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SF PERUSALS

Harbor

Chad Beguelin

A Samuel French Acting Edition

SAMUEL FRENCH
FOUNDED 1830

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HARBOR was originally produced by the Westport Country Playhouse (Mark Lamos, Artistic Director, Michael Ross, Managing Director) in Westport, Connecticut The opening date was September 1, 2012. The performance was directed by Mark Lamos, with sets by Andrew Jackness, costumes by Candice Donnelly, lighting by Japhy Weideman, and original music and sound by John Gromada. The Production Stage Manager was Matthew Melchiorre. The cast was as follows:

DONNA . . . . . Kate Nowlin
LOTTIE . . . . . Alexis Molnar
KEVIN . . . . . Bobby Steggart
TED . . . . . .Paul Anthony Stewart

The New York premiere of ***HARBOR*** was produced by Primary Stages (Casey Childs, Founder & Executive Producer; Andrew Leynse, Artistic Director; Elliot Fox, Managing Director), at 59E59 Theaters. The opening date was August 6, 2013. The performance was directed by Mark Lamos, with sets by Andrew Jackness, costumes by Candice Donnelly, lighting by Japhy Weideman, and original music and sound by John Gromada. The Production Stage Manager was Amanda Spooner. The cast was as follows:

DONNA . . . . . Erin Cummings
LOTTIE . . . . . Alexis Molnar
KEVIN . . . . . Randy Harrison
TED . . . . . .Paul Anthony Stewart

CHARACTERS

DONNA ADAMS . . . . . mid-thirties, but acts like a teenager
LOTTIE ADAMS . . . . . fifteen and a half and acts like an adult
KEVIN ADAMS-WELLER . . . . . early thirties, **DONNA**'s brother
TED ADAMS-WELLER . . . . . late thirties, **KEVIN**'s husband

SETTING

The play takes place over three months in Sag Harbor.

ACT ONE

Scene One

(A van. **DONNA**, *mid-thirties, wishes she were younger, drives. She is sloppily put together, but tries her best to look young in a sadly cool teenager kind of way.* **LOTTIE**, *15 and a half, wishes she were older, sits shotgun.* **LOTTIE** *is dressed much more conservatively than her mother and reads a tattered book. Music blares.* **DONNA** *turns the music down.)*

DONNA. They hyphenated their last names. Freaking hyphenated them. How gay is that?

LOTTIE. They are gay.

DONNA. Yeah? Well, they just got a lot gayer.

LOTTIE. Um, no. It's actually very straight of them. It's something that straight people do.

DONNA. Yeah, retarded straight people. And of course they'd have to live someplace like this. I mean look at this crap. All these little old time-y shops and windmills. This whole town is just trying too hard. We get it, Sag Harbor. You're cute. It's like "the lady doth deny too much."

LOTTIE. Protest. It's "the lady doth protest too much."

DONNA. Whateves.

(Punches **LOTTIE** *in the shoulder.)*

Slug bug!

LOTTIE. Stop it. Don't you even care when you sound like an idiot?

DONNA. Don't be a dick.

LOTTIE. Don't call me a dick. You can't call me a dick.

DONNA. I'm sorry. Mommy's sorry. Mommy's just stressed out right now. I haven't ever met this Ted person. I want him think I'm cool.

LOTTIE. But you're not cool.

DONNA. I am too! I'm a cool person. People think I'm cool.

LOTTIE. What people? I'd like to meet those people.

DONNA. Come on, don't be a bioatch.

LOTTIE. Don't say that word like that. You're too old to say that word like that.

DONNA. I'm not old. I'm down. I represent.

LOTTIE. No one talks like that anymore. Please don't talk like that in front of them.

DONNA. Oh, look. A store that sells salt water taffy. Welcome to Fag Harbor.

LOTTIE. *(Shaking her head.)* So not cool.

DONNA What are you reading now?

(Grabs the book.)

"House of Mirth"? Is it funny?

LOTTIE. It's hilarious.

DONNA. What's it about?

LOTTIE. Lily Bart. She's a milliner who's hooked on chloral hydrate.

DONNA. In English, please?

LOTTIE. She's a drug addict who makes hats.

DONNA. Oh.

LOTTIE. She blew all her chances to settle down. Scared all the men in her life away.

DONNA. What's that supposed to mean?

LOTTIE. I'm just telling you about the book.

DONNA. I still can't believe Kevin's married now. I wonder if he's going to call this Ted person his husband

LOTTIE. What did he call him when you spoke to him? Did he say "husband"?

