

**THE THINGS
YOU LEFT
BEHIND**

BY MARK OXMAN

CHARACTERS

KEVIN ABERMAN, thirty-seven years old
MIMI LOCKARD, his mother, sixty-eight years old
BIRDIE LOCKARD, his grandmother, ninety-one years old
SAVANNAH MCLACHLAN, Kevin's sister, thirty-nine years old

ACT ONE:

THOMAS MCLACHLAN, Savannah's child, eleven years old
DANIEL O'CONNOR, Savannah's fiancé, thirty-nine years old
JENNIFER, Houston social worker

ACT TWO:

MARIA, California hospice nurse
RENEE, California social worker (*Played by same actress as Jennifer*)
UNCLE DOUG, Mimi's brother (*Played by same actor as Daniel*)
DELIVERY MAN, works for hospice (*Played by same actor as Daniel*)
MORTUARY GUY, works for mortuary (*Played by same actor as Daniel*)
ON CALL NURSE, delivers morphine (*Played by same actress as Jennifer*)

PHONE CALLS:

VOICE OF AUNT WENDY, Mimi's older sister
VOICE OF UNCLE JAMES, Mimi's youngest brother
VOICE OF OLGA, Doug's ex-wife
VOICE OF MORTUARY WORKER, in charge of funerals
VOICE OF COUSIN ANNIE, Mimi's cousin

PLACE

Act One: A large two-story home in Missouri City, Texas, twenty miles southwest of Houston.

Act Two: A 1400-square foot home in Orange County, California.

TIME

March 2019.

THE THINGS YOU LEFT BEHIND

PROLOGUE

The curtains are drawn. Downstage left, four elevated chairs are lit in a spot to simulate a large SUV. Savannah McLachlan, 39, five feet tall, waits cheerfully in the driver's seat. Upon hearing someone approach, she leans down and unlocks a latch. Savannah is someone who likes to sell herself as perky and happy, simply to impress those she's around. We'll see her real personality later, when she turns sour.

Savannah's golden boy of a brother, Kevin, 37, six foot tall, tosses a handful of luggage into the trunk. Kevin is a no-nonsense kind of guy who isn't afraid of other people. He climbs into the driver's seat beside her.

When Savannah speaks, she comes off saccharine sweet, like a really unhappy person doing their impression of someone uppity.

SAVANNAH. Hi, bubba. I'm glad you found me.

KEVIN. Yeah. We just were on the wrong side of the terminal.

SAVANNAH. Yeah. Sorry I couldn't come to you. I didn't want to lose my parking spot.

KEVIN. It's okay. I just didn't see that the sliding doors were numbered. People were standing in front.

SAVANNAH. Yeah. It's confusing.

(Savannah's little grandmother, Birdie, 91, climbs up into the backseat, sliding into the middle seat. She is a tough lady who is un-phased by anything. Upon seeing her, Savannah's eyes light up with practiced friendliness.)

SAVANNAH. Hi, Grandma.

BIRDIE. Hi, precious.

SAVANNAH. I haven't seen you since you came to Houston to play bridge. I don't think you've ever seen my house.

BIRDIE. *(reaching for her seatbelt)* Oh.

SAVANNAH. I lost 40 pounds, Grandma. I'm on the keto diet.

BIRDIE. *(trying to buckle)* You look great, Savannah.

SAVANNAH. I eat very little carbs but a lot of fat. By lowering my carbohydrate intake, my body goes into ketosis and it burns fat for energy or turns them into ketones.

BIRDIE. Oh. That's nice.

SAVANNAH. It lowers blood sugar and insulin levels. I was borderline diabetic before. So I said, "Huh uh. I'm going to change that." And now I've lost 40 pounds.

BIRDIE. Okay, honey.

(Birdie is still struggling with the belt. Kevin notices, unbuckles and leans over her.)

KEVIN. Here. I'll do it.

(He twists his body to help buckle her in.)

BIRDIE. Thank you, Kevin.

(Kevin returns to his seat. Buckles himself in. Savannah starts the car and simulate driving off, perhaps with rear projection. A bit of a silence. And then —)

SAVANNAH. I'm planning on losing a few more pounds. I'm not going to stop until I'm in better shape than my baby brother.

(Nobody says anything. They ride in silence. Finally, Savannah leans over and picks up her GPS.)

