

ALIEN ABDUCTIONS, TYPICALLY SPEAKING

by

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## Characters

Josiah	A sixteen-year-old boy
Bree	A seventeen-year-old girl
Josiah's Mother	A thirty-five-year-old woman
Johnson Davis	A fifty-five-year-old man
Patrick	A fifteen-year-old boy
Frat Boy	A nineteen-year-old boy/A thirty-six-year-old man
Bart	A twenty-two-year-old man

(Frat Boy, Bart, and/or Patrick may be played by the same actor.)

Act I, Scene 1

(Dining room in the home of Johnson Davis. Josiah sits at a table at center, writing a letter. Josiah's mother enters and sits at left end of table. Josiah continues writing, as if his mother is not there.)

## JOSIAH'S MOTHER

The week before his sixteenth birthday, Josiah was allowed to move back in with his mother, who had been impregnated with him during an alien abduction her freshman year of college.

(Johnson Davis enters and sits at right end of table. Josiah continues writing.)

## JOHNSON DAVIS

Josiah did not move back into the home he had grown up in—the home he had lived in with his mother. Rather, Josiah moved into the home of Johnson Davis, his mother's new fiancé, with whom Josiah's mother had been living for the past four-and-a-half months.

## JOSIAH'S MOTHER

The previous night, Josiah had written a letter to his father, who lived far far away on the planet Parnuckle, telling him he really really didn't want to live with his mother anymore, and at the end of the letter Josiah asked his father if he could please come and live with him on the planet Parnuckle, and if possible could he be there before ten the next morning to pick him up.

(Josiah's mother exits. Bree enters and sits next to Josiah. She is wearing a soccer uniform. Josiah continues writing.)

## BREE

Johnson Davis also had a child: a girl, seventeen, fully-human, named Bree, who also lived in the home of Johnson Davis, but only on the weekends.

(Josiah puts down the pen, folds up the letter, puts it in his pocket, and looks up at Bree.)

## JOHNSON DAVIS

When Josiah first met Bree, he thought she was pretty. He thought her hair was shiny, and he liked the way she looked in her soccer uniform. When she looked at him for the first time, she smiled. He looked away.

(Bree looks at Josiah. She smiles. He looks away. Josiah's mother reenters and begins setting down plates of food. She sets down an entire chocolate cream pie in front of Josiah. Bree looks over at it. Josiah's mother exits.)

## BREE

Is that your dinner?

JOSIAH  
Yes.

BREE  
You're having pie?

JOSIAH  
Yes.

BREE  
For dinner?

JOHNSON DAVIS  
Oh, yes. Pie—chocolate pie—is one of Josiah's favorite meals.

BREE  
Is it?

JOHNSON DAVIS  
It certainly is. Josiah, you see, has a very unusual diet.

BREE  
Consisting of pie?

JOHNSON DAVIS  
Not just any pie.

BREE  
Chocolate pie?

JOHNSON DAVIS  
Correct. Or chocolate cake or chocolate ice cream or chocolate whatever-have-you.

BREE  
Chocolate?

JOHNSON DAVIS  
Oh, yes. It seems Josiah does not eat anything other than chocolate. Isn't that right?

(Johnson Davis turns to Josiah. Josiah nods).

BREE  
You eat nothing but chocolate?

(Josiah again nods.)

JOHNSON DAVIS

Oh no. Nothing but chocolate.

BREE

Is that healthy?

JOHNSON DAVIS

Doesn't he look healthy?

(Josiah's mother reenters with a large bowl and pitcher of water.)  
Dear, Bree was just asking if it is healthy for Josiah to eat chocolate cream pie for dinner.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Why would she ask that?

BREE

I was just curious.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Curious?

BREE

It just seemed strange.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

I see.

BREE

It's just a little strange. Don't you think?

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

To each his own.

(Josiah's mother sits. As they begin to eat, the table is silent for a moment until Johnson Davis speaks.)

JOHNSON DAVIS

Quite a game today.

(Josiah and Bree and Josiah's mother look up.)

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Did they win?

JOHNSON DAVIS

They certainly did, thanks to Bree.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Did she do well?

JOHNSON DAVIS

They would be nothing without her. They would be hopeless.

BREE

I don't think that's true.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Anyone can see it. She scored five goals today.

BREE

Three.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Whichever. And that one that that one girl scored may as well have been yours.

BREE

No.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Anyone can see it.

BREE

We have really strong defense.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Bree is modest, which is good, but she should be proud of her soccer play. It is something she excels at. Something she has worked at. It gives her direction. Young people need direction. They need something important in their lives. For me, it was running. For Bree, it is soccer. Everyone has their own interests. But what's important is the path. The focus.

BREE

(to Josiah)

Do you play any sports?

JOHNSON DAVIS

Josiah does not play any sports. In fact, he is home-schooled.

BREE

How long have you been home-schooled?

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Since Seventh Grade.

BREE

How is it?

JOHNSON DAVIS

Well, home-schooling certainly has its strengths. And its shortcomings. For example...

BREE

Why don't you let him answer?

JOHNSON DAVIS

Excuse me?

BREE

You don't have to talk for him. Why don't you let him answer?

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Josiah is very shy.

BREE

So?

(Josiah's mother stares at Bree.)

JOHNSON DAVIS

Perhaps she has a point, dear. Of course Josiah can speak for himself. Let's let Josiah answer the question. Josiah, the question was How was it?—it being home-schooling. How is home-schooling, Josiah?

JOSIAH

It's okay.

BREE

Do you like it?

JOSIAH

I guess.

BREE

Don't you miss regular school?

(Josiah shrugs.)

Do you have any friends?

(Josiah shrugs.)

Do you or don't you?

Patrick. JOSIAH

Who's Patrick? BREE

My friend. JOSIAH

How do you know him? BREE

From the group home. JOSIAH

The group home? BREE

Okay, that's enough. JOSIAH'S MOTHER

You were in a group home? BREE

That's enough. JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Yes, yes. Josiah spent a period of time in a group home. JOHNSON DAVIS

Why? BREE

That's none of her business. JOSIAH'S MOTHER

We're not discussing that. This is not the time to discuss that. JOHNSON DAVIS

Why not? BREE

We'll discuss it later. JOHNSON DAVIS



JOSIAH'S MOTHER

It's none of her business.

JOHNSON DAVIS

We can all discuss everything later. Now let's change the subject. Let's talk about something else.

(Everyone stops talking and stares toward the center of the table. After several seconds, Johnson Davis speaks.)

Talk about something else.

BREE

Does Patrick know that you only eat chocolate?

JOSIAH

Yes.

BREE

What's he think about that?

(Josiah shrugs.)

Do you have any other friends?

(Josiah shrugs.)

Do you have a girlfriend?

(Josiah's mother stops chewing and stares at Bree. Josiah shakes his head.)

Have you ever had a girlfriend?

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

(to Johnson Davis)

Dear...

JOHNSON DAVIS

Bree, I'm not sure that's appropriate.

BREE

Why not?

JOHNSON DAVIS

I just don't think it's appropriate.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

(to Bree)

Why would you ask him that?

BREE

It just came to mind.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Well let's just stop it.

BREE

Stop what?

JOHNSON DAVIS

We just think it's inappropriate, so that will be that.

(Josiah and Bree and Johnson Davis and Josiah's mother continue in silence until Bree looks up from her plate and asks Josiah,)

BREE

Do you want a girlfriend?

JOHNSON DAVIS

(stands)  
Goddamnit!

BREE

What?

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

(to Johnson Davis)  
I told you.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Get out! To your room!

BREE

(stands)  
Why?

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

You are not going to fuck my son!

(Bree exits right. Josiah stares in that direction.)

JOHNSON DAVIS

(to audience)  
Later that night, after everyone had gone to bed, Bree did indeed try to fuck Josiah.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Act I, Scene 2

(Josiah's bedroom. A bed at center stage. The sheets are stripped. Josiah sits on the bed, writing a letter. Bree and Josiah's mother enter and stand upstage)

JOSIAH

Dear Father, I am sorry that we missed each other. I hope you didn't wait too long for me or spend too much time looking. We don't live where we used to live anymore. Now we live with Johnson Davis. He is going to be my other mother's husband. If you can't make it here to get me, that's okay. I met a really nice girl named Bree. She is very pretty. Her hair is shiny. Talk to you soon. Love, Josiah

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Throughout Josiah's childhood, Josiah's mother had encouraged Josiah to write letters to his father. Josiah would write a letter to his father every week, usually writing the letters on Sunday afternoons. Josiah would write to his father about the things he had been doing, both at home and at school, and he would also ask his father questions about life on Parnuckle and what he had been up to. The letter Josiah wrote to his father the week of his seventh birthday, which was his third letter overall, went like this:

JOSIAH

Dear father thank you for reeding my letter i hope you are haveing a good day how is the planet Parnuckle i hope the wether is nice maybe some day i will be abel to visit you there yesterday i turned seven my mother made me a choclate cake you would call it a boboli cake she allso gave me new socks love josiah

BREE

The next Saturday, Josiah's mother delivered to Josiah the following letter in response:

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Dear Josiah, This is your father. Thank you for your letter. You are a very good writer, though you should work on your capitalization and punctuation. I am very happy to hear that you have turned seven. Congratulations. New socks! My, what a wonderful gift. What a wonderful mother you have. You must be so pleased. By the way, the Parnucklian word for socks is toasties. The weather on Parnuckle is beautiful all year long. Even when it is raining or storming, it is beautiful. We do not have the nasty seasons that you have on most parts of your planet. Well, I must be getting back to work now. It is very busy here. I miss you and love you very much. Please tell your mother that I miss her and love her very much, as well. Love, Your father.

BREE

One week, when Josiah was eleven years old, he wrote a letter that went like this:

JOSIAH

Dear Father, will you please come live with us in our home? Love, Josiah

BREE

Twenty minutes after Josiah gave the letter to his mother to send to his father, Josiah's mother returned to Josiah's room.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Josiah, your father is not going to come live with us.

JOSIAH

Why not?

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

He lives far too far away.

JOSIAH

He could visit.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

He is very busy, Josiah.

JOSIAH

Does he love us?

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Of course he does.

JOSIAH

How do you know?

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

What do you mean, how do I know, Josiah? He's your father. Of course he loves us.

BREE

Josiah then decided that if he ever grew up and had people that he loved, other than his mother, of course, and his father, whom he had never met, such as a wife and maybe children of his own, he would live with them, all together, in his home, wherever that may be, and none of them would ever have to leave that home.

(Josiah's mother exits. Patrick enters from right, reading a book. He sits next to Josiah on the bed.)

In the group home, Josiah did not have his own room. He shared a room with a boy named Patrick.

PATRICK

I'm Patrick.

I'm Josiah.

JOSIAH

Can I read some of my book to you?

PATRICK

Okay.

JOSIAH

And if you like it, you can borrow it.

PATRICK

Okay.

JOSIAH

I won't go back to the beginning. I'll just read from where I'm at.

PATRICK

Okay.

JOSIAH

Patrick read to Josiah for nearly an hour. Patrick again offered to loan the book to Josiah if he liked it and wanted to finish it, or any of his others.

