

BROKEN

By
Gwen Parker

BROKEN

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BROKEN

BROKEN
Original Cast

*Broken was first performed by McGregor High School UIL
One-Act Play students, McGregor, Texas, in March of 2020.*

TOWNSPERSON.....Shane Brown
MIRIAM.....Selene Castro
TOWNSPERSON.....Beatrice Lanci
MARTIN MILLER..... Sonny Marquez
PEGGY..... Cheyenne McDonald
TOWNSPERSON..... Jason Meleza
EILEEN..... Micah Robertson
TOWNSPERSON.....Joslyn Salazar
MOLLY KINDER.....Elizabeth Reyes
ROY TYSON.....Lane Casiano
JESS EVERETT.....Chase Martin
JANICE EVERETT.....Alora Martin
EMMA JACOBS.....Meghan Dunn
OLIVIA JACOBS.....Gabriela Monterrosas
SAM JACOBS.....Kaedyn Herrera
DAN KINDER.....Jacob Grace

CREW MEMBERS: Trent Lester, John Backer, Jamie Smith, Jesus Cortes
ALTERNATES: Savana Lester, Cale Bowdoin, Justin Gilliland
DIRECTOR: Gwen Parker
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR: Dawn Ramos

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BROKEN Cast of Characters

*Author's Note: Townspeople may be added or deleted as needed

JUDGE-Offstage or Recorded Voice

TOWNSPEOPLE-various genders and ages. Form the CHORUS.

MOLLY KINDER-late 20's; Mother of missing child

ROY TYSON-50's-leader of the search for the missing child

JESS EVERETT-15, boyfriend of Emma

EMMA JACOBS-15, popular, sweet-natured

JANICE EVERETT-40's, Jess' mother, Olivia's best friend

OLIVIA JACOBS-40's, alcoholic, Emma's mother, Sam's wife

SAM JACOBS-40's-Emma's father, Olivia's husband

EILEEN-Olivia's "friend" who hosts bridge party (also a townspeople)

MIRIAM-Olivia's "friend" who plays bridge (also a townspeople)

PEGGY-Olivia's "friend" who plays bridge (also a townspeople)

DAN KINDER-30's, Molly's husband; Father of missing child

MARTIN MILLER-50's-neighbor of the Jacobs family (also a townspeople)

Setting:

1957 in Shiloh Falls, Alabama

Acknowledgements:

I would first like to thank my family for their love and support. Todd, David, Jan, and Gage, you mean everything to me. Thank you for your faith in me.

To my mother, Jean Johnson, I say thank you for giving me unwavering love. You've always been there.

I would also like to thank the cast, crew, and assistant director of the original production. Even though you never got to prove it, you were CHAMPIONS! I love you all.

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SCENE 1

Offstage or recorded voice of the JUDGE plays through the dark theater. It is authoritative and merciless.

JUDGE. *(Gavel is heard 3 times.)* The charge of manslaughter has been brought before this court. How do you plead? *(Pause.)* Well? How do you plead? How do you plead? How do you....

SCENE 2

His voice fades as the lights go up dimly on the stage. Lanterns appear at either the back of the house or in front of the stage as people enter with flashlights, possibly fog, etc. They are calling a name. Most call it sternly, one voice, MOLLY, calls it in desperation, emotion dripping from each syllable. They are searching for a lost child.

TOWNSPEOPLE. Jonathan? We're here to help you, Jonathan! Jonathan! Where are you? Call out to us, Jonathan! We'll find you! Jonathan? *(May ad-lib here.)*

MOLLY. *(She enters the stage.)* Jonathan? Baby? Mama's here, Baby! Where are you, Jonathan? *(She stumbles in exhaustion and fear. The leader of the search, TYSON, runs over and helps to steady her.)*

TYSON. Mrs. Kinder, why don't you let us take care of this for you? You're tired ...you're...no mother should have to do this.

MOLLY. I have to. Don't you see?He...needs me. I have to find him! What kind of mother would I be if I didn't look for my own son!

