

BECCA. Thank you. Izzy tried to eat one upside down. (*Becca clears the crème caramel dishes. She brings them into the kitchen.*)

HOWIE. You want more wine? ← Start

BECCA. (*From the kitchen.*) No, I've had two already.

HOWIE. Half a glass, I wanna empty this bottle. (*He empties the rest into her glass.*)

BECCA. Mom's thrilled, by the way.

HOWIE. She called?

BECCA. Izzy must've told her I knew.

HOWIE. And how was that?

BECCA. What, two hours on the phone with Mom? (*Howie lowers the lights in the room as Becca reenters.*) What are you doing?

HOWIE. My eyes are sore, staring at that computer all day. (*Becca settles onto the couch with her wine.*)

BECCA. You think this means she wants baby stuff? For her birthday? Maternity clothes or something?

HOWIE. (*Joins her on the couch.*) No, wait for the baby shower. Just get whatever you were gonna get her.

BECCA. Good, because I was gonna buy her a bathroom set.

HOWIE. A what?

BECCA. A bathroom set. Shower curtain, bath mat ... a little skirt for the sink. They sell them as sets.

HOWIE. This is for Izzy's birthday?

BECCA. The last time I was over there, you should've seen her bathroom. It looked like a frat boy decorated.

HOWIE. Huh.

BECCA. What?

HOWIE. It just seems like a funny gift. A bath mat.

BECCA. It's the whole set, Howie.

HOWIE. No, I know. Still.

BECCA. I thought it'd be nice.

HOWIE. It *is* nice. But maybe she'd rather have perfume or something.

BECCA. Izzy doesn't wear perfume.

HOWIE. No, I know, but —

BECCA. I was trying to be practical.

HOWIE. Okay.

BECCA. It's a good gift. I'd like it if someone gave it to me.

HOWIE. I'll make note of that for Christmas.

BECCA. You think it's dumb.

HOWIE. No, get her the sink skirt, the set-thingy whatever.

Squash?
H's SAT

BECCA. Bathroom set.
HOWIE. Get her that if you think she'll like it.
BECCA. I'm gonna.
HOWIE. Great. She'll love it.
BECCA. You should've just said that to begin with.
HOWIE. Yeah, I know. Now. (*Howie looks at her and smiles. She smiles back. A moment passes between them.*)
BECCA. How was squash?
HOWIE. Good. I lost but it was good.
BECCA. How's Rick?
HOWIE. Rick's fine.
BECCA. And Debbie?
HOWIE. Debbie wasn't there.
BECCA. I know, but did Rick mention her?
HOWIE. Not really. I guess she took the kids to her mother's this weekend.
BECCA. Rick didn't wanna go?
HOWIE. He has work.
BECCA. How *are* the kids?
HOWIE. Fine, I guess. He said that Robbie's doing T-ball now, and Emily has mastered the pli . (*Beat.*) Anything else?
BECCA. No, that's it.
HOWIE. You can call her, you know. You can call Debbie and ask her these questions yourself.
BECCA. I don't wanna call her. She should call me.
HOWIE. Okay.
BECCA. Why can't *she* call *me*?
HOWIE. I don't know.
BECCA. No?
HOWIE. She's uncomfortable, Bec.
BECCA. Is that what Rick said?
HOWIE. Rick didn't say anything. But obviously if she hasn't called you, it's because she doesn't know what to say.
BECCA. How about, "Hey, Becca, how you doing? Haven't seen you in a while."
HOWIE. If you're pissed, you should call her and tell her.
BECCA. No, Howie, it's her job to call me.
HOWIE. Okay.
BECCA. I would've been there for her if God forbid something had ever happened to Robbie or Em. I wouldn't have vanished the way she did.

HOWIE. People get weird, you know that. It's probably hard for her.

BECCA. Hard for *her*?

HOWIE. I'm just saying. Look at my brother. Spent the whole funeral talking about the Mets. Obviously he couldn't deal. He'd talk about anything *but* Danny. And that's my brother.

BECCA. Yeah, well, your brother's an asshole. (*Beat.*) I should drop her a note.

HOWIE. Maybe you should.

BECCA. "Dear Debbie — just so's ya know, accidents aren't contagious."

HOWIE. Okay, let it go.

BECCA. Let what go?

HOWIE. Whatever's making you tense. You should try to relax a little.

BECCA. I *am* relaxed.

HOWIE. We'll see. (*Howie grabs a remote and clicks on the stereo. A song like Al Green's "Livin' for You" plays quietly.**) ←

End

BECCA. Oh jeez, Howie.

HOWIE. What? It's chill music. You need it. Now turn around.

BECCA. For what?

HOWIE. Just face that way. (*She does. He moves in to massage her shoulders.*) Thank you. (*Massages her.*) See? Your shoulders are all knotted up.

BECCA. Yeah, well ...

HOWIE. Forget about Debbie and Izzy and whoever else is bugging you.

BECCA. *She* has no idea, by the way. Izzy. *No* idea what she's getting into.

HOWIE. (*Massaging her.*) I know.

BECCA. Do you remember how exhausted we were? The feedings at all hours. The sleep deprivation. Do you think Izzy's ready for that? The utter torture of it all?

HOWIE. Enough about Izzy.

BECCA. I'm sorry. But she's a sleeper. Izzy *needs* sleep more than other people. You talk about wake-up call or whatever you were saying, well, she's gonna *get* one, big time. (*Howie continues to massage her. Becca seems to warm up to it.*)

HOWIE. Maybe we should go somewhere. A cruise or something. You need to be pampered.

* See Special Note on Songs and Recordings on copyright page.