

KAREN

My God, Jeff, we're not kids anymore. What the hell are you doing here?

JEFF

What?

KAREN

You've made absolutely no effort to get along with Richie since he got here.

JEFF

Me? Do you hear how he –

KAREN

Yes, I do. That's him. He's lacking in social skills, okay? I'm not denying that. But you're supposed to be –

JEFF

What?

KAREN

A Grown up. You're supposed to be ... helping me with all this.

JEFF

I cut all those vegetables.

KAREN

Screw the vegetables.

JEFF

Careful ... language.

KAREN

Have you thought to ask me, even once, how *I'm* doing about Mom? Cuz I'll be honest with you – I'm not doing too well. I'm trying with everything I have to hold it together, and my brothers can't put aside this stuff from decades ago long enough to recognize that I hurt. That I'm hurting, Jeff.

Silence.

JEFF

Do you remember when Bobby Gharamani took my second place ribbon from field day and tore it up in front of me?

KAREN

Yes.

JEFF

No reason. Just grabbed it from me and tore it up.

KAREN

He was a seriously messed up kid. Probably in jail somewhere now.

JEFF

He runs a marketing communications firm. Twin daughters.

KAREN

How –

JEFF

Facebook friend.

A beat.

The next day at recess, when Mrs. Jordan wasn't looking, Richie grabbed him by the ear and yanked him over to me. "Apologize to my little brother." Bobby just stood there, crying I think, and didn't say anything. Richie smacked him in the head and said, "Apologize to my little brother, asshole." So he did. And Richie let go of him and kicked him in the ass so fell down in front of a whole bunch of kids. They all laughed.

A beat.

Richie was 10. Bobby and I were 8.

Silence.

KAREN

I guess, in his own way –

JEFF

When Bobby Gharamani friended me, I accepted out of curiosity. You know? And he sent me a long private message, apologizing for the ribbon thing.

KAREN

Well, that's kind of ... nice.

JEFF

And then he said he's also grown up in a "dysfunctional" home and he realized now how troubled my life must have been, and he hoped I'd found peace.

A beat.

Did you know we grew up in a dysfunctional home?

#4 KAREN & JEFF

Um ... yeah, I guess I did.

KAREN

Mom and Dad, they –

JEFF

They did the best they could.

KAREN

Which wasn't good enough.

JEFF

They tried. Mom made us do family therapy, and –

KAREN

They didn't protect me. From him.

JEFF