DONNA. *(Shrugs it off.)* I dunno.

LOTTIE. When was the last time you talked to Uncle Kevin?

DONNA. I don't know. Why you gotta be like that, bioatch?

LOTTIE. I said don't. They know we're coming, right?

*(***DONNA** *is silent.)*

Mom?!

(Lights up on a meticulously restored Greek Revival living room. **KEVIN***, sensitive and easily rattled, sits at a Biedermeier writing desk, pounding away at his laptop.)*

KEVIN. *(Stops typing, then throws his head back in disgust.)* Oh my God, just stab me in the back of the head! Just find a soft spot in my skull and stick a knife through it!

TED. *(Offstage.)* Don't make yourself crazy.

KEVIN. It's total crap.

TED. *(Offstage.)* Read me what you've got.

KEVIN. Where's my coffee?

TED. *(Offstage.)* It's coming, bossy. Read.

KEVIN. *(Sighs, reads.)* Originally called Wigwagonock by local Native Americans, Sag Harbor rests on a peaceful bay in the heart of the Hamptons. From the Bay Street Gala to the Hampton Classic Horse Show, Sag Harbor offers its citizens and visitors alike a wide array of exciting activities…

*(***TED** *enters with coffee, seemingly unflappable.)*

TED. That's good. What's wrong with that?

KEVIN. That doesn't sound wooden to you? Professorial?

TED. It flows. It's informational. It has a kind of singleness of purpose.

KEVIN. I hate you.

(Goes back to typing. Stops abruptly.)

It's just humiliating. I'm going to tell them I can't do it.

TED. No you're not. It was very nice of Anne and Vivian to ask you to help. They know you want to be a writer…

(Quickly corrects himself.)

That you <u>are</u> a writer and I think it's a great opportunity.

KEVIN. It's just a pamphlet.

TED. So you should be able to bang it out in no time.

KEVIN. *(Sips coffee.)* I wish this coffee was more ethnic.

TED. Mexican or Irish?

KEVIN. Irish.

*(***TED** *crosses to a bar and grabs some whiskey. He pours it into their cups.)*

Maybe I just have to leave it for now. Pick it up tomorrow, when I've got more perspective. Maybe I should walk around town and pick up some inspiration.

TED. Why don't you finish your homework first, young man?

KEVIN. You're right. You think I'm just procrastinating? Trying to distract myself? Can we get a dog?

TED. No.

KEVIN. A little one?

TED. No.

KEVIN. A picture of a dog?

TED. No.

(Lights switch to **DONNA** *and* **LOTTIE**.*)*

DONNA. Look for number 32.

LOTTIE. How could you not tell them we were coming? I can't believe how stupid you are.

DONNA. Don't worry about it. Kevin worships me. And I'm sure they'll have about a thousand bedrooms, so why would they care?

LOTTIE. Are they gonna have a computer?

DONNA. Are you kidding? They'll have a computer that makes cappuccinos and gives blowjobs. Trust me, everything is going to be over the top and we're gonna be very jealous. But just be cool about it.

(Pause.)

Why do you want a computer?

LOTTIE. I want to email someone.

DONNA. Leave Jim alone, Lottie. It's not cool.

LOTTIE. He's my dad. I can email whomever I want.

DONNA. You'll just annoy him.

LOTTIE. You don't know that.

DONNA. Has he emailed you back in four years?

LOTTIE. Forget it.

DONNA. Look for numbers.

LOTTIE. 28…30…there it is, turn here.

DONNA. Oh…oh, shit…

(Pulls the van to a stop.)

Look at it.

LOTTIE. Um…wow.

DONNA. *(Starts to cry.)* It looks like a wedding cake.

LOTTIE. What is wrong with you?

DONNA. What do you think is wrong with me?! Your uncle lives in a wedding cake with a hyphenated last name and I live with you in a van.

(Pounds the steering wheel.)

We live in a fucking van!

LOTTIE. Stop it! You're gonna break the steering wheel! Then we're gonna live in a van with a broken steering wheel.

DONNA. I should just kill myself!

LOTTIE. Don't say that! You can't say that!

DONNA. Oh, come on! Don't tell me you wouldn't be better off! You'd probably get to live with your gay uncles and they'd French braid your hair and pack you lunches with little plastic containers of chicken salad…and desserts. There'd always be some kind of fancy dessert. Tarts.

LOTTIE. Shut up right now.

