

Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday

Slice of life · 3-character play · 1 woman, 1 man, 1 either · 32 min · Advanced

Victor, a retired proofreader from a newspaper printing works, is starting to lose his words. His daughter Eva won't hear of a care home and brings in someone from a home-help agency, Alex, three mornings a week. Season by season, it is Alex that Victor starts talking to, and each of them keeps to themselves what they know.

Victor's kitchen, on the third floor of a block of flats in Rouen, from one September to the next, the present day.

Casting

VICTOR (Male role, Senior) 76, retired newspaper proofreader, widower, lives alone.

EVA (Female role, Adult) 44, his only daughter, mother of a teenage son, works in insurance.

ALEX (No gender marker, Adult) adult, home help, comes on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings.

SCENE 1: TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER

(A kitchen, in the morning. A table, three chairs, an armchair by the window. Victor sits in it reading the paper, a red pen in his hand. Eva comes in with Alex.)

EVA

This is the kitchen. Dad, this is Alex. From the agency.

VICTOR

Good morning, agency.

ALEX

Good morning, sir.

EVA

Right. The medicines are in the pill organiser, on the fridge. Morning, noon, night, it's written on it. He always says he's taken them. Check anyway.

VICTOR

He's here. He can hear.

EVA

The spare keys are in the cutlery drawer, under the tray. Dr Haas's number is on the fridge, and mine, in big letters. And this is the notebook.

ALEX

The care log.

EVA

You write down what happens, I read it on Sundays and write back. What he's eaten, whether he's been out, whether he's...

VICTOR

Whether he's been good.

EVA

Whether he's had a good day.

VICTOR

It's the same book they had at nursery school. With a sun or a cloud.

(Eva hands Alex a sheet of paper.)

EVA

And I've put everything here. The times, the shopping, what he doesn't like.

VICTOR

Let me see.

EVA

Dad.

VICTOR

Let me see what I don't like.

(Eva gives him the sheet. He reads it and uncaps his red pen.)

VICTOR

"Pill": there are seven of them, it takes an s. "DO NOT FORGET" in capitals: this isn't the army. And "he hates celery": that's wrong.

EVA

You hate celery.

VICTOR

I hated your mother's celery. It's not the same sentence.

(He hands the corrected sheet to Alex.)

VICTOR

You can use it now. It's correct.

ALEX

Thank you.

VICTOR

You see? It says thank you.

EVA

He was a proofreader. At a newspaper printing works. Forty years.

VICTOR

Thirty-eight. She rounds up. She always rounded up, even in maths.

ALEX

What do you correct, in a newspaper?

VICTOR

Everything the others didn't see. You come in at ten at night, you leave at four in the morning, and the next day nobody knows you ever existed. It's the only job where work done well doesn't show.

ALEX

There are others.

(A pause. Victor looks at Alex.)

VICTOR

Which days do you come?

ALEX

Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Nine till twelve.

VICTOR

Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday.

EVA

It's written on the fridge, Dad.

VICTOR

Everything's written on the fridge. One day I'll open the fridge and there'll be nothing in it but bits of paper.

EVA

I have to go, I've got a meeting at ten.

EVA

If anything's wrong, call me. Anything at all. Even something silly.

VICTOR

Especially something silly.

EVA

And if he tells you about the brochure, don't listen.

ALEX

What brochure?

VICTOR

Dr Haas gave me a brochure. Les Tilleuls. People my age playing cards on a terrace, in colour. They all look delighted. You wonder what they put in the coffee.

EVA

We don't need it. You're at home, you stay at home. That's why Alex is here.

VICTOR

Hear that? You're a solution.

ALEX

I've been called sadder things.

(Eva kisses her father on the forehead. He lets her.)

EVA

On Sunday I'll bring you éclairs.

VICTOR

Coffee ones.

EVA

Coffee ones.

EVA

Thank you. Really.

(Eva goes out. A pause. Victor folds his paper.)

VICTOR

She's been like this since the spring. She makes lists. When she was little she made lists for her birthday. Now she makes them for me. It's less fun.

