VISITOR:

**A Portrait of the Modern American Family**

**A play by Quentin Stuckey**

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**CAST OF CHARACTERS:**

Derek Reynolds: the son

Keesha Reynolds: the daughter

Russell Reynolds: the father

Mandy Reynolds: the mother

Bert Peterson: the girlfriend

Phillip Shedding: the boyfriend

Narrator: the storyteller

**Act 1**

**Scene 1**

(The lights fade in on stage to reveal a man dressed in a dark black suit, he is the Narrator is just about to address the audience)

Narrator: Good evening. (pause) I greet all of you tonight with the highest amount of affection and humbleness; you see I am humbled that we have such a terrific turn out here. Yes, it’s not every night that we get an audience such as is, then again it’s not every night that we get an audience. (pause) I should elaborate; the Hobbes television network has asked me if I would present the following material to you. Here you are about to see the very first episode of a new series airing next fall, we call it “Visitor”, it can only be appropriately described as a portrait of the modern American family. This television show hopes to present some satire and perhaps a little bit of truth on the typical household one can find in the year 2020. The Hobbes network does however wish to issue a warning. Some of the material portrayed in this pilot may be offensive to some viewers, your own personal discretion is advised. Well, I’m afraid that I must be off; but I will leave you with this final statement (pause) We warned you.

(The Narrator exits stage left, we reveal the living room of a typical American household. A leather chair and a leather couch take centre stage along with a flat screen TV mounted to the wall. The dinner table is located stage left, along with the doorway leading into the home. A staircase is located upstage left. An American flag is hanging in one corner of the room, the wall is littered with family photos. The only daughter of the house: Keesha Reynolds, age 17, is lounging on the leather couch. We hear pounding on the doorway from off stage)

Keesha: Who is it?

Derek: (o.s.) Keesha, you know damn well who it is!

Keesha: That’s not very polite.

Derek: (o.s.) Come on open the door, my hands are full.

Keesha: Certainly not with manners.

Derek: (o.s.) Keesha, put down your phone for five seconds and let me in!

Keesha: Alright, I’m coming.

(She gets up from the couch and walks over stage left to open the door. Derek Reynolds, age 22, the only son of the household stumbles in carrying bags of groceries)

Derek: Thank you for finally letting me in!

Keesha: You’re welcome, you’ve certainly got a lot of food there.

Derek: I just grabbed a few things.

Keesha: A few things? Looks like you’ve bought enough food to last us until the world ends.

Derek: Exaggerating as usual, eh?

Keesha: It’s what I do.

Derek: It’s only three bags, you can relax.

Keesha: Since when do you shop for the family?

 Derek: Well Mom and Dad work all day so I figured that I’d do the shopping since I’m here for the weekend.

Keesha: Uh huh, what are you really up to?

Derek: What makes you think I’m up to something?

Keesha: Because you’re never this considerate, normally you don’t give a damn about what food we have in the house; I’m the one who should go shopping! I hate the food here!

Derek: The food isn’t just for me; it’s for all of us.

Keesha: All of us?

Derek: For your information, I am going to be cooking us dinner tonight.

Keesha: Why would you do that?

Derek: Because a very special guest is coming over.

Keesha: A special guest, here in this house?

Derek: Yes, believe or not we can have our share of special guests over.

Keesha: Who would want to set foot in the Reynolds’ territory, people hate us and we hate them right back.

Derek: My girlfriend, maybe.

Keesha: Another one?

Derek: What do you mean by that remark?

Keesha: How many girls have come and gone since you started university?

Derek: Why are you answering my question with another question?

Keesha: How are you going to force all of us to sit down together? We never eat at the table. In fact, when was the last time you saw any family sitting down together to eat?

Derek: Good lord, Keesha; one question at a time.

Keesha: You know you’ve changed a lot since you came home; the Derek Reynolds I knew never would’ve gone out shopping or want to cook us dinner or even wish to be in the same room for any period of time with his parents.

Derek: What can I say? I’ve gained a new perspective on family values since I’ve been away. I spend most of my days in a dorm room with a roommate who barely acknowledges that I exist, my girlfriend goes to a completely different school, what other company do I have besides my family?

Keesha: If all you have to count on in your life is this family, then I feel sorry for you.

Derek: What’s wrong with being close to your family?

Keesha: Well in case all of the drugs you’ve been taking while you’ve been in university have affected the evaluation of your life, I’ll lay it on the line for you: our family is by no means a “close family”.

Derek: There’s no reason why we can’t start now, it’s never too late to be reborn.

Keesha: Reborn?

Derek: Yes, that was the word I used.

Keesha: Are we a religious family now?

Derek: What?

Keesha: I beg of you, don’t use the word “reborn” in front of Mom and Dad. You know how they are, you introduce them to a new word and they’re using it in every tweet they post.

Derek: I used the word “melancholy” in front of Dad last night and I have yet to see a tweet of his feature that particular word.

Keesha: I don’t even know if our Dad is still alive.

Derek: What do you mean?

Keesha: He hasn’t tweeted anything since this morning!

Derek: So?

Keesha: That’s not like him, he usually tweets each hour of the day; he even loses sleep to just to update his tweets; something must be terribly wrong.

Derek: Doesn’t it strike you as odd that Mom and Dad are so tech savvy?

Keesha: Look at the world we live in, Derek; current research has shown that over 96% of the world’s population owns a cell phone, even the homeless people.

Derek: Where did you get that statistic?

Keesha: Internet.

Derek: Can’t you ever get your information from a book or something else besides your phone?

Keesha: Why would I flip through the dusty, pre-historic pages of a book when I have everything a person could ever want to know right here at my fingertips?

Derek: The day that the government started making cell phones a national courtesy hand out to every citizen was a dark day for humanity. (pause) Do you remember the footage they had on the news of Obama chasing after people, demanding that they take these cell phones he was passing out? Even our own President wants us to be tech savvy.

Keesha: Nobody can afford not to have some kind of cellular device in today’s society and if they can, that’s their choice and they should be discriminated and judged for not jumping onto the band wagon.

Derek: So if God forbid, you meet one person who doesn’t own a cell phone that means they should automatically be ridiculed for being different?

Keesha: No, they should be ridiculed for going against the government, and not having a cell phone is going against the government.

Derek: You realize that the government doesn’t own us, we all have a right to free will; it’s not like they’re throwing people in a jail cell for not obliging to their norms.

Keesha: That day will come, if there is any justice.

