*Fuddy Meers* by David Lindsay-Abaire

Zach – *(speaking with a lisp to his sister, Claire)*

Tho, here we are. Thack and hith thithter. Ith been thuch a long time, Claire. Ith very thad whath happened to you. I’ll take thith mathk off if you inthitht. But pleathe, don’t be thcared. I’m deformed, but only thlightly. Pleathe, try to be a little thenthitive. Claire, do you really not remember? Good. Ith better you didn’t. Thum things are better left forgotten. *(beat)* You don’t know if *whath* blue? Oh. I’m thorry, but whenever you thit on my right like thith, you’ll have to thpeak up. I’m dear in thith ear. I’m altho blind in thith eye. I probably thouldn’t drive but tho long athh they don’t catch me, we’ll be thuper. *(beat)* Pleathe, you’re athking too many questions. Juth look out for the right thide of the car. We’re going to the country. Your mother hath a houth there. *Our* mother I mean. She’th my mother too, even if she tethtified againtht me, even if she thaid I wath dead to her, she’th thtill my mother. She’s nithe but she had a thtroke rethently and hath trouble forming thententheth properly. We’ll be there in no time. Juth relaxth.