

# Stephen/Waiter

~~STEPHEN. I'm not eating.~~

~~WAITER. Oh, well. It may be just an appetizer or something. The chicken quesadilla is really good.~~

~~STEPHEN. No. I'm not hungry.~~

WAITER. How about another drink?

STEPHEN. Just the check. *(The waiter clears his empty glass from the table. Starts to go. Stops and returns.)*

WAITER. I'm sorry to bother you, but you're that guy, right? From the Morris campaign? I've seen you on TV. Stephen Bentley, right?

STEPHEN. Bellamy.

WAITER. Right! Bellamy! Stephen Bellamy. I gotta say, I'm a big Morris supporter. Gonna caucus for him next week.

STEPHEN. Good for you.

WAITER. All these other guys, you can see right through them, but Morris, he's the real thing. I saw him speak when he came out here to East Des Moines a couple months ago.

STEPHEN. Yeah?

WAITER. Man — he really blew me away. That speech. Wow. That's really cool that you work for him. I'd give anything to work on a campaign like that.

STEPHEN. It's not as exciting as it looks.

WAITER. Still — to be right in there, right in the action. Making a real goddamn difference. You guys gotta win, you know. This country ... *(He shakes his head.)* I mean don't get me wrong. My family — they made their way here a long time ago — just before I was born. And it's been good to us ... but the last few years? It's like — my folks — they worked-hard — saved up to open this place. They pay their taxes like everybody else — and what they got to show for it?

STEPHEN. You just said — they got this place.

WAITER. No — the *bank's* got this place. My brother — Miguel? Joins the marines a few years back. They send him overseas. A couple of weeks before he's supposed to come home ... BAM. Right by the side of his truck. They wheel this vegetable off the plane. Can't speak, can't barely move — just sits there and blinks his eyes all day. We gotta mortgage this place to pay for his medical. I gotta work double shifts six days a week cuz my mama gotta be home takin' care of Miguel all the time. Just me and Pops keepin' this place open, and I don't know how much longer we can do that. *(Gestures around.)* Nobody ever here, even though we're cheap. We

make it to next Christmas it'll be a miracle.

STEPHEN. I'm sorry.

WAITER. Don't be sorry, man. You just gotta win this election and set things straight. Hear what I'm sayin? *(Stephen just stares at him. The waiter smiles broadly.)* Let me get you another Dewar's. On the house. *(The waiter exits.)*

## Scene 5

*Stephen's room at the Hotel Fort Des Moines, later that night. Stephen is sitting in a chair, absently watching a basketball game on TV. He's got a gash on his head, and dried blood on his face. A knock. He puts the game on mute, listens. Another knock. Stephen goes to answer the door. He wobbles slightly as he walks. The muted TV continues to flicker throughout the scene.*

MOLLY. Oh my God, what happened to you?

STEPHEN. Nothing.

MOLLY. You're bleeding.

STEPHEN. I crashed my car.

MOLLY. Jesus. Are you okay?

STEPHEN. Where've you been?

MOLLY. Let me see.

STEPHEN. I'm fine. *(Molly takes a closer look at the gash.)*

MOLLY. You need to see a doctor.

STEPHEN. I'm not gonna see a doctor.

MOLLY. You need stitches.

STEPHEN. I've been calling you.

MOLLY. Listen to me — you need —

STEPHEN. No. I don't need stitches.

MOLLY. *(Reaching toward his forehead.)* At least let me clean it out.

STEPHEN. Leave it the fuck alone, okay?

MOLLY. I'm just trying to help.

STEPHEN. I don't want any help.

MOLLY. What happened Steve? How'd you crash your car?