

## **Grand Horizons**

### **Character Descriptions and ages**

**Nancy** - Family matriarch - Age 60+

A complex character. Nancy has grace, wit, a yearning for independence, and to be loved

**Bill** - Nancy's husband - Age 60+

A man comfortable with routine, whose world is suddenly upended.

**Ben** - Bill and Nancys' Son - Age 30-40

Comical and heartwarming character, who has a blend of love and frustration with his parents

**Brian** - Bill and Nancys' youngest son - Age 30-40

Very different to Ben, flamboyant, anxious and dramatic and very loving to his mum

**Jess** – Bens' wife - Age 25-35 (Pregnant for the whole show)

Family mediator, logical and balanced and wanting to help but has her limits

**Carla** – Bill's other lady - Age 60+

Sweet and unassuming

**Tommy** – Age 30-40

Brians one night stand, sassy, camp, flirtatious, just wants sex

### **Audition Pages**

These are the pages I would like people to look at, we may not use all of them but would be good for people to be familiar with them.

All - pages 12-13

Ben and Jess - pages 18 - 20

Tommy and Brian - pages 23 - 25

Carla - pages 49 - 51

Bill - pages 10 - 12

Ben - pages 67 - 68

Nancy and Bill - pages 61

(Audition pages below)

Bri's got work,  
We've both got work—

NANCY. I don't have much time.

JESS. // That's all right, Nancy.

BILL. Don't skip work on my account.  
I worked my whole life, never missed a day  
At the pharmacy.

BRIAN. That's not healthy, you realize that Dad.

BILL. I'm perfectly healthy.

BRIAN. The fact that you spent your whole life at work  
Is probably half the reason we're having this insane conversation  
About splitting up in the first place.

NANCY. Or maybe it's why we never had it sooner.

*The sudden sound of several sharp gunshots.*

BEN. Jesus Christ, // what is that—

JESS. Oh my god—

*Now it's recognizable as the TV next door.*

BILL. The lady next door watches crime shows all day.  
Over there, they've got a dog, yappy little thing.  
Nothing to be done 'til they ship them off to Rose Court.

JESS. Rose Court?

BILL. This is independent living.  
Rose Court is the next stop on the line,  
It's more of an assisted situation.

JESS. Got it.

BRIAN. There's a medical facility—

BILL. You stay until you... (Die.)

BEN. Okay, Dad, let's come sit with Mom—

BILL. It's one-stop shopping.  
And then in the cafeteria  
They put your picture up there on the bulletin board  
With all the other news.

So it's like, "Okay, everyone, so it's gonna rain Friday,  
Ed is this week's bingo champion,

Sheila's started a new book club,  
Sam and Joanie are dead."

JESS. Okay, Bill—

BILL. I'm taking a class.

They got classes here.

I've been doing stand-up comedy.

I'm starting to think, if I wasn't a pharmacist,

I would've been a stand-up comedian.

Anybody want to hear a joke?

BEN. No, Dad, definitely not.

BRIAN. Not right now, Dad.

NANCY. God, no.

JESS. One thing I've been thinking about is the fact that

You've both been through a lot of transitions recently.

Moving here, packing up the old house—

Also, fifty years, that's a big milestone.

And I don't know if we marked that enough,

Or, like, celebrated enough—

BRIAN. I made a video.

JESS. That's right.

BRIAN. Did you guys even watch it?

JESS. Yes.

Yes,

We did.

NANCY. I watched it, Brian.

BRIAN. Thanks, Mom.

NANCY. It was very good.

BRIAN. Thanks.

JESS. Obviously talking about all this stuff

Can feel awkward, even painful.

Communicating.

Honestly, when I work with couples in my practice

We often start with just trying to make eye contact, or hold hands—

BILL. (*With great disdain.*) Hold hands?

JESS. When was the last time you two held hands?

NANCY. // I don't know...

BILL. I don't think so.

BEN. Guys, hold hands.

JESS. Don't push them.

BEN. They can hold hands.

JESS. But they don't have to right now.

Fear is normal.

BILL. Fear? I'm not afraid of it.

I can hold anybody's hand.

BEN. (*Sharper, like a coach.*) Guys. Guys.

Come on.

BILL. Fine, what do I care.

*Bill and Nancy very awkwardly hold hands.*

*It's agony.*

*Ben looks to Jess like: "This is progress."*

JESS. Okay, how does that feel?

NANCY. Fine.

