

SCENE 1.

[2019. DEMI is in her workshop, busy building a little boat, something like a canoe. She receives a text message and stops working, tapping her foot or hand impatiently until P.J. enters. He visibly limps; Demi is used to seeing it.

She remains impatient but not without affection.]

DEMI:

Remember the whole discussion we had about giving me a little warning?

P.J.:

I texted just now.

DEMI:

I meant before you were around the corner. There's power tools here, P.J.

P.J.:

That's the appeal.

DEMI *[not laughing]*:

Ha ha.

P.J.:

Goddamn, Demi! A whole boat, huh?

DEMI:

A whole boat. All for me, myself, and I.

P.J.:

Don't tell me Steph doesn't want to go out rowing with you?

DEMI *[her best snotty teenage voice]*:

"I'm not really into the whole drowning in a lake thing, but I mean like, you do you."

P.J.:

Is Steph here now?

DEMI:

It's 1:00pm on a Tuesday.

P.J.:

So no, then?

DEMI:

Yeah, it's that whole pesky school thing that teenagers legally have to attend most weekdays.

P.J.:

Sometimes I think we missed an opportunity with that whole home school idea.

DEMI:

Oh, "we" missed it? You were going to move out here and home school her? Or was she going to go to L.A. with you?

P.J.:

Either way.

DEMI:

How is L.A.?

P.J.:

Traffic, air quality, yoga, bla bla bla.

DEMI:

What brings you out?

P.J.

Oh, you know. Traffic. Air quality...

DEMI:

Didn't you have that follow-up with your doctor today?

[He has trouble thinking of how to say the next thing. In the long enough pause, she puts two and two together.]

DEMI:

Oh, shit. Oh, no. Right?

P.J.:

Right.

DEMI:

Oh god. What kind?

P.J.:

Pancreatic.

DEMI:

Oh. God. How far?

P.J.:

Everywhere. Stomach too. Explains the rolling pains. Spine. A little in the pelvic area -- forget exactly where, some words stopped making sense right about then -- but you know, pelvis, just for fun.

DEMI:

Oh, oh my god, P.J.

[As if she just remembered this as a possibility, she suddenly goes over to hug him.]

P.J.:

I remember when you built me that target.

DEMI:

I remember I had to be the one to strap you in. I thought to myself what it was gonna look like in court. What sort of manslaughter charge I was gonna get when one of those pellets or whatever hit you just the right way in the throat or temple or something.

P.J.:

And it was all uphill from there.

[She laughs, despite the whole situation.]

DEMI:

What's the next step?

P.J.:

I have one last thing I need. One last thing to build.

DEMI:

I think it might depend on -- I could push a couple commissions back but, uh -- well, what is it? I'll make it work. I will. What is it?

P.J.:

A cannon.

DEMI:

For what?

P.J.

For me.

[If they're still touching, she stops. She goes over to her boat and continues working.]

P.J.:

I need to go out on my own terms.

DEMI:

I said no more /

P.J.:

That was then, things were different /

DEMI:

Back in two thousand and fucking seven, sixteen fucking years ago /

P.J.:

We didn't know if you were gonna be able to make it on your own without me /

DEMI:

and I meant it.

P.J.:

But now we know you can! You and Steph can make it without me. You were right. You were always right. And of course I wasn't going to keep doing shit on that level with you pregnant.

DEMI:

You did. You definitely did shit on that level nonstop, even then. I just wasn't building it for you. I wasn't enabling you. But you still put your life at risk every day!

P.J.:

To provide for both of you!

DEMI:

Like there's no other work available.

P.J.:

I can't DO fuck all else! I'm not a skilled person! I only know how to hurt myself and for some reason people pay to see it. That's all.

[She puts down anything she's working on.]

DEMI:

I'm sorry this is happening to you. I think you need some time to adjust.

P.J.:

Demi, please. No one else will do this for me.

DEMI:

Real presumptive of you to assume I will. Wasn't enough I had to design the shit that put my husband in harm's way for years? Now I get to be accessory to some sort of crime too?

We have right to die laws in this state, you know. Why can't you make like everyone else and go put some barbiturates in applesauce?

P.J.:

I'm really more of a pudding guy.

DEMI:

I hate you. I love you. But I hate you.

