

*Heidi enters in scrubs.)*

HEIDI: What are you up to?

*(Evan shuts the computer and Jared vanishes.)*

EVAN: Nothing much.

HEIDI: I feel like, every time I come into your room, you shut your computer screen.

EVAN: Not really.

HEIDI: I don't know what you do on there that you don't want me to see.

EVAN: I was doing homework, Mom.

Start

*(Evan stands, begins packing up his things.)*

HEIDI: Do you have a minute?

EVAN: Well, actually, I was about to go to Jared's.

HEIDI: Didn't you go to Jared's last night?

EVAN: Well, yeah, we're doing a Spanish project together. We're going to be working late again, though, so I'll probably just stay over.

HEIDI: I saw the strangest thing on Facebook today.

EVAN: Oh really?

HEIDI: There was a video from the, uh, something called The, uh, Connor Project? Have you heard of that?

*(Evan freezes.)*

Because their website, it says that you're the president.

EVAN (*Quietly*): Co-president.

HEIDI: Uh-huh. Well, this was, it was a video of you doing a speech? About that boy. Connor Murphy. How you climbed a tree together.

*(Evan sits there, silent, unsure what to do, his old anxiety suddenly returning, his hands beginning to tingle.)*

EVAN: I just, um . . . I don't, um . . .

HEIDI: You told me you didn't know him. That boy?

EVAN: I know. But.

HEIDI: But then in your speech, you said he was your best friend.

EVAN: Well, because it wasn't true. When I . . .

*(He hesitates for just a moment.*

*The perfect opportunity to tell the truth.*

*He makes his choice.)*

When I said I didn't know him.

HEIDI: So you broke your arm with him? At an orchard?

*(Evan nods.)*

You told me you broke your arm at work. At the park.

EVAN: Who do you think drove me to the hospital? Who do you think waited with me in the emergency room for three hours? You were at work, remember? I couldn't even, you didn't answer your phone.

HEIDI: You told me your boss took you to the hospital.

EVAN: Well, so, I lied, obviously.

HEIDI: When were you planning on telling me any of this? Or you weren't?

EVAN: When would I tell you, exactly? When are you even here?

HEIDI: I'm here right now.

EVAN: One night a week? Most people, their parents, they try to do a little bit better than that, just so you know.

HEIDI: Isn't that lucky for them.

EVAN: I have to go to Jared's.

HEIDI: I don't think I want you going out right now actually.

EVAN: I told Jared I would be at his house ten minutes ago.

HEIDI: All right, listen. I am missing class tonight so I can be here to talk to you, Evan. I would like you to please just talk to me.

EVAN: Okay. I mean, I can't just not do work for school because you decided to miss class. I can't just stop everything whenever you decide it's convenient for you.

HEIDI: I don't understand what is going on with you.

EVAN: Nothing is going on with me.

HEIDI: You're standing up in front of the school and giving *speeches*? You're president of a group? I don't know who that person is.

EVAN: You're making a big deal out of something that isn't a big deal.

HEIDI (*Increasingly desperate*): What is going on with you? / You need to talk to me. You need to communicate with me.

EVAN: / Nothing is going on with me. I told you everything.

HEIDI: I'm your mother. I'm your mother.

stop

(The word catches in her throat.

Silence.

Evan says nothing.

Finally, Heidi composes herself.)