

MOTHER SIDES

The father, unmoved, clears his throat.

FATHER

Excuse me. I do not wish to question your expertise in this field of medicine. But are you asking me to believe that the seed of a child traveled on the tip of rifle shot from one poor soul's body into my daughters and in all of that fire and fury, made itself home in her womb?

LEGRAND

Yes sir.

He sits back, grits his teeth. Legrand glances at the wife, equally unmoved.

LEGRAND

It is unlikely. A miracle one might say.

Mother and father exchange a look. The daughter, tense. She holds her slightly swollen belly beneath the table.

In this quiet standoff, Legrand glances through the kitchen door where Mamie waits and listens. She has a wry smile on her face. He doesn't know what it means.

MOTHER

Doctor...

LEGRAND

Capers.

MOTHER

There is only one thing that I believe may settle this.

He's pleased to hear it, but equally as nervous to know.

MOTHER

I presume you are capable of making an inspection.

Legrand: unsure what she means.

MOTHER

To assure us of this miracle, as you say.