BREE

I have two shoeboxes full of them. Under my bed. You can pick any you want.

PATRICK

(Bree walks downstage and sits on the bed, next to Josiah. Josiah turns toward her. Patrick goes back to reading.)

Hi.

BREE

Hi.

JOSIAH

What are you doing?

BREE

Nothing.

JOSIAH

How did you sleep?

BREE

You took my sheets. JOSIAH

Yeah. Did you like it? BREE

What? JOSIAH

Did you like what we did? BREE

I guess so. JOSIAH

What part did you like best? BREE

What do you mean? JOSIAH

Did you like the kissing part best? Or the other part? BREE

Did you fuck me? JOSIAH

BREE  
One day at the group home, while Patrick had been reading to Josiah, Josiah heard the word “fuck.” Patrick was reading an intense espionage thriller involving Russians that Patrick had been given one year for his birthday. Josiah asked Patrick what the word “fuck” meant, to which Patrick had replied that fucking was what men and women—such as husbands and wives or boyfriends and girlfriends—did to one another in bed.

(to Josiah)  
Do you know what that means?

Yes. JOSIAH

You do? BREE

Yes. JOSIAH

I didn't fuck you.

BREE

Why did you take my sheets?

JOSIAH

Maybe this is something your mother should explain.

BREE

She's not my mother.

JOSIAH

She's not your mother?

BREE

No.

JOSIAH

Who is she then?  
(Josiah shrugs)  
Who is she if she's not your mother?

BREE

The woman I was left with.

JOSIAH

By whom?

BREE

By my real mother.

JOSIAH

Who's your real mother?  
(Josiah pulls from his pocket a folded sheet of yellow paper and hands it to Bree.  
Patrick takes out a similar folded sheet that has been hidden in his book.)  
On the morning of Josiah's twelfth day in the group home, as Patrick read a fourth paperback aloud to Josiah, Josiah handed Patrick a folded sheet of yellow paper. As he unfolded the sheet, Patrick asked...

BREE

What is it?

PATRICK

A picture.

JOSIAH

Of what? PATRICK

My mother. JOSIAH

This is your mother? BREE

Yes. JOSIAH

It looks like Cher. BREE

Yes. JOSIAH

Cher is your mother? BREE

She is a goddess. JOSIAH

A goddess? BREE

Yes. JOSIAH

Your real mother is a goddess who looks like Cher? BREE

Yes. JOSIAH

Where is she? BREE

She lives on a planet far, far away. JOSIAH

She lives on another planet? BREE



JOSIAH  
Yes. With my father.

BREE  
What's it called?

JOSIAH  
Parnuckle.

BREE  
So your parents live on a planet far, far away. Called Parnuckle.

JOSIAH  
Yes.

BREE  
That's pretty weird.

JOSIAH  
I guess.

BREE  
So how'd you get here?

JOSIAH  
She had to send me away.

BREE  
Your real mother?

JOSIAH  
Yes.

BREE  
Josiah then explained to Bree, as he had explained to Patrick, the day that Josiah had shown Patrick the drawing of his real mother, about Parnuckle—that Parnuckle was a planet far, far away, where they spoke their own language, called Parnucklian, and that Parnuckle was the home of his father, whom he had never met. Josiah then told Bree, as he had told Patrick, that when he was very little his mother had told him that he was part-Parnucklian, but now he knew that his mother was not his real mother, that his real mother was Parnucklian, like his father, and was a beautiful goddess, possibly named Cher, and that he was not part-Parnucklian, but all Parnucklian. When Patrick had then asked Josiah how he had gotten here, to Earth, Josiah had responded that he didn't know, to which Patrick had responded...

PATRICK

Well, obviously she had to send you away.

JOSIAH

Why?

PATRICK

Probably for your own protection. And to save the planet, of course.

BREE

Sounds important.

(She hands the sheet of yellow paper, unfolded, back to Josiah. He folds it and puts it back in his pocket. Patrick exits.)

JOSIAH

Are you my girlfriend?

BREE

I don't know. Do you want me to be?

JOSIAH

I don't know.

BREE

Well, shouldn't you decide?

JOSIAH

I guess.

BREE

You guess?

JOSIAH

I guess.

BREE

Well, I'm not going to be your girlfriend if you're not sure.

JOSIAH

Okay.

BREE

Okay, what?

I'm sure. JOSIAH

Sure, what? BREE

You're my girlfriend. JOSIAH

Just like that? BREE

I guess. JOSIAH

Now you *guess* again? BREE

I don't know. JOSIAH

BREE  
Okay, Josiah. But if I am going to be your girlfriend, and you are going to be my  
boyfriend, then we have to be secret boyfriend and girlfriend, and never tell anyone.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Act I, Scene 3

(Johnson Davis's home. Josiah sits at the table at center-stage, writing a letter.)

JOSIAH

Dear Father, I am writing to ask you for help. I think I am in love with the girl I was telling you about. I think about her all day long. I hope maybe someday we can be married and come and live with you. But I don't know if she loves me. Also, I don't think my other mother likes her. What would you do? Hope everything is okay there. Say hello to my real mother. Love, Josiah

(Josiah's mother enters.)

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Good morning, Josiah.

JOSIAH

Good Morning.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Hungry?

JOSIAH

Where's Bree?

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Bree? Why do you ask, Josiah?

(Josiah shrugs.)

She went home, Josiah. Home home. To her mother. Until next weekend.

(Josiah's mother places a bowl, a box of cereal, and a jug of milk on the table in front of Josiah. Josiah stares at them.)

Now, Josiah. We need to talk. About your breakfast. From this day forward, Josiah, we will not be eating chocolate. When I say that we will not be eating chocolate, I mean that we, meaning you, will no longer eat nothing but chocolate. Some chocolate some of the time is fine, but as for the rest of the time, we need to start eating like normal people. Most, or I should say *all*, of your life, we, meaning I, have not treated you like a normal person. This is because you are not a normal person. You are special. But now I realize that I have possibly treated you too special, and now we have problems. So, from now on, we, meaning you, are going to be doing more normal things, like eating foods other than chocolate. But you mustn't think that this means that you are normal, like everyone else. You are not. You must never forget that you are special. You are more than other people. You are part-Parnucklian, which is a wonderful thing. We, or I should say, I, simply feel that it would be good for you to do normal things for the time being.

(Josiah's mother pours cereal and then milk into the bowl.)

So have some breakfast, Josiah.

(Josiah begins to eat.)

Also, Parnucklian lessons will no longer be a part of your home-schooling curriculum. From this point on, we will be studying the life and words of Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ was a wonderful man who changed the world and continues to change it even today. He, like you, is also special. He is the son of God. On the home planet of your father, which is also your home, they do not believe in Jesus Christ, nor do they worship him, but that is forgivable because Jesus never visited the planet Parnuckle, so they would have no way of knowing about him. Jesus did visit this planet, of course, so people on this planet that do not believe in him will go to hell. Hell is a horrible place consisting mostly of fire. That is why it is very important that we get to know Jesus. Unfortunately, Jesus had not yet made his way into my life at the time that I was taken onto the Parnucklian spaceship and met your father. Parnucklians would have made wonderful Christians. They are very compassionate, just like Jesus. But at the time I was lost. At the time I was just like other teenage girls out there in America, lost and in need of God's love. I had given in to the temptations of The Devil, though at the time I was unaware of it. At the time, what I was doing felt good and felt right. I was having fun. But in reality I was being blinded by The Devil. The Devil was trying to trick me into being his servant, which no one should want to be. Luckily, even though I was being very bad, I did not begin going out with boys. This is an area, for whatever reasons, that The Devil was unable to lead me toward. Many teenage girls, when they leave their parents and go to college, begin talking to and going out with lots of boys. For example, my roommate in the dormitory, Beth, went out with most of the boys on the boys' floor of our dormitory. Beth would spend the night with a boy nearly every night. She would sleep with boys in her bed in our dormitory room. When I say that they slept together, Josiah, I mean that they had sex, which is a sin unless you are having sex with a person that you are married to.

(Frat Boy enters left, hands in pockets, wandering toward Josiah's mother.)

But I was not like Beth in that way, Josiah. I stayed up late like Beth and went to parties and drank beer and missed classes like Beth, but I did not have sex with boys like Beth did. I did not have sex with boys because somehow I always knew that there was something special out there waiting for me. All of my life, from the time I was a little girl, I always felt, always knew, that there was something special out there, and I just had to wait until I found it or it found me.

(Frat Boy approaches Josiah's mother. Josiah's mother speaks to him.)

I can't believe you recognized me. I didn't even think you knew my name.

FRAT BOY

How could I not know your name? We went to school together for like three years.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

I know, but...

FRAT BOY

We even had a couple of classes together. Didn't we?

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Yes, but...

FRAT BOY

And now here we are. So how are you liking State?

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

It's great. I mean...it's amazing.

FRAT BOY

Is this your first Kappa party?

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Yeah. I mean...my roommate and I were going to come last week...but, well...she got sick.

FRAT BOY

But you guys made it this time.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Well...yeah. Actually, she still isn't feeling that well. But she dropped me off.

FRAT BOY

And is she picking you up?

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Yeah...I'm supposed to call her...when...

FRAT BOY

Do you need another beer?

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Sure. Sure.

FRAT BOY

I'll get it. Be right back.

(Frat boy exits.)

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

There are three days, Josiah, that I consider to be the most important three days of my life. Of course there are other days that are also very important, but if I had to choose three days that are the most important, these would be those three. Those three days are, not in chronological order, the day that you were born, the day that I found Jesus Christ, and the day that your father came into my life.

(Frat boy enters, carrying one cup.)

FRAT BOY

Beer's out, I guess. I brought you something else.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Oh, okay.

FRAT BOY

Cheers.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Cheers. This tastes good. What is it?

FRAT BOY

I don't even know.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Oh.

FRAT BOY

Like it?

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Yes. It tastes really good.

FRAT BOY

Good.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Alien abductions, typically speaking, Josiah, are seen as scary, traumatic events. But there was nothing scary or traumatic about my alien abduction experience. Your father, who was my alien abductor, and who was on a research mission for the planet Parnuckle, which is one of the duties of the planet Parnuckle's Keymaster of Gozer, was very kind and very gentle throughout the entire event.

FRAT BOY

Ready for another?

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Okay.

FRAT BOY

Okay. Be right back.

(Frat boy exits.)

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

There was no pain or discomfort, Josiah. I didn't feel a thing. One moment I was in my dorm room, studying for a biology midterm, and the next moment I was asleep, though I didn't know, of course, at that moment, that I was asleep, because we are never really aware that we have fallen asleep, it's just something that happens. And then I woke up.

(Frat boy enters, carrying another cup, which he hands to Josiah's mother.)

FRAT BOY

Here you go.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Thank you.

FRAT BOY

No problem. I was just thinking.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

What were you thinking?

FRAT BOY

How crazy it is seeing you here.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Yeah?

FRAT BOY

Yeah. When I saw you, I didn't really believe it. I was like, 'It can't be her.' But then it was you. It's all sort of...I don't know...surreal.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Yeah?

FRAT BOY

Yeah.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Can I ask you something?