ALEX

Would you like a coffee?

VICTOR

Do you know how to make it?

ALEX

Show me how you like it.

VICTOR

Strong. No sugar. In the blue cup, not the white one. The white one is for guests.

ALEX

And which one do I drink from?

VICTOR

We'll see.

(Alex makes the coffee. Victor looks out of the window.)

VICTOR

My daughter thinks I'm losing my mind. It's not my mind, it's my words. Yesterday I looked for the word for the thing that opens tins. Twenty minutes. In the end I opened the tin with a screwdriver. And do you know the worst of it? It was "tin opener". It isn't even a difficult word. It's a word that tells you what it does.

ALEX

It happens to everyone.

VICTOR

No. That's what people say to the people it happens to.

(Alex sets the blue cup down in front of him.)

VICTOR

What did you say your name was?

ALEX

Alex.

VICTOR

Alex.

(A pause.)

VICTOR

No, I won't remember it. Tuesday. I'll call you Tuesday. That I'll remember, it's written on the fridge.

ALEX

And on Thursdays?

VICTOR

On Thursdays, we'll see if you come back.

SCENE 2: THURSDAY, NOVEMBER

(Alex comes in, a key in hand. Victor sits at the table in his coat, a bakery bag on his knees. In front of him, a small receipt.)

ALEX

Good morning, sir.

VICTOR

Thursday.

ALEX

Are you on your way back from the bakery, or on your way there?

VICTOR

Both. I got back yesterday, and I haven't taken my coat off yet.

ALEX

Since yesterday?

VICTOR

I slept in it. It's a very good coat. It's warmer than the bed.

(Alex picks up the receipt and reads it.)

ALEX

A taxi. Fourteen euros.

VICTOR

For three hundred metres. Daylight robbery. I should have written to the paper.

ALEX

What happened?

VICTOR

The bakery moved.

ALEX

It's on the corner.

VICTOR

Yesterday it wasn't. Well, it was, but the street wasn't. I walked, I turned, the buildings all looked the same, someone had changed the names on the signs. So I put my hand up, a taxi stopped, I gave my address. That much I had. The driver went round the block and said: here you are. I paid. I left a tip, so he wouldn't tell anyone.

ALEX

I have to write it down.

VICTOR

No.

ALEX

It's the log. That's what it's for.

VICTOR

The log is for what happens when you're here. Were you here yesterday?

ALEX

On Wednesdays I'm at Madame Lenoir's.

VICTOR

Then it didn't happen. Not for the log.

ALEX

Sir.

VICTOR

Make me a coffee and we'll say no more about it.

(Alex helps him out of his coat. He lets Alex do it. Alex opens the log and stops.)

ALEX

There's red everywhere.

VICTOR

The pen was lying around.

ALEX

You're correcting my mistakes.

VICTOR

I'm correcting mistakes. They don't belong to anyone. You wrote "he ate to much". To, with one o, is a preposition. You go to Rouen. You don't eat to Rouen. Well, you can eat too much in Rouen, but not in this sentence.

ALEX

I'll be careful.

VICTOR

Mind you, I can read your handwriting better than my daughter's. She writes like a doctor. She wanted to be a doctor, as it happens.

ALEX

And you, did you want to be a proofreader?

VICTOR

Nobody wants to be a proofreader. You turn into one because you can't stand other people's mistakes. And you, what did you want to do?

ALEX

That doesn't count.

VICTOR

Everything counts. That's the whole principle of the job.

ALEX

Something with maps. Real maps, on paper. Drawing the roads.

VICTOR

You'd have found the bakery.

ALEX

Probably.

VICTOR

And Madame Lenoir, does she talk to you?

ALEX

She tells me about her husband. Every Wednesday, the same husband, the same war, the same letters. I know them by heart now.

VICTOR

Doesn't it bore you?

ALEX

Every time, there's one word that changes. I wait for the word.

(A pause.)

VICTOR

You'd have fitted in at the printing works.

