

M/F

IN THE BEDROOM

SCENE PARTNER:

OBJECTIVE:

SCENE OBJECTIVE:

SUBSTITUTIONS:

OBSTACLES:

PLACE/4<sup>TH</sup> WALL

MOMENT BEFORE:

The scene takes place in the Fowlers kitchen. Ruth has just come in from the market where she saw Richard Strout, Frank's killer. She enters the kitchen first then Matt joins her.

MATT (OC:How did it go today?)

Something wrong?

RUTH

Wrong? What could be wrong Matt? What do you want?

MATT

I want to know what's going on.

RUTH

Oh, right.

MATT

I mean you are obviously upset. Is there something we can talk about?

RUTH

Talk? Who us? What if somebody walked in? They would not recognize us. They'd think they were in the wrong house.

MATT

Do you want to talk or not?

RUTH

Oh, you mean about our dead son? No. We haven't before. Why should be bother now?

MATT

What can I do Ruth?

RUTH

Forget it, Matt. Why don't you just go.

MATT

What do you want from me?

RUTH

I want you to stop acting like nothing happened. That's what I want.

MATT

Why because I'm not bouncing off the walls?

RUTH

No, Matt because that would require feeling and we don't want you to hurt yourself.

MATT

Do me a favor, Ruth. You want to have a grieving contest, go find someone else.

RUTH

Oh, I know how you grieve. Go have another beer.

MATT

What in the hell is that suppose to mean? What do you know? You know nothing. You don't know what I go through.

RUTH

No, I don't know what you go through, Matt. Or, if you go through anything! But that's your choice not mine.

MATT

You're goddamn right it is. My choice is not to scream at the world. Maybe one of us has to be reasonable around here. You ever think of that?

RUTH

Reasonable? Gee Matt, I don't know about you but I miss my son. I am glad you have time for reason. That's what you imparted to Frank, that sense of reason. Oh he thought you were very reasonable.

MATT

What are you talking about?

RUTH

Nothing

MATT

Are you...are you saying that...that I'm the one responsible? Is that it? Well, uh...Let me tell you something. Let me tell you something. You got it backwards. I know what you think—that, uh...that I was too lenient. That I let him get away with...

RUTH

Everything! (deliberately smashes dishes on the floor)

MATT

Yes, yes, yes, and why?! Why didn't he ever come to you!?

RUTH

He wouldn't listen to me, Matt!

MATT

No, he wouldn't listen to you

RUTH

He wouldn't trust me! You made sure of that!

MATT

He wouldn't listen to you because you never listen to him!

RUTH

No, but you did. You were winking at him the whole time. You encouraged him. You wanted what he had: her.

MATT

Oh my God you have got to be kidding.

RUTH

You wanted it and you couldn't get it. That's why you didn't stop him—so you could get your kicks through your son. You can't admit the truth to me or to yourself that Frank died for your fantasy piece of ass!

MATT (under breath)

Oh, yooouuu...

You know, y.. You want to know why our son is dead? You really want to know? He was with her not because of me. He went there because of you. Yes he did because you are so...controlling...so overbearing...that he was it, that he was our only one.

RUTH

That is not true.

MATT

Oh, yes it is. Yes it is. Even when he was a kid you were telling him how-how he was always wrong. Oh, I remember...one time you yanked him out of a Little League game and sent him home for throwing his-his glove in the dirt. He was what? Nine years old? Everything he did was wrong. Well, what was wrong with him, Ruth? You're you're so unforgiving. You are. That's what he said. And you are pulling the same shit with me and that's a horrible way to be. It's horrible. You are bitter Ruth and you can point your finger at me all you like but you'd better take a damn good look at yourself.

RUTH

I just wanted to talk about what happened, Matt.

MATT (huh)

You want me to be open with you and embrace you? You scare me. How can I talk to you . Sometimes I... Sometimes I can't even look at you. (tapping on door) Oh God, it's probably the police.

END OF SCENE

PREVIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES: