

Patrick

By

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ACT I

Scene 1

Patrick Grames, 5 year old with tourette syndrome

Dr. Mifflan, Patrick's doctor, mid forties

Mr. Robert Grames, late twenties, Patrick's father

Mrs. Marcy Grames, late twenties, Patrick's mother

Patrick, Robert, and Marcy Grames are sitting in a small doctor's waiting room/ exam meeting room.

Dr. Mifflan comes out of a door on stage left.

DR. MIFFLAN

Mr. and Mrs. Grames, hello.

MARCY GRAMES

(stumbling over words)

He-, hello, doctor.

((sounding worried))

Marcy and Robert get up from their chairs and meet Dr. Mifflan stage center/ left.

Robert shakes the doctor's hand.

Patrick is sitting stage right on the floor blinking rapidly, as if it were a tic and rocking back and forth while playing with a toy truck.

Robert, Marcy, and the Doctor are standing stage left, discussing Patrick.

PATRICK GRAMES

(quickly)

I don't want to. I don't want to. NO! (very loudly) I don't want to. No! No!

DR. MIFFLAN

Has he been doing this a lot lately, repeating himself?

ROBERT GRAMES

For a little while now, we've noticed him repeating himself more and more, and even repeating things we say, very harshly.

(CONTINUED)

MARCY GRAMES

(eagerly)
So, what can you tell us?

PATRICK GRAMES

(in the background)
No! What can you tell us? What can you tell us? No!!

ROBERT GRAMES

Yes, please Dr. Mifflan, tell us what you've found out.

Robert and Marcy get closer to comfort each other.

DR. MIFFLAN

Your son has a form of tourettes syndrome, which explains the blinking rapidly. It is also a mild form of Coprolalia.

ROBERT GRAMES

What is copo-, coprolalia?

DR. MIFFLAN

It is an involuntary utterance of words and sometimes repetitions of words.

MARCY GRAMES

Oh, my. Well, what can we do?

Marcy looks at Patrick...

PATRICK GRAMES

What can we do?! What can we do?! Crap! Crap! NO!!!

...then to the doctor for a solution.

DR. MIFFLAN

There is nothing more than just managing his symptoms for the rest of his life. He is not severe enough to use pharmacological treatment.

MARCY GRAMES

I need to sit down. This is too much.

Robert comforts Marcy to the chair she had sat in before on stage right.

ROBERT GRAMES

It's alright, we've been through worse. We can do this.

MARCY GRAMES

I want to believe you, but I don't know if I can handle this.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK GRAMES

No! No! I want to believe you! No! No! I want to believe you! No! I don't want to!

Marcy cups her hands over her face and begins to lightly sob.

Robert comforts her by rubbing her back.

Robert slides off his chair and kneels beside Marcy, with his hands on her knee.

ROBERT GRAMES

(to the doctor hesitantly)

Could, we, um, have a minute, please?

DR. MIFFLAN

Of course, I will go get his paperwork and be back in a bit. There are tissues...

Dr. Mifflan gestures toward the tissues upstage from where Marcy and Robert are sitting.
...there if you need them.

Dr. Mifflan turns and exits stage left.

ROBERT GRAMES

Patrick, come here please.

Robert gestures for Patrick to come over to them and he looks up and gets up off the floor and walks into Robert's outstretched arms. Patrick sits on Robert's knee.

Look at him, Marcy.

Marcy looks up with teared eyes. She looks in both of his eyes.

What do you see? I see our little boy. He's ours, our baby. Nothing can make us love him any less or even any more. We will find a way to get through this, for him.

MARCY GRAMES

This is all too much.

Marcy pauses

She pulls in Patrick to hug him, he hugs her back.

The embrace fleets.

Robert is kneeling still as he watches this moment between his wife and son.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK GRAMES

Mommy, what's wrong with me?

He twitches his head sideways when he says:
No!! I don't want to!

MARCY GRAMES

(holding back tears)
It's alright sweetie, there is nothing wrong with you.
You are perfect the way you're made, we are just going
to have to work on some things, alright?

PATRICK GRAMES

(whispering)
Alright.

*He pulls away and gestures to where he was
sitting.*
Can I go back over there and play with my truck?

MARCY GRAMES

Of course.

She smiles while holding back tears.

*Robert sits in the chair again and wraps his arm
around his wife.*

*They sit watching their son play with his truck,
still blinking rapidly and rocking as if nothing
were the matter.*
We can get through this, (beat) for Patrick.

THE END