

DADDY MURPHY + ALICE

SCENE 7

(1946. ZEBULON. ALICE'S CHILDHOOD CABIN. NIGHT.)

(ALICE walks up the road. DADDY MURPHY sits asleep on the porch.)

(She walks up, pauses to look at the old place. It's been a long while. She continues, then stops where DADDY MURPHY can see her, and she puts down her bags.)

ALICE

Anybody home?

DADDY MURPHY

Well, child. Just as promised.

(He hugs her.)

ALICE

We're almost the same age now.

DADDY MURPHY

Oh, I'm staying a bit ahead of you. So happy to see you, darling, I didn't know if I was worth a visit any more.

ALICE

Daddy, how can you say that?

DADDY MURPHY

Through the years, reasonableness has laid its hand on my shoulder, and things I've done in the past don't quite stand up like they used to.

(Alice takes it in, then)

Do you want a glass of water?

ALICE

Do you have any of that hooch?

DADDY MURPHY

I do.

(He lifts a plank in the floor and retrieves a bottle.)

DADDY MURPHY (CONT'D)

How long can you stay?

ALICE

Just one day.

DADDY MURPHY

One day, darling. That's a short time to say a lot.

ALICE

Mama here?

DADDY MURPHY

She's at the neighbors; she'll be back. But I'm glad to have you alone. I can talk to your Mama, but not about certain things.

ALICE

Sounds like you've been banking words, Daddy.

DADDY MURPHY

You've got to around here.

(He stands, moves to the edge of the porch.)

Them trees. Some nights it's so quiet you can hear a leaf fall. And you can tell the color of that leaf just by the tiny crisp crack it makes as it lights on the ground.

ALICE

I know that feeling.

(then)

Sometimes I hear the fiddlers in town and I know they're playing the sound of the wind over the lakes back home.

(then)

What kind of things can't you talk to Mama about?

(He pauses for a moment. Something is hard for him to say.)

DADDY MURPHY

Certainly not about things that occurred twenty-three years ago.