

P.S. YOUR CAT IS DEAD

Jimmy

Okay... I caught you, you dirty son-of-a-bitch! Come out --- hands up! (A confused and frightened Kate manages to open the door and appears, hands full of things, hair-dryer, etc... Jimmy and she are both startled, speak at once)

Kate

Oh--- Jimmy!

Jimmy

Kate!--- Oh...

Jimmy

(Heaving a sigh) Oh, Kate -- Ohh! God, for a second there I thought I was being ripped off again! Christ, I must be going bananas, it couldn't happen a third time! (Another deep breath) Oh, wow... Hey, I thought we were spending New Year's Eve apart? (Going to her, still holding the bar) Oh, lady—am I ever glad to see you. Am I ever! (Hugs her, only then, in his confusion, does he put 2+2 together, realizing that someone indeed is packing up, glances at the articles in her hands, at the things on the bed, then back at her) I think I am...

Kate

(Backing away from him slightly) I thought you were going right up to Claire's.

Jimmy

I was, but – something came up. I decided to.... I take it you're going someplace too. (Kate doesn't reply) Well, aren't you? (No reply) Aren't you?

Kate

(Quietly) Yes...

Jimmy

(Hit hard) Yes... yeah.... Well—Oh, boy, yeah... great!... Nifty!.... Neat....! (Notices TV and cassette player by the door) Look, I don't mind you taking back your own Christmas present, but I bought the cassette.

Kate

(Shocked at his accusation) I gave you the TV for Christmas. What a terrible thing to say! I wasn't taking either one of them.

Jimmy

What—they've got dates for New Year's Eve? (Talking directly to them) You two stepping out again? I thought I told you about that!

Kate
Don't be ridiculous!

Jimmy
I'm not in the habit of unplugging them and setting them by the door every time I go out.

Kate
I told you I wasn't taking them. Don't you believe me?

Jimmy
No, I don't believe you.

Kate
(Continues packing) Oh, well I....

Jimmy
Oh, Kate—lookee here! (Walking over to the phone where she's left the note propped up against it). Whaddaya know, the mailman's come! (Picks up envelope).

Kate
No, Jimmy, don't—Not now!

Jimmy
Christ, it's addressed to me, isn't it?

Kate
Jimmy, please don't...

Jimmy
Please don't! You—For God's sake, you're leaving, obviously you're leaving. This is obviously--- a Dear John, and you don't want me to open it! Who knows, I might even have a reply for once.

Kate
(Walking to him, reaching out for the letter) I'd rather you read it after—

Jimmy
Well, you've been out-voted. (He opens the letter and reads-) "Dear Jimmy"—Well, so far, so good. It's not a laugh riot, but—you know, it's got a nice homey touch!

Kate
You said you were going right up to Claire's from rehearsals. How did I know you weren't? How did I—

Jimmy

How did I know I was going to be fired! I'm sorry, my plans changed. I—

Kate

Jimmy! Oh, Jimmy! Oh, angel...

Jimmy

I just didn't feel like rushing up there and putting on a paper hat.

Kate

Jimmy—I had no idea. Oh, Jimmy, I'm so sorry! (Embraces him; he does not respond) Jimmy?

Jimmy

Get away—Please! I really don't want to cry, not in front of Miss Strength and Guts, not in front of Our Lady Photographer. If you maul me, I will! Please! (Walking away from her)

Kate

And what would you be crying about? Would it be me or the job?

Jimmy

Oh, terrific! Can't I just play it across the board? Do I have to pick a category?

Kate

Jimmy, I'm sorry about the play. I really am.

Jimmy

Well, stay tuned for the rest of the news. The soap opera's kaput too.

Kate

Kaput?

Jimmy

Kaput!

Kate

I thought they were just writing you out while the play was out of town.

Jimmy

The ratings have been way down lately, so they made one little change in the storyline. Instead of writing me off on that two-month expedition up the Amazon, from which they were going to

bring me back with some mysterious disease, they've decided to—just let me drown in the Goddamn Amazon! (Downs drink in one gulp, holds his glass up) Drink?

Kate

(Shakes her head no) But Jimmy, I thought you signed a three-year contract.

Jimmy

(Making another drink) It can be cancelled every thirteen weeks.

Kate

So, how can it be a three-year contract?

Jimmy

The network can cancel, but not the performer.

Kate

Great! What kind of clause is that?

Jimmy

We call that – the Fuck-You clause!