TYSON. We've been at this for two days now. You're exhausted! Have you had any sleep at all?

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MOLLY. Sleep? How can I sleep? My baby is out here all alone. Scared...probably hurt. No. I can't sleep. (*Tyson waves two teenagers over, one of whom, JESS, wraps his arm around Molly. The other, EMMA, stands awkwardly, not knowing how to help.*)

JESS. Now Mrs. Kinder, I'm going to take you home now. I'll sit and wait with you, okay? I'll be with you.

MOLLY. (*She jerks away.*) No!! You can't make me leave him! He's all I have! I won't leave him! Please...don't make me leave him! (*Jess's mother, JANICE, joins them. She wraps her arm around Molly to keep her from struggling.*)

JANICE. Ssshhh. Okay, Molly. It's all right. We'll find him. I promise you. The whole town is out lookin' for him. They've got policemen with dogs scourin' the woods. Now, where's Dan? Where's your husband?

MOLLY. Dan? (*She's so exhausted that she hesitates, seems almost to not recognize the name.*) I...don't know. Out. He's out lookin', too. I think...my fault. It's all my fault.

JANICE. Now you stop that, Molly Kinder. None of this is anyone's fault. Accidents happen. He just wandered off. Children do that all the time. Why, Jess here wandered off in the middle of Johnson's Department Store. Ended up at his friend Emma's house four blocks away. I thought I'd never find him! He was five years old. He wanted to see their new puppy. Well, I tanned his backside for that, let me tell you! You've just got to keep your faith that he'll be found.

MOLLY. But it's been two days! He's eight years old. How could an eight-year-old find food, find water? No, it's my fault. Dan says so. My baby...my heart is breakin'...my baby...(*She breaks down in tears.*)

JANICE. Now, Molly, Jess and I are goin' to take you home and get you somethin' warm to drink. I won't take no for an answer. You'll make yourself sick without food or sleep. Then what good would you be for your boy? Now, now you come on with us.

MOLLY. (*She turns to Tyson, grabbing his arm as she pleads.*) Mr. Tyson. You'll call me the minute you know anythin', won't you? The very minute?

TYSON. You know I will, Ms. Kinder.

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MOLLY. *(Still, she hesitates, looking longingly toward the “woods.”)*

How can I leave my boy? What kind of mother up and leaves her son when he’s lost?

JANICE. Come along, Molly. You let these people search for your boy.

MOLLY. *(She starts to follow Janice, then turns back to Tyson.)* The very minute, Mr. Tyson?

TYSON. The very minute, Ms. Kinder. I promise. *(Janice, Jess, Emma, and Molly exit. Mr. Tyson looks after them in pity.)* But I’m afraid the news won’t be what you want to hear. *(A townspeople approaches Mr. Tyson with a map. They stand for a moment pointing to a point on the map, then pointing offstage. Suddenly, a voice calls out.)*

OFFSTAGE TOWNSPERSON: Over here! *(Everyone runs offstage. A few seconds later, Mr. Tyson appears onstage alone, devastated.)*

TYSON. How can I tell his mother? *(Townspeople all begin to enter, move downstage, and act as the chorus.)*

TOWNSPEOPLE. How?

TYSON. What can I possibly say?

TOWNSPEOPLE. *(Phrases should be said in small groups, like gossip flowing, some overlapping.)* Down in the ditch. For two days. Poor boy. What could have happened? Who could have done this? It’s not fair. Just a little boy. Found him...Jonathan.

TOWNSPEOPLE. *(Together.)* He’s broken. *(All together, they turn toward the audience.)* He’s.....dead.

TYSON. Please, God, give me the words. *(Everyone exits. Seconds later, a scream is heard offstage.)*

SCENE 3

Emma steps onstage and speaks directly to the audience.

