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APPROPRIATE

BY
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PLAY SERVICE
INC.



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*ap*pro*pri*ate*

- adj.* 1. suitable or fitting for a particular purpose, person, occasion, etc.
2. belonging to or peculiar to a person; proper.
- v.* 3. to set apart, authorize, or legislate for some specific purpose or use.
4. to take to or for oneself; take possession of.
5. to take without permission or consent; seize; expropriate.
6. to steal, especially to commit petty theft.

The West Coast premiere of APPROPRIATE was produced by the Center Theatre Group (Michael Ritchie, Artistic Director; Stephen D. Rountree, Managing Director; Douglas C. Baker, Producing Director; Gordon Davidson, Founding Artistic Director), opening on September 23, 2015. It was directed by Eric Ting. The scenic design was by Mimi Lien; the costume design was by Laura Bauer; the lighting design was by Christopher Kuhl; the sound design was by Matt Tierney; the fight direction was by Steve Rankin; the casting was by Meg Fister; the dramaturg was Joy Meads; the CTG associate artistic director was Kelley Kirkpatrick, and the production stage manager was David S. Franklin. The cast was as follows:

TONI Melora Hardin
 RHYS Will Tranfo
 RACHAEL Missy Yager
 CASSIDY Grace Kaufman
 AINSLEY Liam Blair Askew/Alexander James Rodriguez
 FRANZ Robert Beitzel
 RIVER Zarah Mahler

APPROPRIATE, recipient of the Sundance Institute Tennessee Williams Award, was developed, in part, at the 2011 Sundance Institute Playwrights Retreat at UCross Foundation and at the 2012 Sundance Institute Theatre Lab at the Sundance Resort with the Sundance Institute / Time Warner Fellowship Program.

APPROPRIATE was developed, in part, at Vineyard Arts Project (Ashley Melone, Founder and Artistic Director).

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ANTOINETTE “TONI” LAFAYETTE: the oldest sibling, white, late 40s/early 50s

RHYS THURSTON: her son, white, late teens

BEAUREGARDE “BO” LAFAYETTE: the middle sibling, white, late 40s/early 50s

RACHAEL KRAMER-LAFAYETTE: his wife, white, late 40s

CASSIDY “CASSIE” KRAMER-LAFAYETTE: their older child, white, early teens

AINSLEY KRAMER-LAFAYETTE: their younger child, white, a child

FRANÇOIS “FRANZ/FRANK” LAFAYETTE: the youngest sibling, white, late 30s/early 40s

RIVER RAYNER: his fiancée, white, early 20s but looks younger

SETTING

The living room of a former plantation home in southeast Arkansas. Summer.

A NOTE ON OVERLAPPING

A slash (/) in a character’s line denotes where the *following character’s line* should begin.

A slash (/) at the beginning of a line denotes a *complete* overlap with the *following character’s line*.

to put them in Mom's car so ...

FRANZ. *(Taking the photos.)* It's okay ... I'll take care of them ...
(Beat.) Wait — Do you actually even remember me? You were just a kid, but do you remember —

RHYS. Yeah — at Christmas you would come ...

FRANZ. Okay, okay, cool. *(Beat.)* Hey, do I seem different to you?

RHYS. Not really. A little older.

FRANZ. Okay ... Yeah, okay. *(Franz exits. Alone, Rhys is confused, mortified, any number of things. He lies down on the couch and pulls the quilt up over himself, trying to figure out what just happened. He eventually puts it together. It's painful. Curtain, cicadas.)*

End of Act Two

Begin Scene

ACT THREE: THE BOOK OF GENESIS

One

The living room, the next morning.

Day reveals the extent to which the place has been completely organized. Neatness abounds. Ray's remaining possessions are displayed and arranged about like the organs of a dissected animal. The order is almost oppressive. It's like a museum. Or a mausoleum.

Rhys is a blanketed figure on the couch, again. Rachael sits on the sofa's arm near his head. River stands nearby with a cup of tea. Occasionally, we hear the sounds of Cassidy and Ainsley in the next room, playing some sort of rowdy game that involves counting, screaming, and laughter.

RACHAEL. Rhys ... *(Trying gently to wake Rhys up.)*

RHYS. Hm — huh?

RACHAEL. Hey, sweetie, I'm sorry to wake you up, but I think it's going to get a little busy down here in a bit. Do you want to go sleep in our bedroom?

