

Scene 1

The hallway outside of Brian's hospital room. Brian glacially moves using a walker, accompanied by Dr. Shah.

BRIAN

Years and years ago, I hired a genealogist. Smart guy. Recommended by a friend. His assignment: grow me some old, deep, transatlantic roots. Specifics, okay? I'm Irish Catholic, but I needed raw data. Numbers, locales, occupations. A few weeks later, he showed me some documents and I found out I've still got blood in Cork. At this very moment, there is a family of fourteen Crowley's making cream by ha

Ha

Hand.

DR. SHAH

Mr. Crowley?

Brian blinks profusely.

DR. SHAH

Are you okay? We can stop.

BRIAN

I'm fine. My father owned a garage in Wrigleyville. One of the first of its kind. Very lucrative, lots of employees. One of them was called Cecil. He was a black from the Southside. A lot of the neighborhood had made up their minds about that sort of thing, but my father knew what hard work looked like. Cecil used to fix my bike when the chain jammed. One morning it jammed so bad I missed my paper route. Do you have a Kleenex?

DR. SHAH

I have a handkerchief. I think I used it today-

BRIAN

Good man.

Brian wipes his eyes with the handkerchief.

BRIAN

I was... What did I...

DR. SHAH

You missed your paper route.

BRIAN

Speak up.

DR. SHAH

Oh, um, I said you missed your paper route?

BRIAN

Correct. I had to get to the garage to find Cecil, but I found my father locking up. I was terrified to tell him what happened, but before I could say anything, he hugged me long and hard. I couldn't draw breath. Cecil's wife died during childbirth the night before. My father paid for the funeral arrangements. He also started an educational fund for Cecil's daughter. How? He drained the garage's profits, and two months later had to file for bankruptcy.

DR. SHAH

He sounds like he was a pretty selfless guy.

BRIAN

Well, hold on. He was ignorant; he gave more than he had to give. He spent the rest of his life as a mechanic in a garage he didn't own. He hung himself out to dry.

DR. SHAH

That must have been hard on your family. The garage closing.

BRIAN

I was relieved. I'm smarter than my father was. You can't give people what you need, but you can give people what you have left over. I wanted leftovers.

DR. SHAH

I know what you mean.

BRIAN

HA! How deep are those pockets?

DR. SHAH

Not deep enough.

Brian begins to cough.

BRIAN

It's time for me to read the paper.

Dr. Shah helps Brian turn around.

DR. SHAH

I'm assuming you had some leftovers to give away? Mr. Crowley?

BRIAN

I retired at 55.

DR. SHAH

Wow.

BRIAN

I was a great accountant.

DR. SHAH

I want to retire at 55.

BRIAN

My father made it possible. I didn't have to be a mechanic or own a garage. He didn't have to live on a dairy farm in Ireland. Outperform. Outperform.

DR. SHAH

Did you ever reach out to your relatives in Ireland?

BRIAN

I visited them. I couldn't understand a word they said. They loved me. No one makes that kind of effort. My buddies from work all thought I was crazy for going, but roots show you how far you've come. Where do you come from?

DR. SHAH

I grew up in Cleveland.

BRIAN

Where are your roots?

DR. SHAH

I'm Indian.

BRIAN

I had to ask. I'm not allowed to assume anything anymore.

TRACEY

(talking into her phone)

No, thank you for taking the time to pick them out-

Tracey sees Brian and Dr. Shah.

TRACEY

Hold on.

BRIAN

Hello.

Long beat.

DR. SHAH

We would walk over to you, but he's pretty tired. We're going to his room now if-

TRACEY

No. Excuse me.

Tracey briskly leaves through the elevator.

BRIAN

She's – That was my daughter.

Scene 2

Two weeks later. Leigh enters Clare's hospital room, very distracted. Clare is laying on her bed, reading.

LEIGH

Dad had a long list of items in the condo he wanted me to bring for him, but I couldn't go yesterday. I'll call Matt and ask him to pick them up after work. Tomorrow can be his turn to stop by and see both of you.

CLARE

Don't work yourself up. Your father is very demanding.

LEIGH

"Someone needs to be here to walk with me everyday."

CLARE

As far as I'm concerned, you don't need to be here everyday.

LEIGH

"This is my freedom we're talking about." He wants me to reduce my workload.

CLARE

Don't do that.

LEIGH

I can't afford to. The physical therapy here isn't enough for him. If he doesn't have 'a family member' walk him up and down the halls everyday, he's a nightmare.

CLARE

What, he can't adventure out on his own?

LEIGH

Dr. Shah hasn't approved that yet.

CLARE

You know more than me. I don't know anything.

LEIGH

All you have to do is ask.

CLARE

He is the tougher patient, no surprise to you.

LEIGH

No.

CLARE

Matt can come more often. Your father will accept his help.

LEIGH

Sure. Heather will be here Saturday morning.

CLARE

Not too early. I need my rest.

LEIGH

I know it's an adjustment coming back home from college for the summer, but I'm sick of her. I can't get her to walk the dog around the block, but come Sunday morning, 7AM, she's dressed and ready to attend Latin Mass with her boyfriend. She thinks Latin Mass is beautiful. I want the same level of responsiveness that the boyfriend gets.

CLARE

What are you gonna tell her? She's too religious?

LEIGH

It's a fine line.

CLARE

What does Matt say?

LEIGH

Nothing. He sees her being influenced by this kid and he plays eighteen holes of golf every week.

CLARE

Have you said anything?

LEIGH

I can't. I married the guy I was dating at 20.

CLARE

Maybe she's at the conservative Latin masses. She's going.

LEIGH

I know.

CLARE

You're a good mom.

LEIGH

She's so scared of the world. The smaller the room, the more comfortable she feels—which is fine, I'm an introvert too—but given the choice to shine in the sun or freeze in the shadows, she's shivering. She could do anything. I don't know if she knows that; I try to tell her. She makes me so mad, I could — It's just a lot. You, Dad, Heather. I don't have any energy left for Matt. It's all one big cluster.

CLARE

What's going on with Matt?

LEIGH

Nothing.

CLARE

You just worry about your father. Don't worry about me. Tracey can take care of all of my needs.

LEIGH

I'm glad all your needs are being taken care of.

CLARE

Watch your tone.

LEIGH

Well, it's ridiculous.

CLARE

She's being very helpful.

LEIGH

She's hiding behind you.

CLARE

You just told me you're overwhelmed.

LEIGH

I did not use the word overwhelmed.

CLARE

Well, you look and sound overwhelmed.

LEIGH

That's nice, Mom.

CLARE

I'm helping you.

LEIGH

She is your favorite.

CLARE

We're very close.

LEIGH

You love that out of everyone, she chose you.

CLARE

If you are asking me if I like being on speaking terms with all three of my children, my answer is yes, I do.

LEIGH

We're adults, but only two of us have to take responsibility for our actions. Well, one, really.

CLARE

I don't want to be a part of this anymore.

LEIGH

How convenient for you. You've passed that wonderful trait on. Now, Tracey gets to be a part of this family when it's convenient for her.

CLARE

She is here everyday.

LEIGH

YES. Every day she comes here and sees you. Every single day she comes here and ignores her father who is suffering right down the hall. Why? Because he always got a little too drunk and a little too mean? Big deal. Unlike you, he never had favorites. He had the same rules and expectations of all of us. She's not special.

CLARE

He isn't the only one she's upset with. If she heard the way you were talking about her-

LEIGH.

I'm sure she will tomorrow, when she drops off some more fucking library books.

CLARE

Leigh-

LEIGH

Enjoy the gay ones.

Leigh stands up and leaves her room