

STONE GOLD **SOBER**

by

Macee Binns

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MAGGIE makes one last plea for her father to get help before it's too late.

MAGGIE

I don't know how long you were gone the first time you went to rehab. I know that I was six, and that it didn't work... obviously. But I do remember the day that you came back. I was playing on the front porch swing when your truck pulled in the driveway, like it was the most natural thing in the world. I closed my eyes and tried to lay there, real still, hoping that you wouldn't see me because I didn't know what I was supposed to do. When you got close to the door I peeked up at you. You looked the same, wearing your stupid muddy water t-shirt and giant white golfing hat. When I saw that I wanted to run up and give you a hug, but I didn't. I didn't, cause I knew that if I did you would tell me that you were sorry and I didn't want to talk about it because I was scared that I would cry, and I didn't want to make you sad.

(Beat)

You know, I think I've been doing that ever since...trying to avoid talking to you about it because I don't want to hurt you Dad. I mean, your addiction has never been a secret. I've listened to so many people beg you to get sober over the years, and I've always thought that it was just implied that I really wanted you to as well. But the other day I realized, I don't know if I have ever actually said those words to you before. So I'm saying them now.

(Beat)

At Pop's funeral you told me that you were going to try to be a better Father for me, and I want you to start right now. Put down the bottle today Dad, please. Do it now, or it will never happen. I'm not naive, I know that getting sober won't cure you. I can see how sick you are. The damage you've done can't be repaired. I understand that. But it could buy me a little more time with you, and I'll take whatever I can get.