RHYS. I should get up ...

RACHAEL. Okay ... And do you know when the estate sale is supposed to start? I don't know if your mother gave these people a specific time or not ...

RHYS. No ...

RACHAEL. Okay ... *(Beat.)* Would you mind asking your mother for me?

RHYS. *(Falling back asleep.)* Okay ... *(Beat.)*

RACHAEL. Could you do that now, honey? *(Rhys finally stands up, grumpily, and exits slowly up the stairs. To River.)* See? Sometimes these Lafayette boys just need a little push. *(Rhys, hearing this, flips Rachael off behind her back before exiting. Bo wanders in from some-*

where, hanging up his phone and dialing a new number.) Any luck?
BO. He just gave me some other guy's number to call. Hold on.
(*Bo wanders out onto the porch.*)
RIVER. What's going on?
RACHAEL. He's talking to someone about the photos. And thank you by the way — (*Needing help, re: a couch.*) Can you — ?
RIVER. Oh, sure — ! (*Over the following, they push the couch against the wall, to clear out the floor, then they set up another table where the couch was.*)
RACHAEL. When Bo told me he tried to throw these pictures away, I almost killed him. I told him we have to deal with these things. We should sit down with them and the kids and really unpack what is going on. Especially after Rhys had seen them, because, you know, kids talk. Ainsley's one thing — if we're lucky he'll forget all about — but Cassidy is the one to worry about. If she wants to see something, she will go after it. And if she saw those pictures without me, I literally might have to kill her and then kill myself. She's at such an impressionable age. (*They're done.*)
RIVER. Can I just say we are both amazing?
RACHAEL. We are. Look at this. Thank you so much for your help.
RIVER. This was all you.
RACHAEL. Well, it was mostly for my own sanity. After those photos, the last thing I needed was for someone to find a ... jar of ... penises or something.
RIVER. What?
RACHAEL. Bo and I spent all night reading about these awful lynchings and apparently, it was customary for people take souvenirs after these killings — ears, fingers, genitals — (*Poking her head in the den.*) HEY! KEEP IT DOWN IN THERE! YOUR AUNT TONI IS STILL SLEEPING! (*The noise quiets down — for a little while. Rachael starts arranging things on the new table. Bo wanders through.*)
BO. Uh huh ... Well, I haven't gotten a good look, but I'd say at least forty, fifty, sixty pictures ... / Uh-huh ... (*Bo wanders out just as Toni comes stalking downstairs. She is clearly hungover. Beat, as the women look at each other.*)
RIVER. Good morning!
RACHAEL. Toni, what time is the sale supposed to start? (*Unresponsive, Toni exits into the kitchen.*)
RIVER. I think she's hungover.
RACHAEL. (*Goes over to the den.*) Cassidy? (*Cassidy enters from the*

den, wearing something crazy on her head like a lampshade.)
CASSIDY. What?!
RACHAEL. (*Taking the thing off her head.*) What are you two doing?
CASSIDY. We're playing ghosts!
RACHAEL. Well don't play that! Your aunt Toni is finally up. I need you to take your brother upstairs and the two of you finish cleaning out your grandfather's room.
CASSIDY. Ugh — !
RACHAEL. Just do it! / And quickly! (*Cassidy stomps upstairs, Ainsley in tow.*)
CASSIDY. (*Offstage.*) OKAY! JESUS! (*Bo pokes his head in from the porch and motions to everyone to keep it down.*)
BO. I guess some of them looked like postcards, / but some were like, photo-photos ... Is there a difference? I'd have to look again ... (*Bo wanders back out onto the porch, just as Toni reenters with a cup of coffee.*)
RACHAEL. Hi. Let me know when you're done acting like a child, so we can finish what we all came here to do. (*Toni takes her time sitting down on the couch. She takes her time taking a sip of coffee. She clears her throat.*)
BO. (*From the porch.*) You're kidding! / Oh my god — no, that's good to know!
TONI. (*To River.*) Good morning, Trisha. (*Beat.*) And, Rachael, you can stop whatever you're doing because I canceled the sale.
RACHAEL. Excuse me?
TONI. And the auction. And I pulled down all the notices for the sale yesterday — or all the ones I could find — and had the local paper print something up. There may still be some stragglers but, just in case, I put a little sign down the road that says: SALE CANCELED DUE TO CRISIS OF FAMILY. So ... thanks for nothing. (*Bo reenters, hanging up the phone, a smile on his face.*)
BO. Hey — When are we starting?
RACHAEL. Uh, never. Because your sociopath of a sister went behind our backs and canceled everything after we worked our asses off trying to help clean up the mess she made!
TONI. Rachael, did someone *ask* for your help?
BO. Hey! Okay. Okay. Rachael, relax —
RACHAEL. What do you mean relax?! Your sister is ... a — a fucking cunt!!!
TONI. Rachael, your language!
RACHAEL. I don't care! In fact, let's make this a teaching moment!

