

LOCH

That *kid*! This is going to be just like Boston! I am *not* doing that whole song and dance again!

GRIMM

Shelly Carlson?

LOCH

Fine. Yes. Shelly Carlson.

GRIMM

Shelly fuckin' Carlson.

(Loch levels a look at him.)

GRIMM

Hey, how's his music blog going?

(Moth re-enters)

LOCH

Moth, did you *answer the door* with those bags?

MOTH

...*Maybe?*

LOCH

I am *not* pulling up stakes again because you want to –

MOTH

Dad, that was like *12 years ago*!

LOCH

You thought that was the dry cleaners. What if it *had* been? What if they *saw* those bags?

MOTH

Yeah, but it wasn't. It was just stupid Grimm. // Calm down.

GRIMM

Laaame.

LOCH

How would I have covered that up?

GRIMM

I'd turn him over to the cops.

MOTH

Wow. I appreciate your concern, *really*.

GRIMM

Well you lie around the house all day; you ruin the living room —

LOCH

Don't even get me started
on that again!

MOTH

We've been here before today,
ok?!

GRIMM

And then you put dad in a million different kinds of jeopardy by not taking a moment to think about how your actions are going to affect somebody else. None of this is // rocket science, Moth.

MOTH

Do I have a target on me?! I'm all ready going to find a job, *Grimm*. I got groceries. The dry cleaning is done — *somewhere*. I don't know how much more productive I could've been without killing myself!

GRIMM

...You got him to find a job? Now *that's* impressive.

LOCH

Yeah, after a lot of bad noise. I'm sick of your attitude, Moth. Now clean up that mess.

(Loch grabs his bags and heads for the backyard.)
And be *nice* to your brother. He's had a long day — *at work*.

(Loch exits. Grimm dons a triumphant smile.)

MOTH

Oh, shut up.

(Moth takes up a trash bag and picks up whatever he finds, throwing it away. Everything he touches weighs a thousand pounds.)

GRIMM

See the news?

(Moth cleans silently. Grimm turns up the volume on the TV.)

REPORTER

— We're still waiting for confirmation from the Yonkers —

(Moth snatches the remote and turns the TV off.)

MOTH

Yes, Grimm. We all saw the news.

GRIMM

Speaking of news: I saw the craziest thing today at lunch, you'll never believe it. I'm killing time, y'know, before the killing time, just updating my status, checking in, whatnot, when I ran into the strangest little news story.

MOTH

Working *really* hard, weren't you?

GRIMM

Actually the gunman did most of the work. He actually seemed like a pretty nice guy. I mean, besides the Glock.

MOTH

So you just let him kill a bunch of innocent people?

GRIMM

First rule of reaping: you can't let this —

(He pounds his chest)

Get in the way of this.

(He taps his head.)

No. I was Facebook stalking and was — well was wondering why your girlfriend "Jessie" is suddenly listed as being *single*.

(Moth continues working. Grimm puts his feet up on the table he is cleaning.)

MOTH

Move. Your feet.

GRIMM

Fuck it up? You fucked it up. I mean it would explain a lot about this tantrum you've been throwing.

(Moth stares him down.)

GRIMM

Awww. Come here little brudder. Did Mothy get his hearty-wart broken? Is that why he's been acting all meany-wheeny?

(Loch re-enters.)

LOCH

Ahimoth, you won't clean the living room by looking at it.

GRIMM

Well, at least he has the bag in his hand.

(Moth drops the garbage bag and goes for his laptop. He packs it into a messenger bag.)

GRIMM

Uh. Uh-oh. Here we go.

MOTH

Shut up!

LOCH

Moth!

GRIMM

Here — we — go! Little Moth's gonna fly away again. Fly fly away.

MOTH

You're such a retard!

GRIMM

Language!

LOCH

Moth!

MOTH

No. You can do your own to do list, ok? Because I am done.

(To Loch and Grimm, respectively.)

I am tired of getting it from you, and I am *seriously* tired of getting it from *you*! You are *not* better than me!

GRIMM

You're right, Moth, I apologize, *really*.

MOTH

Say it again.

GRIMM

I'm sorry?

LOCH

Moth.

MOTH

And you don't stand up for me. I'm a visions guy and you just don't see that! "Moth the screw-up," "Moth the sloth." No. I'm done. Ok? So you and Grimm can just sit around and agree all day about how useless I am. Have a big ol' agreein' party. Cause I'm done. All right? I am done.

GRIMM

You think he's done?

LOCH

Grimm.

MOTH

You're really funny, you know that? You're a funny, *funny* guy.

GRIMM

...Ouch.

(Moth shoulders his bag and heads for the door.)

GRIMM

Don't forget your *coat*, Moth. It's cold outside.

(Moth throws Grimm the bird and opens the hall closet. He looks inside and takes a coat. He rushes out, slamming the front door. Grimm holds up three fingers, counts down. Moth returns, grabs his shoes, and exits. Grimm holds up three more fingers and counts down. Moth returns, goes to the refrigerator, grabs a coke, and exits, re-slamming the door.)

GRIMM

Well. My phone must not be working because my buzz is officially dead.