SHE reads while she talks
LIN. Victoria, I don't know how you can concentrate.
Vic. You have to or you never do anything.
LIN. I suppose Tommy doesn't let you read much.
I expect he talks to you while you're reading.
Vic. Yes, he does.
LIN. I didn't get very far with that book you lent me.
Vic. That's all right.
LIN. I was glad to have it, though. I sit with it on my lap while I'm watching telly. Well, Cathy's off. She's frightened I'm going to leave her. It's the baby minder didn't work out when she was two, she still remembers. You can't get them used to other people if you're by yourself. It's no good blaming me. She clings round my knees every morning up the nursery and they don't say anything but they make you feel you're making her do it. But I'm desperate for her to go to school. I did cry when I left her the first day. You wouldn't you're too fucking sensible. You'll call the teacher by her first name. I really fancy you.
Vic. What?
LIN. Put your book down will you for five minutes.
You didn't hear a word I said.
Vic. I don't get much time to myself.
LIN. Do you ever go to the movies?
Vic. Tommy's very funny who he's left with. My mother babysits sometimes.
LIN. Your husband could babysit.
Vic. But then we couldn't go to the movies.
LIN. You could go to the movies with me.

Vic. Tommy, it's Jimmy's gun. Let him have it. Don't. What the hell. (SHE goes on reading.)