BILL. Stupid.

JESS. Now Nancy, if I were your therapist—which obviously—

But I have done this a lot,

I have helped a lot of people avoid a lot of loneliness and regret—

So, anyway, the next exercise would be for you to try telling Bill,

What you want—

NANCY. I want a divorce.

JESS. Sorry if I wasn't clear—I meant physically.

I meant, what kind of touch do you want?

What feels good? Hard? Soft?

With just the fingertips or the entire hand.

NANCY. Um...

Soft.

BEN. Go ahead, Dad.

Touch her hand softly.

NANCY. (*Laughing.*) It tickles.

JESS. (*A breakthrough.*) This is great.

Humor is fantastic.

BILL. My arm is getting tired.

JESS. Okay, that was great, that was actually great,

You both tried, and, you know,

I know a lot of couples that couldn't even do that.

BEN. Good job, guys.

JESS. And just to say, holding hands, rubbing a loved one's back, cuddling—

These are just a few ways to be intimate in the later years—

We could also talk about exploring the imagination, fantasy, role-play—

BEN. Okay, babe.

JESS. All I mean, is I don't imagine they ever—

Did you and Bill ever talk about that kind of—

NANCY. // No, I don't think so.

BILL. Nope.

BEN. Okay.

NANCY. I'm happy to.

JESS. Sure, wow, okay, that's very brave—

BRIAN. Mom, if you want us to leave, // so you can—

BEN. Yeah, we'll be... Somewhere else.

NANCY. It's fine.

I'd like you to stay in fact.

I'd like you to stay.

So. Okay... Um...

My biggest fantasy is.

Well... I would... I would like...

(*Thinks, then.*) I'd like to eat dinner alone.

In a restaurant.

I've never done that before.

BILL. Are we done?

the back of the line like gangbusters and shoves her way all the way to the front—

It's Sister Susan.

And she goes, "Hold on! If I'm going to have to gargle with that stuff, At least let me do it before Sister Christine puts her ass in it!"

NANCY. Well, I'm off.

*Nancy quickly escapes out the door.*

BEN. Mom—wait—

*And now Bill escapes upstairs.*

*Ben and Brian look to each other.*

### Scene 3

*It's now the middle of the night.*

*All around are overflowing bags of clothing from Nancy's refugee drive, and huge piles of loose clothes, the clothes of the dead.*

*The toaster is missing, along with a photo or two.*

*Next door, the TV is playing another crime show.*

*After a moment, Jess comes downstairs, still in her clothes.*

JESS. Ben?

What are you doing?

// You're still working?

BEN. Hey, babe.

I'm so behind—

The judge on this case is like monumentally unsympathetic,

What are you doing up?

JESS. I just did four back-to-back phone sessions—

And then my sleepwalker needed an "emergency call."

What happened to Brian?

BEN. Who?

JESS. Your brother?

BEN. Oh, yeah, he went out for a drink.

JESS. Sounds kind of lonely.

BEN. I think he was lonely and that's why he went.

JESS. And your parents?

BEN. Went to bed hours ago.

JESS. In the same room?

BEN. I thought it was kind of a good sign.

JESS. Sure, if you block out the part where they barely spoke to each other,

And then your mom pretended to have dementia

And then your dad told a dick joke.

BEN. No, I know, it's insane, they're children.

Come here. Come here come here.

*She goes to him.*

*Leans down to kiss him.*

*He kisses her stomach.*

JESS. It's not even that.

It's more how you get when you're around them.

BEN. Wait, how do I get?

JESS. And what's going on with your hands?.

BEN. It's my eczema, you know // and I don't have my cream—

JESS. Where's your cream?

BEN. I don't have it.

JESS. Okay, it's fine, let's go to bed, we'll be home in the morning.

BEN. Babe.

JESS. What?

BEN. We can't // leave them like this—

JESS. Wait, no, Ben, no no no I already canceled today's sessions to be here //

I have like a million things to do before this baby comes—

BEN. They need us—

They need us—

JESS. They need professional help—

BEN. And, look, Brian is obviously useless, and—

JESS. They don't even want us here—

BEN. Trust me, I get it—you don't think, you don't think it pisses me off?

JESS. What?

BEN. I mean none of this makes any sense.

Are they serious?

Is it a cry for help?

Is it even real?

JESS. Wait, no, people crying for help is real, Ben.

It means they need help, it means help me.

BEN. No, I know, all I'm trying to say is.

