

RUTH AND MAREE

RUTH

What was that horrible race thing you and Donald did?

MAREE

The Iron-Man?

RUTH

Yes. I was sure it meant you were gay, too.

MAREE (Laughs)

Would you have cared?

RUTH

I want. (Beat, she turns her head.) I wanted grandchildren some day.

MAREE (Sitting up.)

Oh, mom. Please. Besides, one doesn't preclude the other anymore.

RUTH

It's not. I'm not pressuring you. It's just—

MAREE (Turns away.)

Give it a rest, Ruth.

RUTH

I'm sorry. Really. Lie down again. I didn't mean to—

MAREE

It's okay. I need to get up anyway. (She stands, looks at a photo, turning it back toward the wall.) When are you on duty?

RUTH

It's not duty, honey.

MAREE

Okay. When does the lord of the manner get up?

RUTH

He was worn out. Yesterday was too much on him.

MAREE

No kidding. And how about on you?

RUTH

I don't know. I keep wondering how I'm supposed to be feeling. What I'm supposed to be doing. All I can come up with is making tea, watching out for your father. And. Praying for you.

MAREE

Save your breath.

RUTH

You're it for us now, Mary.

MAREE

Well, I don't want to be.

RUTH

Not your call.  
(Pause.)

MAREE (Picks up another photo of DONEE)

Speaking of which. What did you know?  
(MAREE shows her the photo.)

RUTH

I (Pause.) I knew she was—lost, kind of, I guess you could call it. But she didn't tell me things—neither of you two ever did. Why was that?

MAREE

You had enough. With him.

RUTH

Oh, Maree, when will you let any of that go?

MAREE (Smart ass.)

How long does he have?

RUTH

I won't have you speaking like that. He's still your father.