

DEIRDRE.
... Enk...

BRIGID. But unless you camp out here for a few more hours—

ERIK.
Don't worry about me, I'm fine—
I was trying to remember the pig
smash, that's what I'm— / we're
forgetting about our pig smash...

DEIRDRE.
Okay, but... not sure we [should
until]—

ERIK.
No I'll stop drinking,
I'm done...

AIMEE.
You're too—Dad, grow up.
I'm calling you a car...

BRIGID.
Oh good idea, let's do it
now...

RICHARD. Someone needs to explain the rules...

BRIGID. It's very simple...

AIMEE. Mom, get over here, we're pig-smashing.

BRIGID. ... We each pass it around, say what we're thankful for,
then we smash the pig...

AIMEE. And then we each eat a piece of the peppermint for good
luck.

RICHARD. That is the weirdest tradition—

DEIRDRE. Please, *that's* the weirdest...? Wait until you spend a
Christmas with us...

ERIK. She's threatening to invite all the Bhutanese in Scranton
over for caroling.

DEIRDRE. Oh that's not a threat, honey, that's happening.

BRIGID. Here we go, why don't you start, babe.

RICHARD. Ah, now I'm nervous. Okay, uh... this year I'm most
thankful for falling in love with Brigid... And for... getting a new
family in the process. (*"Awww"s from everyone.*) Now I... [smash
the pig?...]]

He takes the tiny mallet and smashes the pig.

BRIGID. (*With love.*) That was a terrible smash... / do it harder...

RICHARD. Well I don't know... you made me go first!

BRIGID.
Okay, Dad you go next...

AIMEE.
Rich, it was a fine smash...

ERIK. Okay, well... I already gave one speech so lemme just say...
I'm thankful for having your unconditional love and support. Hope
there's nothing any of us could ever do to... change that... what
we've got right here, 'cause this is what matters... this family...

He smashes the pig, passes the mallet to Deirdre.

DEIRDRE. Alright, well I'm with your dad and—it may sound
 cliché, but I'm thankful for the both of you...

Deirdre smashes the pig. She then hands the mallet to Brigid.

BRIGID. Okay... I'll state the obvious, there will never be a year
I'm not thankful that the observation deck didn't open until 9:30...
so... And I'm grateful Momo's with us... oh— (*To Erik.*) A wise,
old, haggard drunk man once told me that pursuing your passion is
a gift—so I'm grateful for that reminder... even if I end up pursuing
it while managing an H&M, / I'm lucky... No I'm actually being
serious about that, I am...

AIMEE.
Ohhh so soon, so soon...

DEIRDRE.
See what you've done?

BRIGID. (*She's about to smash, then—*) And while everyone's [all
here]—if anything were to ever happen to me, like an accident or
whatever—and it won't, but: I'd want to be cremated—I know it's
weird to talk about but you guys'd do open-casket so... I've been
trying to find a way to bring it up that isn't morbid or weird.

AIMEE. Well you didn't find it, Bridge.

Erik and Aimee are now laughing. Eventually Richard joins them.

DEIRDRE.
Are you serious? You're crazy.

BRIGID.
Oh come on—I *am* seri—...
You're crazy... / no one in this family can handle honesty...

ERIK. You are a piece of work... God bless you, you are...

AIMEE. No you're right, Bridge, dinner is the perfect place to discuss what we should do with your dead body... / thank you...

BRIGID. I hate you all.

AIMEE. ... Pass me that pig. *(Beat.)* Alright. So. In a year where—I lost my job, my girlfriend, and I'm bleeding internally... really a banner year... I'm thankful for what's *right*, okay? I *love* that in times like this I have a home base, a family I can always come home to. Thanks for giving us that.

BRIGID. You always have to win.

RICHARD. Yeah, she really *cremated* you.

Richard's joke is so lame it makes everyone laugh.

BRIGID. Wow just when you can't get / less funny...

DEIRDRE. *(Laughing.)* She cremated you! She really cremated you... oh man...

They recover.

ERIK. How about for Momo—should we read Momo's email?

BRIGID.
Dad, no, it makes us cry—

AIMEE.
Oh God...
... get out the Kleenex...

ERIK. This might be our last Thanksgiving together, can we please give her a voice...?

BRIGID.
Of course...

AIMEE.
Yeah, has he heard this?

RICHARD. I heard about it, but not the actual...

ERIK. She wrote this before she got really sick, Rich... an email to these girls, what four years ago?

Erik finds the message on his phone.

DEIRDRE. Here, give it to me, you're gonna end up asking me to finish...

Erik hands her his phone.

"Dear Aimee and Brigid, I was clumsy around you both today and felt confused. I couldn't remember your names and felt bad about that. It's strange slowly becoming someone I don't know. But while I *am* still here, I want to say: Don't worry about me once I drift off for good. I'm not scared. If anything, I wish I could've known that most of the stuff I *did* spend my life worrying about wasn't so bad. Maybe it's because this disease has me forgetting the worst stuff, but right now I'm feeling nothing about this life was worth getting so worked up about. Not even dancing at weddings."

The Blakes smile. They have inside understanding of this remark.

"Dancing at weddings always scared the crap out of me, but now it doesn't seem like such a big deal. This is taking me forever to type. Consider this my fond farewell. *Erin go bragh*. Dance more than I did. Drink less than I did. Go to church. Be good to everyone you love. I love you more than you'll ever know."

They recover, some quiet tears of appreciation. They pass around the smashed pieces of peppermint; they each take a bite, one at a time.

RICHARD. I'm buying a pig for my family.

Richard starts to clear plates, goes to the kitchen.