

JANET AND RAY

JANET. Everyone keeps telling me “It’s been five months, Janet”. No one knows better than me that it’s been five months.....but he’s going to turn up. I’m not saying something didn’t happen—but we should not be having a WAKE—God, that is just, its’ just wrong, it’s the wrong ting, Ray...because he’s is still going to walk through that door. (*Pause*) You don’t think I’m right, do you?

RAY. (*Carefully*) You know what they found—the police talked to you about--

JANET. They did not find HIM! That’s all we know for sure. These reporters—What do they have—Saying maybe he killed himself—HE DID NOT KILL HIMSELF—He would NEVER DO THAT--

RAY. It’s okay..

JANET. –Even if that’s what his Dad did, that doesn’t mean--

RAY. Listen now...

JANET. –They just need to find that guy—the guy who wanted to see Adam—I told the., the police, everyone—why can’t they FIND THAT GUY?!

RAY. They’ll find him—if he’s out there--

JANET. This is REAL, Ray—I did not MAKE THIS UP—and the thing is—it was *me—I told him to go. I told Adam to go there and put an end to it.*

RAY. (*Quiet, but firm*) Don’t do that—don’t ever do that. He loved you, Janet—loved you so much—that’s the thing....that’s what you need to remember. (*Pause*) What now? You want I should walk you home?

JANET. No..I might go back upstairs. That’s where I was--when everyone else was here. Up there walking around, I’d never done that.

RAY. Nice, huh?

JANET. There’s an open window on the 9<sup>th</sup> floor.....

RAY. 902. The wedding suite.

JANET. ....And from there, if you lean out, you can see all the way to the river. One open space between the buildings.....and way out there.....this sliver of blue.....

RAY. Haven’t even gotten to the mail. You wanna take a look?

JANET. (*Looking through letters*) What do you know?

RAY. What’s that? From the city?

JANET. Yeah.

RAY. Okay, here goes—when’s the wrecking ball coming? (*Reading the letter*) Whaddya know...

JANET. Hmmmm?

RAY. The developers are headed back to court. Ghosts are sage for another year. Wow—the folds upstairs are going to flip! You think we outta----Janet—what is it?

JANET. It’s from Adam

RAY. Thank God—What’s the date on it?

JANET. Five months ago. From D.C.

RAY. Five months....how an that be? Why would it take so long? (*Reading postcard*) To: “Ray, Yankee Tavern, New York City” Thought you’d want to keep this in the bar, up by your buddy’s mug.”

JANET. Why? What does he mean by that?

RAY. No idea. I’m sorry Janet.