

MR. VAN DAAN

“The coat was seventeen years old, for God’s sake! Those skins had definitely seen their day.

We need the money - we have no money. Can’t you get that through your head? ...

Oh God - here we go again. That coat was not the last thing. You’ve still got us haven’t you? ...

Do we have to hear about your father again? If you hadn’t been so attached to your father, your coat, the apartment with all our goddamned possessions, we’d be in America by now! I only stayed because of you!

Believe me, I knew which way the wind was blowing. You never listen.”