

Scene 5: The Moore Home

(ARIEL pulls herself together, dashes in.)

(Classical music plays softly. SHAW is writing as VI prepares dinner.)*

ARIEL. *(kisses SHAW's cheek)* Hi, Daddy. Mom.

VI. Are you hungry?

ARIEL. I'm starving.

(She listens to the music for a moment.)

Aha! What's this? Don't tell me – Haydn. The Second Sonata?

SHAW. The fourth.

ARIEL. Number four, right. I guess that kind of music's okay, huh, Daddy?

SHAW. Meaning...?

VI. She's just making a joke, Shaw.

SHAW. I'm aware of that, Vi.

(to ARIEL) This kind of music is uplifting. It doesn't confuse the mind.

ARIEL. *(changing the subject)* Are you working on your sermon?

SHAW. I am.

ARIEL. Remember when I was a kid? On Saturdays, I would sit in a pew down front and listen to you practice. Over and over.

SHAW. I do indeed.

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ARIEL. And then I would clap. And you would bow.
Remember?

SHAW. Well, you seem to have outgrown that.

VI. Shaw!

ARIEL. What just happened? Did I say something wrong?

VI. Your father's had a difficult day.

SHAW. Vi, I can speak for myself.

VI. *(to ARIEL)* Honey, why don't you set the table.

ARIEL. I'm not really hungry.

(She exits. VI looks to SHAW.)

VI. Shaw, if you're angry with Ariel, please tell her why.

SHAW. I'm not angry. I'm concerned.

VI. Then get to the point. You two speak and nothing gets said.

SHAW. Have you seen her with this Chuck Cranston? The last time I walked in on the two of them...

VI. You told me.

SHAW. The boy has a record of arrests, Vi.

VI. And the more you object, the more intrigued she's going to be.

SHAW. So I should hold my peace?

VI. I do. And I pray that her infatuation with Chuck Cranston lasts no longer than mine with Elliot Criswell.

SHAW. Elliot Criswell was not an overheated delinquent.

VI. *(playful)* Oh, he most certainly was!

SHAW. This is not funny.

VI. I'm trying to lighten the mood.