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HOTEL STOCKHOLM

by

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SETTING

A luxury hotel in Sweden's capital. Scenes are inside a private hotel room and inside the hotel's restaurant.

TIME

October 2018 and a year later

CHARACTERS

Amanda: attractive American, white, age 50, newly married to Sam
Sam: attractive American, white and half-Brazilian, age 60
Camille: attractive African American, age 50

**ACT ONE
SCENE ONE**

(A well-appointed, quiet room inside Hotel Stockholm. Early evening in October)

AMANDA: In a word. Opaque.

SAM: One word?

AMANDA: You're the most opaque man I ever met.

SAM: Thank you.

AMANDA: It's not a compliment.

SAM: I thought it was.

AMANDA: You're the most handsome man also.

SAM: I'm not schizoid.

AMANDA: I didn't say you were.

SAM: You think I'm often insane.

AMANDA: Look how you're dressed. Your pirate shirts.

SAM: You prefer silk?

AMANDA: Anything but Egyptian cotton.

SAM: All things Egyptian . . . in length, in durability . . .

AMANDA: But falling in love

SAM: Falling in love . . .

AMANDA/SAM: Love . . .

AMANDA: Yes.

SAM: Falling.

AMANDA: Yes. I so do love you.

SAM: Thank God.

AMANDA: Falling in love is a medieval Christian notion.

SAM: I'm not Christian.

AMANDA: I'm not medieval.

SAM: How perfect!

AMANDA: I'm free of old fetishes.

SAM: I've noticed. And new.

AMANDA: I fell deeply in love with you last year.

SAM: Napa? Or Sonoma?

AMANDA: Sonoma.

SAM: It happened to us both.

AMANDA: Falling in love means in certain circles to fall from grace.

SAM: And grace is divine. Love should be divine.

AMANDA: Grace is innocence. And to fall in love

SAM: Like a parachutist?

AMANDA: Like a jumper without a fucking parachute.

SAM: Like the tragedy of 9/11's Trade Towers.

AMANDA: Falling faster than 32 ft. per second per second.

AMANDA: So becoming intoxicated with the flesh, Sam, feels like a . . .

SAM: Like a forbidden drug . . .

AMANDA: Like a moment of immortality but also a sentence of damnation.

SAM: That's so sexy, Amanda. Really. D. H. Lawrence once wrote: "We start off self-conscious, *with sex in the head*. We find a woman who is the same. We marry because we are 'pals.'"

AMANDA: We're not pals.

SAM: We're newlyweds.

AMANDA: You were once like a bird with a broken wing, Sam.

SAM: A broken wing? A broken heart?

AMANDA: How did it break?

SAM: A jinx? A curse? My unvarnished stupidity?

AMANDA: (Sweetly) Say it for Christ's sake.

SAM: Say what?

AMANDA: What you feel now.

SAM: Peace of mind. I fell in love with you. And I fell hard. My work stopped dead. Work became irrelevant.

AMANDA: And this is forever. Love.

SAM: This is forever.

(They kiss passionately)

AMANDA: I like. Your taste. Very much.

SAM: I inherited these wonderful ancestral features.

AMANDA: My Golden Retriever Lancelot taught me how to kiss, when I was a little girl. Age six.

SAM: I thought you're allergic to dogs?

AMANDA: I am now but wasn't as a child.

SAM: That's so Amanda . . .

AMANDA: Yes, so Amanda. It's a lovely boutique hotel. The sleek Swedish design. The natural wood.

SAM: A friend's recommendation.

AMANDA: Which friend, Sam?

SAM: Which? From work at headquarters.

AMANDA: One of your good friends? One of your bad friends?

SAM: I discarded all my bad friends.

AMANDA: Did you?

SAM: Clancy.

AMANDA: I haven't met him yet.

SAM: You won't be meeting him.

AMANDA: Because he's with the NSA?

SAM: He's dead darling. Neither good nor bad.

AMANDA: I'm sorry.

SAM: Car accident. Near Martha's Vineyard. Driver jumped the double yellow line. Head on. I told you about Clancy.

AMANDA: You went to college with him.

SAM: That's right. Cornell. Undergrad. He was a farm boy from upstate.

AMANDA: I've lost all my friends from college days.

SAM: Clancy was a genius. He could hold 1200 algorithms in his head at any time. A brilliant cryptologist. But couldn't hold his booze.

AMANDA: Algorithms aren't meant to be memorized, right?

SAM: Clancy had that sort of mind. Built like a family guy.

AMANDA: He has grown kids?

SAM: Yes. One at Yale. One finishing high school.

AMANDA: Oh, that must be tough on his wife.

SAM: I write checks for the older boy. Covers the books and his housing needs.

AMANDA: Sam . . .

SAM: Clancy would do the same for me. We were like brothers. He knew I made out like a bandit with an aggressive investment portfolio.

AMANDA: Then why do you really need to work?

SAM: What do you mean?

AMANDA: How wealthy are you?

SAM: How wealthy are we?

AMANDA: Yes.

SAM: I didn't put a prenup under your nose.

AMANDA: Your mother joked that you would.

SAM: My Brazilian mother's a creature from a demented *telenovela*. South American women are operatic when angry.

(Pause)

We will never be in need.

AMANDA: How fortunate to never be in need.

(Kissing again like love birds in flight)

Aren't you cold?

SAM: No.

AMANDA: I am.

SAM: It's not chilly, Amanda.

AMANDA: Look at the thermostat. Below 20. Celsius. Who invented Celsius?

SAM: A Swede. Anders Celsius. What do I win by answering correctly?

AMANDA: You can remove my dress.

SAM: I love this slinky black thing.

AMANDA: It's a Nicole Miller.

SAM: She designed it for you?

AMANDA: Fuck no.

SAM: Certainly looks like she did. You know Miller.

AMANDA: I never met her.

SAM: I thought you said you had.

AMANDA: My sister . . . not me.

SAM: I met her. In Paris. During the Yellow Jacket riots one Saturday in November.

SAM: Turn off the air conditioner, darling.

AMANDA: But you like it cool.

SAM: Do I?

AMANDA: When we make love . . .

SAM: Oh. . .

AMANDA: Otherwise your sweat produces an odd odor.

SAM: Odd?

AMANDA: A good odor, Sam. But peculiar none the less. The science of pheromones goes both ways. Attracting the opposite sex, repelling the opposite sex.

SAM: This isn't great foreplay, Amanda.

AMANDA: You think I don't know you well?

SAM: You know me very well.

AMANDA: Kiss, kiss.

SAM: Kiss, kiss.

(And now after saying the words like a game, they do kiss passionately)

AMANDA: Evergreen.

SAM: Mountain cool.

AMANDA: A hundred years ago there were many aphrodisiacs.

SAM: Really?

AMANDA: I read that in *Elle* magazine.

SAM: A very fine magazine.

AMANDA: Or was it Oprah's magazine? Today there are less than a dozen effective aphrodisiacs.

SAM: I blame the FDA.

AMANDA: Of course you would.

SAM: I thought you gave up on women magazines?

AMANDA: I love women magazines that are glossy. I loathe online editions. I love Oprah. I loathe Martha Stewart.

SAM: I met Martha Stewart after she left prison.

AMANDA: Was she really in prison?

SAM: Yes. Insider trading.

AMANDA: Martha Stewart? Why did you meet her?

SAM: I don't know why. At a hotel ballroom reception.

AMANDA: Where?

SAM: Where? Overseas. France.

AMANDA: In Paris?

SAM: Yes. In Paris. 5th arrondissement.

AMANDA: Paris. Always Paris. Everyone's choice for the perfect city. I didn't like my first wedding night. In Paris. Île Saint-Louis. Didn't like my first marriage.

SAM: Nor did I. On Maui.

AMANDA: Hawaii, Sam, is where we should be right now.

SAM: You're serious?

AMANDA: I am. But we are here and I accept Sweden's charm.

SAM: Good.

AMANDA: You became a widower under a dozen years. And you entered the witness protection program in half that time.

SAM: That's very funny.

AMANDA: Is it?

SAM: Time can't be measured like inches and miles. My ex's ghost won't hunt us down. You know that as fact.

(He strokes her hair)

I grew to become a romantic. I wasn't born one

AMANDA: In flannel pajamas, you're a romantic.

SAM: Like you, I was too young to get married.

AMANDA: But that didn't stop you.

SAM: No, there were preternatural forces at work.

