

STEVE: To get around approvals until we get approvals. There's a lot of red tape, a lot of bureaucracy. I don't know how much you know about Florida, Florida politics—

BILL: Only what I read and that's—

STEVE: Right, right, and this kind of business in particular—

BILL: I'm sorry, what is the business again? I don't—

STEVE: You know, it's essentially security work. The situation in the Middle East is *perpetually* dangerous, so there's a tremendous amount of money involved—

BILL: Security work. You mean . . . mercenary?

*(Barbara enters from the kitchen.)*

BARBARA: Give. Me. The wine.

*(She pulls a bottle of wine from Bill's grocery bag.)*

STEVE: I think of it more like "missionary" than "mercenary."

BARBARA *(To Jean, regarding the TV)*: Is that what you were in such a hurry to get home for?

JEAN: Yeah.

BARBARA: What the hell is on TV that's so important you can't—?

JEAN: *Phantom of the Opera*, 1925. Lon Chaney.

BILL: Cool.

BARBARA: For God's sake, Jean, you can get it at any video store.

JEAN: No, but they're showing it with the scene in color restored.

BILL: Oh, no kidding, from the . . . what's that scene called again, sweetie? "The Masked Ball"?

JEAN: Yeah.

BARBARA: Let me make sure I've got this: when you threw a fit about going to the store with your father—hey. Look at me.

*(She does.)*

And you were so very distraught over the start time of your grandpa's funeral. Was this your concern? Getting back here in time to watch the *Phantom of the Fucking Opera*?

JEAN: I guess.

*(Barbara gives Jean a withering look, exits.)*

BILL *(To Steve)*: I'll take these into the kitchen.

STEVE: No, I can.

BILL: I've got it.

*(Bill takes Steve's grocery bag and follows Barbara into the kitchen.)*

STEVE: Movie buff?

JEAN: Yeah.

STEVE: Right, right, me too. You ever seen this?

JEAN: Huh-uh.

STEVE: It's a great one. You know Chaney designed his own makeup.

JEAN: I know.

STEVE: Apparently very painful. He ran these fishing lines from under his nostrils and pulled them up under his—

JEAN: Yeah, I know.

STEVE: You see any of the remakes? They're pretty bad.

JEAN: I've seen the one with Claude Rains.

STEVE: Right, right, pretty bad, right? *Phantom's* queer. That's a problem.

JEAN: I don't remember it so hot, I was just a kid.

STEVE: Yeah . . .

*(Steve sits on the couch behind her. They watch the movie for a moment.)*

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**START** You're not a kid anymore, I guess.



JEAN: What?

STEVE: I say you're not a kid anymore.

JEAN: No. I mean, *yeah*.

STEVE: How old are you, about, seventeen?

JEAN: Fifteen.

STEVE: Right, right. Fifteen. That's no kid.

*(They watch TV.)*

You're no kid. *(Beat)* You know what I was doing when I was fifteen?

JEAN: What?

STEVE: Cattle processing. You know what that is?

JEAN: It doesn't sound good.

STEVE: Slaughterhouse. Sanitation. Slaughterhouse sanitation.

JEAN: That's disgusting.

STEVE: I don't recommend it. But hey. Put food on the table. Get it?

*(He sniffs the air.)*

Whoa, whoa. Wait now. What's that smell?

JEAN: Food, from the kitchen.

STEVE: Nah, that's not what I'm smelling.

*(He continues to sniff the air, follows his nose, until he is on the floor, above her. He smells her.)*

JEAN: What are you doing?

STEVE: Do I smell what I think I smell?

JEAN: What do you smell?

STEVE: What do you think I smell?

JEAN: I think you smell food from the kitchen.

STEVE: Guess again.

*(He whiffs, hard, breathing her in.)*

JEAN: What are you—?

STEVE: Is that—is that pot?

JEAN: Oh. I don't know.

*(She smells her sleeve.)*

STEVE: You smoking pot?

JEAN: No.

STEVE: You can tell me.

JEAN: No.

STEVE: Is it just me, or is it getting hot in here?

JEAN: It's hot.

STEVE: You're hot?

JEAN: Yeah . . .

STEVE: How hot are you?

JEAN: Really hot.

STEVE: Really hot.

JEAN: Yeah.

STEVE: Yeah . . . you a little dope smoker?

*(No response.)*

Well then you are in luck. Because I just happen to have some really tasty shit. Because I just happen to have some really good connects. And I am going to hook you up.  
JEAN: That would be great 'cause I just smoked my last bowl, and I really need to get fucked up.

STEVE: You what?

JEAN: I really need to get fucked up—

STEVE: You need to get what?

JEAN: Fucked up—

STEVE: What? You need to get fucked what?

TRACY LETTS

*(She snort-laughs, pushes him away.)*

JEAN: You're bad.

STEVE: I'm just goofin' with you. **END**

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*(Karen enters from the kitchen, finds Steve on the floor, looming over Jean.)*

Hi, sweetheart.

KAREN: What are you doing?

STEVE: Goofin' with your niece.

KAREN: I think we're getting ready to eat.

STEVE: Right, right, I'm starving.

KAREN: Did you remember to get cigarettes?

STEVE: Damn it. *(To Jean)* Didn't I ask you what I was forgetting? I knew I was forgetting something—

KAREN: I'll have to borrow from Momma.

JEAN: I've got cigarettes.

KAREN: You've got cigarettes.

JEAN: Camel Lights?

STEVE: She's got our brand.

KAREN: Jean, honey, you're too young to smoke.

STEVE *(Faux stern)*: Yeah.

KAREN *(Whacks him playfully)*: Stop it now, don't encourage her—

STEVE: Hey, she's no kid—

KAREN: Can we borrow a couple of cigarettes?

JEAN: Yep-per.

*(Jean gets cigarettes from her purse.)*

STEVE: Now let's not encourage her—

KAREN: Oh, hush. *(Takes cigarettes)* Thanks, doll. Now stop smoking.

AUGUST: OSAGE COUNTY

*(Jean watches TV. Karen snuggles with Steve, speaks in a baby voice.)*

Hi, doodle.

STEVE: Hey, baby.

KAREN *(In a super baby voice)*: Hi, doodle!

*(Steve embraces her. They kiss. His hands wander, squeeze her ass. She giggles, then breaks it.)*

Come into the backyard, I want to show you our old fort. Man, the air in here just doesn't move . . .

*(She goes ahead of him. He follows, but stops . . .)*

STEVE *(Privately, to Jean)*: Hook you up, later.

*(. . . rubs his hand over the entirety of Jean's face. He exits.*

*Lights crossfade to the front porch as Charlie and Little Charles arrive.)*

LITTLE CHARLES: I'm sorry, Dad.

CHARLIE: Stop apologizing to me. Hold on a second, comb your hair.

*(Charlie gives Little Charles a comb.)*

LITTLE CHARLES: I know Mom's mad at me.

CHARLIE: Don't worry about her.

LITTLE CHARLES: What did she say?

CHARLIE: You know your mother, she says what she says.

LITTLE CHARLES: I set the alarm. I did.

CHARLIE: I know you did.

LITTLE CHARLES: I wanted to be there.

CHARLIE: You're here now.