

# ISAAC / PAIGE

~~PAIGE: Don't you tell me what I know enough to do! I'm sorry, if they are allowed to, I should be allowed to!" | People who believe Adam and Eve populated the planet are allowed to homeschool.~~

ISAAC: Everybody has problems at school. Problems are normal.

PAIGE: They let people homeschool who aren't sophisticated enough to understand metaphor.

ISAAC: If you needed help you should have told me, but you can't just take Max out of school.

PAIGE: I'm all about the metaphor now.

ISAAC: She's the smart one. You're gonna ruin that.

PAIGE: Don't you tell me what I am and am not qualified to do.

ISAAC: You can't do stuff like that. You can't dress people up in clown outfits and let the house go to seed. You said Dad had a *little* stroke but that he was okay. Look at him. That is not okay. **WHIAT IS HAPPENING!?!**

PAIGE [*slight pause*]: You're not supposed to tell people who go to the wars about local adversity. Lots of things have happened, I, that we haven't told you. A refugee woman down the street got hit by a car. Should I have sent a tweet? She was running after her dog.

[*During the following* PAIGE turns on the blender. ISAAC tries to keep it together as the noise gives him a little PTSD reaction.]

[*Speaking loudly over the sound of the blender*] SHE CAME HERE TO ESCAPE BIG THINGS. SHE EXPECTED TO BE BLOWN UP, MUTILATED, OR EATEN BY A STOMACH WORM, BUT TO BE HIT BY A CAR? RUNNING AFTER HER DOG IN THE GOOD OLD U.S. OF A.? AFTER ALL THAT MISERY, YOU'D THINK SHE'D LEARN TO PRIORITIZE HERSELF OVER HER ~~STUPID ASS.~~

~~[*PAIGE pukes in the sink*]~~

[*Turning off the blender and with actual concern*] What's wrong?

ISAAC [*his head in the sink*]: I'm fine.

[*PAIGE turns on the blender. ISAAC starts puking. PAIGE turns off the blender.*]

PAIGE: Is it the blender?

ISAAC: No.

[*PAIGE turns on the blender. ISAAC starts to puke again. PAIGE turns off the blender.*]

PAIGE: I think it's the blender.

ISAAC: I'm fine.

[*PAIGE turns the blender on. ISAAC starts puking and PAIGE turns the blender off. ISAAC stops puking. Slight pause. She turns it on and ISAAC starts puking. She turns it off. He stops. On: puke. Off: no puke. On: puke. Off: no puke. Pause. On: ISAAC yanks the blender out of the socket.*]

~~[*Pause. PAIGE puts her hand on his head. He shakes her off. Pause.*]~~

↓ **START**

PAIGE: Are you going to apologize for being late?

ISAAC: Said seven.

PAIGE [*correcting ISAAC's speech*]: Who said seven?

ISAAC: You said get here by seven. I'm here. It's seven.

PAIGE: I said I wanted to be on the road by seven.

ISAAC: Some people get parades and banners and I come home to this?

PAIGE [*a sincere question*]: You wanted a banner?

ISAAC: Yes. Three years away from home, in a war zone, I want to have a banner and cookies and a clean home and a father who isn't dressed up like some crazy tranny clown.

PAIGE: Don't say that word.

ISAAC: Clown?

PAIGE: Tranny. [*Obviously quoting someone*] "Only people who want to be reality TV stars say that word." [*Showing two sets of shoes*] How are the shoes?

ISAAC: Fine.

PAIGE: You can't let me know which ones you prefer?

ISAAC: They're both fine.

PAIGE: Yes, but who ever wanted to be fine? Whoever wanted to be a C student? [*Excited to share this new information*] You become a C student and you live a C life, Isaac.

ISAAC: The black ones.

PAIGE: Thank you.

[*She's about to put on the black shoes but then considers it might be sabotage and puts the light blue ones on to show him.*]

What's the situation?

ISAAC: You look . . . fine.

[*Slight pause.*]

PAIGE [*calling down the hallway*]: MAAAAAAX! WE ARE LEAVING  
IN TWO MINUTES.

ISAAC: Dad can't leave the house like that.

PAIGE [*surprised that ISAAC would think she'd take ARNOLD*]: He's not going. I've become a little more eccentric since last you saw me but I'm not insane.

ISAAC: Who's gonna take care of him?

PAIGE: Gonna? Gonna!

ISAAC: Who is going to look after him while we are supposed to be gone?

PAIGE: Nobody. Same as when we go to work. Plop him on the couch, lock the door, and he's there when we get back.

ISAAC: You leave him alone?

PAIGE: Yes.

ISAAC: All day.

PAIGE: I'm doing things. I'm not missing being part of the world to hang out with your father.

ISAAC: Dad is part of the world.

PAIGE [*as if smelling rotten milk*]: Ew.

ISAAC: Mother—

PAIGE [*slight pause*]: I discovered the most amazing thing, I. It used to be you could be a mediocre straight white man and be guaranteed a certain amount of success. But now you actually have to improve yourself. Because now . . . [*in a mock horror movie trailer voice-over voice*] The darkies have come. And the spics. And the queers. And those backstabbing bitches waiting to get at the mediocre straight white man the minute it becomes known he is barely lifting a finger but thinking he is lifting the world.

[Back to her normal voice] And when you left us, and I'm not blaming you for that— [kind of blaming him] God knows I'm not blaming you for leaving—

ISAAC: We couldn't afford college and I couldn't get a job.

