

SIDE 07

ROY  
BRUCE

~~BRUCE: Christ, I know he'll love my student a few  
years. Christ, I know he'll love my student a few  
years. Christ, I know he'll love my student a few~~

*The shattering speech returns*

~~JOHN: You know, things like about the movie that  
funny? It's the only one I had the love bug, / / / /  
or, but they call it a bug. From the night of the~~

~~BRUCE: (Muttering something into his hand.)~~

*The hide laugh and answer.*

~~Okay, that's enough. Come on, Roy, let's go inside. I'll  
change that wallpaper.~~

~~JOHN: [Muttering] ...  
... But dad!~~

~~BRUCE: [Muttering]~~

*(To Roy.)*

~~... of this ...~~

~~... and Roy, I know he'll love my student a few~~

~~CHRISTIAN: ...~~

~~... the same~~

~~... Roy and Bruce, entering the ...  
... the was watch TV.~~

~~...  
...  
... and when,  
... ..~~

ROY. Whoa. Nice room.

BRUCE. So this is the wallpaper. William Morris. The real deal. God, it's gorgeous.

ROY. You read all these books?

BRUCE. Working on it.

ROY. That is not something I can imagine.

BRUCE. Yes, I remember from class you're not much of a reader.

ROY. Nope. Read some good books in your class, though.

BRUCE. My job is to make it interesting.

*Helen begins practicing French.*

ALISON. *(Do. Do. Do. and Roy.)* It's like a 1950s lesbian pulp novel. "Their tawdry love could only flourish in a..."

*Helen continues practicing French. Alison looks at her mom.*

*ALISON'S ATTENTION SHIFTS TO HER DAD AND ROY.*

*ALISON'S ATTENTION SHIFTS TO HER MOM.*

*ALISON'S ATTENTION SHIFTS TO HER DAD AND ROY.*

*ALISON'S ATTENTION SHIFTS TO HER MOM.* Did Chop In write Chopsticks?

*ALISON'S ATTENTION SHIFTS TO HER DAD AND ROY.*

*ALISON'S ATTENTION SHIFTS TO HER MOM.*

BRUCE. Sit down. Take a load off.

*Alison's attention shifts back to her dad and Roy.*

ROY. I've been working, I'm disgusting. Don't wanna sweat all over your nice stuff.

BRUCE. What are you talking about, it's furniture for chrissakes. Go ahead. Stretch out if you want.

*Roy stretches out on the chaise.*

ROY. This place is like a museum.

*(Noticing a carafe.)*

What's that stuff?

BRUCE. Sherry. Want some?

ROY. Is it good?

BRUCE. Yeah.

ROY. Okay, sure.

*Bruce pours them both a glass.*

I remember this house before you moved in. We used to ride our bikes over here when we were kids. You've done a shit-load of work.

BRUCE. I did. By myself, most of it.

ROY. You must be in good shape, old man.

BRUCE.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] *gives the sherry to Roy.*

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

BRUCE. *(Holding the sherry back.)* Unbutton your shirt.

ROY. Is that your wife playing the piano?

BRUCE. Don't worry about her.

*Roy considers, decides, why the hell not, and unbuttons his shirt. Bruce gives him the sherry.*

[REDACTED] *(At the piano.)*

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] *Helen starts playing. She stands. Then sits.*

[REDACTED] *resumes playing.*

[REDACTED] *Maybe not right now.*

[REDACTED] *Maybe not right now.*

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

BRUCE.

[REDACTED] *I want, I want, I want-*

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]