

MIKE

You don't remember me, do you?

CLARA

Um...

MIKE

I examined your mother at the hospital...?

CLARA

Oh! Yeah...oh, I'm sorry. That was a rough day.

MIKE

Yeah...how's she doing?

CLARA

She's...the same...

MIKE

How long has she been ill?

CLARA

Eight months. But she just told me two weeks ago. She didn't want to worry me. And she's still going to take that trip. To Bonn.

MIKE

Is that in Germany?

CLARA

Yes. *(Realising he's pulling her leg)* Sorry.

MIKE

Well, she's a courageous woman.

CLARA

She has to finish a monograph.

MIKE

A what?

CLARA

It's a book she's writing. She has been invited to present a paper on it at a very important music conference.

MIKE

Good for her. Most people when they are diagnosed, they want to stay home and spend time with their family.

CLARA *(Unable to believe he just said that, doesn't respond.)*

MIKE

*(aware of the gigantic faux pas. Self flagellates.)*

Oh. Sorry. That's not what I meant. I was trying to say how...

CLARA

Not my mother.

MIKE

Ah!

CLARA

We don't have that kind of relationship. She has to finish her monograph.

MIKE

Oh!

*(uncomfortable pause)*

CLARA

I'm sorry, it's Dr...?

MIKE

Mike. No Doctor. I'm a nurse.

CLARA

Right.

Clara.

MIKE

Hi. Are you a scholar too?

CLARA

Me? No. I am a costume designer at the moment. But I'm thinking of changing to set design.

*(Mike nods. Uncomfortable pause. What else to talk about? There's obviously some sexual tension between them.)*

I am going to be here all day, aren't I?

MIKE

Yes, you are.

CLARA

Kinda makes the wait at the hospital seem not so bad.

MIKE

Ah. Touché.

LOUDSPEAKER

Number seventeen please come to the counter. Seventeen!

MIKE

That's me. Do you want my number?

CLARA

Your number?

*(he holds up his ticket)*

MIKE

Seventeen.

CLARA

Oh no, no. I can't do that.

MIKE

Please, please. I have more time than your mom. *(beat)* You know what I mean.

CLARA

Thank you. Thank you.