DONNA. I should have married that hotel manager in Louisville. Everyone else settles, why didn't I? Why am I any better than the rest of America? Why can't I just overlook people's downfalls? So he had a cleft lip. Big deal. I could have thought of it as just another way to show off what great teeth he had. It's just the stomach that hung over the belt. I can't lift up a stomach before I have sex with someone, Lottie. I can't do that.

LOTTIE. No one's asking you to. Am I asking you to?

(Pause.)

Look at your face.

DONNA. *(Checks her reflection.)* Oh God. It looks like I put my make-up on with the butt of a gun.

LOTTIE. Let me fix it.

*(***LOTTIE** *starts to redo* **DONNA***'s make-up.)*

DONNA. You're the world to me, baby. I love you.

LOTTIE. Whatever.

DONNA. No, I mean it.

LOTTIE. Um, noted. Why don't you call them first? Let's go back to the gas station and call them. It'll make it all just, you know, easier.

DONNA. You're right. Let's make this whole thing much more chill.

(Starts the car.)

Can I smoke just a little weed before I call?

LOTTIE. No.

DONNA. Just a teeny tiny bit? Just to calm my nerves?

LOTTIE Absolutely not.

DONNA. You're a mean mommy.

(Lights switch to **TED** *and* **KEVIN**. **TED** *is now typing and* **KEVIN** *paces.)*

KEVIN. What have you got?

TED. This is a rough draft.

(Reads)

Evidence of Sag Harbor's history as a whaling port can be found in the light blue curbstones used along the city streets. The curbstones were fashioned out of the ballasts of ancient whaling ships that frequented the port.

KEVIN. That's not bad. You're better than me.

TED. Come on, baby. You're an artist. I'm an architect.

KEVIN. Then why are words just flowing out of you?

TED. This is non-fiction. I'm just…building sentences. There's no creativity.

KEVIN. I'm a hack.

TED. Forget it. I'll cut the whole paragraph.

KEVIN. No, it's fine. Leave it. Maybe I'll try and design a few office buildings. See how you like it.

(The phone rings.)

TED. Don't be like that. I'm just trying to help.

KEVIN. *(Loudly, annoyed.)* I know that! You think I don't know that?!

(Instantly switching to calm as he answers the phone.)

Adams-Weller residence.

(A light comes up on **DONNA** *at a payphone.)*

DONNA. Hey, Kevin? It's Donna. Is this a bad time?

KEVIN. *(Thrown)* Oh, hey…hey, you. Long time no talk… so…no, it's not a bad, is everything okay?

DONNA. Oh, everything's great. Really awesome.

KEVIN. Lottie's okay? Everyone's okay?

DONNA. Yeah, um, super okay. Everyone's really awesome and filled with…super okay-ness. Hey, guess where I'm calling you from!

KEVIN. Um, I don't know. Dollywood?

DONNA. No, I – what? No, think, Kevin!

KEVIN. Oh, God. You're not calling from jail, are you?

DONNA. Ha! That's funny! No, ha! No, I'm like, three blocks away.

KEVIN. Three blocks away from what?

DONNA. From, you know, you. You two. You two guys.

TED. Who is it?

KEVIN. *(To* **TED***)* Shhh!

DONNA. If now's a bad time…

KEVIN. Uh, no, why would it be? I'm just, Ted and I were just, I was just doing some work, some writing…and we're having coffee and I was…you know, writing… and…so that's what we're doing…in a nutshell. In the shell of a…nut…

DONNA. I'm at a gas station three blocks away.

KEVIN. That's so crazy. Three blocks huh?

(After a brutally long pause.)

DONNA. So, um, Kevin?

KEVIN. Yeah?

DONNA. Are you gonna invite me over?

KEVIN. Well, um…that's…that's exactly what I'm going to do.

(Blackout.)

Scene Two

(Minutes later. **LOTTIE, DONNA, KEVIN** *and* **TED** *sit very awkwardly in the living room. There are several large, worn looking backpacks piled to one side.)*

KEVIN. Lottie is so big. She's just grown so much.

DONNA. Fifteen going on forty. She's always been mature for her age. Got her period when she was ten.

LOTTIE. Oh my God, shut up!

KEVIN. Yeah, that's probably not appropriate.

DONNA. Oh, Lottie gets me. I'm a dope mom. She thinks I'm dope.

LOTTIE. No, I don't. I think you're a moron.

TED. Wow.

DONNA. Hey, Ted, I don't mean to be a bitch, but can we get something to drink?