Just look at the facts, okay?

They never fought.

They always got along.

They have stuff in common—they're about to have a grandchild together.

What else do they want?

JESS. I don't know.

Love.

BEN. Sure, whatever that means.

JESS. Do you not know // what it means?

BEN. No, I know what it means for us, obviously—

JESS. Okay.

BEN. I'm saying for them, at their age—

And anyway, I'm not even talking about love,

I'm talking about marriage.

JESS. What are you talking about?

BEN. I don't know what we're talking about.

All I'm saying is,

Sure maybe they never had some like great marriage,

But I always thought they had like a regular marriage.

JESS. A regular marriage?



BEN. Uh-huh.

JESS. And what is that to you?

What's a regular marriage?

BEN. A marriage, I guess,

That doesn't end.

Sorry, babe,

I'm not in a place to be like super articulate or deep right now—

I'm getting crushed.

JESS. Could you—

Could you maybe just not call me that anymore.

BEN. What?

JESS. Babe.

I'm not a baby.

I'm not an actual baby you do realize that.

BEN. It's a term of affection.

JESS. Right, but when somebody doesn't like it

Then it's hostile.

BEN. Okay.

Good night.

Love you, babe. I love you.

JESS. Good night. I love you too.

*She goes.*

*He sits alone.*

*Scratches his hands.*

*After a moment, he rushes upstairs after his wife.*

*From outside, a car pulls up.*

*Car doors close and "Thank you sir!" can be heard.*

BRIAN. (*From off.*) ...I hope this is the right house—

I know it's the corner house but—

They all look exactly the same.

TOMMY. (*From off.*) I know, our Uber driver was like // what is even happening?!

BRIAN. (*From off.*) I know, he was like...

He's probably still just like driving around like...

Aaaaah!!!

(Then, flirty.) Ouch! Wait. Stop that—

*The door swings open.*

*Brian and Tommy enter.*

Go in, go in, the whole thing is even sadder inside—

TOMMY. No, I'm so sorry about my roommate situation.

She just freaks on me when I bring home random strangers.

BRIAN. Do you do that a lot?

TOMMY. Do you?

BRIAN. No, actually, I'm just, I'm having a weird day.

TOMMY. Great, let's get weird—

BRIAN. Come in, come in, come in, come in, come in—

Don't mind the pile,

That's just the clothes of the deceased.

So, wait—what was I saying, before, in the—

TOMMY. You mean about the play, your school play—

BRIAN. Right, so—right, so—I'll give like...

I'll give, like, what I do is...

I gave Abigail a best friend,

John Proctor has a sister,

Reverend Hale has a sort of assistant reverend,

Danforth has a clerk and there's a court stenographer—

TOMMY. Am I supposed to know

Who those people // are.

BRIAN. No, they're not people, they're parts,

They're // parts in a play—

TOMMY. (*Teasing him.*) Ohhhhh.

BRIAN. The point is, I rotate.

TOMMY. Mmmm, you rotate.

BRIAN. So, and then like, like a third of the way through,

The first Abigail switches with a new Abigail

But we all know it's still the same Abigail because she takes off her  
locket

And gives it to the other Abigail.

// And, like, John Proctor hands over his glasses to the new Proctor—  
And the reverend has a collar and you know, and so on and so forth—  
And then it all happens like three more times  
And of course I've added extra girls and more spectators in the  
courtroom and—

TOMMY. No idea.

No idea what you're talking about.

No idea. No idea.

BRIAN. I can seriously—

I've managed to get, like, over two hundred kids,

Into the show—

TOMMY. Wow, I am so hot for teacher // right now.

BRIAN. // Okay, okay—

TOMMY. What's your last name?

BRIAN. French,

Brian // French.

TOMMY. Mr. French, ooooh la la, come here—

BRIAN. (*Enjoying the attention.*) All right, hold on—

Do you want a drink?

TOMMY. Sure why not.

*Brian starts to make drinks.*

BRIAN. I've been mixing vodka with Crystal Light.

TOMMY. Yum.

BRIAN. The point is, the way I do it—

Every kid who wants a part gets one—

Because, like, do you remember how painful it was

To like,

Audition for the school play and not get a part?

*Tommy shakes his head.*

It was a popularity contest.

And you know, I guess I just.

I love these kids.

And I... I don't know.

I don't want anyone to be disappointed.

What.

TOMMY. No, just  
You seem kind of amazing.

