

AIMEE. What?

ERIK. ... We might be movin' soon if, uh—

DEIRDRE. (*Wheeling Momo out.*) There we go, Mom...

AIMEE. But I thought—the sewers won't be in yet...

Deirdre continues to roll Momo towards the basement door.

DEIRDRE.
Yeah, tell 'em about
the sewers.

MOMO. (*Mumbling unintelligibly until she exits.*) ... wheres'll her annear... do you go hole in a wheres do you go hole in a wheres do go hole in a where to go hole in a wheres... where do we go hole in a...

AIMEE.
What's going on?

BRIGID.
... Mom... [what's wrong?...]]

ERIK.
Nothing, nothing stay here
okay?—everyone's okay...
(*To Richard.*) Would you let
them in upstairs?

DEIRDRE. (*To Brigid.*)
I'm okay, stay here...

Deirdre and Momo exit.

RICHARD. Sure...

BRIGID.
Dad. What's wrong?

ERIK.
Nothing, everyone's okay,
alright?...

AIMEE.
Are you sick?

ERIK. No no, relax, no one's sick, we're good, just, we sold the lake property, okay? / To help with—

AIMEE.
Okay...

BRIGID.
What... when...?

ERIK. [Not important]... St. Paul's let me go, okay, so we've had to / tighten our belts and we're figuring out—

BRIGID. Why would they let you go?

ERIK. —That's not [important]—I'm not getting my pension now, they could fire me before it kicked in, alright / so now—

AIMEE. They can take away / your pension—?

ERIK. It's [complicated]—they're a private school so / they can do whatever—

AIMEE. But—why did they fire you?

ERIK. It's [complicated]—they have this morality code, okay?, / St. Paul's makes—

AIMEE. Okay...

ERIK. —you sign it / and if you—

BRIGID. Why would a morality code—were you, like, selling drugs on the playground?

ERIK. There was an incident and... alright?, so / they could—

BRIGID. What kind of—

ERIK. They could fire me... because of this incident, it's—

AIMEE. What are you talking about?

ERIK. I cheated on your mom, with, uh, a teacher from school and... we're okay but, I realize this is a lot to just [unload]... You guys okay?—

AIMEE.
[Uh, not really...]

BRIGID.
Just... [keep going...]

ERIK. —We worked through it, okay?, / we met with Father Quinn and...

AIMEE. Okay...

ERIK. ... We're good, but people talk and we don't want you hearing from other people, okay? / We'd rather you hear it from us, okay?...

AIMEE. Okay, so... okay, so you guys... you just want us to... just... to know?...

ERIK. Yeah, and I'm already at a Walmart in Danville / just to keep money coming in—

AIMEE. God, Dad... for how long?—

BRIGID. Why the one in Danville?

ERIK. I don't want kids from school seeing me there. Something full-time should open up this spring, so... / the trick's been...

AIMEE. ... so...

ERIK. ... the cost of taking care of Momo's been a surprise, / you wouldn't even believe how much the [medical stuff costs]—

BRIGID.
Are you guys...

AIMEE.
... okay...
So you're behind?
How much are you behind?

Can Mom not retire now?—

ERIK.
I don't want you [worrying
about]—

AIMEE. Would I be able to help out?... or—is it too much for me to even—

ERIK. I think—you've lost your job / and I'll have your own medical stuff to [worry about]—

AIMEE. Okay, I know, I know but I still want to know how deep a hole you're in.

Being buzzed almost makes things worse for Aimee and Brigid.

Upstairs: Richard now holds the door open; Deirdre wheels Momo inside. She doesn't get far before she hears the discussion downstairs; it stops her from taking Momo to the bathroom. Instead, Deirdre goes to the top of the stairs to listen. Richard instinctively goes to Momo, waits with her...

ERIK. The plan is to sell the house and rent an apartment, we don't need space / anymore...

BRIGID. Are there even apartments in Scranton? / Who lives in—

ERIK.
Hey, getting a place on one
level will be good, Mom won't
be climbing stairs—

AIMEE.
Of course there are—

AIMEE. It doesn't sound good, Dad / —it sounds like you're in a deep hole—

ERIK. I'm working it out, Aimee—

AIMEE. Do you have *anything* saved? Dad, do you have any / savings?—

ERIK. We don't *have* savings, Aimee / *we've been stretched*—

AIMEE. —Okay, okay *well you're telling us this when you're drunk* / so sorry if I'm getting frustrated...

ERIK. —Well we haven't had savings for years.

BRIGID. Have you asked Uncle John to help?

AIMEE. He lives in a trailer, / you think—

BRIGID. That doesn't mean he has no money—

AIMEE. That's *exactly* what it means, / grow up... [fucking baby...]

BRIGID.
Relax, I'm just... [I'm shocked,
I don't know what I'm saying...]
Sorry I'm not grown up like you
and make a ton of money—

ERIK.
Don't get upset with
her, hey this is on me—

AIMEE. Right, you've got no choice but to collect unemployment
/ while you try to—it's not unfair for you to get some marketable
skills—

ERIK.
Hey easy, cut it out. Stop it, both
of you, stop this is on me and—
(*Recognizing Brigid's distress.*)—hey
I'm working it out, / I love your
mom, we're good...

BRIGID.
That's not fair—I can't get
a break if I'm working
full-time...

*Brigid isn't sure what to do; something's fallen apart for her,
thoughts spinning...*

*Upstairs: Deirdre has decided to go downstairs; she begins
her descent...*

BRIGID. No, I'm glad you're working it out but—you're *good* but
you're not sleeping and Mom's still eating her feelings, / it's freaking
me out—

AIMEE. (*Re: Deirdre at the top of the stairs.*) Brigid.

*Brigid turns, sees Deirdre at the top of the staircase. She heads
upstairs to apologize.*

BRIGID. Mom... / I didn't mean it...

ERIK. Stay here...

Aimee goes after Brigid.

Would you stay down here, please? Brigid!

AIMEE.
Dad give her some space,
okay, we're doing our best—

DEIRDRE.
Go talk to your father, please, / I
know you think somethin's wrong
with me, it's not a newsflash.

BRIGID. Mom—I will, but—I don't [think that]—I think some-
thing's wrong with *everyone*—please don't act like a martyr / when
I'm trying to apologize... You think *I'm* wrong to not wanna get
married in a church so—

AIMEE. (*To Brigid.*)
Hey, hey, you're sorry, don't
yell, at her okay /... just
chill out?

MOMO. (*Barely audible.*)
Nevery blacken where you come
back do we go do we wheren
blezzick... blacken where you
come back do we go do...

ERIK. Can you guys come down and talk to me please!

THUD.

BRIGID. (*To Richard.*) Can you go up and tell that lady how loud
she's being?

ERIK.
Brigid!

RICHARD.
I will, just relax.

THUD.

AIMEE. Dad, / please shuttup...

BRIGID.
I'll do it myself... /
I need a breather—

MOMO. (*Mumbled.*)
Nevery blacken where you
come back do we go do we
wheren blezzick...

Momo's growing agitation captures Aimee's attention. Deirdre