

Vince visits his father at the watchtower because of his refusal to leave his station in this drama scene from the one-act play Mr. Bad Mood.

(Vince enters.)

BILL: What're you doin' here for?

VINCE: Why did you send McGregor back?

BILL: I wasn't ready to come home.

VINCE: You've already been out here a full six weeks.

BILL: What's two more?

VINCE: You're alone, you've told me yourself that staying out here—

BILL: Telling ya is one thing, doin' it is yet another.

VINCE: You don't look well.

BILL: Be gone! Get lost! Don't need you coming here to think you're gonna lecture me!

VINCE: I'm your son and if you don't look well I'm gonna tell ya you don't look well.

BILL: Let me be...go back the way you came...I'll be settled back inside of two weeks.

VINCE: They are sending McGregor back.

BILL: Who is?

VINCE: The board. They don't trust any man being out here longer than necessary, you know that.

BILL: I ain't just any man.

VINCE: You're letting your ego get the best of ya—

BILL: I have an ego cause I've earned my ego. You go back to the board and tell them if they send McGregor back here, his feet won't touch land. Go on!

VINCE: No boats are coming in until tomorrow, you know that and it's the boat McGregor's coming in on.

BILL: I ain't leaving.

VINCE: You have to.

BILL: No, I ain't leaving this place.

VINCE: What's wrong with you?

BILL: Can't a man be left to his own devices?

VINCE: You told me yourself that your mind begins playing tricks on you if you're out here in solitude for too long.

BILL: I will do what I damn well please.

VINCE: Do you want to lose your mind for good or are you already losing it?

Clyde tries to get a handle on his finances in order to take care of his family.

ROSA: How about hello?

CLYDE: You know, you don't stop breaking my balls. When is it gonna end?

ROSA: It's me? You have some nerve.

CLYDE: You don't give me a minute to breathe.

ROSA: Oh stop, I don't bother you all day long while you're at work.

CLYDE: As soon as I step foot in this house I have to hear your lip.

ROSA: What husband comes home and doesn't greet his wife?

CLYDE: HELLO, HELLO, happy? Can I eat now?

ROSA: Eat! Stuff your face. Thought you were going on a diet.

CLYDE: I am.

ROSA: When?

CLYDE: After I eat.

ROSA: You've been saying you're gonna go on a diet for months now.

CLYDE: I'm preparing.

ROSA: The doctor has given you warnings, plus your smoking.

CLYDE: Rosa, listen, I had a really long, miserable day and I just want to make myself a sandwich in peace, sit in front of the television and zone out for a bit, is that so wrong? Why do I have to come home to this sh't?

ROSA: You have five children.

CLYDE: I know I have five children!

ROSA: It's parent conference week this week and I shouldn't have to do this all alone. You should be there with me.

CLYDE: I can't run a business and run around to school at the same time.

ROSA: Yes you can, you own the company, why did you hire a staff if you can't take leave when needed?

Clyde begins choking on ham.

CLYDE: Becau—Becau—(he coughs and taps his chest)

ROSA: Are you choking?!

Clyde nods yes.

Rosa runs behind him and starts hitting his back. Clyde growls in pain. Clyde runs to the sink and tries to drink water but it doesn't work. He panics and gestures for Rosa to hit his back again.

Rosa hits his back but it doesn't help Clyde. She then tries the Heimlich maneuver but it makes matters worse.

Clyde drops to his knees but miraculously coughs out the ham and begins to catch his breath.

ROSA: Oh my God!!

Clyde waves his hands to say he's okay.

Can you breathe? Can you breathe?!

Clyde gives thumbs up and nods as he regains his breath.

Rosa grabs a cup of water from the sink and brings it to him.

Clyde takes hold of it but doesn't drink. He's just happy to breathe again. He stands.

CLYDE: I don't...I don't need the water...just want to regain my breath.

ROSA: Did you spit it all out?

CLYDE: Yes, yes, I think I did. (he inhales deeply) I have full capacity. (beat) I can breathe. Thought I was gonna die. I swear. Thought I was gonna drop dead right here on the kitchen floor.

MARTIN: I wouldn't go near her.

MISCHA: She wouldn't go near you, either.

MARTIN: This is so messed up. Can't believe this is even happening right now.

