

## Nebraska – Scene 1

Empty bottles on the table, dimmer light from outside, and \* more PATRONS in the bar suggest time has passed.

Woody is about the same, but David is a little drunk. He finishes a beer and has another on deck.

DAVID: Did you and Mom used to come here?

WOODY: Sure.

DAVID: I didn't tell you that Noël and I broke up.

WOODY How's that?

DAVID : Noël -- you know, the girl I've been living with for the past two years. She moved out. We broke up.

WOODY: Oh.

DAVID: Maybe I should have asked her to get married, I don't know. I just... I just never felt sure, you know what I mean? How are you supposed to know when you're sure? Were you sure?

WOODY: How's that?

DAVID: How did you and Mom end up getting married?

WOODY She wanted to.

DAVID You didn't?

WOODY I figured what the hell.

DAVID: Were you ever sorry you married her?

WOODY: All the time. It could have been worse.

DAVID : You must have been in love. At least at first.

WOODY: Never came up.

DAVID: Did you ever talk about having kids, how many you wanted, stuff like that?

WOODY: Nope.

DAVID : Then why did you have us?

WOODY: I wanted to screw, and your mother's Catholic, so you figure it out.

DAVID : So you and Mom never actually talked about whether you wanted kids or not?

WOODY: I figured if we kept on screwin', we'd end up with a couple of you.

DAVID : Did you ever think about leaving her?

WOODY: I'd just end up with somebody else who give me shit all the time.

DAVID: I'd say she's put up with your drinking all these years.

WOODY: I don't drink that much.

DAVID: You're an alcoholic.

WOODY: Bullshit.

DAVID: What do you mean, bullshit? I knew you had a problem when I was eight. I used to watch you hide your booze in the garage.

WOODY: You stole it. I figured it was you. You cost me a lot of

money.

DAVID: Yeah, I poured it out. I was sick of seeing you drunk all the time.

WOODY: You'd never catch your brother sneaking around like that. I served my country, I pay my taxes. It's my right to do whatever the goddamn hell I want.

DAVID: So I guess you do drink.

WOODY: A little.

DAVID: A lot.

WOODY: All right, so I like to drink, goddammit! So what? You do what you want, and so do I. You'd drink too if you were married to your mother. It ain't your job to tell me what to do, you little cocksucker!

Woody gets up and leaves the bar. David blinks a few times at the outburst, slaps money on the table and runs out.