FRAT BOY

Okay.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

How come you never talked to me like this in high school?



FRAT BOY

What do you mean?

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

I mean, you never talked to me like this in high school. You talked to lots of other girls, but never really me at all. Why is that?

FRAT BOY

I don't know.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

You don't know?

FRAT BOY

Not really. I guess I was just shy.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

You didn't seem shy.

FRAT BOY

I didn't?

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

No. You had all those girlfriends. And all the girls liked you.

FRAT BOY

*Allll* the girls?

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

*Yeeeeahhhh*. I mean...you seemed so confident.

FRAT BOY

I don't know. I guess...around those girls, it was easy to be confident. It was like...I didn't care what they thought. You know?

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Sort of.

FRAT BOY

Girls like you were different.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Girls like me?

FRAT BOY

Yeah. You know, like...pretty...but smart.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Yeah?

FRAT BOY

Yeah. With girls like you...it was like you could see through me.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

I never thought you even noticed me.

FRAT BOY

I noticed you.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

You did?

FRAT BOY

Of course I did.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Yeah?

FRAT BOY

Yeah.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

When I woke up, Josiah, I was on the Parnucklian spaceship. As I said, I hadn't felt a thing. The spaceship, or the room I was in on the spaceship, was warm and dark. But it was not scary. It was dark, but there was a glow. At first, I could only hear his voice, but as my eyes got used to the dark glow, I could see him, first just his shape, and, eventually, everything. He was very handsome. Like you. Parnucklians look just the same as Earthlings. They are built exactly the same, but they are often more handsome.

FRAT BOY

You're a good kisser.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

I am?

FRAT BOY

Yeah.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Thanks. You're a good kisser, too.

FRAT BOY

Thanks. Ready for another drink?

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Actually, I feel really tired.

FRAT BOY

Oh. Do you want to lay down for a while?

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Yeah. That sounds good.

FRAT BOY

You can lay down for a while and then we'll call your roommate.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Okay.

(to Josiah)

Because he was on a research mission for the planet Parnuckle, he asked me many questions about the planet Earth. He started by asking me what we called different things, such as trees and water and rocks. He spoke perfect English. Communication was not at all difficult. He was also interested in our education system.

(Frat Boy stands behind Josiah's mother.)

Mmm. What are you doing?

FRAT BOY

It's okay.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Mmm.

FRAT BOY

You like that?

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

I...yeah. Mmm.

(to Josiah)

Then, he began to tell me about his home planet, Parnuckle. He came closer to me and told me, in a tender voice, to close my eyes and be still. He placed his hand on the top of my head, and when he did I could see a vision, in my mind, with my eyes closed. I could see a vision of beautiful fields and mountains and lakes. But these were not beautiful golden fields or beautiful purple mountains or beautiful shimmering blue lakes as we are used to, and which are beautiful enough as it is, but rather these fields and mountains and lakes, and whatever else I was shown, as there were other things, it's just that these are the examples that I can remember, keeping in mind that visions, like dreams, are very abstract and difficult to remember, were filled with all colors all at once, all the colors of

the rainbow, but even more, as there seemed to be colors that we are unaware of and cannot comprehend with our limited minds, and there were cities vibrant with life and color and people who were all smiling and happy and handsome.

FRAT BOY

Ohhhh.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Do you...Do...Should you use a condom?

FRAT BOY

I don't have one. Ohhh.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

But...

FRAT BOY

Is it your first?

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

It...

FRAT BOY

Ohh. Is it?

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Mmm. Yes.

FRAT BOY

Then it's okay.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

I...

FRAT BOY

Okay?

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

I...Okay.

FRAT BOY

Ohhhh.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Mmm. Ah! Mmm.

FRAT BOY

Oh. Oh. Oh.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Ah. Ow. Ah.

FRAT BOY

Oh, baby.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

He then removed his hand from the top of my head and placed it on my chest. He told me to open my eyes and when I did he told me that I had been chosen. I had been chosen to be the one person on this planet with knowledge of the beautiful planet of Parnuckle with its beautiful people, and this gift was something that was to be cherished and to be protected because it was something wonderful but also something dangerous, though he didn't explain that part all that thoroughly, but I suppose it has something to do with the destructive nature of man's insatiable desire for consumption, and I expressed my thanks for this gift by thanking him over and over and telling him how honored I was to be the one to receive this gift, and then he leaned in close and told me that I had one gift yet to receive and I started to tell him that that was unnecessary as he had done enough already, but he silenced me by adding additional pressure from his hand to my chest and once again told me to close my eyes.

FRAT BOY

Do you need a ride home?

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Oh...uh...yeah...yeah, I guess.

FRAT BOY

Be right back.

(Frat boy exits. Josiah and Josiah's mother stare after him.)

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Act I, Scene 4

(Josiah and Johnson Davis sit side-by-side in two chairs at center-stage, as if in the front seat of a car. Behind them is an empty bench, representing the back seat. Johnson Davis is driving.)

JOHNSON DAVIS

So, Josiah, how are things?

JOSIAH

What?

JOHNSON DAVIS

How are things going?

JOSIAH

What things?

JOHNSON DAVIS

Your first week. Schooling. New home, et cetera?

JOSIAH

It's fine.

JOHNSON DAVIS

How are your studies?

JOSIAH

Fine.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Learning a lot?

JOSIAH

Yes.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Good. It must be hard, learning all alone, at home. Do you ever miss going to school, Josiah?

JOSIAH

Not really.

JOHNSON DAVIS

No? Not at all? You don't miss all the people? The friends? The classmates? Being with your group of guys? Your buds? And, of course, the girls. Surely you had your eye on a couple of the girls. A couple of sweethearts? Crushes?

JOSIAH

No.

JOHNSON DAVIS

No? Not at all?

JOSIAH

No.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Because if you did, Josiah, if you did have a crush, that would be okay. It would be nothing to be ashamed of. It would be perfectly natural for a boy your age. Take Bree, for instance. Bree, I have to admit, is a pretty girl. If you had developed a crush on Bree, that would be perfectly understandable. Do you have a crush on Bree, Josiah?

JOSIAH

Yes.

JOHNSON DAVIS

As a father, Josiah, I have to say that I find that a bit alarming. At the same time, I can understand. I can see, from your perspective, at your age, why you would feel such a way. Now your mother, Josiah, she's a bit more concerned than I am at the moment. You see, Josiah, your mother, while cleaning your room, has discovered some letters. Some letters that you have written. And she believes, or is afraid, based upon these letters, that you've begun some sort of relationship with Bree. Some sort of physical relationship. Is that true, Josiah? Are you in any sort of physical relationship with Bree?

JOSIAH

I don't know.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Because believe me, Josiah, I've had my share of problems with Bree with this sort of thing. More than my share. And I've reacted, in the past, much like your mother is now, worse even. But, in this case, I think what we have is nothing more than a crush. An understandable crush, given the circumstances. Is that right, Josiah?

JOSIAH

I guess.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Good. That's what I suspected. Now that brings us to a second issue. Your letters also seem to suggest that you believe your mother is not your real mother. I'm sure you're aware that such a thing—such a belief—would be quite hurtful to your mother. Are you aware, Josiah?

JOSIAH

Yes.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Good. And I'm sure you don't really believe that your mother is not your real mother. Do you?

JOSIAH

Yes.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Yes, what?

JOSIAH

Yes, I do.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Yes, you do know that you don't really believe that your mother is really your mother?

JOSIAH

No.

JOHNSON DAVIS

No, what?

JOSIAH

She is not my mother.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Now, Josiah. That is really unnecessary. We can just drop that right now. You and I both know, Josiah, that your mother is your mother and she loves you very much.

JOSIAH

She is not my mother.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Josiah, I need you to stop saying that.

(Josiah says nothing.)

Stop saying that she is not your mother.

(Josiah says nothing.)



I don't want you to just stop talking, Josiah. I need you to say that your mother is your mother.

JOSIAH

She is not my mother.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Alright, Josiah. I'll play along. If your mother is not your mother, then where is your mother?

JOSIAH

On the planet Parnuckle.

JOHNSON DAVIS

The planet Parnuckle?

JOSIAH

Yes.

JOHNSON DAVIS

You know, Josiah, your mother has told me about this planet Parnuckle. She tells me, Josiah, that this planet Parnuckle is the home of your father?

JOSIAH

Yes.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Yes. Sort of a strange name, isn't it? Parnuckle? So then that makes you, Josiah, a Parnuckliite, yes?

JOSIAH

Parnucklian.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Yes. Parnucklian. So tell me, Josiah, what's it like, being a Parnucklian?

JOSIAH

Fine.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Fine. It's fine. How much do you know about this planet, Parnucklian?

JOSIAH

A little.

JOHNSON DAVIS

A little. Like what?

JOSIAH

I don't know.

JOHNSON DAVIS

You don't know?

JOSIAH

No.

JOHNSON DAVIS

You don't know. Well, how about this? Your mother tells me that the reason you eat nothing—ate nothing—but chocolate is because the people of this planet eat nothing but chocolate.

JOSIAH

Yes.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Seems strange, doesn't it? Nothing but chocolate? Strange that they would even have chocolate on another planet. What else can you tell me about this planet, Parnuckle?

JOSIAH

I don't know.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Oh, come on, Josiah. Surely you must have more details than eating nothing but chocolate. We're talking about an entire planet. What about the cultures, the architecture, the climate?

(Josiah says nothing.)

Josiah, I am going to ask you a question and I want you to think very carefully about your answer. Actually, no, I don't want you to think carefully about your answer. I don't want you to think at all about your answer. I want you to answer immediately, as soon as I ask the question, without thinking. Are you ready, Josiah?

JOSIAH

Yes.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Here comes the question.

(Josiah continues to stare.)

Don't think. Just answer. Are you ready?

JOSIAH

Yes.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Josiah, do you believe that Parnuckle is real?

JOSIAH

Yes.

JOHNSON DAVIS

No, Josiah. No. I don't think you're playing the game correctly. Now I want you to think about your answer. I want you to think about it very hard. Do you think that your father, whom you've never met, is a space man, from another planet, called Parnuckle, where the only food is chocolate—*chocolate*—which they call Boboli, which is bread, and that your mother, your real mother, whom you've never met—not the mother you've known your entire life, who has loved and nurtured you and is a wonderful woman—your supposed 'real' mother is also on this planet, and is a goddess—a *goddess*—who resembles Cher, who is a concert singer, Josiah, an entertainer. Think about these things very carefully, Josiah. Are you thinking about them, Josiah?

(Josiah nods.)

Now, I'm going to ask my question again. Are you thinking?

(Josiah again nods.)

Josiah, do you believe that Parnuckle is real?

JOSIAH

Yes.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Do you believe that your real mother is a space goddess that looks like Cher?

JOSIAH

Yes.

(Johnson Davis closes his eyes and opens them again. He pulls over and turns off the engine.)

JOHNSON DAVIS

I know, Josiah, that I'm being a bit hard on you. I know you've been through a lot. An awful lot. And I know that's why you do the things you do and say the things you say. I know you don't mean it, don't believe it. I just don't want to see your mother go through what I've gone through. I know she's been through enough already, and you as well, but I want that to end. To be honest, I'd like to take the burden from her. To be honest, I think all you need is a little male guidance. A male example.

