

EVERSON
COLEMAN

Dad's Home



Bambi Everson

DAD'S HOME

One act, approx. 45 minutes.

CHARACTERS

PAUL KETRO - Dad

JEREMY KETRO - Son

MICHELLE KETRO-CRAWFORD - Mom

JOHN CRAWFORD - Michelle's husband

TIME: The present.

PLACE: The family's apartment.

SYNOPSIS: Paul is home from the office. Something is terribly wrong, and everybody knows but him.

SCENE 1

PAUL enters the apartment with his key. He hangs up his coat.

PAUL

Hi honey, I'm home!

JEREMY, PAUL's teenage son enters.

JEREMY

Dad !

PAUL

Hey pal, how was your day?

JEREMY

Fine... Great!

Jeremy gives his dad a hug, maybe a fist bump and goes towards the bedroom.

Stay right there. Um... Mom... Dad's home.

MICHELLE

(offstage)

AWW... Sweetie. That's the first time I heard you call him dad.

JEREMY

No. Mom... I mean Dad's HOME. As in Dad!

PAUL

And man oh man... am I exhausted. Tough day at the office. Any plans for dinner? I am fine with ordering in. What's up with Mom?

JEREMY

She's changing. We have parent teacher conferences tonight.

PAUL

Oh. That's tonight? You're doing fine in school, right? No issues? Not failing anything?

JEREMY

I'm fine. 86 average. Mom! Can you come out please? NOW?

PAUL

That's good, then. No need for me to sit around schmoozing with the other parents. Rene's dad always wants me to go fishing with him. I hate fishing. That guy is so pretentious. Thinks he's better than me because he has a boat. I could have gotten a boat if I wanted one. I chose to invest in our future.

JEREMY

I know. It's all good. Can I get you a beer or something?

PAUL

Since when do we have beer in the house? You don't drink it, right?

JEREMY

I'm 12!

PAUL

(absentmindedly)

When did that happen? Good. No drinking. Just checking. Sure. Thanks, son.

JEREMY runs and gets PAUL a beer.

JEREMY

Here ya go. I'll, um... be right back.

JEREMY runs off stage. We hear him talking to his mother. PAUL makes himself totally at home. Takes off his shoes, Drinks his beer. Looks around. A few things are different. He might move a chair or an object to a different spot.

JEREMY (cont'd)

Mom. You gotta come out NOW. I am telling you Dad's here. On the couch. Like nothing happened.

MICHELLE

That's not even funny.

JEREMY

Do you see me laughing? I am serious. Dead serious. See for yourself.

MICHELLE and JEREMY peek out from the bedroom and see PAUL.

OH MY GOD!!

MICHELLE

Told you. I am not hallucinating.

JEREMY

What do we do?

MICHELLE

How am I supposed to know? It's not like I have any experience with this sort of thing.

JEREMY

Michelle? What's up?

PAUL

MICHELLE enters tentatively with JEREMY behind her. Michelle screams.

What's up?

PAUL (cont'd)

BUG! Big Bug.

JEREMY

He stomps his foot.

Got it!!

PAUL

Hi honey. Looking good.

He goes to kiss her. She backs up a little.

Do I smell?

PAUL (cont'd)

Checks himself.

No, sorry. Makeup.

MICHELLE

MICHELLE kisses him gently on the cheek.

How are you feeling?

MICHELLE (cont'd)

PAUL

To be honest, pretty dead. I think I am going to crash for a few. What time are you leaving?

MICHELLE

I think I'm changing my mind. I don't think I am going to go anywhere tonight.

JEREMY

Good call, Mom.

PAUL

Awesome. Let's order Chinese. Wake me when it comes.

PAUL exits into the bedroom.

MICHELLE

What is going on?

JEREMY

He doesn't know. But it's going to be mighty sticky when John gets home.

MICHELLE

Oh God!! John. He's flying back today. I'll call.