Bring Ainsley on down here so he can look at you and learn what the definition of a fucking cunt is, you sabotaging fucking cunt! *(Quietly, Rhys entered from upstairs and stands on the steps. Toni sees him and winks.)*

BO. Rachael, Rachael, Rachael — it doesn't matter.

RACHAEL. What are you talking about!?

BO. It wasn't going to make a difference anyway. The bank can have it all. *(Beat.)* River, I could kiss you!

RACHAEL. / What?

TONI. What?

BO. Toni, after our conversation last night, I thought it might be worth trying to get a real appraisal of these pictures, and I just got off the phone with a friend of a friend, who explained to me that these photos are like ... highly specialized collectors item — like antiques — Daddy was sitting on a goldmine — and if we did this right, through an actual auction house or a private dealer, we're looking at the upper six figures here — maybe more!

TONI. What?

BO. Right? So can you go get them out of your car and bring them here? I need to take a look at them and make a quick count. This guy's waiting for me to call him back with a number, so he can start reaching out to some people he thinks might be interested in this stuff —

RACHAEL. What kind of people?

BO. I don't know but, in the meantime, I was thinking it might make the most sense for me to take them back to New York tonight.

The best appraisers for this are obviously in the city —

RIVER. Uh, and what about Franz? *(Beat, in which Bo and Toni look at River.)*

BO. What about Franz?

RIVER. Was he going to be a part of this conversation? Technically, he's entitled to a third of those pictures.

BO. Well, first we're going to get through today, then we'll talk about who gets what —

RIVER. That's fine but if you're taking those photos back with you, it sounds like you're not declaring those as a part of your father's estate — and that's what Franz is legally entitled to and that's what's getting liquidated today. So this is a little shady ... *(Beat.)*

TONI. Rhys, sweetie, will you go get the photos out of my car? *(Rhys exits. To River.)* I thought y'all weren't here for money —

RIVER. That doesn't mean Franz shouldn't have a say in what happens with his father's things.

TONI. It seems to me if Frank actually had something to say, he'd be here. Where is he?

RIVER. I haven't seen him since I woke up this morning. Why don't I call him?

TONI. Why don't you do that? *(River takes out her phone, walking into the corner the way people do when they're on a call. Beat, while it rings. Franz's voicemail picks up.)*

RIVER. Hey, baby. / It's me. I don't know where you are but you should come back to the house. There's a little problem you need to be a part of, so come on back. I hope you're having a beautiful time, whatever you're doing. I love you. See you soon.

TONI. *(To Bo.)* See?! Her pregnancy and her lawyer parents — It's a trick! She's here for money and there is no way! If Frank makes a dime off of this after all he's taken, I will just die, Bo!

BO. We're talking about a substantial amount of money here! There's more than enough for everyone. There's no reason to toss this away out / of spite.

TONI. Money is the problem, Bo! I canceled everything just for this reason! All this stress over money is what's destroying this family! Don't you see? Daddy wanted us to lose the house — Daddy wanted us to just start over — And I mean, given we aren't 100% sure that these photos are even Daddy's, there should be another way —

RACHAEL. *(Under her breath.)* Jesus Christ.

RIVER. I left him a voicemail. *(They both realize River is off the phone and that she has been standing there, listening.)*

TONI. Great, well, we've decided we're not selling the pictures. We're going to find something else to do with them — maybe we can donate them to a museum or something —

BO. Toni, you are going to have nothing to do with these — !

TONI. I'm the executor, Bo.

BO. If you think you are about to hold those things hostage, you have got another thing coming. I will sue you! *(Rhys reenters, empty-handed.)*

RHYS. Ummm ...

