



**drama by george**

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# Coming Home

**Synopsis:** Chris comes home after curfew with alcohol on his breath. Stacy, his mother, is furious--until he confronts her with the reality of her own drinking habits at parties.

**Themes:** Parent/ teen conflicts, drinking, hypocrisy.

**Characters:** 1 teen male (Chris), 1 adult female (Stacy).

**Running Time:** 6 minutes.

**Staging Needs:** A living room with whatever scenery you like. Ideally, the lights should come on when Stacy flicks the switch. No special sound effects.

**Acting Difficulty:** Moderate to difficult.

**Tone:** Dramatic dialogue.

**Can It Stand Alone?:** No.

**Author's Comments:** It doesn't solve anything, but it can sure set up a lively discussion! It's virtually guaranteed that in a youth group of any size, you have some closet drinkers. Never mind the kids who are seeing all their friends do it and wondering, "What if?" Then there's the old "do as I say, not as I do" parenting approach . . . you can take this one in several directions.

**Performance Tips:** You don't need fireworks from your actors, but you do need realism. Chris and Stacy are both partly right in what they say--but also very, very wrong. Don't let Chris overplay his "tipsy-ness." His "three beers" story may not be the whole truth, but he isn't falling-down drunk. Remember that a person who's had too much booze is not trying to act drunk; he is trying to act sober. That's a big difference.

# Coming Home

*By George Halitzka*

(A dark stage. CHRIS unlocks the front door and enters. As he tries to quietly cross the stage, we get the idea that he's a little unsteady on his feet. Suddenly, a light snaps on. STACY, his mom, is standing at the switch in her bathrobe, arms crossed.)

CHRIS  
Mom . . .

STACY  
Where were you?

CHRIS  
You scared me.

STACY  
I've been waking up parents trying to find you.

CHRIS  
I said I'd be late--

STACY  
I said curfew is 1:00.

CHRIS  
Can we talk in the morning? It was just a party--

STACY  
Oh, I'm wide awake. I called Heather's Mom; her birthday's Saturday.

CHRIS  
No, another party. I told you before--

STACY  
Remind me. Where was this party?

CHRIS  
I don't know exactly--

STACY  
How did you get there?

CHRIS  
A ride. Can I go to bed now?

STACY  
Who gave you this ride?

CHRIS  
My friend.

STACY  
Which friend?

(No answer.)

I'll help. Was it Steve Meadows?

(A small, reluctant shrug.)

Plant your butt.

CHRIS  
(as he reluctantly sits)  
Never get to do anything around here--

STACY  
Do we need to talk about Steve again?

CHRIS  
No.

STACY  
He was arrested--

CHRIS  
Mom, will you--

STACY  
--For selling *marijuana*. His mother is never home--

CHRIS  
Some people have to *work*.

STACY  
I don't appreciate that, young man. Your Dad makes plenty--

CHRIS

Whoopity-doo; we're rich.

STACY

Steve is three years older than you. He's in school *half* the time--

CHRIS

I'm sixteen! You can't tell me who my friends are.

STACY

Watch me. If you had a little common sense--

CHRIS

(standing)

I'm going to bed.

STACY

No you're not--

CHRIS

Watch me.

STACY

Do you want to talk to Dad about the beer on your breath? He gets home tomorrow.

(Silence. CHRIS sits down.)

I can't believe *my son* came home drunk at 2:30 in the morning.

CHRIS

I'm not drunk, Mom--

STACY

What would you call it?

CHRIS

I had *one beer*. Just so people wouldn't think I'm weird.

STACY

And you staggered through my living room from "one beer."

CHRIS

I didn't stagger anywhere--

STACY  
Don't lie to me. How much did you drink?

CHRIS  
I don't know . . .

STACY  
Best guess.

CHRIS  
Maybe three beers.

STACY  
And?

CHRIS  
That's it! Some kids were doing shots, but I know that binge-drinking stuff is stupid. It gets you killed.

STACY  
And Steve, your "ride"? How much did he have?

CHRIS  
I don't know--

STACY  
You got in his car and you didn't even know--

CHRIS  
Wasn't my day to watch him.

STACY  
I can't believe this. Jenny never went drinking--

CHRIS  
Never get caught--

STACY  
Your sister was a responsible--

CHRIS  
You think those slumber parties were all chick flicks and facials?

STACY  
Don't bring Jenny into this!

CHRIS  
I didn't bring her up!

(A beat.)

STACY  
I'm too tired for this.

CHRIS  
Can I go to bed now?

STACY  
You're grounded.

CHRIS  
Whatever.

STACY  
No going out; no phone; no internet. School and home for a month.

CHRIS  
That's not fair!

STACY  
Wanna go for two?

CHRIS  
Fine. I'm going to bed.

STACY  
Don't cry to me with your hangover.

CHRIS  
Fine. Fine. Whatever, Mom.

STACY  
Good night.

CHRIS  
Just tell me why it's okay for you.

(A pause.)

STACY  
What?

CHRIS

You and Dad go to his Christmas party and come home sloshed--

STACY

I made a mistake--

CHRIS

So did I. I shoulda come in the window.

STACY

Two months; is that what you're going for?

CHRIS

Dad can drive home after jello shots--

STACY

How did you know that?

CHRIS

He was yelling it in the hall!

STACY

We're adults--

CHRIS

And you sure know how to hold your liquor!

STACY

This has nothing--

CHRIS

Do as I say, not--

STACY

I don't have anything to say to you.

CHRIS

Good.

STACY

Go to bed.

CHRIS

Love to.

STACY

Good night.

(CHRIS begins to exit. He is almost off the stage when STACY speaks.)

STACY (*cont'd*)

Chris?

(He turns.)

Make it a week.

CHRIS

Fine.

STACY

It was a mistake.

CHRIS

Whatever.

STACY

It was--a mistake.

(CHRIS exits. STACY sits down in a chair, deep in thought. Blackout.)

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