TED. Oh, Jesus, sorry. What would you like? Wine? Vodka? Beer? We're prepared for anything.

DONNA. Whatever you're drinking. What are you drinking?

TED. We were just having plain old coffee, but I could shake up some vodka martinis if…

DONNA. Fuck yeah!

TED. I'll just be right the fuck back.

*(***TED** *is gone.)*

DONNA. He's fun.

KEVIN. Yeah.

DONNA. He's so glossy and satisfied.

KEVIN. I guess. So, last I heard you were all the way out in San Francisco…

DONNA. Yeah, I was singing with this band, you know, weddings and bar mitzvahs…a few hotel conventions…

LOTTIE. A car show.

DONNA. A car show. And it just started to kill me on the inside, you know what I mean? I could feel my organs

rotting. The money was fine, nothing great, but the crap I had to sing.

LOTTIE. Bryan Adams.

DONNA. Bryan freaking Adams! Talk about torture! I mean, who gets married to Bryan freaking Adams?

LOTTIE. Hillbillies.

DONNA. Hillbillies! And the brides would stand there and cry, never realizing that they haven't gotten married, they've just been sold into slavery. I mean, in my book, all relationships are just two-person cults.

(Quick pause.)

Present company excluded, of course.

KEVIN. Of course.

DONNA. So, you know, it wasn't a choice, I had to quit.

LOTTIE. They fired you.

DONNA. I quit, Lottie. My decision.

LOTTIE. She exposed her breasts.

DONNA. Accidentally.

LOTTIE. And hit on one of the grooms.

DONNA. That was technically before the wedding, so I deflect all evil karma.

LOTTIE. She stole a Rabbi's wallet.

DONNA. *(To* **LOTTIE***)* Do I interrupt <u>your</u> stories?

LOTTIE. I don't have any stories.

KEVIN. Hey, Lottie. So, uh, where do you go to school?

DONNA. She's kind of home-schooled.

LOTTIE. We live in a van.

DONNA. So you're <u>van</u>-schooled.

*(***TED** *returns with a shaker. He pours drinks for* **KEVIN** *and* **DONNA**.*)*

She makes such a big deal about crashing in the van every now and then. I mean, Jewel lived out of her car and now she's got platinum albums and shit.

*(***DONNA** *addresses* **TED**.*)*

DONNA. Lottie likes juice and those cheddar goldfish crackers. Or cheese? You got cheese?

*(***TED** *stares at her.)*

Or Snackables?

*(***TED** *shoots* **KEVIN** *a look.)*

KEVIN. Let me help.

TED. No, no. I'm good.

(He turns and exits.)

DONNA. *(Back to* **KEVIN**.*)* He's great. So this guy who used to play the synthesizer tells me he's quitting the band, too, but that his brother works for a cruise ship that leaves out of New York. His brother got him a gig on the boat and he thinks he can hook me up with an audition. I mean, it's not exactly what I had in mind for my singing career, but you can make some sweet money. He claims it's somewhere around thirty thousand a year, plus your room and board are all taken care of. Thirty thousand? That's almost a double wide trailer after taxes. Lottie and I would be all set. So we decide to head east and then I realize you're out here and you haven't seen Lottie since God knows when…

KEVIN. I think it was mom's funeral.

DONNA. I knew it was some kind of joyous occasion. So I figured we had to stop by.

KEVIN. Well, it's great. I mean, it's such a surprise.

DONNA. I know, isn't this fun?! So, I wanna hear all about you! All about you and Ted and this great house and everything that's going on in Kevin-Ted world. How long have you two been together?

KEVIN. Coming up on ten years.

DONNA. Whoa, that's almost fifty-three in straight people years.

KEVIN. Is it?

DONNA. I interrupted. What have you been up to, bro?

KEVIN. Well, I've been working on some projects. A novel that I'm wrestling with right now. It's going slowly, but I'll get there. I'll get there.

DONNA. You'll have to let me read it!

(To **LOTTIE***)*

Uncle Kevin's the only one that went to college. Full scholarship. Superior to all of us in every way. Straight A's. Straight teeth. Straight throw pillows. Take a cue from your uncle, bioatch.

(To **KEVIN***)*

She's gonna be just like you. Spitting image.

KEVIN. You like to read, Lottie?

LOTTIE. What's the book about?

KEVIN. What's it about? Oh, it's you know, it's kind of hard to explain. It's about this woman, well, the voice is very female…

DONNA. Of course it is.

