

HELEN #1

Joan exits.

HELEN. *(Pouring two glasses of wine.)* You must be tired too.

MEDIUM ALISON. I'm okay.

They sit. A beat.

So.

How've things been here?

HELEN. He bought that old shell of a house out on Route 150. Did he tell you that?

MEDIUM ALISON. Oh yeah, I think he mentioned it in one of his letters. I've been getting two, three, sometimes four letters a week. They're kind of // manic-

HELEN. Years ago he talked about buying it and he looked it over and said it wasn't worth it, it was too far gone and that was back then so I don't know why now that it's even more broken down he's decided he can fix it up. I'm sure he can.

MEDIUM ALISON. Probably.

HELEN. He's out there day and night, like a maniac, not eating, I don't think he's sleeping. Sometimes I walk into a room and he's standing there, not moving, frozen, like a statue.

MEDIUM ALISON. Yeah, I don't know. He's-

HELEN. I'm sick of it. I'm sick of cooking for him and I'm sick of cleaning this museum.

MEDIUM ALISON. It's too much. You've done too much.

HELEN. You know, shortly after we were married we took a drive from Germany where we were living to Paris. He wanted me to meet an Army buddy of his. We had a beautiful drive. And then, just outside of Paris, he just went crazy. Just started screaming at me. Why couldn't I read a simple fucking map? I was a stupid, worthless bitch. I was dumbfounded. I was terrified- it came out of nowhere as far as I knew. Of course, I learned later that this man had been your father's lover.

MEDIUM ALISON. I don't know how you've done it.