SAVANNAH. Directions to 55 Ford Road, Missouri City, Texas.

(The GPS repeats the command — "Getting directions to 55 Ford Road, Missouri City, Texas. Get on TX-8 Beltway West from John F Kennedy Boulevard.")

(Savannah continues en route. She wrinkles her nose.)

SAVANNAH. I never know which way to go.

(Nobody says anything. Kevin sits silently, seemingly dazed.)

SAVANNAH. I know I told you I wouldn't pick you up but it's no big deal. I guess Tommy is old enough to be alone for a few hours. He may hurt himself but hopefully not too badly.

KEVIN. Daniel's not home?

SAVANNAH. Oh, no, he gets home late. And Mom, she's just asleep now.

KEVIN. Well... I appreciate you picking us up.

SAVANNAH. Of course! Just, next time, fly out of Hobby. Like I told you to. It's much closer to me.

KEVIN. There weren't any direct flights.

SAVANNAH. Yeah, there were. You just don't know how to find them.

(Awkward silence. Finally Savannah adds—)

SAVANNAH. I know you said, if you had known Mom stopped chemo, you wouldn't have planned such a short trip last time. But I hope you're not planning on spending a long time now that you're back. You can stay with me for a few days but then you're going to have to get a hotel, like Grandma. Only because I don't want it to be hard on Tommy. He's already dealing with Mom doing chemo here and then a second houseguest? It would be too much.

(Subconsciously, Kevin shakes his head in annoyance. And then—)

KEVIN. Don't worry. I won't be here that long.

(Savannah tries to make sense of this, him not getting upset at him limiting how long he can stay. Interprets it and then throws out—)

SAVANNAH. I hope you don't expect Mom to go back with you to California. She wouldn't survive the flight.

KEVIN. She wasn't that bad three weeks ago.

SAVANNAH. *(Turning towards him, gleefully)* She's gotten much worse. That's why I told you not to call.

KEVIN. How much worse?

SAVANNAH. I think she only has a few hours left to live.

KEVIN. You said that last week.

SAVANNAH. I know. And we're shocked she's lasted this long. She tried to get up the stairs and she couldn't do it. Daniel had to carry her even though she didn't want him to. She just stays in her room 23 hours a day. And every time she's upright, she vomits. She's really at the end.

(Kevin begins to cry silently.)

SAVANNAH. That's why I was telling you guys it was impossible for Mom to go back home. *(Looking in rear view mirror)* Grandma, she wouldn't survive the hour-long car ride, let alone the plane flight.

BIRDIE. Oh.

SAVANNAH. She only has a few hours left to live.

(Kevin has now completely broken down.)

KEVIN. I was so depressed this week. I couldn't move or get off the couch for three days. All I kept thinking about is how much I missed her and wished I could see her again. And then I remembered she was still alive. I just wasn't with her.

SAVANNAH. Yeah. I totally understand.

KEVIN. I wouldn't have flown back three weeks ago if my car wasn't parked at LAX. Three weeks I'd be apart from her.

SAVANNAH. Mom was worried when you broke down at the airport.

KEVIN. The last thing I wanted to do was leave her now that I know she's stopped chemo. I wish you had let me come back sooner.

SAVANNAH. We needed a break from people over. Everyone keeps visiting now that Mom's been staying with us.

KEVIN. Even though she's not doing well, she's still here and that's all I want. I wish I could just freeze time right now. I keep thinking about how jealous I will be at myself in this moment. That I get to be with my mom, no matter how sick. And one day all I'll want is this opportunity. And I have all this pressure to make the most of it and I don't even know how.

(He continues sobbing. There is nothing but the sound of his tears for a while. And then from the back seat, Birdie pops up—)

BIRDIE. How's Mimi doing, Savannah?

(Savannah wrinkles her brow.)

SAVANNAH. Grandma, I've been telling you.

KEVIN. She's practically deaf now. You have to be facing her when you talk. She sort of reads your lips. *(Twisting around to face his grandma.)* My mom's not doing well. She sleeps 23 hours a day.

BIRDIE. Oh, no.

KEVIN. *(Turns back to Savannah.)* That's why I haven't called these last few days. Her phone was always off so I figured she wanted to sleep.

SAVANNAH. Yeah. I wondered why you stopped calling.