Derek: Sometimes I think you say these things just to make me mad.

Keesha: You know how I am, Derek: I admit that I’m glued to my phone; I am a victim of the government’s sociological norm that says every person should carry a cell phone but that’s because I choose to be. It’s my choice to make. (pause) Isn’t that what you meant by free will?

Derek: Our conversations can go from casual to political so quickly.

Keesha: That’s why I like it when you come home to visit.

(She lightly kisses him on the cheek)

Derek: For a seventeen year old girl you certainly have strong beliefs.

Keesha: I resent that, Derek.

Derek: Why?

Keesha: You’re implying that my age defines my intelligence, by your logic; my time and energy should be focused on the latest fashion designs and whether or not that boy is going to ask me out on a date.

Derek: Now you’re just being cheesy and stereotypical, not all girls are focused on such high school things like that.

Keesha: But all seventeen year old girls are, isn’t that what you said, Derek?

Derek: (rubbing his head) I can’t handle this, no I don’t think I can handle this at all. (pause) I better start cooking my dinner.

Keesha: I thought the dinner was for all of us.

Derek: Shut up.

Keesha: What are you going to make?

Derek: I was originally going to make pizza because I know everybody will eat it, but the more I thought about it, I realized that spaghetti was the better option.

Keesha: Spaghetti and garlic bread?

Derek: Of course.

Keesha: So why don’t you tell me about this girl, Derek?

Derek: What girl?

Keesha: The prostitute you’re bringing to dinner.

Derek: Are referring to my girlfriend?

Keesha: Girlfriend, prostitute; it’s all the same to me.

Derek: Oh Keesha, how I would love to tell you everything there is to know about her but I need to go to the kitchen.

(He crosses stage right to the kitchen door but Keesha suddenly steps in front of him, blocking the doorway)

Keesha: There will be no access to the Reynolds’ kitchen until Keesha Reynolds learns about the latest skank who has found her way into Derek Reynolds’ life.

Derek: Keesha, get out of my way.

Keesha: I will if you tell me about her.

Derek: Look I’ll tell you later, I have to go to the kitchen.

Keesha: I forbid it.

Derek: Keesha, seriously move aside.

Keesha: Never.

Derek: Come on, I really need to get dinner started before Mom and Dad-

Russell: (o.s.) We’re home!

Derek: Too late.

(Russell Reynolds and Mandy Reynolds, two forty seven year olds enter through the doorway stage left. Russell is dressed in a black suit and tie and an overcoat while Mandy is dressed in a grey sweater and yoga pants. The two of them, clearly have no business being married based off of their opposite appearances)

Keesha: Hi Mom, hi Dad!

Mandy: Keesha, why are you standing in front of the kitchen door like that? People need to get in there to eat, we can’t have you standing in our way.

Keesha: I’m trying to stop Derek from going into the kitchen, Mandy.

Mandy: Derek, have you been raiding the fridge again?

Russell: You’re eating all of our food again? Son, didn’t you see my tweet about that?

Derek: No, Dad, I’m afraid I didn’t.

(Russell pulls out his phone from his coat pocket)

Russell: Right here, last night at 9:32 PM: “I love it when my son comes home to visit, it means I’ll be losing about ten pounds because he eats all food in my house #hungryuniversitystudent”.

Derek: Clever.

Keesh: Dad, how come you haven’t tweeted anything since this morning?

Russell: Well I was very busy at work today, I couldn’t find the time to tweet each hour like I normally do.

Mandy: Your father’s company told him if they catch him again with his cell phone out then he’s fired.

Russell: (to Mandy) Did you really have to tell them that?

Mandy: Why wouldn’t I? It’s the truth.

Russell: So what if it’s the truth, you don’t tell our children that!

Mandy: What the hell is your problem?

Russell: When I said that I was busy at work all day, it painted a portrait of a man with a strong work ethic; when you tell them that my job was in jeopardy because I had my cell phone out; it paints a portrait of a man who is lazy and incompetent!

Mandy: Oh would you stop, you have that thing out all the time anyways. It’s like a part of your body now!

Derek: (to Keesha) You see?

Keesha: Yeah, I have great eye sight.

Derek: No! You see what happened to Dad today, he almost lost his job because he was texting when he was supposed to be working.

Russell: Derek, I was tweeting not texting.

Derek: Whatever, Dad; my point is that excessive cell phone use is not as socially acceptable as people believe.

Russell: There is a huge difference between tweeting and texting, son. With tweets you share your thoughts with the world and with texting you share your deepest desires and fears with one person.

Derek: God, you make it sound so damn poetic.

Mandy: Derek, the world has changed. You’ve got to get used to it. (pause) Now have you added all of our numbers into that new phone we got you?

Derek: No, Mom; I haven’t. In fact, I don’t even have that cell phone on me. It’s upstairs and that’s where it’s going to be staying for the night.

Mandy: What’s so important about tonight?

Derek: My new girlfriend is coming over for dinner.

(They all groan)

Derek: What?

Russell: Another one?

Derek: What is everybody’s problem?

Mandy: Derek, sweetheart; why didn’t you tell me we were going to have company? You know we hate having people over.

Russell: Great surprise, son.

Mandy: I haven’t even had time to straighten up! Take a look at this place!

Derek: Mom, you won’t have to lift a finger; I’m cooking the dinner tonight and getting everything ready for when she gets here.

Russell: Can we see a picture of this girl? Does she have Instagram?

Derek: No, she doesn’t.

Keesha: What about Twitter?

Derek: No.

Mandy: Facebook?

Derek: No.

Russell: Ask.fm?

Derek: No.

Mandy: Tumblr?

Derek: No.

Keesha: Does she even have a cell phone?

(Brief silence)

Derek: Nope.

(They all groan again)

Derek: What is it now?

Russell: I wanted to come home and have a nice, normal dinner with my family and instead I get to eat my food with a god damn anti-democratic liberal.

Derek: You’re saying that my girlfriend is anti-democratic because she doesn’t own a cell phone?

Mandy: Well she certainly isn’t quite right in the head, dear.

Derek: She’s just different, that’s one of the things she’s done for me! She’s opened me up to whole new possibilities!

Keesha: Yeah? What else does she do for you?

Derek: Cut it out, Keesha. You can all set aside your opinions about technology and society for one night and enjoy Bert’s company.

Russell: Bert?

Mandy: Derek, what do you mean by our opinions about technology and society?