(Alex takes a pen and writes in the log.)

VICTOR

What are you writing?

ALEX

What happened.

VICTOR

Read it.

ALEX

"Thursday. Took a taxi back from the bakery on Wednesday. Slept in his coat. Is well. Asked me not to write this down."

VICTOR

You put that in as well?

ALEX

Your daughter needs to know you didn't want it. That's information.

(Victor holds out his hand. Alex gives him the log. He reads it over, slowly, the red pen raised.)

VICTOR

There isn't a single mistake.

ALEX

I was careful.

VICTOR

Pity. It would have given me something to do.

(He hands back the log.)

VICTOR

What about that coffee?

ALEX

In the blue cup.

VICTOR

Make two. Take the white one.

ALEX

The white one's for guests.

VICTOR

On Thursdays, yes.

SCENE 3: SATURDAY, DECEMBER

(A small Christmas tree in a pot on the table, not yet decorated. Alex is putting the shopping away. Eva comes in wearing her coat, the log open in her hand.)

EVA

A taxi.

ALEX

Good morning.

EVA

Good morning. A taxi, three weeks ago. And I find out from a notebook, on a Sunday, between two éclairs.

ALEX

That's what the log is for.

EVA

My number's on the fridge as well. In big letters.

ALEX

He was home. He was eating his pain au chocolat. If I'd called, what would you have done?

EVA

I'd have come.

ALEX

And then?

(A pause.)

EVA

He asked you not to tell me.

ALEX

That's written down too.

EVA

I saw.

(She closes the log.)

EVA

He asks you for things. You.

(Victor comes in wearing a cardigan, a shoebox in his arms.)

VICTOR

The baubles. They were on top of the wardrobe. Tuesday found them.

ALEX

It's Saturday.

VICTOR

I know. But you're Tuesday. Saturday is a name for a dog.

EVA

Hello, Dad.

VICTOR

You're here on a Saturday. Is something wrong?

EVA

There's a taxi.

VICTOR

Ah. Tuesday did the job. So did I: I got home.

EVA

By taxi. For three hundred metres.

VICTOR

The driver was very pleasant. We talked about his daughter. She's studying medicine.

EVA

Dad, I'm going to come on Wednesdays as well. I've sorted it out with work.

VICTOR

And Hugo?

EVA

Hugo's sixteen. He won't even notice I'm gone.

VICTOR

He'll notice. He'll pretend he hasn't. It runs in the family.

EVA

Wednesdays, Sundays, and Alex the rest. That way there are no more gaps.

VICTOR

Hear that, Tuesday? No more gaps. I'm a sieve someone has plugged.

ALEX

Dr Haas phoned on Thursday. He'd like to see you both. That's in the log as well.

EVA

I know what he wants. He wants us to go and look at his terrace with his card players.

ALEX

He wants to talk about it, that's all.

EVA

We won't talk about it. My father has a home, and it's this one. He knows every step on the stairs.

VICTOR

Nineteen.

EVA

See?

VICTOR

There used to be twenty.

(A pause. Victor opens the box, takes out a bauble and hangs it on the tree.)

VICTOR

You made this one. Out of salt dough. It was supposed to be an angel.

EVA

It was an angel.

VICTOR

She was six. We used to do dictations in the evening, at this table. I read out slowly, and she wrote with her tongue sticking out. She never made mistakes. Never. It worried me. A child who never makes mistakes is a child who's afraid of something. So one evening, on purpose, I gave her a very difficult word. "Chrysanthemum". She cried. And Lise said to me...

(He stops. He looks at Eva.)

VICTOR

Lise, what was it you said to me, that evening?

(A pause. Eva doesn't move.)

ALEX

Sir. It's Eva.

VICTOR

I know it's Eva.

(A pause.)

VICTOR

She has the same hands.

(He hangs another bauble.)

VICTOR

What was I saying?

EVA

Chrysanthemum.

VICTOR

Ah, yes. An h after the c, and a y. Nobody knows that.

(Eva puts the log down on the table.)

