

# THE DESCENDANTS

(Two women version)

DAUGHTER: (on the phone)

I can't believe that. What?! Oh my god. uh huh. what'd she say?

MOTHER:

Alex? Can I talk to you for a minute?

DAUGHTER:

Uh huh, wait, what? No, she didn't say..

MOTHER:

Hey, I really need to talk to you.

DAUGHTER:

No she didn't say anything to me..uh huh haha, oh my god I can't believe..hey uh, yea I gotta go. okay i'll see you later. um.. what day does the pool guy come?

MOTHER:

He comes, you know, I don't know when he comes.

DAUGHTER:

Awesome.. Sids coming over.

MOTHER:

Who's Sid?

DAUGHTER:

A really good friend from Punahou; We were in school together for years.

MOTHER:

Okay.

DAUGHTER:

He wants to be here for me with all the shit happening.

MOTHER:

Do I know his parents?

DAUGHTER:

No. He might stay over too, is that cool?

MOTHER:

Hey... listen, no listen - listen to me. Your fathers not well.

DAUGHTER:

Well, obviously.

MOTHER:

No. they just told me he's not going to wake up. we know for sure now. The doctors are going to stop caring for him. Your father wanted it this way. he has this.. he has this will, see, that says that we have to do it this way -- we both do. You understand what i'm saying? That's why I got you. Honey, we're letting him go.

(sobbing)

MOTHER (CON" T):

Alex...

DAUGHTER:

What? what do you want?

MOTHER:

I just found out yesterday. We have to go through this thing together, you and Scottie and me. And I have to go around and tell people what's happening, family and a few close friends. Sometimes I'm going to need you to come with me. Sometimes I'll need you to watch Scottie.

DAUGHTER:

You want me to go around with you and tell people that dad's going to die? What's the point of that? Breaking the news, watching them cry, dealing with their emotions? How depressing is that going to be? Just call them.

MOTHER:

Alex, nobody wants to do any of this. But we have to tell your Grandpa and Tutu and a few friends. They have the right to know and the right to say good-bye.

DAUGHTER:

I don't want to talk about dad with anyone.

MOTHER:

Look, whatever you two fought about over Christmas, you have to drop it. Grow up. You love your father, your father loves you.

DAUGHTER:

I can't drop it.

MOTHER:

You have to.

DAUGHTER:

You really don't have a clue, do you?

A brief pause

DAUGHTER (CON'T):

Mom, mom, dad was cheating on you. That is what we fought about. When I was home at Christmas, I caught him with a girl. It made me sick to see him near you. I went back to school thinking that that was it -- that I was just done with him. I was going to call and tell you everything. And then the accident happened, and (her voice breaking) I was waiting till he woke up, I guess. You didn't even suspect, right ... right? It disgusted me, too. You're always so busy.

MOTHER:

Caught him with a girl -- what does that mean?

DAUGHTER:

I was on my way to swim in the black point pool with Brandy, and suddenly I see dad and some bimbo walking into a house. Her house, I guess.

MOTHER:

Some girl -- it could be anybody.

DAUGHTER:

And he had his hand on her ass. It was gross.

MOTHER:

Then what?

DAUGHTER:

Then nothing... they went into the house. A few days later I told him I knew what he was doing.

MOTHER:  
And?

DAUGHTER:  
And at first he acted like he had no idea what I was talking about... like I'm fucking blind. And then he got, like, super mad and yelled and denied it. That was when I decided that I didn't want anything more to do with him.

MOTHER:  
Who is she?

DAUGHTER:  
I don't know... some girl.

MOTHER:  
What's she look like?

DAUGHTER:  
Dark hair.

MOTHER:  
Watch your sister.

(Mother leaves)