

Caught

By:
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SYNOPSIS:

In *Caught*, two sets of siblings who grew up together (one Ashkenazi Jewish and one Black/Christian) come together on the evening of Hurricane Sandy. But the storm also rages inside, as they reckon with their past and unravel each other's secrets and lies. This continuous action comedic play examines the meaning of family—the one you're born into and the one you choose.

Characters:

Deborah, F., 44	Jewish, white, separated, a math teacher, has a secret
Aaron, M., 39	Jewish, white, Deborah's well meaning, overprotective younger brother
Chad, M., 41	African-American, gay, Christian, Deborah and Aaron's best friend, has a loving partner and an understandable grudge
Marcus, M., 44	African-American, Christian, Chad's estranged older brother, an actor who lives in LA

Setting:

A small, cramped one-bedroom apartment with lots of unpacked boxes, New York City. This is Deborah's apartment. The entire play takes place in this apartment.

Deborah, Aaron, and Chad all live in NYC

Time:

Hurricane Sandy, October 29th 2012

History:

- *Caught* is currently being offered as a world premiere
- *Caught* had a room reading by the Mirrorbox Theatre Company in 2020, featuring **William Jackson Harper from *The Good Place***.
- Reading and Workshop: The Chain Theatre Company, February 2020
- **The script placed in the top 20% of nearly 12,000 entries at the prestigious Austin Film Festival Writer's Conference, 2019**
- Drama Book Shop, After Hours Reading Series for published playwrights
- Reading of completed first draft as a part of Master's Thesis at NYU
- Anne Frank Conference at Buffalo State College, discussion of scenes

Feedback from Cavan Hallman, Mirrorbox Theatre Company reading:

CAUGHT is such a worthwhile piece of theatre. The play presents an intersection not often seen on stage, friendships between white Jewish characters and Black Christian characters. These characters, with deep history, and so much love for each other, navigate murky conflicts with a pace that makes the real-time storytelling fly by. Highly recommended!

Notes:

I grew up in the south and am have called NYC home for two decades.

I've been involved in social justice and anti-racism work/organizations for a long time. At Gallatin at NYU, part of my thesis was a paper delving into relationships between Black Christians and Ashkenazi Jews as portrayed on the stage together, specifically comparing Tony Kushner's *Caroline, or Change* and Alfred Uhry's *Parade*. Drawing from Black and Jewish scholars, the paper included a discussion of the impact of money, class, and power in these plays and between these groups.

A completed first draft of *Caught* with a public reading was the other part of my Master's Thesis. While the characters in *Caught* deals with different "isms" as a natural part of the story, it is a comedy.

Carlos Jones (Associate Dean of the Arts and Sciences at Buffalo State College, as well as the Coordinator of Africana Studies, and an Associate Professor of Theatre and Dance) is one of my best friends, and we were interested in having discussions about our identities and seeing where that might lead creatively. (He is Black and Christian and gay; I'm white and Jewish and straight.) Long discussions ensued and continue; he has been a reader of this play, a cheerleader, and offered feedback.

The bland white light of the television reflects shadows on the room in an otherwise pitch-black one-bedroom apartment. The ceilings are high. Unpacked boxes are everywhere. Rain comes down on large windows. The TV is on mute. Clothes are splayed all over the couch. A fan whirs.

DEBORAH, wearing a long t-shirt, a casual button down shirt and boxer shorts, tapes a big gray X over one of the large windows. Dozens of bottles of water cover a countertop.

The sound of someone seemingly trying to open the front door rushes Deborah into a panic. She looks quickly for something--a bat, a knife--but everything is packed. She grabs a coat hanger. As someone opens the door, she slams it shut.

AARON

(from outside the door) Owwww!

She opens the door. The light from the hallway streams in, revealing AARON, carrying a soaked umbrella and wearing jeans and a jacket. Aaron's hand covers his head. Deborah extends her hand for the keys.