PAIGE: But when you left us, it got much worse. Your father, furious over his waning privilege, also lost a third of his family to take his fury out on. But it had to go somewhere, right? It was frothing up inside of him. He started to get a constant white saliva stuck to the corners of his mouth. Pieces of his vitriol would spray all over his customers, who started calling in complaints about the racist plumber with the saliva who was sent to them by their trusted Roto-Rooter. He lost his job, I. He lost his job of thirty-three years to a Chinese American woman. A plumber who is a Chinese American woman. It was fantastic. But bereft of you and his customers to spray his red-faced spittle on, he doubled down on Max and me. Three times I had to take Max to the emergency room. Three times, Isaac. But, the incredible thing is, little tomboy Maxine wouldn't let her father stop her trajectory, so she gets herself some testosterone on the World Wide Web and starts to enlarge her clitoris.

ISAAC [an exclamation as if to say, "What the fuck?"]: OH!

PAIGE: You don't like that word, "clitoris"?

ISAAC: OH!

PAIGE: I didn't used to like it either. But now I love it. It's a great word. Clitoris.

ISAAC: Stop that.

PAIGE [sung]: Clitoris!

ISAAC: AHHHHH—

PAIGE: Don't be like your father. That's the kind of word that sent him over the edge. That *and* that his wife, seeing agency in her child,

seeing Max change . . . After years of mollifying my own strength in fear of [indicating ARNOLD] him, I started to change myself. I got myself a JOB! Working at a NOT-FOR-PROFIT! "That fucking whore." That's what he called me for abandoning him to his jobless private sector. He couldn't handle the pressure of actually having to change to keep up, so about a year ago, blood decided it wouldn't go to his brain and he had a little stroke.

ISAAC: He's been this way for a year?

PAIGE: So?

ISAAC: On the phone you acted like it just happened.

PAIGE: You re-up twice and then don't talk to us for a year and I'm the unreasonable one?

ISAAC: I was in a fucking war zone.

PAIGE: LANGUAGE!

ISAAC [looking at ARNOLD with something like pity]: You should have told me.

PAIGE: Don't you pity him. Those who knew him, know of his cruelty, we will *not* rewrite his history with pity.

[A pause as PAIGE stares at ISAAC.]

I should show you your bed.

ISAAC: I remember where my—

PAIGE: Things change.

ISAAC: Clearly.

PAIGE: Max's old room is my craft room, your old room is now Max's, but Monsieur Couch will be happy to have you home.

ISAAC: You can't just . . . it's my room. I've been dreaming about sleeping in my room.

PAIGE: Well, adjust. Max was *enlarging*, and needed more space. [Cited to share this information] Ze is becoming, an innovator in gender.

ISAAC: ?

PAIGE: Your sister is not your sister.

ISAAC: ?

PAIGE: Ze has become the new. A revolutionary.

ISAAC: TALK PLAINLY!

PAIGE: Isn't your generation supposed to be quick about these sorts of things?

ISAAC: Max is a . . .

PAIGE [sings]: *Transsexual.*

**↑ END**

[PAIGE reaches to the sink and pinches]

[Calling down the hallway] MAAAAAAAAAAX!

MAX [calling from hir bedroom]: I'M TAKING MY SHOT!

PAIGE: Oh god.

[Calling down the hallway] HONEY, WE'LL BE IN A CAR FOR THREE HOURS, MAYBE NOW IS NOT THE BEST TIME TO PUMP YOURSELF UP.

[To ISAAC] Max is on the mones.

ISAAC: Mones?

PAIGE: Hormones. That's what they call them. Your mother is hip. She knows the thing. Don't they teach you anything in the M.I.N.I.?!

~~PAIGE: She is a he?~~

PAIGE: I credit the Cheetos. How could we feed our children fluorescent food and not expect a little gender confluence? You have a brother now. No! Not a brother. You have a *something*.

[Calling down the hallway] MAAAAAAAAAAX COME IN HERE AND EXPLAIN YOUR AMBIGUITY TO YOUR BROTHER.

[To ISAAC] Isaac, stay with me. What you think you know, you do not know. There are no longer two genders. No longer simply a Y and X chromosome but an alphabet of genders. They call it the LGBTQQQIAA community. Or what I call the gender of [pronouncing LGBTQQQIAA as if it were a word] Lugabutttsqueeah.

ARNOLD: Lugabutttsqueeah.

PAIGE: In these new genders, exist new pronouns. Max is no longer a she or a he. So you call Max "ze." You must use "ze" instead of the pronouns "he" or "she" and you must use the pronoun [pronounced "here"] "hir," H.I.R., in place of the pronouns "her" or "him." Max gets very upset if you refer to hir as a she, he, her, or him. Ze wants you to refer to hir as a hir or ze. Ze also gets upset when you emphasize the "ze" as if commenting on the pronoun when speaking to hir. For example if you were to say, "What is ZE doing today?" ze will not like that. Ze, understandably, is not to be treated as a sideshow oddity. Ze wants you to say "ze" or "hir" as if this had been part of your regular speaking vocabulary your entire life. Any breach in decorum will cause hir to write in hir blog about how awful hir troglodyte fascist heteronormative mother is. It's fantastic.

ISAAC: I'm confused.

ARNOLD: Lugabutttsqueeah.

PAIGE: Max is the root of who we are. Truly. The root of who we are and the ~~cup of the new. There has never been any such thing~~