

The Visit

Steven Schutzman

Dramatic

PHILIP: 8

JOSH: 10, PHILIP and CARL's brother

CARL: 14, PHILIP and JOSH's brother

PHILIP, JOSH, and CARL are sitting on the stoop of their grandparents' house, on a visit with their parents. Grandma's mind is going.

PHILIP: That's weird, making us sit out here like this.

JOSH: Big powwow.

PHILIP: I hope Grandma doesn't mix our names up again. That was so weird.

CARL: More sad, I'd say.

PHILIP: Yeah.

JOSH: So what were you laughing for?

PHILIP: Shut up.

JOSH: Well, don't laugh at Grandma.

PHILIP: I wasn't. [To CARL.] Is she ever going to be the same as she was again?

CARL: No.

PHILIP: Oh.

CARL: I've been reading up on it, online.

PHILIP: Oh.

CARL: It doesn't get better. It just gets worse.

PHILIP: Oh.

CARL: But if she does mix up our names again, Josh—don't correct her like you did.

PHILIP: Yeah.

JOSH: Don't worry. I won't. I don't want to be him again.

PHILIP: I don't want to be you either, numb nut.

CARL: Just ignore him, Philip.

JOSH: What's a "numb nut," Philip?

PHILIP: Who cares?

JOSH: See what I mean? He just says things.

CARL: And Philip, don't ask her for another soda like she didn't just give you one.

PHILIP: I just wanted to see what would happen.

JOSH: Right.

PHILIP: I did.

JOSH: Wittle baby of da family never do anything wrong.

CARL: Stop it, the two of you. This is not a good time.

PHILIP: Wait. I do too know. "Numb" is like all tingly, like when your foot goes to sleep, and "nut" is a crazy person. "Numb nut"—a tingly crazy person, like you.

JOSH: See, he's absurd.

PHILIP: What's absurd, Josh?

JOSH: Get away from me.

CARL: Just don't correct Grandma, okay?

JOSH: Grandpa's always correcting her.

CARL: He can't help it. It embarrasses him. And does it do any good? No. It just makes her feel bad and everyone else feel bad because she feels bad.

JOSH: So what am I supposed to do, just be called wrong?

CARL: Do what Dad does: "Go with the flow," like he says. If she says the plants are singing to her, ask her what the song is.

PHILIP: That is so weird.

CARL: Just don't correct her anymore. You saw how she got.

JOSH: Okay.

CARL: Music is important to her now, like to her mind. Why do you think Dad brings his guitar when we come over?

JOSH: Boring. [*Singing.*] "How many roads must a man walk down . . ."

CARL: That was a song from her childhood . . . a memory . . .

JOSH: Boring.

CARL: It's good and . . .

JOSH: Boring.

CARL: He's trying. At least, he's trying.

PHILIP: Yeah, Josh.

JOSH: What's a "numb nut," Philip?

PHILIP: What's absurd, Josh?

CARL: [*Loud and startling.*] SHE'S DAD'S MOM LIKE OUR MOM IS OUR MOM. [*Beat. Beat. Quietly.*] She's Dad's mom like our mom is our mom.

[*The three sit in silence on the stoop.*]