DEBORAH

Give them to me.

AARON

You gave them to me.

DEBORAH

For emergencies.

AARON

And this is one!

Deborah chases Aaron.

AARON

This is how people die, Deborah.

DEBORAH

Coat hangers?

AARON

If you had a gun, I'd be dead—

She tries to get the keys and misses them, ending up on the couch with the hanger in her hand.

AARON

Be careful with that thing. You might have to hang something up.

Deborah pops up, reaches around him and grabs the keys.

AARON

I'm getting those back! Do you have any Tylenol?

DEBORAH

Is that your emergency? A headache?

AARON

I have a headache because *someone slammed a door in my head--*

The sound of thunder. Aaron turns off the TV and takes off his jacket, revealing a t-shirt that says "Yes We Can" with a picture of Obama's face.

Deborah stands on a stool, reaching a higher window, continuing to tape it with a gray X.

AARON

(into the fan and then turning it off) What are you doing?

DEBORAH

The storm. What are you doing?

AARON

(regarding the fan) Why is this on? You're always cold.

DEBORAH

Sometimes I'm cold and now, sometimes I'm hot.

AARON

See, I didn't know that about you because it's been--

DEBORAH

Three days!

AARON (overlapping)

That's right. Three days of trying your cell, Facebook, email, texting--

DEBORAH (overlapping)

Three days is not an emergency!

AARON

In the land of the Jewish, it most certainly is. Is it because I left that voicemail about how you and Ron should get back together? Is that why I haven't heard—

Deborah walks over and turns the fan back on.

DEBORAH

No—Aaron—

AARON

He just seemed so—and you just seemed so—Did you notice, I didn't bring up Ron's name once. Well, maybe once, okay twice. And Mom and Dad are worried sick.

DEBORAH

Why would they be?

AARON

Because I told them we hadn't heard from you.

DEBORAH

Why did you--

AARON

Because I was worried sick.

She groans at him.

AARON

It was easier when I could walk over. Now that you live So. Far. Away.

DEBORAH (overlapping)
Stop acting like I left the country.

AARON
York Avenue is practically another country.

DEBORAH
How did you even know I'd be home?

AARON
All the schools are closed. Your niece misses you. Your niece wants to know—

DEBORAH (overlapping after the first "niece")
I had dinner with y'all last week! And stop calling her my niece.

AARON
That's who she is.

DEBORAH
But you keep saying it to make me feel bad.

AARON
She wants to know if you'll sit in the front row at her play that opens and closes tomorrow.

DEBORAH
Shit. Now I feel bad.

AARON
And she is not just playing a leaf or a fairy. Hippo—

He pulls out his phone and looks.

DEBORAH
She's playing a Hippo?

AARON
Hippo-lyta.

DEBORAH
Oh--Hippolyta.

AARON
You're going.

DEBORAH

Of course.

AARON

Chad says he hasn't heard from you since the funeral.

DEBORAH

I've been busy.

He looks around the messy living room.

AARON

Really?

DEBORAH

Really.

AARON

I've been busy. Setting up for Mom and Dad's anniversary party. By myself.

DEBORAH

It's at the Davis Hotel; there is no set up--

AARON (overlapping)

Because I made phone calls. Because I didn't want Mom and Dad's 50th anniversary to be thrown together willy nilly. Where do you think that expression comes from—willy nilly? Did you book your flight?

DEBORAH

I'll take the train.

AARON

It's next week! Here (on his phone) Do you want to come Wednesday or Thursday? I think Thursday.

Deborah grabs the phone, puts it in the trash.
She leaves the room, quickly. He digs for the phone.

AARON

(yelling) I forgive you. And I trust you to book your own reservation. Next week will be a double celebration! Mom and Dad's anniversary *and* Obama will be elected again! I'm sure of it. Yes We Can! I've been canvassing. For Obama, not Mom and Dad. Can you believe that Romney said that 47% of Americans will vote for Obama because of entitlements? Be careful what you say behind closed doors, am I right? It's sooo scandalous!

