

SAMUEL FRENCH SAMPLE PERUSAL

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Samuel French Acting Edition

Jacuzzi

Written by
Hannah Bos & Paul Thureen

Developed by
Oliver Butler

Made by
The Debate Society

|| SAMUEL FRENCH ||

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JACUZZI was commissioned by Ars Nova (Jason Eagan, Artistic Director) in New York, NY and premiered there in October, 2014 with scenic design by Laura Jellinek, costume design by Jessica Ford, lighting design by Bradley King, sound design by M.L. Dagg, prop design by Noah Mease and production stage management by Lisa McGinn. The Production Manager was Jes Levine, the Assistant Stage Manager was Laura Kim, the PA was Jenny Gorelick, and the Assistant Directors were Hunter Bird and Kate Hopkins. It was directed by Oliver Butler. The cast was as follows:

HELENE Hannah Bos
ERIK..... Paul Thureen
BO. Chris Lowell
ROBERT..... Peter Friedman

JACUZZI was developed as part of the Ars Nova Artist Retreat at Vineyard Arts Project, Edgartown, MA: Ashley Melone, Founder and Artistic Director.

JACUZZI was also developed in association with the Almeida Festival 2013 and with support from The Ground Floor at Berkeley Repertory Theatre, Berkeley, CA.

JACUZZI was supported by a Jerome Foundation 50th Anniversary Grant.

*Commissioned and Developed by Ars Nova
Jason Eagan, Artistic Director; Jeremy Blocker, Managing Director
World Premiere produced by Ars Nova
511 West 54th Street New York
www.arsnovanyc.com*

CHARACTERS

WOMAN/HELENE – seems to be early to mid 30s – Long-haired, slightly hippie-ish-looking drifter who enjoys being in other people’s homes. And being other people.

MAN/DEREK/ERIK – seems to be mid to late 30s – “Helene’s” friend and partner. A presence so calm and quiet...you don’t realize he’s standing right behind you.

BO ELDER (ROBERT JR.) – 26 – Attractive, sensitive, damaged son of Robert Elder.

ROBERT ELDER (SR.) – Psychologist who made a fortune writing parenting books (along with his now ex-wife) based on experiments he did on his son Bo. Always talking.

PRODUCTION NOTE FROM THE DEBATE SOCIETY

Hi! We’re the Debate Society. Hannah and Paul are writers and act in the plays, and Oliver is the director and develops the plays with them. We are very excited that you are reading *Jacuzzi* and will be even more excited if you decide to produce it. This note is intended to make your show as awesome as possible. Due to spoilers, you might want to read this note after you read the play. Up to you.

First off: the Jacuzzi. Don’t be afraid of using a real hot tub. We found one that looked like new that was actually from the early 1990s. There are a lot of people trying to get rid of hot tubs, and because they are hard to dispose of, you can probably get a good deal or get one for free locally if you handle the delivery. Also, most hot tubs are self-contained. Make sure your floor can sustain the weight, then put it in place, fill it up, plug it in, and there you go! With all the getting in and out water does spill, so it’s helpful to lay down some waterproof material under the floorboards when installing the set. You are going to want to spend some time getting the chemicals right. We ended up doing a total water change every week to keep it crystal clear. Also, don’t let the designers and director jump in in their t-shirts and underwear after a long tech. Clothes have trace amounts of detergent in them and it will lead to a neverending bubble bath.

While you shouldn’t be afraid of using a real jacuzzi, we did workshops of the play in London and at Berkeley Rep with a fake jacuzzi – or “Faux-cuzzi,” which was basically a plywood box with benches inside. Then we relied on sound design to create the “bubbles” and lights for “water.” It was fun to imagine those elements, and ultimately not what we wanted to do...but might be fun to try in a stripped-down production. In general though, if it’s doable, water on stage is really great.

When we made this play we were very interested in a passive kind of lying where you essentially let other people lie for you...largely by saying nothing so that others fill in the gaps in your story. With Helene and Erik, we created characters who generally go with the story that they are handed, or take pieces of other people's stories and repurpose them into their own lives. A lot of the fun of this play is watching how Helene and Erik's roles change as Bo and Robert make assumptions about them and who they are. These shifts should be simple and subtle. They are good at what they do, and calmly enjoy the game of it all. When Robert mistakenly calls Derek "Erik," they just go with it. Then we watch Bo's confusion after he tries to correct his dad. All these little lies don't all add up to one perfect lie – they should accumulate so that by the time the play is in full swing, we know that the whole world is a complex web of fictions. In a few spots, where we've felt it was particularly important, we added stage directions indicating things like quick glances between Helene and Erik. This isn't comprehensive; it's up to you to find all the ways the characters watch and react to each other. The more private little connections and negotiations, the better. The play is a world of subtle shifts in power and gamesmanship...make those shifts smooth and the characters authentic and real and the audience will lean in and enjoy tracking what's going on as Helene and Erik begin to puppet an unexpected father/son reconciliation. There is sweetness there...but always an underlying slow-burn menace.

Erik's hair and Helene's tooth. In our production Erik had long stringy hair and Helene had one discolored tooth. These elements don't work if they're done too broadly. A bad wig and a black tooth and the whole thing looks like a clown show. The key is to make Helene and Erik look simultaneously reliable and dangerous. In one light they look sort of folksy and in another, like predators. Erik's wig needs to be really great. Our wig designer, Dave Bova, created a piece that looked so real there was always a gasp from the audience when Paul pulled it off, as no one knew it was a wig. Hannah started experimenting with one off-color tooth – which we lovingly called "Funky Tooth." It really gave her smile a sort of disarming, off-kilter quality – but also felt like there might be something dead in there.

The End. In the last scene, when the tub is covered for the first time, it presents a mystery and you want the audience to begin to wonder, "Wait...what's in the Jacuzzi?" Is Bo dead in the Jacuzzi? Yes, we think so. And most audience members thought so as well. But it's perfectly OK for audience members to have other interpretations...it makes for great post-show conversation!

