

## Scene 3

*The following day David is working on his book of Irish place names. Lori comes into the room. He looks up and attempts a smile.*

DAVID. How are you feeling?

LORI. *(Shrugs.)* Yeah.

DAVID. Good, that's — *(Beat.)*

LORI. *(For something to say.)* So — Where's Mum?

DAVID. I — Is she in the kitchen, maybe.

LORI. Oh. Maybe. *(Beat.)* And where are, uh — Pops and Cloney?

DAVID. Clover has music practice on Saturday mornings, doesn't she.

LORI. Oh.

DAVID. And I think Poppy has gone round to a friend's house.

LORI. Right. Dad — *(Beat.)*

DAVID. Yes?

LORI. Nothing. *(Beat.)*

DAVID. If you're hungry, I think there's some of last night's dinner in the fridge. Your mother made — "Haricot Bean and Root Vegetable Stew with Curly Kale."

LORI. Right. I'm not really hungry.

DAVID. No. *(Beat.)*

LORI. I just couldn't — yesterday I mean — I just couldn't — *(Beat.)*

DAVID. Right.

LORI. And I'm sorry it's just — *(Beat.)*

DAVID. You should eat something now, though. Get your strength up. You can't expect to feel better if —

LORI. Yeah, I'm just not —

DAVID. Right. You should try to eat something, though.

LORI. Yeah. I know. *(Beat.)*

DAVID. Yes, well. *(Beat.)* It's good you're up. Feeling better. *(Beat.)* Well. *(He coughs awkwardly, and then smiles and looks away.)*

*He returns to his notes. Lori stands watching him.)*

LORI. Is that your book, Dad?

DAVID. My what. Yes, yes, it is.

LORI. Right. *(Beat.)* What are you — I mean, anything —

DAVID. Oh, this is just a — This bit's necessary, but not particularly interesting. I'm — I'm cross-referencing a couple of place names in the *Annals*, that's all.

LORI. Oh.

DAVID. Nothing exciting, I'm afraid.

LORI. Right. *(Beat.)* You've hardly spoken to me since I got back, Dad. *(Beat.)* Dad. *(Silence.)*

DAVID. I don't know what to say to you, Lori. I don't know what to say to you.

LORI. You don't have to say anything, I don't want you to say anything I just want you to —

DAVID. *(Slowly, not looking at her.)* You've crossed a line, Lori. I'm afraid you've — *(Beat.)* And you have to understand, it's going to take time. It's about — trust. Because how do we know we're not going to walk in on you — *(Beat.)* I'm sorry. Look, Lori — *(Beat.)* I'm afraid I can't have this conversation with you. Not now. Not yet. *(Silence. Then Phyllis enters. She looks from her husband to her daughter. Beat. Then she speaks.)*

PHYLLIS. You're up, Lori. I hat's great. How are you feeling?

LORI. Mum — *(Beat.)*

PHYLLIS. You should get dressed. No point sitting around in your pyjamas all day, is there now.

DAVID. Leave her be, Phyllis.

PHYLLIS. What's that?

DAVID. Just —

PHYLLIS. *(Brittle.)* Oh, I'm sorry, David. I'm only her mother, after all.

LORI. Don't, Mum.

PHYLLIS. What's that, Lori?

DAVID. Look, Lori and I were just —

PHYLLIS. Oh, I'm interrupting, am I?

DAVID. We were just having a little chat, that's all.

PHYLLIS. Well. Well, then I shall leave you to it.

LORI. Mum —

PHYLLIS. Don't worry, I can tell when I'm not wanted. *(Phyllis turns quickly and leaves. Silence. The front door slams. Beat.)*