

## **Say Good Night** by Gary Young

SETTING: Park  
across from a  
hospital.

SON

(Age 25-40, dressed for work, tie is loose.  
*Jacket can be removed during the play*) I'M NOT  
HYPERVENTILATING. IM NOT EVEN VENTILATING. I'M  
YELLING! All right. I'll take my time. I'll  
try to listen harder. No promises. But I'll try.  
I'M TRYING! BUT PLEASE, TAKE YOUR TIME SPEAKING!  
(pause, attempting to collect himself)

*FATHER walks with a  
brain tumor-induced  
shuffle, dragging  
one leg. HE is in  
his 70's, wearing  
pajamas and robe.  
His mind is still  
active.*

FATHER

(Gives son a dirty look, angry sounding but unable  
to form the word) Truth.

*FATHER clears his  
throat.*

SON

You want to sit on this bench? It's a nice park,  
Pop. Really nice. I can see your hospital room  
from here. Mom's at the window.

*FATHER reacts  
negatively.*

SON (cont'd.)

Whadaya wanna talk about, Pop? Food. The metaphor  
for life. And your obsession. I hate food,  
except ice cream. And Girl Scout cookies. And

a Mai Tai served pool side or at the beach,  
especially Kapalua. (*a little sarcastic*) And I  
remember my Bar Mitzvah cake. It was in the shape  
of a torah. I ate Leviticus. I hear that  
Deuteronomy was good too. (*pause*)

*A mime goes by and  
tries to interrupt.  
MIME does "the  
wall," walking  
against the wind,"  
and makes a little  
fun of the FATHER  
during the next few  
speeches.*

FATHER

(*unintelligibly*) Truth.

SON

You said, "Truth." Right? That means that you're  
going to give me the true skinny here, right?  
Okay. Truth. I have to be straight with you too.  
I can't understand a word you're saying. Which is  
nothing new for us huh? Okay, most words, then.  
The cussing somehow comes out as cussing.

FATHER

(barely intelligibly) Cigar. (*trying to find cigar  
in coat pocket*) Cigar. (*mimes cigar, points to  
coat pocket*. Tires to wave the MIME away. Says  
brief gibberish, with an intelligible "fuck"  
included.)

SON

(To mime) I think he said go fuck yourself. Stop  
it. Get a job!

*MIME exits, sadly,  
picking his nose.*

FATHER

Cigar.

SON

Cigar? Are you sure you should smoke?

*FATHER makes an  
ironic gesture.*

SON (cont'd)

Yeah, you're right. (Gets CIGAR out of his coat)  
Want me to light it for you?

*FATHER points  
vaguely.*

*FATHER grabs CIGAR,  
puts in mouth,  
straightens up, now  
able to speak  
coherently.*

FATHER

I never light them.

Pay attention.

My doctor says I should give up sex at my age.  
Then my doctor died. And I'm still having sex.  
But not at the moment.

That's amazing, isn't it? That I should find my  
voice as a borsht belt comedian. (Shrugs.) Me, I  
can't even understand most of the time now. I  
never liked borsht, but now I have a craving.  
Even though it's called Borsht. I don't know who  
makes these things up.

You're looking at me in the cigar and the way I'm  
talking. I discovered this process while a cute  
nurse was giving me a sponge bath. I was holding  
my toothbrush and suddenly started talking like  
this. It's amazing what you can discover during a  
sponge bath. By the way, don't put a toothbrush  
in your mouth when you take a bath. You can poke  
an eye out with that.