

## The Characters

Harold the Younger	20. Student. Afraid.
Harold the Older	36. Librarian. Afraid.
The Demon	31. Demon. A very still slacker attitude. Afraid? Of Harold? Please.
The Mother of His Child	20. Student. Smart, slightly awkward.
The Daughter of the Mother of His Child	16. Daddy's girl.

## Note on the Harolds

Both the Harolds are incredibly morose when not dealing with the female characters. When the women are involved, they put on an almost psychotically happy face. The changes between these two personas happen VERY quickly. They are ALWAYS afraid of the Demon when he appears, whether they are in the scene with him or not.

## Set

Sparse. Two chairs next to each other center stage. Move as needed.

## Time

Scenes with Harold the Older are turn of the century. Harold the Younger's scenes are set in the mid-80s.

## Costumes

Harold the Younger's clothes and those of The Mother of His Child should be humorous retro-80s fair. Harold the Older dresses like a librarian trying to avoid notice. The Daughter of the Mother of His Child should wear lots of friendly pastels. The Demon wears black and has small horns on his forehead.

*In the darkness, ominous music plays. A spotlight rises center stage on the YOUNGER and OLDER seated in the two chairs center stage. The YOUNGER rises.*

THE YOUNGER

I am the real Harold Shívvers.

*The OLDER rises.*

THE OLDER

I am the **real** Harold Shívvers.

THE YOUNGER

I was caught beating a lame squirrel to death with a rock when I was five.

THE OLDER

I was caught beating a lame squirrel to death with a rock when I was five.  
(*pause*) How could he claim to be the definitive ME? He's simply a stepping stone to what I have become.

THE YOUNGER

How could **he** claim to be the real me? It's not like there's been any growth. He is simply what has become of my remains.

*The DEMON walks into the spotlight and looks at them. They both tense up, and look straight forward at the audience. The DEMON turns to the audience.*

DEMON

I am the real Harold Shívvers.

*They stand in stillness for a moment... another moment... the DEMON suddenly makes a tiny lunge at the HAROLDS. They both scream like little girls and cower.*

DEMON

Harold Shívvers was caught beating a lame squirrel to death with a rock when he was five. A... LAME... squirrel. (*pause*) It was my birthday.

*The DEMON walks off stage. The lights rise on the rest of the stage. The two HAROLDS tentatively come forward, watching for the DEMON. They then speak to the audience, only occasionally interacting.*

THE YOUNGER

Have you ever been caught doing something you couldn't explain? "Why'd I do it? Um..."

THE OLDER

It's something that mostly happens to small children. No rational thought equals no explanation.

THE YOUNGER

It wasn't even family that caught me. It was a teenager. A girl. Very pretty.

THE OLDER

Very pretty. Beautiful. *(to the YOUNGER)* We'll never forget her.

THE YOUNGER

*(responding)* Good to know. That's great. *(back to audience)* It was in our backyard, but we were right next to a large park we called the Plantation. It was huge.

THE OLDER

Very large, very wide open. A big hill running down the middle of it, open on one side for sledding in winter...

THE YOUNGER

...a giant wooded area on the back of it...

THE OLDER

... with caves and leaf-covered trails...

THE YOUNGER

*(dismissively)* Beneath it was a bunch of trails through gardens or something—

THE OLDER

But who gives a crap about botany when they're five?

*They both share a macabre laugh, then resume frowning and speak to the audience again.*

THE YOUNGER

The squirrel was limping along the imaginary line between my yard and the Plantation. But because I was five, I didn't understand that people could see through my imaginary line. One thing I still don't get... how the hell did a squirrel break its leg? A squirrel. Think about it! It would be hard.

THE OLDER

*(to YOUNGER)* I've actually figured it out.

THE YOUNGER

Really?

THE OLDER

God broke its leg to test us. And we failed. And that's why this has been our life.

