

PATTIE. Did I mention I met one of the neighbors today?
 BUDDY. *(Suddenly on edge.)* No, what neighbor?
 PATTIE. Relax, Buddy. They're nice people. You need to work on your social skills. *(To Kimberly.)* He's so suspicious about neighbors.
 BUDDY. Yeah, I wonder why?
 PATTIE. You leave me alone for hours, I'm gonna talk to people. I need to do *something* to occupy my time! For fucksake, Buddy ...
 KIMBERLY. Do you guys wanna try an experiment?
 BUDDY. What?
 PATTIE. Ooo, she's a mad scientist.
 BUDDY. What experiment? For school?
 KIMBERLY. No, just for fun. I had an idea. *(Goes to a cabinet.)*
 BUDDY. You're full of ideas tonight, aren't ya? *(Kim takes an empty jar from the cabinet and places it in the middle of the table.)*
 PATTIE. *(Beat.)* I hope you don't expect me to piss in that.
 KIMBERLY. This family swears too much.
 PATTIE. Says who? I don't swear.
 KIMBERLY. You just said piss and fucksake.
 PATTIE. Hey! Watch your mouth!
 KIMBERLY. I propose that every time one of us swears, we have to put a nickel in the jar as a punishment.
 BUDDY. Like a challenge. That's good. I love a challenge.
 PATTIE. Yeah *right*. You love to *run away* from a challenge, you mean. *(Turns to Kim and chuckles.)* Ya hear that? He loves a challenge.
 BUDDY. I married you didn't I?
 PATTIE. You coulda done a lot worse than me. Hell, I'm no challenge. I'm a straightforward, easy ride. I'm the Kansas of wives.
 KIMBERLY. So yes to the jar?
 PATTIE. Who gets the money when we're done?
 KIMBERLY. The baby. We'll buy a Jolly Jumper.
 PATTIE. Well that sounds fair.
 KIMBERLY. Dad?
 BUDDY. Okay.
 KIMBERLY. Alright then. Let's start ... *now*. *(The three of them stare at the jar in silence. After a pause ...)*
 BUDDY. I don't understand what we're supposed to do.

KIMBERLY. Nothing. Just ... do whatever, but don't swear while you do it.
 BUDDY. Oh. *(Kimberly goes back to her homework.)* So what neighbor did you meet?
 PATTIE. Mrs. Gigante.
 BUDDY. How'd you meet her?
 PATTIE. I called to her from the window. I said "Howdy, neighbor. What's your name?"
 BUDDY. What'd she say?
 PATTIE. She said "Mrs. Gigante." Whaddaya think she said? Do you even listen to me? *(Turns to Kim.)* Is it *me*? Am *I* the crazy one?
 KIMBERLY. Honestly, it's a flip of the coin.
 PATTIE. What?
 KIMBERLY. Nothing.
 PATTIE. Don't mumble, Kimmy. I may be going deaf.
 BUDDY. Lucky you.
 PATTIE. Mrs. Gigante's daughter, Bonnie, is in a dance recital on Sunday.
 BUDDY. The blonde girl? Isn't she in your class, Kim?
 PATTIE. She takes lessons at the Miss Maxie Studio in town.
 BUDDY. Remember when Kim did ballet?
 PATTIE. Yeah, what a waste of money that was. *(Beat.)* The tutu was cute though. Remember the tutu, Kimmy?
 KIMBERLY. It chafed.
 PATTIE. Mrs. Gigante says if I ever want the baby to take lessons at the Studio, I need to reserve a spot now because Miss Maxie is very popular.
 KIMBERLY. It could be a boy, you know.
 PATTIE. Boys take ballet.
 BUDDY. Aw geez, you're gonna make him gay.
 PATTIE. Oh shut up, you homophobe. I think *you're* gay.
 BUDDY. I wish I was.
 PATTIE. That's very nice. You wish you were gay, you wish you were deaf. Do you ever wish you were sober?
 BUDDY. Eat shit, Pattie.
 PATTIE. Oh! That's a nickel! Ya hear him, Kim? He said shit!
 KIMBERLY. So did you.
 PATTIE. What? Oh damnit! Wait, does damnit count?

KIMBERLY. Yeah.
PATTIE. *Fuck. (Catches herself.)* Damn it! *(Again.)* Shit!
BUDDY. Geez, it's like you've got Tourette's, Pattie. Chill out.
PATTIE. How many nickels *was* that?
KIMBERLY. One for Dad. Six for you.
BUDDY. Good goin'. We'll have that Jolly Jumper by Thursday.
PATTIE. Put in for me, I don't have any money. *(Buddy digs in his pockets and puts seven nickels in the jar. Suddenly Pattie gets a jolt. She sits up, worried.)*
BUDDY. What's the matter?
PATTIE. The baby kicked again.
BUDDY. That's okay. You *want* the baby to kick. Means it's active and healthy. It's a good thing.
PATTIE. Right. Okay. *(Beat.)* This one's gonna be perfect, Bud. I can tell just by people's reactions to me. Do you remember in the grocery store last week? People would just look at me and smile. They love to see a pregnant woman. Especially the ladies. Why do you think they were all smiling?
KIMBERLY. Because you're fatter than they are. *(Kimberly gets up, goes to phone book and looks up a number.)*
PATTIE. *(To Buddy.)* They were smiling because they sense there's something special in here. *(Pats her stomach.)* Isn't that right, baby? *(Kimberly dials phone number.)*
BUDDY. I'll make some pasta. You want some bow-tie pasta?
PATTIE. Alright then, if I can't have a Zippy Fish.
BUDDY. Where my chef's hat? I can't cook without my hat.
PATTIE. It's in the cabinet, next to my Thorazine.
KIMBERLY. *(Into the phone.)* Hi. Is Jeff McCracken there? ... Kimberly Levaco.
BUDDY. I hope you're not calling that bonehead from the burger joint.
KIMBERLY. I'm on the phone! *(Blackout.)*