

Six people sit around a large, circular dining room table in a dining room/kitchen. GEORGE, 58, and MARIA, 65, sit next to their two children, CONNOR, 28, and LAUREN, 24. Their guests this evening are family friends LUCA, 58, and his wife JOYCE, 57.

Everyone is working on a bowl of seafood pasta. The Lazy Susan in the center is well-stocked with wine, bread, seltzer, and several bowls into which everyone has deposited their clam and mussel shells.

Two dogs, MIKE and HARRY, sit at Maria's feet, waiting on scraps.

LUCA

But the problem is-George-the problem is, they show up at the hospital, who ends up paying? You understand what I'm saying?

Maria stands and walks to the stove. The dogs, thinking a treat is imminent, start wagging their tails.

MARIA

Does anyone want more pasta?
There's plenty of pasta. Connor?

CONNOR

I'm fine.

GEORGE

(to Luca)
I agree.

LUCA

I'm the one paying taxes, and if I go-let's say I break a leg, I go to the hospital, I end up paying! Meanwhile, these guys show up from, I dunno where, Costa Rica, and they pay nothing. I end up paying again.

Connor pushes some pasta around in his bowl, avoiding the shellfish. He's sandwiched between Lauren and George; there's no easy way to get up from the table.

JOYCE

I don't have any problem with them being here. The ones that work in your shop are fine. But I don't think we should be paying for their healthcare.

(CONTINUED)

LAUREN
I don't think anyone should pay for
healthcare. Like in the UK.

GEORGE
Someone's still paying, just
through taxes. There's no such
thing as free healthcare.

Maria returns to the table with a large bowl of salad. She
starts serving it to those who have finished their pasta.

LUCA
What do you think, Connor?

Connor finishes a bite.

CONNOR
I think society is waiting around
for your generation to die.

MARIA
Connor!

GEORGE
(simultaneously)
Excuse me?

A pause, then:

CONNOR
None of you are going to change
your minds. You all think you
understand the world, so we just
wait around for you to die so my
generation can start making
decisions.

MARIA
Connor, I can't believe you would
say that.

GEORGE
(raising his voice)
That is absolutely uncalled for.
You live in this house, rent-free,
and you think you're morally
superior? You've got no fucking
clue.

MARIA
George.

The dogs have started barking at the heated conversation.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE
(louder now)
You're 28. At your age, I had a kid
and a mortgage. Get everything
handed to you, of course you have
no idea how the world works.

CONNOR
I was asked what I thought.

GEORGE
(at the dogs)
SHUT! UP!

George strikes the nearest dog, who happens to be Mike. Mike
whimpers and cowers; Harry runs off into a different room.

No one is quite sure how to react.

LAUREN
May I be excused.

Connor and George stand so Lauren can get up. She brings her
dish to the sink. George looks around the table, then leaves
wordlessly into a different room of the house.

Connor sits back down. Luca and Joyce poke at their food.
Maria looks at Connor's plate.

MARIA
You don't want your mussels?

CONNOR
I hate shellfish.

She doesn't have a response.

THE END