

## Scene Five

*(TIME: Later that evening.)*

*(The room is dim. LAURA's jacket still hangs over the back of the desk chair. The door bell rings. It rings again. The rings get longer. We sense impatience. The ringing is now accompanied by loud knocking and then angry banging which causes the door to open. JOHNNY BUBBLES, a man in his late thirties stands silhouetted in the doorway. He is dressed like a typical gangster out of a 1940's movie, dark suit, vest, dark shirt, tie, and a wide brim hat. Now and then he puts a toothpick in his mouth that he keeps in his vest pocket. While tough looking, there is something quite likeable about him. He cautiously enters the dimly lit room. After several beats, ADAM, trying to get his shirt on, comes out of the bedroom and switches on the light. JOHNNY looks around.)*

JOHNNY. Jesus you live in a real dump, don't you?

ADAM. Who the hell are you and what are you doing here?

JOHNNY. *(indicating)* Maybe if you put a pool table in here and got rid of all this shit furniture, it would kind of cheer this joint up. Anyway, I'm Johnny.

ADAM. Johnny?... Johnny Bubbles?

JOHNNY. That's right. Johnny Bubbles. Rita's Johnny.

*(Removes his hat revealing a very slicked back head of hair. He sets his hat down on the table between the two chairs.)*

You know, I should be a little more irritated with you than I am. Thanks to you, that chick almost killed me.

ADAM. I'm happy to see she didn't.

JOHNNY. I gotta be honest. I don't buy into any of this psychic crap but how you knew I was zagging the broad was good, very good.

ADAM. Zagging?

JOHNNY. Yeah, you know keeping tabs on her. Anyway, I've never seen any dame so upset. She tried to shoot me in the nuts.

ADAM. Not a good thing.

JOHNNY. I'll say. There I was just coming home from a delicious chicken dinner at my mother's, and there she was waiting for me holding a forty-five. Before I got the goddamn gun out of her hand, she put a bullet in my fifty-two inch flat screen TV and one in the mirror on my ceiling. Who the hell would have guessed she loved me that much?

ADAM. Not me.

JOHNNY. Me neither. She clawed, she bit, she scratched, she screamed.

ADAM. Sounds awful.

JOHNNY. It was the best sex we ever had. Anyway, she told me how she came to finding out I wasn't on the square with her. I was impressed. Very, very impressed. You obviously have some sort of, what are those initials where you see things, LSD?

ADAM. I think you mean ESP, although LSD might be a good second choice. Unfortunately, I don't possess either of those. I write murder mysteries and when Rita told me how you wouldn't let her out of your sight, it was pretty obvious to me what that was all about.

JOHNNY. You don't get visions or anything?

ADAM. Nothing.

JOHNNY. Yeah, but what about those other things she told me you came up with?

ADAM. Like what?

JOHNNY. Like how you knew this Roy Benson creep who she's dating was planning to kill his wife and about how you knew she was cheating on him with me. Come on, don't be modest. Maybe, just maybe, you do have a gift.

ADAM. (*apprehensive*) How can I help you Johnny?