

WALTER. No, no, no, I can't do this! My driver is waiting. I'm supposed to be at a birthday party for my daughter and I don't have a gift for her either — unless you count my *entire net worth*, which she'll inherit the moment I drop dead from trying to *buy some gifts for all these people!* — So please, I know how this must sound and how foolish I must look, but ... can you help me? *(She stares at him. Then: she takes the brochure from Walter's hands, saying:)*

BECKY. *(All business.)* I recommend our all-wheel drive sport coupe. Very popular. My husband ... he always wanted one of these.

WALTER. *Oh, did he?*

BECKY. And the thing is: You wouldn't need to pick colors or interiors in advance — the new owners can do that when they

come in. Also: I suggest you buy each of your employees the same car — to avoid the appearance of playing favorites.

WALTER. That's very smart. *(She is quickly punching numbers into a calculator, as she talks.)*

BECKY. They could take delivery almost right away. And if you choose the Top Flight package on each car, they can add any extras they might want.

WALTER. Good. Let's do that.

BECKY. Okay — *(The calculator spits out a very long piece of paper — Becky rips it off — and hands it to Walter.)* Your cost for nine cars, taxes, title and fees comes to this number right here. *(Walter looks at the number for a long moment. Then: He looks into Becky's eyes.)*

WALTER. You still wear your ring. I do, too. I thought about leaving it with Sheila — having it buried with her ... *(Touching his ring.)* It was my daughter who told me to hold onto it. That it would be a nice reminder. *(Beat.)* I see you've done the same.

BECKY. Pardon?

WALTER. Kept your wedding ring.

BECKY. Well — yes.

WALTER. It's lovely.

BECKY. Thank you — yes, I wear it because, I mean —

WALTER. Was he a good man? Was he kind to you?

BECKY. Yes — he was — *is* — I mean, he still *is*.

WALTER. Oh, I know the feeling —

BECKY. He's still with me — we're still together —

WALTER. Exactly — that's what I tell people, too —

BECKY. No, you —

WALTER. — It's like she's still with me, right by my side, guiding me through my days —

BECKY. Yes, but my husband is still —

WALTER. — And leading me here tonight. Leading me to you. I'm Walter. And you are ... *(She says nothing. He lifts one of her business cards from the desk. Reads.)* Rebecca. *(He extends his hand.)* I'm sorry for your loss, Rebecca.

BECKY. You don't understand —

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WALTER. I like that name: Rebecca. It has substance. Ballast. I hope you don't let people call you Becky.

BECKY. Well —

WALTER. Becky is the name of a dull housewife in a sad movie about a poor family struggling to hold onto their vanishing hopes

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and dreams. In the movies, a Becky always gets the shaft.

BECKY. Walter, I need to tell you about my husband —

WALTER. And I need to tell you more about Sheila — I think that's healthy, to do that kind of sharing — but let's not do that here. Let me pay you for these cars and then maybe we can go somewhere — get a bite to eat.

BECKY. You have a party to attend — your daughter's birthday.

WALTER. And of course you'd remember that! Of course you place family above everything. Sheila was like that, too. You're right, I should go — and I still don't have a gift for my daughter.

BECKY. Does she need a car?

WALTER. She has plenty of cars. Maybe I'll get her a loft downtown. Kids like lofts, don't they?

BECKY. I bet they do.

WALTER. Here is my card — with my accountant's name on back.

BECKY. (*Re: his card.*) Walter Flood — I've seen that name.

WALTER. Maybe on billboards.

BECKY. Do you advertise there?

WALTER. I am the billboards. I own the billboards.

BECKY. Which ones?

WALTER. Pretty much all of them. Go ahead — you can say it: they're an eyesore — visual pollution —

BECKY. Well —

WALTER. — And all of that is true. Believe me, if I could have made *hundreds of millions of dollars* by doing something *good and noble* for the world, I by-God would have done it. But my father handed me this business and said, "Walter, don't screw it up." You play the hand you're dealt.