

Ruth

Ruth: (*Gloomily inspecting her reflection in a spoon.*) I've got these *veins* on the side of my nostrils.

Daniel: So have I. You can't do anything about them. We get them from Mum.

Ruth: ...I realised the other day. Dad's bored by me.

Daniel: So? He's bored by me, too. He's got a very low boredom threshold.

Ruth: Right. (*He looks at her, closely.*)

Daniel: You're not going to *cry*, are you?

Ruth: No.

Daniel: You *sure*?

Ruth: Yes! (*She gives a slightly wild laugh.*)

Daniel: Is that "the laughter to starve off tears"?

Ruth: No!!! (*Beat.*)...Dad's bored by me, because what I do has nothing to do with writing.

Daniel: At least he's not constantly nagging you to get a job.

Ruth: At least he notices you.

Daniel: He notices *you*.

Ruth: Only when he disapproves of my boyfriends.

Daniel: Well, That's because he loves you, isn't it?

Ruth: Abusively.

Daniel: Well, abusive love's all that's on offer here. Better that than settling for some guy who's six shades of beige.

Ruth: But *is* it? Got to go get out...I feel like a fucking *bonsai* tree... (*Inspecting her reflection in a spoon.*) Bet Billy's getting laid. Apparently this chick's teaching him sign.

Daniel: Teaching him sign? (*Abandoning the laptop.*) Jesus! *Why*?

Ruth: What's wrong with him learning sign? I think it's sexy.