

MS. WADE AND MABEL - SIDES

Ms. Wade sits where Jonathan did.

MS. WADE
Mabel. Please eat.

No answer. Ms. Wade: it's a shame.

MABEL
I'm not fit to eat.

Ms. Wade: what can I do for her.

MABEL
I'm not fit to breathe.

MS. WADE
That may be so. But you still are.

Mabel looks up at her.

MS. WADE
Because of you, or partly because
of you, a couple men died today.
And I have a feeling that more will
be before the night's over. But
you, Mabel, are not dead.

Mabel: not yet.

MS. WADE
Eat your supper.

Mabel takes the plate, moving the fork through the food.

MABEL
He's not a bad man.

MS. WADE
He may not be.

Mabel: surprised. She takes a bite of food, chews it slowly.
She swallows, tries to smile.

MABEL
It's good. Thank you.

Ms. Wade nods. Mabel almost takes another bite and stops.

MABEL
Have I done wrong?

Ms. Wade is slow to answer.

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MS. WADE

I cannot answer that for you,
darling. Only you can. But let me
tell you something... if there is
any wrong that you should stray
away from, it is to further hurt
that man.

She knows who Ms. Wade is talking about.

MS. WADE

When I stitched him back together
together this afternoon, I saw
it...

Mabel sets down the fork. She hears clearly.

MS. WADE

...in his heart.