KEVIN. It's…it's, well, in a way, it's sort of a cross between… it's kind of like…I mean, she wakes up…

LOTTIE. The woman?

KEVIN. Yes, it's all kind of…visceral…and you don't know if you can trust her narration, because it might be so esoteric that it's apocryphal.

DONNA. I don't know what any of those words mean.

KEVIN. It's hard to explain. I'm struggling, but…

DONNA. You should put some vampires in it.

KEVIN. What? It's not that kind of…why would I do that?

DONNA. Everybody's making mad money off of vampire shit. Or zombies.

KEVIN. Sorry, Donna, but, what kind of books do you read?

DONNA. Me? Oh, I'm a magazine girl. But that doesn't mean I don't know what sells. I've got my finger on the pulse.

KEVIN. Right.

(Quickly.)

I'm also working on a pamphlet. For the historical society.

DONNA. Oh. Is that good? I mean, that's good.

KEVIN. There are a lot of writers out here. They have a writers' conference every summer. They could have asked anybody to do it. Somebody big.

TED. *(Re-enters with a tray.)* They could have asked E.L. Doctorow.

KEVIN. Well, not that big.

DONNA. But instead they asked you! Wow, well, hey! Cheers!

(To **LOTTIE**.*)*

You hear that? Your uncle's writing a famous pamphlet. Eat something, Lottie.

(Picks up a cornichon.)

Try one of these shrunken pickles.

KEVIN. They're cornichons.

DONNA. Well, la-de-da!

LOTTIE. I'm not hungry. Can I use your bathroom?

TED. Down the hall, to the right.

LOTTIE. *(Stops, to* **KEVIN**.*)* Your book sounds a lot like "Mrs. Dalloway". You know, by Virginia Woolf. It's very stream of consciousness, too. She's stuck in what they call a kind of "continuous present." Events keep moving around in her mind, so you're not sure you can trust her narration either. You know, like your book.

KEVIN. *(Pause.)* Huh. I'll have to pick that up again. You've…you've read Virginia Woolf?

LOTTIE. Yeah, well, classics are only a quarter at the Goodwill. Less if the cover's ripped off.

*(***LOTTIE** *exits.)*

KEVIN. Jesus. She's read Virginia Woolf?

DONNA. I told you she's wicked smart. She's like, Asian smart. Is that racist? I guess it's not racist if it's a compliment, right? I mean, if someone said all fags have huge dicks, you guys wouldn't get pissed off, right?

TED. I'm gonna need some time to think about that.

DONNA. So, Ted, what's kind of stuff do you design?

TED. Well, I was sort of forced into residential when the market went south. I used to do a lot more commercial work, that's where my passion is.

KEVIN. You should see the library that Ted designed a few years ago. It's been Leed Certified.

DONNA. Awesome. What the hell's that?

TED. It stands for Leadership in Energy and Environmental Design. It just basically means, you know, the building is up to the standards of the US Green Building Council.

KEVIN. It's an earth friendly design, uses sustainable energy…

TED. Blah, blah, blah.

DONNA. Wow, so it's really noble, then.

TED. Well, I don't know about that. There's a little bit of nobility somewhere maybe, but it's also the way things are going. I'm just doing what the market demands.

DONNA. But it's not like you're building rape rooms.

TED. Uh…no.

KEVIN. Ted's had two buildings certified at the gold level. They do different levels, silver, gold, platinum.

DONNA. Sounds like Amway. That's cute how you do that. Brag about each other. It's cute. Super supportive and shit. You guys ever think about adopting some kids? Maybe do the surrogate thing?

TED. *(Pause.)* How did my glass get so empty?

(He shakes the martini shaker vigorously. Pours himself a drink. Motions to **KEVIN***'s glass.)*

KEVIN. I'm okay for now.

DONNA. I'm not.

(Holds her glass up to be filled.)

So no babies for you two?

KEVIN. Ted hates babies. He thinks all babies should be baked into pies.

TED. That's not true. I just, I don't think we're the type of people. We're too selfish.

KEVIN. We're not!

TED. Yes, baby, we are. We like to travel and shop and booze it up. If it were a choice between a week at a swim-up bar in St. Kitts or diapers, I'd have to say screw the diapers. I guess, you know, it's just, it's never been a priority.

DONNA. Oh, come on, now! How could you not want kids? I mean, you've got the fancy house, the hyphenated names. Wouldn't a kid be the next logical step for you two upstanding Gay-mericans?

TED. I'm just not into the whole big family thing. And neither is Kevin.