(Pauses.)

Josiah, have you ever driven a car?

JOSIAH

No.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Would you like to?

JOSIAH

I don't know.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Well, Josiah, I think that it's time that you learned to drive. Tomorrow you will be sixteen years old, and as a sixteen year-old young man, you need to learn to drive. That's precisely what I'm talking about. Precisely the kind of thing that you need. I've been telling your mother this. It's not her place, by any means. A man should be taught to drive by his father. And as a man without a father, Josiah, you are going to be taught to drive by me, who hopes to fill a bit of the role. So switch sides and let's go.

(Johnson Davis and Josiah switch sides, each walking around the front of the car.)  
Okay, Josiah, let's start by putting the vehicle in gear.

(Josiah just stares back.)

By putting the vehicle in gear, Josiah, I mean transferring from Park to Drive, which we do by moving this lever. Go ahead, Josiah, and move the lever here from upper-case *P* to upper-case *D*.

(Josiah pretends to try to move the gear shift, but it won't move.)

Lesson Number One: never put the vehicle in gear when the engine is not running. It won't let you. We first, Josiah, must turn on the ignition.

(Josiah starts the engine. The gear shift still will not move.)

Lesson Number Two: the driver first has to push down on the brake, which is the pedal on the left.

(Josiah pushes down on the brake and puts the car in gear and begins to drive.)

Very good, Josiah. You're a natural. Forward, forward. Okay, now to the left. Good. And to the right. Good. Uh-oh, Josiah, a big truck on our right.

(Josiah looks.)

Not really. But just imagine it. A big truck. It's full of coal, Josiah! Move left! Further left, it's spilling steaming coal! Okay, well done, we're safe. But look out! A woman with a stroller straight ahead! Not really. But move right, right! Oh, no, the truck is back! Back to the middle, Josiah, we're being crushed! Too far, the woman! Oops, killed the baby. Mother lived.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Act I, Scene 5

(Josiah, Josiah's mother, and Johnson Davis sit at the table, waiting for Bree.)

## JOHNSON DAVIS

This is ridiculous. She supposedly had a ride. Everything's cold. I'm calling again.

(Johnson Davis exits left.)

## JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Mr. Davis told me about your little talk, Josiah, today in the car. He told me the things that you said, and I must say, Josiah, that I found what you had to say quite upsetting.

(Josiah says nothing.)

Do you know Josiah, what else Mr. Davis told me? He told me that he thinks you don't really mean it, the things that you said, and that you're in need of help. He thinks that you are in serious need of more therapy, or more counseling, but do you know what I think, Josiah? I've had a lot of time, today, to think about these things, and I think that when I raised you, Josiah, when you were young, I did the best that I could with the gift that I had been given—yes, Josiah, despite the problems we are having now, you are a gift that I was given—and despite having done the best that I could, I raised you in darkness. I had not yet been bathed in the light of God's love. And I told you stories, Josiah, in the darkness, stories that I hoped would make you feel special, make you feel important, but now, having been bathed in the light of God's love, I know, as I did not then, that none of us are more important or more special than anyone else. What makes us special, what makes us important, is God's love for us, every one of us. We are all humble servants, Josiah, of the one true Lord. We are not the sons or daughters of important officials of faraway planets. You are not the son of some celebrity goddess, Josiah, you are a son of God. These things that you have been saying, Josiah, this is what is called idolatry. Worshipping false gods. This is a sin against the true God. It is the work of the Devil. Though we are all, Josiah, the children of God, and are all loved by Him, we are able to choose our own path. We are able to accept God's love, and walk on the path of humble service, or we are able to walk on the path of the Devil, and what I have realized, today, Josiah, having had time to think very hard about these things, is that you, Josiah, have been pulled onto the path of the Devil, the path of sin, and do you know, Josiah, how I think you got there, what one thing, Josiah, besides your recent exposure to public social services in this country, what one thing has put you on this path? It is Bree, Josiah. This girl Bree walks on the road of damnation, and she is pulling you along toward fire and brimstone.

(Offstage, Johnson Davis shouts into the phone. Goddamnit, etc.)

Now, if it were me, Josiah, I would expel the girl from our lives and never allow her back, but that would be tricky, because Mr. Davis loves his daughter very much, understandably so, despite all the trouble she has caused him. This is an issue that Mr. Davis and I will need to deal with over time. But until then, Josiah, I don't want to see you having anything to do with that girl. I don't want to see you talking to her. I don't want to see you looking at her. She is a sinner, Josiah; a temptress, and I will not allow her to destroy my only son.

(Johnson Davis reenters left.)

JOHNSON DAVIS

Unbelievable. This is why I couldn't live with this woman. Bree's mother, I mean. Absolutely thoughtless. And allowing her daughter to become exactly the same. Exactly. Says if I would get a cellular phone people could get hold of me. Provide me the necessary information. I tell you, I don't believe in those things. I don't. Thousands of years the world has operated without those damn things. All of a sudden some little contraption comes along and replaces consideration and thoughtful planning. Couldn't tell me when she'd be here. Has a ride, she says. So here we sit, our food getting cold. You know, I'm just going to say it: most of Bree's problems, the root of her problems, stem from her mother. She provides no example. Provides no accountability. None. Thank God Bree has soccer in her life. If it weren't for soccer, Bree would be an absolute mess. No identity. No direction. That is the one thing the youth of this era lack: direction. They're just running around like wild animals, all of them, even Bree, every one of them is a wild animal in a tree. But the ones without direction, the ones without something to pull them through, those are the ones that fall out of that tree and get eaten by other animals: bears or wolves. Soccer gives Bree that direction. If she would just follow it. You see, soccer can only provide her the direction. The path. It's up to her to follow the path. That's what her mother fails to do. Fails to push her. She needs to be pushed down that path.

(Bree and Bart enter from right.)

JOHNSON DAVIS

Where the hell have you been?

BART

Oh, I apologize, Mr. Davis, but it's my fault. We stopped to visit an aunt of mine who lives along the way.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Who the hell are you?

BART

(approaches Johnson Davis and extends hand)  
I'm Bart, sir, and it's a pleasure to meet you.

JOHNSON DAVIS

(stares at Bart's hand, does not take it)  
What the hell are you doing here?

BART

I'm a friend of Bree's. I gave her a ride.

JOHNSON DAVIS

(to Bree)  
How do you know this person?

BREE

From school.

BART

(hand still extended)  
We would have called, but Bree's cellular phone had lost battery power. And I don't carry one.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Don't carry one?

BART

No, sir. And this particular aunt of mine has no landline telephone, as she is very hard of hearing. I sincerely apologize for keeping you waiting and worrying.

(Johnson Davis looks at Bart and then at Bree and then at Bart again and then finally shakes Bart's hand)

JOHNSON DAVIS

How old are you, Bart?

BART

Well, sir, I turned twenty-two last month.

JOHNSON DAVIS

You turned twenty-two last month, repeated Johnson Davis, squinting his eyes at Bart.

BART

Yes, sir. Twenty-two last month, on the twelfth,

JOHNSON DAVIS

And you know my daughter *from school*?

BART

Yes, sir.

JOHNSON DAVIS

From *school*?

BART

Yes, sir. I'm an assistant coach. For the Girls Varsity soccer team.

JOHNSON DAVIS

And you're giving my daughter a ride home and taking her to see your hard-of-hearing aunt.

BART

Yes, sir. It was right on the way.

JOHNSON DAVIS

It was right on the way. Tell me, Bart...

BART

Yes, sir?

JOHNSON DAVIS

Why would a twenty-two year-old assistant coach of a Girls Varsity soccer team be driving my seventeen year-old daughter to her father's home an hour away and stopping with her to see his hard-of-hearing aunt?

BREE

Dad, it's not—it's nothing. He just gave me a ride.

JOHNSON DAVIS

I am talking to Bart.

BART

Sir...

BREE

But I'm telling you, it's no big deal.

JOHNSON DAVIS

I've heard that before.

BREE

Sir, I assure you...

JOHNSON DAVIS

What I would like to know, Bart, is why a twenty-two year-old soccer coach—*assistant* soccer coach—is giving my daughter—my *teenage* daughter—who, by the way, has *gotten rides* from older men in the past, with less than proud results, a ride home?

BREE

This is bullshit.



JOHNSON DAVIS

Would you like to know what I said to the last such gentleman? I told him that I keep a Louisville Slugger baseball bat just inside the front door. George Brett edition. Right over there, by the door. And I told that young man that if he came around again, he would be seeing it. Would you like to see it, Bart?

BREE

I can't believe this. What the fuck is wrong with you?

BART

Bree, please. That's inappropriate. This is a conversation between myself and your father. And his concerns are perfectly valid. Especially in this day and age. The truth is, sir, that I see a great deal of potential in your daughter, both as a soccer player and as a young lady. The truth is that Bree has confided in me regarding her past troubles. She has told me everything. The things that Bree has told me, along with the great potential I see in her, have led me to feel the need to help Bree. To guide her. To mentor her.

JOHNSON DAVIS

To mentor her?

BART

Yes, sir. As I said, sir, I see great potential in Bree, both on the soccer field and off. But I feel it is on the soccer field that I can be of the greatest service.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Of the greatest service?

BART

Yes, sir. I feel that Bree's road to recovery, if you wish to call it that, or road to happiness, begins on the soccer field. Soccer is something that Bree excels at. It is something that she can take pride in. But most importantly, it may help to give her direction. And that—direction—is something that young people, especially young people like Bree, really need. Don't you agree?

JOHNSON DAVIS

I do. Yes, I do. Would you like to stay for dinner? We were just about to sit down.

BART

Thank you, sir, but no. I really have to get going.

BREE

He really has to.

BART

Bree insisted I didn't need to come in, but it was important to me that we meet.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Of course. I'm glad we did. Thank you for all that you're doing.

BART

It's my pleasure, sir. Goodnight. Goodnight, everyone. Goodnight, Bree.

BREE

Goodnight.

(Bart exits. Johnson Davis, Josiah, Josiah's mother, and Bree sit down at the table. They begin to eat their dinner. Bree is not eating.)

JOHNSON DAVIS

Not eating?

BREE

Not hungry.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Well, you should eat something.

BREE

I'm fine.

JOHNSON DAVIS

You've got to have something.

BREE

Actually, there's something I want to talk to you about.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Oh, God, what now?

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

We'll leave.

BREE

No. I want to talk to all of you.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Oh, God.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Josiah, go to your room.

BREE

No. Josiah, too.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Why?

BREE

I just want to talk to all of you.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

But why?

JOHNSON DAVIS

You're pregnant.

BREE

Dad.

JOHNSON DAVIS

I knew it.

BREE

Dad, for Christ's sake, will you let me talk?

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

This is between the two of you.

BREE

Will you please let me talk? I haven't told you anything yet.

JOHNSON DAVIS

What is it, then?

BREE

I'm trying to tell you.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Do it, then. Say what you need to say.

BREE

I'm pregnant.