EMMA. My life was...well, let’s just say it wasn’t what it appeared to be. It was 1957, Eisenhower was president, and I was a freshman in high school in Shiloh Falls. At school, I was popular, envied, top of my class, but at home...well...let’s

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just say appearances can be deceivin'. My mother had what she termed, "health issues," but they actually came from the bottom of a bottle. It was a bit like *Gone With the Wind*...Scarlett O'Hara surrounded by admirers one minute....her life burnin' down around her the next. My life can be measured out in bitter seasons...a childhood held captive with secrets, anger, shame... *(Curtain opens and Lights come up on a living area of a house. OLIVIA sits on the sofa, reading a movie magazine, a radio plays softly beside her. Next to her, on a table, is a martini glass with clear liquid half filling it. Her daughter enters.)*

OLIVIA. Where have you been? *(She turns down the radio.)*

EMMA. I had to study. I met Faye and Jenny Adams for a study session in the library. We just got done.

OLIVIA. Why didn't you call and tell me you'd be late?

EMMA. I'm sorry. I didn't realize that it would last as long as it did. It won't happen again. *(She wonders over and perches on the arm of the couch.)* Did you hear about Jonathan Kinder?

OLIVIA. Yes. Unbelievable.

EMMA. Do they know anythin' yet...what might have happened to him?

OLIVIA. Not that I've heard. They just said he was found in a ditch and that he had multiple broken bones and cuts. Obviously, he didn't put himself there.

EMMA. Do you think maybe a stranger did it?

OLIVIA. *(She takes a big drink of her martini, then sets it down.)* Well, I can't imagine anyone in this town doing somethin' like that. *(The door opens and SAM JACOBS enters. He has obviously just come home from work.)*

OLIVIA. Hi, Sweetheart. *(Sam just puts his jacket over the arm of the couch, not answering.)* Honey?

EMMA. Hi, Daddy. Did you have a good day at work? *(He stands a moment, hands in his pants pockets, feet apart, staring at the floor. The women look at each other, then Emma gets up and walks over to him.)*

EMMA. Daddy?

SAM. I'm just trying to wrap my head around how someone could just murder an eight-year-old little boy. Just leave him out in the ditch like he was nothin'...just like a piece of trash.

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OLIVIA. We were just talkin 'about that. My heart's just broken for Molly and Dan.

EMMA. Do you think it's too early to bring somethin 'over, like a casserole or flowers or somethin'?

SAM. *(He puts his arm around her.)* You amaze me, Little Girl. Just the sweetest thing.

EMMA. Thank you, Daddy. Mama? Do you think it's too early? Will they be ready?

OLIVIA. I don't expect anyone is ever ready for this. *(She reaches over and picks up the glass, drinking a long, drawn-out drink from it. The other two look at her, then each other.)*

SAM. Olivia...*(She knows what he's going to say, so she cuts him off.)*

OLIVIA. Eileen Ritter asked me over to play bridge tomorrow afternoon. Gail Bedford is usually their fourth, but she's havin 'surgery on her bunion, so they need another player. I was rather shocked they asked me...ever since I started havin ' health issues, they've stopped askin', but I'm as thrilled as can be. *(Sam looks hopeful.)*

SAM. Well, now. Wasn't that nice of her? I'll bet you'll have a fine time. You haven't played bridge in...well, I've forgotten how long.

OLIVIA. I used to love it so. I don't know why I stopped playin'...people just stopped askin 'me, I guess. Maybe people don't play bridge like they used to...

SAM. I'm sure that's it. Times change, don't they?

EMMA. Daddy? I'm goin 'to help make supper. Why don't you sit and read the paper while I get it started?

SAM. That's my girl. Always wanting to help others. I'm proud of you, Little Girl.

EMMA. *(She goes to him for a warm hug while Olivia looks on.)* Thank you, Daddy.

SCENE 4

The lights fade. A radio begins to play, switching between songs from the 1950's, until a song is chosen. Lights up on a card table with four chairs. A "bar" sits close

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behind it with a 1950's radio and a glass pitcher and martini glasses on a tray. Snacks are lined up beside the tray. Two women, MIRIAM, PEGGY, and Olivia sit around the card table, looking at their hands of cards. They are dressed in fashionable dresses with everyday hats and high heels...a la June Cleaver. EILEEN is pouring drinks at the bar.

