**Like a Kite** side: Dad and Will

*(A suburban home.)*

*(Centre, a table at which a family of four are finishing dinner.)*

*(Dad: the sympathetic mediator of the bunch*

*Will: an honest young man)*

DAD- Let's have it. C'mon:

WILL- Uh, well, I- I sorta-

DAD- Uhuh.

WILL- Can I please be excused.

DAD- Absolutely and thank you for asking.

*(Will starts off.)*

MOM- Hold. Dear:

DAD- Uhuh.

MOM- We're still eating.

DAD- Right. Will:

*(Will returns and sits.*

*Pause.)*

WILL- It's just- I'm like seriously tired.

DAD- You don't look well. He doesn't look well.

WILL- So tired Dad.

DAD- I see. Well, if you're exhausted- if he's exhausted...

WILL- Thank you.

*(Will rises and starts off, then stops, unsure.)*

MOM- What?

WILL- Um, nothing.

DAD- Can't fool your mother. Cannot be done. C'mon. You know it'll come out eventually.

WILL- Okay.

DAD- Alright.

WILL- I'm just sorta... I'm....

DAD- Breathe...just breathe.

*(Will breathes.)*

WILL- Okay. I'm still sorta tired.

*(beat)*

WILL- And high. Possibly. I'm possibly high.