

Scene Three

*A cafe.*

*Film noir music.*

*The Other Woman waiting in a blue rain-coat.*

*Jean enters in a blue rain-coat.*

JEAN. Hello.

OTHER WOMAN. Hello.

Thank you for meeting me.

JEAN. Not at all.

OTHER WOMAN. We like the same clothes.

JEAN. Yes.

OTHER WOMAN. I suppose that's not surprising, given the circumstances.

JEAN. I don't know what you mean.

OTHER WOMAN. You don't need to pretend.

JEAN. I know.

OTHER WOMAN. Gordon has good taste. You're pretty.

JEAN. I'm not -

**START -** OTHER WOMAN. Don't be modest. I like it when a woman knows she's beautiful. Women nowadays - they don't know how to walk into a room. A beautiful woman should walk into a room thinking: I am beautiful and I know how to walk in these shoes. There's so little glamour in the world these days. It makes daily life such a bore. Women are responsible for enlivening dull places like train stations. There is hardly any pleasure in waiting for a train anymore. The women just - walk in. Horrible shoes. No confidence. Bad posture. **STOP**

*She looks at Jean's posture.*

*Jean sits up straighter.*

OTHER WOMAN. A woman should be able to take out her compact and put lipstick on her lips with absolute confidence. No apology.

*The other woman takes out lipstick and puts it on her lips, slowly.*

*Jean is riveted.*

OTHER  
WOMAN/  
STRANGER