

## SCENE 4

*Her apartment. A suitcase is on the sofa; JENNIE is packing. The phone rings. She answers it.*

JENNIE Hello? . . . Well, what a surprise. How are you, Gus? . . . Fine . . . And how does it feel to be an ex-husband? . . . It's been a long time since I heard your "bachelor" voice. You got your old pizzazz back . . . Oh, I found an old pair of your basketball sneakers in the closet, did you want them? . . . Thanks, I can wear them to go shopping . . . I sound down? . . . Oh, I guess a combination of post-divorce blues and the Mexican water . . . I'm not sure. I've got three more weeks on the soap. I've got an offer to go to Washington and do a year of rep at the Arena Theatre . . . And you? . . . Well, hang in, you always come up with something . . . It was very sweet of you to call, Gus . . . Well, I wish you every happiness, too. This has been the nicest talk we've had in a long time . . . I will . . . Gus! . . . I just wanted to say—I'm sorry!

*(On the verge of tears, she bangs up. The doorbell rings; she answers it. It is FAYE.)*

FAYE Do you believe in miracles?

JENNIE Do you believe in saying hello?

CHAPTER TWO

FAYE Well, two miracles happened last night at "21." The producer of *As the World Turns* saw me at our table, called me today and offered me a part—

JENNIE Congratulations! Oh, Faye, that's fantastic! Well, what's the part?

FAYE Her name is Jarlene Indigo.

JENNIE Jarlene Indigo?

FAYE She's the new cellist with the Boston Symphony.

JENNIE I love it. Will you have to learn to play?

FAYE By Monday.

JENNIE (*Continues her packing*) What's the second miracle?

FAYE Do you remember that fellow Leo Schneider who came over to our table to say hello? Sidney doesn't know, but I used to date Leo when I first got to New York. Anyway, he's got this brother, George. He's recently widowed, about forty-two, forty-three years old I think . . . You're not listening. What are you doing?

JENNIE I am packing. If you don't know this is packing, how will you learn to play a cello?

FAYE Where are you going?

JENNIE Home. To Cleveland. I just have an overwhelming desire to sleep in my old, tiny bed.

ACT ONE

FAYE How long will you be gone?

JENNIE A couple of days—maybe a couple of weeks.

FAYE In Cleveland a couple of days are a couple of weeks. Can't you postpone it? Leo was going to try to get George Schneider to call this week.

JENNIE Faye, how many times must I tell you? I don't feel like dating right now.

FAYE Well, that's perfect. Neither does George Schneider. At least you have something in common.

JENNIE I wonder what it is that holds our friendship together.

FAYE He's a writer. A novelist, I think. I met him once a few years ago. Not gorgeous, but sweet-looking. With a very intelligent face.

JENNIE Faye, please stop. I appreciate what you're doing. You and Sidney have been wonderful. I loved the dinner at "21," and the date you fixed me up with was unusual but charming.

FAYE It's all right. I know you didn't like him.

JENNIE It's not that I didn't like him. I couldn't *see* him. The man was six feet eight inches tall. All I could think of at dinner was what if we got married and I had a baby? I'd be giving birth for days.

FAYE If you're going to look for things, you can find fault with everyone.

CHAPTER TWO

JENNIE I don't think being uncomfortable with a man who was taller than the waiter *sitting down* is looking to find fault.

FAYE I'm talking about everyone you go out with. You sit there and scrutinize them.

JENNIE I scrutinize?

FAYE Your eyes burn little holes in them. That poor fellow last night kept checking to see if his fly was open.

JENNIE All right. I won't scrutinize if you'll stop arranging my social life for me. I told you it's not important to me—why do you do it?

FAYE I don't do it for you. I do it for me.

JENNIE What?

FAYE I have visions of arranging the perfect romance for you. Someone with a dark tragic background—Jay Gatsby . . . Irving Thalberg . . . Leon Trotsky . . .

JENNIE Jesus, do I have to live out my life with *your* fantasy?

FAYE What the hell, I'm arranging it, I might as well pick who I like . . . I don't understand, Jennie. Are you telling me you're never dating again?

JENNIE (*Putting on her coat*) Yes. YES! I have dated and I have gone to parties and I have had it. If one more man greets me at the door with his silk shirt unbuttoned to his tanned navel, his chest hair neatly

ACT ONE

combed, and wearing more jewelry around his neck than me, I am turning celibate. . . . I am going to spend the rest of my life doing good work in the theatre. I am going to read all the classics starting with *Agamemnon* . . . I'll work out my sex life the best I can. And don't think I'm not worried. Sometimes I lie in bed thinking, Is it physically possible if you don't have sex for a long, long time, you can go back to being a virgin? Well, I'll find out. But first I'll find out in Cleveland.

*(She grabs her suitcase and starts out. The phone rings)*

FAYE Oh, my God, maybe that's George Schneider.

JENNIE It's your fantasy, you answer it.

*(She goes. FAYE runs after her)*

FAYE *(Yells)* I'll give you two hundred dollars if you answer that phone!

*(But JENNIE is gone. FAYE closes the door and goes)*