

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 hangs up. The doorbell rings; she answers it. It is FAYE)

FAYE Do you believe in miracles?

JENNIE Do you believe in saying hello?

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.

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.

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

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

JENNIE I sacrutinize?

FAYE Like a laser beam. You make them feel like they're all wearing a hair piece.

JENNIE Well, one was.

FAYE Well, that shouldn't condemn all other heads.

JENNIE I'll stop scrutinizing if you stop arranging my social life. I told you it's not important to me. Why do you do it?

FAYE I have visions of arranging the perfect soul mate for you. Someone with a dark, tragic background that only you can make happy . . . Jay Gatsby . . . James Dean . . . John F. Kennedy.

JENNIE I don't date fictional characters or dead Presidents. Do I have to live out *your* fantasies?

FAYE Why not? I can't. Why let them go to waste? I have pages of them. I write them in bed while Sidney is sleeping.

JENNIE Sounds like *Sidney's* getting a dark, tragic background. Pretty soon he'll be just right for you.
(Starts to put on her coat)

FAYE Are you telling me you're never dating again?

JENNIE YES! . . . I have gone out on double dates, blind dates, pointless dates and pitted dates. I am not interested in overly handsome, disgustingly rich, adored athletes, brooding actors, minor politicians and major boors. I don't want to go out with a man who wears more jewelry than me. And I don't want to go out with a man who sweeps me off my feet, proposes to me and turns out to be a clone of my ex-husband who became the Nobel Prize winning creep of all times . . . I am going to spend the rest of my life doing good work in what's left of the theatre. 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 for a while, it'll have to be 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.

FAYE I can't. I'm afraid of my fantasies.