Offstage, Deborah coughs and gags.

I didn't mind doing the work for the party. (a moment) Maybe you should go back to that meditation class with that guru guy you like so much.

DEBORAH (OS)

You mean the one that told me my life has infinite possibilities?

AARON

Yes.

Aaron shifts the clothes to one side on Deborah's couch, bunching them together.

AARON

(yelling) Remember how we used to think Dad was so weird doing all that weird breathing in the morning before school? And now you do that stuff too. Or you did. Before. And maybe you should do it again. I can't even touch my toes.

He bends over and hurts his back.

AARON

Ahh! See?

Aaron notices an easel and her crooked painting. He fixes it. Deborah returns, wiping her mouth.

AARON

So great you're painting again! What's it going to be?

DEBORAH

It's finished.

AARON

Ohhh—I like it. It's—nice—really--nice.

DEBORAH

What did you do with my clothes?

AARON

Oh, I'm sorry.

He throws a few articles of clothing across the couch. She grabs them.

AARON

Better?

DEBORAH

I haven't finished unpacking.

AARON

Clearly.

DEBORAH

What's the point? When you die-- your things just become things for other people to go through. . . . Someday, Aaron, you might have to go through my things.

AARON

Then let's clean this shit up!

He folds her clothes.

AARON (overlapping)

You're going to feel so much better once you've unpacked and you start saluting the sun again—

DEBORAH (overlapping)

Aaron, you really don't need to--

AARON

Or don't salute the sun. Fuck the sun and that guy Om Shanti, Shanti. What does he know anyway?

DEBORAH (overlapping)

Om shanti, shanti is not a person!

AARON

I just want you to be happy.

DEBORAH

Now you sound like Mom.

AARON

I like Mom.

She grabs her clothes from him.

DEBORAH

Did you know there are fewer murders on rainy days?

AARON

No, I had no—

Clothes fall out of her arms as she walks and talks. Aaron picks them up. Deborah ends up in the kitchen.

DEBORAH

It's true. The average number of homicides for ten Saturdays was twenty-four. And when there's an inch of rain on those Saturdays, there's only eighteen murders. That's six people who are alive just because we've had more rain. Don't you see, when we have sunshine, more people die. The irony is so sad. Don't you think it's--

AARON

Deborah, please, you can come stay with us for a while if you—

She throws up in the kitchen sink. Aaron turns on the kitchen light. It's really bad hospital lighting. He notices a small plastic trashcan filled with pregnancy test boxes. He pulls them out of the trash.

EPT? First Response? Pregnant Now? (gasping) You are pregnant now!

He hugs her and the boxes go flying out of his hands.

That's just what they say. When you stop trying, it happens. You wanted to tell the family all together. No wonder you didn't want to get unpacked! I'm such an idiot. I'm calling Ron; we're playing tennis next weekend! Now that you're getting back together, I can tell you--I've really missed him!

DEBORAH (overlapping)

No, no, no, don't call Ron--

AARON (overlapping)

We are going to throw you a shower!

DEBORAH (overlapping)

No—no you're not—

AARON

When Rebecca had Sarah, I became the breastfeeding aficionado. We'll buy you a heavy-duty hospital-grade model pump, you know, with a double collection kit, that way when you go back to work—

DEBORAH (overlapping)

Aaron—Aaron!

AARON

What? (looking at her) What?

DEBORAH

Remember when we took those horrible vacations to Uncle Abe's for Thanksgiving, and we'd fight over the back seat?

AARON

Uh, yeah, sure--

DEBORAH (overlapping)

And you promised you'd give me **all** of the Swedish fish if you could have three quarters of the back seat, and I measured because you're so lousy at math. And every time you'd wait until we got there and then you'd eat all the candy yourself, leaving me totally without any candy at all.

AARON

Deborah, we were like *ten*.

