

ACT ONE
SCENE ONE

(Late February. A kitchen with a comfortable living room and dining room nearby. Saturday afternoon. Becca, late 30's, is folding the laundry, kids' clothes, and putting it in neat piles on the dining room table. Her sister Izzy, early thirties, is in the middle of a story, getting herself a glass of orange juice from the refrigerator.)

BEGIN

IZZY

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 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 at 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.

BECCA

(beat)

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?

BECCA

Sure.

IZZY

My personal space, and my dignity, or what have you, so I just made a fist, hauled off, and BOOM!

BECCA

(beat)

What does that mean?

IZZY

It means I hit her.

BECCA

No, you didn't.

IZZY
Crazy, right?

BECCA
You hit her?

IZZY
Yeah. Right in the face. BOOM. She went down.

BECCA
Oh my god, Izzy— You *hit* that woman?

IZZY
I couldn't get around her. And she was screaming like a retard.

BECCA
Izzy—

IZZY
What would *you* have done?

BECCA
Well I certainly wouldn't have hit her. Jesus.

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 oughtta show him." But for me it was like "Motherfucker, that *killed!*" Look at my knuckles.
(shows her — then off her 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.

BECCA
(beat)
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!



END