

DEBRA. What number did he give you—the broker who appraised it?

NICKY. I don't remember.

DEBRA. Would you tell me if I was close?

NICKY. I honestly don't—

DEBRA. Just for fun. (*Pause.*) Was it—a million two five?
(*Pause.*) Was it?

NICKY. How'd you find out?

DEBRA. I didn't. I just knew.

NICKY. Did Jay tell Marty?

DEBRA. No, no, I came up with that number myself. I used to do this for a living you know.

NICKY. Well—you were right.

DEBRA. You're not just saying that to make me feel good?

NICKY. Why would I do that?

MOLLY (*from the baby monitor*). Hello, there, you sweet thing. You are so sweet. Molly had dinner and now she's gonna have you for dessert. Nicky?

NICKY. Yes, Molly?

MOLLY (*from the baby monitor*). I'm going to sing to him now, OK?

NICKY. Softly.

MOLLY (*singing*). "Hush little baby don't say a word...
Mama's gonna buy you a mockingbird..."

NICKY. My mother stood at the door every night at six, waiting for my father to come home.

MOLLY (*singing*). "And if that mockingbird don't sing,
Mama's gonna buy you a diamond ring..."

NICKY. Dinner on the table, checking her phone for a message. She lived in fear that he wouldn't come home. That one day he'd change his mind and just keep going.

MOLLY (*singing*). And if that diamond ring turns brass ...

DEBRA. Where would he go?

MOLLY (*singing*). "Mama's gonna buy you a looking glass..."

NICKY. I don't know. Maybe someplace they had "more."

MOLLY (*whispering*). Nicky?

NICKY. Yes, Molly.

MOLLY (*whispering*). He's asleep.

NICKY. Good work.

MOLLY (*whispering*). He's a beautiful baby, Nicky.

NICKY. Thank you.

MOLLY (*whispering*). I love him very much.

NICKY. I'm sure he loves you very much, too. (*To DEBRA.*) She's good with him.

DEBRA. You're lucky she comes as much as she does.

NICKY. Yes, I know.

DEBRA. Being a mother is difficult for some women.

NICKY. Is it?

(*MOLLY enters.*)

NICKY. Nice song.

MOLLY. Thanks. Jacob taught it to me.

DEBRA. He has children?

MOLLY. Oh, yeah. Two sets of twins.

(*A loud pounding noise comes from the basement.*)

DEBRA. What is that?

NICKY. The guys are probably in the basement.

MOLLY. Like what?

DEBRA. You could have done something and not even known it.

MOLLY. How can I know if he doesn't tell me?

DEBRA. They can't tell you—they don't even know it themselves.

MOLLY. They don't know it? Well, that isn't right.

DEBRA. It's just what happens.

MOLLY. That isn't right.

DEBRA. It's just what happens.

MOLLY. And you don't even know what you've done.

DEBRA. No, you don't even have a clue.

(NICKY enters. She opens the kitchen drawers two at a time, searching for something. The pounding starts again.)

DEBRA. What is going on down there?

NICKY. I found them.

DEBRA. Why are they making that noise?

NICKY. They want our attention.

DEBRA. Did you tell Marty I was ready to leave?

NICKY. No.

DEBRA. Why not?

NICKY. He's in the meat locker.

DEBRA. Nicky, could you please go back down there and tell Marty I want to go home.

NICKY. Debra, sit down.

DEBRA. I want to leave.

NICKY. Debra, Marty can't come up.

DEBRA. What do you mean he can't?

NICKY. He can't.

DEBRA. You tell Marty to come out of there this minute!

NICKY. Oh, it's cold.

MOLLY. But not *that* cold.

NICKY. It's cold.

MOLLY. How many degrees?

NICKY. Ten.

DEBRA. Oh, my God!

NICKY. Maybe fifteen.

DEBRA. They could freeze in there.

MOLLY. If you couldn't find the key.

DEBRA. They could suffocate in there.

MOLLY. If it wasn't in the drawer.

DEBRA. They could have heart attacks, strokes!

NICKY. Wait a minute—I found something. (*She lifts a key out of the drawer.*)

DEBRA. *They could all die down there!*

(The key falls out of NICKY's hands.)

DEBRA. What was that?

NICKY. Back door key.

DEBRA. Are you sure?

NICKY. Positive.

DEBRA. We can break down the door.

NICKY. It's five inches thick.

DEBRA. We'll tip it over.

NICKY. The thing weighs over a ton. It took three men to bring it in.

MOLLY. I told Danny to wear a sweater tonight.

NICKY. Did he?

MOLLY. No. I said, "Danny, the nights are getting chillier."

DEBRA. Nicky, what does the key look like?

NICKY. How long does it take to make ice?

MOLLY. I don't know—I buy it by the bag.

NICKY. Take a guess.

MOLLY. Let me think.

DEBRA. Nicky, why did you stop looking?

NICKY. What's the rush?

MOLLY. No rush.

NICKY. Jay loves the winter.

MOLLY. Danny loves the fall.

NICKY. If only he knew how to dress for it.

MOLLY. Sit down, Debra.

NICKY. Have a drink, Debra.

DEBRA. I'm going down there.

(DEBRA exits. The alarm on MOLLY's watch beeps.)

MOLLY. Danny bought me an Apple watch. He has the alarm set for every two hours.

NICKY. What for?

MOLLY. So I can text him.

NICKY. Why?