AMANDA: Preternatural?

SAM: Am I using the word incorrectly?

AMANDA: I think you are. You probably mean paranormal.

SAM: Okay.

AMANDA; And she proposed.

SAM: Yes, Linda proposed, like a charging bison.

AMANDA: Idiot.

SAM: Me or Linda?

AMANDA: You're not an idiot, darling.

SAM: Every birthday I think I am.

AMANDA: That gives you most of the year to enjoy self-esteem. Linda was the classic idiot.

SAM: She was infinitely rich. And I benefited by her death. Not as most people imagined and most of her estate circumvented me as declared in her will.

AMANDA: You're an honest man, Sam. I hated my first wedding as much as going to the prom.

SAM: I know.

AMANDA: Hotel Pierre in Manhattan. Hated my honeymoon.

SAM: You told me.

AMANDA: There is nothing good about the photos from our honeymoon. (Silence) Hated having a family with him.

SAM: But things are different now.

AMANDA: Things are different. Yes. And I love my daughter.

SAM: I love you, Amanda.

AMANDA: I know.

SAM: Love you more than life itself.

AMANDA: Kiss, kiss.

SAM: Kiss, kiss.
(Another sustained caring kiss)

AMANDA: The joke . . .

SAM: We share it . . .

AMANDA: Something wet . . . Sam . . .
(He comes in for a very sustained, tight body grope)

SAM: Okay.

AMANDA: Don't stop.

SAM: I can't stop.

AMANDA: Don't talk.

SAM: I love to talk. Silence kills me.

AMANDA: Do you need another drink?

SAM: Yes.

(He kisses her again and forces her to the wall. She likes it like an old 40s movie)

AMANDA: Good.

SAM: Good?

AMANDA: Yes.

SAM: Tomorrow.

AMANDA: All week.

SAM: All night.

AMANDA: Not long enough.

SAM: Why did you tell me you would quit your job?

AMANDA: Because I don't like my profession and you have tons of money.

SAM: I told you that?

AMANDA: Your mother did. May I call her Antônia?

SAM: Call her anything but by her given name. And she would never say shit like that.

AMANDA: You don't know her well, Sam.

SAM: My mother never talks about money.

AMANDA: Your friends have told me too.

SAM: My friends?

AMANDA: (Sweetly) A mountain of money.

SAM: Does money matter?

AMANDA: Of course not. Honeymoons are a creation of hotels to survive after the Great Depression. Did you know that, Sam?

SAM: No. I didn't know that.

AMANDA: Did you know that Viagra was named after Niagara Falls?

SAM: That's so wonderfully funny, darling.

AMANDA: I heard that on a podcast. Viagra has two "A"s and Niagara has three.

SAM: Maharajah has four "A"s.

AMANDA: You're my Hindu prince.

SAM: I'll never be your prince.

AMANDA: Did you know the Marilyn Monroe film *Niagara*?

SAM: No, I don't.

AMANDA: It was so much my personal story, Sam.

SAM: Should I order room service?

AMANDA: More champagne and caviar.

SAM: You love caviar.

AMANDA: I love champagne.

SAM: Niagara Falls straddles Canada and the U.S.

AMANDA: Straddling is a very erotic word.

SAM: Is it?

AMANDA: 1953 was Marilyn's breakout year.

SAM: I wouldn't know.

AMANDA: What do you know?

SAM: We're too old for birth control.

AMANDA: Why would you bring up birth control?

SAM: Most women can't conceive in the mid 40s.

AMANDA: But you want to play roulette?

SAM: Gambling is a gamble.

AMANDA: I wish I could just read your mind.

(Pause)

You don't like podcasts, do you?

SAM: That's such a funny question, Amanda.

AMANDA: Why did we elope?

SAM: You said no public wedding. No Hotel Pierre. No Waldorf-Astoria.

AMANDA: I never said that.

SAM: You said it a moment ago. You texted me a million times about this.

AMANDA: We could have secured a yacht and invited a dozen decadent couples.

SAM: Yachts are so unsafe.

AMANDA: I said no large conventional family wedding. That didn't preempt a beautiful yacht and open blue seas.

SAM: Do you want to get married formally? In a large traditional ceremony and the U.S. Navy watching?

AMANDA: With you in a white tux?

SAM: With me in a starched white tux.

AMANDA: Yes.

SAM: A \$100,000 public wedding. With a bright notice in the Sunday New York Times.

AMANDA: Yes. And my Uncle Horace would write the piece in elegant prose.

SAM: That was what you really craved?

AMANDA: Yes.

SAM: But Amanda, elopement was a superb secret.

AMANDA: Not to my friends. I thought you could read my mind, Sam.

SAM: Never.

AMANDA: You're known to be clairvoyant.

SAM: Clairvoyance is very overrated.

AMANDA: Why are we in Sweden?

SAM: You've ancestry in Stockholm. Your maternal grandparents.

AMANDA: They're dead.

SAM: Well, no one really dies. In moonlit you look like Liv Ullman.

AMANDA: It's work assignment, darling.

SAM: I'm not on assignment.

AMANDA: You're always on assignment.

SAM: Yes. An hour next Tuesday. Paperwork. While you're at the salon.

AMANDA: Just a short hour, darling?

SAM: Yes, time me if you must. You ate nothing over dinner.

AMANDA: Did you notice? Only shell fish. 70% of the planet is ocean.

SAM: 70% of body weight is water.

AMANDA: And two glasses of chardonnay.

SAM: We had champagne. I drank more than you.

AMANDA: You're double my weight.

SAM: But half your psychic weight.

AMANDA: When were you Stockholm last?

SAM: Three years ago.

AMANDA: Before we met?

SAM: Yes. Covering Bob Dylan's Nobel. He didn't show.

AMANDA: Of course, he's over 70. Dylan lives in a cave.

SAM: Patti Smith came in his place and sang for him.

AMANDA: She's a very literate lady, Sam. She won a National Book award.

SAM: I wouldn't know. Did you really fall in love, Amanda?

AMANDA: Yes.

SAM: Be honest.

AMANDA: I'm always honest.

SAM: With me.

AMANDA: With you.

SAM: You've had many men.

AMANDA: Count them on one hand.

SAM: It's not how you count but how you discard.

AMANDA: My generation didn't sleep around, Sam.

SAM: You said none of this on our wedding night.

AMANDA: Tonight, we start the rest of our honeymoon.

SAM: I can't cancel the Tuesday thing.

AMANDA: Don't. I was teasing.

SAM: It's paying for our whole trip. One hour, Amanda.

AMANDA: I never told anyone that you're like a spy. I gave you my word. And now, nothing's on my mind. Like a feather in the wind. Not even invisible thoughts.

SAM: Your daughter could have come. To watch the ceremony. I thought she should in fact.

AMANDA: For my benefit?

SAM: (tongue in cheek) For her beautiful photography.

AMANDA: Cecilia only takes black and white.

SAM: For her studio work.

AMANDA: For all of her work.

SAM: Wouldn't a few photos yesterday be memorable, Amanda?

AMANDA: Yes.

SAM: Cecilia asked me to . . .

AMANDA: Asked you?

SAM: I've never seen old photos.

AMANDA: The camera doesn't like me.

SAM: And why is that?

AMANDA: Because I don't like cameras. Or cell phone lens.

SAM: How did Cecilia choose photography?

AMANDA: You'll have to ask her that when we get back to New York.

SAM: I'll forget.

AMANDA: What?

SAM: Forget. To ask.

AMANDA: Aren't you going to take Aricept?

SAM: No. I wasn't prescribed Aricept, darling.

AMANDA: That was a joke.

SAM: Alzheimer's isn't funny.

AMANDA: It runs in your family.

SAM: 1 in 10 get it by age 65. Memory is better than money.

AMANDA: That's a great line. Is that from Milan Kundera? I loved Kundera's novel.

SAM: Are you testing me tonight?

AMANDA: Yes, lovingly. *The Joke*. And the movie version of his *Book of Laughter and . . .*

SAM: *Forgetting . . .*

AMANDA: A joke, Sam.

SAM: A joke, Amanda.

(She removes her high heels in an erotic manner, one shoe at a time while leaning over a chair. She watches him with more intent and smiles as if there is an erotic joke between them. He opens a bottle of wine and pours two glasses)

AMANDA: An orgasm can exist outside a human body.

SAM: Is that a fact?