THE DEBATE SOCIETY WOULD LIKE TO THANK:

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To Jason and Emily

(1991. The living room of a private ski in/ski out chalet located on the mountainside above a small Colorado resort town. Inside the room: a brand new Jacuzzi, early '80s TV, a stereo, a fireplace and a folded up NordicTrack. Chalet style, the walls are steeply angled and near the top are three skylight windows. The walls and shelves are decorated with family photos, antique ski paraphernalia, tarnished sterling silver collectibles and expensive looking artifacts from around the world. Aside from the Jacuzzi, everything has been tastefully curated over generations. On one side of the room, close to the Jacuzzi, a frosted over sliding glass door, snow-covered pine trees faintly visible outside. On the other side, a door leading to the rest of the house. The phone onstage rings four times. House lights dim. The answering machine picks up.)

ANSWERING MACHINE. (**JACKIE** and **ROBERT**'s voices) Hi, we're not here right now. (**ROBERT**'s voice) At the message leave a beep. (*They laugh.*) BEEEP. (**MAN**'s voice) Hi. This is Centennial Vacation Home Services. We got your message. So sorry about the situation with Helene Douglass. We haven't been able to get in touch with her either, but when we do, she will no longer be employed here. We're taking steps on our end to make sure something like this never happens again. Again, sorry. If you have a change of heart and would like to use us again in the future, we would love to make this right. Enjoy your time on the mountain. Sorry this is a long message.

(Lights onstage fade to black.)

Projection: Thursday

(A WOMAN and a MAN sit in the Jacuzzi reading two identical copies of the parenting book "Making Bobby Robert" by Jackie and ROBERT ELDER. On the cover is a black and white photograph of a young boy. On a shelf behind the Jacuzzi is a bottle of brandy. The MAN has long straight hair, the WOMAN long wavy hair. Her arm is draped over the back of the tub.)

(After a long stare:)

WOMAN. Why are you looking at me like that?

MAN. You look relaxed.

WOMAN. I am.

MAN. This is your calm face.

(She takes a deep inhale and smiles.)

WOMAN. I really like your hair long.

MAN. Thanks. Good week.

WOMAN. Yep.

(He goes back to reading. She points at the ceiling.)

I always love those things. With all...that kind of stuff and big, you know, what do you call those?

MAN. Yeah, I dunno. They're nice.

(They take in the room for a while.)

WOMAN. Have you seen my bag?

(He points to her backpack by the door.)

No my arm bag.

(She raises her arm up. There is a cast on it.)

MAN. Ah. I think it's in the shower. Want it?

WOMAN. Could you?

MAN. Yep.

WOMAN. Thank you.

(He gets out of the tub, shakes off the water, puts on a robe and crosses to the door. He passes the phone.)

MAN. There's a message.

(He exits.)

WOMAN. *(quietly)* Mm. Ah.

(She stares [towards the audience] at something on the wall in front of her. She does a little head tilt, interested. He returns with a plastic bag and puts it over her cast.)

Isn't it funny how the matting on that picture is the same color as the wall? Do you know what you could do? You could just put a frame up and then have a picture inside it, but the matting is actually the wall.

(They stare at the wall.)

MAN. Wait, I don't get it.

WOMAN. You have the frame up, with just that and that is actually just the wall.

MAN. Ohohohohohohyeahyeahyeahyeahyeah.

(They look at the picture.)

Yeah.

(He smiles. She looks at her arm.)

WOMAN. Thanks.

MAN. Yep.

(He goes to the answering machine.)

WOMAN. It's probably Centennial.

(presses play)

ANSWERING MACHINE. Hi. This is Centennial Vacation Home Services.

(They smile and make a "there ya go" gesture.)

We got your message. So sorry about the situation with Helene Douglass. We haven't been able to get in touch

with her either, but when we do, she will no longer be employed here. /We're taking steps –

WOMAN. Great.

(He deletes the message. Second message plays.)

A MAN'S VOICE. Robert. Been a while. I hear you're back this weekend. Hey...you're a fuckin' piece of shit.

(They look at each other.)

WOMAN. Well, that's friendly.

MAN. Mr. Popular.

(He deletes the message. She turns on the TV.)

WOMAN. I wanna see what the weather's going to be like.

MAN. They said it's gonna be clear all weekend.

(She turns off the TV.)

Gotta get up early tomorrow.

(He takes off his robe.)

WOMAN. We'll go to bed soon. Did you burn the garbage?

MAN. Yeah.

(He dips a leg in.)

WOMAN. The bathroom garbage too?

MAN. Oh shit.

WOMAN. I can do it.

MAN. I can do it.

(He climbs back in the tub. Feels a twinge in his back.)

Ech. My back still hurts.

WOMAN. There's *every* kind of medicine in the cabinet.

MAN. Really?

WOMAN. Yeah...prescription stuff too.

MAN. Hm.

WOMAN. Yup.

MAN. I didn't even think about that stuff.

WOMAN. It's the first place I look. Do you know who I was just thinking of?

MAN. Grace?

WOMAN. Grace. Yeah.

(They smile. He goes back to reading.)

Did you get to the bedwetting section yet?

MAN. No.

WOMAN. It's really sad.

MAN. Don't ruin it.

WOMAN. It blew my mind.

(He keeps reading. She closes her eyes.)

There are pictures in the middle.

(He flips to the middle of the book.)

MAN. Wow. *(flips)* Wow. *(flip)* Whoa.

WOMAN. You're gonna get the cover wet.

MAN. There's a whole box of them in the closet. *(reading from the book)* "For one week we made sure to never laugh in front of Bobby. Anyone visiting our home wore cardboard masks, ensuring emotionally neutral expressions." That's a great picture.

(He shows her a page in the book.)

