

Erik's a bit unsettled by what he sees. He steps away from the window, takes a few calming deep breaths...

MOMO.
Sorn it all /... sorn it all sezzor
dollen black? Homeran sinitz
inner therell... sornitz allinners
... sorn it allinners...

She mumbles under the following:

DEIRDRE. Oh man... I got it, you're alright, Mom... *(Calling up.)* Erik...

BRIGID. Mom, let him go, I got it—we have loads of paper towels...

RICHARD. Where are they?

BRIGID.
They're in the shopping bag
upstairs, Rich can you—I got
it, Mom...

MOMO.
... sinnin... sahn... airy-
wheres... itsen... senna...

Downstairs: Brigid cleans up the mess, back and forth between the kitchen, soaking up the liquid and wringing out her kitchen towel in the sink, while Deirdre wheels Momo away from the mess and into the other downstairs room, calming her.

Upstairs: Rich arrives upstairs, passes Erik.

RICHARD.
We had a minor spill...

MOMO. *(Tapering to quiet.)*
sinnin... sahn... airywheres
... itsen... senna... sahn...
airywheres... itsen... senna...

DEIRDRE. *(To Momo.)* There you go...

Upstairs: Rich gets the paper towels in the next room. He comes back towards the stairs and stops, seeing Erik is still staring out the window.

RICHARD. ... You okay?

ERIK. Uh, yeah, just worried about the roads. It's snowing out there...

RICHARD. *(Looking out the window.)* Oh. No, I think someone from a higher floor just emptied their ashtray.

Downstairs: Deirdre has been helping Momo up and onto the couch.

DEIRDRE. There we go... / there we go...

Upstairs:

ERIK. Hey make sure you get blinds up, will you? You don't want people looking in on you...

RICHARD. Yeah, no I'm on it, this week I'll put some up.

Richard descends the staircase with the paper towels.

Downstairs:

DEIRDRE. You feeling good, Mom?... Now you can rest... there you go...

Upstairs:
Aimee exits the bathroom, phone in hand. A bit nervous, she makes a call. She doesn't know Erik is in the next room.

DEIRDRE. *(Seeing Richard clean up the last of the spill.)*
Thanks, Rich... we got most of it...

RICHARD. Okay, no problem...

Downstairs: Richard heads to the kitchen. Brigid's back is to us, her hands on the sink counter. She wrings out the towel, appears to be de-stressing, taking a moment for herself.

AIMEE. *(On her cell.)* Hey, hi... Happy—I know—Happy Thanksgiving—
I know, but—
I know, I know...

BRIGID. Abhh *[will we make it through dinner?]*

~~RICHARD.
Can I get you anything?~~

~~BRIGID.
Can I get you anything?~~

Downstairs: Richard kisses Brigid, she smiles, he pulls her further into the kitchen alley...

Upstairs: Aimee continues her phone conversation. In the next room, Erik listens.

AIMEE. I know, I know, I just thought the holidays could be an exception...

... uh-huh... well sorry if—

I understand, I just wanted to hear you—

no I get it, I get it...

I'm good, you know?, I'm okay... and you're, are you upstate with the fam, or?...

(Hurt, but not showing it.) ... oh... no, I figured you were seeing someone... I saw your pics online—

no I think it's good... I've been dating too... so...

yeah, nothing serious, but...

Downstairs:

~~BRIGID. *(Calling from the kitchen.)*
Mom, does Momo need another shake?~~

~~DEIRDRE. Sure, let's give it a try...~~

Brigid gets a shake out of the fridge, then disappears in the kitchen alley to find a straw.

Upstairs: Erik moves in a bit closer, listening to Aimee's phone conversation.

AIMEE. ... Well hey, I'll let you go, but glad you're—
... ha, I'll tell them, they'll appreciate that... so—
absolutely, and love to your—
exactly, Happy Thanksgiving and—

AIMEE.
Uh-huh...

... Mm-hm...

AIMEE.
... yeah, yeah...

(Hurt, but trying to keep things light.)—well don't wish me a Merry Chr—
we can talk again before *Christmas*...

Downstairs:

DEIRDRE. *(Laying Momo on the couch.)*
There you go... there you go...

AIMEE.
... uh-huh...

... yeah...

... uh-huh...

... uh-huh...

Deirdre steps away from Momo to tell Bridget to forget the Ensure shake and catches a glimpse of Rich and Brigid enjoying a quiet moment—they're just visible in the kitchen alley. They are laughing about something. Rich kisses Brigid's forehead, then slaps her on the ass playfully. Richard disappears into the alley as Brigid slaps his ass back. This stirs something inside Deirdre. She retreats back to the couch.

AIMEE. *(Successfully fighting back tears.)* ... huh, uh-huh...
well maybe your therapist is right...

mm-hm... Just, the holidays feel... *wrong*,
without us at least—[talking]...

—no, I respect that...

yeah... Well look, love to all your—

... you too...

I will, I'll tell them...

okay, you too... bye...

Aimee hangs up. Erik knocks on the entryway.

ERIK. Hey...

Aimee cries, unable to hold it in. Erik holds her.

AIMEE. Ugh... I miss her...

ERIK. Hey...

AIMEE. ... All the time...