

Jim / Kate (mother)

ACT THREE

Two o'clock the following morning, MOTHER is discovered on the rise, rocking ceaselessly in a chair, staring at her thoughts. It is an intense, slight, sort of rocking. A light shows from upstairs bedroom, lower floor windows being dark. The moon is strong and casts its bluish light.

Presently JIM, dressed in jacket and hat, appears from the left, and seeing her, goes up beside her.

JIM. Any news?
MOTHER. No news.
JIM. (Gently.) You can't sit up all night, dear, why don't you go to bed?

MOTHER. I'm waiting for Chris. Don't worry about me, Jim, I'm perfectly all right.

JIM. But it's almost two o'clock.

MOTHER. I can't sleep. (Slight pause.) You had an emergency?

JIM. (Tiredly.) Somebody had a headache and thought he was dying. (Slight pause.) Half of my patients are quite mad. Nobody realizes how many people are walking around loose, and they're cracked as coconuts. Money. Money-money-money-money. You say it long enough it doesn't mean anything. (She smiles, makes a silent laugh.) Oh, how I'd love to be around when that happens!

MOTHER. (Shakes her head.) You're so childish, Jim! Sometimes you are.

JIM. (Looks at her a moment.) Kate. (Pause.) What happened? KATE. I told you. He had an argument with Joe. Then he got in the car and drove away.

JIM. What kind of an argument?

MOTHER. An argument, Joe . . . he was crying like a child, before. JIM. They argued about Ann?

MOTHER. (Slight hesitation.) No, not Ann. Imagine? (Indicates lighted window above.) She hasn't come out of that room since he left. All night in that room.

JIM. (Looks at window, then at her.) What'd Joe do, tell him? MOTHER. (She stops rocking.) Tell him what?