You know, there's probably no way to design something like this and have you control it from inside. Someone else would need to fire it. Do you have any idea how many people you're gonna take down with you?

P.J.:

Probably no one if you're not gonna do it.

DEMI:

Oh really?

P.J.:

Surely the first professional prop shop I pitch this idea to is gonna call someone, get some kinda wellness check done. Then I can spend the rest of my days being monitored. Maybe inside a home.

DEMI:

They could only hold you for three days if they don't think you're actively suicidal.

P.J.:

I guess I'm actively suicidal? Does it still count if I'm gonna die anyway?

DEMI:

Okay, rule number one: you've gotta stop just saying shit like that. Understand? I need something to work with here like, I don't know, plausible deniability, I think it's called? I have to google it. I have a lot of googling to do...

P.J.:

Right. I'm just here for a model of a cannon. For like, décor. For my backyard.

DEMI:

Décor with suspiciously human-size vestibules.

P.J.:

And it can turn on and fire things. Human-size things. For no reason. For show.

DEMI:

Always for show.

Listen, I didn't say I definitely would build this decorative item for you yet. I gotta make some headway on my other projects. I've got commissions, I've got...

P.J.:

If it's money you're worried about—

DEMI:

It's not. Trust me.

P.J.:

Thank you, Demi. Décor is really important to me these days.

DEMI:

Stephanie will be home in about two hours.

[He knows when it's time to exit.]

Demi moves like she's going to keep working on the boat, just until he's fully out of sight. Then she quickly clears off her work table and busts out a sketch book, a ruler, and – from somewhere – a handle of whiskey. She takes a shot and starts drawing.]

SCENE 2.

[P.J. is young now, no limp. It's 2005, and he's got the digital camera to match. He's in a clearing somewhere setting up the camera on a tripod, wearing a bulletproof vest. Soon, SHAWN enters. Shawn seems a lot like P.J. at first, appearance-wise, but is more cautious, more tired, the same age but older in many ways. Shawn is holding something concealed. It obviously brings him great stress. He also has a notebook he occasionally scrawls something in.]

P.J.:

Oh good, you ready?

SHAWN:

“Oh good, you ready?” he says

P.J.:

You know, one day you're gonna give yourself an ulcer. / All this worrying.

SHAWN:

Good. Go to the hospital for just long enough to avoid you in whatever phase this is.

P.J.:

This phase is called “keeping my job.”

SHAWN:

So worried about Jobs. Go back to school maybe?

P.J.:

And learn what?

SHAWN:

I don't know, Journalism? You want to work here so bad? At an extreme sports magazine?

P.J.:

A skateboarding magazine.

SHAWN:

You can't even do a kickflip.

P.J.:

I can sometimes.

SHAWN:

You could *once*.

P.J.:

You got me the job, remember?

SHAWN:

Yeah, in the mailroom. Remind me how we went from that to you pitching ideas to THIS?

[He reveals the gun he's holding. It's not that P.J. isn't kinda scared at seeing the gun, but the fear energizes him.]

P.J.:

I said it would be gnarly to test self-defence equipment and write about it.

SHAWN:

You're taping it.

P.J.:

For posterity.

SHAWN:

I don't think you're using that word right. Why are you starting with the gun?

P.J.:

Go big or go home.

SHAWN:

Should have picked go home. Can I pick that? Is there time? You know, I heard Element just dropped some new decks. You can write about that.

P.J.:

Just shoot the gun. *[sensing this is a last resort:]* Pussy.

[Shawn rolls his eyes, mostly at himself – he can't believe P.J. would really try that. But it works just enough.]

Shawn raises the gun, then lowers it. Goes through this a couple times.]

P.J.:

Maybe I can do it.

SHAWN:

What, shoot me? In the chest? Hell no. I can barely go up a flight of stairs without dying already.
At the ripe old age of twenty--/

P.J.:

No, I can shoot myself.

SHAWN:

At point blank?

P.J.:

Sure!

SHAWN:

Stand up straight.

PJ:

I am.

SHAWN:

Brace yourself.

[Shawn shoots him with the gun. Luckily, it hits him square in the chest. It knocks him to the ground. Shawn seems completely terrified for the briefest of moments. Until P.J. starts laughing.]

SHAWN:

God, what have I done?

P.J.:

Don't be so dramatic. I'm okay.

SHAWN:

I know.

