

ARNOLD: So, you'll unpack, right? And you'll set the table, right? And I'll . . .

MA: Dry up.

ARNOLD: Right.

START

(Arnold ducks back into the bathroom.)

DAVID: Would you like a drink?

MA: Maybe later. I'm sorry I hit you.

DAVID: No sweat. I usually charge, but seeing how you're family . . .

MA: You've got quite a little sense of humor. Would you like to sit down?

DAVID: Sure.

MA: Tell me, David. You go to school?

DAVID: (Eyeing the cookies) Yeah. You make these?

MA: Help yourself. So, you're in college.

DAVID: High school.

MA: High school. How nice. Senior?

DAVID: Freshman.

MA: That's very sweet. Tell me, David, just how old are you?

ARNOLD: Sixteen . . . In two months. Something wrong?

MA: Not at all. Sixteen. In two months. You have your whole life ahead of you, while mine is flashing before my eyes. David, it's none of my business, of course, but don't you think you're a little young to be out in the world all alone?

DAVID: No. But the judge did, so here I am.

ARNOLD: (Sticking his head out) Everything all right out here?

MA: Fine, dear. Keep drying.

(Arnold withdraws.)

DAVID: You like the place? We cleaned all week for you. Sorry I didn't get back in time to see your face when you got here.

MA: Believe me, that face could not compare to this one.

DAVID: (Calling out) Arnold, come on. You gotta call the school!

MA: Does he make all of your excuses at school?

DAVID: Sure. Who else?

MA: Who else indeed. How about I call the school for you and you can go change your clothes.

DAVID: But I wore this special for you.

MA: I've seen it. It's cute. Now put it away.

DAVID: No, but—

MA: March.

DAVID: Now I see where Arnold gets his technique.

MA: Cute kid. (Calling to him) David? Where do you keep the phone numbers?

DAVID: (Offstage) In the phone book.

MA: A little too cute. Arnold, Arnold, what have you gotten yourself into? Here it is, right on top. Must get used a lot. David? What name shall I give them?

DAVID: (Offstage) What?

MA: Who shall I say is being excused? Your last name.

DAVID: (Reappearing) Beckoff, of course.

MA: Now that's a coincidence. Have you and Arnold compared notes to see if there's any family relation?

DAVID: I'm his son. What more relation could there be?

(Arnold steps out of the bathroom.)

MA: You're his what?

DAVID: His son.

(Arnold steps back into the bathroom.)

DAVID: *(Continued)* Would you like that drink now?

STOP

Blackout.

SCENE TWO

Later that afternoon.

The room is deserted.

Ed lets himself in with his key.

ED: Hello? Anybody here?

ARNOLD: *(Exploding out of the bedroom)* Where the hell have you been?

ED: Picking up the paper.

ARNOLD: For nine hours?

ED: Why? Did something happen?

ARNOLD: Happen? Happen? What could possibly happen? My mother walked through the door and within minutes insulted the plane ride, the bus ride, the apartment, Manhattan, my hygiene, afghan, stenciling, and cockroaches. Oh, and she accused me of breaking up your marriage. Okay. So far, so good. So, I go off to take a shower and who makes a surprise appearance but the Patron Saint of Truants himself, Champ David. My mother gets one gander at him and she's all, "So whose little boy are you?," giving the long-awaited cue to my little angel lamb to turncoat 'round and point his every available finger at me.

ED: Oops.