DEBORAH

It's like, how do I know if I can really trust you?

AARON

Having big mood swings is normal. Rebecca did too. Is that it?

DEBORAH

No.

AARON

Then what is it?

The sound of the buzzer.

DEBORAH

Who is that?

AARON

I have no idea.

Aaron walks to the door and talks into the intercom.

AARON

Hi Chad. (to Deborah) Surprise!

DEBORAH (overlapping)

What? No, no, no. Don't let him up.

In the intercom.

AARON

Come on up. (to Deborah) Why wouldn't you want to celebrate with your best friend?

DEBORAH

Listen. Please don't say anything about me being pregnant. I—um—want to tell him at the party, with everyone else. Like you said.

There is a knock at the door.

AARON

(signals he's going to keep his mouth shut and then) I am so happy for you.

And another knock.

But my lips are sealed.

And a third knock.

Mums the word.

DEBORAH

Just open the door!

Aaron opens the door for Chad, handsome, wearing a fashionable suit. He holds a duffel bag, a bag of bagels, and a ripped umbrella.

AARON

(beaming) Everything's fine. It's just great.

CHAD

(to Aaron) Well, sunshine, that's good to know. Here.

Chad hands Aaron a bag of bagels.

AARON

Fantastic. I'm starved.

Chad walks around the room, wiping rain off his legs, taking in the mess.

Deborah clears space for Chad to sit. He doesn't. He looks out the window facing another building.

CHAD

Nice view.

DEBORAH

If you lie on the floor you can see a little sky. (silence) I--I was going to call. . . . But then I'd be all crying and you'd be all crying.

CHAD

Yeah, it's best to do those things by yourself.

He reaches into his pocket and hands her a small jewelry box.

CHAD

Open it.

She opens it. It's an opal ring.

DEBORAH

She didn't want one of your nieces to have it?

CHAD

She left them other things. But this was specifically for the princess who hasn't left this palace.

DEBORAH

Princess? Are you calling me a JAP?

CHAD

I helped you pack up your place so you could move here and—not unpack apparently--

DEBORAH (overlapping)

Every stupid object in that apartment reminded me of Ron. And you kept saying, "You're better off without that douchebag."

CHAD

He is a douchebag.

AARON

Now let's not be too hard on Ron.

CHAD

(to Deborah) It's been six weeks of radio silence.

DEBORAH

I drove to Virginia, too--I sat with your mother for two days straight. I was happy that I got to hold her hand--

CHAD

I'm talking about *since* the funeral. I'm talking about *me*.

DEBORAH

It's a big loss for all of us.

CHAD

My father has been sitting in my mother's walk-in closet. Just sitting in the dark. Last weekend, I flew to Virginia after work and said "Dad, it's time." It was like, maybe, just maybe if I got rid of some of her things, Dad would start living again. So I packed her clothes while he sat in a chair in the middle of her closet. She owned twenty-seven sweaters and seventeen pairs of shoes; I've taken seven trips to the Salvation Army. Doug and Aaron joined me for two of them. And you and Marcus. Zero. My mother wanted you to have my grandmother's ring-- and the contents of this (holding up the bag) and you haven't called once since the funeral. Not once. And my homophobic brother came home for *one day* for his own mother's funeral; Marcus didn't even spend the night! He didn't acknowledge Doug, didn't thank Doug for all the times we drove back and forth on boring ass I-95— for all the times we sat on Amtrak, in the airport, in the hospital, in her room; Marcus didn't even say "hello" or give Doug so much as a "fuck you." And normally, you would've already known all of this if you hadn't had your head up your ass. So don't talk to me about *all of your loss*—

He heads towards the door.

You were right, Aaron, this was a great idea. I feel better already.

AARON

(guiding Chad back) Deborah--Isn't it so nice that Chad brought you the ring that meant so much to his family and isn't it nice that Deborah—will wear it. For the rest of her life. And our families will always be connected. (silence) What else is in that bag for Deborah from Mama S?

