

LURIE. Beatrice -

BEATRICE. Don't worry about that one bit. Cross my heart, hope to die, stick a needle in my eye. Dance?

LURIE. Dance? Now? Here?

BEATRICE. Yes now here. You dance with June all the time.

LURIE. She's. My wife.

BEATRICE. I'm your friend.

LURIE. No. No, no, no.

BEATRICE. This is making me upset.

LURIE. Let's see who was at the door.

BEATRICE. It's a party. Anybody can be at the door, but I'm up here now. The earth moves without being asked, Lurie, so should you.

(BEATRICE holds up her arms.)

(LURIE looks at BEATRICE.)

(LURIE complies.)

(They dance.)

(The two couples dance around the space.)

(The lights change.)

(The couples almost collide.)

(Right before LURIE and JUNE's backs collide, they turn to each other.)

(The kitchen, now littered with too much left over from the party.)

(BEATRICE and LEROY exit.)

START LURIE. That girl has to go.

JUNE. Nobody came.

LURIE. June. Listen. Please.

JUNE. The new neighbors, even your mother and Tasha and the kids...

LURIE. We don't know her. There's something off about her.

JUNE. Beatrice is the only one to stop by, to be friendly.

LURIE. Friendly. Yeah. Uh. She. She has ideas, June -

JUNE. I told you, her family is completely warped. She uses the word "Negro." She's. Yes. Off. But she's a nice girl.

LURIE. No, I don't think she *is* a nice girl. If we had kids and they went to school with someone like her -

JUNE. That's the thing. Her parents yanked her *out* of school. What would we be like if our parents yanked us out of school?

LURIE. This is not homeschool this is Netflix binge watch shit.

JUNE. She's a good girl.

LURIE. To be good you have to come from good, and I do not think that is the *case*. Here. I do not believe -

JUNE. Take a look around. We paid to live in the middle of good.

LURIE. The middle of good and white are not the same thing.

JUNE. I did not say that, when did I say that, you are saying that. Good roads, good schools, good families. I did not say white.

LURIE. If everything is so good how come we found some dead person in our bathroom?

JUNE. We should not have used cement, LeRoy would not shut up about it tonight.

LURIE. You tell me how all that happened in the bathroom, if we are in the middle of good.

JUNE. I don't want to think about what happened. That was a long time ago.

LURIE. I think, I think, I think maybe there was, is, not, so much good here. I think someone who buries somebody in their bathroom is not so good. I think, whatever is going on with that girl, is not so good.

JUNE. We did not come this far to, to, to... You think, you think, you think: too much.

You are ruining everything, Lurie. I have waited too long. My mother -

LURIE. Things were rough. Things have been very. Rough. For you. But what kind of people are we if we can live in this house with something like that, crumpled in under the floor.

JUNE. Sh.

LURIE. What kind of people -

JUNE. We are good, we are still good people. Who want good things, who deserve good things, whose chances are, whose chances are... Can't you feel them getting smaller and smaller? Don't, Lurie, don't go ruining our chances for good things. Keep all that quiet. Don't talk about it, don't think about it -

LURIE. We sell this house. We go someplace we know. Where there isn't danger, June. I feel danger, here -

(JUNE covers LURIE's mouth with her hand.)

JUNE. Don't talk about it, don't think about it, just push it all down somewhere deep, deep inside you. Close your eyes and hold your breath and push: push very,

very hard. Just let it sink down so far you won't be able to find it anywhere ever. Let it disappear down there. Let it go. Why? Because we are good people and we deserve good things.

(LURIE grabs JUNE's wrist and removes JUNE's hand from his mouth.)

LURIE. Find out where she comes from. I don't think it's a good place. **STOP**

(Creaaaaak.)

(The kitchen.)

(The food that was intended for the housewarming sits on the table, uneaten.)

(LURIE sits behind his paper.)

(JUNE and BEATRICE sit.)

(BEATRICE looks around at the kitchen.)

(BEATRICE smiles at LURIE but LURIE retreats behind his paper.)

BEATRICE. You've got a lot left over. But day-old food isn't so bad, but. You should have RSVP'd. Next time, have the invitation RSVP. Maybe then someone will show up.

LURIE. We'll remember that.

JUNE. It's summer. People are busy.

BEATRICE. Maybe.

I'm thirsty.

JUNE. Water?

BEATRICE. Milk. Please.

(JUNE gets the milk.)