P.J.:

Alright, let's go check the footage out.

SHAWN:

Hey, PJ. Seriously?

P.J.:

Yeah?

[Still clutching the gun for dear life, Shawn considers his options, before deciding on:]

SHAWN:

Seriously, you shouldn't start the actual article with the gun. Build up to it. We'll save this material for later. What else are you testing?

P.J.:

Pepper spray, taser. Might be it.

SHAWN:

Save the best for last.

P.J.:

For you, Shawn? Anything.

[Wordlessly, Shawn finishes packing up the camera, gun, etc. for him and leaves.]

SCENE 3.

[In Demi's shop. STEPHANIE is in the room with P.J., her posture as fully turned in on herself as humanly possible, in that way only teenagers can do. P.J. still wears the bulletproof vest.

If possible, Stephanie likes to play with matches or lighters, in a harmless, idle way. Right now it's more of a nervous thing.

P.J. gives her space, but wants to close it.]

STEPHANIE:

How long do you have?

P.J.:

They don't know exactly. Could linger on for a year. Could take a turn next week.

STEPHANIE:

How do you make it more like a year?

P.J.:

Steph, I don't think I want to.

STEPHANIE:

Why not?

P.J.:

Spend every day getting radiated, chemo-ed, puking my guts out, lying around rotting, to maybe get a year, *maybe?* /

STEPHANIE:

/ Stop stop stop. I know.

P.J.:

So you see why I need to do this?

STEPHANIE:

Like a cannon? A for-real cannon? For cannonballs?

P.J.:

Yeah, but for me. For dads.

STEPHANIE:

How's it gonna work?

P.J.:

I'm going to get inside it. Someone will press a button. And off I go.

STEPHANIE:

Don't people go and get like second opinions on this stuff?

P.J.:

Your mom is capable.

STEPHANIE:

No I mean like with the. The cancer.

P.J.:

I am the second opinion. I know what it feels like when it's time. I've come close enough.

STEPHANIE:

Whatever.

P.J.:

I know it's hard.

[She shrugs.]

P.J.:

It's okay to feel whatever you're feeling.

STEPHANIE:

Don't know about that.

P.J.:

What are you feeling?

STEPHANIE:

It's fine if you don't want to do whatever. It's fine.

P.J.:

You don't have to think it's fine.

STEPHANIE:

I don't.

P.J.:

What are you thinking? Come on, baby. Tell me something.

[She avoids looking at him.]

P.J.:

Now is the time.

[She narrowly avoids crying at that. She considers not sharing this, but ultimately:]

STEPHANIE:

I have this reoccurring nightmare about you. The dreams are all in different places and times but at some point in each one, you're there, but really sick. Really ill, really just beat to shit. I think it's a little different each time, but mostly, picture this – in a chair, half the size of the chair, all shriveled up. Real sick and skinny, like a raisin. Honestly not like a person anymore, just a sickness. Most of the time it has nothing to do with the story, you're just, in a chair or on the ground, you're just there. And in the dream it makes sense – well, it doesn't *make sense*, but it also doesn't *not* make sense, like most dreams, I guess. But the dream version of me always notices you right away. We see you but we don't really have time to think about it. But then when I wake up, in those weird moments when your brain is still figuring out what's dream and what's reality, I have this super distinct thought, "I need to kill him."

Like, "He should be dead." But not even just He Should Be Dead. Like, distinctly, I need to kill my dad. It's not an anger thing. It's just like a, "Why isn't anyone else in the dream killing my dad when he so clearly needs to be dead?"

And I don't want to get into all that right now, all that stuff like I dreamt it and now it's happening in real life, it's the forces of God or karma or whatever. But I did feel like I needed to bring it up. I dreamt I needed to kill you and now I do. I do need to kill you. So I will.

I'll press the button.

P.J.:

I want you to do it. But Stephanie, listen.

That is the last time you will use that phrasing that way.

With just us, it's fine. But you have a future ahead of you. Never say that you wanted to kill me ever again. Not to your mom, not to a therapist, certainly not to a fucking cop. If anyone asks, I put you up to it. I'm gonna make sure to find someone and tell them I put you up to it. And if you go to court over it, you need to lie. Do you understand?

STEPHANIE:

Oh for sure.

P.J.:

Do you understand.

STEPHANIE:

Oh, for sure.