Aaron takes out theatre tickets stubs.

AARON (cont.)

Stubs from the play *ART*! When we were in high school, our moms brought you two to New York and you went to your first Broadway play and that restaurant--with the swings. And you came home talking about “It’s a play about—art or--”

DEBORAH

(annoyed) There was nothing on the painting.

AARON

Yes! There was nothing on the painting! *Wow!* Doesn’t that memory bring a smile to your face? (neither respond, to Deborah) And you came back talking about how you’d have your own business and (to Chad) you’d be the manager of Deb.’s art, and I felt just a little left out because you two were rock, solid, rock solid tight. (waiting for a response). And who would’ve thought *all these years later* that the three of us would be living in NYC? Like, wow—geez—makes me feel—so connected! I bet—when you were on that trip you probably talked about—*things*--that made you—

He looks at them both, non-responsive.

Fuck. What else is in here?

Aaron pulls out two cook books.

Cooking Southern Style and *Sweet Potato Pie Made Simple*. I loved your Mom’s sweet potato pie.

DEBORAH

Me, too.

Deborah hugs the books to her chest.

AARON

She made it for me

CHAD

She made it for everyone.

AARON

But I loved it the most, so--

Deborah pulls a colorful scarf out of the bag and wraps it around her shoulders.

DEBORAH

It’s beautiful.

Deborah pulls out a large piece of paper. It's a sketch. She unrolls it.

DEBORAH

Must be over 30 years old.

CHAD

What is it?

DEBORAH

All of us sitting together at the dining room table, doing homework. I've never seen this before. Have you?

They shake their heads no.

AARON

I look really smart in this picture. I was really smart. See that book in my hand? It's symbolic.

DEBORAH

Of us doing homework.

AARON

Of my genius! (looking at the picture) She was good.

DEBORAH

Yeah.

AARON

Mama S. drew this wonderful picture of all of us around the dining room table, all of us all together, just loving each other: Mama S., Chad, Deborah, me, and Marcu—

Chad glares at Aaron.

AARON

Marcvelous—marvelous. It's just—*marvelous* that we were all--

CHAD (overlapping)

(to Aaron) Why did you drag me out of work in one of the worst storms--

DEBORAH (overlapping after drag me)

(to Aaron) Dragged you?

AARON

I was being helpful!

CHAD (overlapping, a lot)
“We have to help my sister before the storm--”

AARON (overlapping)
(to Chad) Yes, of course!

DEBORAH (overlapping)
(to Aaron) I’m not some charity case.

CHAD (continuous)
(to Deborah) And I kind of wanted to kill you but first had to make sure you were okay—
and I thought, *maybe* there’s some reasonable explanation for why you haven’t been
there--

DEBORAH (overlapping)
You’re starting to sound like a broken record. I fucked up. Sometimes your friends and
family fuck up. I fucked up. Get over it. We’re here now. We’re here together. Let’s
move on.

CHAD
That’s the nicest apology I’ve ever heard.

AARON
You know she means well. Yes, she disappeared. Yes, she messed up. Yes, she wasn’t
there for you when you needed her the most.

DEBORAH
Thanks Aaron.

AARON
But your mother wouldn’t want this--

CHAD
Don’t talk to me about what my mother--

AARON (continuous)
She’d say family is family and family shouldn’t fight. . . .Because we’re family. We’ve
been together since before we were born!

CHAD (overlapping)
Yes, Einstein, my favorite friends are the ones since before I was born.

AARON
Come on, even Marcus feels that—

CHAD

Marcus—yes, please tell me about how Marcus *feels*--

AARON (overlapping)

I think before we're all together for the party--

CHAD

Uh huh.

AARON

"Uh huh," what?

CHAD

This is about you avoiding drama at your parents' party.