EILEEN. Olivia, how about you? Would you care for a martini?

OLIVIA. Well...I don't know. I don't usually partake...but ...I guess one little drink won't hurt, will it? *(They all giggle. Eileen brings Olivia her drink and then sits down and picks up her hand of cards. They play bridge during the next exchange.)*

MIRIAM. I heard she just about went crazy. Poor thing. No trump win nine.

PEGGY. Well, I certainly cannot imagine what she's goin' through. Losin' your child that way. And no one knows what happened!

EILEEN. Poor, poor thing. King wins trick.

OLIVIA. What's the world comin' to when a child cannot even walk home from a friend's house? Only four streets over. I just don't understand it. No, I certainly do not. *(She drains the glass and then realizes what she has done.)* Oh my! That was so smooth, Eileen! I can't believe I drank all that!

EILEEN. Well, have another, Olivia! There's plenty. *(She gets up and gets the pitcher and starts to pour.)*

OLIVIA. Oh, I couldn't! I never have more than one, and in the middle of the afternoon, too!

EILEEN. Oh, it's just us, and who's going to care?

OLIVIA. Well...I guess one more won't hurt...but that's my limit. You girls are a bad influence on me! *(They giggle and continue playing cards, looking at each other snidely over Olivia's head.)*

PEGGY. Yes, indeed. Poor, poor thing. Ace wins trick.

SCENE 5

The three women come forward and stand DR as the lights fade. A light comes up on Olivia as she steps DC and speaks to the audience as music sweetly plays.

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OLIVIA. I wasn't always like this. No...I was once full of life and popular, invited to all of the parties and social gatherin's in town...but things began to change. It didn't happen all at once. Slowly...yes, slowly. One drink at a time. I guess it started around the time I miscarried for the second time. Sam wanted a baby boy, and we tried...I tried...but ...well...It just got easier and easier to find an excuse to have a cocktail or two...or four. Then...more. Now, I don't even bother to count. Alcohol just sort of got ahold of me and won't let go. But that's not what I tell people...Health issues...that's what I've got. I just don't...feel well. But I don't think anyone suspects. *(Lights fade on Olivia and come up on the three women who face the audience. They speak as if gossiping to an old friend while they sip their martinis.)*

EILEEN. I wanted to see for myself.

PEGGY. Why, I heard she's a regular at Cavanaugh's Liquor Emporium.

EILEEN. Her drink of choice is vodka, or so I've heard.

MIRIAM. What kind of a life is she givin 'that girl of hers? Drunk all the time?

PEGGY. I heard she passed out in the restroom at Johnson's Department Store! Janice Everett had to call Sam to come and get Olivia up off the floor.

EILEEN. Tsk, Tsk, Tsk. Bless her heart.

ALL. Bless her heart. *(They look at each other for a beat, then laugh and drink from their glasses. Lights fade as they exit the stage.)*

SCENE 6

*Emma and Jess sit on a blanket on the ground, talking. *AUTHOR'S NOTE: This scene can be omitted for UIL.*

JESS. You're quiet this evenin'. Got somethin 'on your mind?

EMMA. Oh, you know. The same ole stuff. School...mama...

JESS. She's not any better?

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EMMA. She's not ever gonna get better, Jess. Not ever...and I just feel so...alone....or as if I'm flung out into a tornado that's spinnin 'and spinnin 'and I can't get out...

JESS. You know I'm here for you. I won't let you go through this alone.

EMMA. You're such a good friend, Jess. You've always been there for me.

JESS. *(Clears his throat.)* Well...uh...I'd kinda like to think I'm more than a friend.

EMMA. *(A little shocked-a little pleased.)* More than a friend?

JESS. *(He's a little shy and uncomfortable.)* Yeah...well...the truth is, Emma...I've had feelin's for you for a while now...more than just "friend feelin's," if you know what I mean.