WOMAN. Yeah.

MAN. I would love to go back to Maine.

WOMAN. *(a little laugh)* We can't go back to Maine.

MAN. I know.

WOMAN. I mean, we could go –

(sound of a snowmobile pulling up)

Someone's home.

MAN. Yeah.

(A tiny beat considering what to do... They go back to reading. The door slides open and BO enters the room wearing full neon ski gear and ski mask.)

BO. Fuck! Uh – Oops. I'm so sorry.

(BO exits immediately, closing the door behind him. They look at each other blankly. The MAN turns on the bubbles.)

WOMAN. Are you by a jet?

MAN. Yeah, back and foot.

WOMAN. Nice.

(Quiet knocking at the door. They look at each other. The knocking gets louder.)

MAN. Come in.

(BO re-enters. He seems frazzled and a little tweaked out. He's carrying a big empty duffel bag.)

BO. Hi, sorry... I'm – I'm just a little –

WOMAN. *(totally calm)* Can we help you?

BO. My dad is Robert Elder? Are you guys renting or –

WOMAN. Oh! Alright.

BO. Are you...he didn't tell me someone would be here.

MAN. Oh. Sorry.

BO. Nono... I wasn't supposed to come until tomorrow, so...

WOMAN. Yeah, sorry, he told us tomorrow.

BO. So you...sorry... I should've –

WOMAN. No.

BO. I...ah. It never really crossed my mind – don't wanna to barge in.

MAN. It's cool.

(BO leaves the door open, crosses past the Jacuzzi and looks around the room. The MAN turns off bubbles.)

BO. Uh... Fuck!

WOMAN. Do you mind shutting the door?

BO. Sorry. *(getting more agitated)* I'll come back...early in the morning, I guess, is that ok? I don't know what the deal is.

MAN. Sure.

BO. Fucking Jacuzzi, that's crazy. *(He leans on the Jacuzzi, puts his head down and mutters to himself.)* OK, how the fuck's that gonna work. Fucking where am I gonna –. Fuck... *(He stands thinking for a second.)* Shit... *(trying to play it cool)* hey, is it ok if I leave some stuff –

WOMAN. Could you shut the door please?

BO. Fuck! Sorry.

(He crosses to the door and shuts it. He quietly leans his head against the wall.)

WOMAN. Is it just you?

BO. Hm?

WOMAN. Is it just you tonight?

BO. *(He turns to face them, upset and seemingly near tears.)*
Yeah, it's not much stuff, I just don't want to haul it all back down the mountain!

MAN. *(smiling)* Calm down man, it's all cool.

WOMAN. Take a minute, warm up.

BO. Yeah?

MAN. Of course.

BO. Yeah. *(beat)* Thanks, yeah.

WOMAN. What's your name?

BO. Oh... Bo.

WOMAN. I'm Helene and this is –

DEREK. Derek.

BO. Cool. Cool. When I came in I was like, whoa, wrong place. *(pointing to the Jacuzzi)* My dad must have just bought this fucker. Oh man. Thanks so much guys. You guys are great. *(pointing)* Helene. Derek?

HELENE.

DEREK.

Yep.

Yep.

BO. Bo. Thanks so much guys. It's just been a long day. What... *(thinking)* car, two planes, cab then renting the snowmobile.

HELENE. Did the wind pick up?

DEREK. We were saying it sounded rough out there.

BO. Yeah, yeah it got super windy coming up from the north side.

HELENE. Do you want some tea or hot cocoa?

BO. Nonono. Sorry, this is trippy for me. I just need a minute.

HELENE. Please, take your time.

(BO glances around the room.)

BO. Hey...do you mind if I look around real quick?

HELENE. Go for it.

BO. This is so crazy. I haven't been here since I was a kid.

HELENE. Wow.

BO. Yeah.

(He takes his duffel bag and exits into the next room.)

HELENE. This is great.

DEREK. *Helene.*

HELENE. Yeah?

(They smile. DEREK climbs out of the Jacuzzi. He quickly and quietly takes the two books and hides them in the bookshelf.)

DEREK. Do you want me to –

HELENE. Just a second. *(HELENE in deep thought, then:)* OK, what?

DEREK. Do you think it's too hot in there?

HELENE. Mmm...feels / good.

(A crash from the kitchen. HELENE and DEREK look at each other. Beat.)

BO. *(yelling from the other room)* Where you guys from?

DEREK. Originally?

BO. Yeah.

(During the following HELENE and DEREK don't break eye contact as they answer.)

HELENE. Arizona.

DEREK. She's from Tucson. I'm from just outside Phoenix.

HELENE. We met in Flagstaff.

BO. Cool.

HELENE. You been?

BO. Where?

HELENE. Flagstaff.

BO. No I haven't.

HELENE. It's great.

BO. Could I have one of these colas?

HELENE. Help yourself to whatever you'd like.

DEREK. What's ours is yours man.

(DEREK gets back in the tub. BO enters with three cans of cola, duffel bag, now clearly full, slung over his shoulder.)

BO. You want?

DEREK. Sure.

(BO drops the bag to the ground with a crash. Everyone chooses to ignore it.)

HELENE. Thanks.

BO. What happened to your wrist?

HELENE. I just broke it.

(They open their cans.)

BO. Are you left handed?

HELENE. No.

BO. I am. You're lucky, usually if you fall – you were skiing?

HELENE. Yeah.

BO. Mm-hm. Usually you put out your dominant hand to catch yourself, so you were lucky.

(HELENE sips.)

HELENE. Ugh.

BO. What? *(sips)* Blech.

(DEREK takes a sip.)

DEREK. Bah.

HELENE. It tastes like metal.

BO. These are fuckin' super old.

(DEREK holds out the brandy bottle.)

DEREK. This helps.

BO. What do you got there, buddy?

DEREK. Brandy.

