

ACT TWO  
SCENE ONE

(Two months have passed. It's early May. Howie is in a suit, holding a clipboard with a sign-in sheet, waiting for people to pop by for an Open House. Izzy is in the kitchen. A car is pulling away.)

BEGIN

IZZY

They were weird, huh? The last couple? The way they kept opening everything? Cabinets, closets...

HOWIE

It's an Open House.

IZZY

Still, it was kinda nervy. I'd never do one of these things. Strangers strolling through, looking under my beds.

HOWIE

That's what you gotta do to sell a house.

IZZY

Well lucky for me I'll never own a house then.  
(comes out of the kitchen with a plate)  
What is this, pie?

HOWIE

It's a torte.

IZZY

Is it good?

HOWIE

Yeah, it's good.

(Izzy grabs a fork and carries the plate into the living room. We see now that her pregnancy's starting to show. She's four and a half months along.)

IZZY

We done?

HOWIE

Fifteen minutes. We're supposed to go 'til four.  
(Howie's looking over the sign-in sheet.)

IZZY

How many'd ya get anyway?

HOWIE

Not many. No *serious* buyers. Maybe the German though. It's hard to tell.

IZZY

Is that what he was, German? I couldn't place the accent. I thought maybe Irish.

HOWIE

*Irish?*

IZZY

I couldn't tell.

HOWIE

We should probably get a broker. I think a lot of people are afraid of fisbos.

IZZY

Afraid who?

HOWIE

Fisbo. For Sale By Owner. No middleman. I was trying to avoid the commission but we probably need one.

(re: sign-in sheet)

This was a wash I think. 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.

HOWIE

(beat)

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 a 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 ooded them out. If you had a kid, would you wanna move 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 go ahead. But don't be surprised if nobody wants to buy your house.

(finishes torte)

Good god, Becca has gotta stop baking. I'm gynormous.

(We hear the dog barking out in the yard. Howie looks outside.)

IZZY

Someone coming?

HOWIE

(re: Taz)

No, he's just mad he's still tied up.

IZZY

So, hey, let me ask you something...

HOWIE

Alright.

IZZY

Why is Becca so mad at me? Is it just because I'm pregnant or...

HOWIE

Becca's not mad at you.

IZZY

Then why does she act so pissed at me sometimes?

HOWIE

I don't know. You should ask her.

IZZY

I can't.

HOWIE

Why not?

IZZY

Because that'll only make her *more* pissed.

HOWIE

Yeah, probably, but –

IZZY

Is it because she blames me? A little bit maybe?

HOWIE

(pause)

Oh my god, Izzy...

IZZY

Because if I hadn't called to bitch about Mom she wouldn't have left Danny to run in to –

HOWIE

Ten months later and you're asking me this?

IZZY

Well, I don't know.

HOWIE

No, Izzy. No. Nobody blames you.

IZZY

Okay.

(beat)

So it's just the baby then. The fact that I'm having a baby.

HOWIE

Honestly, I don't think Becca's mood has anything to do with you.

IZZY

She thinks I can't do it, right? I'm not cut out to be a good mother?

HOWIE

She doesn't think that. You should *really* be having this conversation with her.

IZZY

I know I've been a fuck-up, but people get their shit together.

HOWIE

Of course they do.

IZZY

And maybe I'm not as organized as Becca, or homey, or whatever—

HOWIE

Nobody's comparing you.

IZZY

Really? Because that'd be a first.

HOWIE

Everyone's excited about the baby, Iz. But you gotta understand that there's other stuff going on around here.

IZZY

I'm not talking about the other stuff. I'm talking about me being a capable person who can raise a child, and look after it and protect it. I resent the feeling I get from her, and you too sometimes, honestly, that I don't *deserve* the baby. Or that I'm not mature enough, or smart enough or something, to take care of it. I mean, my god, if my mother could do it, how hard could it be?

END