

⑤ KATE/JASON/PHOEBE  
BLANCHE

JASON. Yes—well, something came up. (*At this point, KATE MALLORY enters from the dressing room. She is a soft, pretty woman in her late thirties with a deceptively gentle, feminine manner and sweet smile. She has absolutely no sense of humor. The two women look at her in surprise. This surprise gradually changes to puzzlement, because, although fully clothed, there is something slightly "off" about KATE's appearance. We and they will realize that she is wearing her dress inside out. KATE never becomes aware of this.*) Uh—Kate and I decided that our differences were undermining the—uh, creative process, so I invited her over so we could discuss our problems frankly and arrive at a reasonable solution.

KATE. And, of course—as always happens when two human beings reach out to one another—it worked.

JASON. The point is, we discovered that we're both after the same thing—the best possible production. We've just been coming at it from two different places.

KATE. (*Notices PHOEBE peering at her in a dazed manner.*) Is there something the matter?

PHOEBE. What? Uh, no.

B E L O W



KATE. I sense some bad vibes in the room.

BLANCHE. It's probably the radiator.

JASON. Would you care for a drink?

KATE. No, thanks. I stopped four years ago when I woke up in a motel room with those four jockeys and the Vice President. *(There is a pause.)*

BLANCHE. *(Finally.)* Who were the jockeys? *(The other three turn to look at her. She shrugs.)* I'm not political.

*(KATE moves Downstage for her coat revealing a fairly large label on the back of her dress. Now even JASON is aware of the way she is dressed.)*

KATE. I can't seem to find my coat. *(She turns, notices the other three staring at her.)* Why is everyone staring at me?

BLANCHE. *(Finally.)* Star quality?

JASON. *(Picks up her coat, quickly moves to her, holds it up for her to put on.)* Here's your coat.

KATE. I'll carry it, thanks. Should I call a cab or can someone give me a lift?

BLANCHE. My car's outside. Where can I drop you?

KATE. At the park. I'll walk the rest of the way.

BLANCHE. *(Moves to get her coat. Just making conversation.)* Are you enjoying your stay?

KATE. *(With a sweet smile.)* Oh, I just love New York. Every time I come here, I feel like going down on the whole city. *(There is a moment's embarrassed pause.)*

BLANCHE. Well, you certainly have the weather for it. Your visit I mean. *(A beat.)*

KATE. I want you to know a beautiful thing happened this afternoon. Two human beings made contact. Now let's go to work!

*(She exits.)*