

## The Match

**John:** She's turning the heater on! And now she's going to wake up our son Stacy to go to work.

**Martha:** Stacy, Stacy, get up, my boy.

**Stacy:** Leave me alone, mom, leave me alone.

**M:** Get up or you'll be late.

**J:** She wakes him up a half hour early so that he won't be rushed and can relax. Now she's in the kitchen preparing breakfast.

**M:** Aaaaah! Still in bed?

**S:** Mmmm...leave me alone, mom.

**M:** Get up.

**S:** Mmmm...

**M:** I'll open the window. Get up.

**S:** No, mom, no! Close it, close it! Okay, I'm getting up.

**M:** Close it yourself!

**S:** Goddam it!

**J:** She's warming the milk.

**M:** Are you up?

**S:** Yes.

**M:** Go and shower. What are you waiting for?

**S:** Okay!

**M:** Did you shower?

**S:** Yes.

**M:** What are you doing now?

**S:** I'm getting dressed.

**M:** Do you want (bread and) butter for breakfast?

**S:** No.

**M:** What do you want?

**S:** Is there any cheese?

**M:** Yes.

**S:** Where are my socks?

**M:** In the drawer, on the right.

**S:** I can't find them!

**M:** Keep looking!

**S:** I found them!

**J:** That's my son Stacy, a boy of eighteen. When I got sick my wife Martha managed to have him take over my job. He works until four in the afternoon and in the evening he goes to night school. Now they're having their breakfast.

**M:** What do you want for dinner?

**S:** I don't know.

**M:** How about chicken?

**S:** No!

**M:** Beans? We haven't had them in a long time.

**S:** No.

**M:** What would you say to fish if I can find some that's fresh?

**S:** I don't know, mom. Make whatever you want.

**M:** Well, just don't complain later that I didn't ask you.

**S:** So long.

**M:** See you, my child, and be careful.