AARON (overlapping)

Marcus loves you. And Doug. I know sometimes it might feel like--

CHAD

He brought over his Christian film group. Who prayed away the gay. At our apartment.

AARON

That was years ago.

CHAD

Two. Mr. LA commercial star has been *so busy* making commercials: "This antiperspirant will help you have great sex!" "This blueberry muffin will make you lose weight." "This Prozac might kill you but at least you'll feel less depressed when you're dead."

AARON

When he found out, he took the next flight home.

CHAD

It's not about showing up once. It's the day in and the day out.

AARON

I know. I ordered your dad Hans Dynasty, *from another state*, four times this week alone. That way, he'd be surprised and not have to think about food. You're welcome.

CHAD

Yeah, Aaron, stop doing that. Dad doesn't like Hans Dynasty.

AARON

Of course he does. Everyone loves Hans Dynasty. If there were a Hans Dynasty in New York, I would order from it *every day*.

CHAD

No. Listen. Dad keeps calling me and saying, “Son, he sent it again.”

AARON

Your family always picked up Hans Dynasty when we were kids.

CHAD

Yes. For you.

AARON

Oh. *What?*

DEBORAH

And your parents brought us a ham and a Christmas tree, so Aaron’s not the only--

CHAD

That was just once. Or twice.

DEBORAH

Our parents are *Jewish*. And *kosher*!

CHAD

Your parents didn’t say, “No, thank you.”

AARON

See! This is how miscommunication happens! I never knew your dad didn’t like Hans Dynasty and your parents didn’t know we didn’t want a ham or a Christmas tree even though we never put anything on it and don’t celebrate Christmas. I’m feeling much better after all of this talking.

CHAD

Your ordering food my dad didn’t eat and *Christmas* has nothing to do with Marcus’s preoccupation with himself. Or with Deborah’s.

AARON

What is wrong with you two today? We haven’t been all together in weeks and all you both want to talk about is who’s the bigger victim? And of course the answer is *me*; I mean, *really*, name four good-looking Jewish male leads in Hollywood movies. Go. (no response). Okay, fine. Jake Gyllenhaal, Robert Downey, Jr., uh--Jeff Goldblum, huh—Paul Rudd, oh my God, I love Paul Rudd!

Deborah looks in the bag. She opens an envelope.

DEBORAH

There's a letter from Mama S. (reads) "My sweet Deb. You're a terrible cook. Please don't start now. But I thought you might want to use these cookbooks to stack under your computer so you won't strain your neck when you're writing all those reports for school. When you see the ticket stubs, you'll probably say, "There was nothing on the painting." But sometimes nothing is the something. Wear this scarf so you won't feel so cold all the time. And wear this ring because it was mine. You were like a daughter. God bless; look after my boys, Mama S."

AARON

(a moment) Oh for God's sake, this is all so sad. Deborah is *pregnant!* She has a bun in the oven; she is in the "family way"; she is knocked up!

DEBORAH

Aaron—Aaron—

AARON (continuous)

That's why she has been mysteriously absent—not because she doesn't care about you! *Of course she cares about you!* She's going to tell everyone next week at the anniversary party in Peaksville—we will all be together and--

DEBORAH (overlapping after "she doesn't care about you")

Aaron, seriously, come on, really--shut up, please, will you--

AARON (continuous)

Now that we've been reminiscing and we've got everything out in the open, and everything's fine and good, I'm going to find something that goes with bagels because I didn't have lunch.

Aaron steps into the kitchen. Chad and Deborah speak quickly.

CHAD

What? You're really pregnant?

Aaron pops his head in for a moment.

AARON

Yes!

CHAD

You're *finally* pregnant—

DEBORAH

I know!

CHAD
I thought you couldn't—

DEBORAH
Me too—

CHAD
After all that time when--

DEBORAH
Right!

CHAD
And now you're—

DEBORAH
Exactly.

CHAD
Extraordinary.

DEBORAH
You're telling me.

CHAD
After eight years of trying to get pregnant.

