

INT. ROOM WITH A DESK – DAY

PERSON silently reads a book then closes it.

PERSON

You know, two years ago I couldn't read.  
I was quiet and never gave my teachers  
trouble. They passed me. Yes. They  
gave me more than one passing grade.

Person reaches for another book on the desk.

PERSON (CONT'D)

I knew numbers, but writing was  
foreign to me. I'd carry the  
teacher's bags and clean up the room.

Person points to a page in the book.

PERSON (CONT'D)

Spending time helping after school  
meant I had less time at home  
with...do I have to call him father?

Person slams the book.

PERSON (CONT'D)

He was a monster.

Person taps a pen on the temple of head.

PERSON (CONT'D)

My mother died. He got worse. He  
hit more. He got drunk more.

Person looks away.

PERSON (CONT'D)

Can you blame me for handing him the  
keys while he was...sloppy drunk?  
They found him crashed into a  
building and was in a coma. Now,  
he's a vegetable on life support.

Person looks another direction.

PERSON (CONT'D)

Forever sleep, Papa.

**Sleep On, Papa  
Monologue**