

BEATRICE. June.

LURIE. I don't help enough.

BEATRICE. No, no / you've done a great job with the house.

LEROY. You've done a great job with the house.

(*The kitchen.*)

(JUNE and LEROY.)

JUNE. Well I did want you all to see it.

LEROY. What, I don't count?

JUNE. Tasha. The kids.

LEROY. It's a ways out.

JUNE. She said she was coming.

LEROY. Next time.

JUNE. On the group text you all all said -

LEROY. Well where's *your* people, you so nosy. Where's my big brother?

Finding more ways to make the value of this property sink like a lead weight?

JUNE. What? What's that mean?

LEROY. You can't cement shit, June.

JUNE. Cement?

LEROY. The floor. In the bathroom. Next time call me. I know people. I will call people.

Better yet. I'll fix it myself.

JUNE. ...

It *was* nice for you to do the pipes. In time for the party. Lurie's probably got his nose in a paper somewhere.

LEROY. It's going to be okay, June.

JUNE. Back porch, or...

LEROY SIDE 1

LEROY. All this is going to work.

JUNE. I'm gonna text him...

LEROY. It's just going to take time -

JUNE. Honestly Lurie breathes that paper "did we get the paper" "I'm getting the paper" "Babe, got the paper" like an old man we are still young. I tell him we are not old. I'd like to take that paper and tear it into little shreds. I do not feel like I have time. I want it all now today. You and Tasha are very lucky. Four. Beautiful.

Thanks for driving out.

START LEROY. Lurie thinks burying his head in that newspaper's going to keep the past from creeping around. That is my verdict. But you can't just bury the past. You bury it, and any way it can it's going to rise up and live again. Any way it can it's going to make you work twice as hard to try and beat it back down and bury it again. The newspaper's Lurie's way of not having to look at anything that's right in front of his face. You. That baby. Waiting and waiting for another chance. But the past always comes creeping back around. It's always there. That paper's *proof* it's always there. It's proof *now* did not come from out of nowhere.

The past breeds the present. The present breeds the answer, if we listen. And they can't get away from each other. They're parent and child. How far away can a child really get away from its parent?

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(JUNE looks at LEROY.)

(LEROY looks at JUNE.)

She'll always be right here. **STOP**