

Scene Two

*Jean and Dwight in a love haze
in the back of the stationery store.*

DWIGHT. I was dreaming about you. And a letter press. I dreamed you were the letter z.

JEAN. Why Z?

DWIGHT. Two lines – us – connected by a diagonal. Z.

JEAN. Oh, Dwight.

DWIGHT. If we are ever parted, and can't recognize each other, because of death, or some other calamity – just say the letter Z – to me – it will be our password.

JEAN. Z.

DWIGHT. Let's never be parted. I don't need more than twelve hours to know you, Jean. Do you?

Tell me you don't. We exchanged little bits of our souls – I have a little of yours and you have a little of mine – like a torn jacket – you gave me one of your buttons.

I – I love you Jean.

The phone rings.

DWIGHT. Don't get that.

JEAN. It'll just take a second.

Hello?

Are you sitting down?

This might come as a very great shock to you.

But Gordon has passed away.

DWIGHT. Jean?

Who's on the phone?

JEAN. I'm sorry, who is this?

(to Dwight) a business colleague.

(to the phone) The funeral was yesterday.

Yes, it was a very nice service.

It was Catholic so it wasn't very personal –

I'm sorry – are you Catholic?

Oh, good – I mean –

DWIGHT. (*whispering*) Jean – come here...

The voice on the phone offers Jean his condolences.

JEAN. (*to Dwight*) I'm on the phone!

(*to the phone*) Yes, in-coming. Thank you,
but if you want to offer condolences,
the best thing would probably be to
write to Hermia and Harriet Gottlieb.
Their address is 111 Shank avenue.

DWIGHT. (*no longer whispering*) Jean!

JEAN. (*to Dwight*) I'm on the phone!

(*to the phone*) I don't know anything about a living will
– no –

I'm sorry. I have to go.

I hope you have a pleasant day

in spite of the bad news.

Good-bye.

She hangs up.

DWIGHT. Who was that?

JEAN. A business colleague.

DWIGHT. I don't think you want to get mixed up in that.

JEAN. Oh, Dwight, I'll be all right.

DWIGHT. I forbid you to talk to Gordon's colleagues.

JEAN. You *forbid* me?

DWIGHT. Get rid of the phone. Give it up. It's bad luck.

JEAN. It brought me to you, didn't it?

DWIGHT. It's not good for you. Life is for the living. Me.
You. Living. Life, life, life!

The phone rings.

DWIGHT. If you answer that phone, Jean, if you answer that
phone –

JEAN. What?

DWIGHT. I will! –

it will make me sad.