

BECCA. No. Then it's just custard.

IZZY. I like custard.

BECCA. I didn't make custard, I made crème caramel. (*Becca gets a dessert plate, and over the following she takes the ramekin and runs a knife around the inside edge of it.*) How's work? ←

START

IZZY. Don't ask me that, please.

BECCA. Why not? (*Beat.*) You got fired?

IZZY. It never ends with me, does it.

BECCA. Not often, no.

IZZY. Don't tell Mom.

BECCA. How can you get fired from Applebee's?

IZZY. It was all politics. I don't really wanna get into it. (*Becca flips the ramekin over onto the plate, and the crème caramel comes out. She gets a spoon and hands both to Izzy.*) Thank you. (*Becca wipes down the counter, cleans up. Izzy pokes at the caramel with her spoon.*) I like how it oozes.

BECCA. Of course you do.

IZZY. (*Takes a bite.*) Mmmmm.

BECCA. Better than custard, isn't it?

IZZY. Yes, it is. You were right. Again. (*Beat.*) And again and again and again. (*Becca goes back to folding clothes.*) I wasn't using him as an excuse. I was just saying that it's been hard to pull it together, that's all. For all of us.

BECCA. Izzy, please.

IZZY. And I *wasn't* drinking when I hit that lady. Stone sober.

BECCA. Yeah *right*.

IZZY. I *was*. I just had soda that night. (*We hear the dryer buzz.*)

BECCA. She gonna press charges, ya think?

IZZY. No, Auggie would kill her. She's over it anyway. She moved out. Went to her cousin's or something. (*Becca, on her way to the laundry room, stops.*)

BECCA. What are you talking about?

IZZY. She moved. Out of Auggie's place. They're not together anymore.

BECCA. (*Confused; comes back.*) I'm sorry ... Do you *know* these people?

IZZY. Auggie I do. The girlfriend I only *heard* about. (*Beat.*)

BECCA. What'd you do, Izzy?

IZZY. Whadaya mean?

BECCA. To that woman. What'd you *do* to her?

IZZY. I told you, I hit her.

BECCA. *Before* that.

IZZY. Nothing. That was the first time I met her.

BECCA. People don't scream in your face for no reason.

IZZY. Sure they do. You should get out more.

BECCA. Were you sleeping with him? This Auggie guy, whatever his name is? You were sleeping with him, right? (*Beat.*)

IZZY. Where ya goin' with this?

BECCA. Well Jesus, Iz, you tell this story like you're an innocent bystander. You say you don't know *who* this woman was —

IZZY. I didn't!

BECCA. You were having sex with her boyfriend!

IZZY. That is so beside the point!

BECCA. It *is*!?

IZZY. It was over between them for a long time. They were just living together because of the rent situation. She didn't care what he did.

BECCA. Then why did she accost you in a crowded bar?

IZZY. Because she's a lunatic! (*Beat.*) And Auggie told her I was pregnant.

BECCA. Why would he — ? (*Stops mid-sentence, then realizes ...*)

Oh my God, Izzy.

IZZY. I know, right?

BECCA. You are *not*. (*Izzy just shrugs, "Whadaya gonna do?" Becca is not pleased.*) Oh my God.

IZZY. He's a really good guy, Bec. You're gonna like him. He's a musician.

BECCA. (*Oozing irony.*) That's terrific.

IZZY. No, not like you think. He gets work. He's a *working* musician.

BECCA. Is that why you're here? To tell me you're pregnant?

IZZY. Pretty much.

BECCA. I knew something was up. You're not one to pop by on a Saturday afternoon.

IZZY. I pop by.

BECCA. How long have you known?

IZZY. A few weeks.

BECCA. And you're just telling me now?

IZZY. Well, Jesus, Bec ...

BECCA. What? You didn't wanna tell me?

IZZY. No.

BECCA. Why not?

IZZY. Why do you *think*? (*Beat.*) God, everything's so fucked up.

BECCA. Does Mom know?

IZZY. Yeah.

BECCA. You told Mom before me?

IZZY. I *had* to.

BECCA. Oh my God, Izzy.

IZZY. Stop saying that.

BECCA. What are you gonna do?

IZZY. Well, I'm gonna keep it, if that's what you're asking. (*Beat.*) Auggie wants to, too. We're excited about it. This is exactly the kind of thing that gives a person clarity. (*Beat.*)

BECCA. Izzy ...

IZZY. Look, I'm sure this is really hard for you, for a bunch of reasons, but can I just say...? I don't need any advice right now. Or any lectures or whatever it is you're composing inside your head at the moment. I just need you to pretend to be happy for me. Okay? Even if you don't feel that right now. I'd like you to pretend that you do. All right? (*Pause.*)

BECCA. Well ... of *course* I'm happy for you. I was just taken aback. If you think a baby is gonna ... fulfill you, or give you clarity or whatever, then, obviously it's a wonderful thing. I *am* happy for you. I don't need to *pretend*. Jesus, Izzy, gimme some credit.

(*Izzy hugs her sister.*)

IZZY. Thank you. (*Silence. Becca looks at the stacks of folded kids' clothes.*) ← End

BECCA. Well I should probably hold off on this then.

IZZY. What do you mean?

BECCA. I'm washing all these clothes to give to Goodwill. I might as well save them for you. In case you have a boy. No sense in my giving these away. (*Izzy looks from Becca to the clothes. Piles of little pants and shirts and balled-up socks. They're all clothes a four-year-old might wear. Izzy looks uneasy.*)

IZZY. I don't know, Bec. They're in baby clothes for so long, it'd be a few years before he could even fit into this stuff.

BECCA. It comes up very quickly. You wouldn't even believe it.

IZZY. Plus we don't have a lot of room to ...

BECCA. That's okay. I'll keep them here. In the basement. You'll be happy I saved them.

IZZY. But what if it's a girl?

BECCA. Then I'll bring them down to Goodwill. What's the big deal? You're gonna thank me. A couple years' worth of free clothes