

Max?

Yes, honey?

Can we talk about something? It's important to me that we do.

Of course we can talk. You know that I'm always around to listen to you.

What's on your mind?

Would you like for us to sit down? I just finished fluffing the couch pillows earlier. I thought they could do with some extra pep in their step, so the saying goes.

I can get us some coffee. It'd be lovely to have something warm, wouldn't it?

It's rather a late hour for coffee...

Something stronger, then? You've always been partial to a good whiskey. How about Stranahan's Diamond Peak? Neat, in a glencairn?

It's rather sweet. And I've work in the morning.

But the caramel tones might go nicely with the monkey bread that Catie and I were baking together this afternoon. We saved you a loaf. And you can always call in to work remotely. She was very excited about dusting on the cinnamon over the top. We used a sieve to get a finer particle size.

Did you two? I can't possibly finish it all on my own.

I suppose you're right about the pairing... The caramel would be nicely echoed.

That's sweet. She didn't tell me that you two had been baking- but I suppose the house did smell of warmed vanilla.

It likely just slipped her mind.

You know Catie. She's a little bit forgetful, even on her best days.

I bought her some new sticky notes, to go onto the fridge.

She'd been running low on the hot pink ones.

That was thoughtful of you.

I try to be. She's our little girl, isn't she?

Mhm.

So what was it that you wanted to talk to me about?

Right. Catherine mentioned- oh, thank you.

Nonsense, don't worry about thanking me. What did Catie mention?

She told me that you'd said that she didn't need to take her medication.

That at bedtime, when she'd brought out the weekly container, you told her to put that aside, and hid it away in a drawer in her night stand. Even though dad said to make sure she took it.

I suppose I did say that. I don't recall placing it in the drawer- but Catie's imaginative.

Maxwell... We've been over this- it's important for Catherine to take it nightly.

It prevents her sleepwalking episodes.

Those can be dangerous for anyone, anywhere- but particularly in Drydenne, and especially with it being Catie... I don't want to risk it.

I'm not disagreeing with you there- it's just a bit extreme, don't you think?

To jump to drugging your child such that she's immobile?

It seems a bit much for her nerves. I know she has a sensitive disposition, but still.

There are less severe approaches to be taken.

I wouldn't have put her on the script if I didn't think that the potential pros of it outweighed the cons. I understand just as well as you how it may seem to outsiders.

Besides that, I trust the medical professionals over at Mercypoint to have her best interests at heart.

Medical science isn't infallible, Antoine.

I just thought that she might benefit from trying some alternatives tonight- sandalwood does have a noted soporific effect, you know.

And she seemed to enjoy trying out the lavender tea. She decorated the box before bedtime- it's quite caked in glitter, you'd want to be careful handling it when you do.

Right. I'd appreciate it if you didn't attempt to undermine my authority when it comes to Catherine's health.

Undermining? She's old enough to make up her own mind, darling.

I didn't force her hand into trying anything- it was left up to her to decide on whether or not she wanted to pop pills before bed.

I am her father.

I see. That's how you're going to play it?

I'm not- I'm not playing anything. This isn't about whether or not you matter in her life, Maxwell- you know that you do. You've helped raise her just as much as anyone.

But- she's my daughter. I'm always going to want what's best for her- for her to be healthy, and happy, and safe. She's too young to be allowed to make those kinds of decisions on her own. She's too nervous to advocate for herself just yet- and it's a skill we're practicing, in a safe environment. At home.

I know what's best for Catherine.

And furthermore- we need to present a united front on these things, or it's going to confuse her.

Please, just let me know next time.

It's lovely that you wanted to help Catie, but telling her to go cold turkey off of Clonazepam can be dangerous.

I want what's best for her, that's all.

As do I.

I'm sure. Catie loves you very much. We both do.

And I in turn.

Look- I don't want to argue, okay?

Can we agree that next time you'll run something like that before me?

We can do the teas, you can bring out the wax melts. I don't mind the sandalwood.

So long as it's all in conjunction with the therapeutic medication- it's alright to supplement it, but not replace it- especially without prior sign off from the right authorities.

I just want to know that we're on the same page, and that Catherine is safe.

Of course.

Do you want me to get you another glass?

...I think that'd be much appreciated.