

SETTING: The suburban kitchen of DAD and MOM, which is also the childhood home of BRIAN

AT RISE: It is morning. BRIAN, DAD and MOM have finished breakfast and are seated around the kitchen table.

BRIAN Mom, Dad – I want to thank you for everything you’ve done for me.

DAD Brian –

MOM Oh honey –

BRIAN But – it’s time for me to seek out my real parents.

MOM (sobs) Oh, Brian –

DAD I wish you wouldn’t, son.

BRIAN Mom, Dad – you guys have been like real parents to me. Believe me when I say that I couldn’t have been raised by two nicer people.

MOM Brian –

BRIAN But it’s time for me to find out who I am. Where I really come from. What the story is behind the people who gave birth to me and then gave me away.

DAD Don’t do this, son.

BRIAN You said my mother – I mean, my birth mother – was born in New York City, right?

MOM We did –

BRIAN And my birth dad – he was some sort of European count passing through on his way to a basketball tournament?

DAD Well –

BRIAN And my birth mom was a rising supermodel when she got pregnant?

MOM Um –

BRIAN God, it must have been awful. She must have thought it would ruin her career. Did my birth records give her name?

(MOM and DAD look at each other)

DAD (clears throat) Not exactly.

BRIAN        That's okay. One thing's always puzzled me, though – if he played basketball and she was a rising supermodel, wouldn't that make me tall? I mean, taller than most people?

(MOM and DAD look at each other uncomfortably)

BRIAN        'Coz I'm not really that tall. I'm more like you guys.

(Silence)

BRIAN        Okay. Well, I guess I'm off to New York City, to locate the birth record.

(BRIAN stands up)

DAD          Son, I can't let you do this.

BRIAN        You can't stop me, Dad.

MOM         Brian, there's something we're not telling you.

BRIAN        What? What is it? (sees the looks on their faces) What? Oh. What, she wasn't a supermodel? Is that it?

DAD          That's part of it.

BRIAN        Part of it? What's the rest? He wasn't European royalty?

MOM         Not exactly.

BRIAN        What? Are you trying to tell me that you lied about my birth parents?

MOM         Mmmmm–

BRIAN        What, were they teenagers or something? Trailer trash people? Criminals? Is my biological father in prison somewhere?

(BRIAN sits again, stunned)

DAD          God.

BRIAN        You've got to tell me. Please. I can take it.

(MOM and DAD look helplessly at one another)

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DAD          Son, I don't know how to say this. (looks at wife) You do it.

MOM         Thanks a lot. (She takes a deep breath) Brian, uh, all those years when you thought you were – um –

BRIAN        Part of a more exotic and successful family?

MOM         Yeah.

DAD         You weren't.

BRIAN        Oh. (They all sit in silence) So who were my real parents?

MOM         You're looking at them.

DAD         We lied to you, Brian.

MOM         I'm so sorry, Brian. (she wipes eyes)

BRIAN        What are you saying?

DAD         You're not adopted.

BRIAN        What?