

Michael Isn't Yours

a short play by
Peter M. Floyd

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CAST OF CHARACTERS:

STEPH
BILL
GEORGE

Scene: A small living room, present day

A small living room or den. A sofa and a few chairs. A TV set sits at stage front facing upstage. BILL and STEPH sit on the couch watching the TV. (The TV can be implied via lights shining on the two as they watch.) On the coffee table in front of them are a few bags of chips. BILL nurses a beer, while STEPH sips a glass of white wine. They are both in their mid-forties.

After the lights come up, there is a beat, and then:

STEPH

Michael isn't yours.

BILL (*absently*)

What?

STEPH

Michael. He's not your son.

BILL

What are you talking about? Of course he's my son.

STEPH

No. Can we watch something else? Trebeck gets on my nerves.

BILL

Is that some sort of weird joke? "Michael isn't my son?"

STEPH

He's not. He's George's.

BILL

What? No. You're fucking around, aren't you?

STEPH

It's just that, now that Michael's headed off to school, I thought I should tell you the truth. I've been meaning to tell you for years now, but the time never seemed right.

BILL

So, this is the right time? When we're sitting here watching "Jeopardy"?

STEPH

I did ask to change the channel.

BILL

How can you say that George is Michael's father? It can't... I mean, you *couldn't* have!

STEPH

Of course, I could have! Be reasonable, Bill.

BILL

You... slut!

STEPH

I *knew* you'd get upset.

BILL

Well, yeah! I think I've got a pretty good right to be upset. My God! Are you and George still... you know?

STEPH

No, no, not at all. (*Beat.*) Well, not on any kind of regular basis, anyway.

BILL (*stands up, and walks away*)

Oh, that's it. I'm out the door. You can't pull this kind of shit on me.

STEPH

Just listen to yourself. Can't you tell how irrational you're being?

BILL

Oh, *I'm* irrational! That's pretty fucking rich, coming from you. Jesus, Michael, Michael... (*He opens his wallet, and pulls out a photograph.*) Look at this; I've carried this picture in my wallet for almost twenty years. I taught this kid how to throw a football, how to ice skate, shit, I

taught him how to be a man! And you're telling me that all this time I've been nurturing another man's son?

STEPH

"Nurturing"? Oh, please. He hardly ever sees you.

BILL

Hey, whaddya want? That's my job, I go places, I give seminars. You think I like spending half my life in some other time zone?

STEPH

Well, I don't like it. I have needs, you know. What am I supposed to do when you're not around? I have to seek my pleasures elsewhere.

BILL

Really? You do, huh? You know, all these business trips I go on, I meet a lot of attractive women, real friendly women. If I'd have wanted to, I could have had twenty affairs a year. But I don't. You know why? I picture you and I think, she's enough. I don't need any more. I *thought* you felt the same.

STEPH

Well, you shouldn't have assumed that. You never said that to me. Look, to be frank, I wouldn't have blamed you if you *had* had twenty affairs a year. You should do what makes me happy.

BILL

Being with you makes me happy.

STEPH

Being with *you* makes *me* happy. But sometimes I'm with someone else, and that makes me happy, too.

BILL

You don't mean that.

STEPH

I do.

FOR FULL SCRIPT, CONTACT PMFLOYD01@GMAIL.COM