

GEORGE & DOT SCENE

GEORGE (not looking up)  
You are blocking my light.

DOT (holding Marie the baby)  
Marie and I came to watch.

GEORGE  
Marie . . . You know I do not like anyone staring over my shoulder.

DOT  
Yes, I know. George, we are about to leave for America. I have come to ask for the painting of me again. I would like to take it with me.

GEORGE  
Oh? I have repainted it.

DOT  
What?

GEORGE  
Another model.

DOT  
You knew I wanted it.

GEORGE  
Perhaps if you had remained still —

DOT  
Perhaps if you would look up from your pad! What is wrong with you, George? Can you not even look at your own child?

GEORGE  
She is not my child. Louis is her father.

DOT  
Louis is not her father.

GEORGE  
Louis is her father now. Louis will be a loving and attentive father.  
I cannot because I cannot look up from my pad.

*(Dot stands speechless for a moment, then begins to walk away. George turns to her.)*

GEORGE  
Dot. I am sorry.