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PROOF

Kelby
F/F Drama

... argue about
life's challenges

CLAIRE: We're selling the house.

CATHERINE: What?

CLAIRE: I've already scouted some apartments for you in New York, really cute places.

CATHERINE: Why are you doing this?

CLAIRE: I want to help.

CATHERINE: By kicking me out of my *house*?

CLAIRE: It was my house too.

CATHERINE: You haven't lived here for years.

CLAIRE: I know that. You were on your own. I really regret that, Katie.

CATHERINE: Don't.

CLAIRE: I know I let you down. I feel awful about it. Now I'm trying to help.

CATHERINE: Dad is dead. Now that he's dead you fly in for the weekend and decide you want to help? *You're late*. Where have you been?

CLAIRE: I was working 14-hour days. I paid every bill in this house while I was living in a studio in Brooklyn.

CATHERINE: You had your life. You got to finish school.

CLAIRE: You could've stayed in school!

CATHERINE: What about Dad?

CLAIRE: He was ill. He should've been in a full-time professional care situation.

CATHERINE: He didn't belong in a nuthouse.

CLAIRE: He might have been better off.

CATHERINE: How can you say that?

CLAIRE: This is where I am meant to feel guilty, right?

CATHERINE: Sure, go ahead.

CLAIRE: I'm heartless. My own father.

CATHERINE: He needed to be near everything that made him happy.

CLAIRE: Or maybe some real professional care would have done him more good than rattling around this filthy house with *you* looking after him.

I'm sorry, Catherine,, it's not your fault. It's my fault for letting you do it.

CATHERINE: He might have been worse in a hospital.

CLAIRE: And he *might* have been *better*. And you might have been better.

CATHERINE: Better than what?

CLAIRE: Living here with him didn't do you any good. You had so much talent...

CATHERINE: You think I'm like Dad.

CLAIRE: I think you have some of his talent and some of his tendency toward...instability.

CATHERINE: Claire, in addition to the "cute apartments" you've "scouted" for me in New York, would you by chance also have devoted some of your considerable energies toward scouting out another type of –

CLAIRE: *No.*

CATHERINE: - living facility for your bughouse little sister?

CLAIRE: *No!* Absolutely not. That is not what this is about.

CATHERINE: Don't lie to me, Claire. I'm smarter than you.

(Beat.)

CLAIRE: The resources...I've investigated –

CATHERINE: Oh my *God*.

CLAIRE: - if you *wanted to*, all I'm saying is that the doctors in New York and the people are the *best*, and they –

CATHERINE: *Fuck you.*

End

CLAIRE: It would be entirely up to you. You wouldn't have to *live* anywhere, you can –

CATHERINE: I hate you.