

# **Scenes from a Suburban Living Room**

A ten-minute play

Jacob Lewis  
282 Pleasant St.  
Marlborough, MA 01752  
(857) 753-0707  
[JDustinL@gmail.com](mailto:JDustinL@gmail.com)

Scenes from a Suburban Living Room

CAST:

James - late 20's to 30's

Judy - same

SETTING:

Present day

Living room

*Lights rise on a living room. JAMES is pacing, visibly upset. JUDY enters from the front door.*

JUDY: Hey honey!

*JAMES doesn't answer.*

JUDY: What's wrong?

JAMES: It's Eddie.

JUDY: Oh my God, is everything ok?

JAMES: Well, no. Everything is not ok.

JUDY: Where is he?

JAMES: He's upstairs in his room. I sent him up there a few hours ago. Haven't heard a peep since then.

JUDY: And you haven't checked in on him in a few hours?!?

JAMES: I'm too upset!

JUDY: Why? What could possibly have happened?

JAMES: If I only had the words to tell you.

JUDY: Try, James.

JAMES: You know how when you were out of town on business last week I showed Eddie *Star Wars*, and he said poop is more fun to watch?

JUDY: I recall that...

JAMES: And then, how a couple of days ago, he had Chinese food for the first time, and he said it tasted like toxic poop?

JUDY: Uh huh...

JAMES: Well, today I played him some Billy Joel.

JUDY: Ohhh....I think I see where this is going...

JAMES: "We Didn't Start the Fire," no less!

JUDY: Oh dear...

JAMES: And he said it was (*choking up*) "super duper nuclear dragon diarrhea." Billy Joel!

JUDY: Yes, I understand.

JAMES: Yeah. You get it.

JUDY: Maybe it's not as bad as you think! He might just like describing things in terms of bowel movements. He clearly likes it!

JAMES: Well, it got me thinking. And...and...maybe he's not even my son!

JUDY: Whoa! What?! How'd you get from Billy Joel to *that*?!

JAMES: Think about it. Not liking *Star Wars*, that's one thing. Chinese food, that's a little unusual considering his Semitic genes, but I guess it can happen. But...*Billy Joel*?! I mean, even taking into account your contribution to his DNA--

JUDY: Hold on a sec! Let's just forget for the moment that you accused me of cheating and lying to you about your son's parentage. You do remember Eddie is *five*, right?

JAMES: What do I look like, a dumb ass?

JUDY: You want me to answer that?

JAMES: Of course I know he's five!

JUDY: Did you like Billy Joel when you were five?

*JAMES gives her a look.*

JUDY: Ok, bad question. You were not a typical child. What I'm trying to explain is that most five year-olds do not like Billy Joel.

JAMES: (*deeply hurt*) Why would you say a thing like that?

JUDY: I know it's hard to hear, but it needs to be said.

JAMES: What about Timmy?

JUDY: Timmy who?

JAMES: Timmy Gold!

JUDY: The kid down the street who barks at traffic?

JAMES: Yes!

JUDY: What about him?

JAMES: He loves Billy Joel! Eddie told me that Timmy did this big presentation on him in music class! In fact, that's why I decided it was time to introduce the boy to the genius of Joel! You know I've been waiting for the right moment.

JUDY: Timmy Gold also speaks about himself in third-person, so maybe he's not the best comparison.

JAMES: You may be right. But you know it's been a goal in my life ever since I became a dad to pass on a love of my favorite musician to my offspring.

JUDY: How can I forget? You played "The Entertainer" through headphones on my stomach while he was still in utero.

JAMES: I mean, sure, he might not have hit every song out of the park -- the whole *Nylon Curtain* album still puzzles me -- but I feel like I've failed as a father.

JUDY: You're a wonderful dad. Well, other than today.

JAMES: I'm worried about the man he'll be, don't you see? I mean, if he doesn't like *Star Wars*, what will he like? *Farscape*? It's a slippery slope, Judy!

JUDY: I think you're worrying too much. Eddie is going to be just fine.

JAMES: But how do you know?!

JUDY: Because you know one thing he *does* like?

JAMES: Ugh, don't remind me, Twenty One Pilots.

Scenes from a Suburban Living Room

JUDY: Ok, but I mean something else.

JAMES: What?

JUDY: You.

JAMES: Me?

JUDY: He adores you. He tells me all the time you're the best dad ever.

JAMES: Really?

JUDY: Really. And you know what he said to me the other day in the car?

JAMES: What?

JUDY: We were listening to *The Lion King*, and he said he liked this music.

JAMES: You mean...he enjoys Elton John?

*JUDY nods.*

JAMES: Maybe there is hope for him! I mean, it's not a huge leap from The Rocket Man to the Piano Man. Perhaps I was a little too ahead of myself with "We Didn't Start the Fire." I just need to scale back some. Billy Joel's music is far more complex than Elton John's, so maybe I should have started with a less sonically-diverse song. Got it! "Uptown Girl"!

JUDY: But if he doesn't like that either?

JAMES: Umm..."It's Still Rock N' Roll to Me"?

JUDY: No. You love him anyway. Even if he ends up liking music you hate.

Scenes from a Suburban Living Room

JAMES: You're right. As long as it's not Twenty One Pilots.

*From upstairs, a Twenty One Pilots song is heard.*

JUDY: Well, glad to know he's still alive up there.

JAMES: *(After a few seconds of listening, pointing up, to indicate the song that is playing)* What is this?

JUDY: I'm afraid to tell you.

JAMES: It's not...no, it couldn't be!

*JUDY nods.*

JAMES: This isn't too bad, actually.

JUDY: Why not go and listen with him? You know, some male bonding.

JAMES: Yeah. I think I will. Thank you.

*JAMES starts to move towards the stairs.*

JUDY: Oh, and honey?

JAMES: Yes?

JUDY: Don't think I've forgotten about that whole "not my son thing." When you're done up there, you can start "movin' out."

*JAMES is shocked.*

JUDY: See? I can go to extremes too.



Scenes from a Suburban Living Room

*JAMES nods uncomfortably.*

*JUDY smiles.*

*Lights fade.*

The End