KEVIN. I also knew I was coming today so anything I'd want to say, I could say in person. I usually talk to her every day. It's going to be so hard when I have something to discuss and she won't be around.

SAVANNAH. I just have to warn you, she's having episodes where she doesn't know where she is.

KEVIN. What?

SAVANNAH. Yeah. Like, this morning the hospice nurse stopped by and asked how she was enjoying having Grandma here. And she said, "It's been fine." So she thinks she already saw you guys.

KEVIN. But sometimes she just tells people things like that so she doesn't have to go into detail.

SAVANNAH. No! She's delusional and I'll often hear her talking to herself. Don't be alarmed if she doesn't know who you are. *(She twists around to face Birdie in the backseat.)* MY MOM'S LOSING HER MIND. SHE THINKS SHE ALREADY SAW YOU, GRANDMA!

BIRDIE. Oh.

(Kevin continues to cry. Savannah turns back around.)

SAVANNAH. *(Chipper)* She says she's seen her Grandma Nettie. I heard that when you have one foot in the other world, you start to see all the people who have passed before.

KEVIN. Well, I'm an atheist so I don't believe that.

SAVANNAH. I know. But it's just something your brain does when you're in the last few moments of your life. It's probably just your memory preparing you for death. *(Looking up and noticing a car.)* Oh, God, buddy. Why are you going so slow? *(Whining)* Come onnnn. Oh, God, are you going to make me change lanes? Ugh. Okay. *(She looks over her shoulder, mimics making a lane change.)*

(The GPS resounds, "Take Sam Houston Tollway West and Fort Bend Parkway Toll Road to Sienna Parkway.")

SAVANNAH. You're lucky you're with me because I have a transponder and can take the toll roads. They're expensive so most people can't afford them. But I can.

(Kevin is too somber to reply.)

SAVANNAH. We got the hot tub working again. Remember how it wasn't when you came out a few weeks ago? So if you brought your suit, you can use it at night.

KEVIN. I'm not really concerned about the hot tub.

(The group remains in silence. Finally Savannah pipes up—)

SAVANNAH. I just realized you guys haven't eaten since this morning. I can take you some place nice. There's a really good Denny's on the way to grandma's hotel.

KEVIN. Sure.

(Birdie has managed to hear this. She perks up—)

BIRDIE. I love Denny's.

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

The curtains are pulled open, revealing a large two story set.

The First Floor:

A door is positioned at an angle to reveal, behind it, a two-story home. Downstage right, a dining room which leads upstage, into a kitchen. Upstage center, a large couch sprawled out over the living room. Downstage left, an office. Center stage is empty, a path leading to the living room and the base of a staircase.

The Second Floor:

A stairway arrives at a landing with a desk, a couch, an air mattress. A large bedroom downstage left (above the office). A hallway is stage right, leading to the bathroom and children's rooms, both offstage.

At rise: Only the front foyer is lit up. The rest of the house is in darkness. The trio enter the home. Kevin carries all of the luggage.

SAVANNAH. Are you sure you don't want to go out to eat first?

KEVIN. No. We should see her. That's why we're here.

SAVANNAH. Okay. But don't be shocked if she doesn't know who you are.

(Kevin leaves the luggage the foot of the stairs. Begins to tiptoe up the steps.)

SAVANNAH. Shoes off please. I just vacuumed.

KEVIN. Oh. Right.

(Kevin removes his shoes. While Birdie starts for the stairs.)

SAVANNAH. Grandma, shoes off.

(But Birdie doesn't hear her. She just continues upwards.)

SAVANNAH. That's okay.

(Savannah follows the other two. They get to the landing above the stairs. Kevin knocks softly on the door of the bedroom, positioned downstage left. No response.)

SAVANNAH. I always get scared before I go in. What if this time, she won't wake up?

(Kevin cringes. Savannah pushes the door open, slowly.)

SAVANNAH. Mom?

(Kevin reaches in for the light switch but no light illuminates.)

SAVANNAH. *(as if rubbing it in his face that Kevin doesn't know the routine)* No, Kevin. She has the controls. That switch doesn't work!