BO. No thanks. Well. Maybe just a tiny little nip nip.

(DEREK passes the bottle to BO. BO pours brandy into his mouth, making sure his lips don't touch the bottle.)

Hiker's pour.

HELENE. You should stay.

BO. What?

HELENE. You should totally stay here. I mean if you want.

(looks at DEREK) Right?

DEREK. Oh yeah, of course.

BO. No...

DEREK. Yeah, of course. If you don't mind us being here.

We're going to bed soon. I mean –

BO. No.

DEREK. Honestly. We don't care one way or another.

Please...you're very welcome to stay. There's plenty of room... Sorry for the confusion.

BO. No. Dude not at all. I should have called. I wasn't gonna come and then last minute I was like I was gonna come. I don't wanna ruin your vacation.

DEREK. Pff. Not at all.

HELENE. Pff.

BO. Um...fuck. Thanks guys. Maybe for a little bit.

DEREK. Of course.

BO. *(Drinks. Smiles. Finally letting down his guard a bit, but trembling a little.)* This is hitting the spot. Great place, huh? You guys big skiers?

HELENE. Not really. We just like this area.

(BO discreetly takes a pill.)

BO. Yeah, it's beautiful. Great time of year to be here. You been here for Rendezvous weekend before?

HELENE. No.

BO. Altitude get to you?

DEREK. At first, but now we're cool.

BO. *(trembling again)* Oof. I'm fucking freezing...do you mind?

DEREK. Hop in man.

HELENE. Come on in.

(BO strips down to his underwear as HELENE and DEREK watch, amused. HELENE leans forward on the edge of the tub, slightly predatorily. BO walks towards the tub, then stops himself.)

BO. Is that weird?

DEREK & HELENE. No.

(Lights dim.)

(Transition: DEREK gets out of the Jacuzzi. BO gets in the Jacuzzi with HELENE. He drinks from the brandy bottle. He's getting tipsy. Lights back up. DEREK stands outside peeing on the deck, bare ass visible through the frosty glass.)

BO. He...just pees right there?

HELENE. He doesn't like peeing inside.

BO. That's cool. I like that. Breaking something on vacation sucks, right?

HELENE. It was a clean break. So that's good.

BO. Sweet. Did you know that you can't break a bone in the exact same place twice?

HELENE. Are you sure?

BO. Yeah totally. You and tall guy. Are you guys married or...

HELENE. No.

BO. But you guys are like a thing, right?

HELENE. Yeah, we're a thing.

BO. My parents were really into weird sex here.

HELENE. Oh yeah?

(DEREK returns and climbs back into the Jacuzzi.)

BO. OH yeah. Like freaks back in the day. And now they want to kill each other. My mom lost a lot of weight around the divorce and then my Dad wanted to get back together. They brought that up in court it was really messed up. Now she's fat again. You guys check out my sweet gear when I came in?

DEREK. No.

HELENE. No.

BO. Dad and me are doing the Rendezvous Father/Son fucking race. Thought I'd at least look cool. Picked up all this new gear in Switzerland. Rad colors. No one has anything like it here. I don't even know if it's out yet or they sell it here. Crazy expensive.

(BO takes a huge slug of brandy.)

DEREK. You travel a lot?

BO. It's like all I do!

DEREK. I was in Belize last fall.

HELENE. He loves to travel.

DEREK. So does she.

BO. Cool. Yeah, I did Ayuda in Nicaragua in high school. My girlfriend was really into that stuff. They wanted me to build toilets and shit. *(HELENE and DEREK start laughing, BO continues as if it's an awesome joke.)* I called my parents and was like this is hell my girlfriend is covered in shit and being all cold and drinking with old Mexican guys get me the fuck out of here.

(HELENE and DEREK laugh so hard, slapping the water. Their laughter fades as they watch BO pound the brandy.)

This is kicked. Guys I know where the good stuff is or where it used to be.

(BO climbs out of the Jacuzzi, and towel-less hustles through the cold living room to the door.)

Wooo! Wooooo!

(He exits.)

HELENE. I don't want to go to bed now.

DEREK. Fun.

HELENE. Derek...?

DEREK. Yep.

(BO enters with a bottle of wine.)

BO. Boom. This is from France. My mom would shove these in her luggage and then hide them in her bathroom.

(BO splashes back into the tub.)

How 'bout Argentina? You been there?

DEREK. No.

BO. It's wild. You can ride wild Clydesdales.

HELENE. Are you an only child?

BO. I have a brother actually. He's older with kids. I never see him.

HELENE. No sisters.

BO. No sisters. You?

HELENE. He's from a family of eight kids and I'm from a family of ten kids.

BO. No.

(They look at each other then rattle off names SO quickly.)

HELENE. JeanJennyBradyJoeJaySueHeleneMarkMarcyJohn

DEREK. PamHopeDerekBryceDavidBossyShaunLacy.

BO. Whoa.

DEREK. Yep, big families.

HELENE. Do you remember the show about that big family – Wait, how old are you?

BO. I'm twenty-six. How old are you?

DEREK. She won't tell you. See if you can get her to tell you. I don't think she'll tell you. I'm forty-four.

BO. No!

DEREK. No. I'm thirty-six.

BO. Helene.

HELENE. Bo.

BO. How old are you?

HELENE. Nope.

BO. I'm gonna guess.

HELENE. OK.

BO. Thirty.

HELENE. Yep. Thirty.

(BO chugs.)

BO. Fuck! My dad's coming tomorrow. That's just so weird. I haven't seen him in since a long time.

HELENE. Why's that?

BO. Just shitty you know, basically divorce stuff. They waited 'til I left for college to get divorced. And then –

DEREK. Where did you go to school?

BO. High school?

DEREK. College.

BO. I went to Briarly for high school. And then different places for college.