DONNA. You're not? When we were kids…

KEVIN. That's all changed.

DONNA. *(To* **TED***.)* When we were kids, Kevin would force me to play house. I would have to pretend to be his daughter. And he would pretend to be the mommy.

KEVIN. Oh, God, shut up.

DONNA. He would wear bright orange dish washing gloves and constantly lecture me about manners. And he used this high-class southern accent, like Dinah Shore.

KEVIN. *(With a southern accent.)* Young lady, what have I told you about acting up in front of company?

DONNA. *(With the same accent.)* Where, pray tell, are your pantyhose?

KEVIN & DONNA. *(With the accent.)* That is not the proper way to use an oyster fork!

(They laugh together for a second.)

KEVIN. Yeah, well…

(Pause.)

We had the chance. Once. A lesbian couple we know asked if I would donate my, you know…my…

DONNA. Your splooge?

KEVIN. Uh, sure. They wanted a second kid. They adopted the first time around, a beautiful girl. Trina. But this time they wanted me to…we talked about it, but you know, it wasn't really a good idea. The kid would ultimately be their kid and not ours. Not that we actually wanted..you know…

TED. *(To* **KEVIN.***)* Anne and Vivian are very happy with the way things turned out.

KEVIN. They ended up going through a sperm bank. You should see their kids. They couldn't be more perfect. Little matchy-matchy outfits. Like someone shook them out of a J. Crew catalogue.

DONNA. Someone sounds jealous.

KEVIN. What? No!

TED. I'm surprised either of you would want to have kids after the childhood Kevin's described.

DONNA. What did you tell him?

TED. The alcoholic mother, the verbal abuse, it makes "Angela's Ashes" look like musical comedy.

DONNA. Kevin exaggerates.

KEVIN. It's too bad, because Ted would make a really great father.

TED. Okay, let's just drop it.

DONNA. You would, Ted. You would make a fucking awesome dad.

TED. No, I wouldn't! I wouldn't because, I just…I hate that everyone has to make me feel so guilty about the kid thing.

DONNA. But kids are great! I'd die if I didn't have Lottie.

TED. Well, that's great. For you. That's a personal life choice that you made and I'm happy for you. But I am not gonna feel guilty.

DONNA. But what about what Kevin wants?

KEVIN. I want what Ted wants. I mean, we want the same thing. The same things.

DONNA. But kids are great! What's not to like about kids?

TED. Everything! Okay, I just…when did all of this happen? Why are all of our friends pressuring us to have kids? One of the best benefits of being gay, aside from the really great taste in window treatments, is that kids aren't expected to be part of the equation. When did that change? Anne and Vivian, the two Bobs…

DONNA. You have two gay friends named Bob? As in the gaybobs? That's hilarious.

TED. *(Pouring what's left of the shaker into his glass.)* And I especially don't want to turn into those people. Those entitled parents. I can't stand them. With their double-wide strollers that take up the entire sidewalk. And they way they let their babies scream for hours in restaurants like the rest of us should act like we don't hear them. Like we've all gone spontaneously deaf. Or the way they think they should go first in lines at the airport or the supermarket or anywhere else on the planet because they're so special because they're carrying a baby. "Oh, watch out for the baby! Make way for the baby! Precious, precious baby comes first!" I just want to say to them, "I don't care about your baby. I didn't ask you to have a baby. And I certainly don't see why the world should just move aside because you decided to spread your legs like a five cent whore one night!"

DONNA. Whoa! I wasn't expecting that.

KEVIN. Ted, Jesus. Let's not…

TED. Sorry, you're right. Let's just drop it! I mean, enough with the entitled mothers! I'm done. I'm sorry.

(Pause.)

But you know which ones are the worst? The ones that are always trying to push their babies on you. Hold the baby, kiss the baby, worship the baby. Well, guess what? I don't want to see your baby. I don't want to get near your filthy, dirty baby. You know what babies are? They're Petri dishes, full of bacteria and snot and noise and I chose a life far away from them and yet everyone I know keeps trying to shove them down my throat.

KEVIN. No one's trying to shove anything down you're throat.

(To **DONNA**.*)*

He goes on these tirades.

DONNA. No shit.

TED. I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I'm not gonna say another word.

(Pause.)