EMMA. Yeah?

JESS. Yeah.

EMMA. But, Jess, we've known each other all our lives...been best friends for over half that time. You've never let on that you were interested in more than friendship...

JESS. Yeah...well... I know. First we played in the mud together...went everywhere together...our mothers are best friends, after all. And...my feelin's started changin 'a while back...You just got prettier and prettier...and well...now I'd kinda like to ask you to be my girlfriend...*(They begin to lean in closer and closer.)*

EMMA. You would?

JESS. Yeah...so...what do ya think?

(They are leaning so closely their lips are almost touching.)

EMMA. I think...I'd like that.

JESS. Yeah?

EMMA. Yeah.. *(They kiss sweetly as the lights fade.)*

SCENE 7

Lights up on Olivia and Sam's home. Emma is asleep with her head on the dining table. A glass and plate and her homework are spread out around her.

SAM. *(Entering and seeing Emma asleep.)* Little Girl? *(She doesn't waken.)*

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Emma? Hey, wake up.

EMMA. *(She wakes up slowly and reluctantly.)* Hmmmm? Daddy?

SAM. Ah, Little Girl. You work too hard. Wore yourself plum out.

EMMA. Did I fall asleep? Oh, no! I've got a book report that's due tomorrow! I did the dishes, and then I started workin' on it, and then...I just...I'm just so tired!

SAM. Emma, you do too much around here. I know that sometimes it seems as if your Mama's not payin' much attention to you or to the house, but...well...she's...
(He notices the empty liquor bottle on the bar.) This was full this morning. Your mama is....

EMMA. I know what she is, Daddy. You don't have to make excuses for her with me. I just try and make her life a little easier, that's all.

SAM. Well, now that she's making new friends, maybe things will get better. She should be home soon from playing bridge.

EMMA. Well, I'll get something started for supper then.

SAM. I'm just so proud of you, Little Girl. You know that, don't you?

EMMA. *(She goes to him and hugs him, laying her head on his chest.)* I know, Daddy. I'll always try to make you proud.

SCENE 8

Lights fade. When they come up, we see Olivia sitting at the table, reading her magazine or putting rollers in her hair. Beside her is a bottle of vodka and a glass. The doorbell rings, and then the door opens. Obviously, Janice Everett is a long-time friend that feels comfortable just walking in. Olivia jumps and reaches for the bottle, slipping it off the table and down beside her on the floor, out of sight.

JANICE. Hi. I just came by to remind you about the bake sale this weekend. We'll need you to bake the cupcakes. *(She sees the glass.)* Uh...it's a little early for a martini, isn't it?

OLIVIA. *(A little offended.)* Janice, you're my best friend...not my minister. Mind your own business. One little drink won't hurt anythin'.

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JANICE. No, but it's rarely just one little drink, is it? Don't look at me like that. Do you think I could be your best friend and not know what's going on? I know about the drinkin', the charge account down at Cavanaugh's Liquor.

OLIVIA. How do you... You've never said anything... did Emma tell Jess? Is that it? That little liar!! It's all lies!! When she gets home...

JANICE. No one had to tell me, Olivia. You passed out on the bathroom floor at Johnson's while I was workin', remember?

OLIVIA. It was just dehydration....

JANICE. Oh, please! Stop makin' excuses. I'm the one who knows you best! Or at least I thought I did! I don't understand why you drink, Olivia. You have a good life! Are y'all hurtin' financially? Is Sam mean to you?

OLIVIA. Sam? No! Of course not!

JANICE. Then why? Make me understand!

OLIVIA. *(Jumping up angrily.)* What is the big deal?! So I drink a martini every once in a while! So what? Why can Richard Thompson, our illustrious mayor, get drunk at Barbara and Ben's summer party and vomit all over their azaleas, but I can't even have one drink in the privacy of my own home? Huh? Answer me that.