(Savannah feels around the bed, finds a remote control. Clicks a button and the light turns on, revealing Mimi, 68, a 90-pound woman with short cropped blonde hair, seated in a queen size bed. Mimi had a reputation for being perpetually upbeat, always cracking jokes and behaving silly, Lucille Ball style, in any circumstances. But now she's struggling for energy and exhausted by her illness. She remains subdued but all pretenses are gone as she fights for her life – now she is quick to be acerbic and is easily annoyed at people if they don't read her mind and force her to communicate with dialogue that she doesn't have the wind to recite.)

Seeing Mimi this frail, Birdie's jaw drops. She collapses onto the bed, embracing her daughter.)

BIRDIE. Oh, my golden girl. *(She holds onto her daughter, in tears.)*

(Kevin crosses over to his mother, from the opposite side of the bed.)

KEVIN. Hello. Do you know who I am?

(Mimi's head snaps to him. She's immediately annoyed.)

MIMI. Yes, Kevin. I've got pancreatic cancer, not dementia!

(Kevin studies her, confused. Isn't she supposed to not know who they are?)

KEVIN. Mom?

SAVANNAH. I think she needs her rest.

MIMI. *(Angrily, to Savannah)* No! I've waited all day for them to arrive. But you couldn't have given me warning? You know I didn't want them to see me without my wig.

KEVIN. No, Mom, it looks so good. Like a chic haircut.

SAVANNAH. Mom, we have to go eat something. They're starving.

KEVIN. No. We can stay a bit longer.

SAVANNAH. They haven't eaten since 11 o'clock their time. And now it's 9 o'clock our time.

BIRDIE. Mimi, I fixed my second bedroom up real nice. I got a new mattress if you can get home.

SAVANNAH. She can't, Grandma. She's too sick. The hospice nurse told you on the phone.

BIRDIE. I've looked into it. For 40,000 dollars, a helicopter will come to the house and transport you to California. It's expensive but you're a vice president at Morgan Stanley.

"That's what money is for," you always told me.

SAVANNAH. Grandma, she would die if she left her bed. She wouldn't survive the trip to the airport.

BIRDIE. *(Ignoring her)* You just have to come home.

(Savannah tenses up, glaring angrily at her grandmother. Mimi looks at Savannah, nervously.)

MIMI. Well... we'll talk about it later.

KEVIN. *(Trying to explain to Birdie.)* Grandma, she can't come home. The nurse said we waited too long. She won't survive the flight.

BIRDIE. But the ambulance comes right to the door.

SAVANNAH. She's not taking a helicopter, Grandma! She'd die.

BIRDIE. Well, she's going to die anyway. What difference does it make?

(Mimi looks again at Savannah, nervously. Then back to Birdie—)

MIMI. We'll talk about it later.

BIRDIE. Mimi, do you want to come home? You said you did.

MIMI. *(Afraid to look at Savannah. She chooses her words carefully.)* Perhaps.

BIRDIE. Yes or no? Tell me!

(Kevin decides to interpret this – his mom must be trying to let his grandma down gently.)

KEVIN. Grandma, she can't travel. I think she's afraid to tell you.

BIRDIE. She can't what?

KEVIN. Travel. So she's just pretending to consider it. But she's going to have to stay here.

(Savannah's tension settles. She finally relaxes, now that her brother has point blank explained that their mom is not leaving.)

MIMI. *(Turning to Savannah.)* You should take them to dinner. I don't want Kevin going without food.

KEVIN. I'm fine, Mom.

MIMI. He's been doing CrossFit for two years. I don't want him to get skinny again. He used to be so small.

KEVIN. It's fine.

MIMI. Where are you going to eat?

SAVANNAH. Well, everything's closed now. So I was going to take them to Denny's.

MIMI. The one on Highway 6? Don't go there. They're so slow and the food ends up gross.

SAVANNAH. Mom, it's the closest one!

MIMI. *(Knowing better than to argue—)* Okay. I'm sure it will be fine. Honey, can you go put this at the desk downstairs? *(Grabs some paper off her bed.)* I need it to do your taxes.

SAVANNAH. Yes, Mom.

MIMI. They'll meet you downstairs. I just want to talk to Kevin real quick.

SAVANNAH. Okay, Mommy. *(To Kevin)* I'll be in the car.

(Savannah takes the papers and heads downstairs, leaving Birdie and Kevin alone with Mimi.)

KEVIN. Mom, she said you were delusional and you wouldn't know who we were.

MIMI. What?!

KEVIN. And that you were sleeping 23 hours a day. And you can't sit up without vomiting. But you look exactly like you did when I was here three weeks ago.