AMANDA: No, but it is an established opinion. I think Ouspensky wrote about it 90 years ago. Or was it his friend Gurdjieff? In Moscow. Wilhelm Reich imagined that this internal life energy – an Orgone – was the phenomenon which linked everything living. Others have called it luminiferous ether.

SAM: And why would an orgasm want to leave the human body?

AMANDA: To find freedom from death.

SAM: Very poetic.

AMANDA: The idea is also in the Kama Sutra. But you haven't read the Kama Sutra.

SAM: Not yet. It's on my list of audio books. Ready for bed?

AMANDA: (Giddy) I sense the Sandman is coming.

SAM: You're so sexy when you're buzzed, Amanda.

AMANDA: My fingers are tingling. My toes are bouncing on Orgones. And the room's vibrating like a humming bird, darling.

SAM: I set the A/C.

AMANDA: When?

SAM: When you were in the bathroom.

AMANDA: I wasn't in the bathroom, Sam.

SAM: You did your makeup thirty minutes ago.

AMANDA: We just entered the room.

SAM: I went out for a cigarette and you asked to freshen up.

AMANDA: They'll let you smoke on the balcony on this floor.
(She removes her necklace with care)

SAM: Pearls.

AMANDA: Fresh water pearls.

SAM: You wore a beautiful white wedding dress.

AMANDA: You liked it because it was backless.

SAM: Yes.

AMANDA: The dress aroused you.

SAM: I liked the chiffon shawl too.

AMANDA: The shawl was my mother's.

SAM: How lovely.

AMANDA: She would have liked you and flirted with you. My mother had a way with foreign words. A safe cracker with words. Her tongue had dexterity. And the soft touch of her vowels matched the skill with personal questions. My mother knew everything about a man in two minutes.

SAM: How did she do this to her only daughter?

AMANDA: Why are you insinuating?

SAM: How do you treat your daughter?

AMANDA: How do you treat your daughter, Sam?

SAM: Like a Disney princess.
(Silence. She turns her back to Sam)
You're about to take off your bra.

AMANDA: I never take off my bra. Unless I'm about to shower.

SAM: We can make love with your bra on.

AMANDA: Do you need pajamas, Sam? I don't think you do.

SAM: I don't.

AMANDA: All the nights you've slept over . . . promising me spiritual truths.

SAM: I think you're drunk.

AMANDA: Which is it, Sam? Am I drunk?

SAM: Yes.

AMANDA: My voice is smokier than normal . . .

SAM: Yes.

AMANDA: And that makes me sound intoxicated?

SAM: And your broken high heel.

AMANDA: I love high heels, darling. I'm taller than you with heels. My posture is better. You're just not a tall man, Sam. I'm trying to make you laugh. The invention of high heels was credited to the extremely petite Catherine de Medici . . .

SAM: Spare me the history of shoes lesson.

AMANDA: Who was engaged to the Duke of Orleans at the age of 14.

(She comes around Sam from behind like a serpent and kisses his neck lovingly)

SAM: A boat tour . . . tomorrow?

AMANDA: The Duke, who became the King of France, who was known for dreadful body odor, was quite tall in contrast to de Medici's little figure. This was the early 1500s when every other person was a dwarf no taller than a bar stool.

(Her hand reaches under his shirt and goes south)

And that's how Michael Dukakis lost to George H. W. Bush thirty years ago. A sock puppet looking like Snoopy in army helmet riding an armor tank.

SAM: You don't want the boat tour?

AMANDA: I get seasick, Sam, on a waterbed. Do you know anything about me?

(She turns out the night table lamp with her free hand)

Do you know that I talk in my sleep? I confess my sins.

(She wraps a leg around Sam and pulls him onto the bed)

Do you know that my Tarot card readings hint of an early death a decade before menopause?

(She laughs and mounts him like a horse)

I gave up Tarot cards for Lent.

SAM: I don't believe you. You gave up marijuana, Brazilian waxing, and Botox, but you will never give up Tarot.

AMANDA: Open your mouth.

SAM: My mouth is open.

AMANDA: Where is your tongue?

SAM: Where is your tongue?

AMANDA: In the Baltic Sea.

SAM: Oh?

AMANDA: I'm a mermaid with Scandinavian heritage. And a second grandparent from Copenhagen . . .

SAM: From Copenhagen?

AMANDA: Named Soren.

SAM: The mermaid in Denmark is a statue.

AMANDA: Yes, I know the statue. Close the curtains and turn out the light.

SAM: Complete darkness?

AMANDA: Yes.

SAM: And not see you at all?

AMANDA: You always see me.

SAM: Like a spider along the window.

AMANDA: I see no spider.

SAM: I see no window pane.
(She turns out the light and blackout)

End of Scene One

ACT ONE
SCENE TWO

(A hour or two later. A lit candle on the night table)

AMANDA: Oh God. (Silence) I had a mad forest dream.

SAM: Just now?

AMANDA: Yes.

SAM: Did we both fall asleep?

AMANDA: Yes.

SAM: But you were talking for a long while.

AMANDA: I was asleep.

SAM: What did you dream?

AMANDA: Something about a wolf.

SAM: In the woods . . .

AMANDA: Yes. Where else do you see wolves?

SAM: Single bars.

AMANDA: Where we met.

SAM: You're crying.

AMANDA: A sudden sadness.

SAM: Why?

AMANDA: About a memory.
(She turns on a light)

SAM: Too bright.
(She turns off the light)

AMANDA: My son. Jacob. I lost him before his 17th birthday.

SAM: I know.

AMANDA: Jacob was in my dream. I can't forgive myself.

(She gets out of bed and throws a robe over herself)

I caused his death . . .

(Sam sits up, isn't sure about reaching for her)

. . . a terrible car accident. He didn't have a license.

SAM: Christ . . .

AMANDA: He swiped my car keys. Seven years and no respite . . . I joined a church bereavement group. Nothing helped. I want Jacob living.

SAM: Yes.

AMANDA: I'm not holding crap back, Sam.

SAM: Do you want to adopt? A foster a teen?

AMANDA: No.

SAM: We could help another boy . . .

AMANDA: I should take a walk and clear my head . . .

SAM: It's almost 3am.

AMANDA: It's 9am in New York. My body's not here. I need some air.

SAM: Just walk the lobby . . . for safety.

AMANDA: I'll just look at the gift windows. I'll be back soon.

(She gets dressed quickly)

SAM: Where is Jacob buried?

AMANDA: Long Island. Cedar Lawn Cemetery.

(She finishes dressing and hurries out of the hotel room)

End of Scene

ACT ONE
SCENE THREE

(Early morning, sun streaming in from window. Sam wakes up hearing Amanda enter the hotel room. Her hair is a mess)

SAM: Amanda?

AMANDA: Morning.

SAM: What's the time?

AMANDA: Almost 8.

SAM: Can you close the shade?

AMANDA: Sure.

(She closes the shades tightly)

SAM: Thanks.

AMANDA: I had a cigarette.

SAM: Oh.

AMANDA: I grabbed your Camels.

SAM: Look at your hair.

AMANDA: Don't be scared. I'm a little twitchy and cold.

SAM: I'm worried about you.

AMANDA: No need to worry. I'm more cold than Hans Christian Anderson's *Ice Queen*. My mother read all of his stories to us

SAM: There's a look on your face . . . like a feral creature.

AMANDA: I am a feral creature.

SAM: I don't like that look.

AMANDA: You have that look, Sam, when we don't see each other for weeks at a time.

SAM: It's my job to look ferocious.

AMANDA: You fear dying.

SAM: I do. That's true.

AMANDA: I fear aging.

SAM: It's the same fear, Amanda.

AMANDA: No, it isn't. Fear of aging means that you have to see yourself looking old, and you have to deal with the pain of your inflections. It's not the fear of the grave. I know that I won't have any consciousness upon the moment of my death and I can say the same for you. There's genuine comfort knowing that we have a final rest. But while we are alive, I want to believe in a better future.

SAM: We have a beautiful future. We have a loving fate.

AMANDA: Isn't fate funny?

SAM: Funny?

AMANDA: Do you think psychologists have it wrong? Is there really such a thing as the Stockholm Syndrome? Perhaps The Stockholm Syndrome is really meant to be inverted. I think the inmate or the hostage is better off and not subjugated. Really. The jailor or the terrorist identifies with the prisoner. The jailor yearns to be in shackles. The terrorist craves to be captured.

SAM: Why are you obsessing on jails and jailers?