MOLLY. He loves me.

(The pounding starts again.)

NICKY. So text him.

MOLLY. I send him little messages.

NICKY. Pick up milk.

MOLLY. I love you.

NICKY. Drop dead.

MOLLY. Stuff like that.

NICKY. I think he'd appreciate a message right now.

MOLLY. You think?

NICKY. Definitely.

(MOLLY picks up her iPhone and texts.)

NICKY. What'd you write?

MOLLY. "Thinking of you."

NICKY. Well done.

MOLLY. At night he checks my phone to make sure the battery's charged.

NICKY. Must be aggravating.

MOLLY. Oh, you don't know ...

NICKY. Every two hours ...

MOLLY. No matter where I am.

NICKY. The john?

MOLLY. Oh, sure.

NICKY. Jesus. *(Beat.)*

MOLLY. This is tricky ...

NICKY. Yes.

(NICKY pulls the key out of her pocket. MOLLY takes it and puts it in her purse.)

MOLLY. How cold did you say it was?

NICKY. Fifteen degrees.

MOLLY. Bananas freeze at twenty.

NICKY. Colder than that. *(Beat.)*

MOLLY. Nicky, do you believe in heaven? Where there are angels with wings sitting on clouds listening to Enya? If Danny goes to heaven, he could see our baby. He could explain ... about the waiting.

NICKY. Oh, Molly ...

(The sound of pounding again.)

DEBRA. Marty!

(NICKY shoves a dishtowel into DEBRA's mouth.)

MOLLY. She's moving, she's moving— Get the chair.

NICKY. Don't let her go.

(MOLLY and NICKY overpower DEBRA.)

MOLLY. Hold her. *(She takes the pantyhose and ties DEBRA up.)* I've got her.

(NICKY sits on DEBRA and puts her in a headlock.)

NICKY. My brother used to do this to me. *(She looks back at MOLLY tying up DEBRA.)* How'd you learn to do that?

MOLLY. We had boats when I was little.

NICKY. Sailboats?

MOLLY. Yachts.

NICKY. I always wanted a boat.

MOLLY. Boats are fun.

NICKY. Jay didn't want one. He wanted a meat locker.

MOLLY. His mistake.

(MOLLY has finished tying up DEBRA.)

MOLLY. What do we do now?

NICKY. I don't know.

MOLLY. We can't just leave her like that.

NICKY. No.

MOLLY. This has to work for everyone.

NICKY. Maybe we should vote.

MOLLY. I never vote.

NICKY. Ask Debra if she wants to.

MOLLY. Debra, if I take out the dishtowel will you scream again?

(DEBRA shakes her head.)

MOLLY *(cont'd)*. I'm trusting you Debra.

(MOLLY removes the dishtowel.)

DEBRA. Vote for what?

NICKY. The boys. We can vote them "IN" or we can vote them "OUT."

DEBRA. You wouldn't just leave them in there?

NICKY. Up to the voters.

(NICKY takes a marker and draws a long line down the refrigerator. She marks the left side "IN" and the right side "OUT.")

MOLLY. Should we put their names up? That way we don't lose track of who's been voted on.

NICKY. Good idea.

NICKY. Everything works both ways.

MOLLY. Doesn't have to be a baby.

NICKY. Could be anybody.

MOLLY. Change is in the air—I can feel it.

NICKY. From now on, I want to come home and make whatever I want for dinner. Then I'm going to watch TV and drink champagne and scream at the top of my lungs ...

MOLLY. I want to be the old woman in the shoe.

NICKY. MORE!

MOLLY. I want to be her.

NICKY. MORE!

MOLLY. "There was an old woman who lived in a shoe ..."

NICKY. MORE!

MOLLY. Come on, Debra, all together: "She had so many children ..."

NICKY. MOOOOORRE!

DEBRA. They'll find out you did this.

NICKY. It was an accident.

MOLLY. A mishap.

NICKY. One chance in a million.

MOLLY. Billion.

NICKY. Trillion.

MOLLY. "She had a billion children ..."

DEBRA. I'll tell.

NICKY. No, you won't.

DEBRA. I'll tell them you wanted to kill Jay.

MOLLY. Nicky loves Jay.

NICKY. And they'll wonder why you didn't do anything.

NICKY. We're all going downtown to buy me a loft. Or maybe an apartment on the sixty-eighth floor of something. Then we can put on cocktail dresses and ride the ferris wheel at Navy Pier.

DEBRA. Remember what happened to Sarah's mother when Sarah's father died?

MOLLY. No.

DEBRA. She used to work in that store in Plaza de Lago ...

NICKY. No makeup, gray hair, baggy dresses—she was a drudge. Then her husband dropped dead.

DEBRA. Have you seen her recently?

NICKY. She's gorgeous.

DEBRA. She's dating.

NICKY. She's taking dancing lessons.

DEBRA. She's taking Spanish.

NICKY. She's been to Malta.

MOLLY. I could go to Italy.

DEBRA. I've always wanted to pick out my own car.

NICKY. Jay never wanted to take ballroom dancing ...

DEBRA. Take horseback riding.

MOLLY. I could go to France.

NICKY. French lessons.

DEBRA. I could learn to paint.

MOLLY. Or sing ...

NICKY. Or sail ...

(As the kitchen lights fade the women slowly step forward into three pools of light and address their unseen interrogators.)

DEBRA. I don't know what happened.