

# ISAAC / MAX

~~PAIGE: *Waaaa!*~~

ISAAC: I want to make dinner.

PAIGE: It'll be more fun if you come.

ISAAC: Mama, I just got here. Between the house and Dad and Max and the Mona Lisa and hirstory . . . I'm a little tired. I'd like to stay. Okay? For me?

[*A slight pause.*]

PAIGE [*a little desperate*]: You can sleep in the car.

ISAAC: Mama.

[*A slightly longer pause.*]

PAIGE [*a deal*]: You catch up on sleep. Get adjusted. We'll go next Saturday. All three of us.

ISAAC [*not meaning it*]: Fine.

PAIGE [*getting ready to leave*]: Max, I am cooling down the car and then we are going.

[*PAIGE touches ISAAC's face, in a motherly way. He flinches a little.*]

[*With actual concern*] Sometimes you spend an entire lifetime preparing for something to be one way and right from the start it's another.

ISAAC [*not really understanding her*]: I guess.

[*A pause.*]

~~PAIGE: *Don't care for him. Make him drink his shaky shake, do the minimum and let him sleep. It's all he deserves. He has not earned the right to be cared for. Max, replace that wife-abuser shirt. I am cooling down the car, and then we are going.*~~

[*MAX goes to his bedroom to change his shirt.*]

And honey, join the military, be promiscuous, and get an addiction to under-the-counter cleaning products, but when you are in this house, you will not use those products to clean. Understood?

ISAAC: Sure.

PAIGE: No, Isaac. I mean absolutely no cleaning. Deal?

ISAAC: Yeah.

[*PAIGE exits. There is a moment. ISAAC finds the Crisco and a rag and starts cleaning around his face thoroughly during the following scene.*]

## ↓ START

MAX [*entering*]: If you want to get on the Internet you can use my computer.

ISAAC: Cool.

MAX [*getting his laptop*]: I cleared the history on it so you can't see how much porn I watch.

ISAAC: Thanks.

MAX: Paige thinks I jerk off all the time because I'm on hormones but it's just 'cause I'm a teenager.

[*ISAAC isn't paying attention to MAX.*]

Or maybe it's both. I don't know.

[ISAAC's still not paying attention to hir.]

It's weird not knowing. But kind of cool.

[ISAAC's still not paying attention.]

[Getting in ISAAC's face to amuse him] I mean, the horror and pleasure of the world is that it's usually both, right?

ISAAC: I don't really want to talk about your masturbation habits.

MAX [disappointed]: Okay. [Slight pause] The password for the computer is your name. [Slight pause, then standing on a pile of clothes] And you have to stand up here to get the best reception 'cause we have to pirate the neighbor's Wi-Fi.

ISAAC [meaning, "that's pathetic"]: Really?

MAX: I don't know. Shit gets expensive.

ISAAC: Dad doesn't get some kind of disability?

MAX: Paige didn't want to fill out the paperwork.

ISAAC: Jesus fucking hell.

MAX: She thinks that's what he gets for hating on socialism all the time. Besides, we don't do financial responsibility anymore.

ISAAC: Well, that's gonna change.

MAX: When you get a job.

ISAAC: Yes.

MAX: Like last time.

ISAAC: I have experience now.

MAX: You were dishonorably discharged.

ISAAC: I can get something.

MAX [teasing]: So you can spend your salary on drugs?

ISAAC: It's not that expensive.

MAX: I know.

ISAAC: What, you have a bunch of meth-head friends so you know everything?

MAX: I Googled it.

ISAAC [an actual apology]: Sorry.

MAX: I don't have friends. I mean I do, kinda, but, can you count people you've never met in person as friends? I mean, I guess I think you can, but people should be confronted with physicality as ritual before—

ISAAC: You should have friends. Actual friends.

MAX: It's not that easy.

ISAAC: Find a stranger, ask a question, listen to the answer, then ask a follow-up question.

MAX: That's a really problematic way of reducing the issue.

ISAAC: It's not that hard.

MAX: There is literally, not figuratively, but *literally* nobody in a hundred-mile radius that is like me.

ISAAC: I'm just saying—

MAX: I don't need you to protect me anymore.

[Slight pause.]

ISAAC: Okay?

[*Slight pause.*]

MAX: I talk to these guys on the Internet that live in a place called Wolf Creek. It's like a commune but for anarchist queers, so way cooler. It's a five-hour drive away but Paige won't let me go alone and it's not really the kind of place you want to go with your mother so—

ISAAC: You want me to take you?

MAX: Oh god no. Ha. I'm sorry. No. No. I just. No. Ha. No.

ISAAC: Okay!

MAX: I just mean, I don't think they'd appreciate me bringing my straight Marine brother. Or they would. But not for real reasons, more for, sexual-predator-humor reasons, or . . . I don't know.

ISAAC: It's fine.

MAX: I just mean, you'd mess up the safe space.

ISAAC: ?

MAX: The whole point is that it's a place made so people don't have to deal with things that are problematic.

ISAAC: I'm . . . problematic?

MAX: Yeah. You are. A little. It's not your fault. It's just, or maybe it is your fault but it's not really about you. [*Slight pause*] Are you mad at me?

ISAAC: I don't have to stay. I could just drop you off for a bit.

MAX: Really?

ISAAC: I guess.

MAX: I'm sorry. It's just, it's okay that you don't belong everywhere, right? I mean, the world is made for people like you.

