

SCENE SIX

Later. Betsy and Tom's room. It was Betsy's childhood bedroom, and nothing has changed.

TOM

Will you wear your shorty pajamas from 10th grade?

BETSY - Oh hush! No!

TOM - Please!

BETSY - Quit it! I'm sorry I told you that Mother kept all my high school clothes.

TOM - Your letter sweater is my favorite. Whoever that guy was, he was my size.

BETSY

How does Mom seem to you? I want to burn all her clothes, by the way. She looks like a scarecrow She's forgetting more and more stuff.

TOM

Only what she doesn't need to remember.

BETSY

Christie's covering for her.

TOM

No. She seems fine to me. She's still grieving your dad, of course.

BETSY

Thank God we handled her durable power of attorney and her medical directive. What a mess! I got some information on group homes, supervised living situations, nursing homes. An apartment in a retirement community seems the best bet. We have an appointment to look at a place in Oneonta tomorrow. She could qualify there since she's not disabled, yet.

TOM

YET. That's the operative word.

BETSY

But should we find something here, or nearer to the city so we can get to her quicker? Or Florida?

TOM

Yes! It should be a place where we would like to visit in the winter. I vote for that. Clearwater. I prefer the Gulf to the ocean.