Derek: Well maybe you shouldn’t bring up the fact that she’s going against the government by not having a cell phone on her at all times.

Keesha: So you admit that it is going against the government?

Derek: No I don’t but here’s something I will admit: you’re all victims to those devices in your pocket.

Russell: Who is?

Derek: You!

Mandy: Me?

Derek: Yes, all of you!

Keesha: Derek, come on; give up the gun.

Derek: I will not give up the gun! Every time I turn around you guys are all on your cell phones, it sickens me.

(Three different ring tones suddenly go off; Mandy, Russell and Keesha all pull out their cell phones)

Derek: You’ve got to be kidding me!

(Derek suddenly grabs all of their phones)

Keesha: Hey!

Mandy: Derek!

Russell: What’s your angle here, Derek?!

Derek: My angle is that this family has become exactly what the government wants us to be. You guys consume all this information presented on social media telling us what we should and shouldn’t care about. My God, you try and keep up with the latest technology because that’s exactly what you’ve been conditioned to do! None of you think for yourselves; you just do whatever society thinks is best. You text, tweet, Instagram and Facebook until you physically can’t anymore! We’re not an individual family, we’re a nuclear family. This is not what I wanted to come home to!

(Silence)

Russell: You know you’ve changed a lot since you came home.

BLACKOUT (Commercial break)

**Scene 2**

(The lights fade back in on stage to reveal the entire Reynolds family sitting at the dinner table, eating Derek’s home cooked pizza. Also joining the Reynolds is Bert Peterson, a reserved but attractive brunette who watches the family with a curious gaze)

Derek: So what does everybody think of the pizza?

(Brief silence)

Mandy: It’s wonderful, Derek; just wonderful.

Keesha: I thought we were having spaghetti.

Derek: I changed my mind.

Keesha: You said you changed your mind about making pizza and now look, we’re eating the pizza!

Derek: Alright, alright! I just wanted to make sure that everybody was enjoying it.

Russell: You did a great job son.

Keesha: It better be great after his little outburst.

Mandy: Keesha, we have a guest.

Keesha: I don’t give a damn, he insulted us! How dare he think he can heal our emotional pain by filling our stomachs! (pause) Could I get another slice? I’m starving!

Derek: (handing her another slice of pizza) I only spoke the truth.

Keesha: (taking a bite of her slice) The truth hurts, but this food is very delicious.

Derek: Mom and Dad, weren’t you the ones who told me that honesty is always the best policy?

Russell: (with a mouth full of pizza) I don’t remember saying-

Mandy: Russell, don’t talk with your mouth full! You’ll choke!

Russell: (with a mouth full of food) If I were to choke to death, you’d probably be happy!

Mandy: I suppose I could remarry!

Derek: Alright, alright; that’s enough out of you two.

Mandy: He’s right Russell, stop hogging all the attention with your lack of dining etiquette. The attention should be focused on this lovely young lady.

(She points to Keesha)

Keesha: Oh Mandy, that’s so sweet!

Mandy: Not you! I meant to point at…what’s your name again?

Bert: Bert.

Mandy: Sorry, could you say that again?

Bert: Bert.

Mandy: Yes, Bert, what a very pretty name.

Russell: I don’t know quite how to say this but isn’t Bert typically a male’s name?

Derek: Dad!

Russell: I’m just asking, am I not allowed to ask your girlfriend any questions? I’d like to get to know her as a person, isn’t that what you want from me?

Derek: I didn’t want you to insult her name.

Bert: It’s actually considered unisex, sir.

Russell: Well when I was growing up, girls had girl names and boys had boy names.

Derek: Times have changed, Dad.

Russell: Yes and that’s very hypocritical coming from you!

Derek: At least I didn’t almost lose my job today.

Mandy: Alright, let’s just take a step back! (to Bert) Now then why don’t you tell us how you and Derek met? I have a feeling that it’s a lovely story!

Russell: (rolling his eyes) Oh my God.

Bert: Oh I always had eyes for Derek, ever since he first passed me a love note in our philosophy class.

Derek: (blushing) Oh come on, you don’t need to get into that.

Keesha: You never always had eyes for Derek.

Bert: I’m sorry?

Keesha: You said that you “always” had eyes for Derek, but in reality you didn’t gain any interest in him until he passed you that note. (pause) Which is pretty lame on your part, Derek. Don’t you know how to hit on a girl?

Derek: So Bert, why don’t you continue your story?

Keesha: No,no; I forbid you!

Derek: Keesha!

Bert: I don’t understand what the problem with my story is.

Keesha: Your story has no sense of logic and I don’t care to hear another word out of you. (she points at Bert)

Derek: That’s it, no more pizza for you!

Keesha: I’ll eat as much as I want, Derek! You happen to be a terrific cook!

Derek: Well, thank you.

Keesha: You’re welcome.

Russell: I have something I’d like to say.

Derek: No Dad, you don’t.

Russell: I said I have something I’d like to say.

Derek: You’ve already contributed to the discussion!

Russell: I want my cell phone back!

Derek: That’s too bad, you’re not getting it!

Russell: You better give it back to me right now!

Derek: Make me!

(Russell and Derek rise from the table)

(There is a long and tense silence until Mandy breaks it with her obnoxious laughter, the rest of them look at her with a puzzled expression)

Mandy: (laughing) Bert, you must be really confused as to what is going on in front of you.

Bert: I think they’re angry with each other, Mrs. Reynolds.

Mandy: Angry with each other? No, they’re rehearsing a scene from a play!

Keesha: Really, Mandy?

Bert: I don’t understand.

Mandy: (to Derek) You never told Bert about the play you wrote for you and your father to perform together?

Derek: Oh Mom, cut it out. She’s not a moron.

(Derek and Russell sit back down in their seats)

Mandy: Well I think you two are fine actors and what better way to entertain our guest than to act out-

Russell: Shut up, Mandy.

Derek: Okay, it’s official this dinner has gotten way out of hand!

Bert: Oh Derek, don’t be so melodramatic, we can get it back on track.

Derek: Oh we can get back on track? My mother is trying to pretend that all of this madness is just a scene in a play, my father just told my mother to shut up and my sister is eating all of the pizza that I worked so hard to make.

Keesha: (grabbing another slice of pizza) I am not!

Derek: There is no redeeming this family, we’re too far gone.

(The doorbell suddenly rings)

Mandy: Who could that be?

Russell: We never get visitors at this time of night.

Bert: Maybe it’s a salesman.