EVA

Alex, you can go, for today. I'll stay. I'll sort it out with the agency.

ALEX

There's still the shopping to put away.

EVA

I'll put it away. I know where things go, here. I still know that much.

(Alex picks up the coat lying on the chair.)

VICTOR

Why is Tuesday leaving? I hadn't finished the story.

EVA

You can finish it for me.

VICTOR

You know it.

EVA

No. I don't remember crying.

(Alex goes out. Eva takes a bauble from the box and hands it to her father.)

VICTOR

When's Tuesday coming back?

EVA

Tuesday.

(A pause. Victor laughs. Eva laughs too.)

SCENE 4: TUESDAY, FEBRUARY

(Morning. Victor sits at the table in a suit, tie knotted, a leather briefcase on his knees. The paper lies folded in front of him. Alex comes in.)

ALEX

Sir? How long have you been up?

VICTOR

You're late.

ALEX

It's nine o'clock.

VICTOR

Exactly. We start at ten at night. That makes you eleven hours late. Sit down, we've got an edition to put to bed.

(Alex looks at the suit, the briefcase. A pause. Alex sits down.)

VICTOR

Are you the one they're sending me? To learn the job?

ALEX

Yes. That's me.

VICTOR

They didn't tell me your name.

ALEX

Alex.

VICTOR

Alex. Good. Have you got a pencil? Not a pen, a pencil. We work in pencil. The red comes at the end, when you're sure. Read me this. Out loud. Slowly.

(He unfolds the paper in front of Alex and puts a finger on an article.)

ALEX

"Last night the town council voted to close the swimming pool in the north district, owing to a shortage of lifeguards."

VICTOR

Again.

ALEX

"Last night the town council voted to close the swimming pool in the north district, owing to a shortage of lifeguards."

VICTOR

Don't you see anything?

ALEX

No.

VICTOR

Neither do I. That's what's worrying. A sentence with no mistakes, you read it three times. Rule number one: you don't correct the meaning. The meaning is the journalist's business. If he writes nonsense, you let it through, as long as it's well written. Rule number two: a proofreader never signs. Rule number three..

(A pause.)

VICTOR

There were three. The third one was the most important.

ALEX

It'll come back.

VICTOR

And you, where did you work before?

ALEX

For a lady. On Wednesdays. Madame Lenoir.

VICTOR

At a printing works?

ALEX

At her home. She died three weeks ago.

VICTOR

Ah.

ALEX

The agency rang me one Wednesday morning, before I left. No need to come in. I said all right. I still had her key in my pocket. They give you a key, a notebook and three hours. And they tell you: don't get attached, they're not your family. It's true. She wasn't my family. But for two years, on Wednesdays, I listened to her husband's letters. At the funeral there was a niece I'd never seen before. She asked me who I was. I said: the home help. She shook my hand. I gave the key back the next day.

(A pause.)

VICTOR

The third rule. You never keep the proofs. In the morning you hand everything back. You go home empty-handed.

(He looks at his hands, then at his suit.)

VICTOR

Why am I dressed like this?

ALEX

You were going to work.

VICTOR

At what time?

ALEX

Ten at night.

VICTOR

There's no printing works any more. They turned it into offices.

(A pause.)

VICTOR

It's Tuesday.

ALEX

Yes.

VICTOR

You're Tuesday.

ALEX

Yes.

VICTOR

I made you read me the paper.

ALEX

The swimming pool in the north district is closing.

VICTOR

No mistakes.

ALEX

No mistakes.

(Victor opens the briefcase and takes out a stamped envelope.)

VICTOR

Are you going past the post office on your way out?

ALEX

I can.

VICTOR

Not the letterbox downstairs. The concierge reads every address. Mind you, that's all she reads. She couldn't care less about the rest.

(Alex takes the envelope and reads the address.)

ALEX

"Résidence Les Tilleuls. Admissions Office."

VICTOR

So you read addresses too.

ALEX

Sir. Your daughter...

VICTOR

My daughter has nothing to do with stamps. I stuck that stamp on myself.