DEREK. So you left for college –

BO. Yeah, and then they got divorced and man, you know, they were fighting over this place and then my fucking dad – *(He stops cold and looks at HELENE and DEREK, suddenly a touch paranoid)*... Wait, you know my dad. Do you know my dad?

HELENE. No, just from the phone and stuff. I don't really know him...just setting things up on the phone.

BO. Rightright. *(looking at HELENE)* My grandma had that swimsuit. *(DEREK and HELENE shoot a quick glance.)* My

parents did some fucked up things to us. My mom hit me once with a belt. Stuff like that. *That's* not in their book. My dad used all that so he could get what he wanted in court. *(beat)* I'm so much like my mother it's fucking crazy.

HELENE. Wow.

BO. Yeah. *(beat)* This place is from railroad days.

DEREK. Wow.

BO. Yeah.

You wanna hear something really fucked up? *(HELENE nods.)* My dad is paying me to visit him. Man that's sad. Your parents married?

DEREK. Yeah.

HELENE. Yeah.

BO. Awesome. Wow that's great. No one's is anymore.

(DEREK touches BO's shoulder.)

DEREK. It's alright buddy.

BO. *(trying to keep from crying)* Yeah. *(smiling)* You guys are awesome. In France I dated this crazy older woman who was like thirty-five and she did something really fucking bad to be with me. Like she wanted to marry me and shit... I didn't know she had a fuckin' little kid...ugh so fucking sad man... Not my fault...this is not the time to share this. Ahhh... I trust you guys though, you don't know her. Shit got so messed up. I left her and she followed me. Helene you have a lot of hair.

HELENE. Thanks.

BO. You get that a lot?

HELENE. Sometimes. I change it a lot.

BO. I like all type of women. You got a type brother?

DEREK. I have weird taste.

HELENE. He likes girls that like him.

DEREK. Or that really don't like me. I love that.

BO. I don't get it.

(BO leans in to kiss HELENE. DEREK pulls his head back.)

BO. *(getting super dark. Starting to cry a bit)* I did something bad in Romamia, I don't wanna tell you about it. Maybe I should tell you about it. I fucked up, man.

(BO slips underwater. HELENE and DEREK look at each other, amused. He's staying down. For a while. Their faces drop. Is he ok? He re-emerges.)

I gotta get my shit together. *(Getting even darker and quieter. Totally lost.)* She showed up with her fucking kid in fucking Romamia and she started at me. She wouldn't quit. I fucking pushed her so fucking hard. I think I'm going to get in trouble for that. My dad is paying me to be here. How sad is that? Do you think I'm going to get in trouble for that?

DEREK. Hm.

BO. Do you know what? I was just gonna take my all this shit and go. Steal this fucker's – all this shit.

HELENE. Like what?

BO. *(angrily)* This shit is worth so much money. So much money. *(pointing)* The fucking thingy thing. My mom's fucking folk arts and crap. Yeah. *(pointing)* Even the fucking handles, those metal handles are designed by some guy.

HELENE. That's ok.

DEREK. Parent stuff is hard.

HELENE. Yeah.

(BO stares. He leans in and smells HELENE's hair. He falls into her, sniffing, whimpering, breathing deep. HELENE and DEREK look at each other blankly. DEREK suddenly, violently pulls BO back by his hair and pins him against the side of the Jacuzzi.)

DEREK. It's ok man.

HELENE. Let's get him outta here.

(HELENE climbs out. DEREK begins pulling BO out.)

HELENE. I'm glad that we were here.

BO. Me too.

I always make a mess, man.

(BO stumbles, trying to pick up his clothes.

HELENE leads him out of the room. DEREK follows, picking up the duffel and the rest of BO's things.

DEREK looks the room over and flicks off the light.)

HELENE. *(voice over)* Ahh, Colorado. I love to get away. The past few weeks had been really really nice. Reconnecting with each other. And this house. Wow. I'm so glad we picked this house. So many home movies. Cassette tapes. Journals. Books. Art projects. Manuscripts. Scrapbooks. Prescriptions. Keepsakes. Photo albums. Letters. Clothes. Undergarments. Still...it was nice to have some company.

Projection: Friday

(The next morning. The house is spotless. Cinematic '80s synth rock blasts. Sound of a helicopter arriving and hovering. A face peers through the frosted glass. ROBERT opens the sliding door, then turns to wave as the helicopter roars off. He enters, headphones on, brushes the snow off his new Ralph Lauren parka and sets down his leather duffel bag. He looks at the Jacuzzi and smiles. He walks past it, triumphantly swiping a handful of water into the air. He stands, staring at the tub. HELENE enters behind him. She looks different. Maybe wearing a man's flannel shirt and ripped Levis.)

HELENE. Hi Mr. Elder. *(He doesn't hear.)* Mr. Elder!

ROBERT. Oh!

(ROBERT wheels around and pulls off his headphones, the music drops low, just coming through the headphones now.)

HELENE. How was your flight?

ROBERT. Good. Good.

(ROBERT turns off his Walkman.)

HELENE. Lucked out with weather. Bo's here. He's sleeping.

ROBERT. What?

(HELENE is super peppy, ROBERT is very confused.)

HELENE. Bo got here last night. He came in early. It was nice to meet him.

ROBERT. OK... I – I'm...sorry. Who the hell are you?

HELENE. Oh. Oh my God. I'm sorry. *(laughs for a little too long)* I'm Helene.

ROBERT. Oh! Helene!

HELENE. I'm so sorry, I thought you knew I'd be here.

ROBERT. I didn't know that you'd *be here* be here.

HELENE. Oh.

ROBERT. Sorry I didn't immediately – Bo's here you say?

HELENE. Yep. I think he wanted to surprise you.

ROBERT. Hm... Wow. He came. Alright.

(ROBERT takes in the room.)

Helene. It looks great. You really... And this guy *(pointing at the Jacuzzi)* ...oh dear lord. Yeah. Fuck you, Jackie. Fuuuuuck you. Her father would just die if he saw this in here. We couldn't even wear shoes in this house. This is great. How'd they get it in? They take the doors off?