JEREMY

You can't call. John gave me his cell while he was away.

MICHELLE

Why?

JEREMY

Because he's the soccer coach, Mom. I'm fielding calls. I told you I needed a cell phone.

MICHELLE

You're too young.

JEREMY

I'm 12! And FYI, mom, I am the only kid in the school without a cell phone.

MICHELLE

I'll email him.

JEREMY

Sure, mom. Like he's going to check emails on the way home. He's like the Eveready Bunny... Bounding through customs, just to get home five minutes earlier.

MICHELLE

What do I do? I know - go downstairs and put a note on the door.

JEREMY

Saying what?

PAUL

(offstage)

Hard to nap with you two conspiring. It's Chinese food, not a Russian conspiracy. Do you need a mediator?

MICHELLE AND JEREMY

No / Haha / We got this Dad. Rest up.

JEREMY hands MICHELLE the phone. She hands it back. There is some silent conversation. Finally, MICHELLE grabs the phone and dials.

MICHELLE

Hello? Yes. Delivery. That's right. Me again. Michelle. Apartment 8A. One General Tso's chicken, What does dad like, again?

JEREMY

Beef with snow peas... At least when he...

MICHELLE

Right. One beef with snowpeas. Two egg rolls. No, three. What do you want, honey?

JEREMY

Chicken wings.

MICHELLE

One order of 4 chicken wings, and ginger ale? Oh... Three.. Ok, great. Thanks.

(hangs up)

Now what?

JEREMY

Well, he's going to know something's up when he opens the closet, or uses the bathroom. Mom! The pictures!

MICHELLE quickly takes them down and hides them somewhere ridiculous. Under the couch or something.

MICHELLE

It's been a year. I mean, what did he expect?

JEREMY

Mom, I don't think he expected anything. Do we tell him?

MICHELLE

Tell him that he *died*?? You can't just spring this on someone!

(pause)

Do you think someone put pot in the tuna casserole?

JEREMY

I didn't eat that. I hate tuna mac. Mom, he is here. We both saw him. And not like in one of those zombie movies, when they come back with bullet holes in their heads. He looks fine. He looks like Dad. He *is* Dad.

MICHELLE

Your dad is gone. I saw the body.

JEREMY

Are you sure? Maybe they made some kind of mistake. Maybe it just looked like dad. After all, they all wear the same godawful powder blue shirts and khaki pants. Maybe he gave his wallet to someone else that day. Maybe dad's had amnesia. This stuff happens all the time.

MICHELLE

In the movies. It happens on TV. Not in real life. I think I would recognize your father, even with half his head gone.

JEREMY

So, how do you explain this?

MICHELLE

I can't. Go online. See if anyone has posted any paranormal phenomenon.

JEREMY

The internet is full of nuts, mom. A thousand people post how their cat is really their dead grandmother.

MICHELLE

Look anyway. Maybe someone from the office. Check in on Shalisa. She lost her husband, too.

JEREMY

She's YOUR friend. YOU ask her if her dead husband suddenly came waltzing into the house, wanting dinner.

MICHELLE

Just go look at her Facebook page. Check the Memorial page for Henderson, Bryce and Coleman. See if anyone posted anything.

JEREMY

What are you going to do?

MICHELLE

I am going to set the table for dinner.

JEREMY goes to his laptop and starts checking around. PAUL comes staggering out of the bedroom wearing a shirt that does not quite fit.

PAUL

Honey?

JEREMY slams down the computer.

MICHELLE

Food's not here yet, sweetie, Why don't you just go lie down?

PAUL

I don't remember this shirt. Did the laundry screw up again?

MICHELLE

No, we are having a... Clothing drive for the homeless...

JEREMY looks at his mom strangely.

MICHELLE (cont'd)

I, uh... volunteered to hold all the men's clothes in the closet. Sorry. I'll take them out.

PAUL

No... No... That's fine. Nice clothes. Any in my size?

MICHELLE

No!