P.J.:

You know I love you?

STEPHANIE:

More than like, anything.

[He goes over and hugs her, which she allows. When she gets up, she finds her mother's whiskey with the quick ease of someone who's done it many times. She takes a swig and hands it to him. He's dying to reprimand her. Instead, he just chooses this:]

P.J.:

If you ever even so much as think about getting behind the wheel after drinking.

STEPHANIE:

I won't.

P.J.:

I know. You're smarter than me. But if you ever even think of doing it.

STEPHANIE:

You'll ground me?

P.J.:

Just don't leave your mom alone. That's all.

[She was going to drink more, but that was kind of a blow. She puts it away, considering what to do next. She goes back to where she was sitting before and hands him some matches. They enjoy playing with them together.]

SCENE 4.

[P.J. and SHAWN are outside again. The camera is set up on the tripod. Shawn reads from what he's holding – a bottle of pepper spray, and the instructions that came with them.]

SHAWN:

“Caution: severe skin and eye irritant.”

PJ:

Yup. That's the idea.

SHAWN:

“Contents under pressure. Keep out of the reach of children.” Oh, listen to this – “NYPD carries Sabre!” Only the best for your face, huh?

PJ:

It's a good face.

SHAWN:

I'd have to agree.

PJ:

You're in a good mood today!

SHAWN:

I figured nothing could be as bad as asking me to shoot you in the chest, so yeah, I'm a little more at ease. Trying to find the humor in all this, I guess.

PJ:

Yeah, see, it's really not so bad. Testing a little self defense equipment. Taping it. Writing about it. Calling it a day.

SHAWN:

So do you just want to go ahead and get it over with?

P.J.:

Yeah.

SHAWN:

Let me just read—

P.J.:

Nah, you don't need that. Just stand a few feet back and spray it.

SHAWN:

Okay.

[Shawn goes to stand a few feet away. He keeps checking in with PJ about how far away he should be. Ideally, they have some sort of bit about it. It's funny and cute. Then Shawn fires the spray. Everything stops being funny and cute.]

P.J.:

OH
OHMYGOD
OHMYGODOHFUCK
OHHHHFUUUUCK

SHAWN:

Whoa! Hey! Holy shit!

P.J.:

I CAN'T SEE SHIT

SHAWN:

Dude! Sit down!

P.J.:

FUCK
I CAN'T SEE
I CAN'T BREATHE
FUCK, CAN YOU GET--
GET LIKE WATER OR SOMETHING

SHAWN:

I think it's supposed to be milk or—

P.J.:

Just get something, fuck!

[He gets on the ground, still reacting heavily, coughing, spitting, all that. Shawn runs off stage. P.J. suffers for a moment. Shawn comes back with milk or something like it. P.J. pours it on himself. It sort of works. Shawn looks at the scene of spray and milk and discomfort. He's horrified, to say the least.]

Eventually P.J. gathers up the strength to say this:]

P.J.:

Do we need another take?

[P.J. does not have the chance at any point to clean or remove anything from these tests. The next time we see him, he is still visibly affected by the pepper spray.]

SCENE 5.

[STEPHANIE is in the shop, on her phone, absentmindedly playing with her matches, maybe fiddles with some of Demi's tools too, while she watches videos. Typical teenage idle moves with a little bit of added tension. She reaches for the whiskey in the typical spot. It isn't there. She starts to look around for it. Soon, DEMI opens the door.]

DEMI:

Looking for something?

STEPHANIE:

Nah, just bored.

DEMI:

Looking for this?

[She holds up the whiskey bottle. Stephanie waits a hair too long.]

STEPHANIE:

Nah. But I'll take some if you want me to.

DEMI:

I know you took some, Stephanie.

[Stephanie looks over at the bottle.]

STEPHANIE:

What, did you mark it? You don't trust me?

DEMI:

I didn't mark it. But I also didn't put on purple lipstick before I drank from it.

STEPHANIE:

Oh.

DEMI:

Steph, I'm not an idiot. I know you drink. I know all of your friends do too. When you go to Amanda's house—

STEPHANIE:

That's not even true!

DEMI:

When you go to her house, I trust you there because I know Amanda is generally a good kid and I know you guys don't leave the house.

STEPHANIE:

How do you even know that?

DEMI:

Your Instagram is not as private as you think it is, my dear.