Derek: Or the Devil.

Keesha: I’ll answer it, everyone sit tight.

(Keesha gets up from the table and walks over to the door, she opens it to reveal Philip Shedding, her boyfriend. She quickly shuts the door, obviously trying to hide him)

Mandy: Keesha, who is it?

Keesha: Uh…it’s just some guy asking for directions to the nearest hotel. I’ll be right back, I’m gonna help him out.

(She quickly walks through the door and closes it behind her)

Russell: Since when does Keesha help out strangers who come to the door?

Derek: It’s probably my cooking. All that homemade pizza has done wonders for her personality!

Russell: Shut up, Derek.

BLACKOUT (Commercial break)

**Scene 3**

(The lights fade back in on stage to reveal the front porch of the Reynolds’ house, Keesha is standing face to face with twenty three year old Philip Shedding, charismatic and yet slightly overweight; he is her boyfriend and drug dealer)

Keesha: What the hell do you think you’re doing here?

Philip: Don’t I even get a “hello?”

Keesha: No you don’t, I don’t particularly like the fact that you came to my house. Why are you here, Philip Shedding?

Philip: I’d still appreciate the “hello” greeting.

Keesha: Hello, now what are you doing here?

Philip: I came to see you, Keesha.

Keesha: You did?

Philip: No, I came to see your brother; he’s home from university, eh?

(Philip walks over and peers through the front window of the house)

Keesha: Hey, get away from the window!

Philip: Aw yeah, there he is. The eldest child of the Reynolds family makes his long awaited return. (pause) I see he’s got a new girlfriend, what a stud.

Keesha: Philip, leave my brother alone.

Philip: I’m just kidding, you know I actually dig the guy. He’s very polite and a great cook.

Keesha: Yeah that’s why you’re not best friends with him anymore.

Philip: Ah, who needs him? He’s a jerk. You have to live with him, no wonder you complain about him all the time, I can’t say that I blame you. (pause) He is an asshole.

Keesha: That’s enough, Philip.

Philip: Well you do complain about him, don’t you?

Keesha: I know that I do.

Philip: There is one thing that I admire Derek for.

Keesha: What’s that?

Philip: He introduced me to his sister.

(He leans forward to kiss Keesha however she backs away from him)

Keesha: Philip, please tell me why you came here tonight.

Philip: Oh come on, quit playing games.

Keesha: I’m not playing any games with you.

Philip: Didn’t you text me saying that you were having a family dinner tonight?

Keesha: Yeah so what if I did?

Philip: I thought that that was code for “Philip, get your handsome ass over to my house and save me from my family”.

Keesha: No, it wasn’t code you idiot!

Philip: Hey now, don’t be calling me names; I drove a long way to come out here!

Keesha: (whispering) Keep your voice down, there’s already enough tension inside that living room.

Philip: Does your family still not know about me?

Keesha: How did you suddenly come to that conclusion?

Philip: You told me to keep my voice down, as if you’re trying to hide the fact that I’m standing outside your house.

Keesha: Look, they don’t know about us, and they can’t ever know about us.

Philip: Why the hell not?

Keesha: My family would never approve of you, we’ve been over this!

Philip: We’ve been over nothing, Keesha! Why would your family not approve of me? I’m quite the guy!

Keesha: Philip, take a look at yourself!

Philip: I don’t have a mirror.

Keesha: You don’t shower, you don’t bother tucking in your shirt, you smell awful, you’re a drug dealer and you’re my brother’s ex best friend!

Philip: So?

Keesha: Philip, seriously get out of here.

Philip: (he grabs her by the waist) Loosen up, Keesha. I got some stuff set aside in my bag for us; wouldn’t you like to get high and listen to some Pink Floyd?

Keesha: (she breaks free from his arms) Not tonight, Philip.

Philip: What do you mean not tonight? It’s what we’ve been doing every Friday night for the last two months!

Keesha: Did you ever stop to think that maybe I want a break from smoking weed?

Philip: Why would you need a break? You never need a break from something that makes you feel good.

Keesha: Too much of anything requires a break, Philip. (pause) Even too much of you.

Philip: Please come out with me tonight, just tell your family that you have to go identify a body at the morgue.

Keesha: That’s the worst excuse you’ve ever come up with!

Philip: Well are they still buying the whole math tutor thing? That excuse has to be getting old.

Keesha: They believe it alright, have you seen my grades in Math?

Philip: Yeah I did see your report card, just before we lit it on fire.

Keesha: Oh yeah, I had forgotten about that.

Philip: We did it together if I recall correctly.

Keesha: (laughing) You know my parents are still asking about that report card, I keep telling them that I’m constantly forgetting it at school.

Philip: What do they say to that?

Keesha: My Dad keeps subtweeting me about it and my Mom wants to have me tested for dementia. (pause) I guess that says a lot about my parents.

Philip: Yes, it says your father is an online gossip and your mother is irrational. You complain about them all the time too along with your brother.

Keesha: (sigh) They just never pay attention to me, well they do to a point but they don’t pay attention to the important things. They don’t have a clue as to what is going on in my life.

Philip: Do you want them to know what’s going on in your life?

(Brief silence)

Keesha: I don’t know, it would just be nice if they took an interest, even if they find out aspects of myself that I hoped to remain hidden.

Philip: Like your marijuana addiction?

Keesha: I am not addicted so you can shut your mouth.

Philip: I have a theory.

Keesha: A theory about what?

Philip: About you.

Keesha: About me?

Philip: Yes, that’s right. In the time that we have shared each other’s presence, I’ve developed a few conclusions about Ms. Keesha Reynolds and what makes her tick.

Keesha: We’ve been dating for two months, there’s still a lot that you don’t know about me.

Philip: Do you want to hear my theory?

Keesha: No, I should really go back inside.

Philip: Do you hate your family, Keesha?

Keesha: I’ve told you before that I do.

Philip: I don’t believe you.

Keesha: What?

Philip: I said that I don’t believe you.

Keesha: Yeah, I heard you asshole but what do you mean by that? Are you calling me a liar? I’m a lot of things but I’m not a liar.

Philip: Are you going to let me explain my thoughts or are you going to keep talking?

Keesha: I’m going back inside.

Philip: I don’t think that you hate your family, if you truly detested them and everything they ever have been and everything they ever will be than going back inside to that family dinner wouldn’t be so damn important.

Keesha: Who do you think you are? You’re trying to tell me how I feel!