But you know what's really scary? The fact that nobody has just one baby these days. Thanks to modern medicine, everyone's got three, four, five babies. Remember when we were kids and someone would have a twin and it was scary and strange, like a leprechaun or a unicorn or a leprechaun riding a unicorn? But not anymore! The whole thing has gotten so crazy. And these entitled people just bring up even more entitled children! I can't even design a normal house anymore. I've got to design a master bathroom inside a master bathroom because my female clients have to urinate twenty-four hours a day because they've got fifty-three babies growing inside of them. So, are we gonna have kids, no God damn way!

*(***LOTTIE** *enters, unseen by* **TED**.*)*

Because kids ruin your life and I have yet to meet a kid who is not a complete and total buzz kill!

(He turns to see **LOTTIE**. *Without missing a beat he tries to snap on a forced cheeriness.)*

Except for Lottie! Hi, Lottie, would you like more cheese? I'll get you more cheese! Lottie needs cheese!

(He grabs the tray and beelines offstage. They stare after him for a second.)

LOTTIE. Did I do something wrong?

KEVIN. No, Lottie, no. I'm sorry, Ted's just…we've had this discussion before and I guess he's feeling pressured. Not from me, of course, I'm happy with a dog.

LOTTIE. You guys have a dog?

KEVIN. No.

LOTTIE. Oh. But I thought…

KEVIN. It's just a touchy subject.

DONNA. Uh, ya think?

LOTTIE. Do you have a computer I can use?

DONNA. LOTTIE! Absolutely not!

TED. *(Re-enters, calmer.)* She can use mine. It's upstairs.

DONNA. No, she can't. Computers are very personal and people don't want you on them. Especially people that think you're a bacteria laden Petri dish.

TED. I really want to apologize about all that. I'm dealing with some big personalities at work and, you know, Lottie, you're absolutely not a buzz kill. And you can definitely use my computer. There's some Purell in the desk drawer.

DONNA. *(Stands.)* No, Lottie! We should be going!

TED. Oh, no, please don't do that. I feel like such an ass. We had Irish coffees before and now with the martinis, I don't even know what I'm saying. Look, you guys came all this way. Wouldn't you like to spend the night? We've got enough extra rooms. You can take baths. We have guest loofahs.

KEVIN. Ted, don't push them.

TED. I can make breakfast in the morning. I can make a breakfast tart!

DONNA. I knew there'd be a tart!

(To **LOTTIE**.*)*

Didn't I say there'd be a tart?!

LOTTIE. You really don't want us staying here.

TED. Don't let what I said make you uncomfortable. Just because I'm dealing with some pregnant nightmares at work.

DONNA. No, you don't want us here.

TED. Why?

DONNA. Because, as she takes a deep breath, I just so happen to be one of those pregnant nightmares.

KEVIN. & TED What?

LOTTIE. *(Furious)* You're WHAT?!

KEVIN. *(Taking her martini.)* I should probably take that.

LOTTIE. You're lying!

DONNA. I think I'd know. I'm very in tune with my body. I've been throwing up like a crazy person…

LOTTIE. You're always throwing up because you're always hung-over!

DONNA. Plus I took a pregnancy test in the toilet of a Long John Silvers. Maybe the baby will be born a pirate. Little tiny hook for a hand.

LOTTIE. *(Stands up.)* You can't do this! You have to get rid of it!

DONNA. What?

LOTTIE. You have to get rid of it, mom.

DONNA. That is a moral decision that is none of your business, young lady! Besides, it's too late for that, anyway.

LOTTIE. *(To* **KEVIN** *and* **TED**.*)* She's making this up! I don't know what she's after, but she's making this up!

(To **DONNA**.*)*

You're crazy! You're the worst mother in the entire world and now you want to have another baby? We're essentially homeless people!

(To **KEVIN** *and* **TED**.*)*

LOTTIE. She stole this shirt from a Texaco station! She's not well!

DONNA. She's lying. She's putting on a show.

LOTTIE. It's true! You're a kleptomaniac homeless woman who smokes weed, hash when she can get it.

DONNA. Shut your mouth, Lottie.

LOTTIE. For all I know, she pimps herself out when I'm not around!

DONNA. You better shut that mouth before I shut it for you!

KEVIN. Donna!

TED. Whoa! Hey, wait a second!

LOTTIE. Now you're threatening to hit me? You know what you are? You're trash! You're stupid white trash and I wish you were dead!

(She grabs her backpack.)

KEVIN. Lottie, wait…

DONNA. Where are you going?

LOTTIE. To get you a wire hanger!

(She storms out, slamming the front door after her.)

DONNA. *(To a stunned* **KEVIN** *and* **TED**.*)* She's just tired. She's a drama queen. She'll be back…she'll be back…

(Pause.)