Look how straight it is.

ALEX

I have to write it down.

VICTOR

Write: "Tuesday. Put on his suit. Had the paper read to him." It's all true. You're not lying. We don't correct the meaning.

ALEX

I don't correct anything. I run errands.

VICTOR

Then run one. The post office is an errand.

(A pause. Alex slips the envelope into a pocket.)

VICTOR

And help me get this tie off. I can't do the knot from this side any more.

SCENE 5: THURSDAY, APRIL

(The window is open. Victor and Alex are bent over a crossword. Alex holds the pencil.)

ALEX

"Cemetery flower, in autumn."

VICTOR

Chrysanthemum.

ALEX

It fits.

VICTOR

An h after the c, and a y. Next.

ALEX

"What you drink in the morning."

(A pause.)

VICTOR

Pass.

(Eva comes in, a small box in her hand.)

VICTOR

A Thursday. Have you lost your job?

EVA

I've taken the day off.

VICTOR

What for?

EVA

For you. Hello, Alex.

(She opens the box and takes out a black wristband.)

EVA

You wear it on your wrist. If you get lost, I can see you on my phone. A blue dot. You don't have to do anything, you just wear it, that's all.

VICTOR

And what do I see, on my wrist?

EVA

Nothing. There's no screen.

VICTOR

You see me, and I see nothing. That seems fair.

EVA

Dad, it's so you don't pay for any more taxis.

VICTOR

I'm not a parcel.

EVA

You could explain it to him. He listens to you.

ALEX

I'm not going to put it on him by force.

VICTOR

Tuesday, go and get some air. Go to the post office, why not. You like the post office.

(A pause. Alex looks at Victor, puts down the pencil, goes out.)

EVA

What's so special about the post office?

VICTOR

Nothing. You stand in a queue. Sit down. What you drink in the morning.

EVA

Coffee.

VICTOR

Coffee. Of course. Write it in.

(Eva writes. A pause.)

VICTOR

Hugo?

EVA

He got an A in history. He told me not to tell you, because you'd quiz him on dates.

VICTOR

Seventeen eighty-nine.

EVA

See?

VICTOR

That doesn't go. It's the rest that goes.

(A pause.)

VICTOR

Has Dr Haas called again?

EVA

He keeps pushing Les Tilleuls. I told him no.

VICTOR

Les Tilleuls. The lime trees. It's a pretty name. It smells of herbal tea.

EVA

Dad.

VICTOR

If one day I don't recognise you any more, will you still come?

EVA

Of course.

VICTOR

No. Not "of course". Think about it. You'll come and see an old man who says good morning, madam, who asks if you're from the agency. Every Sunday. You'll bring éclairs to a gentleman who thanks you politely, the way you thank a stranger. And you'll drive home, and you'll pull over by the side of the road. Think about it.

(A long pause.)

EVA

Yes.

VICTOR

Yes what?

EVA

Yes, I'll come.

(Victor looks at her. Then he holds out his wrist.)

VICTOR

Right. Make me a blue dot.

(Eva fastens the wristband.)

VICTOR

Now you'll always know where I am.

EVA

Yes.

VICTOR

So will I. That's something.

SCENE 6: SATURDAY, JUNE

(Morning. It's already hot. Eva sits at the table in a T-shirt, a bowl in front of her. Alex comes in.)

EVA

Quietly. He's asleep. At last.

ALEX

Did you sleep here?

EVA

I sleep here on Fridays now. Well, "sleep".

(A pause.)

EVA

He phoned you last night.

ALEX

Ten past three.

EVA

I was in the next room. I heard his voice, I thought he was talking to himself. I went into the kitchen. He was sitting there in his suit, briefcase on his knees, the phone against his mouth. He was whispering: Tuesday, the proofs haven't come in, and there's someone in the print room saying we're closed. What do I do?

ALEX

I asked him who the someone was.

EVA

He looked at me. He asked me my name. I said: it's Eva. And he said into the phone: there's no Eva on the night shift. He repeated my name to you, to find out if it was a dangerous name.

