

NOREEN~~Linda, so good to see you! I brought buns!~~~~LINDA~~~~Oh, you know how I love your baked goods, Noreen!~~

ANGELA, 37, enters with her husband RICH, 38. Angela is wearing scrubs with a very fine pair of boots and a fur-trimmed coat. Rich lives a life of quiet desperation, and dresses for that.

ANGELA

Mama. You know I never want to cause a problem-

LINDA

Of course not, sweetheart.

ANGELA

But our hotel is completely unacceptable. They have us on the first floor, by the elevators. It sounds like a subway platform right outside our door.

RICH

I'm a little hungry.

ANGELA

In a minute, Rich. Hey Allie.

ALLIE

Hey Angie.

~~IVAN~~~~I need an extension cord. For the lights.~~~~NOREEN~~~~I'll see what I can do.~~~~NOREEN exits to the hall.~~**RICH**

Kevin, good to see you, congratulations.

KEVIN

Thanks, Rich.

ANGELA

Oh, and Mama, the little know-nothing at the hotel desk was- I'll just say it- a moron.

LINDA

Angela, where are Bubbie and Mister Yarmowich?

RICH

They're downstairs. Mister Yarmowich was admiring the decorations in the lobby.

ANGELA

Each of them. One by one. So they can fend for themselves. Anyway. "Honey, just move us to a different room," I told her. I mean, the solution really shouldn't have been beyond her grasp.

RICH

She did get us moved.

ANGELA

And the pool is closed for the season. Why? It's an indoor pool. The pool is not aware of what the season is.

RICH

I don't think we'll have time to swim...

ANGELA

It's not about that, Rich. It's about advertising a service and then failing to provide it.

RICH

What you got there, Kevin?

KEVIN

Just putting together a bassinet.

RICH

Oh, let me give you a hand, I'm good with these sort of things.

ANGELA

Rich, no you're not. Why would you say that?

ALLIE

Angie, are the kids with you?

ANGELA

No, they're with Rich's parents.

ALLIE

But didn't you want to spend Christmas with them?

LINDA

Oh, sweetheart, didn't anyone tell you? We're Jewish.

RICH

These instructions are quite the pickle, aren't they?

KEVIN

I've really got this, Rich, thanks.

ALLIE

Why are you wearing surgical scrubs?

ANGELA

There was a traumatic brain injury just as we walked in the door, I offered to step in, they were glad for the help.

ALLIE

So you swung by and did a little brain surgery on your way up here?

ANGELA

I just poked around in there for a minute. It's hard for me to even walk into a hospital without being recognized, ever since I was on the cover of the Journal of Neuroscience.

ALLIE

And there it is.

~~**KEVIN**~~~~(grabbing his thumb)~~

Owl

RICH

Oh, golly. Sorry.

ALLIE

You okay, Kev?

KEVIN

Yeah, it's just a little... bloody.

ALLIE

Oh my gosh!

ANGELA

This is why you don't try to help, Richard! You always end up maiming something.

RICH

I shouldn't try to assemble things when I have low blood sugar.

ALLIE

Let's go find you a Band-Aid.