

AIMEE.
We love you too...

DEIRDRE.
Hear hear, Amen...

ERIK. And a special thanks to Richard for making this meal possible, since we know what a lousy cook Brigid is...

BRIGID.
This is true...

They all ad lib cheers and toast.

RICHARD. Okay, five minutes and everything will be out and ready to go... *(Setting out more food.)* Here's some more munchies, here...

DEIRDRE. Yum... thank you...

They all settle in. Erik looks after Momo.

AIMEE. So how are you, Mom?

DEIRDRE. I'm good, I'm good... I was—did you get the text I sent about—Bridge, this girl who played basketball for Dunmore, she was bullied for being gay... her mom found her dead in her room on Tuesday...

BRIGID.
Whoa...

AIMEE.
Oh man...

DEIRDRE. ... Yeah, suicide with some kinda pills... it's all over the news... I texted you, / I wasn't sure if you got it?

AIMEE. This week was crazy... no, yeah I got it, I'm just behind with my messages...

Deirdre picks at the crudité platter.

BRIGID. You don't have to text her every time a lesbian kills herself.

BRIGID.
Love you guys...

RICHARD.
Cheers...

AIMEE.
Amen.

AIMEE.
She doesn't do that—I appreciate what / you're meaning...

DEIRDRE.
I don't.

DEIRDRE. I get enough annoying forwards myself, so—I don't wanna clog up your guys's inbox—

AIMEE. You're not, Mom. You're good though?

DEIRDRE. I am, yeah... My bosses are—I'm an office manager, Rich, I've been with the same company since right outta high school...

ERIK. Whole place would fall apart without her—

DEIRDRE. ... Yeah, well my *salary* doesn't reflect that, and these new kids they hired, I'm working for two more guys in their twenties, and just 'cause they have a special degree they're making five times what I make, over forty years / I've been there, Rich...

RICHARD.
Wow, forty years...?

BRIGID.
Well... hey... focus on the lake house, you'll be able to unwind soon... you gotta take care of yourself.

AIMEE. Are you breaking ground this summer?

DEIRDRE. No...

RICHARD. It's smart to wait for the sewers, the value of your property will skyrocket.

AIMEE.
When are they gonna be installed?

BRIGID.
Thanks, Professor.

DEIRDRE. [I don't know...] Erik...?

ERIK. That's up to the department of public works, when the sewers get put in.

Small beat.

AIMEE. And how's Aunt Mary?

DEIRDRE. She's hanging in there, God love her... they got this contraption now to help load her into the pool but—Rich, this is their aunt who had both knees replaced, / I drive her to her physical therapy...

ERIK. (*Indicating the crudité platter.*) Pass the...

DEIRDRE. ... And did I email you that—Kay Hoban has ovarian cancer...

AIMEE.
Oh man... how's she doing?

BRIGID.
She does? Yikes...

DEIRDRE. Yeah, I've been taking her to her treatments 'cause her and her brother, they don't speak anymore, so... that's a whole mess, but... she's being tough, so...

Deirdre takes a bite of food.

... what else... oh, Tuesdays I'm now—

BRIGID. Mom, you're talking with your mouth full.

Beat.

DEIRDRE. ... I, uh, started volunteering for—Father Quinn told me about, and don't roll your eyes, Erik...

ERIK. I'm not saying a word.

DEIRDRE. ... right in Scranton there's a whole community of refugees from Bhutan...

Aimee stifles laughter.

What? / It's not funny...

BRIGID. Let me guess, Saint Deirdre is coming to their rescue?—

ERIK. (*Smiling.*) You have / no idea...

DEIRDRE. Be quiet—you have no idea—these people have *nothing*... they're all just looking to learn English, to find work—we *think* we've got nothing, but man...

RICHARD. That's great you're volunteering...

DEIRDRE. Thanks, Rich.

BRIGID. And how are *you*, Mom. Aimee didn't ask how the Republic of Bhutan was doing—

ERIK.
Hey, hey...

DEIRDRE.
I'm *good*, smart-ass, I said that already... Now why don't you open your gift...

BRIGID. Mom, I was just / teasing...

AIMEE. (*Getting up, registering a cramp.*) Hey guys—no one be alarmed if I'm up and down these stairs a million times to use the... facilities... so...

DEIRDRE. You want me to go with you?

Aimee shakes her head no as she goes up the stairs. Brigid opens her gift; it's a small, shiny pink pig.

BRIGID. ... Ah, it's a peppermint pig! Rich, check it out...

DEIRDRE. Hey, holler if we can do anything, okay?

AIMEE.
Amazing...

AIMEE. (*Going up the stairs.*) I will, don't smash that pig without me...

ERIK. We won't...

DEIRDRE. Poor baby...

BRIGID. And what is this other... (*Opening the other wrapped object.*)
... Ah, a Virgin Mary statue—

DEIRDRE.
Okay, before you tease me I know you guys don't believe, but she's appearing everywhere now, not just in Fatima but in West Virginia and—just keep it for my sake, in the kitchen or even if you just put it in a drawer somewhere, okay?

BRIGID. Mom, I will absolutely put this in a drawer somewhere, / thank you.

DEIRDRE. Yeah, well... I feel better knowing you have it.

RICHARD. I thought maybe Brigid was making the pig-smash up, but—

ERIK. Oh no, it's real...

RICHARD.
Can't wait to see how it works...

BRIGID.
—complete with a serpent under her foot...

BRIGID.
It's not Thanksgiving without it... (*Hugging Deirdre.*) Thank you.

DEIRDRE. You're welcome.

MOMO. (*Quietly, tapering to silence.*) ... why'm I hereson. Go warson horror truh. / Do the glassor comes blag... sezzor black... why'm I hereson. Go warson horror truh. Do the glassor comes blag... sezzor black... why'm I hereson. Go warson horror truh. Do the glassor comes blag... sezzor black...

DEIRDRE. (*Massaging Momo's hand.*) Okay, okay, you wanna go for a ride, Mom? Let's go for a ride...

Upstairs: Aimee nurses a cramp before she proceeds to the bathroom.

Downstairs: Deirdre wheels Momo around the apartment.

ERIK. (*To Brigid and Rich, re: Momo.*) She had a good day yesterday, you know? It's hard to predict how how she's gonna be... This is definitely her last big trip...

BRIGID. How are *you* doing? Is that why you aren't you sleeping?—

ERIK.
I'll sleep tonight—

RICHARD.
Oh yeah, sorry Erik, we got sidetracked before—you were talking about your dream?

DEIRDRE. Oh, so you'll tell *him* details / about your dream—but you won't tell me?

RICHARD.
He didn't tell me details...

ERIK.
No—guys, I don't even remember it, there's nothing to tell...

BRIGID.
Well, now I don't believe you...

DEIRDRE.
I saw the way you woke up, don't tell me you can't remember somethin'—

RICHARD. (*Defending Erik.*)
Hey, no I forget mine if I don't write them down in the morning...

ERIK. (*Smiling, to Brigid.*)
[Man, you're a piece of work.]

ERIK. See?... there you go...

DEIRDRE. Well whatever it was, couldn't a been scarier than the— (*Laughing.*) I made him watch this—what was it called, Erik?... / the movie...?

ERIK. What?

DEIRDRE. ... the Lifetime movie about the housewife who got AIDS, / guys—it was so cheesy but really terrifying...