

## ORPHANS

hear me! (*He continues to empty his pockets of bracelets and jewelry.*) You home, Phillip! I imagine you're home! Where the hell else you gonna be, huh! I imagine you're hiding from your big brother Treat! (*He starts to study the jewelry.*) Come on out, Phillip! I ain't in the mood for no hide-and-go-seek game. You hear me! Come on the fuck out!

(*PHILLIP appears from upstairs.*)

PHILLIP. Don't tag me.

TREAT. I ain't gonna tag you.

PHILLIP. 'Cause I'm sick and tired of being *it*, Treat.

TREAT. I ain't gonna tag you. I told you. I ain't playing no games.

PHILLIP. You said that yesterday.

TREAT. Yesterday's yesterday. Today's today.

PHILLIP. You promise?

TREAT. I promise. How long you been hiding?

PHILLIP. I don't know.

TREAT. Half the day, I bet.

PHILLIP. I didn't keep count.

TREAT. You eat lunch?

PHILLIP. Uh huh.

TREAT. What you have?

PHILLIP. I had Star Kist tuna.

TREAT. Mayonnaise?

PHILLIP. Uh huh. Hellman's.

TREAT. How much mayonnaise you have?

PHILLIP. Couple of tablespoons.

TREAT. If you only had a couple of tablespoons, how come we're out of it?

PHILLIP. Hellman's goes fast, Treat.

TREAT. It goes fast, all right. A half a bottle a day.

(*TREAT tags PHILLIP suddenly.*) You're it, Phillip.

## ORPHANS

PHILLIP. No!

TREAT. You're fucking it!

PHILLIP. You promised.

TREAT. I had my fingers crossed.

PHILLIP. I come out 'cause you said you wouldn't.

(*PHILLIP chases TREAT around the room. He catches him and tags him.*)

TREAT. Time out!

PHILLIP. No!

TREAT. Fucking time out, Phillip. The game's over.

(*PHILLIP throws himself down on the couch, sulking.*)

Where were you?

PHILLIP. I ain't telling.

TREAT. Come on.

PHILLIP. No, it's my secret.

TREAT. I know where you been anyway.

PHILLIP. Where?

TREAT. In the closet.

PHILLIP. How you know that?

TREAT. It's your favorite hiding place.

PHILLIP. I was hiding in there waiting for you to come home.

TREAT. Just standing and waiting, huh?

PHILLIP. Uh huh.

TREAT. Just standing and hiding in the darkness, waiting for your big brother Treat to come home.

PHILLIP. I like it in there. It's warm.

TREAT. I wouldn't know.

PHILLIP. It's got all of Mom's coats in there.

TREAT. We ought to get rid of them.

PHILLIP. No!

TREAT. What good they doing hanging there all these years?

PHILLIP. I want them.

TREAT. They ain't doing nobody any good.