STEPHANIE:

GOD what the!—

DEMI:

But that's the thing, you can't be posting about it, certainly not on your not-private-enough Instagram, on your not-private-enough stories,

STEPHANIE:

Here, I'll set it to private right now

DEMI:

And you can't just wander into a room like this, with POWER TOOLS, chugging hard liquor!

STEPHANIE:

I'm not CHUGGING

DEMI:

You are very lucky you haven't been caught, reported, and suspended again.

STEPHANIE:

Oh yeah SO LUCKY! I feel so lucky. Right.

DEMI:

Wait. Go on.

STEPHANIE:

No, nothing, whatever, it's whatever. I won't drink. I'm sorry, okay?

[She is absentmindedly playing with her lighter again. Demi clocks it. Stephanie clocks her clocking it.]

STEPHANIE:

Don't stare at me. Please. I really am sorry.

DEMI:

No, I believe you.

STEPHANIE:

I'll go to my room now.

DEMI:

Stephanie,

STEPHANIE:

Don't "Stephanie" me like that

DEMI:

The last time you didn't tell me something,

STEPHANIE:

I KNOW. Don't.

DEMI:

You set that fire at the school.

STEPHANIE:

I said I was SORRY /

DEMI:

And I said I believed you /

STEPHANIE:

And it wasn't even ON school / property, technically.

DEMI:

/ Property, technically, yes, I know. I'm not trying to twist the knife, Steph, I know it might feel like that. I just don't want to find something—

STEPHANIE:

You won't.

DEMI:

How can I help?

STEPHANIE:

I'll be over it soon.

DEMI:

Over what?

STEPHANIE:

It'll take care of itself. Nothing specific.

DEMI:

Is this about your father?

STEPHANIE:

Of course it's about my father! What else would it be about!

DEMI:

Honey, I know what it's like to lose a parent. You can talk to me about however you're feeling. Anything.

STEPHANIE:

You won't understand.

DEMI:

I can try.

STEPHANIE:

Trust me, nobody will understand.

[Stephanie exits in a hurry. Demi is struck with realization about the situation.]

SCENE 6.

[P.J. enters clutching something like a flag or a flashy cane. His energy is different, coiled up. SHAWN enters, for once in a better mood than P.J. (if not chipper, then resigned).]

SHAWN *[indicating the flag]*:

Pretty dope. If you charge with that, it's gonna be some real America shit.

P.J.:

Yeah, they're gonna eat it up.

SHAWN:

Who's gonna eat it up?

P.J.:

The good people of YouTube.

SHAWN:

Oh, right. That website with the cat videos? I forgot you wanted to post something there.

P.J.:

And now it's got my smiling face on it too. Well, smiling as much as I could with a face full of mace.

SHAWN:

How pleasant.

[Shawn senses something odd in the silence as he sets up the camera. P.J. appears to be hyping himself up, focused for once.]

SHAWN:

I bet your face still looked great.

P.J.:

Best one on the site. Except for all the cats.

SHAWN:

You good?

P.J.:

Never better.

SHAWN:

Need a moment?

P.J.:

I'd rather get it done. Go home, get you the footage for editing ASAP. Can we do a—what do you need to do, I don't know... test shot? Is this good? Am I in the shot?

SHAWN:

Yeah. You're in the shot. What's going on, P.J.? I bet this thing won't be half as bad as the spray. [*When he makes the stun gun make a little testing noise, P.J. cringes*] Sorry.

P.J.:

Nah, no—no sorry. It's not you. I don't know why I did that. I'm actually thrilled! I think it's gonna look dope. I mean, who ever thought of getting this shit on camera, right?

SHAWN:

You know, we don't really actually have to do this one. Or we could sort of partially do it? I don't know. Just enough to get photos and put something about it down on paper. Or we could write about you being scared – that'd be interesting content. Not that I'm saying you're scared, I wouldn't—

P.J.:

I'm scared.

Of the stun gun.

Because I don't know how it'll feel? Like I know how it feels to hurt. But it's not just the stun gun, it's the unknown pains. Whatever else comes after that. Like, I don't know how bad it'll hurt.

SHAWN:

Dude... who cares how bad it hurts? For like ten minutes? Not even? The article is done after this. Right?

P.J.:

Yeah. The article is. The video...

SHAWN:

The YouTube thing?

