

BUDDY. Kim, we're a little busy at the moment. (*Searches for towels.*)  
KIMBERLY. Aunt Debra said the baby's a non-issue.  
PATTIE. Aunt Debra's a psychopath.  
BUDDY. Non-issue? What's that mean?  
KIMBERLY. It means she won't be like me.  
PATTIE. I don't even know what you're talking about.  
BUDDY. Didn't I tell you to stay away from Debra?! (*To Pattie.*) That is *your* sister! *You* let her back in here!  
KIMBERLY. Is that why Mr. Hicks kept visiting? You didn't like Dad's odds?  
BUDDY. (*To Pattie.*) You see?! Didn't I tell you this was gonna happen?  
PATTIE. Mr. Hicks brought me cabbages. That's all! Now go to your room!  
KIMBERLY. Oh is it my room again? I thought I'd been evicted.  
BUDDY. This is a very complicated issue that doesn't involve you. (*Buddy runs over to Pattie with a roll of paper towels.*)  
PATTIE. Not *paper* towels! *Real* towels! This isn't Kool-Aid, you moron! (*Buddy searches for real towels.*)  
KIMBERLY. Shouldn't Mr. Hicks be doing that?  
PATTIE. Now you know darn well Mr. Hicks is dead.  
BUDDY. Kim, you are walking on thin ice here.  
PATTIE. And even if he *wasn't* dead, he'd hardly have the stamina to run around looking for towels. He was very frail.  
BUDDY. Hicks was just a neighbor, now drop it. He meant nothing to us.  
KIMBERLY. Then why did you hire Aunt Debra to kill him?  
BUDDY. I didn't hire her to *kill* him! Come on — (*Brings towels to Pattie.*) The agreement was beat him up. I was very upset at the time. But I never wanted the guy killed.  
KIMBERLY. And yet he died.  
BUDDY. Okay, you wanna talk about this, we'll talk about it. Later. But right now your mother's having a baby. And that's a little more important than your hissy fit!  
KIMBERLY. Of course it is.  
BUDDY. Your timing is *way* off.  
KIMBERLY. That's the understatement of the century.

PATTIE. Don't get smart with your father.  
KIMBERLY. Oh I'm sorry to get smart. And I'm sorry my timing is off. And I'm sorry I'm not Bonnie Gigante.  
PATTIE. What does *she* have to do with anything?  
KIMBERLY. But for the record, Bonnie Gigante sells pot and doles out blowjobs like they were handshakes!  
PATTIE. That is filthy talk! I don't know where you get that sewer-mouth.  
BUDDY. Kim, I don't know what this is about, but you're being naïve and spiteful, and you need to toughen up.  
KIMBERLY. Toughen up?  
PATTIE. None of this is gonna matter anyway. You're gonna have a beautiful baby sister. Who cares how we got her?  
KIMBERLY. *I* do!  
BUDDY. Too bad! It's none of your business!  
KIMBERLY. I can't believe you bought into this.  
BUDDY. Hey —  
KIMBERLY. Did you *ever* have a backbone?  
PATTIE. That is your father you're talking to.  
KIMBERLY. Are you sure?! One never knows in this house!  
PATTIE. You apologize!  
KIMBERLY. (*To Buddy.*) *You're* the one who needs to toughen up!  
PATTIE. Okay, yes it happened! Alright?! So what?! It was a thing that was done! That's all it was! It served a purpose! Can we let it go now?! (*Silence.*) You know what, Kim? You win. We're not perfect. Okay? And we have been trying our damndest to make you happy, but we obviously can't be whatever it is you want us to be.  
KIMBERLY. Well that makes it unanimous then.  
PATTIE. This has nothing to do with you. I wanted a baby. It's that simple.  
KIMBERLY. You *had* a baby.  
PATTIE. I wanted another baby.  
KIMBERLY. You wanted a *different* baby.  
BUDDY. Kim — !  
KIMBERLY. And you made real sure she'd be nothing like me.  
PATTIE. What choice did I have?! Soon I won't be able to have babies anymore, and then you'll die and I'll be alone! And I didn't want to be alone! (*Beat.*) I meant, *I'll* die. I was making a sister for

*you*, so you would have someone to talk to when *I* died. Not you!

BUDDY. Alright Pattie, relax.

PATTIE. (*Notices Kim's suitcase.*) What's that? My suitcase for the hospital?

KIMBERLY. No. I'm staying at a friend's house. (*Buddy grabs a towel and wipes Pattie's forehead.*)

BUDDY. What friend? You didn't ask if you could — It better not be that boy's house. His family's a mess and I don't want you staying in that environment.

PATTIE. Help me, Buddy. It's getting hot in here. (*Buddy fans Pattie.*)

KIMBERLY. You know what I wanted to do? What I was *gonna* do? With the money?

BUDDY. What money?

KIMBERLY. I wanted to walk in and say, "Hey, guess what? We're going to the Alamo!"

PATTIE. The Alamo?

KIMBERLY. Or Pamplona. Or Hawaii. One of those places Dad is always talking about. And I wanted to say, "Pack a bag, we're going right now!" And you'd be confused but I'd explain it, and you'd be really happy, and you'd jump up and start packing. But then ... Debra and Hicks, and I come home and then you with the room —

PATTIE. I can't understand a word she's saying.

KIMBERLY. And I'm thinking, "Why bother?" You did a good job *pretending* for a little while I guess, but really you gave up a long time ago.

PATTIE. Gave up *what*?

KIMBERLY. A whole mess of stuff. I can't even — It's like you're just sitting around *waiting* or something. And I know it's hard for you, and you have to prepare and cope and whatever but ...

BUDDY. But what?

KIMBERLY. I'm not dead yet! (*Beat.*) I'm not dead. (*Silence. Then Pattie gets another contraction.*)

PATTIE. Oh-oh-oh-ow-ow-OW ... here's another one!

BUDDY. Nobody thinks you're dead.

PATTIE. (*In pain.*) What's this, Bud?! How long since the last one?

BUDDY. (*Looking at watch.*) I'm not sure. Fourteen minutes maybe?