MIMI. Listen, guys, I'm going back to California. And you have to help me. But she won't let me go.

KEVIN. What? Are you serious?

MIMI. Yes, Kevin!

KEVIN. Or are you just telling Grandma what she wants to hear?

MIMI. Will you *shut up?* (*To Birdie*) I've got to go home. But we can't let Savannah know. She said if I tried to leave, she'd flush all my medication down the toilet. And I need it to survive.

KEVIN. You really want to go home?

MIMI. (*Growing irate*) *Yes, Kevin!* But we'll talk about it tomorrow. Savannah cannot know! We have to be quiet. This house is an open floor plan and you can hear everything. She's always listening in. Every time I talk on the phone, she lays down on the stairs to hear or she'll be right outside the door. I can't tell you how many times I've opened up this door and found her right outside. She always says, "Oh, I'm just cleaning up trash." How much trash is right outside my door?

BIRDIE. Mimi, do you want me to book the helicopter?

MIMI. We don't need a helicopter! She just made you think there was no hope. But I'm going to get a doctor's note. And I'm going on a plane!

ACT ONE

SCENE TWO

Time has passed. Savannah and Kevin enter the front door, having returned from dinner. She heads towards her bedroom downstairs. He makes his way upstairs.

Kevin arrives at the landing. His shy 11-year-old nephew, Thomas, is playing with his toys in what is usually his common area. But now this area is designated as Kevin's makeshift bedroom with a blown-up air mattress in the corner, upstage left. Upon spotting Kevin, Thomas averts eye contact, begins to dart back towards his bedroom.

KEVIN. Hey, Thomas.

THOMAS. *(extremely soft-spoken, almost autistic)* Hey.

KEVIN. Where are you going? No hug for your Uncle Kevin?

(Thomas pivots and makes his way to Kevin, hugging him.)

THOMAS. Mom said not to talk to you.

KEVIN. What?

THOMAS. She said you'd want to be with Grandma Mimi. And I can't expect you to play with me.

KEVIN. Yes, I'll be with Grandma Mimi. But I can still play with you.

THOMAS. Okay.

(He turns back around and exits to his room. Kevin shakes his head, then enters his mother's room.)

KEVIN. That was the worst meal I've ever had.

MIMI. I told you!

KEVIN. It's a Denny's. I already know the food is going to be crappy. But I didn't expect it to make me sick. I washed my hands when we first went in and every inch of the bathroom floor was covered in some kind of bodily fluid. The entire restaurant had the same smell as the bathroom, like a broken sewer. The water tasted like someone had spilled perfume in it. And they just slathered grease on everything. The eggs were liquid-y and so were the hash browns. I honestly feel like I have a soap bubble in my stomach that's getting bigger every minute. In the morning, I'll look like Violet Beauregard from "Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory."

MIMI. I said not to go there.

KEVIN. Savannah said it was great and that you were probably just complaining about a bad waitress. But the service was bad, too. It took half an hour for the food to arrive and we were the only ones there. We should have listened to you. Savannah said there was nothing wrong with the food. That's just how they do it in Houston. But it's a Denny's. How is the food supposed to change based on the city?

(Kevin settles in a large chair by his mother's bed.)

KEVIN. Do you really want to go back to California?

MIMI. *(Irritated)* Yes, Kevin! God!

KEVIN. So we're going to have to be sneaky. It'll be like we're on "Survivor." We're planning on voting Savannah out but we have to blindside her so she doesn't suspect. So we'll pretend we're going along with her plan and then, when she least expects it, bam, we vote her out!

(Beat) Which, in this case, means we're sneaking you out!

MIMI. Yes, like "Survivor." Exactly.

KEVIN. Man, she said you only had a few hours left to live. I was so mad she said I had to wait an extra week to return so she could have a break from having two guests in the house. I was afraid, when I got here, you wouldn't even know who I was.

MIMI. She's told the whole family that. Everyone has called me, in tears.

KEVIN. Last week, she told Aunt Wendy that you wouldn't make it to the weekend. And now it's Wednesday night. And you are doing just fine. You're her mother! She's supposed to want you to live as long as possible. How is she going to keep you healthy if she is only focused on your death?

MIMI. Exactly. That's why I've got to go home.

