

## Five Easy Pieces

written by Carole Eastman & Bob Rafelson

**(Bobby pushes Nicholas's wheelchair along a path between fields of tall grasses and wildflowers. He stops and moves around to the front of the chair.)**

**Bobby:** Are you cold? **(he leans over to adjust the blanket covering Nicholas's legs and, hunkering down in front of him, glances around at the fields, searching for articulation)** I don't know if you'd be particularly interested in hearing anything about me. My life, I mean... Most of it doesn't add up to much... that I could relate as a way of life that you'd approve of... **(he pauses briefly, then)** I'd like to be able to tell you why, but I don't really... I mean, I move around a lot because things tend to get bad when I stay. And I'm looking... for auspicious beginnings, I guess... **(he breaks off again, resuming with evident difficulty)** I'm trying to, you know, imagine your half of this conversation... My feeling is, that if you could talk, we probably wouldn't be talking. That's pretty much how it got to be before... I left... **(another pause)** Are you all right? **(he searches his father's face, entreating him for some kind of answer, some sign of response, and seeing none)** I don't know what to say... **(he breaks down, barely able to utter the following)** Tita suggested that we try to... I don't know. I think that she... seems to feel we've got... some understanding to reach... She totally denies the fact that we were never that comfortable with each other to begin with... **(pauses, trying to gain control)** The best I can do, is apologize. **(he looks silently at his father for a moment)** We both know I was never really that good at it, anyway... **(then, bowing his head)** I'm sorry it didn't work out.