

MAREE & DADDY

MAREE stands, moves away from DADDY, looks at more photos, turning them away or face down.)

DADDY

S-top id.

MAREE

What?

DADDY

Pic-cur.

MAREE

This? (Turns another over)

DADDY

Not you-er-s.

MAREE

Tell me about it. Mostly of her. See? (She turns a photo over, shows DADDY, then faces it down.) It's not right. Like this. Up.

DADDY

S-top. Now. Dis my houz.

MAREE

Fine. I'm stopping. See? But. After mom escorts you out. (She turns another picture down.)

DADDY

Po. Ba-by.

MAREE

Right. And who has to wear this? (She picks up an adult bib.)

DADDY

You. You. Di-in do id.
(MAREE continues to move photos.)

MAREE

Do what?

DADDY

Call 'er.

MAREE

Oh, good lord, I knew this was com—

DADDY

Mom, she, she as' you to, to—

MAREE

Did you ask her to?

DADDY

She. Too, too. S-sad. Las day. Befou.

MAREE

How would you—

DADDY

You di-in.

MAREE

No, I—

DADDY

Dann you. (Pause.) Why? Why not?

MAREE

Did you?

(He lifts his useless arm with good arm.)

MAREE (Cont.)

So? You can't roll over to the damn phone?

(DADDY grabs the wheel with his left hand and the chair spins in a slow circle.)

DADDY

Roun 'n roun. All ah kin do.

(MAREE stands, goes to the phone on a table, picks it up, punches numbers with one finger then throws it on DADDY's lap.)

MAREE (Cont.)

Wonders of technology. Bet you don't even know her number. Let's see if it's on speed-dial.

(She picks up phone, checks it then throws it back down on his lap, picks up his right hand and slaps it on the buttons randomly.)

DADDY

No, no, no. (Pushes phone on the floor.) I tol you mom. You. You di-in.

MAREE

No, I di-in. Father. And neither did you, not then or for years and years before.