JOHNSON DAVIS

(shouts, stands)  
Goddamnit.

(Josiah's mother gasps. When Josiah sees Johnson Davis stand, he also stands.)

BREE

Dad, sit down.

(looking at Josiah)

Both of you.

JOHNSON DAVIS

I knew it, Goddamnit, I knew it.

BREE

Sit down, please.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Dear, why don't you sit down? You, too, Josiah.

(Johnson Davis and Josiah both sit back down.)

JOHNSON DAVIS

I'm sorry.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Again?

BREE

I'm sorry.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Do you have any idea whose it is?

BREE

Dad.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Well, do you?

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

(to Johnson Davis)

Dear, I think we all know whose it is.

BREE

What are you talking about?

JOHNSON DAVIS

What do you mean?

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Well, I think it's safe to say that it belongs to this Bart.

BREE

What?

JOHNSON DAVIS

What? Bree is not involved with Bart. In that way.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Oh, don't be naïve. They're clearly sleeping together.

BREE

We are not.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Now, dear, I admit I had my suspicions when they first arrived, but I truly feel this Bart has the best intentions.

BREE

It's not Bart's.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Then whose is it?

BREE

It's not Bart's.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Whose is it?

BREE

It's Josiah's.

(Josiah's mother stands. She takes one step forward, and then faints.)

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF ACT I)

Act II, Scene 1

(Hospital waiting room. Josiah and Bree sit in two chairs at center of a row of chairs.)

BREE

I'm sure your mother will be fine. It's just a cut.

JOSIAH

When will you have the baby?

BREE

Eight months. A little more.

JOSIAH

People have to have sex to get pregnant.

BREE

I know.

JOSIAH

They have to fuck.

BREE

I know.

JOSIAH

You said you didn't fuck me.

BREE

You came, didn't you?

JOSIAH

Yes.

BREE

And I came. So we fucked.

JOSIAH

That's it?

BREE

That's it. That's how it happens.

(Johnson Davis enters from right. Josiah and Bree stand.)

JOHNSON DAVIS

Everything is fine. She is awake.  
(to Josiah)  
Your mother will be fine, Josiah.

BREE

Should we go in?

JOHNSON DAVIS

Well, no.

BREE

Why not?

JOHNSON DAVIS

I don't think it's a good idea. Considering.

BREE

Considering what?

JOHNSON DAVIS

You know exactly what. I don't think it's a good idea that she see you now. In fact, could you please stop speaking? I don't wish to speak to you right now.

BREE

Take Josiah.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Please stop speaking.

BREE

Take him.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Josiah, I don't think it's a good idea that your mother see either one of you now. Considering. She will be perfectly fine. They are going to keep her a while longer. She may be concussed. Wait for me here. I'll drive you both home. Bree I'll take home—home home—in the morning. Her mother has an appointment for her. Everything is fine, Josiah. Wait here.

(Johnson Davis exits. Bree sits. Josiah remains standing.)

BREE

Sit down. I got you something. For your birthday.

(Josiah sits. Bree pulls a small box from her purse and hands it to Josiah.)  
Do you want it? Open it.

(Josiah lifts the lid from the box and takes out a short chain connected to each end of a small metal plate.)

It's a bracelet. Read it.

BREE

From B to J.

JOSIAH

Do you like it?

BREE

Yes.

JOSIAH

There's a little store near school. They sell all kinds of bracelets and necklaces and stuff. You buy one and then they put the stuff on it. They have a machine.

BREE

(Bree clasps the bracelet around Josiah's wrist.)

Thank you.

JOSIAH

No problem.

BREE

Will we get married?

JOSIAH

Do you want to?

BREE

Yes.

JOSIAH

Why?

BREE

I love you.

JOSIAH

You do? Why?

BREE

JOSIAH



I think about you.

BREE

When?

JOSIAH

All the time.

BREE

What do you think about?

JOSIAH

I don't know. Being together.

BREE

Being together how?

JOSIAH

Just being together. Like boyfriend and girlfriend.

BREE

We are boyfriend and girlfriend.

JOSIAH

But secret.

BREE

Why does it matter?

JOSIAH

We're going to have a baby.

BREE

That doesn't mean we have to be married.

JOSIAH

We should all be together.

BREE

All who?

JOSIAH

You, me, and the baby.

BREE

Do you think you're ready to be a father?

Yes. JOSIAH

How do you know? BREE

I don't know. I just know. JOSIAH

How will we make money? BREE

I don't know. I'll work. JOSIAH

What will you do? BREE

I don't know. JOSIAH

Where will we live? I know your mother won't let us live with them. My dad, either. BREE

We'll go somewhere else. JOSIAH

Where? BREE

I know where. JOSIAH

Parnuckle? BREE

Yes. JOSIAH

Do you know how to get there? BREE

Yes. I'll ask my father. JOSIAH

BREE  
How?

JOSIAH  
I'll contact him.

BREE  
How?

JOSIAH  
I'll write a letter.

BREE  
How do you know I'll want to go? It's a long way. I may not like it.

JOSIAH  
You'll like it.

BREE  
How do you know? Describe it to me. Like where will we live exactly? With your Dad?

JOSIAH  
I guess so.

BREE  
What's it like? Where does he live?  
(Patrick enters with a book and sits in one of the empty chairs and reads. Josiah turns towards him.)

When Patrick, Josiah's roommate in the group home, had asked Josiah to describe the planet Parnuckle, shortly after Josiah had shown Patrick the picture of his real mother and had explained that his real mother lived with his father far, far away on a planet called Parnuckle and that he hoped to soon be able to move there and live with them in their home, Josiah told Patrick, as his mother had often told him as a child, that no one on the planet Parnuckle ever had to take baths or showers because there was no dirt, to which Patrick responded,

PATRICK  
Cool. Probably the planet's land mass is composed of a self-cleansing substance or something...

BREE  
...and when Josiah told Patrick, as his mother had often told him, that no one ever goes to sleep because no one ever gets tired, Patrick responded,

PATRICK

Because of a cellular makeup in which half the cells remain dormant, resting and regenerating until it's time to switch places with the other cells.

BREE

After Josiah told Patrick, as his mother had often told him, that no one on the planet Parnuckle ever goes shopping because everyone has everything already in their house, Patrick responded,

PATRICK

Like the food replicators on *Star Trek*, except they respond to thoughts, not just verbal commands, and they can replicate anything, not just food.

BREE

When Patrick began asking Josiah questions about his father, such as what his father did, Josiah told Patrick, as his mother had often told him, that his father was a very busy and very important official on the planet Parnuckle, but when Patrick asked Josiah where his father lived, Josiah just shrugged. Patrick then proceeded to inform Josiah that

PATRICK

He most certainly lives in the Royal Palace, which is located in the capital city, specifically in a special wing of the Palace, and the Royal Palace is so massive and so extravagant that the special wing is almost like a palace unto itself.

BREE

A palace?

JOSIAH

Yes.

BREE

That sounds nice. Are you sure we can live there?

JOSIAH

Yes.

BREE

What does it look like? Describe it.

PATRICK

Josiah proceeded to describe the Royal Palace to Bree, as Patrick had described it to Josiah, with its marble and gold columns and its stained glass ceilings depicting important scenes from Parnuckle's history, and the Royal Dining Hall, which covered ten acres and included its own transportation system, and when Bree wanted to know specifically about the special wing, where they would be living, Josiah described, as

Patrick had described to him, the two large rooms—an acre each—of the special wing, one being the living area of Josiah’s father and his goddess wife, the room transforming throughout the day based on need, from bedroom to living room to wash room, and the second room, reserved for special guests and currently not in use, where Josiah, along with Bree and their child, would be living, would also be designed, Josiah explained to Bree, as Patrick had explained to Josiah, to fulfill their every need.

(Patrick exits.)

BREE

It sounds amazing. When will we leave?

JOSIAH

We should go now.

BREE

No. Not now. But soon.

JOSIAH

You’re leaving in the morning.

BREE

But I’ll be back.

JOSIAH

We can go now.

BREE

Soon. I’ll be back next weekend. Will you miss me?

JOSIAH

Yes. I’ll wait for you.

BREE

I know you will.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Act II, Scene 2

(Johnson Davis's home. The phone rings. Josiah enters from left and, after a few more rings, answers it.)

JOSIAH

Hello... Yes... No... No... No... Okay... Yes... Okay.

(Josiah hangs up the phone. Johnson Davis and Josiah's mother enter from right. Josiah's mother has gauze taped to her forehead. Johnson Davis helps her to the nearest chair. Josiah and Josiah's mother stare at one another, but neither speaks.)

JOHNSON DAVIS

We're back, Josiah.

JOSIAH

You have a message.

JOHNSON DAVIS

What message?

JOSIAH

From your wife.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Josiah, I don't have a wife. Right now. Do you mean my ex-wife?

JOSIAH

Your ex-wife.

JOHNSON DAVIS

What did she say?

JOSIAH

To call her.

(Johnson Davis exits.)

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

How are you, Josiah?

(Josiah shrugs.)

I'm going to be fine.

(Josiah nods.)

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

We have some things, Josiah, some issues—troubling events—that we need to discuss. We need to have a very serious, very grown-up, discussion.

(Johnson Davis enters.)

JOHNSON DAVIS

I've spoken to Bree's mother. It turns out, according to Bree's pediatrician, that she is in fact not pregnant.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Not pregnant?

JOHNSON DAVIS

It appears she made the entire thing up. Which still leaves a major question unanswered.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Yes.

(Both Josiah's mother and Johnson Davis look at Josiah.)

JOHNSON DAVIS

Josiah, look at me. Have you and Bree done things together?

JOSIAH

What do you mean?

JOHNSON DAVIS

Have you had sexual relations?

JOSIAH

What do you mean?

JOHNSON DAVIS

I mean, Josiah, have you and Bree...

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Have you had sex?

JOSIAH

Yes.

(Josiah's mother begins to cry.)

JOHNSON DAVIS

You've had sex together?

JOSIAH

Yes. We fucked.

(Josiah's mother cries louder.)

JOHNSON DAVIS

Why would you say it like that, Josiah?

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

(to Johnson Davis)

I told you.

(louder)

I told you.

(Josiah's mother slaps at Johnson Davis's face, causing Josiah to flinch and mostly making contact with Johnson Davis's shoulder.)

I told you.

(Josiah's mother again slaps at Johnson Davis. Johnson Davis catches Josiah's mother's hand.)

JOHNSON DAVIS

Don't, damnit. Stop.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Keep her away. Keep her out of here.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Don't.

(Johnson Davis lets go of Josiah's mother's hand.)

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

She'll ruin our lives.

JOHNSON DAVIS

She's my daughter.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

She's a whore.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Don't say that. Goddamnit, don't say that.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

It's true.



JOHNSON DAVIS

Please.

JOSIAH

She's not a whore.

(Johnson Davis and Josiah's mother look at Josiah.)

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

What did you say?

JOSIAH

She's not a whore.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

You shut your mouth.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Dear.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

You'll never see her again. Never.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Go to your room, Josiah.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Never.

(Josiah picks up Johnson Davis's keys from the table and runs out.)

JOHNSON DAVIS

Josiah!

