

~~prettier than you. Yes, it's true. (In only a minute or two. The
formation of Becky is complete. She is a grown.)~~

JOE'S VOICE. *(From offstage.)* Hey, Beck — are you still here?

BECKY. *(To the women.)* Oh — you gotta go — if he sees you in here — well, I'm not sure he would see you in here — but let's not take any chances — *(She ushers the women offstage.)* Thank you — thanks so much — *(Just before Joe arrives.)*

JOE. Traffic shouldn't be too bad on Sunday except near the stadium. I filled your car with gas, and put a new flashlight — with fresh batteries — in the trunk.

BECKY. *(With a smile.)* I'm not going camping.

JOE. In this city, driving and camping are a lot alike. *(Pause.)* You look ... *(She waits, a little nervous.)*

BECKY. ... What?

JOE. Like a million bucks. *(Becky gives the audience women [her dressers] a quick and covert thumbs-up.)* So, is he gonna put you up?

BECKY. What?

JOE. Buckley. Three hours to the Mega-Ship for this — what? — this fancy office party —

BECKY. This corporate event —

JOE. Oh, right.

BECKY. — To wine and dine the regional reps — show them the new store — stuff like that.

JOE. Three hours there, couple hours at this event, three hours back — it's gonna be late, Beck.

BECKY. *(With a smile.)* I have a flashlight.

JOE. Take this. *(Joe holds up a key.)* You're gonna be ten minutes from that apartment complex I roofed. I know the owner. He keeps an extra apartment there. Furnished. When I had some late nights down there, he offered it to me — in case I didn't want to make the drive home. It's small, but clean. Single bed, fridge, towels.

BECKY. Joe, I couldn't —

JOE. It's just sitting there, Beck. He's not renting it till the fall. *(Joe holds up the key, again.)* Just take it. In case it's too late to drive home.

BECKY. It won't be.

JOE. All you'd have to do is call me — say you're gonna spend the night and drive back in the morning. Okay?

BECKY. Okay — *(Joe offers the key. She does not take it.)* but I'm coming home tonight.

JOE. You have your phone?

BECKY. (*Points to it.*) Yes.

JOE. Stay in your far left lane near the stadium.

BECKY. Got it. Joe?

JOE. Hmm?

BECKY. Why are you so good to me?

JOE. Oh, Beck ... we've had a nice day — let's not ruin it by having a *talk*.

BECKY. I just —

JOE. Because I know where this goes: "Why are you so good to me?" leads to "I hope I'm just as good to you" and that leads to "of course you are" — "you're just *saying* that" — "no, it's *true*" — "why can't you be *honest* with me" — "I *am* being honest with you" — "no, I don't think you *are*" —

BECKY. Joe, please —

JOE. (*Overlapping.*) — And then pretty soon we're fighting about how much we love each other. That's weird.

BECKY. Okay —

JOE. That's a weird thing to do.

BECKY. — You're right. No more talks, I promise. (*Joe gets her a bottle of water.*)

JOE. For the road. It's cold. (*As she takes the bottle, she can't help saying ...*)

BECKY. But, if there was someone —

JOE. Oh, jeez.

BECKY. — Someone who was better than me, treated you better than I did — no, let me finish — someone you were attracted to, liked spending time with, anything like that ... I hope ...

JOE. You hope I'd be honest. Tell you all about it.

BECKY. ... I hope you'd lie. Or not *lie*, really ... just not *tell me right away*.

JOE. (*Confused/amused.*) Okay ...

BECKY. Because maybe it would just play itself out. These infatuations don't last. Maybe in a couple days, couple weeks, you'd be over it — no harm done —

JOE. No contact, no foul —

BECKY. — Right, but if you'd already told me, I'd be *devastated* — just torn up for no reason at all.

JOE. Okay. I'll lie to you. God, I hope I meet someone so I can try this out. (*Joe hands Becky her coat.*)

BECKY. What about you?

JOE. Hmm?

BECKY. If I ever ... met someone like that. What would you want me to do?

JOE. Oh, my plan is a lot simpler.

BECKY. How's that?

JOE. Just tell me. Right away. If that happens, I want to know about it.

BECKY. Even if it meant *nothing*?

JOE. Yes, I'd want to know —

BECKY. *Why*?

JOE. — So I could kill the guy. *(He gives her a quick kiss and goes.)* Love you. Drive safe. *(As Becky moves to a chair in the room, which lights will now reveal as — Becky's Car. Evening. Becky speaks to the audience, as she drives. Her mood is edgy.)*

BECKY. This is a bad idea. Just a terrible idea — a Terrible Idea Which I'm Going To Be Late For, unless I make this 5:20 ferry. Can someone tell me why they put these boats so far from the highway — way out by the water?! I'll call him. Easy. I'll call Walter and tell him something came up. Or better yet, I'll tell him that *my husband is ALIVE and we are still married and I am not the type of person who sneaks around behind his back* — but, of course, I AM that person, apparently I am exactly that person: that *sneaking around-and-trying-to-catch-the-5:20-ferry* person. *(She is reaching into her purse.)* Still — I have to call him. Tell him I might be late. Or lost. Or insane. *(Re: purse.)* And can someone tell me why my lipstick is the *first thing I find* when I reach into my purse — *(Pulls out lipstick.)* Unless what I'm trying to find in my purse is my lipstick?! Then it's nowhere to be found. *(Beat.)* Like my phone. *(Rummaging through purse.)* Oh, come on, Becky — find your phone — you know it's in here — Joe handed you your coat, and you grabbed your purse and your keys and ... *(Realizes.)* You left your phone at home. *(Becky's cell phone rings in the Living Room. Same — and Joe answers it.)*

JOE. *(On phone.)* You forgot your phone. *(The Terrace. Same. Walter on his phone, dressed for the party.)*

WALTER. ~~*(On phone, confused.)* Hmm?~~

JOE. ~~After all that, you forgot your phone. *(Becky's Car. Same.)*~~

BECKY. ~~*(To audience, disbelief.)* I forgot my phone.~~

WALTER. ~~Who's this?~~

JOE. ~~Oh, I'm sorry~~