

JEFF. (*Small talk while working on anagram.*) You ever been in rehab?

DEBRA. None of your business.

JEFF. 'Cause my brother's in rehab, and my dad visits him like every day. But me, the old guy barely speaks to. Can you explain that to me?

DEBRA. No I can't.

JEFF. I think he just likes screw-ups, that's what I think. Hey, maybe if we get caught and thrown in jail, he'll come visit me, and then he'll *have* to talk to me.

DEBRA. Listen, you little whine-bag, if you get caught nobody's coming to visit you because you'll be in the morgue with my shoe up your ass.

JEFF. (*Puts down pencil.*) Finished. For Debra Watts, I've come up with Basted Wart, Wasted Brat and Wet Bastard.

DEBRA. Thanks. Those are cute. Where's Kim?

JEFF. In the bathroom.

DEBRA. Taking her time, ain't she? What is she *doing* anyway?

JEFF. Just getting changed.

DEBRA. I mean later. With the money. Why'd she suddenly want more money?

JEFF. She just thought you should be fair.

DEBRA. Come on, is she buying something?

JEFF. I don't know.

DEBRA. I hope you lie better than that at the bank.

JEFF. Really, she didn't —

DEBRA. Because they are gonna see right through you. Those tellers are tricky. Very perceptive. (*Looks up at the clock.*) What is taking her so long?

JEFF. Can I ask you something?

DEBRA. Do you have to?

JEFF. How much longer is she gonna live?

DEBRA. (*Pause.*) Why you asking me? How am I supposed to know something like —

JEFF. Because I wrote a paper, and everything said the life expectancy is sixteen. And Kim's *already* sixteen so —

DEBRA. Look, I don't know. You asked me a question and I don't know the answer, so drop it.