(The sound of a car starting and driving away.)

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Never. Never. Never.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Act II, Scene 3

(Bree's home home, where she lives with her mother. Bree sits on a sofa center right. Josiah enters left. Bree is talking on her cell phone, but stops and hangs up when Josiah enters. She stands and walks to Josiah at left.)

BREE

You came for me.

JOSIAH

Yes.

(Bree looks over Josiah's shoulder offstage.)

BREE

Is that my dad's car?

JOSIAH

Yes.

BREE

You stole it?

JOSIAH

Yes.

BREE

We have to go soon. My mom will be back. She went to yoga.

JOSIAH

We can go now.

BREE

We need to think. Sit down.

(Bree leads Josiah to sofa. They sit.)

They'll be looking for the car. We should ditch it. In fact, they'll probably come here first. Probably they're on their way. Probably called my mom on her cell, which will be in her bag. But she'll be done soon.

(Bree picks up her cell phone and makes a call.)

Hey, come get me. At home. Like, right now. And Josiah. We have to get out of here. Hurry. Kay.

(to Josiah)

Did they tell you I'm not pregnant?

JOSIAH

Yes.

Do you believe them? BREE

No. JOSIAH

Why? BREE

Their machines couldn't see it. JOSIAH

The doctors' machines? BREE

Yes. JOSIAH

Because the baby is Parnucklian. BREE

Yes. JOSIAH

Part-Parnucklian. BREE

Yes. JOSIAH

How will we get there? BREE

I wrote a letter. JOSIAH

Where is it? BREE

In my pocket. JOSIAH

(Josiah takes the letter out of his pocket and unfolds it.)

BREE

Read it.

JOSIAH

Dear Father, I am writing to let you know that soon I will be a father, too. The mother is the girl that I wrote to you about, Bree. We will be getting married, and have talked about possibly coming to live on Parnuckle right away, if that is okay with you. I will definitely not be able to live with my other mother any longer. There's a lot to explain, but she is very upset and does not want Bree and I to be together with our son or daughter (I hope son). We will need to move to the planet Parnuckle today. It is very important that you send a ship for us. Please send a signal or a message so we will know where to meet it. Looking forward to seeing you and my mother and showing you your grandson or granddaughter. Love, Josiah.

BREE

How will you send it?

JOSIAH

I just write them.

BREE

Does he ever respond?

JOSIAH

He used to.

(Bart enters left. Bree stands. Josiah stands.)

BREE

We've got to go.

(Bart steps toward Josiah, his hand held out. Josiah shakes his hand.)

BART

Good to see you again.

(to Bree)

What's the big rush?

BREE

Josiah stole my Dad's car.

BART

Seriously?

BREE

Yes.

You stole his car? BART

(Josiah nods.)

Let's go. BREE

Okay. BART

(Bree and Bart and Josiah begin walking toward door at right.)

Where to, Babe? BART

(Josiah stops and stares after Bart and Bree as they exit.)

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Act II, Scene 4

(Two chairs and a bench are at center stage, representing the front and back seats of Bart's car. Bart and Bree enter from left.)

BREE

I don't know. We just can't stay here. Maybe your place. Or something.

BART

Sounds good.

(Bart gets into driver's seat. Bree gets into passenger's seat.)

BREE

Where's Josiah?

(Josiah enters and stops, staring at the car.)

Josiah first heard a man call a woman "Babe" when he was seven years old and his mother was dating, for three weeks, a man named Dave, who talked very loudly and who began every sentence, as every sentence Josiah ever heard Dave speak had been addressed at Josiah's mother, with the word "Babe," and Josiah would hear the word numerous times through the years, on various television shows or in various movies, even hearing it occasionally used by Johnson Davis to Josiah's mother. And when Josiah heard Bart call Bree "babe," Josiah wanted nothing more than to turn around and walk away. And keep walking. But he stood still.

(Bree opens the door and stands and calls to Josiah over the top of the car.)

Get in the car, Josiah. We have to get out of here. He could be here any second.

(Josiah walks to the car and opens the door and gets into the back seat. As they all pretend to put on their seatbelts, Johnson Davis enters from right and walks around the back of the car and up to Bart's window, which he taps on with a finger.)

Oh, shit.

BART

What do I do?

BREE

Drive.

BART

I can't.

(Bart rolls down his window.)

Good afternoon, sir.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Get out of the car.

BART

Pardon me, sir?

JOHNSON DAVIS

Get out of the car.

BREE

Dad.

JOHNSON DAVIS

No Dads.

BART

Sir, this is my car.

(Johnson Davis points a finger at Bart's face.)

JOHNSON DAVIS

You're going to get out of this car, and go into that house, and sit down on the sofa. And you're going to wait for me, right there in that house. We have some items that you and I are going to discuss, and if you have any interest in or notions of continued freedom, you'll sit right there and wait.

BART

Yes, sir.

(Bart gets out of the car and exits left. Johnson Davis gets into the driver's seat.)

JOHNSON DAVIS

(to Bree)

You, too.

BREE

Dad.

JOHNSON DAVIS

I need to speak to Josiah. Get out of the car.

(Bree gets out of the car and stands next to it. Johnson Davis gets in.)

JOHNSON DAVIS

You took my car, Josiah. Stole it, really. Why would you do that?

(Josiah shrugs.)

Josiah, you must understand. Despite the aptitude you've shown in our

lessons—despite the fact that I’m certain someday you’ll be an excellent driver—you are by no means ready—by no means—to begin driving on your own. You don’t even have a license. You could have been seriously hurt.

(Bree opens the passenger-side rear door.)

BREE

Will you just let me in?

JOHNSON DAVIS

Shut it.

BREE

Look, I’m sorry.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Shut it.

(Bree shuts the door.)

You could have been seriously hurt, Josiah. Your mother nearly died.

(Josiah nods.)

Really, Josiah. She could have died. She was injured. Again. She ran across the lawn after you and it was wet and she slipped and twisted her ankle. She can’t stand on it. Between that and her head, you’re literally killing her, Josiah. You have to stop.

(Josiah says nothing. Bree again opens the door and sits down in the back seat.)

Out.

BREE

This is ridiculous.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Out.

BREE

No. I’m not going to just stand out there. I know I fucked up but I’m not going to just stand there. We have to talk.

JOHNSON DAVIS

I’m talking to Josiah at the moment.

BREE

We have to talk.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Five minutes.



BREE

No, now.

BREE

Two.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Three.

BREE

Two.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Fine.

BREE

I'm counting to one-twenty.

(Bree gets out of the car and shuts the door. She counts.)  
One...Two...Three.

JOHNSON DAVIS

(turning to Josiah, speaking now with a sense of urgency)  
It was her. She made you do it. Convinced you, somehow. Called you. Told you she was grounded and you had to rescue her. It was all her idea. If you really loved her, you would rescue her, something like that. You can tell me, Josiah.

BREE

Thirteen...Fourteen...Fifteen.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Tell me, Josiah.

BREE

Twenty...Twenty-one...Twenty-two.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Look, Josiah, I can understand being in love. I truly can. I've been in love many times. Dozens of times. I know what it can do. In college, I was in love with a girl named Judy Florence for three years. Madly in love. For three years. Unrequited love, the worst kind. Three long years. You should hear the things I did. I won't bore you with it now, we haven't the time. But I did some ridiculous things. Would I have stolen a car for Judy Florence, Josiah? You're Goddamn right I would have.

BREE

Fifty-one...Fifty-two...Fifty-three.

JOHNSON DAVIS

I know what you're going through, Josiah. I know the power she has over you. She's manipulated you. Made you do things that you otherwise would never have done. Women have a power over men, Josiah. They can be very manipulative. Your mother told you the story of Adam and Eve, didn't she? Adam loved Eve very much. So much he would do anything for her. Anything. So what does she do? She manipulates him into eating the apple. The Devil's apple. And look how that turned out. The end of Paradise. Original sin and so forth. Ruined it for everyone.

BREE

Eighty-two...Eighty-three...Eighty-four.

JOHNSON DAVIS

I know you're a good boy, Josiah. I know you're a good boy and you don't want to hurt anyone and none of this is your fault. I just want you to tell me. Tell me why you did it. All of it. The letters, the sex, the car. Just tell me it was all her. All her idea. Just tell me and I'll understand.

BREE

Ninety-nine...One hundred...One hundred one.

JOHNSON DAVIS

She's bad, Josiah. She's a bad person who does bad things and all you have to do is tell me.

BREE

One ten...One eleven...One twelve.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Don't let her manipulate you, Josiah. She's a sinner. Don't let her destroy you. Just tell me and all will be forgiven.

(Bree again opens the door and sits down in the back seat.)

BREE

Time's up.

JOHNSON DAVIS

I knew it. I knew it.

BREE

Knew what?

JOHNSON DAVIS

Josiah told me everything. Told me it was all your idea.

BREE

All what was my idea?

JOHNSON DAVIS

All of it. You took this perfectly good and innocent boy—this boy whose mother I love and whom I've brought into my home—and you drag him into your world of sin and make him do these things.

BREE

I haven't made him do anything.

JOHNSON DAVIS

You told him to steal the car. He told me.

BREE

He told you?

JOHNSON DAVIS

Yes.

BREE

Josiah, did you tell him that I told you to steal the car?

(Josiah shakes his head.)

JOHNSON DAVIS

He didn't have to. He didn't have to say a thing. I know.

BREE

I didn't tell him to steal the car.

JOHNSON DAVIS

I know you did.

BREE

He showed up at the door. With the car. Right, Josiah?

(Josiah nods.)

JOHNSON DAVIS

He doesn't know the truth anymore. You have him brainwashed. You seduced him and brainwashed him and convinced him he was in love with you and you were in love with him and you had some special Goddamn relationship and were having a child together for Chrissakes.

BREE

We *are* having a child together.

JOHNSON DAVIS

No, you're not.

BREE

We are. I'm pregnant with his child.

JOHNSON DAVIS

You're not.

BREE

I am.

JOHNSON DAVIS

You're not pregnant.

BREE

I am.

JOHNSON DAVIS

The doctor said you're not.

BREE

So you were told.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Pardon?

BREE

So you were told.

JOHNSON DAVIS

What in the hell does that mean?

BREE

Mom didn't want to deal with your shit like last time. Your Louisville Slugger and your big embarrassing scenes and all that shit. So she told you I made it all up.

JOHNSON DAVIS

No she did not.

BREE

She did. She said we'd just take care of it and leave you out of it and it'd be for the best.

That isn't true. JOHNSON DAVIS

Call her. BREE

You're lying. JOHNSON DAVIS

Call her. BREE

I will. JOHNSON DAVIS

Do it. BREE

Give me your phone. JOHNSON DAVIS

(Bree hands Johnson Davis her phone. Johnson Davis fumbles with it for several seconds and hands it back to Bree.)

Dial it. (Bree enter the number and hands the phone back to Johnson Davis. Johnson Davis holds the phone to his ear.)

No answer.

Leave a message. BREE

You want me to leave a message? JOHNSON DAVIS

Yes. BREE

I will. JOHNSON DAVIS

Okay. BREE

I'll leave her a message. JOHNSON DAVIS

BREE

Please.

