

TRULY, MADLY, DEEPLY - Sore Throat

JAIME

I kept thinking, just my luck...die
of a sore throat

NINA

Dying...actually dying...what's it
like?

JAIME

Thought I was going under...general
anesthetic...I didn't know

NINA

I'm serious.

JAIME

So am I. I don't know, maybe I
didn't die properly and maybe that's
why I think I'm back. It was like
standing behind a glass wall while
everybody else got on with missing
me. Didn't hurt...you know, I'm very
sensitive to pain...it really didn't
hurt.

NINA

Where do you go? I mean, do you go
to heaven or...or what?

JAIME

I don't think so...

NINA

I can't take all this hair...where do
I start? (she reaches for him, they
hug and kiss) Are you here? You are
here.

JAIME

I'm here.

NINA

Are you staying?

JAIME

Well, I think so. I'd like to...is
that all right?

NINA

Fantastic! Can I kiss you?

JAIME

Yeah.

NINA

Your lips are a bit cold.

JAIME

Actually, I'm fantastically cold.
That's one thing I've really
noticed...this flat is freezing.

NINA

Well, the heating's on...it supposed
to be on anyway.

JAIME

I've got to tell you...this is a
terrible flat.

NINA

I know.

JAIME

Terrible...honestly Nina, your
hopeless. And something else is
really bothering me too...you've got
red bills...red gas...red phone and
it's not clever.

NINA

I know.

JAIME

And you never lock the back
doors...driving me crazy.

NINA

I'm going...I'm going.(she goes to
lock the doors)

JAIME

Thank you for missing me.

NINA

I have. I do. I did.

JAIME

I know. But the pain, your pain...I
couldn't bear that. There's a little
girl...I see her from time to
time...Alice, who's three...three and

a half...Oh, she's great. Everybody loves her and makes a big fuss and she isn't spoiled...well, she wasn't spoiled and she was knocked over and she died and her parents and her family and her friends from kindergarten...she used to go to this park and she was telling me....they made an area in the park...gave them money for swings and little wooden animals and there are these plaques

JAIME (continued)

and each...on the sides of the swings and bottom of the horse..."from Alice's mom and dad, in loving memory of Alice who used to play here". Of course, Alice goes back there all the time. Anyway, when you see parents take their child off the swing...and see the sign and then they hold on to their son and daughter so tight, they cling on for dear life...and yet, the capacity to love people have. What happens to it?

NINA

I don't know.

JAIME

I blame the government.

NINA

What?

JAIME

The government.

NINA

What does the government have to do with anything?

JAIME

I hate the bastards.

NINA

You died and your still into party politics?

JAIME

I still attend meetings!