BRIAN. Really? Come on, I'm blushing.

*Brian comes over with the drinks.*

*Tommy starts to make out with him.*

I feel bad

I haven't asked you anything about yourself.

TOMMY. I'm fascinating

I swear, ask me later—

*They kiss.*

BRIAN. Okay, okay

Wow.

That is... Wow.

Okay wow.

TOMMY. Are you nervous?

// Are you?

That's so cute.

You are so cute.

BRIAN. No! I'm not, nervous!

It's just, I think—thank you—

This place is kind of throwing me off—

I don't usually—

TOMMY. Wait,

Are you married?

BRIAN. What?

No.

TOMMY. 'Cause way too

Many of the dudes online are.

BRIAN. No, I know—

TOMMY. And it's funny 'cause, it's like,

The single ones just want sex,

But it's always the married ones who want intimacy.

BRIAN. I don't want intimacy.

I don't know what's wrong with me.

You know what?

Let's go in the garage.

TOMMY. Okay. Is it less sad in there?

BRIAN. It's more sad, but also maybe more...

Soundproof?

I mean, my brother and sister-in-law are—

And my mom and dad are literally right...

*Tommy points straight up.*

Right.

TOMMY. Then I guess we should be *very quiet*.

BRIAN. Yeah.

I don't even know if it's possible...

TOMMY. You mean, because, like...

What if they come down?

BRIAN. That's my point.

TOMMY. *(As a very bad kid.)* We could get in trouble again.

BRIAN. Right...

TOMMY. Remember last time?

BRIAN. Last time?

TOMMY. Dad was so mad he spanked me

Until I was sore for days.

I still have a mark, see?

BRIAN. Um...

TOMMY. And remember the time Mom caught us

And sent us to bed without supper?

BRIAN. Ah...

TOMMY. I mean we weren't doing anything wrong.

Just playing, right?

Our favorite game.

"Penis to penis."

BRIAN. What is that?

TOMMY. Don't you remember?

Come here. I'll show you.

*Nancy looks to Bill.*

NANCY. Is that your U-Haul?

BILL. I have to return it at noon.

NANCY. Then you'd better get going.

BILL. I'd better.

*Pause.*

NANCY. Do you have a long drive?

Wait.

I'll make you a sandwich.

*Nancy carefully makes Bill a sandwich.*

*It's excruciating.*

*Ben, Brian, and Jess can hardly bear it.*

*Finally, Nancy is finished.*

*She wraps the sandwich and gives it to Bill.*

BILL. Thanks.

I'm sure we'll talk.

*Bill looks at Nancy one last time, and goes out.*

*The kids are devastated.*

BEN. Mom, are you okay?

Mom?

*Nancy does not respond.*

*The sound of the U-Haul starting just outside.*

*And then the U-Haul crashes violently and spectacularly through the kitchen wall.*

*The sound of the truck's horn stuck on.*

*Blaring.*

## **End of Act One**

## ACT TWO

### Scene 1

*Everything is just as it was at the beginning.*

*Except it's very quiet.*

*And Carla is there.*

*Carla is nothing like the floozy we may have imagined.*

*She's cheerful, frumpy, warm, an easy laugher.*

*The kind of person who wears themed outfits for holidays.*

*Nancy and Carla stand awkwardly, neither quite knowing what to do.*

NANCY. Can I get you anything, Carla?

CARLA. Oh, I think I'm fine.

NANCY. You're sure?

CARLA. Oh, yeah.

If you had a donut or something, I'd take that.

NANCY. I don't think I have donuts.

CARLA. I'm a donut freak!

NANCY. Really?

CARLA. Yeah.

NANCY. Sorry, I don't think I // have donuts...

CARLA. That's okay.

NANCY. I have crackers?

CARLA. Nah, that's okay.

What kind?

NANCY. Saltines, I think?

CARLA. Yeah, no, that's okay.

NANCY. Bill likes to crumble them in his soup.

CARLA. Okay.

NANCY. If you want you can take them.

CARLA. I'm sure they have 'em at the grocery store.

NANCY. I won't eat them, most likely.

CARLA. Oh yeah? Okay. Okay.

*Pause.*

*Carla looks around.*

It's great that they could get you in a new unit so fast.

NANCY. It is.

CARLA. Is it much like where you were?

NANCY. Yes, in fact.

But quieter.

Our old unit had a lot of—

You know, those kind of obnoxious loud neighbors.

CARLA. Oh yeah, that's the worst.

