

Scene 1: Casey and Jo's Apartment

Casey is now in his regular clothes, carrying his jumpsuit in a garment bag. He barges into the apartment, riding a post-performance high.

CASEY. Hey Jo, you home? I had a great show tonight. I was on fire!
He opens the fridge, looks for some food.

Hey baby, I thought we had a whole Papa John's pizza left over. You know where it is?

A slice of pizza comes flying at Casey from offstage.

Jo? What the hell, baby?

Jo, his wife, storms out. She is carrying a Papa John's pizza box.

JO. You want pizza, Casey?

CASEY. Well yeah, but—

She drops the box onto the floor in front of him.

JO. Help yourself!

CASEY. Wait, are we having a fight?

JO. Yes, we're having a fight!

CASEY. Why?

JO. Because we bounced the rent check again.

CASEY. Oh shit! How?

JO. Casey, when you bought this pizza Wednesday night, how did you pay for it?

CASEY. Well...funny story...

JO. Did you pay cash or did you use your debit card?

CASEY. Well, I was a little low on cash the other day...

JO. And...?

CASEY. And I was really hungry.

JO. And so...?

CASEY. And so, you know, it's possible that I, uh...

JO. That you...

CASEY. That I may have used the debit card.

JO. Welcome to the fight.

I have told you and told you that you can't use your debit card / until the rent check clears.

CASEY. I know. I'm sorry, baby.

JO. Sherry came over tonight and took my head off. She says not only do we owe them rent, we gotta pay the thirty bucks that their bank charged them for depositing a bad check.

CASEY. You want me to go talk to Jason?

JO. No, baby, I want you to pay attention to our finances. We got rent, groceries, / power bill.

CASEY. Right.

JO. You drive eighty miles round trip to get to work every night. You're paying more in gas than you're making in tips.

CASEY. Not for long, baby! / I really think I—

JO. And now on top of all that, we've gone and bounced the rent check again. If you add up all the fees and penalties, that twelve-dollar pizza is gonna cost us ninety dollars, Casey.

CASEY. Ninety dollars?

JO. Ninety. Dollars.

Casey picks up the pizza slice.

CASEY. That makes this the most expensive thing we own.

JO. Don't.

CASEY. What?

JO. Be charming.

CASEY. I can't help it, baby. You know that.

JO. Casey please, I'm trying to have an adult conversation with you.

CASEY. And I am trying to get you to smile.

JO. Here I try and be all responsible by opening up a real honest-to-God checking account with debit cards and checks with pictures of seagulls on 'em and you gotta go and bounce the rent check two months in a row.

END →

She heads back to the bedroom.

CASEY. I'll make up the money, I promise.

JO. (Off.) How?

CASEY. I'll ask Jason if he's got any more roofing work for me.

JO. (Off.) You can't ask your landlord to give you a job to help you pay the rent, Casey.

CASEY. Well then I'll add some weeknight shows at Cleo's.

JO. (Off.) Baby, people don't even go there on the weekends.

CASEY. They will when word gets out about my new jumpsuit.

He unzips the garment bag and pulls out the jumpsuit. Jo reenters just in time for him to unfurl it.

Pretty nice, huh?

JO. We can't pay the rent and you bought A NEW JUMPSUIT?!?!

CASEY. It's an investment!

Jo goes back into the bedroom. Casey puts on the jumpsuit.

Once the tourists come back and I have my act down cold, we're gonna be rolling in dough. I'm really starting to figure out how to make this work. The right outfit, the right songs, and hopefully more than just seven people in the audience and soon enough they'll be driving from all over the Panhandle to see the show and we won't have to worry about a thing.

Casey's now in the jumpsuit. Jo reenters, completely rattled by something that just happened offstage.

What do you think?

JO. Casey, I—

CASEY. Pretty amazin', huh?

JO. Casey—

CASEY. I know I was speechless, too.

JO. Casey, I'm pregnant.

CASEY. What?

JO. I'm pregnant.

CASEY. Since when?

JO. Since right now.

Jo shows him the pregnancy test in her hands.

CASEY. We're gonna have a baby?

JO. Looks that way.

CASEY. We're gonna have a baby?

JO. If this thing is right.

CASEY. WE'RE GONNA HAVE A BABY!!!

JO. How are we gonna pay for a baby?

CASEY. With love, that's how. We're just gonna love the shit outta him.

JO. We need diapers and shoes and clothes and formula. / You can't buy those with love.

CASEY. We'll figure it out!

JO. Casey, we are not ready to have a baby.

CASEY. If we're ready to make one, we're ready to have one.

JO. Any fourteen-year-old girl will tell you that is not true.

CASEY. Look at my face. Do I look worried?

JO. You're never worried.

CASEY. And why do you think that is?

JO. Because you don't see all the potential for disaster that I do.

CASEY. No, it's because that I know everything will eventually be okay. We're gonna be fine, Jo. We're gonna be a family! Our baby is going to be the happiest, most loved little kid who was ever lucky enough to be born. And we are gonna be the best parents since Joseph and Mary.

They kiss.

JO. Yeah, but then their kid died.

Casey kisses her.

Casey, I—

More kissing.

We should talk about—

And some more.

This is a terrible school district—