

NORMAN. Tsk. *(He walks over and transfers a few items from Billy to the floor.)*

ETHEL. You two need constant supervision, I declare. *(Billy spots Chelsea.)*

BILLY. Hey! Look at you.

CHELSEA. Hey, kid. *(She steps to him and hugs him.)*

BILLY. How ya' doin'?

CHELSEA. Not too shabby.

BILLY. Where's the dentist?

CHELSEA. He went ahead. He's going to call you tonight.

ETHEL. *(Taking Billy by the collar.)* Would you please march upstairs and deposit yourself in a warm shower? Chelsea has news for you which you can't hear till you're dry. *(She prods him up the stairs.)*

NORMAN. What news?

BILLY. *(Turning back.)* Chelsea, you should have seen the bass I caught this morning. *(He holds his hands wide apart.)*

NORMAN. Ha!

BILLY. Five pounds easy.

NORMAN. Ha!

BILLY. But then I saw this depressed look on Norman's face so I decided to let it go.

NORMAN and BILLY. Ha! Ha! Ha! *(Billy exits.)*

ETHEL. Are you two going to be all right alone? I'm sure you can find something to talk about.

NORMAN. Yes. We can talk about the fact that the little person gets to take a shower while I develop pneumonia.

ETHEL. You're a tough old buzzard. Aren't you? *(She exits. Norman scowls after her, then he turns to Chelsea.)*

NORMAN. Tough old buzzard. Don't these little endearments make your heart go pit-a-pat?

CHELSEA. Yes. *(They study each other a moment.)*

NORMAN. Did you hear what the stupid Yankees did?

CHELSEA. No. *(Carefully.)* I don't want to talk about baseball.

NORMAN. Oh. I was just going to mention something you might have found interesting, but it doesn't matter.

CHELSEA. I want to talk about us.

NORMAN. What about us?

CHELSEA. You want to come sit down?

NORMAN. Should I? I've already started a puddle here; perhaps I'd better stand.

CHELSEA. I just wanted to say ... that I'm sorry.

NORMAN. Fine. No problem.

CHELSEA. Don't you want to know what I'm sorry about?

NORMAN. I suppose so.

CHELSEA. I'm sorry that our communication has been so bad. That my ... that I've been walking around with a chip on my shoulder. I think it would be a good idea if we tried ... to have the kind of relationship we're supposed to have.

NORMAN. What kind of relationship are we supposed to have?

CHELSEA. Like a father and a daughter.

NORMAN. Ah. Well. Just in the nick of time, huh?

CHELSEA. No.

NORMAN. Worried about the will, are you? I'm leaving everything to you, except what I'm taking with me.

CHELSEA. Stop it. (*She steps to him.*) I don't want anything. We've been mad at each other for too long.

NORMAN. Oh. I didn't realize we were mad. I thought we just didn't like each other. (*Direct hit. Chelsea turns away, hurt. After a moment, she regroups, stepping back to him.*)

CHELSEA. I want to be your friend.

NORMAN. Oh. Okay. Does this mean you're going to come around more often? I may not last eight more years, you know.

CHELSEA. Tsk. I'll come around more often.

NORMAN. Well. It would mean a lot to your mother.

CHELSEA. Okay. (*They look at each other a moment, nothing more to say.*) Now you want to tell me about the Yankees?

NORMAN. The Yankees? They're bums. Your mother said you had some news, what is it?

CHELSEA. I got married in Brussels.

NORMAN. You did? In Brussels. Isn't that nice?

CHELSEA. It is. It's the best thing that's ever happened to me. He makes me very happy.

NORMAN. That's good. He speak English?

CHELSEA. Tsk. I married Bill.

NORMAN. Oh, Bill! That *is* nice.

ETHEL. (*Offstage.*) Next!

NORMAN. What is she screaming about?

CHELSEA. You're next in the shower.

NORMAN. Oh. (*He turns to go. Turns back to Chelsea.*) Talk to you later. (*Chelsea nods, pleased. Ethel appears on the landing.*)

ETHEL. Next!

NORMAN. Good God. This place is starting to sound like a