

CHARLIE. My mother? She's holding her own. *(He laughs.)* She fell down, you know, a couple months ago, right on her rump, when she was out helping clean up the town common with the Ladies' Auxiliary. She was having a tug-of-war with a dead juniper bush, and she won, or lost, depending on how you look at it. *(He laughs.)* She walks all right, and sleeps and everything. She just can't sit. *(He snickers.)* It's taken a little adjustment. If you'll pardon the expression, she's one old lady who really believes in busting her ass for the community. *(He howls.)*

BILL. Yeah, things are coming together for me pretty smoothly now. The practice is real strong, and I'm feeling very positive about myself. Meeting Chelsea has been a major... thing. And she's really flowering. She likes her job a lot, and she's been doing some exquisite paintings. We have a very kinetic relationship. Very proactive. I'm sure you'd be pleased. *(pause.)* Norman. Um. I don't want to offend you, but there's a rather important little topic that I feel I have to broach. I don't want to offend you, but... if it's all right with you, we'd like to sleep together. We'd like to sleep... together... in the same room... in the same bed. If you don't find that offensive.

CHELSEA. I don't want to talk about baseball. I want to talk about us. You want to come sit down? I just wanted to say... that I'm sorry. *(NORMAN. Fine. No problem.)* Don't you want to know what I'm sorry about? I'm sorry that our communication has been so bad. That my... that I've been walking around with a chip on my shoulder. I think it would be a practicable idea if we tried... to have the kind of relationship we're supposed to have. Like a father and a daughter. We've been mad at each other for too long. I want to be your friend.