HELENE. That's usually what they have to do.

ROBERT. Wow. *(pointing at one of the skylights)* And that's the window we had replaced?

HELENE. Mm-hm.

ROBERT. Really?

HELENE. Yep. *(taking it in)* That's the one.

ROBERT. Wow. I wouldn't even – yeah, it looks great.

HELENE. Yeah, they do nice work.

ROBERT. They sure do.

(DEREK enters, unseen, stands right behind ROBERT, and joins ROBERT and HELENE in looking up at the window. ROBERT feels his presence and turns.)

Hello.

DEREK. Hi.

ROBERT. Are you the muscle in this operation?

(DEREK looks past ROBERT at HELENE, who smiles.)

DEREK. Guess so. Hi Mr. Elder. I'm Derek.

ROBERT. Please guys, call me Robert.

DEREK. Good to meet you Robert.

ROBERT. Good to meet you Erik. (“**ERIK**” and **HELENE** register **ROBERT**’s mistake.) Thank you for everything you did. The place looks great.

ERIK. Oh no, I didn’t do anything.

HELENE. *Erik*, grab his bags.

ROBERT. That’s all I have. I travel light these days. Got it down to one bag.

ERIK. I’ll grab it.

ROBERT. Don’t worry about it.

ERIK. I got it.

(ERIK exits with ROBERT’s bag.)

ROBERT. Man, this is... Fuck you Jackie.

HELENE. Jackie sent some fruit.

ROBERT. *(suddenly serious)* She did? Really? What’s that about?

HELENE. Grapefruits. They’re on the kitchen counter. There’s a note.

ROBERT. She’s doing something... I’m not gonna think about it. Where’s Bo?

HELENE. He’s still sleeping. Had a rough night.

ROBERT. Wait...you were here last night?

HELENE. Yep.

(beat)

ROBERT. ...You didn’t let him drink did you?

HELENE. No.

ROBERT. Hm. Ha. This place.

(ROBERT crosses to the door. ERIK re-enters.)

ERIK. I put it in the master bedroom.

ROBERT. Great!

(ROBERT wanders off through the house. ERIK and HELENE stand there smiling. ROBERT returns. He walks to the Jacuzzi.)

So what do I need to know about this thing?

ERIK. She's all set for ya.

ROBERT. I tell ya... I'm sorry, I'm just gonna hop right in this thing. That ok?

HELENE. Of course.

ERIK. *(points to a button)* Bubbles right there.

ROBERT. Gotcha. Thanks again for everything.

(ROBERT begins quickly stripping down to his boxer shorts.)

HELENE. Enjoy. We're gonna finish packing up our tools and head out in, what – about an hour?

ERIK. Hour and a half.

ROBERT. Good, I'm looking forward to some alone time with my son.

(ROBERT starts easing into the Jacuzzi. He's in heaven. Ooohing and splashing, not really paying too much attention to what HELENE is saying.)

HELENE. I just finished caulking the kitchen sink, which had a leak. Few other things on my list Erik couldn't get to. There are some branches down from last night so we'll clear your trail. Um, let's see...is there anything you were wondering about?

ROBERT. MCI is switched on?

(HELENE turns to ERIK.)

ERIK. Yeah, phone should be good.

(ROBERT stands up and starts scanning the room.)

HELENE. What do you need?

ROBERT. The clicker.

(ERIK picks up the remote but before he can hand it to ROBERT:)

HELENE. Oh yeah. Shit. Erik?

ERIK. Oh. Satellite's not responding yet, don't really know why, could just be the cold.

ROBERT. No!

HELENE. Erik's really good at that stuff, he'll take a look at that.

*(While she talks, **ERIK** walks to the TV, yanks out a cable from the back, and pockets it.)*

And then before we leave we can show you the ratio of chemicals to add to the water and bacteria checks and pH levels. All that stuff.

ROBERT. Oh. Is this...a lot of up keep?

HELENE. Not really but, well – a fair amount yeah.

*(They laugh. **HELENE**'s delightful and **ROBERT** is eating it up.)*

ERIK. It's easy to learn.

*(**ERIK** exits out the sliding door.)*

HELENE. OK. Enjoy!

ROBERT. I will.

*(**HELENE** exits. **ROBERT** stands in the middle of the water. He slowly turns and takes in the room. He sits down in the water. He is gleaming with happiness. **HELENE** enters quietly with towels.)*

HELENE. *(whispers)* Sorry. I'm just gonna put these right here.

ROBERT. Hm?

HELENE. *(louder)* I'm just gonna put these right here.

ROBERT. No problem. This is really incredible. I'm in a Jacuzzi.

HELENE. Enjoy.

*(**HELENE** smiles and starts to leave.)*

ROBERT. Do you know how to turn on the stereo?

HELENE. Oh, let's see. I can figure it out.

ROBERT. Can you put something on?

HELENE. You got it!

ROBERT. *(repeating)* "You got it!" You are so easy going. I like that. What do you like to listen to?

HELENE. I like everything.

(HELENE takes a tape out of the cassette player and slips it in her pocket.)

ROBERT. You pick. Something classical though. From the bottom shelf. Gotta get some firewood. What happened to your arm?

HELENE. Landed weird.

ROBERT. Ouch.

HELENE. Yeah.

ROBERT. Kid still sleepin, huh?

HELENE. I guess so.

(HELENE puts in a tape. It's very loud.)

ROBERT. Hello!

HELENE. Oops sorry.

(She turns the volume down.)

ROBERT. This is nice. What's this?

HELENE. It's a compilation... *(reading)* "Live at Ravinia."

ROBERT. Oh, no...that's a big concert place Jackie's family contributes to. Change this, it's upsetting.

(HELENE finds another tape. She starts it.)

