

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.

RABBIT HOLE
Side #3 - IZZY & BECCA

IZZY: And then I see her across the bar, coming at me with this *look*, you know. And everybody kinda steps aside for her, like the Red Sea, or whatever - just clears a path for her, and I'm like, "What's with *this* nut job?"

BECCA: But you don't even know this woman.

IZZY: Never seen her before. I was just sitting there with Reema. Do you remember Reema?

BECCA: No.

IZZY: She's a friend of mine. I was just sitting there with Reema, and suddenly this lady is in my face. And she's all sweaty and yelling and *really* pissed.

BECCA: Why?

IZZY: I don't even *know* at this point. It has something to do with her boyfriend, who's apparently the end of the bar.

BECCA: Were you flirting or -?

IZZY: No, I don't even know who she's talking about. So she's all up in my face, and her breath is like -

BECCA: Boozy?

IZZY: Yeah, boozy, but even worse, you know, like there's something rancid stuck to the roof of her mouth.

BECCA: Ew.

IZZY: Rotting peanut butter or something.

BECCA: Good lord, Izzy.

IZZY: And she's harassing me, and blowing her stank-breath in my face. And cussing. My God, you wouldn't believe the words that came out of this lady's mouth.

BECCA: And you don't even know who she's talking about.

IZZY: She's talking about her boyfriend.

BECCA: No, I know but -

IZZY: Auggie. (*Beat.*)

BECCA: Oh. I thought you didn't know who she -

IZZY: No, at the time I didn't know who she was talking about, because I didn't know he was *there*. But then I figured it out later, "Oh, she must be Auggie's girlfriend."

BECCA: So you know him.

IZZY: Yeah, I know him, but still. Lemme finish.

BECCA: I'm sorry.

IZZY: So she's all, "you bitch, you. Fuck you, you bitch."

BECCA: Izzy -

IZZY: Sorry: "F-u, you b," and all that. Just talking like a maniac.

BECCA: Uh-huh.

IZZY: And people are looking at us, so I'm starting to feel self-conscious.

BECCA: Of course.

IZZY: And she's just going off, and I can't really do anything because the place is so crowded, you know? And she's a big lady. Real hefty. More chins than - what does Mom say?

BECCA: More Chins than a Chinese phone book.

IZZY: Exactly. So I can't even get around her to escape or whatever. And I'm starting to feel *violated*, you know?

RABBIT HOLE
HOWIE & IZZY - side 5

HOWIE: We should probably get a broker. I think a lot of people are afraid of FISBOS.

IZZY: Afraida who?

HOWIE: FISBO: For Sale By Owner. No middleman. I was trying to avoid the commission but we probably need one. (Regarding sign-in sheet.) This was a wash I think. (Looking over clipboard.). I thought we had a bite with that family - the little girl. Nothing, though. Maybe I priced it too high. Or they were just browsing maybe.

IZZY: (*Eating.*) You freaked them out, Howie. (*Beat.*)

HOWIE: No, I didn't. What are you talking about?

IZZY: You should've cleaned out Danny's room. Made it look like a guest room or something. An office, or whatever.

HOWIE: Why?

IZZY: Because everyone that went in there was like, "Oh, you have a son, how old is he?" Did you think people wouldn't ask that?

HOWIE: I didn't think about it. I just thought it'd be good for them to see there was nice room for a kid.

IZZY: But common sense, Howie. You've got these robot sheets on the bed, the conversation's gonna come up. And so everyone asks, and then you tell them, and then there's this weirdness in the air.

HOWIE: Only *two* people asked. That's all.

IZZY: Well, you ooked them out. If you had a kid, would you wanna move into into a house where a boy just died? People believe in that stuff, you know. House karma, or whatever you wanna call it.

HOWIE: Well, they're stupid then.

IZZY: Yeah, they are. But if you wanna sell your house you gotta take that into consideration. I can't believe I'm giving you business advice.

HOWIE: Is that what this is?

IZZY: I'm just saying, sometimes you gotta sort out what is and isn't appropriate to say to people.

HOWIE: It isn't appropriate to talk about my son?

IZZY: Uh-uh, you're not pulling me into that conversation. You wanna tell total strangers all about Danny and how he died, it's none of my business. God knows it's something you enjoy doing, so you got ahead. But don't be surprised if nobody wants to buy your house. Good God, Becca has got to stop baking . I'm ginormous. (*Dog barking.*). Someone coming?