

HELEN

You must be tired too.

MEDIUM ALISON

I'm okay.

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. 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.