

Scene 3

(Later, same evening.)

(CHERYL is speaking quietly on the phone.)

CHERYL. ...I don't make waffles. Ma...Ma! It's not efficient. There's a kitchen full of food...I used your list...yeah. But I got some other stuff. I hear you, but, *(beat)* but *(beat)* uh huh. Yes, ma'am. Listen Ma...there's like a b'jillion kinds of cereal, granola, yogurt, whole milk, 2%, soy, heavy cream, raspberries, strawberries, bagels, lox...

(DAD enters and begins rummaging through cabinets in kitchen.)

START----

O.K. Ma, I've gotta go. Yeah, yes, ma'am, but really, I have to go...uh huh. *(long pause)* ask, "If there's anything he wants to say...", about what Ma? Fine. I'll ask, but I don't understand. O.K. Love you too. Feel better all right. Bye. *(to DAD)* Sorry about that.

DAD. Oh, no problem.. I was just –

CHERYL. Looking for something to eat?

DAD. Right.

CHERYL. What do you have a taste for? I could whip something up.

DAD. Not sure...

CHERYL. Sandwich?

DAD. Maybe...

CHERYL. Soup?

DAD. I don't know...

CHERYL. *(playful)* Maybe there's something specific you were looking for?

DAD. Like what?

CHERYL. I don't know. Maybe something you were saving for a special occasion?

DAD. Like?

CHERYL. Caviar?

DAD. Have you ever known me to eat anything raw, Ellie?

CHERYL. Cheryl.

DAD. Of course.

CHERYL. I think what you're looking for is behind the flour bin.

DAD. You think, huh?

CHERYL. I thought it was Mom's.

DAD. Behind the flour bin, you say?

CHERYL. Yes sir.

DAD. Then I guess you know what else I need.

(CHERYL points to a cabinet near the refrigerator.)

(DAD pulls out hot sauce.)

(CHERYL reaches behind the flour bin and pulls out a large jar of pickled pigs feet.)

DAD. Pickled Pigs feet.

CHERYL. Can I get you a bowl?

DAD. No, I'm good now. Thank you dear.

(CHERYL begins to shuck the corn.)

Would you like to join me?

CHERYL. Oh God no! *(beat)* Thank you, sir.

DAD. That's funny. Too good for the finer things, huh?

CHERYL. No, it's just....

DAD. Your mother likes them cold you know.

CHERYL. Yes sir. I've had them before. When I was too young to know better.

DAD. Yeah, my kids won't touch them either. That's why I have to hide them. Or I'll never hear the end of it.

(CHERYL brushes silk from corn. DAD eats, then:)

So how is Ellie?

CHERYL. Well, she pretty sick.

DAD. You told me. I thought they were supposed to have gotten it all...

CHERYL. Yeah, I thought so too.

DAD. Well, it's very nice of you to fill in.

CHERYL. Oh, of course.

DAD. You talk to Mrs. LeVay?

CHERYL. This morning. But that was Mom on the phone just now.

DAD. What'd she have to say?

CHERYL. Mom?

DAD. Mrs. LeVay.

CHERYL. She said I shouldn't let you eat cheese... reminded me to make sure Juan turns over the compost... Flip's allergic to nuts, but I knew that...

DAD. Just, if you needed to talk about anything.

CHERYL. O.K. Sure. *(beat)* I'm struggling with which school would be best for science...or if I should do a liberal arts thing my first year...

DAD. Just if you needed to...

CHERYL. Right. Of course. I'm sorry. Yes. No, it's good. Well, Mom did tell me to ask you if...

(TAYLOR enters in P.J.s and robe.)

TAYLOR. Dr. LeVay.

DAD. Joseph.

TAYLOR. Right. Hi Cheryl. Um, Spoon asked me to grab him some milk, I was just...

CHERYL. I'll get it.

(CHERYL starts to get glasses down.)

TAYLOR. Oh, just tell me where things are. I'm perfectly capable.

CHERYL. Didn't think you weren't "capable", just thought you wanted some milk. Fine, glasses up there. Milk in the fridge.

(TAYLOR takes down two glasses and pours milk while DAD and CHERYL continue to talk.)

DAD. So, about the house ..

CHERYL. O.K., Mrs. LeVay asked me to make her a list of repairs for contractors. *(She walks to a list on the fridge.)*
So far I have gutters, the light fixture in the upstairs bathroom, some loose latticework under the porch. Oh, and the storm windows and shutters.

DAD. I could have the boys do that.

CHERYL. O.K. Should I cross it off?

DAD. Leave it on.

CHERYL. O.K. then.

DAD. Great.

(CHERYL has finished shucking and rinses off corn and puts it in the fridge while DAD eats.)

CHERYL. So yeah, Mom said to ask you...I don't know like, if there's something you want to say to me...

DAD. No dear.

CHERYL. I don't know...I didn't quite understand... something you might want to say...

DAD. No.

CHERYL. O.K...but Mama said...

END----- DAD. I said no. Don't you have something to do?

(CHERYL exits to living room. After a moment of idle dusting, CHERYL sees Dr. Bradley Scott's book, curls up on a chair and reads in the glow of a lamp.)

TAYLOR. Milk?

DAD. What? No. Thank you.

TAYLOR. Gets a little cool here at night, huh?

DAD. Yes. Yes it is. A little cool.

(KENT enters...)

KENT. Baby, what's taking you...Oh, Dad. Found the pigs feet I see. *(to TAYLOR)* You've been down here forever, bed's getting cold.

DAD. Taylor's still trying to ingratiate herself...that takes a little time.