MISCHA: Calm down, you are blowing everything out of proportion.

MARTIN: AM I?!

MISCHA: Martin, stop!

Pause.

MARTIN: ...I'm sorry.

MISCHA: It's fine.

MARTIN: No, really, I'm sorry. This is hard for me, okay?

MISCHA: And this is easy for me?

MARTIN: Had no idea.

MISCHA: About what?

MARTIN: That, that you liked her.

MISCHA: I had no idea, either.

MARTIN: How did you come to your conclusion?

MISCHA: We kissed.

MARTIN: What?

MISCHA: We were drinking one night, we all went out dancing she was flirting and I was kinda shocked by it, never thought she'd be into me in that way, never even thought I'd be into her like that but when we got back to the dorms, I made out with her, it was all just a bit of a blur but I know we both enjoyed it and it, it opened up a whole new world to me and I'm sorry, it wasn't planned, it happened but I can't, I can't deny what I felt.

MARTIN: And what exactly did you feel?

MISCHA: I felt high. High on living and all these emotions I'd never felt for a woman. For the first time in my life I've been able to do things without supervision, independently and I didn't realize until I came up here how bad I needed this to happen. (beat) You're my best friend and if anyone is going to get me it's you...I want you to understand.

MARTIN: My feelings haven't changed for you.

MISCHA: You would say something sweet like that, wouldn't you?

MARTIN: It's true.

Ouzo shows up at his ex-girlfriend Ellen's art gallery and the two bring back old memories in this scene from play Scratching the Surface.

ELLEN: You haven't changed one bit.

OUZO: You've noticed?

ELLEN: Why'd you come here?

OUZO: I wanted to revisit the past and the only way I can do that is with you.

ELLEN: And now that you've visited?

OUZO: I should be getting on the next train back to Long Island.

ELLEN: So why don't you?

OUZO nods as if to a Queen.

Why don't I appear in any of your short stories?

OUZO: You still reading my words?

ELLEN: Why?

OUZO: What kind of stupid ass question is that Ellen?

ELLEN: You write about everything that affects you...did I never affect you?

OUZO: What do you think?

ELLEN: I think life has always been a game to you, that you live life for material to write about but you never truly live, truly feel life for yourself.

OUZO: That's my cue.

OUZO begins putting on his sweater and socks/shoes.

ELLEN: Can't have a real conversation.

OUZO: I came here to see you, alright, say hi, why does it have to evolve into some sort of drama? Why can't things be what they are?

ELLEN: Because you can't keep shooting bullet holes through life.

OUZO: Says you.

ELLEN: Can't you just talk to me?

OUZO: I didn't come here to talk to you.

ELLEN: Then I don't want to ever see your face ever again.

OUZO: Until the next time.

ELLEN: There won't be a next time.

OUZO: There's always a next time because without it life is boring and dull. Can't you learn to live in the sh't and not try to make sense out of the mess? What's wrong with not having all the answers?

ELLEN: You never tell me how you truly feel!

OUZO: Why is that so Goddamn important?!

ELLEN: Because I'm sick! I'm sick Ouzo. I have to go in for surgery and there are a few things I'd like to know in case it's my turn to check out.

OUZO: ...What do you want to know Ellen?

ELLEN: Do you love me?

OUZO: I've loved you since the moment I first looked at you. It's not a love that has ever left me, but only grown stronger over time and there's nothing I can do about it but lay in the thick of it.

ELLEN: You don't act like you love me.

OUZO: I know I don't.

ELLEN: Is it so hard for you?

OUZO: It is.

ELLEN: I see...well, I've always loved you as much as I hate you. Sometimes I don't know which way to go. There are days I think of you and I'll laugh out loud to myself and yet there are other times when I want to punch my fist into your face as if you were standing in front of me.

OUZO: Which do you feel now?

ELLEN: I'm not sure. It's the uncertain days that are when I'm worse off.

OUZO: Wanna punch me in the face?

ELLEN: No, but I will if you keep probing me.

OUZO: I'm sorry.

ELLEN: Don't be.

OUZO: You don't even know what I'm apologizing for, do you?

ELLEN: What are you apologizing for?

OUZO: ...I don't want you to be sick...

ELLEN: ...Oh...

THEY embrace.