DEBORAH
Nine.

CHAD
All those doctors, time, money--what are the odds you'd get pregnant *now* after all that? I mean, you are 40 and a half years old.

DEBORAH
Thanks for remembering the half.

CHAD
Deb., I'm happy for you.

DEBORAH
Thanks. Yeah, thanks.

CHAD
Why aren't *you* happy for *you*?

DEBORAH

(trying) I'm—happy—I'm super—happy--

CHAD (overlapping)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, so, the father?

Aaron returns, finishing some chips.

AARON

Ron--

CHAD

No! Really? After everything?

AARON

And just when you stop trying—bataboom, batabing. Isn't that something?

CHAD

Yes, it's definitely--

AARON

Sarah is going to be so excited to have a baby cousin! We're all going to get together for picnics on Sundays on the Great Lawn--

CHAD

So what does Ron think?

AARON

Are you kidding—he's *thrilled*.

CHAD

(to Aaron) Then where is he? And why is *she* still living *here*?

AARON

Because, well, uh---that's a good question. Deborah?

Chad looks at Deborah, who looks away.

CHAD

He doesn't know!

AARON

He doesn't know what?

CHAD

He doesn't know she's pregnant.

AARON

Now you're insane.

CHAD

I know your sister better than you do. I always have.

DEBORAH

You know, I am right here.

AARON (overlapping)

Deborah, tell him Ron knows and you're getting back together.

CHAD

No, Deborah, tell him the truth.

DEBORAH

Aaron, we're not in junior high. I can't send Ron a letter that says, "Do you like me now that I'm finally fucking pregnant? Check yes, no, maybe."

AARON

He really doesn't know?

CHAD

Duh.

AARON

Deb., this is ridiculous! I would like to personally put you and Ron out of your misery. Can I call him please?

DEBORAH

No.

AARON

Why not?

CHAD

O.M.G.

AARON

You sound like my daughter. (Looking at both of them.) What?

CHAD

It's not his baby.

AARON

Of course it is.

CHAD

Ron is the asshole who left her because they couldn't get pregnant. She hasn't seen him in God knows how long. She hasn't seen anyone in--

AARON

Well, she's clearly seen someone! And I hate to be right, but she told me it was Ron's, right? Right?

Her face says it's not Ron.

You said "pregnant" blah-blah something "Ron."

DEBORAH

You said pregnant and Ron—

AARON (overlapping)

Well, okay—fine. Well? Well?

DEBORAH

(leaning into Chad) Chad, I--

AARON

Did you like donate sperm or something?

CHAD

(to Aaron) Are you out of your ever-loving mind?

AARON (overlapping)

(to Chad) She said *Chad*, so what was I supposed to think--

CHAD (overlapping)

(to Aaron) If *you* could stop -- grilling her. She's obviously been trying to tell you—

CHAD (cont.)

But can you listen for one single second—

AARON (overlapping after "grilling her")

Me? You were all blah, blah, six years, seven years, forty-two, forty-three forty-four and a half—

Deborah takes off the button-down shirt,
turns on the fan. It blasts her hair back.

DEBORAH

Will both of you shut up?

AARON

Okay, So, spill it already. . . Who is it?

Deborah tries to respond.

CHAD

Give a girl a second. You'd be upset too if your husband had been screwing some
twenty-two-year-old blond bombshell Pilates Instructor.

Deborah waits a way.

DEBORAH

Oh shit, Chad.

AARON

Whoa, whoa, *What?*

DEBORAH

And she's not that pretty!

AARON

(to Chad) Wait, how did you know that Ron was sleeping with--

CHAD (overlapping)

I asked. Want to give me more sibling advice, stud?

AARON

I ask—things. (to Deborah) Why didn't you--

DEBORAH

Because I didn't want to see that face.

AARON

What face?

DEBORAH

That face.

AARON

No, there's no face. So, what does Ron think of all of this?