

Bedroom of Eve and Helen. It is about eight o'clock on an early spring evening. Eve, the younger son by two years is getting dressed for a date. Helen enters.

Helen: Where are you going?

Eve: I have a date with Clark.

Helen: How about spending a second or two with your family or have you forgotten that you have a family.

Eve: Helen. I just had dinner with you guys. I spent the whole day taking Mom shopping. You're gonna go to sleep soon anyway.

Helen: Mom had the stroke exactly one month ago. You've spent exactly three days of that time with her. An hour here an hour there.

Eve: You've been counting.

Helen: Thirty six hours, Eve.

Eve: I took her all over town today. Do you know how wheelchair unfriendly New York is?

Helen: Yes actually I do. I know this because I take her out every day. Every day that you're too busy applying to schools or fucking Clark or whatever else it is that you do when you're not here, not helping us out.

And every day she asks me, "Where's Eve?" and "Doesn't he care?" and then she tells me that I'm incompetent and I just don't know what it's like for her. And I excuse you, "It's school, it's senior year." But now it's spring break and there are no classes. Where have you been? I'd like to know why you feel no sense of responsibility to your family, Eve.

Eve: It isn't that I feel no sense of responsibility.

Helen: No? Are you planning to demonstrate some of that responsibility?

Eve: Stop talking to me like I'm a child. I'm sick of being talked down to. I've been busy, Helen. All my applications, the school magazine. I'm sorry I haven't been there more. I wanted to be, but I can't handle everything at once. I'll try harder. Okay? I'll try harder. Now let me get ready.

Helen: No. Put that down. Put that down.

Eve: I can listen at the same time.

Helen: No. Put it down.

Eve: Why?

Helen: Cause I'm trying to talk to you. You're going to help more.

Eve: Yes. I'll try

Helen: You'll try.

Eve. Yes. Why are you staring at me like that?

Helen: You little bastard. You lying scheming conniving little bastard.

Eve: What are you talking about?

Helen: How dare you? How dare you say that. You're gonna help more? What are you gonna do? You gonna wheel Mom to the supermarket from California? You gonna wash her hair with a hose? You gonna email her physical therapy? Are you? Answer me, Eve.

Eve: What are you talking about?

Helen: What were you gonna do, call me from a dorm room and tell me then? STANFORD. STANFORD UNIVERSITY IN CALIFORNIA. As... far away from New York as in three thousand miles away. A lot of help you're going to be.

Eve: Oh my God. How do you know?

Helen: Mom told me of course. All these years and you didn't know she'd play us off each other. She sold you out like that! You tried to trick me.

Eve: I didn't mean it that way. I'm sorry Helen I...don't know what to say.

Helen: Why didn't you tell me?

Eve: I don't know

Helen: You don't know?

Eve: Because I was scared.

Helen: Of what?

Eve: That you'd be mad.

Helen: Well you were right.

Eve: I know. Helen. Do you realize what kind of opportunity this is for me?

Helen: I know. I read the brochure, two years ago when they wanted me to apply.

Eve: Then you know what an incredible place it is.

Helen: Columbia is incredible. Go to Columbia.

Eve: I have a full scholarship, Helen.

Helen: Go to Hunter. Hunter's free.

Eve: Hunter?!

Helen: I go there, in case you forgot.

Eve: No, no. It's a fine school, but They don't offer a marine biology program like Stanford. Stanford's facilities are much finer. For what I'm gonna do.

Helen: Much finer. For what I'm gonna do. Do you think I thought about that when I chose where to go to school. You think Hunter was my first choice. But I didn't want you to be alone with Mom. And that was BEFORE the stroke. Now she can't even drink. She's like a time bomb. She can't control her emotions. She has tantrums. She bites. She cries, Eve. She cries for you you know.

Eve: She cries for me?

Helen: You're her kid for God's sake. And you haven't been there one second to support her.

Eve: I know. I feel terrible. But what do you want me to do, Helen?

Helen: I want you to go to a school in New York and help me take care of her.

Eve: No

Helen: Please. I can't do this by myself.

Eve: Then you should leave too.

Helen: And who will take care of her?

Eve: She'll get a nurse.

Helen: You'd leave your own mother with a nurse. For how long? She's sixtythree years old. You wanna leave her with a nurse for the next twenty years.

Eve: With rehabilitation she should be relatively mobile in a couple years.

Helen: Oh, really, Mr. Smarty Ass. I see you haven't been too busy to research how best to dump Mom off to suit yourself. A couple years with a nurse walled up in this apartment with no family? She may have been a bitch but she gave birth to you and without that you wouldn't have had any opportunity to go to Stanford or anywhere else.

Eve: I didn't ask to be born.

Helen: Oh that's just fine. Neither did I. Did you ever think about the sacrifices I've made for you. All the things I've given up so you wouldn't have to be alone with her. The times I've covered for you with Clark, or Dave, or Sam. And now you're going to leave me alone and not think twice. I could have gone to Stanford too you know.

Eve: Then you should have gone.

Helen: Easy for you to say.

Eve: This is NOT easy for me to say. And you're making it seem like I'm a terrible person, because I want to live my life. This is the hardest thing I've ever had to do. I love you. I love Mom. But I have to do it. I've wanted this for so long. I've dreamed of going to this school since I was a little kid, this big, and they've accepted me on a full scholarship. And I'm not going to be a fool and pass it up. Not for anyone. Can't you understand that?

Helen: There were things I wanted too, Eve.

Eve: You should have done them. Stop blaming me because you wanted to be a martyr.

Helen: A martyr? It's family. It's responsibility.

Eve: My responsibility right now is to myself and my education. I'm sorry. That's it. Mom needs to lift a finger and help herself. She could do her rehab exercises but she doesn't because she knows you'll take care of her. I won't.

Helen: I can't believe this. I can't believe you're going to leave me here. I can't take it Eve I can't take it.

Eve: I'm sorry Helen. I'm sorry.