Now this is good. Oh yeah. Here we go.

(ROBERT takes a deep breath almost about to finally relax. HELENE takes this as a sign to exit. The phone rings.)

Shit. Helene? Can you?

HELENE. Of course.

(She returns.)

ROBERT. You know what, no. Let the machine take it.

(The answering machine clicks.)

ANSWERING MACHINE. Hey, we're not here right now / at the message leave a beep. *(laugh)*

ROBERT. *(quietly)* Oh God.

(ROBERT puts his head in his hands, listening to himself and Jackie on the outgoing message. Machine beeps.)

A WOMAN'S VOICE. Hiya Robert, don't know if you've made it in yet. It's Cassie, no rush, just some updated tour stops and signings. Ring me up if you want. Enjoy your weekend.

(ROBERT sits up.)

ROBERT. I have to change that message.

HELENE. Do you want me to erase this?

ROBERT. No. Actually can you just redo the outgoing message?

HELENE. I... OK.

ROBERT. Just say we aren't home. In a nice way. That will throw Jackie for a loop.

(HELENE begins to record.)

HELENE. *(sexy)* Hi we're not here right now. At the message leave us a beep. *(girlish giggle)*

(ROBERT smiles and points at HELENE.)

ROBERT. Good. Very good. Man this thing gets hot. Do you know how to turn the temp down a little?

HELENE. Sure. *(turns it down).* Got it. It's right here.

ROBERT. Oh man. Finally. For years... I've been like: This place needs a Jacuzzi. You have no idea the things I now know about divorce and Colorado property law. You don't *wanna* know the things I know about Colorado property laws. The things I could tell you... Do you have receipts for all the stuff?

HELENE. *(She points to his chest.)* What's that? I'm sorry.

ROBERT. It's alright. Pacemaker.

HELENE. Should you be in a Jacuzzi?

ROBERT. Totally safe.

HELENE. Does it beep at the airport?

ROBERT. Yep.

(They laugh. BO enters. ROBERT stands.)

Son.

BO. Dad.

(ROBERT gets out of the tub. He slowly walks towards BO who looks very uncomfortable. HELENE takes a towel, gets on her hands and knees and mops up the floor behind him. ROBERT goes in to give BO a wet hug.)

Dad. You're wet.

ROBERT. Jesus, you look fantastic Bobby.

BO. Bo.

ROBERT. You gotta stay at this weight.

BO. *(quietly)* Oh god.

ROBERT. Bobby, I can see you are being healthy.

(BO looks at HELENE cleaning the floor. A little confused.)

BO. Wait. Why are you still here?

HELENE. We're just clearing the trail and we want to get some other stuff taken care of.

BO. What? Don't worry about that we'll call someone.

(BO takes the towel from HELENE.)

HELENE. No, that's fine.

BO. Dad!

ROBERT. What?

BO. Why are you making them do work for you?

ROBERT. What?

BO. Call someone to do the trail work.

ROBERT. Uh...hello! She does it all. They do it all.

HELENE. Yeah.

BO. Oh! Wait...huh? I'm sorry...

ROBERT. I tell ya... They. Are. Top. Notch. Especially this one.

HELENE. Thanks.

BO. Waitwait, you...

(HELENE just smiles.)

...you work here?

ROBERT. Yeah.

BO. Oh. God. Sorry, I didn't mean to... I thought that you were like *staying* here. *(beat)* Renting. *(beat)* I don't know why I thought that.

(HELENE takes the towel back from BO.)

HELENE. Nope, just last night to test the Jacuzzi. Oh! The receipts. I'll grab those right now.

(HELENE exits. ROBERT and BO stand quietly for a bit.)

ROBERT. Man, you look like...

BO. What?

ROBERT. Just...good to see you. You look older.

BO. I am older.

ROBERT. Does your mom know you're here?

BO. Nope. We aren't talking. Haven't in months.

ROBERT. Well, I'm glad you came.

BO. Coolcool. Well.

ROBERT. Wasn't sure you would. You look great.

BO. You too.

ROBERT. You bring your skis?

BO. I don't know where they are. We should get me some new ones.

ROBERT. Great.

(They stand quietly for a bit. HELENE returns with a list.)

How's it coming Helene?

HELENE. Good.

ROBERT. Helene's so great.

BO. Yeah?

HELENE. Stop it! Alright... Let's see...

(She jots down a couple numbers on the top of the list)

So here's the total...that's for, you know the sink, trail maintenance, all that. We do itemized lists instead of individual receipts now.

ROBERT. Oh. And what is it for the rest? For you and Erik?

BO. Derek, dad.

HELENE. It's Erik. Eh, we can take care of that later.

ROBERT. Is a check ok?

HELENE. Oh. Um. Yyyeah. Yeahyeah.

ROBERT. Yeah, let's do cash.

HELENE. Either way.

ROBERT. It's fine. I brought a ton of cash.

(ROBERT exits.)

BO. I didn't mean to be offensive or anything before.
About the whole working thing.

HELENE. Not at all.

BO. I had an internship once, so... Fun time last night.

HELENE. Yeah, right?

BO. *(playing it cool but feeling her out)* You hung over?

HELENE. Nope.

BO. My head is throbbing. Did I...say...anything...stupid...shit?

HELENE. Mm... I don't think so... Uuuuuh... No.

BO. Cool.

HELENE. Hope you enjoy your time here. We'll be bopping in and – popping. Sorry my mom says bopping, we'll be *popping* in and out I'm sure.

BO. Oh cool. Good.

HELENE. Clearing the branches from the trail...

(ROBERT returns in a robe with cash, a pamphlet and floss.)

ROBERT. Thank you. *(He hands a large wad of cash to HELENE.)*

HELENE. Thanks.

(ROBERT walks to BO, gives him a few bills.)

BO. *(upset)* Wait –

ROBERT. You'll get the rest after the race.

