

From Brothers
By Don Zolidis

JACK, 40ish. A large and intimidating man.

(JACK's son BRANDON is on parole for stealing cars. His wife blames him for damaging BRANDON's brain when he was a teenager.)

JACK

LET ME TALK. WILL YOU SHUT UP FOR ONE SECOND?! The police called. I go down to the station to pick him up cause he had gone to that school dance high as a kite or whatever—tested .13 blood alcohol—and there I am—and the cop points me over to my son, and I look at him, my fourteen-year old son—and he is so—he is so gone he doesn't know where he is—I look at him, and I say, `that's my son'... and I was so ashamed that this—fucked-up waste... was my child, this zombie, with his red eyes and his greasy hair and his clothes that don't fit—this is my child, my reason for being—and how could I have done such a piss-poor job that he wound up like this—I took him—he didn't say a word. I woulda clocked him if he said anything to me—we get home—get in that door, and he turns his back on me, and he walks away with that gangster-trying to be black shuffle he's got—and he says, “fuck you, Dad.”

(short pause)

You don't know what you're capable of sometimes. I grabbed him—I took his face in my hand and I just—I hated him right then—I mean real hate like I haven't hated anyone my whole life—and I was slamming his head into the fireplace—again and again, into the bricks, and there was blood and this was my son—and I remembered—the last time he was red like that—when he was born, when I was holding him, and he fit in my hand—my same hand... I didn't know how I got there. I didn't know why... How do you get to that point?