KEVIN. Okay, Mom. I'll let you sleep. And I'll see you in the morning.

MIMI. You go to bed now, too. Don't stay up late.

KEVIN. I find it hard to go to sleep lately. And with the time zones, I don't usually fall asleep until 4 A.M.

MIMI. I'm having trouble sleeping, too. I sometimes have too much pain. So if I go out to sleep on the couch, I'm hoping it will be easier to sleep. So don't talk to me if I'm out there!

KEVIN. I won't, Mom. But I love when you come out of your room. When I'm alone, I get sad because it makes me think of what life will be like without you. And then you emerge and you're here, today, now, and I get so happy.

(He kisses her on the forehead and then exits. She turns out the light with her remote control.)

ACT ONE

SCENE THREE

The lights dim. Nighttime has come. When they slowly rise, to simulate sunrise, a pool of light pours over the stage. It's 6 AM. Upstairs, THOMAS quietly crosses through the common area, tiptoeing downstairs. Meanwhile, SAVANNAH bangs open cupboards, rustles through pots and pans, makes deliberate noise and commotion.

Thomas approaches his mom, reserved, careful about approaching the adults in his home.

THOMAS. *(Whispering)* Mom, I need you to sign this permission slip.

SAVANNAH. *(At full volume)* Oh, okay. I'll get that for you. Just one minute. I need a pen.

(Thomas rushes to a drawer, returns with a pen. Savannah signs. Then turns back to the stove where she shakes a frying pan.)

SAVANNAH. I'm making breakfast. It's pancakes. Keto pancakes though so I can have some. They're made with almond flour which is more expensive than regular flour but it's a lot healthier.

(Upstairs, Kevin stirs in his air mattress. Savannah is being obnoxiously loud.)

SAVANNAH. *(She flips pancakes onto three plates.)* I bet you won't even taste the difference though. You're going to have to tell me if you can. *(Puts some on a plate)* Here. Try it. Tell me if it tastes different. And here. *(Pouring syrup)* With gluten-free, low-carb keto maple syrup, too. Tell me if you like it.

THOMAS. *(Tries a bite; whispering)* It's good.

SAVANNAH. Isn't it good? It tastes just like regular pancakes except it's good for you. I lost 40 pounds eating this way. Don't I look better than I did a few months ago?

THOMAS. Yeah.

SAVANNAH. Yeah. I also have a keto brownie for you, which I put in your lunchbox. I tried one. It's really good.

(Some noises occur offstage left. Savannah's boyfriend, Daniel, is waking up.)

SAVANNAH. Okay, your dad's awake. I'm going to give him his pancake. You go feed the guinea pigs and then get ready to go.

(Thomas crosses to the office. Daniel arrives from stage left. He's 39, a big, burly guy, built like a linebacker with a beer belly. He reaches into the fridge for a beer.)

SAVANNAH. Hey, Dan. I made you keto pancakes.

DANIEL. *(Opening beer.)* With almond flour? They're fucking disgusting. *(He takes a sip.)*

SAVANNAH. Yeah, I know. I hate them. I'll stop buying them from now on.

DANIEL. Damn it, Savannah. I wanted normal pancakes.

SAVANNAH. Do you want me to make a new batch with Bisquick?

DANIEL. There's no time. I'll just go to work hungry.

SAVANNAH. I'm sorry. Do you want a brownie? *(Calling out, to Thomas)* Thomas! Let Daddy have your brownie! He doesn't like pancakes!

DANIEL. No, Savannah. I'm not going to take his brownie. Just next time, pay attention when I tell you I don't like almond flour.

SAVANNAH. I know. I forgot. I'm sorry.

(Daniel doesn't reply. He makes his way to the kitchen. Grabs at various cupboards, pulling random items out in a stockpile for himself.)

SAVANNAH. All right. I'm going back to bed. Have a good day at work.

(Silence. Daniel crosses to the front door, his arms filled with snacks. Thomas is still with the pigs.)

DANIEL. Thomas!

(Thomas stands alert, like he's been reprimanded. He hurries to Daniel.)

DANIEL. God, what are you doing? Are you stupid? We have to get to school.

THOMAS. *(Weakly)* I'm sorry, Daddy.

DANIEL. God.

(The three of them exit the home.)

(Upstairs, Kevin scoffs at all the activity. He rolls over and goes back to sleep.)