(Johnson Davis clenches his teeth. Hands back phone.)

JOHNSON DAVIS

That bitch.

BREE

Told you.

JOHNSON DAVIS

How could she?

BREE

I said why.

JOHNSON DAVIS

You're pregnant?

BREE

Yes.

JOHNSON DAVIS

How could you do this? After the last time?

BREE

It's different.

JOHNSON DAVIS

How?

BREE

I'm keeping it.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Keeping it?

BREE

Yes.

JOHNSON DAVIS

You can't.

BREE

Why?

College. Soccer.  
JOHNSON DAVIS

What about them?  
BREE

You're seventeen.  
JOHNSON DAVIS

We're going away.  
BREE

Who's going away?  
JOHNSON DAVIS

Josiah and I are going away.  
BREE

What are you talking about?  
JOHNSON DAVIS

We are going away together to raise our child.  
BREE

Now, Goddamnit, I refuse to believe for one Goddamn minute that this child is Josiah's.  
JOHNSON DAVIS

Why?  
BREE

For one, I don't believe you've slept together.  
JOHNSON DAVIS

We have.  
BREE

I don't believe you. And I don't believe you're going away anywhere or that you want to keep this child. Do you want to know what I believe?  
JOHNSON DAVIS

No.  
BREE

JOHNSON DAVIS

I believe you've been knocked up by some guy and I believe it's probably this Bart which is Goddamn illegal and you're protecting him and using Josiah to do it.

BREE

I love Josiah.

JOHNSON DAVIS

No, you don't.

BREE

I do.

JOHNSON DAVIS

I don't believe that. I know the truth.

BREE

Josiah and I love each other and want to be together.

JOHNSON DAVIS

No. He may. But no.

BREE

It's true. I love him.

JOHNSON DAVIS

No.

BREE

It's true.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Prove it.

JOSIAH

She gave me this.

(Johnson Davis and Bree both look at Josiah, who is holding up his right arm with the bracelet Bree had given him hanging around his wrist.)

JOHNSON DAVIS

What is that?

JOSIAH

A gift.



JOHNSON DAVIS

So what?

BREE

From me.

JOSIAH

For my birthday.

JOHNSON DAVIS

So what?

BREE

Look at it.

(Johnson Davis takes hold of Josiah's wrist and looks at the bracelet.)

JOHNSON DAVIS

From B to J. This doesn't mean anything.

JOSIAH

We're secret boyfriend and girlfriend.

BREE

We're together. This whole time. We had to keep it a secret.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Baloney.

JOSIAH

We're going to get married. And we'll all be together.

JOHNSON DAVIS

What have you told him?

BREE

It's true.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Horseshit.

BREE

Why can't you be happy?

JOHNSON DAVIS

Oh, spare me.

BREE

No. Really. Listen to what I'm telling you. I'm telling you that I found someone and we love each other and want to be together. So I got pregnant. I'm sorry. But at least this time we have each other. What did you say the last time? We weren't going to flush my future for someone's bastard.

JOHNSON DAVIS

I never said that.

BREE

You did.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Not like that.

BREE

Word for word.

JOHNSON DAVIS

It was an emotional time.

BREE

And here we are again and everything's different and right and you still can't be happy.

JOHNSON DAVIS

What's right about it?

BREE

Like I said, we're together. Josiah and I.

JOHNSON DAVIS

You're children.

BREE

I'm seventeen. I'm basically an adult.

JOHNSON DAVIS

He's sixteen. Barely.

BREE

It won't matter. In ten years it won't matter. In five years.

JOHNSON DAVIS

It will always matter. You can dress it up but it matters. A fuck up is a fuck up.

BREE

I'm not a fuck up.

JOHNSON DAVIS

You'll always be a fuck up.

JOSIAH

She'll be a goddess.

JOHNSON DAVIS

What do you mean, a goddess?

JOSIAH

She will be a goddess. Like my mother. On Parnuckle.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Oh, for Christ's sake. This again.

BREE

It's true. Josiah, tell him. About your mother. Your real mother.

JOSIAH

My real mother...

JOHNSON DAVIS

I've heard his story about his real mother.

BREE

Listen to him. Go ahead, Josiah.

JOSIAH

My real mother...

JOHNSON DAVIS

I don't need to hear his Goddamn story about his so-called real mother. We talked about this, Josiah. I thought we'd been over this. You don't have any real mother.

BREE

Yes he does.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Knock it off, damnit.

BREE

Knock what off?

JOHNSON DAVIS

Josiah, get out of the car.

BREE

No. He doesn't have to.

JOHNSON DAVIS

You and I are going to have a very serious conversation about what in the hell you think you are trying to do, and Josiah does not need to hear any of it. Josiah, please step out of the car.

BREE

He's not going anywhere. Josiah, don't go anywhere.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Jesus fucking Christ.

BREE

Say what you want to say.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Goddamnit.

BREE

Say it.

JOHNSON DAVIS

You don't really believe this shit, do you? I know you don't. Maybe he believes—though I'm not completely convinced, I'm not—maybe he thinks he believes in all of these spaceships and chocolate and goddesses and mothers and fathers and whatever other garbage. But you're not going to convince me—not at all, not in a million years—that you believe it, too.

BREE

I do.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Bullshit.

BREE

I do. I believe in Parnuckle and I believe Josiah and I will live there with his mother and father and with our baby and we will be happy.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Bullshit.

BREE

We will.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Bullshit. I don't want to hear another word.

(Patrick enters from right and gets into the car.)

BREE

Think of it. Think of how happy we'll be. It's a beautiful place. Tell him, Josiah.

PATRICK

Josiah began to tell Johnson Davis, just as his mother had told him, about the beautiful fields and the mountains and the lakes reflecting every color—all at once—and the colorful cities with all of the smiling people, and Bree said to Johnson Davis...

BREE

It will be a beautiful place to raise a child. And we'll be able to live with Josiah's mother and father—his real mother and father—in the royal palace.

PATRICK

And Josiah began to describe for Johnson Davis the Royal Palace, in the capital city, just as Patrick had described it to Josiah and just as Josiah had described it to Bree, particularly the special wing, where Josiah's mother and father lived and where hopefully Josiah and Bree would be able to live with their child, and Josiah described the two rooms of the special wing, focusing specifically on his and Bree's own room, which would transform itself from living room to kitchen to bedroom, always changing, based on need, a detail that Josiah could see had sparked the interest of Johnson Davis, from the way that Johnson Davis tilted the top of his head toward the driver-side window, with Bree, from the back seat, breaking in near the end of Josiah's description to say to Johnson Davis...

BREE

We'll have everything we could ever want. Everything. Think of it.

PATRICK

Josiah then began to tell Johnson Davis, as Patrick had told him, but as he had never told Bree, of all of the important responsibilities that Josiah, as the son of an important government official, and as the son of a goddess, would have on Parnuckle, and all of the important things Josiah would be doing once his father retired or passed on, which would be a long time from now, Parnucklians living much longer than humans, just as Josiah and Bree would, once they became Parnucklians, a detail that once again led Johnson Davis to tilt the top of his head toward the window next to him. Josiah then said to Johnson Davis that he had been searching for Bree, and that he knew that she was made for him—that she was his soulmate and that he wanted to take her with him to his home. Bree, who, as Josiah spoke to Johnson Davis, had been nodding her head and voicing

affirmations, stopped and stared at Josiah, specifically at the point when he claimed her as his soulmate, and continued to stare for several seconds after he finished speaking, finally turning to Johnson Davis and saying...

BREE

You see. We'll be happy and we'll be in love. And the baby will be happy and loved and grow up in a beautiful place. And we'll be doing important, wonderful things, and none of the things that have happened here will matter.

PATRICK

Despite the fact that it was dark in the cab of car and despite the fact that Johnson Davis was not looking at Josiah but rather staring straight ahead through the windshield, Josiah could see that Johnson Davis had begun to cry.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Act II, Scene 5

(Johnson Davis's living room. Josiah's mother sits in a chair left of center, facing right. Johnson Davis, Josiah, and Bree enter from right. Josiah steps toward center, but stops.)

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Come here, Josiah.

(Josiah stands still. Bree steps to his side. They stare at Josiah's mother. Johnson Davis crosses the room and stands near the chair.)

Why are they standing together like that? Don't let them stand there next to one another like that.

(Johnson Davis stands still. Josiah reaches for Bree's hand and takes it in his.)

JOSIAH

Bree and I are leaving.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

What is he talking about? Why is he holding her hand? Stop holding her hand.

(Josiah's mother begins to get up from her chair, but winces and sits back down. She looks at Johnson Davis.)

Make him stop holding her hand.

(Johnson Davis stands still. Josiah's mother speaks to Josiah.)

Let go of her hand. Let go right now.

JOSIAH

Bree and I are leaving.

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

What do you mean, you're leaving?

(to Johnson Davis)

What is he talking about? What is she trying to do?

(Johnson Davis exits left. Josiah's mother speaks to Bree.)

What are you trying to do? Leave him alone. Let go of his hand. Just leave us alone.

(As Josiah's mother speaks, Johnson Davis reenters, carrying a rope.)

JOHNSON DAVIS

(to Josiah's mother)

Just be patient.

(Johnson Davis wraps the rope around Josiah's mother and the chair.)

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

What are you doing?

JOHNSON DAVIS

Just be patient. Everything will be better.

(Josiah's mother struggles as Johnson Davis ties her to the chair.)

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

You're hurting me.

JOHNSON DAVIS

I'm sorry, dear, but everything will be better.

(Josiah's mother begins to scream. Johnson Davis holds his hand over her mouth.)

BREE

We can't let her scream like that.

JOHNSON DAVIS

What should we do?

BREE

Gag her.

JOHNSON DAVIS

I couldn't.

BREE

Do you have any tape? The silver kind?

JOHNSON DAVIS

Get a pair of socks.

(Bree lets go of Josiah's hand and exits left. Josiah steps forward but stops.)

She'll be fine, Josiah.

(Bree reenters with a pair of socks. She hands them to Johnson Davis, and he puts them in Josiah's mother's mouth.)

BREE

Now what?

(The doorbell rings. All look right. No one moves. It rings again. Josiah walks to right.)



BREE

Josiah, don't.

(Josiah opens the door and steps back. Frat Boy enters, now older.)

FRAT BOY

Is your name Josiah?

JOSIAH

Yes.

FRAT BOY

You're Josiah?

JOSIAH

Yes.

FRAT BOY

I believe I may be your father. I received a letter.

JOHNSON DAVIS

(stepping toward Frat Boy, stopping him from fully entering the room)  
I'm sorry, sir, but you must be mistaken. This is my son-in-law. Future son-in-law. And he and my daughter, it just so happens, are just now leaving to visit his father. There must be a mistake.

FRAT BOY

You have a woman tied up.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Indeed.

FRAT BOY

And gagged.

JOHNSON DAVIS

How can I help you sir?

FRAT BOY

I think I went to high school with her, the man said, staring at Josiah's mother over Johnson Davis's shoulder. And college.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Small world.

FRAT BOY

I received a letter. From this address. From her. It said...

