

CATHERINE. No.

CLAIRE. Do you want to stay here?

CATHERINE. I don't know.

CLAIRE. Do you want to go back to school?

CATHERINE. I haven't thought about it.

CLAIRE. Well there's a lot to think about.

How do you feel?

CATHERINE. Physically? Great. Except my hair seems kind of unhealthy, I wish there were something I could do about that.

CLAIRE. Come on, Catherine.

CATHERINE. What is the point of all these questions? *(Beat.)*

CLAIRE. Katie, some policemen came by while you were in the shower.

CATHERINE. Yeah?

CLAIRE. They said they were "checking up" on things here. Seeing how everything was this morning.

CATHERINE. *(Neutral.)* That was nice.

CLAIRE. They told me they responded to a call last night and came to the house.

CATHERINE. Yeah?

CLAIRE. Did you call the police last night?

CATHERINE. Yeah.

CLAIRE. Why?

CATHERINE. I thought the house was being robbed.

CLAIRE. But it wasn't.

CATHERINE. No. I changed my mind. *(Beat.)*

CLAIRE. First you call 911 with an emergency and then you hang up on them —

CATHERINE. I didn't really want them to come.

CLAIRE. So why did you call?

CATHERINE. I was trying to get this guy out of the house.

CLAIRE. Who?

CATHERINE. One of Dad's students.

CLAIRE. Dad hasn't had any students for years.

CATHERINE. No, he WAS Dad's student. Now he's — he's a mathematician.

CLAIRE. Why was he in the house in the first place?

CATHERINE. Well he's been coming here to look at Dad's note-

books.

CLAIRE. In the middle of the night?

CATHERINE. It was late. I was waiting for him to finish and last night I thought he might have been stealing them.

CLAIRE. Stealing the notebooks.

CATHERINE. YES. So I told him to go.

CLAIRE. Was he stealing them?

CATHERINE. Yes. That's why I called the police —

CLAIRE. What is this man's name?

CATHERINE. Hal. Harold. Harold Dobbs.

CLAIRE. The police said you were the only one here.

CATHERINE. He left before they got here.

CLAIRE. With the notebooks?

CATHERINE. No, Claire, don't be stupid, there are over a hundred notebooks. He was only stealing ONE, but he was stealing it so he could give it BACK to me, so I let him go so he could play with his band on the north side.

CLAIRE. His band?

CATHERINE. He was late. He wanted me to come with him but I was like Yeah, right. *(Beat.)*

CLAIRE. *(Gently.)* Is "Harold Dobbs" your boyfriend?

CATHERINE. No!

CLAIRE. Are you sleeping with him?

CATHERINE. What? Euughh! No! He's a math geek!

CLAIRE. And he's in a band? A rock band?

CATHERINE. No a marching band. He plays trombone. Yes a rock band!

CLAIRE. What is the name of his band?

CATHERINE. How should I know?

CLAIRE. "Harold Dobbs" didn't tell you the name of his rock band?

CATHERINE. No. I don't know. Look in the paper. They were playing last night. They do a song called "Imaginary Number" that doesn't exist. *(Beat.)*

CLAIRE. I'm sorry, I'm just trying to understand: Is "Harold Dobbs"—

CATHERINE. Stop saying "Harold Dobbs."

CLAIRE. Is this ... person ...