BO. Where are they?

RHYS. I couldn't find them.

BO. What do you mean you couldn't find them? I thought you said you put them in your car!

TONI. (*Looking at River.*) We did.
BO. (*Notices the look, then to River.*) Okay, where are they?!
RIVER. How should I know?
BO. Alright, clearly you and Toni were the last people to see these things — correct?
RIVER. Okay?
BO. And weren't you the one who told Toni they were worth something and that you were going to hang on to them?
RIVER. I'm sorry, are you implying that I stole them?
BO. I'm not implying anything, but I think it might be a good idea if you brought down your luggage so we can just be sure. Look, trust me, I know how expensive a baby is — I've had two — and you probably need the money — I get it —
RACHAEL. / Bo, calm down, come on —
RIVER. (*Look at Toni, betrayed.*) Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! First of all — Your daughter was the last person with the photos!
RACHAEL. / What?
BO. (*Spinning around to see her.*) What?!
RIVER. Last night. Toni caught Cassidy and I looking at the photos and she told her to take them outside. (*Beat.*)
RACHAEL. What?!
BO. CASSIDY GET DOWN HERE RIGHT NOW!
RACHAEL. (*To River.*) You and my daughter were looking at the — and you didn't *tell me!*?
BO. Rachael, please — ! (*Cassidy comes down here.*)
CASSIDY. What's going on!?
RACHAEL. DID YOU SEE THE PHOTOS?!
CASSIDY. Yes?
RACHAEL. (*To Bo.*) AGGHH!
CASSIDY. Mom! I don't understand what the big deal is. I've seen worse things on the internet. I am almost an adult!
BO. You are not an adult!
CASSIDY. Yes I am!
BO. / No you're not!
RACHAEL. NO YOU'RE NOT!
TONI. Can we all just calm down! Cassidy, honey, where did you put the photos? They're not in the car.
CASSIDY. They're not?
TONI. They're not there anymore.
CASSIDY. (*To Rhys, sort of annoyed.*) Then Rhys has them! (*Beat.*)

All eyes on Rhys.)

TONI. What? (*Beat.*) Okay, somebody had better start explaining something right now. (*Beat.*)
RACHAEL. RIGHT! NOW!
BO. / Rachael —
CASSIDY. The car was locked and I gave them to Rhys to put in the car!
TONI. And what did you do with them Rhys?
RHYS. Uh, I — (*The front door opens and Franz enters. He is shirtless and dripping wet.*)
FRANZ. Good morning, everybody!
BO. / Frank?
TONI. Ew, Frank, why are you soaking wet?
FRANZ. I've been swimming!
TONI. Swimming?
FRANZ. In the lake! Can you believe in all the years I lived here, I never once went swimming in that lake? It's amazing! And I — I think I might have baptized myself! (*Off reactions.*) I mean, I don't know if I "baptized" myself — I don't know how people do it — but I just went to the edge of the water and said, "Water, heal me!" And it did ... I got out of that water and I feel ... changed. I'm literally shaking right now — Oh my god — (*Beat.*)
RIVER. Honey, did you take something?
FRANZ. No! No, I wish! I'm just feeling good for once!
BO. Frank, we don't have time for this. We're in the middle of a crisis —
FRANZ. What happened?
BO. The photos are missing.
FRANZ. Missing? No they're not.
BO. Well then where are they? (*Beat, as Franz takes a moment to collect himself.*)
FRANZ. Okay. Where do I even start? Okay. Okay. (*Beat.*) So this is going to sound a little weird, but yesterday River thinks she saw a ghost. (*Off River's reaction.*) Or felt a ghost! Or a ghost felt her! A spirit! (*Off everyone's reactions.*) I know, I know — but River is actually very sensitive. She's actually certified in something called / reiki —
RIVER. Reiki.
FRANZ. And okay maybe it's not really a spirit — usually, I rag on her about it — but, yesterday, I saw it happen and — I mean, she looked really spooked — It seemed really real and then, last night,