ALEX

I told him the edition had been put to bed. That he could go home. And that the lady was his daughter, come to fetch him.

EVA

He hung up. He followed me to his room, the way you follow an usher. At the door he said thank you. Politely. The way you thank a stranger.

(A pause.)

EVA

He trusted you. I was a metre away from him, and he had to call you to find out who I was.

ALEX

He didn't know your name last night. He knew "Tuesday". It's written on the fridge.

EVA

My name's on the fridge as well. In big letters.

(A pause.)

EVA

What does he talk to you about? On Tuesdays, on Thursdays. Really.

ALEX

The printing works. Mistakes. Your mother. You.

EVA

Me.

ALEX

The dictations. The day you passed your driving test and scraped his car backing out of the garage.

EVA

He told you that.

ALEX

Three times. There's one word that changes every time.

EVA

With me, he talks about the weather. And my mistakes.

(A pause.)

EVA

On Monday I'm calling Les Tilleuls. There's a place in September. You're going to tell me it's the sensible thing.

ALEX

I'm not going to tell you anything.

EVA

You haven't got an opinion? You see him more than I do.

ALEX

I've got an opinion. Mine isn't the one that counts.

EVA

His, then? At three in the morning he doesn't know who I am.

ALEX

At nine, he does.

EVA

And at three, what do we do?

ALEX

Please. Your father...

(Victor comes in, in pyjamas, freshly shaved.)

VICTOR

Well! Everybody here on a Saturday. Are we celebrating something?

EVA

Morning, Dad.

VICTOR

Morning, sweetheart. Did you sleep here?

EVA

Yes. Did you sleep well?

VICTOR

Like a baby. I dreamt I was calling Tuesday in the middle of the night.
What an idea.

ALEX

What an idea.

VICTOR

Tuesday, you were in the middle of telling my daughter something.

ALEX

That the coffee was ready.

VICTOR

You lie as badly as she does. With her it shows on the neck, it goes red.

(Eva puts her hand to her neck.)

VICTOR

See?

EVA

Dad, on Monday, I...

VICTOR

Dictation.

EVA

What?

VICTOR

A dictation. Sit down. Tuesday, give her the notebook. And a pen.

(Alex puts the log and a pen down in front of Eva.)

EVA

I'm not six any more.

VICTOR

Neither am I. Write. "Saturday morning, comma, my daughter slept at my flat."

(Eva writes.)

VICTOR

"She has the eyes of someone who hasn't slept, comma, and she won't say why."

(Eva stops writing.)

VICTOR

Full stop.

(A pause. Eva writes the full stop. Victor takes the log and reads it over.)

VICTOR

Not one mistake.

EVA

I know. A child who never makes mistakes...

VICTOR

Ah. You know that one.

EVA

You told it to Alex. I was there.

(Victor puts the red pen down on the table without uncapping it.)

VICTOR

Tuesday, coffee. Three cups. The blue one, and two white ones.

SCENE 7: TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER

(Morning. A closed suitcase by the door. Victor sits at the table in a suit, shaved. In front of him, the log and a cardboard folder. Alex comes in.)

ALEX

Good morning, sir.

VICTOR

Good morning, Tuesday. You're on time. I hope she will be too.

ALEX

Who?

VICTOR

My daughter. I phoned her last night. I told her: Tuesday, nine o'clock, and don't be late. She thought I'd got the day wrong.

(Alex looks at the suitcase.)

ALEX

Are you going on a trip?

VICTOR

Sit down. Not there. That's her chair.

(Eva comes in, out of breath. She sees the suitcase.)

EVA

What's this?

VICTOR

A suitcase. Good morning. Sit down.

EVA

What's going on?

ALEX

I've only just got here.

VICTOR

Tuesday knows nothing. Well, almost nothing. Sit down.

(Eva sits. Victor pushes the cardboard folder towards her.)

VICTOR

Read.

(Eva opens the folder and reads.)