And the thin walls.

NANCY. What's that?

CARLA. THIN WALLS.

NANCY. Right.

Here the people are much, much better.

We barely hear a peep.

CARLA. Well so it's all for the best!

*Carla laughs nervously.*

Oh, I didn't mean...

NANCY. No, I know.

CARLA. Obviously, it's a tragedy.

NANCY. Yes.

CARLA. Although they've said he may improve, yeah?

NANCY. It's hard to know, a bit early to know.

But yes, they're hopeful that, with therapy...

CARLA. He could walk again.



NANCY. Oh sure, that's the idea.  
(*Insinuating.*) I don't know how "agile," he'll be.  
They'll know more once the rehab gets going.

CARLA. Oh that's okay that's okay.  
We mostly just like to sit around all day and laugh.  
He's such a funny guy.

NANCY. Sure.

CARLA. And right now he's...

NANCY. He's just upstairs, getting ready.  
He likes to do what he can on his own.  
It's not much, but I let him take his time.  
Then he calls me up to help out with the rest.

CARLA. I can help too.

NANCY. I think you'll have plenty of time for that.  
But yes. If you want to, be my guest.

CARLA. We'll wait for him to call down.

NANCY. Okay.

CARLA. He's probably nervous about seeing me, since...

NANCY. Since?

CARLA. Since the accident and everything.  
He's probably worried what I'll think.  
Not that I would think anything but. You know.  
(*On a brighter note.*) And your kids are still around, that's nice.  
I don't mean "around" like "alive,"  
I mean here, in town, still staying with you and stuff.

NANCY. Yes, well, yes, now, ever since the accident, we can't get rid of them.  
They're relentless.

CARLA. Oh.

NANCY. Did he have a stroke?  
Was the U-Haul defective?  
Should we sue?  
Like there needs to be some grand explanation for driving a U-Haul through the wall of your home.  
They're over at the medical center now getting a fold-up wheelchair.

*Nancy looks down at her shoes.*

*She looks up to her family.*

And before any of you can say anything,  
About how cruel it is for me to leave him this way,  
I'd like to say...

*She takes a few steps forward.*

It's not my fault Bill is in this state.  
The U-Haul shenanigans were not my fault,  
And I can no longer be tied to every stupid thing  
That he does.  
And yes, I do realize that's what marriage is,  
A contract to be tied to each other's stupidity,  
But I don't think that's what love ought to be.  
Anyway, no need for a grand speech.

BEN. Great.

JESS. You should give a speech if you want, Nancy.  
You should say whatever you want.

BEN. Okay, Jess.

NANCY. No.

That's fine.

*Nancy looks down to her feet again.*

*Stops.*

These shoes are very uncomfortable.

*Pause, then regaining momentum:*

I've left all the numbers and the name of the hotel...

Where am I staying...

Let's see.

BEN. Here, Mom, I have it here.

I'm going to put it in my phone, too.

Bri, do you want this number?

BRIAN. No.

BEN. I've got it, so, if you need it.

BRIAN. I won't.

NANCY. Brian, I'm sorry, I know this is hard for you—

BRIAN. Please just...

Let me have my experience over here.

BEN. So, just to recap,  
Jess and I will stay 'til tomorrow, Bri will be back for the weekend—

BILL. They're going to make me move to Rose Court.

BRIAN. Don't you dare say that, Dad.

NANCY. Not if you can handle things here on your own.

BILL. Rose Court is where you go to die.

JESS. Bill, nobody's dying.

BEN. Dad, please.

NANCY. There's no need to be so dramatic.

BILL. Me? I'm dramatic?

You're the one who scared away my girlfriend.

NANCY. I scared away his girlfriend, that's right.

BILL. She was ready to take me off everyone's hands.

This one talks to her for five minutes and...

*(Hurt, pained.)* I never hear from her again.

NANCY. Okay. That's what I did.

BILL. Not that I blame you.

Jealousy is normal.

NANCY. Why would I want to scare away your girlfriend, Bill?  
She was the answer to all of my hopes and dreams, quite frankly.

BILL. Keep telling yourself that.

You keep telling yourself that.

I know you, Nancy, I got your number.

BEN. Okay guys?

Guys?

Nobody is going to Rose Court.

All that's happening is, Mom is going to DC.

For a few days to drop off the clothes and meet with the—the—what  
is it?

NANCY. The ladies from the charity.