You know, I think maybe we will stay the night.

(Blackout.)

Scene Three

(A sink. **TED** *and* **KEVIN** *brush their teeth, apply creams, get ready for bed.)*

KEVIN. We have to disinfect the sheets after they're gone. Spray the whole room down with Lysol and Febreze.

TED. It's not like they're monkeys.

KEVIN. They're not far off. When we were in high school, Donna could pick up playing cards with her feet.

TED. You're sure we shouldn't be out looking for your niece?

KEVIN. Donna swears she does this all the time. She seems pretty sure she'll be back after she blows off some steam.

TED. I'm sure she's right.

(Pause.)

I wonder how long they'll want to stay.

KEVIN. God, you're right. We'd better get in front of that one. We don't want to have some kind of a Blanche Dubois situation. Only one night. We'll tell them only one night. I wonder what she's after.

TED. Why does she have to be after anything?

KEVIN. Please, Donna's never had a motive that wasn't ulterior. What if it's money? Ted, what if she wants to borrow money?

TED. Well, it would depend how much, I guess.

KEVIN. We can't do that. We can't loan her money. First of all, it's your money. I don't make any money.

TED. Don't do that. I hate when you do that. It's our money. It's not divided up.

KEVIN. Things are slow for you. You're trying to get your business back on track. We've got a mortgage. Maybe I should just get a job answering phones.

TED. That's not our agreement. You need time to work on your novel. And there's enough money. We've

got enough money. And I don't think it would be the worst thing in the world to loan a relative some cash if they're in need.

KEVIN. Oh, no. You don't know her. It'll never stop. It'll never ever stop. She acts stupid, but underneath. I hate this. I never really wanted you to meet my family. It's not like I've lied to you, you know I'm from poor white Christmas trash, but still. You're gonna get to see it in the flesh, the genetic pool drained all over our hardwood floors. The manic episodes, the depression. I've told you it's genetic and now you're gonna have proof.

TED. So what? You get your depression from your family and your Lexapro from Duane Reade. Everything works out.

(He hugs **KEVIN**. **KEVIN** *won't let him go.)*

KEVIN. I'm gonna wear you like a coat the whole time they're here.

TED. It's gonna be fine.

KEVIN. I wish my family was more like yours. You're so lucky.

TED. All of my relatives are dead.

KEVIN. Exactly.

(Lights switch to **DONNA** *waiting on the couch in the dark.* **LOTTIE** *enters silently.)*

LOTTIE. You ruin everything. Is there anything you don't ruin?

DONNA. Thank God! I was so worried about you.

LOTTIE. You don't get to be worried.

DONNA. Come sit by me, come sit by mommy. I'll explain everything. I'll run my fingers through your hair. You like that. You always like that.

LOTTIE. I don't want you touching me.

DONNA. This isn't going to change anything. We can still go on that cruise ship. Maybe we'll get on one that goes to the Caribbean. I've heard that the Caribbean is beautiful.

LOTTIE. Whose baby is it?

DONNA. Or maybe we'll get on one of those Alaskan cruise lines. Check out otters and shit. You ever seen an otter? Otters are awesome. They're like little Wilford Brimleys.

LOTTIE. Whose is it?

DONNA. I can tell it's going to be a girl. My skin is already looking like shit, they steal your beauty, you know. Steal it right off your face.

LOTTIE. You know what, forget it. I don't want to talk about it anymore. We're leaving in the morning.

DONNA. You are so ungrateful, you know that? You're a hurtful ingrate.

LOTTIE. I'm an ingrate? Are you completely nuts?

DONNA. I'm sorry you don't get to live this fantasy life that you've cooked up in your head. And yes, I'm a fuck-up. I get that. But when I was growing up, I was in total hell.

LOTTIE. Yes, yes, grandma was a drunken whore. Boo hoo.

DONNA. You have no idea, Lottie. I couldn't wait to get out of that shit hole. I'm doing all of this for you. I wanted a daughter who was independent, who got out to see the world and really had a freaking interesting life, not some lame ass cul-de-sac shit. You really think that's what you want?

LOTTIE. Try me.

DONNA. Why are you so mean to me?

LOTTIE. Guess.

(Lights switch back to **KEVIN** *and* **TED**.*)*

KEVIN. *(Listening.)* That was definitely the front door. She must be back.

(Back to **TED**.*)*

I should have just hung up when I heard Donna's voice. The minute she said she was in town, I thought, "Here we go. God's gonna trouble the water."

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