Philip: And you remember that theory I was telling you about before?

Keesha: Yeah.

Philip: That theory is the following: you drink, smoke and date a boy your family would supposedly never approve of because deep down you just want their attention. And even if they found out about all these things that you do, it would be fine with you because after all your efforts, you’ve finally won their attention.

Keesha: You don’t know what you’re talking about, Philip Shedding!

Philip: Your refusal to accept my theory says otherwise, Keesha Reynolds.

Keesha: You’ve been smoking too much weed; you don’t have any concept of what you’re saying to me!

Philip: I’m not high right now but how about we go and do that together like I planned? (pause) Unless you wish to go back in that house.

Keesha: Oh would you stop! You have no concept of what you’re talking about.

Philip: Oh I know exactly what I’m talking about, and that scares you, doesn’t it?

(Brief silence)

Keesha: (turning her back on Philip) Maybe you’re right, Philip. It is entirely possible that I do care about my family, yes maybe I even love them. I know that the right thing for me to do in this moment is to go back inside and face the drama that is the Reynold’s family dinner.

Philip: Wait a minute, I just said that you didn’t hate your family, I never mentioned anything about loving them.

Keesha: And yes I do desire their attention, you were right about everything you said.

Philip: Well I do like it when I’m right.

Keesha: I’ve never realized these things about myself until now. I knew that you had to be good for something!

Philip: I’m also an amazing lover.

Keesha: And another thing, you know how you and I are together?

Philip: You bet I do.

Keesha: Not anymore, we are finished; the final curtain has gone down and I’m taking my bows!

Philip: You’re breaking up with me?

Keesha: That’s correct, I’ve had enough of sneaking around with you behind my family’s back. I constantly lie to them about every little thing, I sneak out at night, I’m doing really badly in school; I can’t do it anymore, can you understand that?

Philip: No, what do you love your family or something?

Keesha: Yes as a matter of fact, I do love them. It just didn’t occur to me until now.

Philip: Don’t you love me?

Keesha: I love you for opening my eyes to my true feelings about my family.

Philip: What about all the other things I do for you?

Keesha: Like what?

Philip: I give you weed whenever you want, don’t I?

Keesha: Do you know how easy it is to get drugs nowadays? (pause) Hell, next week they’re making marijuana legal in our state.

Philip: So this is really happening? You’re actually breaking up with me?

Keesha: Good bye Philip.

Philip: You never used to care about what your family thought, you never used to give a damn about the things you secretly did. What changed your mind? I demand to know!

Keesha: You did! (pause) Man you’re clueless sometimes!

Philip: I love you Keesha!

Keesha: Don’t bother to call or text me, I won’t answer! (pause) And I’m blocking you on every single social network.

Philip: I thought we had something special.

Keesha: Get out of here!

(She opens the front door and slams it in his face, after a few moments Philip walks over to the front window and peers in)

Philip: They never invited me over for a Reynolds family dinner.

BLACKOUT (Commercial break)

**Scene 4**

(The lights fade back in on stage, we reveal the same interior of the Reynold’s house. Derek and Bert are sitting together on the couch, all alone and cuddling)

Derek: God, I thought they’d never leave.

Bert: Won’t they be coming back any minute?

Derek: They went out to get dessert, it will take them hours to agree on what to get from the store.

(Bert begins to take off Derek’s shirt, he stops her)

Bert: What’s wrong?

Derek: Come on we can’t do it on my family’s couch.

Bert: Why not? They’ll never know.

Derek: I’ll know!

Bert: Derek, I know you want to.

Derek: It’s made of leather.

Bert: So?

Derek: That’s disgusting, don’t you think?

Bert: Come on, we’ll be quick about it. It will be our own little secret.

Derek: What a clichéd statement you just made and don’t we already have a secret to protect?

(Brief silence)

Bert: Yeah, Derek; I guess we do.

Derek: I asked my family to leave us alone here so we could talk about it, but instead we end up with you trying to make a move on me.

Bert: I told you I wasn’t as shy as I used to be.

(Derek laughs)

Derek: Do you want to talk about it now?

Bert: I’m not sure.

Derek: Well how about I start?

Bert: Okay, go ahead.

Derek: Alright, I will.

(Silence)

Bert: Why don’t you start by telling me how you feel about it?

(Silence)

Bert: How about I ask you something and maybe that will get your mind going.

Derek: Thank you, Bert.

Bert: Have you told anyone?

Derek: No.

Bert: What about your family?

Derek: They don’t know anything and I refuse to tell them anything.

Bert: Oh I see.

Derek: Have you told anyone?

Bert: No, I haven’t.

Derek: I know that you hate keeping things from your family, for me it’s perfectly natural but for you; it must be so difficult.

Bert: It is.

Derek: You know that you can tell them if you want to, it doesn’t matter to me.

Bert: I’ve thought about it but I can’t burden them with my problems. This is my issue and I’ll fix it.

Derek: Don’t you mean “our” issue?

Bert: You know what I meant, Derek.

Derek: I do know what you meant but it makes me feel like you don’t take us very seriously when you take complete ownership of the problem.

Bert: Are we actually going to argue about this?

Derek: We’re arguing about it now, might as well keep going!

Bert: I think that we have more important things to worry about, notice that I said “we”?

Derek: Boy, if only my family could see you now. You’re not the shy, brown haired girl sitting at the dinner table, now you’re screaming at me!

Bert: I told you that I wasn’t that shy girl anymore!

(Brief silence)

Derek: We should’ve been more careful, eh?

Bert: Yeah we really didn’t think of the consequences.

Derek: Was I your first?

Bert: No, was I your first?

Derek: No, of course not. (pause) But you’re the very first girl that I’ve ever gotten pregnant.

Bert: Oh Derek, I can’t get over the fact that this is happening to us!

Derek: We got drunk one night, we both wanted each other, it happens more often than you think.

Bert: I wish I could go back in time and prevent it from ever taking place.

Derek: Now you’re just being unrealistic and melodramatic, we’ll think of a solution, we’ve encountered problems before and we managed to overcome them!

Bert: Yes but nothing like this, how can you be so calm and rational about it?

Derek: Because that’s the only way to handle this! Believe me, inside I’m running around screaming trying to find a way out of this nightmare of a reality!

(Brief silence)

Bert: Now you’re being melodramatic.

Derek: I know, I apologize.

Bert: Derek, would you even want to have children?

