

YOUNG MAN

Yes, of course. I'm sorry, I feel like there's...animosity...that I've stirred in you.

FATHER

Oh no, no animosity...surprise yes, but not animosity...not that you're unwelcome, Mother and I love to have guests! It's just that we're...unprepared...we weren't really expecting guests today...you see Dear John...oh you must know Dear John...he's coming home today and Mother has taken great care that nothing is out of place...everything as it is and should be...and a guest wasn't part of our plan...I've been rather useless I'm afraid...helpless...but available. Of course, you're welcome, I can adapt...I'm very good at that...Mother might be less inclined to it, but she's upstairs. Not as if you're going to steal from us...you don't look as though you're going to steal from us, yes? Take something that doesn't belong?

YOUNG MAN

Oh no...no that would never be my intention.

FATHER

That's good. It isn't right to sneak into someone's house and make yourself comfortable with the intention of stealing from them is it? Make them trust you and throw it back at them by...taking something that doesn't belong to you.

(they sit silently. then-)

You've come from a long way then?

YOUNG MAN

Perhaps.

FATHER

Well, that's nice...

(pause...)

I'm sorry that I'm so...underdressed...

YOUNG MAN

(over)

It's quite alright...

FATHER

...just this ratty sweater, holes in the arms as it has. A present...from Dear John, and it's simply my most comfortable sweater.

(MORE)

FATHER (CONT'D)

(beat)

I have a suit, you see...I was just in the business of thinking very hard about putting it on when I thought I heard someone come in, and I was right.

(beat)

But it just didn't seem like the time...yet...the occasion didn't call for it.

(beat, breaking the awkwardness)

Lucky thing that I wasn't near my golf clubs!

YOUNG MAN

Really...why?

FATHER

For when I heard you come in...thought I heard you. Might have hit you over the head if I'd had the chance...you know...come downstairs with a nine iron in hand swinging it, screaming about who were you and what you were doing in my house!

More awkward silence.

YOUNG MAN

That wouldn't have been ideal...for me.

FATHER

Oh, not at all...for either of us, really...so much to clean up...things would be oh so out of place then...and you know Mother...

YOUNG MAN

Well, I don't really...

FATHER

Oh yes...you've just come in.

(beat)

Not yet anyways...she so hates it when things are out of place...everything as it should be...

(beat)

...and she *should* be downstairs...downstairs here...but she's isn't.

Awkward. YOUNG MAN is very much at home.

YOUNG MAN

Well, I suppose it would save time...shock...time if I waited to tell you...why...why I'm here...until...

Beat.

FATHER

(finishing the thought)

Ah, yes, for Mother! But she's upstairs-

YOUNG MAN

Sleeping...

FATHER

Yes...well not so much sleeping as resting...

YOUNG MAN

She has pains.

FATHER

Yes. Yes, terrible pains.

(beat)

But no need to be bothered about that, yes? No need to bother you with it.

YOUNG MAN

It's no bother. I think it could be important to know when the time comes.

FATHER

What time comes?

YOUNG MAN

When the time comes that I tell you why I'm here...why I belong here.

FATHER

Oh.

(beat)

Well, do you? Belong here?

YOUNG MAN

Yes, I do.

(hesitantly)

I'm supposed to be here.

(then with strength)

I do belong.

FATHER

(beat, to himself)

One always wants to belong...

(beat)

But still, that's a surprise to me, I haven't heard a word about you. Perhaps Mother invited you?

(beat)

Maybe she told me...but we're no spring chickens...as I told you. And if we'd met I would have remembered you.

(MORE)