

Mother
Side

SCENE TWO

The kitchen. Mother is fixing a peanut butter and banana sandwich with a large knife. She puts it into a lunchbox on the table. Wallace runs in.

WALLACE. I'm going to miss the bus. Is my lunch ready?
MOTHER. All set. (Wallace grabs the lunchbox and kisses Mother on the cheek.)

WALLACE. Bye, Mommy.
MOTHER. Bye, Wallace.

WALLACE. (To the audience.) I love the second grade! MOTHER. Don't shout, Wallace. (Wallace runs out. Mother watches after him. She writes a note on a slip of paper and puts it on the table. She takes off her turtleneck shirt, so she is in her brassiere. She sits her throat with the large knife. She falls to the floor. Pause. Wallace runs in.)

WALLACE. Mommy, I'm home! (Wallace sees Mother on the floor. He picks up the note.) "Generate the parasite."

SCENE THREE

Wallace's bedroom. Wallace is laying on his bed. Grandmother walks in, holding a gift and a photograph.

GRANDMOTHER. Here you are. Your teacher gave me this gift for you.

WALLACE. It's not my birthday.

GRANDMOTHER. Well, something bad happened to you. When something bad happens, you get gifts to make you feel better.

WALLACE. Why do I get gifts on my birthday?

GRANDMOTHER. Well, because you're a year older.

WALLACE. Being a year older isn't bad.

GRANDMOTHER. It adds up. Open your gift. (Wallace opens his gift.)

WALLACE. Peanut brittle.

GRANDMOTHER. Isn't that lovely—

WALLACE. I hate peanut brittle.

GRANDMOTHER. So do I. Don't forget to send your teacher a thank you note.

WALLACE. Why should I send her something? I see her every day.

GRANDMOTHER. So give her a thank you note.

WALLACE. But I hate peanut brittle.

GRANDMOTHER. So throw the peanut brittle at her during the pledge of allegiance. Just give her something in return for her gift. It's good manners.

WALLACE. Okay.

GRANDMOTHER. She's a very pretty woman.

WALLACE. I guess so.

GRANDMOTHER. Why aren't you downstairs?

WALLACE. Too many people. Why'd they all come back home with us?

GRANDMOTHER. I don't know. They didn't get enough grief out, maybe.

WALLACE. I think they just like free food.

GRANDMOTHER. You're probably right. They're all bunched together like a big black cloud of perfume and cologne munching on little corned beef sandwiches. Horrible.

WALLACE. What's that?

GRANDMOTHER. What's this?

WALLACE. Yeah.

GRANDMOTHER. Oh, it's a photograph of your mother. The last one, as far as I know. Your father took it six days ago. I wanted to have it.

WALLACE. I wish Mommy would come back.

GRANDMOTHER. I know, Wallace, but for whatever reasons, she wanted to go—

WALLACE. She didn't want to.

GRANDMOTHER. What? Wallace—

WALLACE. I know she didn't want to. Grandma, I know. A pirate came in while I was at school and tore her open. He took everything inside of her and put it in his sack and escaped through the kitchen door. She didn't want to go, Grandma. And if I was here—it pretended I was sick and stayed home—I could have saved her—

GRANDMOTHER. No. You couldn't have. Don't think