

RABBIT HOLE

SIDE #1 – BECCA

HOWIE: (losing it!) It's not just the tape! I'm not talking about the tape, Becca! It's Taz, the paintings, and the clothes, and it's *everything!* You have to stop erasing him! You have to stop it! You HAVE TO STOP!

(**BECCA** seems more confused than affronted.)

BECCA: Do you really not know me, Howie? Do you really not know how utterly impossible that would be? To erase him? No matter how many things I give to charity, or how many art projects I box up, do you really think I don't see him every second of every day? And ok, I'm trying to make things a little easier on myself by hiding some of the photos, and giving away the clothes, but that does not mean I'm trying to *erase* him. That tape was an accident. And believe me, I will beat myself up about it forever, I'm sure. Like everything else I could've prevented but didn't.

HOWIE: That's not what I want, Bec. It's not what I'm taking about.

BECCA: No? Because it feels like it is. It feels like I don't feel bad enough or you. I'm not mourning enough for your taste.

HOWIE: Come on that's not –

BECCA: Or mourning the right way. But let me just say, Howie, that I am mourning as much as you are. And my grief is just as real and awful as yours.

HOWIE: I know that.

BECCA: You're not in a better place than I am, you're just in a *different* place. And that sucks that we can't be there for each other right now, but that's just the way it is.

HOWIE: His stuff is all we have left. That's all I'm saying. And every bit you get rid of –

BECCA: I understand that. You don't wanna let go of it. I understand, Howie.

HOWIE: Do you? *(Beat.)* Do you? *(No response.)* This isn't ... Something has to change here. Because I can't do this...like this. It's too hard. *(Neither speaks for a while. Then HOWIE heads for the stairs. He stops, and turns back to her.)* And I want that dog back. Your mother's making him fat. *(Beat.)* I want the dog back.

BECCA: Why don't we wait until -

HOWIE: I don't want to . How much more do we have to lose? *(Beat.)* I miss the dog. I'm sorry, but I miss him. I want him back.

(They regard each other silently. HOWIE heads upstairs, leaving BECCA alone.)

RABBIT HOLE
BECCA & NAT - side #2

NAT: *(holds it up.)* Monkey?

BECCA: Um, keep, I guess. *(She does.)*

NAT: Howie doesn't mind this?

BECCA: It was his idea. After that open house. Seems his grief goes out the window when it comes to maximizing profits. *(Beat.)* Sorry. I don't even know why I said that. Just being mean. *(THEY go back to work.)* Besides, it's not like we're getting rid of everything. *(Something stops NAT. She's holding a pair of Danny's sneakers. They're smaller than she remembers. BECCA glances over at her and realizes what's happening. Simply:)* Don't do that. *(Takes the sneakers.)* Quick and clean, like a Band-Aid. *(Places the sneakers in a garbage bag.)* Otherwise we'll never get through it. *(Beat.)* Did Izzy tell you I was taking a continuing ed class? We're reading *Bleak House*. Isn't that hilarious? He handed out the syllabus and I just laughed. *Bleak House*. Of course no one knew what I was laughing at, which was great. *(NAT looks up at her.)* It's in Bronxville so no one knows me. I'm normal there. That's what I like best about it. I don't get "the face" every time someone looks at me.

NAT: What face?

BECCA: You know. *(Demonstrates, solemn pity.)* "Oh, hi. How ya doin'? Hangin' in there?" *(NAT laughs a little.)* I hate it. *(They strip the robot sheets off the bed.)* And you know what's nice? These ladies don't even talk about their kids or their husbands or any of it. I think they're just so happy to be away from all that. It's probably the last thing they wanna talk about. Because I'm sure most of them are bored housewives, right?

NAT: I don't know. I've never met these people.

BECCA: Well, that's who takes Westchester continuing-education classes, isn't it?

NAT: I guess.

BECCA: Sure, and they're just so happy to be talking about Dickens instead of dog what's for dinner. "Yay, we're reading literature." It's like they're in college again. Who'd *wanna* talk about their families? I know I don't. (Beat.) Anyway, I like it. I like that I'm just a lady taking a class. And next week we start *Madame Bovary*. That oughta get the ol' girls goin', huh?

NAT: I don't know that book.

BECCA: No, I know. (NAT accidentally flips the switch to an obnoxious yapping dog. It's loud.)

NAT: What the hell? (Trying to turn it off.). How do I -? That's annoying.

BECCA: (Over the noise.) try listening to it for hours on end! (Switches it off.) Izzy gave him that. Only people without children give these kinds of gifts. Or people who want to punish parents. You know what? Debbie's kids might like that. We should save it for *them*. That'd show her.

RABBIT HOLE
IZZY & BECCA - Side #2

IZZY: And you know what they don't tell ya? It really hurts. To punch someone. It frickin' hurts.

BECCA: Well, yeah.

IZZY: They don't put that on TV. It's all, "Now that oughta show him." But for me it was like, "Motherfucker, that *killed!*" Look at my knuckles. (*Shows her; then off Becca's look.*) What?

BECCA: Nothing.

IZZY: You don't approve?

BECCA: I didn't say that.

IZZY: This lady was *at* me.

BECCA: I know. I didn't say anything.

IZZY: But you wanna though. (*Beat.*)

BECCA: I just worry about you.

IZZY: Don't worry about me. *She* was the one on the floor.

BECCA: That's not what I meant. You were in a bar fight.

IZZY: So?

BECCA: A *bar fight*, Izzy.

IZZY: She was up in my face!

BECCA: I know, but it's so...

IZZY: What?

BECCA: *Jerry Springer.*

IZZY: What's that supposed to mean? You think I'm trashy?

BECCA: You punched a woman in the face!

IZZY: She provoked me!

BECCA: Were you drunk?

IZZY: No.

BECCA: I thought you were getting it together.

IZZY: Don't judge me.

BECCA: You said you were gonna take it easy.

IZZY: Man, Becca. Why do you have to-?

BECCA: You can't be doing this stuff, Izzy. You're not a kid anymore.

IZZY: I didn't realize there was a cut-off date.

BECCA: Well, there should be. For acting like a jackass there *should* be a cut-off sate. Were you on anything?

IZZY: Oh my God.

BECCA: Were you?

IZZY: No. Man, why did I say anything to you?

BECCA: I don't know. Why *did* you?

IZZY: Look, I went out. I got into a fight. I thought it was a funny story. I thought you'd be amused.

BECCA: I'm not.

IZZY: Clearly.