*The two regard each other sadly, then turn back to the audience.*

THE YOUNGER

And the squirrel's helplessness was like euphoria to me. I could argue that I did to put it out of its misery...

THE OLDER

...I didn't...

THE YOUNGER

...or that I was too young to know what I was doing...

THE OLDER

I wasn't.

THE YOUNGER

But really, I just wanted to end its life.

THE OLDER

Yeah, I really did.

THE YOUNGER

I know it was wrong.

THE OLDER

I do.

*The DEMON pokes his head in and shouts angrily at them.*

DEMON

Get to the point. Show them the good stuff. Bring on the girls!

THE YOUNGER

*(obediently, to audience)* College. My dorm room.

*The DEMON exits. The YOUNGER rearranges the chairs into a couch and straightens up as the OLDER speaks.*

THE OLDER

The place was your usual cliché college pad, complete with piles of empty beer cases and furniture made from milk crates... look at me clean... Jesus. I'd managed to get my own place, no roommates, which was good. Gave me privacy. People weren't invited in. We'd have nice chats at my doorway, but I would leave them standing there while I got whatever they were looking to borrow and never give back. It changed when I met her. She was willing to have sex with me, and not dig too deep. She could come in.

*The MOTHER enters and gives him a peck on the mouth, which he tries not to flinch from. The OLDER steps back watches the scene.*

MOTHER OF HIS DAUGHTER

Susan's cancelled, so it's just you and me tonight.

THE YOUNGER

So what should I wear?

MOTHER OF HIS DAUGHTER

Whatever.

THE YOUNGER

I mean, is there a dress code or anything?

MOTHER OF HIS DAUGHTER

Harry, it's just a recital.

THE YOUNGER

Right. Of course. Tie, you think?

MOTHER OF HIS DAUGHTER

Sure.

THE YOUNGER

What are you going to wear?

MOTHER OF HIS DAUGHTER

Clothes.

THE YOUNGER

You're not going to help me out at all here, are you?

MOTHER OF HIS DAUGHTER

No, Harry. Wardrobe is a road you must walk alone.

THE YOUNGER

For better or worse.

MOTHER OF HIS DAUGHTER

That's how life is. *(pause)* Will you relax a little when you get there?

THE YOUNGER

Oh sure. Unless I've made some horrible mistake in my attire...

MOTHER OF HIS DAUGHTER

Hem. All right. Wear your blue shirt, and that sexy sexy paisley tie. Grey slacks. I'll wear something summery and hot and make you look very good.

THE YOUNGER

You're walking that lonely wardrobe road with me. I'm relaxing already. I'm sorry, I'm so rude, can I get you anything to drink? I've got water, diet coke, diet 7-Up, some orange juice... it's probably a little questionable. Scratch that, I'm not serving you my nasty old orange juice.

MOTHER OF HIS DAUGHTER

Do you have a beer?

THE YOUNGER

Um... are you a narc?

MOTHER OF HIS DAUGHTER

Damn you, Harry, I'm not a narc. And beer is not a narcotic.

THE YOUNGER

Okay then. Let me get you that beer.

*The YOUNGER walks offstage. The MOTHER looks after him questioningly.*

MOTHER OF HIS DAUGHTER

Where are you going?

*The YOUNGER reenters, opening a beer bottle.*

THE YOUNGER

I keep it in the back of the toilet. The RAs in this place are crazy. They do surprise inspections of our refrigerators. They act like they're coming by to say hi, but invariably they say "Can I get a drink? Thanks." And they're in the fridge digging.

*He looks at her looking at her beer.*

THE YOUNGER cont.

Can I get you a glass?

MOTHER OF HIS DAUGHTER

That'd be nice. Please.

*He exits. The OLDER steps forward.*

THE OLDER

Here's the kicker to this pathetic display:

MOTHER OF HIS DAUGHTER

*(quietly)* I love him? *(pause)* Yeah.

THE OLDER

*(Laughing heartily)* That's so sad!