P.J.:

I need to keep posting.

SHAWN:

No one's making you.

P.J.:

Just the one video I posted – the spray—it's got a lot of views. Five hundred K.

SHAWN:

Is that... a lot?

P.J.:

It's not *Lazy Sunday*, but it's a lot. I mean, I guess I could just also post the bulletproof vest and see how many views it gets. If a lot, then I guess I have to keep going.

SHAWN:

Says who.

P.J.:

Says my empty fucking bank account, Shawn. Come on.

SHAWN:

Maybe the article will take off.

P.J.:

Maybe not. It's taking forever, dude.

SHAWN:

Yeah. Editing is part of the job, dude. You think your videos won't be needing a lot of editing at some point?

P.J.:

They won't if we get a nice shot the first time. Are you ready? I can't wait any longer.

SHAWN:

Let me check. Do you think we can try that shadier—

P.J.:

I CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER.

[Shawn wouldn't show it, but he's spooked.]

SHAWN:

Okay.

P.J.:

Sorry.

SHAWN:

It's whatever, man. I'm ready. You ready?

P.J.:

Born ready. I'm a professional.

[On that note, he makes some sort of comical noise or war cry and charges toward Shawn. It takes nearly nothing from the stun gun to drop him. It's not funny, it's not dope, it's just a guy falling to the ground in pain.]

SCENE 7.

[P.J. has just pulled himself across the stage to somewhere comfortable at his present-day home he can sit or lie down. As soon as he does, there's a knock at the door. It's DEMI.]

P.J.:

Yeah?

DEMI:

I need to come in.

P.J.:

You've got a key. I know you've got a key.

[Demi enters his house, does not take a jacket off or put a purse down.]

DEMI:

Did you tell your daughter what you were doing?

P.J.:

In what sense?

DEMI:

About the way you're going out.

P.J.:

About – the project? Yes. *[noticing her anger for the first time]* Demi, come on, she was going to figure it out. She's not stupid.

DEMI:

All these years I thought you really had a good grasp on boundaries with our child. I actually was pleasantly surprised. Originally, I thought, he's going to be one of those Hollywood fathers, the kind carting his daughter around to parties where old rich men hit on her and pour her wine all night. Or worse -- he's going to get her on camera somehow.

P.J.:

I never did any of that. You know that, I didn't even want her *watching* what I /

DEMI:

I know. Oh I know. So why after all these years did you suddenly decide that now was the time to absolutely just fucking RUIN THAT?

[She waits for him to answer]

Did you ask Stephanie to press the button?

P.J.:

She's independent. She can make her own choices.

DEMI:

NO actually SHE CAN'T. She's a teenager. Her brain isn't fully formed yet. She doesn't understand things like why a parking lot is a bad place to play with matches. That's why we're in charge of her. Actually, I am MORE. I have PRIMARY custody. And I'm stepping in and saying NO she's not pressing SHIT.

P.J.:

Are you gonna be the one to tell her?

DEMI:

I've had enough tough conversations with her. I think I can handle this one.

[There's an obvious edge to that: YOU didn't have those conversations.]

P.J.:

Fine.

DEMI:

What's going on? You look – what's wrong?

P.J.:

I'm dying. That's all.

DEMI:

Wait, right now?

P.J.:

No! No. I'm just kidding. You know, I'm still coming around to the idea myself. It's a process.

DEMI:

I know you'll say no, but – are you seeing anyone about this?

P.J.:

Can you stay over tonight?

DEMI:

I meant like a therapist.

P.J.:

Come on, please.

DEMI:

Honey, if I stay the night, it's not gonna be romantic. It'll probably be about punching you in the neck for getting our daughter involved with your stupid bullshit.

[But she's been finally settling in, finding a seat, putting her bag down, etc.]

P.J.:

I promise it'll be the last time I ask.

DEMI:

Good. I can't do all that again.

P.J.:

Okay. I love you.

[Demi is relieved: this she can handle.]

DEMI:

I love you too, of course. If you keep Stephanie involved, I'll throw out my design. You'll have to do this the way everyone else does. And you won't see either of us before the end.

[They lay down together. Right away, she falls asleep, and he gets up and forms something from scraps around his home: it's like a sumo suit, a poor facsimile for a Michelin man, but made from the scraps a young poor man has around his house.]