AMANDA: Some innocent souls have to spend a lifetime in prison, and their beating heart becomes a musical thing.

(She takes out a handgun from her large purse)

Look what I found in the hotel lobby, darling. Isn't this a Glock 19?

Something you used to carry? Ideal for versatility and portable scale?

(She places it on the night table by the bed)

End of Scene.

ACT TWO
SCENE ONE

(A year later. Hotel Stockholm restaurant)

CAMILLE: My first pearl necklace I wore was right after I finished graduate school. My boyfriend was working at an investment house. He was trying to impress his gang at work. But I really did love him with all my heart. And he just piled on the gifts. More jewelry. Foreign trips first class. A luxury car.

AMANDA: A car? Porsche?

CAMILLE: BMW.

AMANDA: How extravagant!

CAMILLE: Older German imports have wiper blades that don't move in parallel. I find that very hypnotic. Mercedes.

AMANDA: What happened to your boyfriend?

CAMILLE: Maxmillian?

AMANDA: Was his name Maxmillian?

CAMILLE: He looked like a Max. He had a Max hairline with a million dollar weave. I called him Maximillian. He maxed out on hair plugs.

AMANDA: He loved you. He taught you things.

CAMILLE: Indeed he did. That gourmet food will kill us before we turn 60. I learned about hedge funds. We are a human hedge fund.

AMANDA: Are you flying back tomorrow night?

CAMILLE: I don't have to . . . it's a flexible ticket.

AMANDA: Good.

CAMILLE: Why do you ask?

AMANDA: We could do some sightseeing.

CAMILLE: I'm not a tourist.

AMANDA: Aren't we all tourists, Camille?

CAMILLE: You've an odd sense of humor.

AMANDA: Cultivated by disreputable friends.

CAMILLE: I've met your daughter back in Philadelphia.

AMANDA: Cecilia told me.

CAMILLE: She's a friend to my daughter Justine.

AMANDA: How wonderful.

CAMILLE: Yes.

AMANDA: I've met Justine on campus. She's so beautiful. You look like sisters.

CAMILLE: Thank you. Your daughter is rather gorgeous. I'm sure you hear that all the time.

AMANDA: All the time.

CAMILLE: And you look like sisters.

AMANDA: She's actually my step-daughter.

CAMILLE: That's so hard to believe, Amanda. Do you collect art?

AMANDA: I love the neo-realists but can't afford one miniature mediocre Charles Ginner.

CAMILLE: My husband and I have gone wild for lithographs the last five years. Our latest obsession is with Axel Törneman. Died so young from bleeding ulcers.

AMANDA: Bleeding ulcers is a serious thing.

CAMILLE: Bleeding hemorrhoids too.

AMANDA: From Stockholm?

CAMILLE: Yes, but a long stretch in Paris I'm told.

AMANDA: Did you have Justine naturally or was she IVF?

CAMILLE: How can you ask that?

AMANDA: Curiosity.

CAMILLE: That's so rude of you, Amanda.

AMANDA: I thought I read about your IVF in Fidelity Investment magazine.

CAMILLE: No, no, no . . .

AMANDA: All my friends over 40 have had major challenges conceiving.

CAMILLE: What does that have to do with Fidelity Investments?

AMANDA: Clearly nothing. At. All.

CAMILLE: Fertility was never on my mind.

AMANDA: But look how you're smiling . . .

CAMILLE: I'm smiling to be sociable and avoiding a major depression.

AMANDA: Did you watch the royal wedding?

CAMILLE: No.

AMANDA: I did.

CAMILLE: Are we having dinner here?

AMANDA: Yes. I ordered.

CAMILLE: You ordered?

AMANDA: Before you arrived.

CAMILLE: You ordered for both of us?

AMANDA: Yes. You like oysters.

CAMILLE: You're impulsive like a teenager, Amanda.

AMANDA: Because I ordered oysters? They are low in calories, low in fat and an excellent source of protein that conveys a sense of eating a full meal.

CAMILLE: Excessive protein can kill a woman. That's common knowledge.

AMANDA: Oysters are a good source for vitamins A, E, and C, zinc, iron, calcium, selenium, and vitamin B12. But there are life-threatening risks too, symptoms of *Vibrio vulnificus* - infection occurs within 48 hours with signs of chills, fever, nausea, diarrhea and skin lesions.

(Mild laughter)

If my humor is lacking, Camille, it's because I'm a post-feminist.

CAMILLE: What the hell is that?

AMANDA: Anything I want it to be. I'm half serious, Camille. Look at the inadequate waves of early feminism, look at the contradictions. Look at the limited binary thinking and essentialism, the old feminism of sexuality was so dumb. Post-feminism means that I can't win easy arguments by arguing with flash cards. I can't wear clever political buttons, I can't talk freely about my eroticism, my hedonistic madness. I can't trust men, can't trust women.

CAMILLE: So there are only the "*can'ts*".

AMANDA: There are only things to say the word "no" to. Let me be direct. My husband died nearly a year ago, Camille.

CAMILLE: I know. I'm so sorry.

AMANDA: My therapist told me that mourning can last a lifetime.

CAMILLE: Yes.

AMANDA: We have so many clocks and none really work.

CAMILLE: Do you like your therapist?

AMANDA: I want to. But. No. I don't.

CAMILLE: Why do you bother?

AMANDA: I was told by my hairdresser that therapy doesn't work if you like your therapist.

CAMILLE: That's absurd. Do you like your hairdresser?

AMANDA: What does that have to do with the question?

CAMILLE: I'm just looking for a little logic.

AMANDA: There is no logic.

CAMILLE: How did he die?

AMANDA: It's really not dinner conversation.

CAMILLE: All I know is that the police was called to your suite. There was an intruder?

AMANDA: Where did you hear that?

(She picks up her glass of wine. Camille mirrors the action with her glass)

CAMILLE: I just heard it somewhere.

AMANDA: None of that is true.

CAMILLE: I'm so glad to hear that.

AMANDA: Sam was older than me. We met at my cousin's wedding. We sat at the same table. Someone on my side was the matchmaker. He was so handsome that day. We both had previous marriages. Had children from other marriages. We kept having horrible accidents. Late night freakish accidents. One evening, while just walking the street outside our hotel, a drunk driver crashed into a car and ran on to the curb. Sam jumped in front of me. He saved my life. No police came to our room but the driver was arrested.

CAMILLE: Amanda, that's unbearable.

AMANDA: There's more. I fell into a coma. I was out for 8 days.

CAMILLE: Christ. How horrible. Did you lose memory?

AMANDA: Yes. I was somewhere other than earth. They say coma victims leave their bodies. When I came to I was told that Sam had died.

CAMILLE: We are dealt penetrating tragedies, Amanda. We must endure somehow. (Silence) Are you staying at this hotel?

AMANDA: Yes.

CAMILLE: A comfortable stay?

AMANDA: More than comfortable. We had our honeymoon here.

CAMILLE: Is that wise to come back? (Silence) I've the hardest times in hotels and yet I can never stay home.

AMANDA: There's a medical name for that.

CAMILLE: I'm certain there is a name.

AMANDA: A wandering disorder. I miss my husband more than life itself.

CAMILLE: I know the feeling, Amanda.

AMANDA: You do? When did you become a widow?

CAMILLE: Not actually a widow. My ex moved away and claimed he had colon cancer.

AMANDA: Colon cancer is brutal.

CAMILLE: Yes.

AMANDA: It was a coincidence to meet in Stockholm.

CAMILLE: No one says that word anymore.

AMANDA: Coincidence?

CAMILLE: Widow.

AMANDA: It sounds archaic.

CAMILLE: The preferred word is survivor.

AMANDA: Am I a survivor, Camille?

CAMILLE: You are a survivor. Thank Heavens for that. Do you like me? Do you like the wine?

AMANDA: I do.

CAMILLE: You like me?

AMANDA: Can't you tell? You can't tell. How odd. I do like you. But. A little lacking in personality. You. Or. The wine? I think. You exude personality.

CAMILLE: Am I attractive?

AMANDA: Yes . . . is that what you wish to hear?

CAMILLE: It's not a difficult question.

AMANDA: I didn't say it was. Questions are difficult because of the tone of the voice. Your tone, Camille. Yes, you're quite beautiful *for your age*.

CAMILLE: You're attractive *for your age*.

AMANDA: Thank you.

CAMILLE: How old do you think I am?

