

SCENE ①

DAVID: Miss Hopperstraad... I am merely trying to understand this. To understand me. My actions.

LUCY: ~~Why now?~~ I mean, if this hasn't been an issue for twenty-eight years, why should it become one now?

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DAVID: ~~Well, that is the issue. That it hasn't been an issue for twenty-eight years.~~ That's the issue. I mean, you've worked for me, in my house no less, for twenty-eight years—almost three decades—and I know nothing about you. How is that possible?

LUCY: Well, your mind has been on other matters.

DAVID: For three decades?

LUCY: You've written thirteen books and five screenplays in that time, sir. You've had three wives. You've purchased horses, summer homes, antique cars and wineries. You've travelled the world ten times over making personal appearances. You haven't had time to educate yourself as to my situation. And I didn't expect you to.

DAVID: Well, I've got time right now.

LUCY: Sir?

DAVID: I'm putting my newspaper down and giving your story my undivided attention. Go.

LUCY: Excuse me?

DAVID: Go. Your story. Tell it to me.

LUCY: Mr. Kilbride, I really have to get home.

DAVID: Home to what? You have no husband. Do you live alone?

LUCY: Yes, I do, but...

DAVID: Then you're going home to nothing and no one. A pathetic, solitary existence at best. Your walls are caked with the musty stench of loneliness. No, you're much better off staying here and talking to me. Now, go.

LUCY: Would you stop saying "go" please?

DAVID: Begin then. Regale me. I am an empty canvas waiting to have the colours of your life splattered upon me.

LUCY: Mr. Kilbride, please...

DAVID: Miss Hopperstraad, you know everything about me, correct?

LUCY: More than I care to.

DAVID: Then it's about time I learned more about you. And there's no time like the present. Now, let's have it. No, wait. Let me pour you a drink first.

LUCY: A drink?

DAVID: Yes. An aperitif to relax you. No, that's incorrect. An aperitif is usually served before a meal. No, I'll pour you a night-cap. That's better.

LUCY: *You* are going to pour *me* a drink?

DAVID: What's wrong with that? I'm capable. Now what would you like? Do you drink Scotch?

LUCY: Like mother's milk.

DAVID: Good, then let me pour you a glass of Scotch.

LUCY: Sir, that's really not necessary.

DAVID: Oh, but it is. Now, you wait right here. Oh, this is a splendid idea. Miss Hopperstradi! What better way to get caught up on your life than like two old friends over a glass of single malt.

He exits stage right then quickly re-enters.

Where are the glasses?

LUCY: Far left cupboard. Bottom shelf.

DAVID: Ah hah! You see? I'm learning something already. No, this is a wonderful idea. Wonderful! I cannot wait to hear about your travails.

He exits stage right and re-enters carrying a glass.

Where's the Scotch?

LUCY: Behind the wet bar.

DAVID: I have a wet bar? Oh, this is getting better by the second!

He exits stage right.

LUCY: Mr. Kilbride, it's getting late and I have a long drive ahead of me and I have to be back here at seven a.m. to cook your breakfast.

He enters stage right carrying a bottle of Scotch and a glass.

DAVID: Yes you do, but let's not worry about that now. We're bonding now.

LUCY: Bonding?

DAVID: Yes. How long a drive? Where do you live?

He pours LUCY a drink.

LUCY: I live on the other side of the city, sir. In West Hill.

DAVID: West Hill? That's a ramshackle part of town. What are you living there for? You should move to this neighbourhood.

LUCY: Well, I thought of buying the mansion next door, sir, but the gardens need so much work.

DAVID: Ah! That's a joke, right? Yes. Very good. Very witty. There you go.

He hands her the glass of Scotch.

LUCY: Thank you.

DAVID: Cheers.

LUCY: And cheers to you, sir.

DAVID drinks. LUCY doesn't.

DAVID: What's wrong? Why aren't you drinking?

LUCY: I feel odd drinking alcohol in front of my employer.

DAVID: You've never consumed alcohol in my presence before?

LUCY: No, sir. I thought it would be frowned upon. Usually I swallow it down in the laundry room while you're eating breakfast. 17