

this. Can't get three feet without having to sit down. Always sitting now. I didn't expect I'd ever need anyone.

Meghan (os): Am I making my lunch or buying it?

Portland (os) Making it!

Meghan (os): I wish I would've known this!

Portland (os) I told you last night!

Meghan (os): No, you didn't!

Eileen and Craig, simultaneously: Yes, she did!

Craig: No one's expecting you to be a happy camper, Eileen. You're negative and toxic and you always have been. Even before you wound up in that chair. But Portland loves you. I love you. Are you even listening to me? Eileen?

Eileen turns to grab her coffee and accidentally drops her paintbrush on the floor.

Craig: Jesus Christ!

Craig stands, picks up the drop cloth, snaps it to unfold, lets it drop to the floor, and then grabs the easel and slams it down onto the drop cloth, never-minding the canvas that falls. Eileen doesn't move. She may be afraid.

*Portland enters in a rush. Her hair is down and frazzled. She's wearing her work clothes, a nice dress or slacks with a smart blouse.*

Portland: What happened?

Eileen: It's okay.

Craig: I just put down the thing on the floor . . . I put it down on the floor like you asked.

*Portland picks up the canvas and puts it back on the easel then bends over to look in her mother's face.*

Meghan (os):       What should I make for lunch? (*Enters the kitchen*) Ugh. It feels weird in here. What should I make for lunch?

Portland:           (to Eileen) It's going to be okay.

Craig:               We can stop at Starbucks on the way. I'll take you.

Eileen:             Very environmentally friendly.

Portland:          Grandma's right.

Meghan:           (*looking out the window, excited*) Hey, guys, look! It's snowing. The first snow!

*Portland, Craig, and Meghan look out the window. Eileen watches them.*

Meghan:           Where's my backpack?

Craig:             If it was up your butt kicking footballs you'd know where it was. (*Pause, no one laughs, Meghan rolls her eyes*) What? Up your butt kicking footballs. You used to love that joke. (*A beat*) I bet it's in the car. Let's go.

*Craig and Meghan exit. Portland waves to them from the window.*

Eileen:            He's a funny dad. A fun dad.

*Portland goes over to give her mom a hug. Eileen sits rigid, but we can see her face soften.*

Portland:         Yeah. He's a funny dad. You want to see the snow, Mom?

Eileen:            I've seen snow before. Remember Switzerland?

Portland:         Oh yes. I remember you left me alone at that old chateau and didn't come back for three days. Come see the snow. I'll help you.