had the balls because you went your own way.

CALVIN

He did? He said I had the balls?

BUTCH

Yup.

CALVIN

But you had the courage to leave them.

BUTCH

What does it matter?

CALVIN

It matters because I'm still sticking around, waiting for the first five years of my life to improve!

BUTCH

You're sticking around because you're a good son. Better son than me.

CALVIN

Yeah? When you came in I was making him watch gay porn.

BUTCH

Nice.

CALVIN

Well I got that "out" out of the way. Jesus, I'm turned around.

BUTCH

I thought you'd be happy about this.

CALVIN

How can you say that?

BUTCH

Well you know.

CALVIN

What, happy that all this time I've been insanely jealous of a relationship that never existed?

We hear a short and GHOSTLY GROAN escape from Edward. The boys do not hear it. But, Calvin's words hand in the air and hurt them both.

BUTCH

He made me go on that hunting trip, you know. I didn't want to. But, I didn't have the courage to say no like you did. I told him I "wasn't comfortable" shooting anything. He said I wouldn't have to. That I should just come along and watch.

Get a taste of the wilderness. As soon as we got there he started telling all his buddies I was going to be Rookie of the Year; he was *glowing*. He slapped a rifle in my hand and he led me into the woods. It was five degrees. I remember because it wasn't ever suppose to get that cold there, they said. We weren't dressed warm enough -- I was freezing, and scared, and tired. I just wanted to get back to the lodge. But, he stood behind me, like a shadow, whispering in what sounded to me like a full goddamn scream: "Get ready." I told him I'd rather not. He didn't think I knew what I'd rather. Or he didn't care. Then I heard a faint crunch in the snow. Then another one, moving quickly, louder, in this succession, it wasn't human steps. I prayed for the thing to turn around. Go a different way. It's head peered out from behind a thick trunk and I thought, "Please stay there. Just stay. I'm a novice. He'll never make me take such a difficult shot." And Dad was going SHHHHHHH in my ear. "Steady," he said. And then, as if she were... challenging me, but like an innocent little girl up against an evil she couldn't possibly dream of, this sweet deer showed herself to me. He whole body still. Waiting. "Shoot her!" Dad said. "Shoot her!" "I can't! Please! I can't!" I yelled. "Fucking do it before you lose the shot! Shoot to kill! Do it! You've got a clean shot!" I guess I just wanted it to be over. I just wanted him to shut up. So I shut my eyes and told myself to stay strong, don't do it, hold on. And the more he yelled at me the more I pictured him there, at the end of my gun. I was so cold I didn't ever feel my finger pull the trigger. Then there was a shot, and she screamed like a human child. She was hit in her hind leg. She looked right at me, her huge eyes, wet with pain, and she looked so... betrayed. Then she limped off faster than I imagined possible, crying and whining, leaving a trail of bright red blood in the snow. Dad started yelling at me: "You idiot! You fucking idiot! What did I say?" "Shoot to kill," I answered. "What?" "SHOOT TO KILL!" "What you've done is cruel! Do you hear me? Cruel!" he said. I was so angry, so full of hatred, I wanted to scream, to hit him, but I passed out instead. Face down in the snow. Like a fucking pussy. Dad had to round up the guys, and they spent the whole rest of their hunting day trying to find my mistake and put her out of her misery. You know, their *humanity* led them to do it. They never found her. Dad was so ashamed of me, he didn't talk to me for the rest of the trip. I was to stay in the lodge the next day, nurse my frozen fucking courage. He made a kill before the weekend was over. Brought it back, had it stuffed and mounted. Said he didn't want Mom to know what had happened --- it would make her too upset. So he passed this one off as my kill. And hung it over the fireplace. So I could feel the shame every time I passed through there.

Calvin is in tears.

BUTCH

He talked about it, told the story of my surprisingly precise marksmanship to his friends so many times, eventually he took to believing it. The worst part is, his pride in me felt... good. It felt good. I've depended on so many of his lies.

Long pause.

CALVIN

You're such a good kid.

BUTCH

Don't worry about it.

CALVIN

You were always such a good kid.

Calvin turns on his father.

CALVIN

He did things right.

BUTCH

Cal--

CALVIN

He was obedient and honest and he knew justice, and he took your punches without any fanfare. And he was strong. So strong he could sit by you on the couch and watch Monday Night Football so you could feel like you hadn't done wrong. So you wouldn't have to feel sorry. He was your fucking favorite, Dad, and you made every effort to let me know that that was the way it was. And it should have been. Cause he was a great fucking son. And you loved him.

Calvin sobs. Butch embraces him.

BUTCH

Come on...

CALVIN

I left him, Butch... I... He started gasping and the machines went wild and I got scared that it was IT and that he wouldn't want it to be me with him, so I ran away--

BUTCH

It's okay.

CALVIN

I left him, I thought he'd prefer---

BUTCH

He wouldn't have, I know that, okay? But, it's okay.

Beat.

BUTCH

I need your help now. Will you help me write this?

CALVIN

Sure.

BUTCH

Really?

CALVIN

Of course.

BUTCH

Great.

CALVIN

Now?

BUTCH

Yeah.

CALVIN

Okay.

Butch pulls a pad and pen from his briefcase.

CALVIN

Nice briefcase. Me Klein?

BUTCH

Kenneth Cole.

CALVIN

Right.

BUTCH

Yeah. Okay. I've never done one of these before.

Calvin takes the pad and pen from Butch.

CALVIN

Yeah, ummm.... Let's sit down and just brainstorm. You know, like good memories, good times we had...

BUTCH

Things we liked about him, admired, etc.

CALVIN

Yeah, yeah.

They use their father's body as a desk that sits between them.

CALVIN

Nothing comes to mind.

BUTCH

Shut up. Come on.

CALVIN

Okay. Kidding, Dad. Sorry. Ummmm.....oh, I got one! He always asked the cab drivers, when we traveled in different countries about their quality of life.

BUTCH

That was me.

CALVIN

Oh yeah, that really embarrassed me. I hated that.

BUTCH

I always felt safe with him away from home, like he had everything taken care of.

CALVIN

Good one! Me, too. No one was gonna fuck with us when we were with Dad.

Lights begin to fade.

CALVIN

He came in with me to school that one time when all the kids were terrorizing me.

BUTCH

The kids terrorized you?

CALVIN

Oh, yeah, big time.

BUTCH

When?

CALVIN
Um. K through 12.

BUTCH
Really? Where was I?

CALVIN
No biggie.

BUTCH
I'm sorry.

CALVIN
No biggie. Next?

BUTCH
Ummmm, he let me drive when I was twelve.

CALVIN
(raising his hand)
Ten! Hah! I win!

BUTCH
Ya see that?

CALVIN
And he was such a hard worker.

BUTCH
Good. Yeah.

CALVIN
You got that from him. I couldn't meet a deadline if it met me halfway.

BUTCH
Yeah, he had tremendous dedication to whatever he believed in.

CALVIN
He loved words.

BUTCH
And to read.

And to try new things.

CALVIN

Calvin and Butch look at their silent father.

What else? We need more.

CALVIN

Fade to black. End of play.

