

Thursday, August 11<sup>th</sup>

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*(George and Anne at their home.*

*Anne has a notepad and a free pen she got from their bank.)*

GEORGE

You wouldn't say "my son" like,  
"My son Levi" I wouldn't say that.

ANNE

No.

GEORGE

Okay. Uh.

ANNE

Not usually.

GEORGE

And we don't say how he died.(?)

ANNE

Well most people don't

GEORGE

Don't want folks to think it's a suicide. It's unusual.

ANNE

Yeah.

GEORGE

I see that in obituaries:

thirty year old dies,

it doesn't say why,

I'm like,

well.

That was Meth.

Do we need to wait for Kara to start this, or what?

ANNE

It's whatever you want.

GEORGE

I didn't know him though really.

I don't think I knew my father and I don't think my father knew me.

Only parts. So I think it'd probably be arrogant and stupid... I don't wanna...

ANNE

Nobody thinks this is an encapsulation.

GEORGE

It should be accurate, though. Feels important to be that.

ANNE

What if we made a list? I like lists.

GEORGE

We'll take turns.

ANNE

Pick what's best.

GEORGE

Cuz they shouldn't be long.(?)

What are you doing?

ANNE

The Doxegard.

GEORGE

Anne.

ANNE

The rule is every Thursday.

GEORGE

No, I get to decide if I take them or not.

ANNE

You can't get off your treatment.

GEORGE (*not taking them.*)

Am I startin or you?

(...)

ANNE

What's his birthday?

GEORGE

April 7<sup>th</sup>. Uhm.

1987. Yeah.

*(She writes it down. She waits for him to go.)*

GEORGE

Levi dropped out of UNL.

No. We'll start after that.

Levi graduated from Central Community College with a degree in electricians.

He quickly moved back home

—not quickly—

He moved back home after to help his Dad farm.

To take over the farm.

ANNE

That's good.

GEORGE

You go.

ANNE

Levi is survived by his father, George van Acren,  
we should put something about his fiancé.

GEORGE

Sure, wedge her in there somewhere.\*

ANNE

Great.

GEORGE

\*And mention Doug.

ANNE

Okay.

GEORGE

And You should be in there.

Put step-mother Annie, or how you want to be referred.

*(She does)*

GEORGE

Levi was a class clown growing up. He played T-ball and basketball and when he got old enough he played football too in high school and he played—well there wasn't a baseball team at the high school—so that was that, but he enjoyed a lot of leagues. Intermural. And he was a. He was definitely a man's man. Or, a guy's guy. He loved to hunt and he would go paintballing with his friends. My son Levi— I think we should include "my son" if that's not odd, we should. My son Levi. So. Loved animals. He liked fixing things up and taking things apart and seeing how things worked. Uhm. He was a good farmer. He always knew when to plant and when you should hold off a couple more days in spring for the ground to dry, or when to get out there ahead of the storm. He was curious about weather. He didn't resent weather. It didn't make him grumpy. He wasn't always complaining like some farmers.

*(...)*

Annie, I have a thought.(?)

ANNE

Okay

GEORGE

And this is vain.

It's real puffed up Because I don't think—believe—I don't, but—

ANNE

What?

GEORGE

Do you think God is punishing me?

ANNE

No.

I think.

people die.

*(Kara enters.)*

KARA

George.(?)