

## Beautiful Boy

Setting: Cafe. Daytime. David waits alone for his son Nick, at a cafe they used to visit when Nick was a little boy. Nick is late, and it's unclear if he will even show. Finally Nick shows up to the cafe and comes to meet his dad.

DAVID: Hey! (David goes to Nick and gives him a hug. They sit at the booth, the same booth they used to sit when Nick was a kid.)

NICK: (Taking in the cafe) Oh wow, hasn't changed at all. This place.

DAVID: So how you doing?

NICK: I'm doing great. Um.... Just doing what needs to be done.

DAVID: What does that mean?

NICK: Just being responsible for myself and I've been on my own so. I've got 5 days sober now. I feel like I'm doing well but I just need um, I just need a few hundred bucks though.

DAVID: Nick I can't give you any money.

NICK: Yeah. Okay. It's just \$200 bucks. I need um, I just need to get my shit together. I want to go to New York.

DAVID: New York?

NICK: Yeah – I need to get out of San Francisco. There is too many – all these fucking bad vibes here all the time. Yeah, I just need a few hundred bucks.

DAVID: Why don't we just have lunch and talk. We can do that right?

NICK: Mm hmm. How is Karen and the kids?

DAVID: Okay. They ask about you. It's their step up next week and I know they would love -

NICK: Dad, you are guilt tripping me!

DAVID: No I'm not! I'm just saying -

NICK: I feel horrible about myself.

DAVID: I know they wanted you to be there, that's all.

NICK: I'm sorry dad. Um, I just need some fucking money. Alright? So please just give me some money.

DAVID: And then what? Where does this end?

NICK: I gotta see this through. This is kinda working out for me right now. I have 5 days sober.

DAVID: It doesn't look like it's working out Nick?

NICK: It doesn't look like it's working out? So what? Therapy?

DAVID: You can come home.

NICK: No!

DAVID: We can make it work. Please. Nick. Please. I've been doing some research -

NICK: Doing some fucking research. You got to be fucking kidding me dad!

DAVID: You think you have this under control. And I understand how scared you are.

NICK: I understand why I do this. It doesn't make me different. Alright! I'm attracted to craziness and you are just embarrassed because I was like, you know, this amazing thing, this special creation or something, and you don't like what I am now.

DAVID: Yeah well who are you Nick?

NICK: This is me dad. Here. This is how I am. You don't like what you see. You know, the more I think about it, mom should have gotten custody. Cuz you always gotta be fucking controlling everything all the time.

DAVID: You are allowed to be mad at me Nick. I've made mistakes I understand that. I wish I hadn't, but GOD, what you're saying right now doesn't make any sense.

NICK: You are doing this right... You are fucking controlling me right now!

DAVID: No, Nick, it's, not you. It's the drugs talking.

NICK: What does that even fucking mean?

DAVID: Psychological terror! It's what addicts do!

NICK: What the fuck are you doing now huh? What is this? What are you even doing? Oh man, Didn't want it to go like this. I gotta go Dad.

DAVID: Let me book you are room at a hotel -

NICK: No dad

DAVID: For a couple of nights -

NICK: No dad!!!!

DAVID: Why don't we just get some food?

NICK: Dad I should go.

DAVID: Can you say goodbye at least?

NICK: Bye Dad!