I couldn't sleep. I mean, I've had a lot of trouble sleeping these days and last night I was just lying in my childhood bed with River and I realized ... I was feeling something, too — an old feeling — and this old feeling it was like ... the air was like buzzing with it and I couldn't take it anymore — I couldn't breathe — so I got out of bed and came downstairs to have a cigarette and — (*Accidental eye contact.*) You know, Rhys was on the couch with the photos — you know, just looking at them — no big deal — and I was like, "He shouldn't have this!" So I took them away and, as I was leaving, I was like: "Wait. Maybe this is why I'm here." I mean, I'm here to prove that I've changed, but maybe I am being selfish, Toni. Maybe I am a taker and chaos. But I want to change and I have to be the opposite in order to be different, so I have to bring order. I have to help. So I'm thinking, you know how I'm going to help? I'm going to solve the mystery of who these belonged to, because I grew up here and I never once saw these before or saw Daddy with them and, honestly, I really can't see Daddy ever ... having something like this — like if I'm being really honest — it's like they came from nowhere, but I guess I had this idea that I was going to figure out if Daddy or anyone in this family had anything to do with these photos. I would see if I could find the trees. I know the property well enough. If any of the trees ... used in these pictures were on our property, I would know. So I just set out with my little iPhone flashlight and I'm looking at the photos and I'm looking at the trees and the bugs are going crazy and I mean I was out there for a while just chasing these trees when I hear a voice in my head — Daddy's voice — go, "Francois? What are you doing? These pictures are so old. The trees in them are probably completely different-looking by now." And by the time I realize this, I also realize that I'm lost — like I don't know where I am, I don't recognize this place anymore — the trees are all different — and these cicadas are just ... roaring — and every pine or oak or whatever is just covered in these bugs — it's just terrifying — it's like the whole forest — all that darkness — it's moving — and I'm just trapped in this sound — and I'm trying to figure out where I am — trying to, like, locate myself — and, after a while, all these memories start coming back to me about this place — every memory that I've buried — memories of when I used to pace through these orchards, high or drunk out of my mind, trying to hatch some escape plan — and I'm like really scared I'm not going to get out of here alive — like my life is flashing before my eyes —

like I'm going to die here — but then I look up and see I'm standing in the slave cemetery — that little clearing in the woods where all the slaves are buried. You hardly realize you're there until you're right up on it and I'm standing in the middle of this graveyard and I was remembering all this stuff River's been saying about spirits and how we're just these porous vessels of energy susceptible to influence and we're not what we think we are and that sometimes there's this thing inside of us that's leading us and we just have to follow it and so you sometimes just have to trust it and that something led me here. And I turned around and there was the lake — The water and the sun coming up over it and it's glittering and it's calling to me and then I realized this was the whole purpose to this journey and I was lost and this thing helped me find myself and it was taking me to the edge of the water and it seemed to be telling me, "Go on in. Go in and cleanse yourself. Cleanse everyone. Wipe it all away. Take it all in with you and leave it there." So I did. I took everything — all my pain, all Daddy's pain, this family's pain, the pictures — and I left it there. I washed it away. (*Beat, in which Toni starts laughing. She continues laughing for a while and over the following.*)

TONI. Frank. Those photos were worth a lot of money.

FRANZ. They were?! How much?

TONI. Hundreds of thousands of dollars. Maybe more. (*Beat.*)

BO. YOU FUCKING IDIOT!

RACHAEL. / BO!

FRANZ. I didn't know they were worth money! You told me to throw them away!

BO. (*About to have an aneurysm, basically.*) OH MY GOD!

FRANZ. / I didn't know. (*Toni laughs.*)

BO. OH MY GOD FRANK WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU?!

RIVER. You leave him alone! How can you not see the gift he has tried to give you people! Look at the evil and rot you're descended from — and all Franz tried to do was purify you — and lift whatever curse it is that —

BO. Let me just say something real quick. (*Beat.*) This is the exact kind of bullshit I am not going to take right now. If anyone is being given the short end of the stick, it's me, alright, because not only do I come from a family of misfit disaster people, but I also have to walk through the world, trying to mind my own business, but getting

accosted every fourteen minutes by some prick like you for being a white guy. Nobody asked to be born and certainly nobody asked to be born into the life they're given, into this — this — shitty history, so tell me what you want me to do. You want me to go back in time and spank my great-great-grandparents? Or should I lynch myself? You people just need to say what it is you want me to do! I didn't enslave anybody! I didn't lynch anybody! I certainly didn't give your grandma any fucking blankets or burn down her fucking village! You don't know my life!