AMANDA: You want me to guess

CAMILLE: I want you to be honest.

AMANDA: Ah, not a day over 45?

CAMILLE: That's very sweet, Amanda.

AMANDA: Wrong? Older?

CAMILLE: Yes.

AMANDA: I'd say we are the same age. 49?

CAMILLE: Pilates and yoga, pineapple and yogurt, pills and yeast supplements.

AMANDA: Kettle weights and Alexander Method.

CAMILLE: Tai chi with harp music.

AMANDA: Zumba classes at the pool cabana.

(They spontaneously laugh to each other's delight)

CAMILLE: About a year ago I murdered my ex in cold blood.

AMANDA: Oh . . . what?

CAMILLE: With a pellet gun from Home Depot. That's not true. A pellet gun can't kill a quacking duck. Actually I used a Glock 19.

AMANDA: "Sharp shooter Camille" . . . not funny . . . your stupid joke.

CAMILLE: Well, I say it for shock effect.

AMANDA: Oh . . . shock?

CAMILLE: Legally it may not be considered murder.

AMANDA: Oh . . . really?

CAMILLE: Self-defense allows one to kill a spouse or an ex who stiffes you on the divorce settlement. But morally . . . morally . . . it has to be entertaining.

AMANDA: Cruelty isn't wit between women, Camille. You're just having fun with me,

CAMILLE: Because our daughters . . .

AMANDA: Know each other?

CAMILLE: They know each other more than I know you.

AMANDA: True.

CAMILLE: In some fashionable European countries, murder has mitigating circumstances. Like Italy.

AMANDA: Yes, Italy.

CAMILLE: Husbands get lenient sentences for killing wives caught cheating.

AMANDA: Yes, I truly love Lake Como.

CAMILLE: Wives get stiff sentences in Rome.

AMANDA: And Bellagio that sweet little hill village.

CAMILLE: America has the same double standard as Europe.

AMANDA: Yes, the same double standard.

(Pause. Sweet laughter)

And Tuscany? The cuisine is superior 100 miles south of Milano.

CAMILLE: Really. 100 miles improves most everything.

AMANDA: I am a miraculous survivor of a life-threatening coma.

CAMILLE: You have angels watching out for you.

AMANDA: Maybe.

CAMILLE: When I first met you – however long that was – there was a paralyzing fixation I had about you, Amanda

AMANDA: A fixation?

CAMILLE: An obsession. A craving. I never fell in love with a woman.

AMANDA: Oh for Christsakes . . .

CAMILLE: As a young teen, even age 10, there were girls in Catholic school who stood out and we touched. Many sleepover parties, school trips to Washington motels, summer camps in Maryland . . .

AMANDA: Not me. Nothing like that.

CAMILLE: Maybe you repressed the memory?

AMANDA: I don't think so.

CAMILLE: That makes you even more exceptional.

AMANDA: I'm far from exceptional. (Pause). Two of my dearest friends recommended I see you to clean up the sloppy investing Sam did over his last five years.

CAMILLE: He was with Blackwater?

AMANDA: It's not called Blackwater anymore. Bad publicity, you see. Constellis Holdings is the parent company. I know. It's still Blackwater to you and me, and the Huffington Post. Paid mercenaries when American military was yanked by its chain. He was a professional assassin, in my imagination.

CAMILLE: He kept his work secret from you until the end?

AMANDA: Yes. But it all came out after his death.

CAMILLE: That's very off putting.

AMANDA: He had to keep me in the dark. That's the game. His mercenary industry was tight lipped like the Vatican.

CAMILLE: I really hated Catholic school.

AMANDA: Catholic school will stand after the world perishes.

CAMILLE: Is that a personal prophesy?

AMANDA: No. Just a random thought. No one sends their kids to Catholic school anymore. I was the last generation to be schooled by nuns. And. And. And.

(Pause)

My father was Jewish but I found out years after high school.

CAMILLE: Our New Jersey nuns were very progressive despite the curriculum. When I see the waiter, I'll order two more glasses? We had evolution theory, sex education, Kierkegaard and Sartre, and those tawdry clinical Joyce Carol Oates novels. In twentieth century art survey, we saw slides of Balthus and his Lolita Popsicle Girls. Our school was a half hour from Princeton. No black folk there. Whiter than fucking Iceland.

AMANDA: I sent you the PDF statements.

CAMILLE: Yes.

AMANDA: You got what you needed?

CAMILLE: Ahuh. I've studied your portfolio. You're in okay shape but that's not good enough. It will take weeks to make a strategic correction. Better to stretch this out to a six month repositioning. Stagger the sell orders. Keep funds liquid for now. I charge 7% for portfolios under \$5,000,000.

AMANDA: Jenna said you charge 4%.

CAMILLE: She's mistaken.

AMANDA: And I'm getting a deal?

CAMILLE: Yes.

AMANDA: Because?

CAMILLE: Because intimacy is an asset.

AMANDA: An asset?

CAMILLE: Is that the wrong term?

AMANDA: An asset.

CAMILLE: There are assets and there are liabilities. There is invincibility and there is weakness. Men are bad people, Amanda. If you marry one.

AMANDA: There are no bad people, Camille. If you think this about gender.

CAMILLE: I didn't mention gender. I mentioned men.

AMANDA: There are no bad people. Just bad deeds done by people.

CAMILLE: Can you think of the bad deeds in your personal world?

AMANDA: I've filed them away in my cabinet from hell.

CAMILLE: Did your therapist tell you to do that?

AMANDA: Yes. Many times. It works.
(Camille laughs sweetly).

CAMILLE: Did you ever take LSD?

AMANDA: No. Did you

CAMILLE: Can't you tell?

AMANDA: No.

CAMILLE: Men are usually bad people because they never experience child birth.

AMANDA: Well, that's a theory that needs some data.

CAMILLE: We should spend long hours together before dawn, Amanda.

AMANDA: Together?

AMANDA: Tonight. Before I turn into a vampire.

AMANDA: You were drinking before I arrived?

CAMILLE: I want to make you happy, Amanda, in ways you've never experienced

AMANDA: Why?

CAMILLE: Because we both would like it.

AMANDA: I don't think so.

CAMILLE: That's a heartfelt statement. It's me without any mask.

(Camille reaches for Amanda's hand. Amanda slowly withdraws her hand)
You've never had sustained intimacy with a woman.

AMANDA: I've had a lot of that in my life. Closeness and trust.

CAMILLE: Not all intimacy is the same. Some intimacy is worth the price of life.

AMANDA: You're getting drunk, Camille.

CAMILLE: Am I? I don't believe so.

AMANDA: Hold off from another glass then.

CAMILLE: If I were drunk, I'd talk to you in French or Italian. I'm not drunk, darling. *Je crois que nous avons affaire à un serial killer. – Un quoi? (I think we're dealing with a serial killer – what?)*

AMANDA: Then drop the seduction.

CAMILLE: My apologies. And to be blunt, I never ask an ugly woman to bed.

End of Scene

**ACT TWO.
SCENE TWO**

(The next morning. The hotel room that Amanda and Sam once shared. Camille enters from the bathroom with a hotel terry robe scantily tied with the belt loose. Amanda awakes from sleep)

CAMILLE: It's 9am.

AMANDA: What?

CAMILLE: You asked that I wake you before 10.

AMANDA: I'm exhausted. I need more sleep.

CAMILLE: Beauty sleep is divine. Sleep away.

AMANDA: Where's my phone?

CAMILLE: By the night stand.
(Amanda reaches for it with a clumsy hand)

AMANDA: My glasses?

CAMILLE: Do you wear glasses?

AMANDA: I wear contacts and glasses.

CAMILLE: Should I order room service?

AMANDA: No.

CAMILLE: Shy?

AMANDA: Yes. No. I'm not hungry.

CAMILLE: Don't be. Shy.

AMANDA: Did you shower?

CAMILLE: I took a bath.

AMANDA: Last night . . .

CAMILLE: Went too fast . . .

AMANDA: I don't remember. Were we loud . . .

CAMILLE: No.

AMANDA: I heard the couple next door.

CAMILLE: They had loud music.

AMANDA: Very loud.

CAMILLE: Amanda.

AMANDA: What?

CAMILLE: Money is not sex.

AMANDA: What the fuck does that mean?

CAMILLE: Sex is not money. That's what it means.

AMANDA: What do you want?

CAMILLE: I don't need money.

