

PRU

In my day, you got bit by a snake, you were dead. My Uncle Edwin, one bite on the arm, end of story, boom. And let's not even talk about Geena, third niece on my father's side. Snake bit her on the tongue. Don't ask me how that happens, but boom, was she ever dead. Oh, plus my cat. Snake bit the poor thing right in the ass. My God, was that cat dead.

SUMMER

Aunt Pru, those are all horrible, horrible things, but you realize that not all snakes are poisonous.

PRU

Summer, you believe what you like, but in my world? Boom.

SUMMER

No, we did a whole unit on snakes in the fall, and one of the things we definitely learned is not all snakes are poisonous.

JESSE

Actually, that's not true. All snakes are poisonous, it's just that most of them don't have front-fang delivery systems.

SUMMER

But I got bitten, you remember, last year, by a garter snake? Nothing happened.

JESSE

Right. Because with a garter snake, the venom is in back, and you're big, and the snake's got a small mouth.

SUMMER

I'm "big."

JESSE

Bigger than a garter snake, yes.

SUMMER

What makes you think you know anything about snakes?

JESSE

What, we can't both know about snakes?

SUMMER

We did an entire unit!

JESSE

Yes—using third-grade source material.

SUMMER

*(To everyone but Jesse)* Here we go, the primary educator knows nothing, and the high school teacher, he's so much more, I don't know, vaunted.

JESSE

It's simple facts. Biology.

SUMMER

Oh, now you're a science teacher.

JESSE

No, but I accept the scientific method, and snakes are poisonous.

End

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*Tom enters, with a new bottle of pills.*

SUMMER

When we are home, I will prove it to you. Using a third-grade science book!

TOM

Fine, wonderful, enough. Summer. Vitamin I.

SUMMER

Thank you. And you're sure this isn't, I don't know, Viagra?

TOM

No, those are a totally different color. *(Off Pru's sudden (and unique) laughter)* Thank you, Pru, you can stop any time.

*Summer takes the pill, winces.*

JESSE

What? Are you okay?

SUMMER

Yeah, it's just—it hurts when I swallow. Not a lot, just, I don't know. Like my chest got bruised.

JESSE

I should have been more alert, I'm sorry.

SUMMER

Honey. Not your fault.

*Sarah enters. Still no keys. Still searching.*

TOM

No one can predict everything.