I want to make sure this whole thing isn't a scam.

JESS. And listen to her,

*Listen* to her,

And let her lead the way.

Why don't both of you grow the fuck up

And have a little compassion—

BRIAN. I have plenty of // compassion.

You have no idea, no idea—

JESS. Or at least understanding

For the fact that this is a woman

Who has worked her ass off to satisfy your

Every need—

NANCY. That's okay, Jess.

JESS. And who has *never, ever* in her whole entire life

Asked you for anything—

What about *her* needs?

What about her getting her own needs met?

BRIAN. Oh,

I think our mother got her needs met.

NANCY. Brian.

BRIAN. She was getting her needs met,

Don't you worry.

JESS. What is that supposed to mean.

BEN. What the fuck are you talking about, Bri.

NANCY. Brian.

BRIAN. I'm not keeping your precious secret, Mom.

You're leaving this family?

You forfeit the right.

Our entire childhood she was in love with a guy named Hal.

BEN. Hal?

JESS. Who is Hal?

BRIAN. Mom loved him,

And he loved her pussy.

BEN. What?!?

BRIAN. And I'm sorry if that's painful to hear, Dad.

But you taught us to be tough.  
So. There it is. Toughen up.

*Pause.*

BEN. Mom?

Is that true?

NANCY. In a way.

BEN. Oh my god—

JESS. Ben.

BILL. It's fine, I know all about it.

BRIAN. What?

BILL. That thing with Hal Barrow.

Yeah, I always knew about that.

*Pause.*

NANCY. You did?

BRIAN. You did?

JESS. Okay,  
Okay.

BEN. This is so crazy.

BRIAN. You knew?

BILL. Of course I knew.

It was obvious.

Every time she saw him she lit up like a Christmas tree.

NANCY. Why didn't you...

Say something.

BILL. I guess

I liked seeing you happy.

*Everyone takes that in.*

BEN. Great, so great, so now it's official,

The whole thing was a joke.

No, great, no, that feels good.

To finally get that out in the open.

Nobody was happy, nobody was

Honest, everyone was suffering and compromising.

Hallelujah.

What a relief to know that nothing was anything other than  
Pure, unmitigated, bullshit.

I mean, every Christmas.

Every birthday.

Every baseball game.

Bullshit bullshit bullshit.

Every family photo, every family trip, every hug, every lesson  
learned, take your pep talks, your

Matching plaid pajamas—

Just erase it all and replace it with bullshit.

Our whole childhood.

Just blown sky-high into bullshit.

*(To Nancy.)* And here I am, like an idiot, finding an Airbnb for you.

Because I want you to be happy

And comfortable

And making sure it has AC and wifi and is pet-friendly in case you  
want to get a cat—

Because Dad was always “allergic,” but hey, it’s a new day—

And I’m putting it all on my credit card and handling things, like  
an idiot—

*(To Jess.)* And then you’re pissed at me,

For calling you “babe,”

When, like, you used to love that,

You used to talk in baby talk, literal sexy baby talk—

When we were fooling around—

JESS. Are you serious, are you—

BEN. Oh sorry everyone, is this too personal now—

Sorry Mom, Dad, Bri, fuck you all.

*(Back to Jess.)* You did, you talked in that high little baby talk—

JESS. I was playing around—

BEN. You wanted to be all sexy baby and now I’m the jerk,  
’Cause I don’t see you—

When the truth is,

You never told me, you changed your mind and you never told me.

We do not communicate!

That's the truth.

We do not communicate.

And that scares the shit out of me  
Because we are about to—to—to—  
Start a family.

Start a family.

That sounds stupid.

How stupid does that sound right now?

I mean, I mean,

What kind of a loving family—

What kind of grandparents are you—

You're supposed to want to be—

Knitting booties or woodworking a crib or whatever—

And now, because of you, my skin is literally like peeling off of my  
body—

And—

(*To his parents.*) I don't even want you.

I don't even want you around him.

You—yes, you—

With the lies and the—I—just feel like—honestly—

Honestly, it would be simpler,

It would be easier if you had just died.

Because at least that would make sense.

At least then, I could keep my memories.

You want to know what love is?

Love is commitment, love is commitment—

*Ben breaks down completely.*

*Jess goes to him, stopping him.*

JESS. Shhh. Shhhh. Shhhhh.

It's okay.

*He buries his head on her stomach.*

*A very long pause.*

*Nobody knows what to do.*

BRIAN. Okay.