Derek: I don’t know. Having kids of my own would be great but not at twenty two. There’s still so much I want to do and so many places I want to go. Neither one of us can be tied down by a kid.

Bert: I want an abortion.

Derek: Are you serious?

(Bert nods her head)

Derek: You don’t want to have the baby?

Bert: Derek, it’s exactly like you said. We’re both in school; how can we possibly take good care of a child? It’s just not going to work.

Derek: But I-

(Suddenly Russell, Mandy and Keesha enter stage left through the doorway)

Russell: I found a meme the other day that accurately describes my personality type!

Keesha: Is that so Dad? Did you find it on Twitter?

Mandy: Come on Russell, let’s see the meme.

Russell: Well I’ll just get out my phone and-

(He notices Derek and Bert sitting on the couch)

Russell: Oh that’s right, Derek took away all of our phones.

Derek: Isn’t it enjoyable to be out in the world without having a phone vibrating constantly in your pocket, Dad?

Russell: Nope.

Derek: Some day you’ll thank me for this.

Russell: It’s not going to be today.

Derek: I expected you guys to be gone longer, you only left fifteen minutes ago.

Mandy: Well it was the strangest thing, for the first time ever we all agreed on what to buy for dessert.

Keesha: Holographic chocolate cake.

Derek: What?

Mandy: Oh don’t listen to Keesha, we got old fashioned chocolate cake.

Derek: Is there even such a thing as holographic food?

Keesha: There will be when I invent it.

(Derek laughs)

Mandy: Bert, are you a fan of chocolate cake?

Bert: Oh yes, I love it.

Russell: Why don’t the three of you take the cake into the kitchen and begin making it?

Derek: Wait, what?

Russell: What’s the matter?

Derek: You said that you guys bought old fashioned chocolate cake.

Mandy: We did.

(She hands him a box of cake mix)

Derek: This is old fashioned chocolate cake mix.

Mandy: That’s right.

Derek: Well you made it sound as if you actually bought an already made cake, but you really bought cake mix for us to bake.

Mandy: That’s what I said, we got old fashioned chocolate cake.

Russell: Come on Derek, you made us dinner now you might as well make us dessert.

Mandy: And you have two master chefs to assist you: Keesha and Bert.

Keesha: But I can’t bake!

Mandy: You’re just not trying hard enough dear, now come on; you kids go into the kitchen and start the process!

Russell: Your mother and I will be right out here.

Derek: (to Keesha) They’re totally up to something.

Keesha: Do you think so?

(Derek, Keesha and Bert exit stage right into the kitchen door)

Russell: Mandy I-

Mandy: Don’t say anything, Russell.

Russell: Come on, you know you can’t do that to me.

Mandy: Do what to you?

Russell: Not let me say what I want to say.

Mandy: What is it that you want to say?

Russell: I’m sorry.

Mandy: I’m sorry too.

Russell: So is that it?

Mandy: What?

Russell: Is everything good now? Are we able to go back to the way things were?

Mandy: You mean going to back to before we wanted a divorce?

Russell: Yes, don’t you think that was a much happier time for the both of us?

Mandy: It clearly wasn’t such a happy time for either of us!

Russell: Why would you say that?

Mandy: If we were truly content with our lives before we wanted the divorce then we wouldn’t be getting one, would we?

Russell: Curse your goddamn logic.

Mandy: We meet with our lawyers tomorrow afternoon, this is it Russell and when we tell the kids they’re going to be heartbroken over this whole thing.

Russell: I agree with you that we should finalize the divorce.

Mandy: You do?

Russell: Yes, if you would’ve let me speak my mind then you would’ve already had that knowledge. But oh no, don’t let the stupid husband express himself.

Mandy: If you’re perfectly fine with the divorce then why did you suggest that we go back to how things were?

Russell: When did I say that?

Mandy: Earlier in the conversation!

Russell: Well I still love you, stupid.

Mandy: Oh.

Russell: And although I may both agree and understand the reasons for our divorce, that does not mean that I like it.

Mandy: So that’s why you were looking for that one shred of hope of us actually working out?

Russell: Exactly.

Mandy: It hasn’t worked for the last twenty six years, why on Earth would it work now?

Russell: I always try to find one shred of hope in any situation.

Mandy: You’re such an optimist.

Russell: And you’re such a pessimist.

Mandy: How did I ever think that we would be compatible?

Russell: Our parents thought that we were a good match!

Mandy: Yeah well, you should never listen to what your parents think. You could end up marrying the wrong person.

Russell: Twenty six years of marriage Mandy! We must’ve been doing something right, don’t you think so?

Mandy: What’s your point?

Russell: My point is that we must be somewhat compatible if we’ve been together for that long!

Mandy: Time doesn’t mean anything.

Russell: Oh you are such a-

(Bert enters stage right from the kitchen door)

Russell: Hey Bert, how are you doing Bert?!

Mandy: Oh Bert, it feels like we haven’t seen you in forever! How are you doing Bert?!

Bert: Derek sent me out here.

Mandy: Why?

Bert: He said he wanted to know why you two are yelling at each other.

Mandy: Well we’re uh…

Russell: Rehearsing a scene in a play.

Bert: Another play?

Russell: Oh no, it’s the same play that Derek and I were rehearsing at dinner.

Bert: What is the name of this play?

Russell: It’s called…”Creatures.”

Bert: “Creatures”?

Russell: Absolutely, Derek wrote the entire thing during one very stormy night. He’s a very good writer, my son.

Bert: Derek?

Russell: Yes, Derek Reynolds.

(Awkward silence)

Mandy: How is the cake coming?

Bert: It’s almost finished; just have to add the icing.

Russell: You guys certainly work fast.

Bert: We like cake.

(Russell and Mandy awkwardly laugh)

Bert: Do you guys typically begin rehearsing this play spontaneously without any declared, formal rehearsal?

Russell: I think you should go back in the kitchen Bert, I really do.

Bert: Well, okay then.

(Bert exits stage right back into the kitchen)

Russell: She’s not so shy anymore, eh?

Mandy: What is the matter with you?

Russell: Nothing’s the matter with me, what are you on about?

Mandy: Rehearsing a play? I used that excuse at dinner and now you’re using it again at dessert?

Russell: Alright so I used the same damn excuse, who cares?

Mandy: Derek will care! We just met his girlfriend and she already thinks we’re crazy!

Russell: Oh please, with Derek’s track record she’ll be out of the picture in another week.

Mandy: I think you will be out of the picture in another week.

