

CHARACTERS

BECCA — late thirties/early forties

IZZY — early thirties, Becca's sister

HOWIE — late thirties/early forties, Becca's husband

NAT — mid-sixties, Becca and Izzy's mother

JASON — a seventeen-year-old boy

PLACE

Larchmont, New York.

TIME

The present.

RABBIT HOLE

ACT ONE

Scene 1

Late February. A spacious eat-in kitchen. Saturday afternoon. Becca, late thirties, is folding the laundry, kids' clothes, and putting it in neat piles on the table. Her sister, Izzy, early thirties, is in the middle of a story, getting herself a glass of orange juice from the fridge.

IZZY. And then I see her across the bar, coming at me with this *look*, you know. And everybody kinda steps aside for her, like the Red Sea, or whatever — just clears a path for her, and I'm like, "What's with *this* nut job?"

BECCA. But you don't even know this woman.

IZZY. Never seen her before. I was just sitting there with Reema. Do you remember Reema?

BECCA. No.

IZZY. She's a friend of mine. I was sitting there with Reema, and suddenly this lady is in my face. And she's all sweaty and yelling and *really* pissed.

BECCA. Why?

IZZY. I don't even *know* at this point. It has something to do with her boyfriend, who's apparently at the end of the bar.

BECCA. Were you flirting or — ?

IZZY. No, I don't even know who she's *talking* about. So she's all up in my face, and her breath is like —

BECCA. Boozy?

IZZY. Yeah, boozy, but even worse, you know, like there's something rancid stuck to the roof of her mouth.

BECCA. Ew.

IZZY. Rotting peanut butter or something.

BECCA. Good lord, Izzy.

IZZY. And she's harassing me, and blowing her stank-breath in my face. And cussing. My God, you wouldn't believe the words that came out of this lady's mouth.

BECCA. And you don't even know who she's talking about.

IZZY. She's talking about her boyfriend.

BECCA. No, I know but —

IZZY. Auggie. *(Beat.)*

BECCA. Oh. I thought you didn't know who she —

IZZY. No, at the *time* I didn't know who she was talking about, because I didn't know he was *there*. But then I figured it out later, "Oh, she must be Auggie's girlfriend."

BECCA. So you know him.

IZZY. Yeah, I know him, but still. Lemme finish.

BECCA. I'm sorry.

IZZY. So she's all, "You bitch, you. Fuck you, you bitch."

BECCA. Izzy —

IZZY. Sorry: "F-u, you b," and all that. Just talking like a maniac.

BECCA. Uh-huh.

IZZY. And people are looking at us, so I'm starting to feel self-conscious.

BECCA. Of course.

IZZY. And she's just going off, and I can't really *do* anything because the place is so crowded, you know? And she's a big lady. Real hefty. More chins than — what does Mom say?

BECCA. More Chins than a Chinese phone book.

IZZY. Exactly. So I can't even get around her to escape or whatever. And I'm starting to feel *violated*, you know?

BECCA. Sure.

IZZY. My personal space, and my dignity, or what have you, so I just made a fist, hauled off, and BOOM! *(Beat.)*

BECCA. What does that mean?

IZZY. It means I hit her.

BECCA. No, you didn't.

IZZY. Crazy, right?

BECCA. You hit her?

IZZY. Yeah. Right in the face. BOOM. She went down.

BECCA. Oh my God, Izzy. You *hit* that woman?

IZZY. I couldn't get around her. And she was screaming like a retard.

BECCA. Izzy —

IZZY. What would *you* have done?

BECCA. Well, I certainly wouldn't have hit her. Jesus.

IZZY. And you know what they don't tell ya? It really hurts. To punch someone. It frickin' hurts.

BECCA. Well, yeah.

IZZY. They don't put that on TV. It's all, "Now that oughta show him." But for me it was like, "Motherfucker, that *killed!*" Look at my knuckles. *(Shows her; then off Becca's look.)* What?

BECCA. Nothing.

IZZY. You don't approve?

BECCA. I didn't say that.

IZZY. This lady was *at* me.

BECCA. I know. I didn't say anything.

IZZY. But you wanna though. *(Beat.)*

BECCA. I just worry about you.

IZZY. Don't worry about me. *She* was the one on the floor.

BECCA. That's not what I meant. You were in a bar fight.

IZZY. So?

BECCA. A *bar fight*, Izzy.

IZZY. She was up in my face!

BECCA. I know, but it's so ...

IZZY. What?

BECCA. *Jerry Springer*.

IZZY. What's that supposed to mean? You think I'm trashy?

BECCA. You punched a woman in the face!

IZZY. She provoked me!

BECCA. Were you drunk?

IZZY. No.

BECCA. I thought you were getting it together.

IZZY. Don't judge me.

BECCA. You said you were gonna take it easy.

IZZY. Man, Becca. Why do you have to — ?

BECCA. You can't be doing this kinda stuff, Izzy. You're not a kid anymore.

IZZY. I didn't realize there was a cut-off date.

BECCA. Well, there should be. For acting like a jackass there *should* be a cut-off date. Were you on anything?

IZZY. Oh my God.

BECCA. Were you?

IZZY. No. Man, why did I say anything to you?