

*Treatment*

TYLER: 26, male, reforming.

KATE: 25, female, hydrotreating.

*At Rise: TYLER sits alone at a fold out table on a smoke break. Blue collar work clothes—either a fire-retardant jumper or a Teflon shirt and jeans.*

*He lights a cigarette and takes a long drag.*

*Holding the cigarette in his mouth, he unsheathes a pocket knife and begins peeling and slicing an orange.*

*KATE enters.*

KATE:

Hey.

TYLER:

Hey.

*TYLER hands KATE half of the orange slices..*

KATE:

Thanks.

TYLER:

Ya.

KATE:

Where you at today?

TYLER:

Ultra.

KATE:

Maintenance on G-51, isn't there?

TYLER:

Yeah, seal leak.

KATE:

Again? Damn.

KATE:

*Treatment*

Going to the lake this weekend?

TYLER:

Yeah, my brother and his kids are coming up. It's been a while.

KATE:

That'll be nice.

TYLER:

Should be. Supposed to be sunny.

KATE:

Is he the one in Cedar Rapids?

TYLER:

Madison. Sister's in Cedar Rapids.

KATE:

Right.

*(Beat)*

Mike has cousins in Madison. We visited once.

TYLER:

He having any luck finding something?

KATE:

He picked up a third shift in the city. Pays good.

TYLER:

Warehouse?

KATE:

Docks.

TYLER:

Oh, good for him.

KATE:

I don't know. I won't see him much.

TYLER:

*Treatment*

Isn't there a third open? Did you ask Jack if he'd move you?

KATE:

He doesn't want to have to fill it again when I'm out.

TYLER:

Oh. Makes sense.

KATE:

Kinda bullshit.

*KATE reaches for a cigarette. TYLER stops her.*

TYLER:

Hey.

KATE:

What's wrong?

TYLER:

I thought you had to quit, since—

KATE:

I don't have to do anything.

TYLER:

But shouldn't you?

KATE:

Why?

TYLER:

Can't it screw up its lungs or something?

KATE:

You can buy an inhaler for the baby shower.

*KATE takes a cigarette and holds it out for a light, expectantly. TYLER hesitates, then lights it. Beat.*

KATE:

What.

TYLER:

*Treatment*

Nothing.

KATE:

No really, what?

TYLER:

You're just gonna get mad.

KATE:

Because it isn't really your business.

TYLER:

It's just selfish.

KATE:

What is?

TYLER:

You. Or you are. Being selfish.

KATE:

And what do you know about taking care of people?

TYLER:

Right, thanks.

KATE:

You're just not—

TYLER:

Just forget it.

*Silence. KATE returns a slice of the orange—a peace offering. TYLER turns it over in his hand, before popping it into his mouth.*

KATE:

I didn't mean it like that.

TYLER:

I know.

*KATE extinguishes her cigarette.*

*Treatment*

KATE:

It's hard to imagine, ya know? That I could screw it up before its even born.

TYLER:

I guess it's not your problem though, is it?

KATE:

God, I don't know. I just want to do what's best for her.

TYLER:

Her?

KATE:

Oh... Yeah. The adoption people had to know.

TYLER:

Well, cool. Her.

KATE:

Her.

*TYLER lights a second cigarette.*

TYLER:

What are you gonna name her?

KATE:

We can't. The new people get to.

TYLER:

Right.

*(Beat)*

Are they nice?

KATE:

They haven't picked a couple yet. They might not until she's out.

TYLER:

I'm sure they will be.

KATE:

*Treatment*

Yeah, I hope so.

TYLER:

I think they do a lot of screening stuff. About them. And you two.

KATE:

Mike didn't want to—ya know.

TYLER:

Wanted to keep her?

KATE:

Oh God, no. He didn't want to do any of this.

TYLER:

Well it's not really his call, is it?

KATE:

I mean it's his too. I think he might have been right.

TYLER:

I guess you still could?

KATE:

No. It'd be weird now.

TYLER:

Weird?

KATE:

Not weird. Bad—I guess. I mean it wouldn't be good.

TYLER:

I don't think it's good or bad. It just... is. You know?

KATE:

It's all bad. It's like shitty parenting roulette. Kill it, raise it, give it away.

TYLER:

I think you'd be a good mom.

KATE:

*Treatment*

Fuck off.

TYLER:

Really. I do.

KATE:

I can't even take care of myself. She'd spend her whole life in therapy.

TYLER:

You care about people though. You'd do your best. Not everyone... gets someone like that. She'd be really lucky.

KATE:

Mike would be a shit dad.

TYLER:

Nobody cares if dads are shit.

KATE:

I don't know. I did. I would, I guess. You'd make a good one.

TYLER:

A good dad?

KATE:

Yeah. I think so.

TYLER:

What do I know about taking care of people?

KATE:

I said I didn't mean that.

TYLER:

You did.

KATE:

No. I mean you're... You pay attention. And you're honest. Even when it's hard.

TYLER:

Lying's never any good.

KATE:

*Treatment*

But it's... easier. Sometimes.

TYLER:

At first.

KATE:

At some point you get used to it. Or good at it. Both, maybe.

TYLER:

Which are you?

KATE:

Used to it, probably.

TYLER:

Not good?

KATE:

Not as bad as you. You're happier that way, though.

TYLER:

What does that make you?

*(Beat)*

KATE:

I don't get it.

TYLER:

Are you happy?

KATE:

Yeah. I am.

TYLER:

Really?

KATE:

I think so.

*(Beat)*

KATE:



*Treatment*

I'm happier than I've been.

TYLER:

You deserve to be.

*(Beat)*

KATE:

I think I'd name her Gwyn. After my grandma.

TYLER:

I like it.

KATE:

Really?

*TYLER reaches out and grabs KATE's hand. He squeezes it.*

TYLER:

Yeah. It's pretty.

KATE:

You're going to find someone who makes you happy.

*(Beat)*

Or happier.

TYLER:

I know.

*He lets go of her hand.*

Thanks.

KATE:

Breaks about up.

TYLER:

Yep.

KATE:

Enjoy the lake.

TYLER:

*Treatment*

Well I'll be in tomorrow.

KATE:

I'm off. Appointment.

TYLER:

Oh. Good luck.

KATE:

Thanks. You too.

TYLER:

With?

KATE:

Uh. The pump. Seal leak.

TYLER:

Right. Thanks.

KATE:

See you Monday?

TYLER:

Monday.

*KATE begins to exit.*

TYLER:

Some of the guys might grab drinks tomorrow if you... Um. Never mind. Monday.

*KATE exits.*

*TYLER finishes his second cigarette with a long drag. He runs his fingers across the orange peel.*

*He rises, tosses the peel in the trash, and exits.*

*BLACKOUT.*