Russell: Oh so you want me to be the one who moves out?

Mandy: I’m not asking, I’m telling.

Russell: Mandy, you are by far the most-

Philip: (bursting through the front door stage left) Alright Keesha Reynolds, we’re gonna talk about this!

(Philip stops and realizes Mandy and Russell standing in the living room)

Philip: Oh…hello.

Mandy: Hi.

Russell: Can we help you with something?

Philip: No, I don’t think you can. (pause) Wait, you don’t know who I am?

Russell: If somebody comes bursting through my front door, I certainly hope I don’t know who they are.

Philip: You seriously don’t recognize me?

Mandy: No, now would you kindly leave our home?

Philip: I’m Philip Shedding!

Russell: Philip Shedding?

Mandy: Derek’s best friend?

Philip: Yes!

Russell: Good lord, you’ve really let yourself go.

(Derek holding the cake enters stage left with Keesha and Bert following behind)

Derek: Philip!

Philip: Derek!

Keesha: Philip!

Philip: Keesha!

Bert: Who is Philip?

(Awkward silence)

Philip: We’ve got quite the situation on our hands.

Derek: Yeah. (pause) I’m going to set this cake down and then we’re going to deal with the situation.

Philip: Sounds like a good idea.

(Derek gingerly sets the cake down on the dinner table)

Derek: Now then, Philip, what the hell are you doing in my house?

Philip: It’s a long story?

Derek: We haven’t spoken to each other in two years, after you slept with Janine; I never wanted to associate with you again.

Philip: That was just an accident, you’re not still hung up about that, are you?

Derek: My best friend had sex with my girlfriend, I’m pretty sure your average person wouldn’t let something like that go.

Bert: I never slept with him, Derek!

Derek: My girlfriend at the time, Janine Roberts. She was quite the catch, we were very good together and then Philip Shedding happened to show up at her apartment one night when she had just finished washing her hair. (pause) You two make me sick, I loved the both of you!

Bert: You know I’m standing right here, Derek!

Philip: Didn’t I tell you that I was sorry?

Derek: Oh yeah because a simple apology changes the fact that you saw my girlfriend naked.

Keesha: (whispering to Philip) You told me that you cheated off him on a test and you both got in trouble for it.

Derek: Keesha, why are you whispering to him like that?

Philip: Keesha, we should tell him.

Keesha: Tell him what? I have no idea what you’re talking about.

Philip: Come on, just tell everyone the truth.

Derek: What’s going on here?

Russell: You did burst into my house shouting my daughter’s name. Something must be going on between the two of you.

Derek: Somebody better reveal what is happening or I swear to God I’ll scream.

Bert: Why don’t we all have a piece of the chocolate cake?

Philip: That’s it I’m telling him!

Keesha: Philip don’t!

Derek: What do you need to tell me?

Bert: Tensions are running high; I think we all could use some dessert.

Keesha: I actually wouldn’t mind eating some cake.

Philip: Stop trying to change the subject, Keesha!

Keesha: I’m not changing the subject, I just want my cake.

Derek: I’m about to scream.

Philip: Alright, attention everybody!

Keesha: Oh Lord.

Philip: Keesha and I are in love, we’ve been dating secretly for the past two months! There I said it, it’s all out in the open now! (pause) Also, Keesha purchases drugs off of me from time to time.

Mandy: What?!

Russell: Are you serious?!

Derek: I thought you had much better taste in men, Keesha!

Bert: Philip is slightly attractive.

Philip: Keesha, aren’t you glad that you got that off your chest?

Keesha: Yes, thank you very much Philip. You have granted me quite a service, now my entire family knows how much of a liar I am. (pause) I’m getting out of here.

(She begins to cry and storms off stage left out the front door, she slams it behind her)

(Silence)

Russell: (to Philip) You’ve been selling drugs to my little girl?

Philip: Yes, that’s right.

Russell: Marijuana?

Philip: Yeah.

Mandy: Do you realize how old she is?

Philip: She’s twenty one, isn’t she?

Derek: She’s only seventeen Philip.

Philip: Oh. (pause) You know she never mentioned that.

Russell: I should call the police on you right now.

Philip: So why don’t you?

Russell: My son took away my cell phone.

Philip: You don’t have a house phone?

Mandy: Get out of here now!

Philip: Alright, I’m going.

(He begins to exit stage right but Derek stops him)

Derek: First you sleep with the woman I love and now you’re selling illegal substances to my younger sister, do you have no limits?

Philip: I never slept with your sister.

Derek: Oh that’s very reassuring.

(Philip exits stage right out the front door)

Mandy: (crying) I really thought that we knew Keesha, I guess that we never really knew her completely.

Russell: She’s just a teenager, it’s what they do. They rebel against their parents, but how could she go so far as to get involved with someone like Philip Shedding?

Derek: I don’t know Dad.

Mandy: (to Derek) You were never like that, Derek. You were always honest about everything you did, no matter how difficult it may have been.

Russell: (to Derek) That’s very true. Even though you may have become an anti-technology liberal, you’re always truthful about everything you do. Good work, son.

(Derek sighs)

Derek: Bert?

Bert: Yes?

Derek: Do you think that maybe we should-

Bert: (cutting him off) Go ahead.

Derek: Mom, Dad.

Russell: What is it son? Are you gonna give us our phones back?

Derek: Keep dreaming, Dad. (pause) There is something that the both of you deserve to know.

Mandy: Yes, Derek?

(Brief silence)

Derek: Bert is two weeks pregnant and we’re debating on whether to keep the baby or abort the pregnancy.

(Mandy gasps and faints on the floor)

Derek: That went better than I expected.

Russell: (bending down to Mandy’s body on the floor) She’s out cold.

Bert: Will she be okay?

Russell: Oh yeah, it happens all the time.

Derek: I’m so sorry, Dad.

Russell: I know that you are.

Derek: I assume that you’re pretty furious at Bert and I.

Russell: Well, it’s your life to screw up, not mine.

Derek: (sarcastically) Well thanks, Dad.

Russell: And besides your mom and I can’t get too upset about you becoming a father or Keesha smoking dope.

Derek: Why not?

Russell: We’ve been keeping a secret too.

Derek: Great, what is it?

Russell: You’re adopted.

Derek: What?!

Russell: (laughing) I’m just kidding, but um…your mother and I are getting a divorce.

(Derek looking very surprised, sits down on the leather couch)

Derek: Maybe we should’ve just eaten the cake.

