

BOB: It's mine, I want it back!

CATHERINE: Gone.

BOB: No fair!

(BOB struggles with KATIE)

CATHERINE: Let me go!

BOB: No right!

CATHERINE: Let me go!

BOB: You had no right!

(KATIE strikes BOB, knocking her down)

CATHERINE: Daddy!

EV: Katie?

(EV gets up from his chair and moves to look for CATHERINE. OSCAR may follow him. EV does not see CATHERINE, nor she him)

OSCAR: You know my father wishes I were you. He does. He wishes I were you. "Oscar," he says, "Oscar, look at Ev – why can't you be like Ev."

BOB: Look at what your father did.

KATIE: You lie.

OSCAR: I say nothing. There's nothing to be said. "You got to have that killer instinct on the ice," he says. I play goalie – what the hell's a killer instinct in a goalie? Then he says, "Oscar," he says, "Oscar, you are goin' into medicine."

EV: Katie?

OSCAR: My Dad's a doctor so I gotta be a doctor.

BOB: Your father hit me and I fell.

KATIE: You're always lying.

BOB: See?

KATIE: He didn't hit you.

BOB: See?

KATIE: I hit you! – Get away from me!

OSCAR: What's so funny is you're the one so bloody keen on medicine – you'd kill for medicine. (laughs) Hey Ev, kill for medicine, eh. (laughs)