ISAAC: If you say so.

[*Slight pause.*]

MAX: I don't know if I'm ready to go yet anyway. To Wolf Creek. I mean, I kinda can't wait. To go. I think about it all the time. But I'm not sure I have the skill set yet, you know?

ISAAC: No.

MAX: I mean, how can you belong somewhere if you've grown up in a place where you never belong. But, there is literally nobody here I'd even want to be friends with so—

ISAAC: I'm here.

MAX: It's kinda not the same thing.

~~ARNOLD: I'm Wearing Dress.~~

ISAAC: You made a sentence.

MAX: He talks more when Paige isn't around.

ISAAC: Is he a vegetable?

MAX: I dunno, more like an old person.

ARNOLD: Dress.

ISAAC: You want it off?

ARNOLD [*ambiguous about it*]: Emm?

ISAAC [*to ARNOLD, getting him to put his hands up so he can take his nightgown off and then putting a button-down flannel on him throughout the following scene*]: Up.

You really leave him here all day?

~~MAX: He just likes me.~~

~~MAX: It's not right.~~

MAX: She wants him to be humiliated.

ISAAC [*meaning, "you can't humiliate invalids"*]: He's an invalid.

MAX: She feeds him this mush so it gets all over his face and she won't wipe it off. It just hangs there. It gets all crusty. And he has to wear diapers. But she won't wash him properly. She makes him stand in the backyard and she hoses him down.

ISAAC: You can't let her do that.

MAX: Fuck him. It's called karma. Watch this.

[*To ARNOLD*] Arnold!

[*MAX points at ARNOLD's chest, like he has something on it, ARNOLD looks down, and MAX brings his finger up ARNOLD's face.*]

Arnold look.

[*MAX does it again and ARNOLD falls for it again.*]

Hey Arnold.

[*MAX does it again and ARNOLD falls for it yet again.*]

Arnie.

[*Again.*]

Hey.

[*Again.*]

~~Watch.~~

~~[*Again.*]~~

[*Doing it over and over while ze says the following*] I could literally do this all day and he'll never—

ISAAC [*grabbing MAX's hand a bit more forcefully then necessary*]: Stop.

MAX: Ow.

[*ISAAC lets MAX's hand go and walks away from hir.*]

[*Deflecting by changing the subject*] Your brain is exploding right now.

ISAAC: You should have written to say what was happening.

MAX: You didn't write me.

ISAAC: I don't do that kind of thing. You do that kind of thing and you didn't.

MAX: I'm allowed to be selfish 'cause I'm in transition.

ISAAC [*with regard to changing hir gender*]: She put you up to this.

MAX: Oh fuck off.

ISAAC: I just think she might have pressured you to change yourself in ways you might not be aware of.

MAX: I know what you think but that's just because Paige likes to appropriate my experience so it doesn't feel like it's my experience. She's not homeschooling me, I'm homeschooling her, and it's fucking exhausting. It's fucking exhausting teaching people.

~~MAX [feeling from outside]: MAAAAAAAX!~~

~~MAX [feeling back]: I AM TEACHING MY BROTHER!~~

[To ISAAC] Just . . . catch up. The world is going forward. There's no time to be worried about gender. Gender isn't radical. It's not even progressive. It's an everyday occurrence.

ISAAC: I barely recognize you.

MAX: I look the same, just hairy!

ISAAC [*laughing*]: That is so disgusting.

~~ARNOLD [*no-if-saying-any-random-word-like "chair," or "dish," etc.*].~~  
Sgusting.

[MAX violently acts like ze is going to punch ARNOLD. ARNOLD cowers.]

ISAAC: Hey!

MAX [to ARNOLD]: Idiot.

[Slight pause]

I better go.

ISAAC: I didn't puke 'cause of how you look.

MAX: Whatever.

ISAAC: I just throw up. Everybody vomits in Mortuary Affairs. It's what we get instead of medals.

PAIGE [*off-stage*]: MAAAAAAAAAAAX.

[*silence*]

MAX: Gotta go. Paige wants to act like she's teaching me how to save the world. She's serious about not cleaning. Just so you know. I picked up a sock one time and she grounded me for a week.

ISAAC: It's not healthy.

MAX: Nothing new there. Now it just looks that way. [*Slight pause*]  
You sure you don't wanna come?

END ↑

~~[A pause meaning no.]~~

[MAX starts to exit, makes a cartoon-like "you're-an-idiot" face at ARNOLD. ARNOLD flinches. MAX exits. ISAAC looks out the window. The car drives off. ISAAC looks at the kitchen.]

[A long pause as ISAAC looks at ARNOLD and ARNOLD looks away. ARNOLD shivers. ISAAC turns the air-conditioning off and looks down at his hands, which have makeup all over them.]

ISAAC [to ARNOLD]: You're all over me.

ARNOLD: Don't. Like. Her.

ISAAC: Max?

ARNOLD: Err.

ISAAC: Mom?

ARNOLD [*an affirmation*]: Mmh.

ISAAC: Paige. You know her name. You can say it. Paige. One after another after another.

ARNOLD: Another.

ISAAC: Yeah.

ARNOLD: Tired.

ISAAC: Drink your shake and you can go to bed.

[ARNOLD doesn't drink the shake. Instead he holds his penis.]

~~You don't want the shake?~~