(to Josiah)

I think I'm your father.

(Josiah says nothing.)

I'm your father.

JOHNSON DAVIS

You must be mistaken. Josiah has a father. He lives far away.

FRAT BOY

Why is she tied up?

BREE

Role-playing.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Yes, a bit of role-playing. Would you mind if I have a look at that letter?

(Johnson Davis grabs at the letter. Frat Boy pulls it out of his reach.)

FRAT BOY

She seems to be trying to say something. Or to scream.

JOHNSON DAVIS

All part of the role-play. Her character is both frightened and indignant.

FRAT BOY

I don't know what's going on here, the man said. I received this letter with this address and I just came to find out what was going on, but now I'm here and I remember her and here's this kid and I really think I should speak to your wife about this. Could you please untie her?

JOHNSON DAVIS

Fiancée.

FRAT BOY

Excuse me.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Fiancée. Not wife yet.

FRAT BOY

Could you please untie her?

JOHNSON DAVIS

Again, this must be a mistake. I assure you. If you'd allow me to have a look at that letter.

FRAT BOY

I'm going to have to insist that you untie her. I don't think she should be tied up like that. And I'd like to speak with her.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Sir, if I could just have a look at that letter.

FRAT BOY

I think I may need to call the police.

JOHNSON DAVIS

The police?

FRAT BOY

Yes.

JOHNSON DAVIS

I'm sure that's not necessary.

FRAT BOY

Look, if this young man is really my son—and, I think, now that I'm here, that he may be—then I have a right to know that, and I have a right to know him. And he has a right to know me. I need to speak to his mother. And she should really be untied. She looks very upset.

BREE

She's not even his mother.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Sir, I think it's time for you get off of my property.

JOSIAH

Let him in.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Now, Josiah, I'm sure the gentleman has places to be.

FRAT BOY

No, I want to come in.

JOSIAH

Let him in.

BREE

But, Josiah, we were about to leave.

JOSIAH

Let him in.

(Johnson Davis steps aside to let Frat Boy pass. Josiah exits right. Frat Boy steps toward Josiah's mother. The lights go out. A loud thud. When the lights come up, Frat Boy is on the ground, unconscious. Josiah stands over him, holding a baseball bat. Bree is far right, having turned the lights back on. Johnson Davis walks over to Frat Boy and lifts the envelope from his hand. He looks at the address.)

JOHNSON DAVIS

He doesn't live far. I'll just get him into my car.

(Johnson Davis folds the letter in half and places it in his front pocket. He looks at Bree.)

JOHNSON DAVIS

I think it'll be for the best.

BREE

I think you're right.

JOHNSON DAVIS

Good luck, Josiah.

(Johnson Davis walks to Josiah's mother and kisses her on the forehead.)  
I'll be right back. It'll all be better tomorrow. Just you and I.

(Johnson Davis walks back to Frat Boy, picks him up by the armpits, and drags him offstage right.)

BREE

Get your stuff. I'll get my stuff. Meet back here.

(Bree exits left. Josiah walks to his mother. He stares at her. She whimpers. He reaches around her and unties the ropes. She rubs her arms. He takes the socks out of her mouth and drops them to the floor. She gasps and coughs. Josiah takes a step back.)

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

Good night, Josiah. I'm going to bed.

(Josiah's mother stands. As she exits left, she looks back at Josiah over her shoulder.)

JOSIAH'S MOTHER

I'm sorry, Josiah.

(Josiah's mother exits. Patrick enters.)

PATRICK

They said you're leaving tomorrow.

(Josiah nods.)

Where are you going?

JOSIAH

With my mother.

PATRICK

Which mother?

JOSIAH

My other mother.

PATRICK

Your Earth-mother?

JOSIAH

Yes.

PATRICK

Where?

JOSIAH

Home. To her home.

PATRICK

Are you happy about it?

JOSIAH

No.

PATRICK

Why not?

JOSIAH

I don't want to go there.

PATRICK

Don't go.

JOSIAH  
They said I had to.

PATRICK  
What are you gonna do?

JOSIAH  
I don't know.

(Bree enters, carrying a bag.)

PATRICK  
You should write a letter. A letter to your Father. Tell him they are forcing you, against your will, to go back and live with your mother. Say that you really really don't want to go back, and ask if there is any way, any possibility that you could come and live with him, on Parnuckle. Say that you really want to see him, and want to develop your relationship, and say that things have been real tough here and you could start your life over, with him. What time do you leave?

JOSIAH  
Eleven.

PATRICK  
And ask if he can be here by ten o'clock in the morning to pick you up.

JOSIAH  
It won't work.

PATRICK  
Sure it will. It has to.

JOSIAH  
He won't get it in time.

PATRICK  
He will. You don't even have to send it. You just write it and he'll know. It's like a dormant telepathic link between father and son.

JOSIAH  
I don't know.

PATRICK  
It'll work. Write it.

JOSIAH  
I don't know.

PATRICK

Just write it.

BREE

As Josiah wrote his letter, in his room at the group home, Patrick described for Josiah what his life, once rescued by his father, would be like. First of all, Patrick told Josiah, he would be living, since his father was Keymaster of Gozer, and his mother a goddess queen, beloved by all, in the Royal Palace of Gozer, in the capital city of Gozeria. Patrick told Josiah that he and his father and mother—his real mother—would live together very happily, all being finally reunited.

PATRICK

Most importantly, Patrick told Josiah, Josiah having finished his letter, sitting on his bed and listening to Patrick, Josiah would be able to start a family of his own. Somewhere, on that great big planet full of people, there was someone—a girl—just for him, a girl that he would fall in love with and couldn't live without. Everyone had one, somewhere. Josiah just had to be ready and watch for her. And when he saw her he would know. And he would fall in love and she would fall in love and they would get married and have a baby and then maybe more babies and they would move out of the Royal Palace of Gozer and into their own palace, or maybe a villa, and they would be happy, forever, together, in their home.

BREE

Ready?

JOSIAH

I don't know.

BREE

Are you excited about seeing your father? And your mother?

JOSIAH

I don't know.

BREE

About our new home?

JOSIAH

I have to ask you something.

BREE

What?

JOSIAH

What if there is no Parnuckle? That man. Was my father. And my mother...

Is your mother. BREE

Yes. JOSIAH

And there's no planet. BREE

No. JOSIAH

And no palace. BREE

No. JOSIAH

That's okay. BREE

It is? JOSIAH

It is. BREE

Do you still want to get married? JOSIAH

Of course. We still have the baby. Still a family. BREE

Are you sure? JOSIAH

Yes. BREE

What about Bart? JOSIAH

Bart? What about him? BREE



Are you...is he your boyfriend? JOSIAH

My boyfriend? BREE

Is he? JOSIAH

No. You're my boyfriend. BREE

Secret. JOSIAH

Not anymore. BREE

No? JOSIAH

No. BREE

He calls you Babe. JOSIAH

So? BREE

Did you fuck him? JOSIAH

Why would you ask that? BREE

Did you? JOSIAH

BREE  
No. Why would you ask that? Bart is not my boyfriend. He's just helping me out with some things. Through some things. Things I don't like to talk about. All that matters, Josiah, is you and me. Nothing else. Don't even think about anyone else. It's just like you said. We are meant for each other. Soulmates. We're going to be a family. We'll be able to completely start over. Just you and me and no one else. Like a whole new life. Nothing here will matter. Do you believe me?

JOSIAH

Yes.

BREE

Just you and me. We don't need a palace. Or a planet. We can be a family here. Have our own home, together. Here.

PATRICK

Josiah began to imagine the home he would live in with Bree. It was not a royal palace. And it was not a two-story home like the home of Johnson Davis or of Bree and her mother, but it was not as small as the home Josiah had lived in with *his* mother, and it had a front yard and a back yard bigger than any of those homes, and the back yard and front yard were filled with grass, and the grass was very green and was freshly-cut, and smelled nice, and the house had lots of windows—big windows—and inside the house was very bright, and also smelled nice, and Josiah imagined living in the house with Bree, and their baby, who in Josiah's imagination was three or four years old and was playing with his toys in the bright, nice-smelling living room, and in the bright kitchen was Bree, cooking food that smelled very nice and warm, all different kinds of food, and in Josiah's imagination everyone was smiling and laughing. And Josiah imagined himself wearing nice clothes that one would wear to a nice job, and Josiah imagined himself coming home from his nice job in his nice clothes and walking into the kitchen and kissing Bree, first on the cheek and then on the lips, and then kissing the baby on the forehead, and Josiah and Bree and their baby would gather around their bright table and eat shiny, colorful, warm and nice-smelling food and laugh and smile. Josiah imagined he and Bree putting the baby to bed and driving the baby to school and picking them up and having the baby's friends over for dinner, like on TV.

JOSIAH

We should go now.

BREE

You know what I was thinking? We can do whatever we want now. Anything. We'll have our whole lives ahead of us, together. Our family. And it will be wonderful. But I was thinking, now that we're free—free to do whatever we want—there are things we should do. Before settling. Settling down. If you could do anything—anything—what would you want to do?

JOSIAH

I don't know.

BREE

Anything.

JOSIAH

But...

BREE

You know what I want to do? If I could do anything on Earth? I'd want to be someone else. Like, pretend to be someone else. That's what we could do. We could become different people. Create entirely new identities, and travel all over the country—or even the world—and see everything, all the sights, like the Grand Canyon, and the Eiffel Tower, and I could be, I don't know, Sarah, an art student, and you could be Devin, a photographer, and we could travel and see new places and meet new people, and if we get tired of who we are, we can just be someone else, just start over, as many times as we want. What do you think?

JOSIAH

I want to go now.

BREE

Where should we go first?

JOSIAH

I want to go home. To go find our home.

BREE

We have time.

JOSIAH

What about the baby?

BREE

We have time.

JOSIAH

Getting married?

BREE

We have all the time in the world.

JOSIAH

Are you sure?

BREE

Of course. We have our whole lives.

PATRICK

Josiah said nothing, and listened as Bree explained that they should just leave everything, just go and start over, travel the world, live in cars and train stations, meet interesting people, get into trouble, have adventures, hitchhiking or riding buses or trains as far as

they could and then getting jobs in restaurants or supermarkets and saving enough for a ticket somewhere, anywhere.

(Patrick exits.)

BREE

Josiah followed as Bree walked out the front door and into the street. They walked and walked, Bree six steps ahead of Josiah. As they walked and as the sky slowly turned from black to grey, Josiah pictured his life with Bree, from the moment they were now living to the moment he would last see her, and in the picture the bright one-story house and the laughing and the smiling were replaced by a parade, a parade of people who looked like Bart, and talked like Bart, and a parade of goddesses and palaces and important officials and chocolate and babies that he would never see or meet, and of endless letters the addressees of which would never receive, much less read, and in Josiah's picture Bree was always ahead of him, as she was now, and he always behind, following, her moving steadily toward a destination that from his position he could never see.

(Bree exits.)

JOSIAH

As the sun began to rise and as Bree walked on, Josiah did not follow her, and Bree did not look back. Josiah stared at the empty space between them for only a second before turning and walking away.

(Josiah exits.)

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF PLAY)