AMANDA: Before Sam, I needed money. When he was alive we ate money.

CAMILLE: We eat sin.

AMANDA: People think they are one and the same. Sin is not money.

CAMILLE: I hate money now, Amanda. And I fear sin.

(She draws close, sits on the bed, comes in for a kiss)

AMANDA: What . . .

(A second kiss and Amanda relents, lingering)

CAMILLE: I like your hair tussled.

AMANDA: My hair, you say? A natural state.

CAMILLE: Your neck . . .

AMANDA: Your neck . . .

CAMILLE: Like a gazelle. In the wild.

AMANDA: I have to go now.

CAMILLE: Don't. We need the morning too.

AMANDA: I'm late.

CAMILLE: So am I. Let's be late. This is that phase of liminality.

AMANDA: What the hell is that?

CAMILLE: The state of mind between consciousness and the realm approaching death.

AMANDA: Well, that's certainly cheerful.

CAMILLE: You said strong things to me in bed.

AMANDA: I can't be late. We're not kids, for fuck's sake.

CAMILLE: Clear your calendar. I will.

AMANDA: To sightsee Stockholm?

CAMILLE: Why not? The Vassa Museum?

(Laughing to herself)

Did you bury your husband in Stockholm?

AMANDA: I brought the body home.

CAMILLE: Is that the truth?

(Amanda sits up, looking uncomfortable)

AMANDA: What exactly did you hear?

CAMILLE: That Sam never went back with you. You cremated him or maybe left him at a rural Swedish cemetery.

AMANDA: Who said that?

CAMILLE: Does it matter? If it's true.

(Camille strokes Amanda's hair, but Amanda pulls away annoyed)

AMANDA: Sam was cruel to me. No one could guess that.

CAMILLE: That's not surprising for a Blackwater agent.

AMANDA: Few knew he was with them and armed liked Rambo. Sometimes he feels like a ghost lurking in the shadow.

CAMILLE: I'm sorry to bring up ghosts.

AMANDA: And I couldn't care less about his wealth.

CAMILLE: But you're quite well off now, Amanda. Don't be myopic.

AMANDA: I left him in a cemetery just outside Stockholm. That seemed appropriate.

CAMILLE: So you can visit him every few years?

AMANDA: Very funny.

CAMILLE: The dead don't count the visits.

AMANDA: Just the living.

CAMILLE: The living don't count the visits either.

AMANDA: Is it the Jewish tradition to place a stone atop the grave's monument?

CAMILLE: I have no idea. I don't know that many Jews. Did Constellis Holdings meet with you after his death?

AMANDA: Yes.

CAMILLE: And how did that go?

AMANDA: As expected.

CAMILLE: An ordeal?

AMANDA: Almost.

CAMILLE: I've followed the Nicholas Slatten trials. His massacre of dozens of Iraqis in Baghdad. Blackwater's finest sadists. Sam wasn't tied to Slatten?

AMANDA: He was but had enough protective cover.

End of Scene.

ACT THREE

SCENE ONE

(One year after Act One. The Hotel Stockholm restaurant)

CAMILLE: My cell phone battery's dead.

SAM: Are you expecting a call?

CAMILLE: Yes.

SAM: Do you want to use my phone?

CAMILLE: No.

SAM: You can delete the call record after you're done.

CAMILLE: I think we should just order a quick meal and check into the hotel.

SAM: Fine.

CAMILLE: You shaved your moustache.

SAM: I needed a change.

CAMILLE: You look better with the moustache.

SAM: Everyone says that, Camille.

SAM: Most good things are.

CAMILLE: You had that moustache for a thousand years.

SAM: When I was a teen, my first girlfriend had a hair lip.

CAMILLE: How very amusing.

SAM: I grew a moustache that year to make her feel better.

CAMILLE: That's ludicrous.

SAM: It's true. The stunt worked. That's how I lost my virginity.

CAMILLE: I didn't get to lose mine that conveniently.

SAM: I'm not certain that this was convenient, but it worked.

CAMILLE: Why did you work with Constellis Holdings?

SAM: I told you when we first met.

CAMILLE: Tell me again. You said it was about being a patriot.

SAM: That's a good answer. Today's answer is different.

CAMILLE: And that would be?

SAM: The assignments paid well.

CAMILLE: No regrets?

SAM: None. Apparently you didn't have to grow a moustache.

CAMILLE: When I was seventeen, I had a very faint hair lip. Gone. Magic. Electrolysis.
(She pours them both a second glass of wine)

SAM: Promiscuity is very overrated.

CAMILLE: In most circles, yes.

SAM: Do you see most circles like Venn diagrams?

CAMILLE: That's an obvious question. I do see Venn diagrams.

SAM: Such expertise in the movement of money.

CAMILLE: Rapid high profit currency exchange is what makes the globe stay on its axis.

SAM: More like *Three-card Monte*.

CAMILLE: That's insulting Sam.

SAM: It all comes down to a hustle.

CAMILLE: I've a Harvard MBA and a year of law school.

SAM: I'm impressed. I went to Cornell. When I grew up, *Three-card Monte* was called *Find the Lady*. *Find the Queen*. She's more than a lady. And one needs a skill for the fun of it. Am I the skill?

CAMILLE: You are the skill.

(She laughs)

Well, to go with the metaphor . . . you're either the skill or the mark.

SAM: The mark?

CAMILLE: You are one or the other. I'd rather be the skill.

SAM: I don't buy stocks on margin.

CAMILLE: No one should in this hellish economy.

SAM: I don't apply for mortgages. Amanda came with a large mortgage.

CAMILLE: I never held a mortgage. You're a good Long Island boy.

SAM: Yes. Along with Alec Baldwin and Billy Joel.

CAMILLE: Well, the tax code will soon kill many beautiful deductions.

SAM: Fuck the GOP.

CAMILLE: Fuck the Democrats.

SAM: An asshole leads the parade.

CAMILLE: A shithead leads the other parade.

(They both laugh and she reaches for his hand)

Do you like the wine?

SAM: Yes. Quite dry.

CAMILLE: My favorite Bordeaux.

SAM: Are you staying the week?

CAMILLE: I don't know. Why are you asking that now?

SAM: I like to plan things.

CAMILLE: You need to plan things. There's a difference.

SAM: There's no difference.

CAMILLE: You should have asked that question tomorrow morning in bed.

SAM: Alright. I will.

CAMILLE: Pay attention to the rules, Sam.

SAM: Do you make the rules?

CAMILLE: Yes, if you must know.

SAM: Why?

CAMILLE: It's a mood thing.

SAM: What's a mood thing?

CAMILLE: Like *Three-Card Monte*. You have to be in the mood.

SAM: I don't get drunk anymore, Camille.

CAMILLE: That's good.

SAM: My doctor faulted my liver. You're laughing at me.

CAMILLE: No. I find you very attractive, Sam.

SAM: Isn't that a smirk?

CAMILLE: I don't think you'll be much fun if you're punched out like an empty suit beside a half finished vodka bottle.

SAM: This hotel is where Amanda and I had our honeymoon.

CAMILLE: Here?

SAM: Sounds morbid?

CAMILLE: Yes.

SAM: I won't visit the room we had. Grief is a temporal problem.

CAMILLE: I'm so sorry for you. Sincerely sorry.

SAM: For a while Amanda and I were so good for one another.

CAMILLE: I thought you were the perfect couple.

SAM: And we trusted the future. She was more optimistic about the road ahead.

CAMILLE: Optimism is the fountain of youth.
(Long silence)

SAM: I'm completely retired. Not even consultation jobs.

CAMILLE: Is that a happy decision, Sam? Is that a recent decision?

SAM: Money is without meaning. There was always enough money.

CAMILLE: There is never enough money.

SAM: I'm sure Amanda told you. She and I took out life insurance policies.

CAMILLE: At your age? No, she said nothing about that.

SAM: We met with a financial planner. With grown children from previous marriages, this seemed wise at the time.

CAMILLE: The premiums had to be high.

SAM: Very high. With preconditions. I have heart arrhythmia. They were ten-year policies. Smart in hindsight.

CAMILLE: Very smart.

SAM: I invested the insurance payout with a Swiss broker.

CAMILLE: Isn't there in *Find the Queen* one basic move which is always used.

SAM: Are you listening to me, Camille?

CAMILLE: The way the cards are held and tossed to the table. The dealer will pick up one of the cards with one hand, and two with the other. (Pause) Are you spending the night with me? Or have you changed your mind?

