

Scene 3

A few days later. Jason is sitting on the couch in the living room. He looks around. Becca enters from the kitchen with a plate.

BECCA. I made some lemon squares. *(She holds out the lemon squares, and he takes one and a napkin.)*

JASON. Thank you.

BECCA. Can I get you milk or something? I don't have any soda. Unless you want seltzer.

JASON. I'm fine.

BECCA. You'll need something to wash it down, though. You don't drink coffee, do you?

JASON. Sometimes.

BECCA. You want coffee?

JASON. No thanks. Really, I'm okay.

BECCA. All right. But let me know if you change your mind. *(She joins him on the couch. Jason takes a bite of lemon square.)*

JASON. It's good.

BECCA. Thank you.

JASON. Still warm. *(She smiles. Pause.)* So, you're moving? ← Start

BECCA. We're thinking about it. If we can find a buyer.

JASON. Where are you moving to?

BECCA. We're still looking.

JASON. Far away?

BECCA. Probably not, no. My husband works in the city, so we can't go that far.

JASON. What does he do?

BECCA. He works at Prime Brokerage. Risk management.

JASON. *(Doesn't know what that is.)* Uh-huh.

BECCA. He takes the train in.

JASON. Right.

BECCA. So we don't wanna go too far.

JASON. It's a nice house. I hope you find one as nice as this.

BECCA. We'll probably go smaller. This is too big. *(Jason goes back to the lemon square.)* I'm sorry Howie couldn't be here.

JASON. That's okay.

BECCA. He's, uh ...

JASON. Not ready?

BECCA. I was gonna say working, but yeah, *that* too.

JASON. He seemed mad. The other day.

BECCA. No, he was just surprised that you dropped by.

JASON. Okay.

BECCA. You just scared him a little bit.

JASON. He didn't seem scared.

BECCA. Yeah well ... Maybe that's not the right word. But ... Howie's not mad at you. What happened was an accident. Howie knows that. (*Beat.*) You know that, too, right? (*Jason takes a bite of lemon square. Taz barks out back. Becca cringes.*) That bark goes right through me. I swear, we better move somewhere without squirrels.

JASON. You should have his vocal cords snipped.

BECCA. What?

JASON. That's what some people do. If their dogs won't stop barking.

BECCA. Huh. I've never heard of that.

JASON. Yeah, because some dogs just never shut up. So that's what they have to do. Otherwise the alternative is give 'em away. Or put 'em to sleep, I guess. You should look it up online. I bet there's all sorts of information, if you're interested.

BECCA. No, Howie would never allow it. He loves that dog too much. (*Beat.*) Do you have any pets?

JASON. No.

BECCA. Well, that's lucky.

JASON. Yeah?

BECCA. Unless you *want* a pet. Do you want a pet? Because I've got one you can borrow. Just kidding. (*Pause. Jason notices a book on the coffee table.*)

JASON. We read that book.

BECCA. *Bleak House?*

JASON. Yeah, in English class.

BECCA. Did you like it?

JASON. Not really. It's too long.

BECCA. I know. I barely made it through.

JASON. I liked *David Copperfield* though.

BECCA. Also very long.

JASON. Yeah, but it didn't feel as long.

BECCA. No, you're right. (*Pause.*)

JASON. So, I don't see any photos anywhere.

BECCA. Of Danny?

JASON. Yeah.

BECCA. Well, we put most of them away. Because of the open house.

JASON. Okay.

BECCA. Do you *want* to see pictures? Because I could —

JASON. No thank you. *(Beat.)*

BECCA. Okay.

JASON. The one in the article was nice though. Him at the beach.

BECCA. That's at Anneport Bay.

JASON. I used to have a shirt just like that one. The one he's wearing in the picture. *(Beat.)* I might've been going too fast. That day. I'm not sure, but I might've been. So ... that's one of the things I wanted to tell you. *(Beat.)* It's a thirty zone. And I might've been going thirty-three. Or thirty-two. I would usually look down, to check, and if I was a little over, then I'd slow down obviously. But I don't remember checking on your block, so it's possible I was going a little too fast. And then the dog came out, really quick, and so I swerved a little to avoid him, not knowing, obviously ... *(Beat.)* So that's something I thought you should know. I might've been going a little over the limit. I can't be positive either way though. *(Pause.)*

BECCA. I'm gonna get you some milk. You don't have to drink it if you don't want it. ← End

JASON. Okay. *(Becca heads into the kitchen. She gets a glass from a cabinet and fills it with milk.)*

BECCA. So you're a senior?

JASON. Yeah.

BECCA. Where you headed in the fall?

JASON. Connecticut College. They have a good writing program.

BECCA. Oh, well that's nice for you. And not too far from home. Your parents must be happy about that.

JASON. It's just my mom, but yeah, she's happy about it. She's already started picking out sheet sets for the dorm room.

BECCA. Uh-huh.

JASON. She keeps saying she's gonna apply to the graduate program so she can keep an eye on me while I'm up there. She's just joking though.

BECCA. Right.

JASON. She's not really looking forward to it, since I'm the only one at home now, but I told her I'd come back on the weekends when I could.