

Lidia Nesci

John: A 23 year old, addicted to pain medication.

Cindy: John's mother that doesn't know her son has a drug problem.

John needs money to buy drugs. He visits his mother at home saying he hasn't seen her in awhile. John knocks on his mother's door and waits for her to answer.

JOHN: Hi Mom. (Hugs his mother)

CINDY: Oh John, come in. How's my little boy?

JOHN: I'm not so little anymore, but I'm doing fine. How are you?

CINDY: I'm good, good. Sit down, would you like some coffee sweetie?

JOHN: No, I'm okay. Thanks.

CINDY: Nonsense, here I'll make you a cup.

JOHN: Mom you really don't have to.

CINDY: John, I haven't seen you since you moved out. Let me make you a cup of coffee at the least. I'm just so happy my baby is back home.

JOHN: Alright, fine. I'll have one cup.

CINDY: What about something to eat?

JOHN: I'm really not hungry.

CINDY: So eggs and bacon sound good?

JOHN: You really can't take no for an answer, can you?

CINDY: Well of course not! Where do you think you get that from?

JOHN: That's true. I guess I forgot how stubborn you are.

CINDY: You say it like that's a bad thing.

JOHN: That's because sometimes it is.

CINDY: It's not bad that I just want my son to have something to eat and drink.

JOHN: Whatever you say mom. But sure, I guess I have no choice.

CINDY: Okay, good. (She begins to make coffee first.) So tell me, have you found a nice girl yet?

JOHN: No mom. I told you already, I'm not going out of my way to find someone.

CINDY: Well honey I'm not getting any younger. I need grandchildren while I'm still able to take them places and play with them. There's this nice girl that works at my doctor's office. She's a tall brunette. I think you'll like her very much.

JOHN: Really mom, I'm not interested in finding a girlfriend any time soon. I have other things to focus on you know.

CINDY: Well that's too bad. I already showed her your picture.

JOHN: What? Why?

CINDY: Because I want grandchildren, haven't you been listening?

JOHN: But mom, don't you think if I were ready for a girlfriend I'd have one by now?

CINDY: Well I don't know. You always say you're not ready. People are starting to talk.

JOHN: Who?

CINDY: Aunt Cathy for one. Do you know what she asked me the other day?

JOHN: No, what?

CINDY: She asked if you have a "partner." John, she thinks you're gay.

JOHN: Aunt Cathy doesn't know what she's talking about. What did you say?

CINDY: I said I don't know. John, it's alright if you are, I just need to know.

JOHN: Mom, I'm not gay! I can't believe you.

CINDY: Well I'm sorry. It's just that you've never brought a girl home for me to meet.

JOHN: For the millionth time, I'm not ready. Can we talk about something else please?

CINDY: Okay, fine. What about your life in the real world. How's your job going?

JOHN: Everything is going well. I just got a promotion actually.

CINDY: A promotion! How wonderful. I still can't believe my son is a genius.

JOHN: Mom, I'm not a genius. I used to be a reporter for the Times.

CINDY: Well what about this new promotion? Are you the CEO of your company now?
(Giggles at her own joke)

JOHN: No, no. Nothing like that. I'm an investigative journalist now.

CINDY: Oh, an investigative journalist. That sounds exciting!

JOHN: It's alright. I'm all over the place though.

CINDY: Well, at least you're making money. That's important nowadays. I remember when there were so many new jobs coming out and everyone had a job. You know, your father was the only one working and he supported all of us. I didn't have to work and that was the beautiful thing back then. Now, two people have to work just to support each other, and maybe one kid. Your father was able to support you, and your two brothers.

JOHN: Yeah Mom, I know, I know. You tell me this story all of the time.

CINDY: (Serves her son coffee and begins making the eggs and bacon.) Well excuse me. I'm sorry I wanted to tell you a story.

JOHN: Well, I didn't mean it like that, I'm sorry. I've just had a lot on my mind lately.

CINDY: What's wrong? Is everything okay? You're not in any kind of trouble are you?

JOHN: No, nothing too serious. I've just been short with cash lately so talking about it kind of bothers me. This is actually why I stopped by.

CINDY: Oh?

JOHN: Yeah, paying the bills, and groceries is getting tough now.

CINDY: Uh-huh. Well what about your promotion? I thought you were making enough money? You were doing so well on your own before.

JOHN: I know it's just been hard. And I've always been struggling.

CINDY: You know John, I told you this moving away thing was a bad idea. You just don't listen to anyone. All you want to do is what "John" wants to do. There is never compromise with you. I just-

JOHN: Mom, please. I really don't need a lecture from you right now. I just need a little bit of money is all. Can't you help your son out?

CINDY: Of course I would help you. I just don't understand.

JOHN: What is there to not understand? I just need a little money to help me get by.

CINDY: How much is a little money?

JOHN: Just maybe a few hundred-

CINDY: A few hundred! John, what is going on?

JOHN: Nothing, I told you, things have been tough.

CINDY: Jonathan I haven't seen you in years except on the holidays. You always say you're doing well, and now out of the blue you come to see me just for money? Are you sure you're not in any kind of trouble, I mean-

JOHN: No, Mom. I swear, I'm not in trouble. I'm just getting frustrated now. I need like \$300. Why won't you just give me the money and help me out?

CINDY: Because I don't think you need the money. I think you need help, but money isn't going to help you.

JOHN: You don't know what you're talking about.

CINDY: Then help me understand! I worry about you. You're so far away from home, I never see you, and it breaks my heart John.

JOHN: I'm done with this conversation. (John gets up to leave, and his mother blocks the door.)

CINDY: I don't want you to leave. Why don't you come home? This way you won't have to worry about paying your bills or groceries anymore. The family will be together again. It'll be great!

JOHN: Look, I don't need to come home. I don't want to. I just needed some money. I thought you could help me out but I guess not. I'll just go ask a friend or something. (He pushes her out of the way and begins to open the door to leave.)

CINDY: Wait, I'll write you a check.

John pauses and turns around to face his mother.

JOHN: Really?

CINDY: I don't feel comfortable about it, but yes I will.

John's mother writes out the check and hands it to her son.

CINDY: Here you go.

JOHN: Well, thank you. I appreciate it.