BLACKOUT (Commercial break)

**Scene 5**

(The lights fade back in on stage, we reveal Derek sitting on the leather couch, sipping on a glass of beer. Keesha quietly enters the front door from stage right)

Keesha: Hey.

Derek: Hey.

Keesha: How are you?

Derek: I’ve been better and yourself?

Keesha: I’ve been better too. (pause) Where is everybody?

Derek: I drove Bert back to her friend’s apartment, Dad is upstairs tweeting and Mom is asleep.

Keesha: You gave our phones back?

Derek: Yeah, the dinner is all over now so here you go.

(He hands her cell phone to her)

Keesha: Thanks. (pause) I guess it is pretty late.

Derek: Where did you go for so long?

Keesha: I just went to a coffee shop.

Derek: A coffee shop?

Keesha: Yeah, you don’t believe me? I don’t lie about everything you know!

Derek: I never said that you were lying, take it easy.

Keesha: I’m sorry.

Derek: Come sit down with me.

(Keesha sits beside him on the couch)

Keesha: Been doing some drinking eh?

Derek: I need this.

Keesha: Awfully clichéd for you, drinking alcohol after a hard night.

Derek: Yeah but I don’t really give a damn.

Keesha: Did I miss anything while I was gone?

Derek: You certainly did.

Keesha: Such as?

Derek: Well, Bert is two weeks pregnant, that was the secret that I was keeping and Mom and Dad are getting a divorce.

Keesha: I meant more along the lines of did anybody have any cake?

Derek: Nobody touched it.

Keesha: You got Bert pregnant?

Derek: Yes, we got totally smashed one night and then we had unprotected sex and you know the rest.

Keesha: Is she going to keep it?

Derek: No.

Keesha: So she’s going to get an abortion?

Derek: We’re going to the doctors tomorrow, on our way home.

Keesha: You’re leaving tomorrow?

Derek: Yeah.

Keesha: Tomorrow is only Saturday, I thought you wanted to stay for the whole weekend?

Derek: Change of plans, besides there’s been too much drama just in one night. (pause) Mom and Dad are barley speaking to each other, my girlfriend is getting an abortion and my little sister is dating my ex best friend.

Keesha: I broke up with him, okay?

Derek: I just can’t believe that you would…forget it. I’m not even gonna get into it.

Keesha: What were you gonna say? Come on, just say it, Derek!

Derek: Look I just thought I knew you better, okay?

Keesha: I’m sure that you’ve done your share of drugs too, Derek!

Derek: It’s not the drugs, I can understand that; you’re an adolescent! But of all the guys you could go with, you choose the one guy that you know I would never approve of! (pause) Keesha, is it your mission in life to make me miserable?

Keesha: Well even if I make my entire family a miserable wreck, at least I’ve got their attention!

(Silence)

Derek: You want our attention? Is that what this whole thing is about?

Keesha: I guess so.

Derek: You don’t think we pay attention to you?

Keesha: It’s just that it’s always been a certain way with our family.

Derek: What way is that?

Keesha: You were always the intelligent, respectful, big brother that I always wanted to be; and I’ve always been the awkward, unintelligent, rebellious little sister that no one acknowledges.

Derek: Keesha, that’s not true.

Keesha: Yes it is.

Derek: No, believe me; it’s not the case at all.

Keesha: Why do you believe that?

Derek: First of all, you’re the only person I’ve ever met who has stronger political and social beliefs than myself; so you’re pretty damn smart. Second of all, you think that nobody acknowledges you? Do you know what Mom did when you stormed out of the house like that?

Keesha: No, what did she do?

Derek: She cried.

Keesha: That’s all she did? Mom cries at everything, who cares?

Derek: Well…she also fainted on the floor.

Keesha: Seriously?

Derek: Seriously!

Keesha: I made *the* Mandy Reynolds faint?

Derek: Yeah, everybody was worried sick about you when you left. Dad has even been posting an online Amber alert for you on his Twitter.

Keesha: Of course that’s Dad’s first reaction!

(They both laugh)

Derek: Do you see now how people actually care about you? You don’t need to rebel to get our attention, you should only rebel to have fun.

Keesha: Well, I guess I feel a little bit better.

Derek: That’s good. (pause) Now swear to me that you’re never seeing Philip Shedding again and I’ll forgive you!

Keesha: I swear.

Derek: Cross your heart and hope to die?

Keesha: Yes!

Derek: Very good.

(Brief silence)

Keesha: So Mom and Dad are really splitting up eh?

Derek: Yes, I suppose that it’s been a long time coming. There’s not much that you and I can do except remain neutral and refuse to pick sides.

(Brief silence)

Keesha: I’m taking Dad’s side!

Derek: Not fair, I was gonna take Dad’s side!

Keesha: You can have Mom’s, sucker!

Derek: Maybe we should seriously talk about Mom and Dad, do you think that we’re the reason that they no longer want to be together? I mean is it at all possible that they feel you and I would be better off without the two of them together? (pause) Can they not make their marriage work in the twenty first century?

Keesha: Meh, who cares?

Derek: What do you mean “who cares”? You’re not at all curious as to why your parents have decided to give up on each other?

Keesha: I feel much better about myself after our discussion, that’s all I needed. (pause) I think I’ll go to bed now.

Derek: Oh you’ve got to be kidding me! We’re just getting started here with the dissection of the Reynolds family! Are you really that selfish?

Keesha: I told you that you could never count on your family for anything.

Derek: Hey!

Keesha: What?

Derek: I just got a crazy idea!

Keesha: Let’s hear it.

Derek: How about we get Mom and Dad down here and the four of us will have a good, old fashioned family hug? It’s been a long time since we’ve hugged each other.

Keesha: Yeah, ten years.

Derek: Exactly, so let’s do it!

Keesha: Why do you always do this?

Derek: Do what?

Keesha: Try to end the night with an emotional, climatic family display of affection? Just go to bed, it’s been a long night.

Derek: Come on, I just know that there’s still a slight chance for family values to prevail!

Keesha: Good night, Derek, it’s been lovely seeing you tonight. Have a safe trip back to university and good luck with being a father, or not being a father. Whatever you choose!

Derek: (sighing) Thank you, Keesha.

Keesha: And Derek?

Derek: Yes?

Keesha: Next time, don’t try so hard. Just let us be.

(She walks up the staircase located upstage left)

Derek: One thing you can count on your family for, they’ll never make your life boring.

BLACKOUT

THE END