

Morghan Tyler

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English 202-02

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Characters:

Alek Anakerov

Alek was, at one point, mute. Also, his father, Jude Cavanaugh, physically abused him as
a child.

Jude Cavanaugh

Waitress The waitress is kinder than necessary.

Setting:

A neutral diner

We open with Alek sitting by himself in a booth, oblivious to his surroundings.

Light Lunch Conversation

Waitress: (*appears*) Can I get you anything, hon?

Alek: (*startled*) No... no thanks. I'm waiting for someone.

Waitress: (*understanding*) You can't sit here unless you order something. You want coffee?

Alek: (*irritated*) Um... coffee then. Black.

Waitress: You got it. (*She leaves*)

Alek: (*looks at hands, then starts murmuring*) I can't believe it. Nothing for three years. And then... a letter. Baba dies and he suddenly wants to "talk". And I'm supposed to just drop everything for him.... He is my father after all. A word from him means move. Immediately.

(pauses, resumes sadly/angrily) I remember that much.

I wish I'd asked Spencer to come. Or Tyler. Some kind of moral support. I need somebody today. I keep feeling like I'll be like I was... then. Back when I was home and couldn't stop him. I can't be like that anymore. I can't... I won't.

(eyes fill with tears, voice cracks as he begins to pray) O Áí ã, â Âãn ý âí âãðÿë;
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ì í ëþ Âãn, í î çâí ëÿþ ì í á èãðè.

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ì í æãð òí ëüêí áãðæàðü ðàêí á áí ëüø í á í î ãñáí èá è áëãñðü(í î ù ü). Í î çâí ëüðà ì í á
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ñú í à ì ù ì í èè ñÿ... Àì èí ü. (TRANSLATION: O GOD, IN YOU I HAVE TRUSTED; LET ME NOT BE
TROUBLED FOREVER. OUT OF THE DEPTHS HAVE I CRIED OUT TO YOU, O GOD: GOD HEAR MY
VOICE. WOULD THAT I COULD RUN FROM MY OWN PAST, I BESEECH YOU, LET ME GO.

I BESEECH YOU, THEREFORE, TO HELP YOUR SERVANTS, THOSE BLESSED WITH YOUR FAVOR.
GUIDE ME, TEACH ME, LEAD ME IN THE PATH THAT BELONGS TO YOUR WAY. GIVE ME THE
STRENGTH, O GOD, NOT TO RUN FROM HIM. THE PAST CAN ONLY HOLD SO MUCH FEAR AND POWER.
LET ME FACE IT KNOWING THAT THE BODY IS ONLY SO SUBSTANTIAL.

GIVE ME THE POWER NOT TO FALL TO HIS TRICKS AGAIN. IN YOUR SON'S NAME WE PRAY...

AMEN.)

(enter Jude)

Jude: *(stands over the boy menacingly)* For someone that decided to be grown a long time ago, you certainly aren't now.

Alek: *(fingers clench, voice falsely calm)* Jude.

Jude: You could ask your father to sit down. It's a courtesy in some countries.

Alek: Take a seat.

Jude: Since you insist. *(sits slowly, makes an overly dramatic show of age)* Making old men stand for hours on end. It's not polite. I thought you were raised differently. Or that the old hag would teach you something.

Alek: *(obviously restrained anger)* She taught me to show respect for the dead.

Jude: Of course she did. Superstitious old bat. *(makes 'spooky' fingers)* Probably thought the evil spirits would attack you in your sleep.

Alek: *(shoulders slump in defeat, weary)* What do you want, Jude?

Jude: *(is offended)* I can't talk to my own son? What is the world coming to these days? No respect for the elders. I have half a mind to leave right now.

Alek: *(hisses)* You know why you get no respect from me! Don't even try that b.s.!

Jude: *(eyes narrow)* Listen, boy. I am your father, even if you do hold onto some cock and bull story about your daddy hitting you.

Alek: *(scoffs loudly)* Cock and bull?! I'll show you bull. Ten years!

Jude: Here we go again. (*mocking*) “Ten years you beat me. I couldn’t go to school some days from all the bruises. You’re the reason I nearly failed all of middle school. I needed special tutors...” Blah. Blah. Blah.

Alek: (*still hanging on, gradually getting angrier*) Yes, that’s right. I’m scarred for life because of you, you prat. More bruises than a bare-fisted boxer and emotional baggage for life! I couldn’t even **talk** for twelve years because of what you did. I didn’t have a *voice*. Tell me that’s not abuse.

Jude: (*mouth tightens*) I did not abuse you.

Alek: You did!

Jude: I did not abuse you, Aleksey. Even if you think I stepped outside the bounds I had *as your parent*, well... (*scowls*) I don’t have to explain myself to you!

Alek: That you even feel the need to shows you did something wrong!

(*enter the **Waitress**, dropping off the coffee as well as a piece of pie*)

Waitress: Can I get you something, sir?

Jude: No. We’ll call you if we need anything.

Waitress: (*looks at **Alek***) Hon?

Alek: (*takes a deep breath, is calmer*) No, thank you.

(*exit **Waitress***)

Alek: (*eyes flash to **Jude***) Well, *Dad*? What do you have to say to that?

Jude: You’re killing your father, you know.

Alek: WHAT?

Jude: (*continues as if he hadn’t spoken*) Here I am, uprooted out of my native country, chasing my wayward son halfway across the world-.

Alek: England is not-.

Jude: (*interrupts loudly*) Halfway across the world to talk about the same lies. I would never have hurt someone who loved me. Who I loved.

Alek: So what you're saying is that you didn't love me. Or that you didn't think I loved you.

Jude: Stop putting words in my mouth, boy.

Alek: You just said-.

Jude: I know what I just said. You never thought you were to blame for me being the kind of father I was?

Alek: An abuser? I was to blame for you beating me half to death?

Jude: I only asked that you do what I told you. You brought it all on yourself.

Alek: (*nearly misses the implied admission of guilt*) Do what you told me to-? Brought it on myself?? I *tried* to be a good son. I tried!! It wasn't good enough. It was never good enough.

Jude: You always were a disappointment.

Alek: Do you admit that you beat me or not?

Jude: (*points his finger threateningly*) Don't start this. Not in public. You don't want anything to happen any more than I do.

Alek: (*nearly hysterical*) I don't care! Just tell the truth! Just... (*deflates*) If you can admit it, then I can let it go.

Jude: Then let it go.

(*exit Jude, enter Waitress*)

Waitress: You okay, hon?

Alek: (*soft*) Maybe. After a while. Thanks for the coffee.

(*exit Alek, close on Waitress*)