

## ACT TWO

*The Terrace. Night.*

*Cocktail music from offstage, as the dinner party is in full swing. Kenni and Ginger are looking at the view. They each have a drink. They both look smashing.*

KENNI. He bought me a loft.

GINGER. For your birthday?

KENNI. Yes. Downtown. Terrific view. Cost a fortune.

GINGER. Your father loves you, Kenni.

KENNI. *(Beat.)* Do you need a loft?

GINGER. You don't want it?

KENNI. He bought me one last year, too.

GINGER. It's been hard on him. Since your mom died.

KENNI. Turns out Mom was right about everything. She told me exactly how Dad was going to behave when she was gone: said he'd get a little daft about things. Lose his confidence — be a little adrift with people —

GINGER. Sheila was always very perceptive.

KENNI. — And that he'd probably get snookered by a woman.

GINGER. She said that?

KENNI. She knew her friends, Ginger. She knew that once she died, they'd smell blood in the water. *(They both drink.)*

GINGER. Did she mention any names?

KENNI. Oh, come on, Ginger! — Mom knew you'd swoop right in with your charming smile and your backless dress. It's no big deal. Dad's a big boy. Given certain *very clear* boundaries, he can take care of himself.

GINGER. Kenni, I assure you —

KENNI. I sort of envy him. And you.

GINGER. Why?

KENNI. There's no pressure to "find someone" — not at your age.

GINGER. Thanks for that.

KENNI. Or to find the *right* someone — I mean, did you ever meet someone who was sweet and kind and funny and odd and had almost nothing in common with you? — Who had no idea you were from a wealthy family — Someone who just liked you because of *who you were* — and when you're with him you have dopey songs that you can't get out of your head — and all the hard things seem so easy and all the easy things seem so important — I mean, really, Ginger, *it can't just be me, right?* This must have happened to lots of people — this must have happened to you. *(Kenni is staring at Ginger.)*

GINGER. *(Simple.)* No. You're the first. *(Walter arrives, tense. He holds a martini.)* When are we eating, Walter?

WALTER. I wish I knew. I kept following the caterer around the house, asking him about dinner — but he never answered. Turned out he was the exterminator. Why must everyone wear *white*?

KENNI. I'll handle it. *(With a look at Ginger.)* Have fun. *(A charged, awkward moment.)*

GINGER. Walter.

WALTER. Ginger. *(They are looking at the water.)*

GINGER. Lovely.

WALTER. Yes.

GINGER. Your daughter thinks I'm swooping in.

WALTER. Pardon?

GINGER. On you. She thinks I have some plan to swoop in.

WALTER. Well, you know Kenni, she's very protective —

GINGER. Yes, of course —

WALTER. — But I personally don't feel ... swooped in ... upon.

GINGER. Good. *(They drink. Look at the view.)*

WALTER. I don't see your boat. I don't see either of your boats.

GINGER. The boats are gone. The artwork is gone. The horses.

WALTER. Even the horses?

GINGER. No way to keep them. Or the place at the lake. Or the season tickets.

WALTER. *You gave up your season tickets?*

GINGER. Along with three cars and most of my jewelry.

WALTER. I had no idea.

GINGER. It finally caught up with us — the Timber Baron's kids. We all assumed that the money none of us made would never run out — then the investments went bad, the trust funds got emptied, and the bills came due.

WALTER. I'm so sorry —

GINGER. No — please — the last thing we deserve is sympathy. The fact is: After a hundred years of being pampered and deferred to, *none of us know how to do a fucking thing.* We've never worked. Never had jobs. We have no tangible skills. Oh, sure, we know how to stay *busy* — we're all the time telling each other how *busy* we are — but if we had to walk out the door tomorrow and do something practical, something *useful* — something other than dressing up, attending a function and eating with the proper fork: We wouldn't have a clue.

WALTER. Ginger —

GINGER. If our great-grandpa — the Timber Baron — came back and saw what *soft little spoiled ninnies* we've become, he'd kick our ass to hell and back. And here I am: the woman who kept putting off getting married — putting it off till the last minute and beyond — and I could do that, you see, because I always had this safety net. I had my *money*. And I knew that even when my looks were long gone, I'd still have my inheritance ... and maybe there'd be someone who would want *that* ... some man who would want my money even if he didn't really want *me.* (*Kenni appears.*)

KENNI. I found the chef. Dinner's being served.

GINGER. Wonderful. I'm starved. (*Ginger goes.*)

WALTER. I had no idea about Ginger. What she's going through.

KENNI. Mom would say —

WALTER. (*Sharper than he intends.*) I don't want to hear what your mother would say. Not tonight. So ... how's the loft?

KENNI. It's nice.

WALTER. Do you paint there?

KENNI. Paint?

WALTER. Isn't that what people do in lofts? That's what they do in the movies. They paint and play the saxophone. Do you need a saxophone?

KENNI. Dad, listen —

WALTER. Or maybe a treadmill? I know how you and Ramsey love to go running.

KENNI. Yes, well —

WALTER. Is he in town?

KENNI. No, the trust fund playboy Ramsey McCord is still back East. Trolling for debutantes.

WALTER. You talk that way — but everyone assumes you'll marry him, anyway.

KENNI. Including you?