

## The Stillborn Lover

Timothy Findley

Scene: A house on the Ottawa River, 1972

Dramatic

Diana: a woman who has just discovered that her father is gay, 20-30

*Diana's father, Harry, has just been recalled from his post as Canadian Ambassador to Moscow following the mysterious death of a young Russian. When Diana finds out that the Russian was her father's male lover, she angrily confronts him with the lie of his life.*

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DIANA: Damn right I don't. Damn bloody right I don't. How can I? What am I supposed to understand? That all my life you've lied about who you are? That everything you said and did was a lie? *(Beat.)* God in heaven, father – I don't care *what* you are. But I have a right to know *who* you are – who my father *is*.

I cannot begin to describe how I have admired you all these years. How profoundly I have admired you. I looked upon you – I told that man in there – I told him that I looked upon you with wonder. *Wonder, father, God damn it.*

*(Almost loses control, but regains it.)*

It was always the thought of you, father, that saved me when other men battered me with their lies and self-deception. But I always knew they were lying. I always knew they deceived themselves about who they were and how righteous they were! They were bastards – every one of them! Every one of them *lied*. And they were so full of pride and self that most of the time they didn't even know they were lying.

Men are like that. Men are like that – but not you. Not you. You were whole. You were a whole man . . . true, above all other things, to yourself. I knew who you were. And now you want me to understand . . . I am given to understand . . . I am supposed to understand that I don't know you. All of a sudden – bam! An instant stranger. What am I going to do with this information, father? Not that you're queer – who gives a damn! But that you

lied. You lied. You lied, like all the rest – and my problem is, I don't know where the lie begins – and I don't know where it ends.