

Scene 2

*GRAFTON is sitting on the floor with his back leaning against the couch. He's attempting to read a book but is having trouble concentrating.*

*EMILY walks into the room from the front door. She walks into the kitchen.*

GRAFTON

How was your walk?

EMILY

It was fine.

*EMILY grabs a glass and fills it with water from a water jug on the counter.*

GRAFTON

Good.

*EMILY walks into the living room and sits on the couch.*

EMILY

Why are you sitting on the ground?

GRAFTON

Uhhh. I don't know. It's more comfortable for my back.

EMILY

What are you reading?

GRAFTON

It's . . . (Showing her the cover) "The Rum Diaries" by Hunter S. Thompson. I've read it before.

EMILY

Alright. Is it good?

GRAFTON

Yeah. I'm having trouble reading it though. Every time I read a paragraph I feel like I have to read it again. Like I keep zoning out.

EMILY

Yeah.

GRAFTON

I brought books because I thought it would be a good

way to pass the time, but I feel like I can't concentrate at all.

*There's a pause.*

GRAFTON

Did you see anything on your walk?

EMILY

Not really.

GRAFTON

Any animals we haven't seen yet?

EMILY

Nope. A squirrel.

GRAFTON

Okay.

EMILY

My Dad ate a squirrel once.

GRAFTON

He did?

EMILY

That's what he told me at least.

GRAFTON

Where did he do that?

EMILY

I don't remember. It was probably on a dare.

GRAFTON

Oh.

EMILY

He used to tell a lot of stories.

GRAFTON

Oh yeah?

EMILY

Yeah. A lot of stupid stories. Silly stories. (She looks immensely sad. Her eyes begin to water.)

GRAFTON

He was a good guy.

EMILY

Yeah.

GRAFTON

I miss my Dad a lot.

EMILY

I miss my Dad a lot.

GRAFTON

Do you wanna talk about it?

EMILY

(Crying silently and gracefully) No.

*GRAFTON moves up onto the couch and puts his arm around EMILY. She doesn't look totally comfortable.*

GRAFTON

(Whispers) Okay. You know if you ever feel like talking to me about anything or anyone . . . I'm here. You have me.

EMILY

Thanks. I know.

GRAFTON

Do you want me to read to you?

EMILY

No thanks.

GRAFTON

Okay.

*A brief pause.*

GRAFTON

Do you want me to ummm . . . Are you hungry? You want me to make you something? I think we have s. . .

EMILY

I'm okay. Thanks.

GRAFTON

Okay.

*They sit in silence for a minute. GRAFTON's breathing becomes heavier. His legs bounce back and forth. He continues to hold EMILY around her*

*shoulder.*

GRAFTON  
How cold is it outside?

EMILY  
It's cold.

GRAFTON  
Is it still snowing?

EMILY  
No. Not while I was out.

GRAFTON  
I'll probably take a walk later if you wanna join me.

EMILY  
Maybe.

GRAFTON  
Okay.

*GRAFTON stands up from the couch and walks into the kitchen. He walks back into the living room.*

GRAFTON  
You okay?

EMILY  
Yeah. You okay?

GRAFTON  
(Stretching) Yeah. (A pause) My back hurts.

EMILY  
I'm sorry.

GRAFTON  
Do you ever feel like sometimes you're carrying around a backpack full of rocks on your back? And if you lean forward too much you'll fall forward?

EMILY  
No. Kind of sometimes.

GRAFTON  
Yeah.

*A pause.*

GRAFTON

Were we left here because we're good or because we're so bad?

EMILY

What do you mean?

GRAFTON

Nothing. I'm sorry. I just love you so much.

EMILY

I love you too.

*GRAFTON goes back over to the couch and holds EMILY again.*

GRAFTON

(He touches her face and kisses her) You are so goddamn beautiful.