EVA

Les Tilleuls. Application for admission.

VICTOR

The copy. They have the original. Look at the date.

EVA

The fourth of August. Last year.

VICTOR

A month before Tuesday.

EVA

It's your handwriting.

VICTOR

Who else's?

EVA

You did this a year ago. On your own. And you let me...

VICTOR

And I said yes to the agency. I needed someone to post the second letter. The one that set the date. You'd have torn it up.

EVA

What date?

VICTOR

September. Saturday.

EVA

The place in September. The one I couldn't manage to book.

VICTOR

It was already taken.

EVA

The second letter. That was you.

ALEX

In February. I posted it.

EVA

You knew.

ALEX

I knew the address. I didn't open the envelope. And I didn't tell you anything. That part was my choice.

EVA

And what about me, Dad? The lists, the Wednesdays, the blue dot?

VICTOR

You were making your lists. I was making mine. It was shorter.

(A pause.)

VICTOR

Read the first page again. Look for a mistake.

(Eva reads it again.)

EVA

There aren't any.

VICTOR

A year ago, I didn't make any. Last night I tried to copy out that page. Three mistakes. One of them in my own name. It had to be done while I could still write. While I was still the one signing.

EVA

You could have told me.

VICTOR

You'd have said: we don't need it. In capital letters.

EVA

I wanted you to stay here.

VICTOR

I know. Here, a year from now, you'd be teaching me how to wash. I taught you how to write.

(A pause. Victor gets up.)

VICTOR

The dictionary's missing. I'm not going without it.

(Victor goes out.)

EVA

All summer, every Monday, I picked up the phone to call that place. And every Monday I put it down again. On Saturdays you watched me making my lists, and you knew.

ALEX

In June, at this table, I started to tell you. He came in. After that, I never started again.

EVA

Why?

ALEX

Because it was his letter, not mine. And because I was afraid you wouldn't let me come back.

EVA

In December I sent you away over a salt-dough angel.

ALEX

I remember.

EVA

You were right to be afraid.

(A pause.)

EVA

It won't be Saturday.

ALEX

It's in the file.

EVA

Saturday is your day. You'll help him close the suitcase, you'll have your coffee in the white cup, and you'll say goodbye here, in his kitchen. Sunday is mine. I'm the one who takes him. With éclairs.

(She takes out her phone and looks for a number.)

ALEX

Are you calling Les Tilleuls?

EVA

It's a Monday I never finished.

(Eva puts the phone to her ear. Victor comes back, a big dictionary in his arms, and stops in the doorway.)

EVA

Hello. I'm Victor's daughter. It's about the admission on Saturday.

(A pause.)

EVA

No, he's coming. But on Sunday. I'm bringing him myself.

(She hangs up.)

VICTOR

Sunday.

EVA

You made your list. I've made mine. It's one word long.

(A pause. Victor puts the dictionary in the suitcase.)

VICTOR

Sunday's good. There'll be éclairs. And a terrace. We'll play cards. You'll see, I'll look delighted.

(A pause. Victor turns to Alex.)

VICTOR

And at Les Tilleuls, on Tuesdays, will you come?

ALEX

On Tuesdays I'm working.

VICTOR

Wednesdays, then. You don't have Wednesdays any more.

ALEX

Wednesdays.

(Victor takes the log and Alex's pen, and writes slowly.)

VICTOR

"Tuesday. Put on his suit. Said everything. Otherwise uneventful."

(He hands the log to Eva.)

VICTOR

Read it. Look.

(Eva reads. A pause.)

EVA

There's a mistake, Dad.

VICTOR

Where?

EVA

"Uneventful". You've put two l's.

(A pause. Victor looks at the red pen lying in front of him. He doesn't pick it up.)

VICTOR

Alex. Coffee. In the white cups. For everyone.

EVA

You said Alex.

VICTOR

It's the right name.

(Alex gets up and makes the coffee. Eva reaches for the red pen.)

VICTOR

No. Let it stand.

(Eva closes the log.)

What you can do with it

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