

documentary.)

HOWIE. What is this? Becca? ... Becca?! (*He hits fast-forward.*)
Becca?!

BECCA. (*From upstairs.*) What?

HOWIE. What'd you do here?! (*The lights fade on Danny's bedroom. Howie keeps pressing fast-forward, but it's all tornadoes. He's beside himself. Becca comes running downstairs.*)

BECCA. What's the matter?!

HOWIE. What is this?!

BECCA. What's *what*?!

HOWIE. The *television*. What is this?

BECCA. (*Looks to TV.*) It's the Discovery Channel. The tornado program. You said you wanted to watch it. I recorded it for you. Why?

HOWIE. For *Chrissake*!

BECCA. What's the matter?

HOWIE. It's Danny's tape. You recorded over Danny's tape. (*Beat.*)

BECCA. No, I didn't. *Pride and Prejudice* was on that tape. We were watching it last night.

HOWIE. I switched them.

BECCA. *What*?!

HOWIE. I watched Danny's tape later. After you went to bed.

BECCA. Why didn't you take it out of the machine?!

HOWIE. Why didn't you check to see what was in there?!

BECCA. I assumed it was the TV tape!

HOWIE. Jesus, Becca!

BECCA. It was one of the baby videos?

HOWIE. No, it was the most recent, the long one. The park was on it, and Mexico —

BECCA. How was I supposed to know you snuck down here?

HOWIE. — and Christmas.

BECCA. I thought it was the TV tape.

HOWIE. It wasn't!

BECCA. I know, Howie.

HOWIE. So it's gone. The whole thing.

BECCA. I'm sorry.

HOWIE. It's the only copy, Becca!

BECCA. Well, I didn't do it on purpose.

HOWIE. Are ya sure? (*Beat.*)

BECCA. What does that mean? (*No response.*) You think I recorded over Danny's tape on purpose?

HOWIE. I don't know.
BECCA. You don't *know*?
HOWIE. I should've taken it out.
BECCA. Why would I deliberately record over it?
HOWIE. I don't know.
BECCA. Why *would* I?!

HOWIE. I don't *know!* (*Silence.*) You took the paintings off the fridge. Danny's paintings.
BECCA. To save them. I put them in plastic.
HOWIE. And shoved them in a box.
BECCA. For safekeeping.
HOWIE. Okay.
BECCA. I didn't throw the paintings out.
HOWIE. I know you didn't.
BECCA. You think I didn't want that tape?
HOWIE. I don't ... Of course, you did. Obviously it wasn't on purpose, but —
BECCA. What?
HOWIE. Maybe subconsciously.
BECCA. Subconsciously. Is this what they're telling you at group? How I'm doing things subconsciously?
HOWIE. You're trying to get rid of him. I'm sorry, but that's how it feels to me sometimes. Every day, it's something else. It feels like you're trying to get rid of any evidence he was ever here. (*It's as if she's been slapped.*)
BECCA. I didn't know that tape was in there.
HOWIE. I'm not talking about the tape. Not just the tape.
BECCA. And the paintings are downstairs. In a box. You can look at them whenever you want.
HOWIE. The clothes. His shoes.
BECCA. We don't need all that stuff. Why would we keep — ?
HOWIE. Your wanting to sell the house!
BECCA. We already talked about —
HOWIE. Taz. Sending Taz to your mother's!
BECCA. There was a lot going on, Howie. We couldn't deal with the dog.
HOWIE. I was fine with the dog. *I* was the one walking him.
BECCA. Well, he got underfoot.
HOWIE. And he was a reminder.
BECCA. Yes, he was a reminder. So what? I wanted one less reminder around here. That's perfectly normal.

HOWIE. And since you never wanted the dog to begin with —

BECCA. Oh for godsakes —

HOWIE. Well, if I hadn't bought the dog —

BECCA. And if *I* hadn't run inside to get the phone, or if *I* had latched the gate —

HOWIE. *I* left the gate unlatched!

BECCA. Well, *I* didn't check it! (*Retreats a bit.*) I'm not playing this game again, Howie. It was no one's fault.

HOWIE. Not even the dog's.

BECCA. I *know* that.

HOWIE. Dogs chase squirrels. Boys chase dogs.

BECCA. Are you telling me or yourself?

HOWIE. He *loved* that dog!

BECCA. Of course he did.

HOWIE. And you got rid of him!

BECCA. Right, like I got rid of the tape. I get it.

HOWIE. (*Losing it.*) It's not just the tape! I'm not talking about the tape, Becca! It's Taz, and the paintings, and the clothes, and it's *everything!* You have to stop erasing him! You have to stop it! You **HAVE TO STOP!** (*Howie has been reduced to tears. He has to move away from Becca. She takes him in. She seems more confused than affronted.*) ← End

BECCA. Do you really not know me, Howie? Do you really not know how utterly impossible that would be? To erase him? No matter how many things I give to charity, or how many art projects I box up, do you really think I don't see him every second of every day? And okay, I'm trying to make things a little easier on myself by hiding some of the photos, and giving away the clothes, but that does *not* mean I'm trying to *erase* him. That tape was an accident. And believe me, I will beat myself up about it forever, I'm sure. Like everything else that I could've prevented but didn't.

HOWIE. That's not what I want, Bec. It's not what I'm talking about.

BECCA. No? Because it feels like it is. It feels like I don't feel bad enough for you. I'm not mourning enough for your taste.

HOWIE. Come on, that's not —

BECCA. Or mourning in the right *way*. But let me just say, Howie, that I am mourning as much as you are. And my grief is just as real and awful as yours.

HOWIE. I know that.

BECCA. You're not in a better place than I am, you're just in a *dif-*