*GRAFTON sighs and they both sit in silence for a beat.*

GRAFTON

My Dad used to tell stories too. When I was really young. Um. He would tell us about his Dad. He ummm grew up in a log cabin in Oregon. That I guess his father had made. My Grandpa's Dad. But my Grandpa would, I guess, as a kid would sneak into the pen at a farm where they kept the bulls, with the other boys in his neighborhood. And I guess one time they scared one of the bulls alot and it was charging them. Oh oh and um my Grandpa is really afraid of spiders. He just hates 'em. We used to put spiders in his bed as a kid. Fake spiders. He would freak out.

But anyway. I guess uh, they were being chased by this bull and they weren't fast enough to run away from it, so they hid behind some ummm, a tipped over uhh, what would be the right word? Like a broken down, like little wooden silo I guess. And the boys were hiding behind it and I guess the bull couldn't see them. But there was a big, hairy spider in the, in the um, in the silo thing and he had to choose whether or not to stay in the silo and wait for the bull to leave them alone or he would have to run to avoid the spider. And so, he ran and avoided the spider. And let the bull chase him. So . . .

I remember hearing about that story as a kid and not believing it. I don't know.

*They stay in their same positions on the couch, silently listening to the wind outside and the quietness of untouched snow.*

EMILY

I'm gonna go outside.

GRAFTON

You just got back.

EMILY

I know. But I think I need some fresh air and to . .  
. to think.

GRAFTON

You want me to come?

EMILY

No. I think I just want to walk alone. Thanks. I'll  
take a walk with you later tonight.

GRAFTON

Okay. Sounds good.

*EMILY gets up from the couch and walks over to  
the door.*

EMILY

Okay.

*She puts her boots, coat, and hat on.*

GRAFTON

I love you.

EMILY

I love you too.

*She walks out the door.*

*GRAFTON sits for a second. He picks up his book  
and puts it back down. He stands up and walks  
over to the kitchen. He walks over to the broken  
refrigerator in the kitchen and punches and  
kicks it several times.*

GRAFTON

AAAAaaaaahhhh!!!

*GRAFTON breaths in and stiffens up. He stands in  
the kitchen for a moment and then returns to sit*

on the couch. He sits for a beat or two and then gets back up. He walks off-stage, into the back room. After a moment, he comes back with a bottle of whiskey. He sits on the couch and takes a drink. He breaths deeply and quickly. He takes another drink. He closes his eyes and then opens them again. He tenses up and then he begins to cry. It's lonely and beautifully frustrating. He continues to breathe heavily and quickly. He recovers for a minute, tears still rolling down his cheeks. He regains his breath slightly.

*The door opens and EMILY enters. GRAFTON immediately stops crying and sniffles.*

GRAFTON

That was a quick walk.

EMILY

Yeah. I just needed some air. I went out on the porch.

*EMILY walks in and shakes her boots off, takes her coat off, etc. GRAFTON is gathering himself, even though he's not embarrassed, they are way past that. His eyes are blood shot from crying.*

GRAFTON

Did you . . . um. Is it snowing now?

EMILY

It is still not snowing.

GRAFTON

Okay.

*EMILY walks over to the couch and sits down next to him. She grabs a blanket off of the arm-rest and puts it over her legs.*

GRAFTON

Do . . . you . . . want . some . whiskey?

EMILY

I definitely do.

GRAFTON

Good. I don't want to drink this whole thing by myself.

EMILY

I'll get some glasses.

GRAFTON

Thanks.

*EMILY walks into the kitchen and grabs a couple of glasses. She brings them over to the couch and GRAFTON fills them up.*

GRAFTON

Sorry I got the whiskey out without talking about it first.

EMILY

It's fine.

GRAFTON

Okay cool. I didn't want to um . . .

EMILY

No, it's good. I wanted some.

GRAFTON

Good.

*They both take a big sip.*

EMILY

What is this?

GRAFTON

It's uh . . . hmm?

EMILY

What kind of whiskey is this? (She grabs the bottle of whiskey.)