JANICE. Olivia... *(Taking her hand.)* I just want you to stop and look at what you're doing to your family. Your daughter needs you.

OLIVIA. *(Jerking away.)* How... How dare you! You have no right to say that!

JANICE. I love you, Olivia. And I love your family. Please... just stop...

OLIVIA. Get out.

JANICE. I'm just trying to...

OLIVIA. Get out. Now. You're not welcome here anymore.

JANICE. *(She stares at Olivia for a long moment.)* I'll leave for now. When you've had time to cool down, we'll talk again.

OLIVIA. That won't happen. Get out!!

SCENE 9

Lights fade. When they come up, we see Olivia passed out drunk on her stomach on the sofa. The area is cluttered with two empty liquor bottles on the floor, a glass on

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the table, and clothing falling out of a laundry basket on the floor. Emma enters and sees her. Tossing her book bag onto the arm of the sofa, she runs to her.

EMMA. Mama! What are you doing?! Mama, wake up!!

OLIVIA. *(Stirring in confusion.)* Whu....?

EMMA. Mama! *(She grabs Olivia's shoulder, shaking her.)*

OLIVIA. Whu...Emma? *(She struggles to sit up. Her hair is disheveled, and her dress is hanging off one shoulder, revealing her slip.)*

EMMA. Mama, you promised! You said I could have my friends over tonight to study and watch the Ed Sullivan Show! You promised!

OLIVIA. I just....*(She rubs her face, not comprehending.)* Ed Sullivan?

EMMA. Mama! I asked you weeks ago! They'll be here any minute!

OLIVIA. I'm sorry, Emma...I just don't feel well...sick...

EMMA. Get up! *(She is in tears now, angry and bitter.)* Get up and get out! I can't ever have friends over! Why can't you be like other mothers?!!

(She tries to pull her mother up by the arm, but she only succeeds in pulling her off-balance and Olivia slides onto the floor.)

OLIVIA. Emma, I'm so sick...just let me sit here a minute...I'm so...

EMMA. Drunk! You're drunk! Again! *(As she picks up clothes, bottle, and glass.)* and Again! and Again!!!! *(She bursts into tears. Sam enters and sees the chaos.)*

SAM. Emma! What is it, Little Girl?

EMMA. Daddy! Mama promised! She said my friends could come over and watch a show!! Now look at her!

SAM. *(Looking down at Olivia on the floor. This is obviously not new to him.)* Emma...maybe you need to call your friends and cancel...

EMMA. Why?! Why do I have to cancel? Why can't she just go into her room? I never get to have friends over! Because my Mama is a...

SAM. Emma...

EMMA. *(At same time.)* Drunk!!

SAM. ...I think that's enough. Whatever she is, she's still your family.

EMMA. Broken! This family is broken!

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SAM. Emma... Call your friends and tell them you'll have to cancel. We'll let you arrange it for next week. I'll take off early and make sure everythin' is...normal. Ok?

EMMA. Broken, Daddy...and...I'm just so tired of it. You know that?

OLIVIA. I'm sorry, Emma...*(She cries and slurs her words.)* Mama's sorry, Honey. I'm just not feelin' well...

SAM. Two bottles, Olivia?! Two? You're going to kill yourself!

OLIVIA. I didn't drink two....two....I didn't.... I promise, I didn't drink two...

EMMA. I've heard it all, Mama, again, and again, and...*(She turns and walks calmly out of the door.)*

SCENE 10

Lights fade and come up on Sam and Olivia's living room. Olivia, obviously drunk, is swaying to some music coming from the radio, martini in hand. Sam and Emma enter.

SAM. Did you hear, Olivia? Our Little Girl got the lead in the high school play. And her just a freshman! Isn't that somethin'?

EMMA. *(She is beaming with pride and excitement.)* I just can't believe it! Me! I'm just so honored! My teacher wrote an adaptation of *Gone With the Wind*, and I got Scarlett O'Hara! Well, I tell ya, I feel just like Scarlett O'Hara with everybody buzzin' 'round me and sayin' 'congratulations, and...