Kate

Ohh! Acting—what a tacky business!

Jimmy

Tacky?... Yeah, tacky alright. Why'd you have to pick New Year's Eve to do this?

Kate

Because I knew you'd be at Claire's. Also, because I thought you'd be so tied up with the play it wouldn't matter that much. Oh, Jimmy, it's not as if it were news. We both knew it was coming. We said we'd skip New Year's and—

Jimmy

(Pointing at her) You said, you said, you said!!! You were the one who said we'd spend New Year's apart. You were invited, same as last year.

Kate

To sit around with that back-biting aunt of yours and watch her dangle you on a string? "You're my only family, Jimmy, and when I die..." And on and on. Promises, promises. Wind the Aunt Claire doll up and it promises to die—but doesn't!

Jimmy

Let's not get into that again.

Kate

Because it's the worst possible form of blackmail; it's disgusting and demeaning. And you know it. You know what the annoying thing is about you?

Jimmy

Whoa-hoh!!!! You've been holding back? You mean there's some ONE thing you haven't told me?

Kate

Yeah, about a dozen, if you really want to know.

Jimmy

I don't.

Kate

Good, I'll tell you. You're thirty-five years old and maybe you're really a good actor—I mean, could be if—

Jimmy

That's the most encouraging thing you've ever said.

Kate

But you play it so almighty safe! All right, I'm going to tell you something else—

Jimmy

Oh, Jesus...

Kate

Yes, well, oh Jesus, I am. Two people were talking about you at a party once, and one of 'em said, "That Jimmy Zoole, he's such an attractive guy. Say, are his front teeth capped?" You know what the other one said? "Jimmy Zoole's whole life is capped!"

Jimmy

(Laughs, then does a take) Wait. What does that mean?

Kate

It means you have absolutely no imagination. You won't even take any chances. You cling to the safe things.

Jimmy

I'm sorry, I don't get offered every choice role that comes along on Broadway, you know.

Kate

Then you must be doing something wrong! For God's sake, Jimmy, you're attractive, you're bright, you're—

Jimmy

And you are an All-American, three-dimensional, supreme pain in the ass!

Kate

Funny, that's just what my horoscope said today...

Jimmy

Stop it, stop it, stop it! Level with me. Do you have one, just one, un-uttered opinion?

Kate

Jimmy, all those un-uttered opinions were uttered... because I care about you. Don't you know that? Listen, I realize it's a sore point, but I hope you'll get back to your book. It was so good.

Jimmy

(Reaching for her hand) Listen, you can move your things back to your place, but – why don't we spend New Year's together? I'll call Claire up and tell her I can't make it.

Kate

No, I can't Jimmy. Honestly, I—if I'd known that all this, I mean—but it was agreed we'd spend New Year's apart and—well, I made other... plans.

Jimmy

Plans?

Kate

Yes.

Jimmy

Oh, you made plans. Well, that's different. Plans, huh? Would these be Johnnie plans? Or Joe plans?

Kate

I'm—we're going to a party tonight, then tomorrow up to Vermont for some skiing...

Jimmy

You mean, you made a date with some guy, then you suggested we skip New Year's so—

Kate

No, it didn't happen like that! Please, baby— give me that much credit!

Jimmy
Please, baby, my ass!—

Kate
Jimmy, I was just doing a photo lay-out up at—

Jimmy
Ummm--- Layout? Lay-Out! I'll bet!

Kate
--Up at Columbia, it's only someone I met through work and he asked me and I—

Jimmy
And you just—Oh, get out!

Kate
Jimmy, stop it!

Jimmy
Just get out!

Kate
(Gathering her coat, begins putting it on) I will, I will!

Jimmy
(Grabbing letter from the sink, he tears it into tiny little pieces. Exits into the bathroom and emerges with a small blue plastic case, Kate's diaphragm, holds it up) Here—you'd better take your "equipment". (Tosses it at her, walks away)

Kate
(Hurt) Keep it, I won't be needing it. (Beat) I bought a new one.

Jimmy
Please leave!

Kate
(Walking toward the door) Goodbye, I'm sorry we had to have this little squabble, I wish—

Jimmy
If you'd just been honest with me from the beginning, we wouldn't have. What a dirty, sneaky, low-down—

Kate

Enchanting!

(She walks back and puts the keys to the apartment on the table, heads for the door with her things. She turns; Jimmy and Kate look at each other, then-)

Goodbye.

(She exits)