RIVER. Why are you screaming at me? My grandma? What are you even talking about?

BO. Aren't you Indian or something!? — Part Indian — / Native American?

RIVER. WHAT?! No I'm not Native American!

BO. Then why are you dressed like that? Why is your name River?!

RIVER. (*Confused, spiraling.*) Uh — I! — Uh! — I'm a white?! — I! — Buh! — I! — Uh! — Oh my — You think this has to do with — This has nothing to do with being white?! This has to do with you being a bunch of assholes! Except for you Cassidy! You're not an asshole! I mean, thank God Franz can even have a semi-healthy relationship with someone around here!

RACHAEL. Excuse me? (*Beat.*) What relationship?

RIVER. I mean, if it weren't for her, this man might have never found out his own father was dead! (*Beat.*)

TONI. I thought the lawyers found you ...

BO. Cassidy, you better explain what this woman is talking about —

CASSIDY. We're just friends on Facebook? / What is the big deal?

BO. (*Wheeling around on Franz.*) WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU'RE FRIENDS ON FACEBOOK!

RACHAEL. HOW LONG HAS THIS BEEN HAPPENING?!

CASSIDY. Just since Grandpa's funeral — Why are you screaming / at me?!

RACHAEL. Because it is inappropriate for a thirteen-year-old to have a secret online relationship with her uncle!

RIVER. Really, / Rachael, is that necessary?

FRANZ. Hey, come on, you guys! It's not a / *relationship* —

BO. / Frank, you shut up! I'm going to deal with you in a second!

RACHAEL. Well, yes, River, sorry some of us can't be so hip and relaxed around child sex offenders!

RIVER. / What?

RACHAEL. (*Snatching Cassidy's phone away.*) GIVE ME YOUR PHONE! / GIVE ME YOUR PHONE!

RIVER. *Child sex* — What? (*To Franz.*) Child sex offender? (*Beat.*)

FRANZ. Wait —

TONI. Is there some sort of confusion?

FRANZ. Toni, shut up! Shut up!

RIVER. What is she talking about?

FRANZ. That is not what happened! River let me explain —

TONI. / Okay, Frank.

RIVER. Who are you talking about?

TONI. Who do you think we're talking about?

BO. / Toni —

RIVER. The girl he ...

TONI. Raped, / yes? —

FRANZ. Can you stop!

TONI. Statutory is still rape, Bo! (*To River.*) What did he tell you, sweetie?

FRANZ. / Toni, stop.

RIVER. (*Small.*) She was sixteen —

FRANZ. Toni, please stop. It was not — It was consensual!

TONI. She was twelve and you got her pregnant for crying out loud! (*River gasps.*) Oh, you didn't know anything, did you?

FRANZ. She told me she was sixteen —

TONI. Frank, it doesn't matter — You were still a / grown man!

FRANZ. She told me she was older! I didn't know she was that young — (*Suddenly, River runs off into the dining room. Franz starts to go after her, but stops himself. He wheels around on Toni.*) Why did you do that?!

TONI. Why didn't you?

FRANZ. It was ten years ago! How much more am I supposed to suffer, Toni?! How much am I supposed to suffer for things I did when I wasn't the real me! I wasn't me yet! I didn't feel like a grown man! I'm a different person now! Why won't you let me be different?

TONI. This isn't about you, Frank. It's about the truth. I didn't do anything but tell the truth.

RACHAEL. (*To Franz.*) AND YOU HAD NO BUSINESS CARRYING ON SOMETHING LIKE THIS WITH OUR CHILD BEHIND OUR BACKS!

TONI. Rachael, give it a rest! It was Facebook!

RACHAEL. No, Toni! I am sick of you undermining me! Now I

am sorry that Derek left you and I'm sorry the child who you think of as a "fuck-up" now wants nothing more to do with you and I'm sorry that for whatever reason you seem to be resentful or jealous of me because I'm not someone who raises fuck-ups — I raise winners! — but I am not going to sit here and let you tell me anything about anything having to do with my kids, when you've got these two monsters you've raised staring you in the face. So, you want some truth, Toni? Here you go! Here's your proof! You may have Bo too scared to tell you, but the answer is yes — you are a crappy mother and a poisonous person and a life-ruiner — so why don't you give it a rest! *(Toni looks at Bo, betrayed.)*

End Scene

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