SAM: I don't make a habit of changing my mind.

CAMILLE: Is that a “yes”? (He shakes his head nearly imperceptibly) So it looks as if the dealer is tossing the lowermost card to the table, but in actuality the dealer can toss either the top or the bottom card at will.

SAM: You should toss out the bottom card.

CAMILLE: Fuck you tonight?

SAM: It’s what we are wanting for a long time.

CAMILLE: Am I more attractive than Amanda?

SAM: Is that a racial question?

CAMILLE: It’s a simple beauty question.

SAM: I find you unbelievably beautiful.

CAMILLE: What features do you like most?

SAM: Your eyes.

CAMILLE: Sam, if you drink too much, you risk impotence at your age.

SAM: Let me worry about that, Camille.

CAMILLE: I think you’re a glorious liar.

SAM: In the age of mendacity, I break from the crowd.

CAMILLE: I’m not dishonest, Sam.

SAM: You withhold.

CAMILLE: That’s not lying. You withhold. I can deal with that. But I don’t want you to lie to me again.

SAM: Again?

CAMILLE: I caught you in one lie tonight. You visited the hotel room this afternoon. The hotel staff told me.

SAM: Flirting is not lying.

CAMILLE: Lying is not flirting.

SAM: Isn't flirting an aphrodisiac? Think about it for a second.

CAMILLE: Okay.

SAM: When we first met, I knew you didn't . . .

CAMILLE: Because I found out you worked for Blackwater.

SAM: Working for the CIA is far worse. We had short, defined jobs.

CAMILLE: No, Sam, working for Blackwater is worse. They don't pay you to lie for them, only to kill for them.

SAM: That's sounds clever, Camille, but you're ill informed.

CAMILLE: I am ill informed. I'm the first to admit it. You know that I met Amanda before she married you.

SAM: Really?

CAMILLE: I told this to you over the phone.

SAM: Yes.

CAMILLE: It's just so disquieting to know how she died. (Silence) My daughter and your daughter know one another.

SAM: Yes.

CAMILLE: She is you daughter by birth, not Amanda's daughter . . .

SAM: Cecilia is Amanda's stepdaughter.

CAMILLE: Cecilia and Justine are a year apart at college.

SAM: I don't know Justine very well.

CAMILLE: My daughter is an athlete.

SAM: Well, Cecilia always disliked PE.

(His cell phone rings, he looks at the phone, but doesn't answer it)

CAMILLE: Take the call, Sam.

SAM: Cecilia was very outspoken when it was time to plan the wedding.

CAMILLE: Your elopement . . .

SAM: Yes. She adored Amanda and thought we should make it a large, traditional affair.

CAMILLE: How generous of your daughter.

SAM: Amanda thought that too.

CAMILLE: But you eloped anyway.

SAM: Perhaps it was more for my needs, Camille. In the last few years I have a clinical condition . . . fear of crowds. That hurt my job performance too.

CAMILLE: There is medication for such things, Sam.

SAM: I won't take any medication. I was raised by Christian Scientists.

CAMILLE: In the modern world, we all take medication.

SAM: What do you want from me, Camille? (Pause) Just say it.

CAMILLE: I'd like to be your wife.

(She laughs, lifts her wine glass, finishes half the glass)

SAM: You're sporting with me.

CAMILLE: I'm quite serious.

SAM: Marriage is asking a lot.

CAMILLE: It's about the idea of love.

SAM: That's right.

CAMILLE: And I think I really fell in love with you, Sam.

SAM: I still am in mourning over Amanda.

CAMILLE: Mourning takes a lifetime or it takes one evening.

SAM: Don't joke at my expense.

CAMILLE: I'm not joking.

SAM: You were never married . . .

CAMILLE: Is that a question?

SAM: Yes.

CAMILLE: I was married for a brief time, Sam. I raised a daughter all alone. Isn't that freakish?

SAM: No.

CAMILLE: Well, I know I repel the best of men. Although I've mellowed in the last few years.

SAM: I don't think you have social filters, Camille.

CAMILLE: I despise social filters. Particularly reaching the age of 50.

SAM: We need filters which keep words from slipping.

CAMILLE: I know many women find you handsome, and saying this doesn't turn me into a demon, Sam.

SAM: You're not a demon.

CAMILLE: That's right. I'm here to help you financially and spiritually.

SAM: I hope so.

CAMILLE: We could have met at the office.

SAM: You didn't want that.

CAMILLE: You didn't ask that. At least say something flirtatious before the night is over.

SAM: Would that please you?

CAMILLE: I think so.

SAM: You're extremely beautiful, Camille.

CAMILLE: Don't stop.

SAM: I always felt that.

CAMILLE: Thank you.

SAM: You're welcome.

CAMILLE: I'll sleep with you because you had asked so sweetly. *Find the Queen*, Sam.

(Long serene smile) And while mixing up the deck of playing cards, the mark follows the wrong card from the beginning of the maneuver. The sleight of hand, done properly, is undetectable and should be considered an art form. I am an artist without a gallery. Take me in, Sam.

End of Scene

ACT THREE SCENE TWO

(Inside the hotel room. The next morning. Camille in bed is asleep. Sam is wearing pajama bottoms but is barechested. He is toweling off after washing up. He tosses the towel over a chair and sees Camille's large purse on the table. He opens the purse and thumbs through her combination wallet and cell phone jacket. He finds her driver's license and looks carefully at the information on the card. He also finds a prescription container which he studies with intent. In another moment, he returns everything back inside the purse. He sits beside her and looks at her with a serious eye. She seems to awake from his focus)

SAM: Good morning, Camille.

CAMILLE: Good morning.

SAM: That was magical.

CAMILLE: What?

SAM: Last night.

CAMILLE: Oh.

SAM: Did you sleep okay?

CAMILLE: No.

SAM: Did I snore?

CAMILLE: All men snore.

SAM: Really?

CAMILLE: What time is it?

SAM: A little after nine.

CAMILLE: I've a hangover. It's not a good one.

SAM: Me too.

CAMILLE: What do you do for a hangover?

SAM: Masturbate.

CAMILLE: Thank you, Dr. Oz.

SAM: I take three aspirins too.

CAMILLE: Do you have aspirin?

SAM: Yes.

CAMILLE: You're a good lover, Sam.

SAM: Thank you.

CAMILLE: Do you always recite Yeats to women in bed?

SAM: Usually I recite Leonard Cohen.

CAMILLE: Didn't he just die?

SAM: I don't know. I hope not.

CAMILLE: And you met Bob Dylan in New York?

SAM: Yes. In New York.

CAMILLE: What was Dylan like?

SAM: Like a talking corpse impersonating Vincent Price.

CAMILLE: Who the hell is Vincent Price?

SAM: Horror film star from the 1960s. A pencil thin moustache. Did the voiceover for Michael Jackson's *Thriller* video. I used to have a recurring dream that Vincent Price was my biological father.

CAMILLE: You know I was working with your wife's portfolio two years before she married.

SAM: Yes.

CAMILLE: Her estate is still in probate.

SAM: Are you asking?

CAMILLE: No, I already know.

SAM: So?

CAMILLE: Your estate planning is not resolved.

SAM: That's right. I'm superstitious.

CAMILLE: Amanda told me that you were once under criminal investigation.

SAM: There was some trouble two years ago, yes. But everything is cleared up.

CAMILLE: I'm glad for you. How severe was the problem?

SAM: Does it matter? I'm off the hook.

CAMILLE: I can't help you to my fullest if you are withholding.

SAM: You're helping me financially, Camille. Not spiritually.

CAMILLE: Someone should help you spiritually, Sam. I'm only focused on your obligations ahead and how well you're providing for your daughter.

SAM: When I die, Cecilia will get over three million dollars. That's more than adequate.

CAMILLE: Some of your financial accounts are overseas in funds that can be seized.

SAM: It has to be that way. I'll take the risk. It's a low risk.

CAMILLE: You should bear no risk in my view.

SAM: Fine. I disagree.

CAMILLE: What crime had you committed in 2016?

SAM: I committed no crime.

CAMILLE: Was it a wrongful death?

SAM: Yes. In the end it was considered a wrongful death.

CAMILLE: But in truth you took out an American naturalized citizen.

SAM: Come on.

CAMILLE: You assassinated someone.

SAM: Is this cat and mouse, Camille?

CAMILLE: No.

SAM: Who told you that I killed someone?

