

~~you, so you would have someone to talk to when I died. Not you!~~
BUDDY. Alright Pattie, relax.
PATTIE. (*Notices King'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?