

ADAM AND JANET

ADAM. How much of that did you believe? What that guy told you—*did you believe all that?*

JANET. How much should I believe? (*She pulls out a photograph*) Should I believe this? Or are you going to tell me it's "All in my head". Or that it's "all in the past"—which doesn't seem likely. Not anymore. (Pause)

ADAM. It happened. I was taking her class. Two years ago--

JANET. And since then?

ADAM. Nothing.

JANET. This weekend?

ADAM. No--

JANET. Goddammit, Adam, you can't keep--

ADAM. NOTHING, Janet. We did what we went there to do--

JANET. Which was what exactly? I called your friends. Got the numbers from you mom--

ADAM. Jesus, why would you--

JANET. —And they never say you! Had no idea you were in D.C.

ADAM. I didn't see them. We stayed at a hotel.

JANET. Okay.

ADAM. In separate rooms--

JANET. I see.

ADAM. —On separate fucking floors!

JANET. Oh, that puts my mind at ease, thank you.

ADAM. It's done, okay? It's over and done.

JANET. (*Pause*) How were your meetings?

ADAM. Fine.

JANET. How many were there?

ADAM. Three or four (*Pause*)

JANET. Sorry about your backpack. It was stolen, right? *Am I right?!*

ADAM. How do you know that?

JANET. It all happened—just like he said. Your backpack was stolen and you got it back, right? —Found it in the trash or something

ADAM. *He told you this?*

JANET. And what was missing?

ADAM. Nothing--

JANET. *Adam--*

ADAM. —Nothing but a gift. A "graduation gift" she gave me. Nothing else was taken—just a small silver case—

JANET. And what was inside?

ADAM. Nothing.

JANET. Not a little disk? With some photos on it? (*Pause*) You don't know do you? Oh God, you really don't....She was using you—passing information.

ADAM. No, that's not—

JANET. —We have to tell him—when he calls—you've got to tell him you're NOT involved—you had no idea about ANY of this.