GRAFTON

Oh it's Wild Turkey. It says 101 on it. I guess it's stronger than the regular stuff maybe.

EMILY

Is this the one from the . . . Is this the one you found?

GRAFTON

No. That's like a 40 year old bottle. I figured we'd save that.



EMILY

Okay. Makes sense.

GRAFTON

I don't know what we are saving it for. But . . . I don't know. I feel weird drinking it, not on a special occasion. You know?

EMILY

Sure.

GRAFTON

Or something.

*GRAFTON grabs the bottle and pours a little more into his glass.*

GRAFTON

Should we toast? Or not?

EMILY

Sure.

GRAFTON

Okay.

*GRAFTON lifts his glass.*

GRAFTON

To our friends.

*GRAFTON clinks EMILY's glass and they both drink.*

GRAFTON

Do you ever think about how we've made it here?

*They both sit silently for a beat.*

GRAFTON

It isn't too bad a cabin.

*Another beat.*

GRAFTON

I love you.

*A beat.*

EMILY

It's s . . .

GRAFTON

Do you th. . .

*They both are silent for a second. Waiting on the other. GRAFTON speaks first.*

GRAFTON

I'm sorry. What were you saying?

EMILY

Nothing.

GRAFTON

I'm sorry, I interrupted. What were you saying?

EMILY

It's snowing again.

GRAFTON

(Looking out the window) Oh yeah.

*They both sit and stare for a second. The world stops and they listen to the patting of snow on the ground outside.*

GRAFTON

What do you wanna do? (Pouring himself a glass of whiskey.)

EMILY

I don't care.

GRAFTON

Do you wanna have sex?

EMILY

No. Maybe later.

GRAFTON

Okay. Ummmm. (Anxious pause.) Remember when Johnny was a . . .

EMILY

Can we not do that?

GRAFTON

What?

EMILY

Can we not do that? Te . . .

GRAFTON

Do what?

EMILY

Tell stories.

GRAFTON

Yeah for sure.

EMILY

I'm sorry. I just don . . .

GRAFTON

No, no that's okay.

*A beat*

GRAFTON

Are you okay? Are you . . . ? (He loses his words.)

*He finds his words again as EMILY braces for the question.*

GRAFTON

Do you wanna talk about anything?

EMILY

Not really.

GRAFTON

It might be good to just . . . (He breaths out deeply.) I mean do you think that it would be something we could figure out tog . . .

EMILY

I really don't want to do this.

GRAFTON

Okay. But I wanna do this. I'm so fucking sad. And I can't talk to you. Or I . . .

*GRAFTON waits for her response. There is none.*

GRAFTON

I'm just . . . I'm sorry. I know that you are dealing with this in a different way than I am but I just can't. I can't. I can't keep feeling like I'm alone. You know what I mean? I can't feel like I'm the only person here. I . . . You know?

EMILY

I'm sorry. I'm sorry I can't do anything . . . (She stops talking.)

GRAFTON

(Feeling guilty) Fuck. Don't be sorry. I don't want you to do anything. I just feel like sometimes that I'm the only person here. We're never gonna move on entirely. But I love you and I . . . (His eyes swell up and he loses his voice.) I can't. I . . . I can't do this alone. I can't do this alone. I'm sorry.

EMILY

I can't either. I don't know what to do.

*GRAFTON stands up and goes into the kitchen. He is beside himself crying. He leans over the sink and collects himself.*

GRAFTON

(From Kitchen) I'm sorry. It's not your fault. (Turning back around and walking into the living room.) It's just that I wish you would talk to me. Cause I'm so tired. And I'm so sad. And I know that you are too.

EMILY

(Welling up) I am. I am but I'm . . . I don't know what you want me to do.

GRAFTON

I know. Come here. I'm sorry. It's okay. It's okay.

*He grabs EMILY and hugs her. She weeps. He pulls her in close and puts his head into her neck.*

*LIGHTS DOWN*