

**#3 RICHIE & JEFF**

RICHIE

It drives you nuts, doesn't it?

JEFF

What?

RICHIE

That she likes me.

JEFF

That doesn't affect me one way or another.

RICHIE

It drives you nuts.

JEFF

Are you sure she likes you, or is she just grateful for the money?

RICHIE

You telling me giving you guys money is a bad thing?

JEFF

It's a weird thing, okay? You've been horrible to us our entire lives. Now you're waving cash around, and everything's okay?

RICHIE

Still haven't heard any examples. Of the horribleness.

JEFF

Punching me awake.

RICHIE

What?

JEFF

I used to wake up to you punching me in the arm, sometimes in the stomach, because you thought it was funny.

RICHIE

That never happened.

JEFF

I have nightmares about it. I used to wake up screaming –

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RICHIE

You imagined that. You on medication?

JEFF

If I went to school today with all the bruises and cuts you gave me, they'd call social services and have me taken out of the house.

RICHIE

Brothers fight.

JEFF

It wasn't fighting, for Christ's sake. That implies some kind of equal playing field. It was you beating the shit out of me.

RICHIE

I can't apologize for something that never happened.

*A moment, as JEFF takes this in.*

JEFF

You know what? You're right. I do "hate your guts" as you put it. And I did go out of my way not to be here when you were. As for medication, it's 40 milligrams of Diazepam usually, but they upped me to 60 before this trip because knowing that I'd have to see you, I had panic attacks and broke out in hives.

RICHIE

Jesus. You're a fucking mess.

JEFF

I'm surprised you came.

RICHIE

Why?

JEFF

Because it's for Mom.

RICHIE

Yeah?

JEFF

And you're the one who killed her.

*A beat.*

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RICHIE

Fuck you.

JEFF

You did. You fucking killed her a long time before she died. She spent decades worried sick about you. Although I never understood why she bothered.

RICHIE

That is one mean fucking thing to say.

*Silence.*

And it's not true.

JEFF

Sure about that?