BO. So. You finally got your Jacuzzi.

ROBERT. I had them put it right in the middle of the floor so it would cover up your peepee / stain.

BO. Dad.

ROBERT. *(laughing)* I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

I forget what he had. Some kind of kidney issue because...it just turned that wood BLACK.

BO. *(quietly)* Oh my God.

(The guys stand quietly for a while, taking in the room. ROBERT pulls out a piece of floss and starts flossing.)

ROBERT. I used to chain smoke and my hypnotherapist who helped me quit recommended flossing.

HELENE. Cool. Excuse me, I gotta finish up that stuff.

ROBERT. Thanks Helene.

(HELENE exits. ROBERT finishes flossing and drops the floss on the floor. He looks at the pamphlet.)

Here, we should go over this, it has this year's race route. And all the fun food stands we pass.

BO. I'll just follow you.

ROBERT. Come on, get into it!

BO. I thought the Bancrofts still kept this place up.

ROBERT. They did. They were very close with your mother's family. And I didn't want to put myself in the middle of all that. So I started going through some company.

(BO sits in front of the fireplace and counts his money.)

BO. Mom's fucking Jim Michael Dean again.

ROBERT. I'm eating.

BO. I just heard that from Jim's daughter who was in Prague for one night.

ROBERT. I don't care.

BO. Alright.

(tiny beat)

ROBERT. How long? Have they been back together?

BO. I don't know we aren't talking.

ROBERT. But you know they're screwing...

BO. Yup, Jim's daughter was pissed 'cause her mom found out.

ROBERT. Yeah, I don't care.

(beat)

Jim still...acting?

BO. He's on that cop show. As like the main guy.

ROBERT. I don't care.

BO. Mom had said you finished your book.

ROBERT. Did she finish hers?

BO. I think so. It's been done since last summer. I know she finished up cover quotes.

ROBERT. Who did she ask?

BO. I don't remember...maybe Dr. Ron from TV.

ROBERT. Pff.

BO. And I don't fuckin' remember.

ROBERT. You should read mine while you're here. I have galleys.

BO. I'm not reading a diet book Dad.

ROBERT. It's more than that Bobby.

BO. Bo.

ROBERT. Sorry. How was Croatia?

(BO stands.)

BO. That was three years ago.

ROBERT. Right.

BO. I was in Pari/s.

(He starts walking towards the door)

ROBERT. Paris.

BO. I got fucking stuck. Remember?

ROBERT. Your mother said –

BO. She was not helpful either.

(BO exits towards his room.)

ROBERT. (yelling) Take you out for breakfast and ski shopping?

(no answer)

(yelling) One o'clock?

(no answer)

Sounds good.

(ROBERT stretches his shoulder. He walks to the TV, picks up the remote and turns on the TV. Static. Turns it off. HELENE enters with hot tub chemicals. She spots the floss on the floor and throws it away. ROBERT looks around the room for a long time.)

Oh boy. I gotta get all of Jackie's fucking crap out of here by Monday. Pack it up and ship it to her and her shitty brother. That's somehow my responsibility. Not complaining about that...happy about the way things...

HELENE. Yeah, that will change the energy in here. Getting it out.

ROBERT. Right?!

(ROBERT pulls a frame off the wall.)

God, I've always hated this painting.

HELENE. Yeah, it's pretty ugly. Sorry.

ROBERT. I don't care. This guy did those two too.

(ROBERT stops, looks around the room again. There's so much shit. He walks to a cabinet and opens a draw full of junk.)

ROBERT. *(under his breath)* Fuck me.

HELENE. Do you want a hand?

ROBERT. No thanks.

HELENE. You sure?

ROBERT. No thanks.

HELENE. Seriously, I'm happy to help. I actually used to work as a –

ROBERT. No thanks! Sorry. It's personal stuff. I'd rather take some time and look through it all by myself.

HELENE. Of course. Yeah.

(ROBERT stops and smiles at HELENE.)

ROBERT. Helene, your thing is that you need to be able to fix everything, to provide a solution. You're a Mender.

HELENE. Oh yeah? That's my thing?

ROBERT. Well...isn't it?

HELENE. Hm. Yeah, maybe. Let me think on it.

(BO, dressed in ski garb, enters and crosses towards the sliding door.)

ROBERT. That's a nice snowsuit. Are any of your old buddies on the mountain while you're here?

BO. I don't want to see anyone.

(BO exits out the sliding door. He disappears out of view. We hear his snowmobile starting and then him driving away.)

HELENE. What does Bo do?

ROBERT. What does Bo do? Ahhh...he's between things right now. He was doing some kind of teaching on a ship for a while. There's SO much shit.

HELENE. Yeah. There's a lot of stuff in this house.

ROBERT. Jackie was a very messy woman.

HELENE. How do you know what goes to her?

ROBERT. Uh...there's a list. All her family's stuff. Anything that's her family's. Most of the stuff that was ours together.

(ERIK enters from outside.)

ERIK. Hey man.

ROBERT. Hello.

HELENE. Where's the list?

ROBERT. It's in my bag.

(HELENE exits to get the list. ROBERT pulls some snowshoes down off the wall, the shadow of their shape remains on the wall. ERIK turns on the TV. Static.)

ERIK. Nope.

(ERIK turns down the volume and then turns off the TV. ROBERT admires the snow shoes.)

Those are cool.

ROBERT. Always wanted to try these. They were always off limits because they're collectors' items.

(HELENE enters with the list.)

ERIK. They're really fun. I love getting out on the snow in those.

HELENE. Oh I love those!

ERIK. You know what I'm going to do? Re-angle the satellite dish.

HELENE. Hey Erik, all this stuff needs to get packed by Monday.

ERIK. *(taking in the room)* Oh wow. That's a big job.

HELENE. *(smiling)* Yeah.

(Lights dim. Transition: ERIK and HELENE start packing.)

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