

Louise
+ Jackie

+ start →

I take too many baths for you, you know. Just a few more
 minutes, that's all. I'll be ready. Then you'll be safe.
 Well, it's getting late. *(She starts to leave.)*

LOUISE. Miss Willis—*(JACKIE pauses.)* What would you get out of it?

JACKIE. Pardon?

LOUISE. You said you could tell me a way to . . . arrange things. I assume you'd want something in return.

JACKIE. You mean besides satisfaction?

LOUISE. Besides satisfaction.

JACKIE. Same as you, I guess. Money.

LOUISE. How much money?

JACKIE. We could work something out. You'd have so much you wouldn't even know it was missing.

LOUISE. Just for the sake of argument—you understand this is all hypothetical—

JACKIE. Sure.

LOUISE. —how could I possibly pay you? I couldn't very well write a check. And if I withdrew a large amount of cash—

JACKIE. Don't even worry about it. I mean, I can tell you at least five ways to launder money. Most people don't know how easy it is.

LOUISE. But you do?

JACKIE. Uh-huh. I used to work in a bank. *(A long pause.)*

LOUISE. Well . . . it's been an interesting visit. Thank you again for coming.

JACKIE. Listen, I'm glad I did. It was really nice meeting you. *(She starts out again.)* Oh—I forgot—*(She hurries back to the desk and scrawls something on a piece of paper.)* My phone number. In case you want to contact me or anything. *(The telephone rings. LOUISE crosses to answer it.)*

LOUISE. Hello? . . . Arthur? *(She looks at JACKIE)*

with a speak-of-the-devil glance. JACKIE grins.)

JACKIE. *(a loud whisper)* I really like your new color.
'By. *(She exits.)*

LOUISE. *(to phone)* No, just sitting here . . . reading. This isn't a very good connection. Where are you, the hotel? . . . I'm fine. *(touches her eye)* Still swollen but it's going down . . . Yes, I got the flowers. And the perfume. Yes, roses . . . Am I in a forgiving frame of mind? I really don't think that's something we should talk about long distance . . . *(pause)* Is someone there with you? I thought I heard another voice . . . I see. A bit late in the day for maid service, isn't it? . . . No, I'm not being sarcastic . . . Arthur, I don't mean to cut you off, but I'm exhausted. Why don't you call me in the morning? *(pause)* You love me? . . . No, its just a peculiar thing to say under the circumstances. Of course I believe you. Why wouldn't I? . . . Talk to you tomorrow. *(She hangs up.)* Bastard. *(She moves around the room for a few moments, obviously angry, then she notices the empty can of Tab. Almost without thinking, she picks it up and crosses to a wastepaper basket. She is about to drop it in, but she suddenly pauses. She looks at the can and her expression grows thoughtful. The barest hint of a smile touches her lips.)*

GIBBY

(While he was is out, there is the sound of the phone ringing. Once. Twice. Then a click.)

JACKIE'S VOICE. Hi, This is Jackie Willis—*(pause)* Is this thing on? The green light's supposed to be—What the hell, let's give it a shot . . . Hi, this is Jackie Willis. Don't hang up—I hate this machine just as much as you

do, but it's cheaper than calling me back. I'm not at home right now—well, actually I *am* at home right now, but I won't be when you hear this—so if you leave your name and number I'll touch base as soon as I can. Just wait till you hear the beep and let loose. And have a nice day. (*There is a beep.*)

LOUISE'S VOICE. Miss Willis—this is Louise Jamison. When you get a moment, please call me. I think it might be a good idea for us to have another talk . . .

↑ End →

SCENE 2

The Jamison living room.

They are back where we started, twelve days later on a Sunday afternoon. The repainting has been completed, the ladders, painter's paraffin and analia are gone, and the furniture is all in place. ARTHUR's suitcase, with the raincoat thrown over it, is also present.

As the scene progresses, the light from outside will dim with the approach of evening.

LOUISE, her hand still now and the bruise on her cheek no longer visible, aims the gun at him, astonished and aghast.

ARTHUR. What are you doing?

LOUISE. Sit down, Arthur.

ARTHUR. (*taking a step toward her*) Give me that—(*Her hand comes up a fraction, leveling the gun pointed at him. He stops.*) Be very careful. A gun is cocked it can fire by accident. If I stay over here will you put it down?

LOUISE. No.

