

SIR ARTHUR. Not an imposition at all! Not at all!  
(Winnifred! A digestif!)

(WINNIFRED comes over with a bottle.)

Wish young Cuddy would let his old dad impose  
but happy to, happy to.  
You know, actually Frank, I've been thinking -

FRANK. ...Yes??

(WINNIFRED pours the digestif in FRANK's  
lap.)

Hey!!

SIR ARTHUR. Watch what you're doing, girl!

WINNIFRED. Sorry. I'm so sorry.  
I slipped.

(She dabs at FRANK's lap. He can't look at  
her.)

FRANK. It's fine, it's fine.

WINNIFRED. Sorry.

FRANK. It's OK, that's enough.

CUDDY. It's not like he drowned.

(WINNIFRED withdraws and is gone.)

(SIR ARTHUR gets up.)

SIR ARTHUR. Well!

It's a beautiful day outside, lots of things to be done.  
Run along boys,  
sun'll go out one of these days  
(scientists say)  
so  
get some sun.

FRANK. (*This is it!*) Wait - just before -  
you started to say -  
What was it you were thinking about, sir?

SIR ARTHUR. Ah!!  
Good boy, good reminder,  
was just thinking  
let's take the horses out later  
give this old man some exercise.

FRANK. The horses...

SIR ARTHUR. Yeah, horses and dogs...

FRANK. There wasn't anything else you were going to...?

SIR ARTHUR. No, don't think so...

(He senses but doesn't understand FRANK's  
disappointment.)

No horses today?

FRANK. No, yeah, of course yes. Love it.

SIR ARTHUR. Great! See you later.

(He lumbers off, digestif in hand, and is gone.  
A beat. FRANK is deflated. CUDDY can't help  
himself.)

Frank  
Cuddy

CUDDY. How are you feeling?

FRANK. What's it to you?

CUDDY. Your head is OK? Nothing hurts?

FRANK. No...why?

CUDDY. Oh...there's just been something going around.  
That's all.

(A weird beat.)

FRANK. How's the...Morris dancing?

CUDDY. Great.

FRANK. ...Great.

*(FRANK is going to leave - and CUDDY can't help himself, it just bursts out:)*

CUDDY. You don't really agree with the old man.

FRANK. I like the way your father thinks.

CUDDY. Or do you like the way you *think* he's thinking about you?

FRANK. I'm not sure what you mean.

CUDDY. Well,

I think you *think* he's looking for a son.  
But I think you *forgot* that he already *has* one.  
Don't you know you're wasting your time?

FRANK. I think you might be asking the wrong question actually.

CUDDY. *(A little breathless.)* Oh yeah?

*(FRANK steps close to CUDDY. So close. So close that they could kiss. The electricity sparks up. CUDDY is a little light-headed with it, and FRANK knows.)*

FRANK. Like maybe  
you should be asking *why* it is  
that even though your dad has a son  
(technically, you are technically the son)  
he needs to find a better one.

CUDDY. *(Rage and longing.)* I'm the heir, Frank.

FRANK. ...Are you sure?

*(He is so close to CUDDY's mouth that CUDDY is a little dazed.)*

Sometimes we can get complacent  
we can get complacent about what we have  
and we just assume we can get what we want  
but actually we *can't* anymore, actually  
even if we were born in a *castle*  
even if we have *hobbies*  
like *Morris* dancing, for example  
even in those cases sometimes,  
deals are made, rules get changed, and  
we start to lose things.

*(CUDDY moves to close the distance between them, to kiss FRANK. FRANK side-steps him neatly.)*

Hope things work out for you, Cuddy.

*(FRANK saunters out of the banquet hall, like a million bucks. CUDDY stares after him, bruised and seething.)*

CUDDY. I'm gonna kill him.

*end*