

#4. Hal and Claire,
Pages 56 & 57 from:

Claire. Why did you
sleep with her

To

Hal. Okay.

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Hal slept with Catherine,  
she basically initiated it, but  
Claire is overprotective and  
thinks she knows best.

Claire is overbearing; Hal is  
somber

### Scene 3

*The next day. The porch is empty. Knocking, off. No one appears. After a moment Hal comes around the side of the porch and knocks on the back door.*

HAL. Catherine? *(Claire enters.)*

I thought you were leaving.

CLAIRE. I had to delay my flight. *(Beat.)*

HAL. Is Catherine here?

CLAIRE. I don't think this is a good time, Hal.

HAL. Could I see her?

CLAIRE. Not now.

HAL. What's the matter?

CLAIRE. She's sleeping.

HAL. Can I wait here until she gets up?

CLAIRE. She's been sleeping since yesterday. She won't get up. She won't eat, won't talk to me. I couldn't go home. I'm going to wait until she seems okay to travel.

HAL. Jesus, I'm sorry.

CLAIRE. Yes.

HAL. I'd like to talk to her.

CLAIRE. I don't think that's a good idea.

HAL. Has she said anything?

CLAIRE. About you? No.

HAL. Yesterday ... I know I didn't do what she wanted.

CLAIRE. Neither of us did.

HAL. I didn't know what to say. I feel awful.

CLAIRE. Why did you sleep with her? *(Beat.)*

HAL. I'm sorry, that's none of your business.

CLAIRE. Bullshit. I have to take care of her. It's a little bit harder with you jerking her around.

HAL. I wasn't jerking her around. It just happened.

CLAIRE. Your timing was not great.

HAL. It wasn't my timing, it was both of our —

CLAIRE. Why'd you do it? You know what she's like. She's fragile and you took advantage of her.

HAL. No. It's what we both wanted. I didn't mean to hurt her.

CLAIRE. You did.

HAL. I'd like to talk to Catherine, please.

CLAIRE. You can't.

HAL. Are you taking her away?

CLAIRE. Yes.

HAL. To New York.

CLAIRE. Yes.

HAL. Just going to drag her to New York.

CLAIRE. If I have to.

HAL. Don't you think she should have some say in whether or not she goes?

CLAIRE. If she's not going to speak, what else can I do?

HAL. Let me try. Let me talk to her.

CLAIRE. Hal, give up. This has nothing to do with you.

HAL. I know her. She's tougher than you think, Claire.

CLAIRE. What?

HAL. She can handle herself. She can handle talking to me — maybe it would help. Maybe she'd like it.

CLAIRE. Maybe she'd like it? Are you out of your mind? You're the reason she's up there right now! You have no idea what she needs. You don't know her! She's my sister. Jesus, you fucking mathematicians: You don't think. You don't know what you're doing. You stagger around creating these catastrophes and it's people like me who end up flying in to clean them up. *(Beat.)*

She needs to get out of Chicago, out of this house. I'll give you my number in New York. You can call her once she's settled there. That's it, that's the deal.

HAL. Okay. *(Beat. Hal doesn't move.)*

CLAIRE. I don't mean to be rude but I have a lot to do.

HAL. There's one more thing. You're not going to like it.

CLAIRE. Sure, take the notebook.

HAL. *(Startled.)* I —

CLAIRE. Hold on a sec, I'll get it for you. *(She goes inside and returns with the notebook. She gives it to Hal.)*