

HELEN

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(ON THE PHONE)

HELEN. Hello?

MEDIUM ALISON. Hi, Mom.

HELEN. How are you? How's your school work?

MEDIUM ALISON. It's...fine.

Are you ever going to talk to me about my letter?

(Small beat.)

HELEN.

MEDIUM ALISON.

I'm- I'm really at odds
here. I feel responsible-

Mom, you didn't cause
this- That's not the way
it works

I do feel children should
be allowed to make their
own mistakes.

You know that and you
know that I don't like
parents who meddle, but
in this case I'm uniquely
qualified to warn you
against romanticizing
this path. Alison, you
probably don't know
that on more than one
occasion catastrophe has
been narrowly averted
and it is difficult for me
to-

Oh please!

Catastrophe? Could
you be a little more
overdramatic?

HELEN. Alison, your father has had affairs with men.

(A beat.)

MEDIUM ALISON. What?

HELEN. I don't know how he hasn't been caught or
exposed. There was the thing with Roy.

MEDIUM ALISON. *(Dumbfounded.)* Our yard guy? Our
babysitter???

HELEN. What do you think he was doing when he went out
in the middle of the night, or taking his "trips"? One
time he came back with body lice. It's been going on
for years. For our whole marriage, actually.

MEDIUM ALISON. Why are you telling me this and not Dad?

HELEN. Your father? Tell the truth? Please.