OLIVIA. That's nice.

SAM. That's NICE!? That's all you have to say? Olivia, you realize...*(Olivia downs her martini and Sam stops talking.)* Olivia...drinking already?

OLIVIA. It's just one little drink! Stop berating me!

EMMA. Mama, he didn't...

OLIVIA. Not you, too! Just leave me alone. I can't even have a little cocktail without being made to feel like a criminal!

SAM. Don't talk to Emma like that, Olivia. She's only concerned for you.

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OLIVIA. *(Looking a little bitter.)* Sorry...but I just get so tired of the constant nagging!

SAM. Concern is not nagging. We've seen it too many times. First, it's only "one little drink," then before you know it, it's a bottle...

OLIVIA. It's been stressful this month. I need something to get me through it. Everyone drinks, you know that, Sam!

SAM. All I'm asking is that you give the AA meetings another try. I think they were helping...

OLIVIA. *(She turns on him sharply.)* I am NOT an alcoholic, Sam! Stop saying that! I can stop whenever I want! I just need a little...courage right now. To help Molly and Dan get through this! I can't do it without help.

SAM. It's getting harder and harder to hide the binges, Olivia.

OLIVIA. I don't know what you mean...

SAM. And you've got to stop driving when you've been drinking! You promised you wouldn't. What did you hit? The passenger headlamp is busted.

OLIVIA. I didn't hit anything. I swear.

SAM. Well, someone did. It wasn't me. Emma can't drive yet. Who's left?

OLIVIA. I didn't...Well, if I did, I've forgotten. But I wouldn't call that a binge...

EMMA. You were going to go to the store in your nightgown last week, Mama! If I hadn't stopped you, you would have.

OLIVIA. That wasn't a binge...that was...everyone forgets sometimes. Stop nagging, I said! You're not so perfect, you know, Miss Perfect Lead Actress! *(She says snidely as she sits on the couch, martini glass in hand.)*

SAM. Olivia!! She didn't mean that, Emma. You know how she gets...

EMMA. That's okay, Daddy. I know exactly how she gets...*(She starts out of the room.)*

OLIVIA. Emma...*(Emma stops but does not turn to look at Olivia.)* I'm...I'm trying...

EMMA. That's the saddest part of it all, Mama. You're really not. *(She exits the room, and Sam and Olivia look at each other a long moment. Sam follows Emma out, leaving Olivia to sit in her sorrow as the lights fade.)*

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SCENE 11

Lights fade on scene and come up on three women sitting at the bridge table. There are martini glasses at their elbows.

EILEEN. Well, I heard it straight from the Sheriff. It seems someone just ran that boy down!

MIRIAM. Oh, my gracious! That poor baby!

PEGGY. You mean someone just hit that helpless little boy and left him in that ditch? How could any decent human being do that?!

MIRIAM. Poor Molly and Dan! I can't imagine what they're going through.

EILEEN. It looks like someone intentionally drove off the road and hit poor little Jonathan!

MIRIAM. Intentionally? Why would anyone want to hurt an 8-year-old boy?

PEGGY. Well, whoever it was is pure evil!! Just pure evil!!!

(Olivia enters from the rest room. She is powdering her nose as she crosses to the table.)

EILEEN. Did you hear, Olivia? Molly and Dan's boy was struck by a car and left to die in a ditch!

OLIVIA. A car?

EILEEN. Sheriff Turner said that they found broken glass from a headlamp in the ditch.

OLIVIA. *(She sits heavily. She looks shell-shocked.)* A headlamp?

EILEEN. Another drink, Olivia?

OLIVIA. *(As the ramifications hit her.)* I think...not...Well, I hate to break up the four...but I'm not feeling very well. I think I'd better head on home. You'll forgive me, won't you? Thank you for a lovely time. *(She stands unsteadily, gathers her purse, and exits with as much dignity as she can scrape together. The women look at each other in confusion as the lights fade.)*

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