CAMILLE: Amanda.

SAM: Impossible.

CAMILLE: She knew.

SAM: She didn't.

CAMILLE: Amanda and I were close.

SAM: Amanda would not even joke about such things. Did someone put you up to this?

CAMILLE: No,

SAM: Someone from Constellis?

CAMILLE: I know that it's not easy to leave Blackwater.

SAM: It's not the Mafia. You're allowed to leave with a pension and a gold watch.

CAMILLE: So you've officially left?

SAM: Yes.

CAMILLE: Pension intact? Gold watch in pocket?

SAM: You're very well off, Camille. Do you need to work?

CAMILLE: I like work.

SAM: Well, I felt the oppositie.

CAMILLE: Work keeps us sane. Even if you like golf.

SAM: I don't like golf.

CAMILLE: Tennis?

SAM: I don't like tennis.

CAMILLE: I thought about a life together with you, Sam. Am I making you blush? You're a powerful man in my eyes. You had to fight for things. You took risks.

SAM: I'm actually risk averse.

CAMILLE: What would it be like to be your wife?

SAM: I snore like louder than a WWII fighter plane.

CAMILLE: There are devices that kill snoring.

SAM: None work.

CAMILLE: I know. My ex snored like a rhino.

SAM: Why the hell would you want to get married again?

CAMILLE: For tax reasons. For novelty.

SAM: That's asinine.

CAMILLE: A lot of my thoughts are asinine, Sam. I keep these thoughts in a folder.

SAM: Do you?

CAMILLE: I call it my Big A file.

SAM: Who's Justine's father?

CAMILLE; A well know politician. A former Senator.

SAM: Republican or Democrat?

CAMILLE: The last of the moderate Republicans. In the tradition of Richard Luger, Mark Hatfield and Howard Baker. They're all dead.

SAM: Do you exchange Christmas cards?

CAMILLE: In fact we do. How many people have you targeted under Blackwater?

SAM: Next to none. I was principally a bodyguard for foreign executives and foreign cabinet officers.

CAMILLE: Were you assigned to the United Arab Emirates?

SAM: Yes.

CAMILLE: Kenya?

SAM: Yes.

CAMILLE: Fascinating.

SAM: I like to travel.

CAMILLE: Apparently so.

SAM: But I'm going back to New York.

CAMILLE: East Hampton?

SAM: Yes, East Hampton.

CAMILLE: Why?

SAM: My mother is saddled with Alzheimer's.

CAMILLE: I'm sorry.

SAM: I'm going to move into her side cottage.

CAMILLE: There's skilled nursing.

SAM: I don't believe in skilled nursing.

CAMILLE: Don't take offense.

SAM: I'm not offended.

CAMILLE: It's like that awful moment in Hitchcock's *Psycho* when Janet Leigh tells Anthony Perkins that there are institutions for his overbearing mother.

SAM: I'm not Anthony Perkins. And I despise that hateful film. I'll never be Norman Bates.

CAMILLE: How long will you be living with your mother?

SAM: As long as needed.

CAMILLE: A saint you've become.

SAM: A saint's robe I was destined to wear. Where is your mother?

CAMILLE: She passed away a few years ago. Uterine cancer.

SAM: And your father?

CAMILLE: I never had a father.

SAM: I see.

CAMILLE: I never lived with my father. I never saw my father. I'm more free than you are today.

SAM: I don't sense you're free.

CAMILLE: Why do you say that?

SAM: Because you have cold diamond eyes.

CAMILLE: No one has ever said that to me.

SAM: Then I must be wrong. Forgive me.

CAMILLE: Are you inviting me to stay the night?

SAM: Would you like that?

CAMILLE: Yes, I would very much.

SAM: I don't frighten you Camille?

CAMILLE: No, you don't. Do I frighten you?

SAM: And if we are lying, and if we are scaring each other?

CAMILLE: I don't lie, Sam. It keeps me sleepless until dawn.

(She reaches for his hand and he cups her hand with two hands)

SAM: Consent is the new commodity of our culture.

CAMILLE: Verbal consent is not written consent.

SAM: Written consent is chilling.

CAMILLE: Non-verbal consent is thrilling.

SAM: Consent is respect.

CAMILLE: I agree.

SAM: Wedding vows are that and more.

CAMILLE: I agree.

SAM: If I could turn back time, and repair the broken injurious destiny of our lives, I'd die a happy man.

CAMILLE: You can only turn back time by using memory.

SAM: Whose memory? Amanda's or mine?

CAMILLE: Whose memory would help you in repairing destiny?

SAM: Amanda's, obviously.

CAMILLE: There – you've answered your own question.

End of scene

ACT FOUR
SCENE ONE

(Hotel Stockholm restaurant. We go back in time to a year ago to the third day of Amanda and Sam's honeymoon. Amanda, Sam and Camille are seated in the middle of breakfast)

SAM: Breakfast makes a perfect day.

CAMILLE: I agree. Love the Swedish breakfast.

AMANDA: You do? Filmjök fermented, maybe yogurt, in a gigantic bowl like a World Cup trophy with muesli, knäckebröd, and cement style porridge.

CAMILLE: You don't gain weight on that.

AMANDA: I think you do.

CAMILLE: We have different metabolism, Amanda. So I was successful arranging your private tour at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts. This allows you to visit a closed floor with a great amount of hidden gems.

AMANDA: Thank you.

SAM: Was that hard to do?

CAMILLE: It was a favor returned. I know the Assistant Director very well.

AMANDA: Well, that's a propitious.

CAMILLE: You can write them a check after the tour. But don't tip a soul.

AMANDA: Weren't you once a gallery curator in Seattle?

CAMILLE: Yes. The owner was albino, sung like Johnny Winter, and walked like the villain in THE DA VINCI CODE.

(checking her watch)

We've three hours which is ideal.

AMANDA: Great. I'll wear white tennis shoes.

SAM: You always wear tennis shoes, darling.

AMANDA: You hate when I wear heels.

SAM: Only when we are between hotels, darling.

AMANDA: Camille, I'm so glad we ran into you last night.

CAMILLE: What a coincidence.

AMANDA: There aren't coincidences overseas. My therapist always says that.

SAM: Is that true?

AMANDA: It's a poetic idea.

CAMILLE: I live for poetic ideas.

SAM: Am I a coincidence?

CAMILLE: I would guess: yes!

SAM: Am I?

AMANDA: We didn't meet overseas, Sam.

SAM: Technically that's true.

AMANDA: We saw each other last at our daughters' campus.

CAMILLE: Is that right?

AMANDA: You were there. With a head scarf. Like a hijab.

CAMILLE: Yes. It's often mistaken as a hijab.

AMANDA: Did I say something wrong?

CAMILLE: I was going through chemo therapy then.

AMANDA: I didn't know. I guessed you were Muslim. How dumb am I?

CAMILLE: No one knew. My mother died of uterine cancer. I was luckier with breast cancer. Things are looking a little better for me.

SAM: Thank Heavens.

AMANDA: Yes, thank Heavens.

CAMILLE: My daughter was my savior. Justine's a mountain of faith and faith is what a needed. I don't know where she found this spiritual gift. Jesus is in her blood system and I am

trying desperately to inject Jesus into my vein. I'm somewhere between agnostic and true believer. Do you know that feeling?

AMANDA: I think so.

CAMILLE: But Cecilia is very unlike Justine.

AMANDA: I think our daughter is reading heavy books on Buddhism. Thich Nhat Hanh, yes?
(to Sam)

Is it Zen Buddhism? From Vietnam?

SAM: She began with Zen but moved on.

CAMILLE: Clearly a restless mind.

SAM: Dharma and Karma . . .

CAMILLE: Yes, of course. Dharma and Karma.

AMANDA: And what the hell's the difference between the two?

CAMILLE: Dharma holds the universe together

SAM: Something like glue.

CAMILLE: It's the invisible force.

AMANDA: Yes, something has to do hold the stars above.

CAMILLE: Karma – well – everyone knows Karma.

AMANDA: You make the bed you sleep in.

CAMILLE: Years ago I moonlighted as a medium.

SAM: That's hilarious.

AMANDA: She's serious.

SAM: Candles, burnt sage, and a Ouija board?

CAMILLE: The Catholic Church condemned the use of Ouija boards.

SAM: Really?

CAMILLE: Decades ago – before there was color TV - the church was deadly serious. The worry was demonic seduction.

AMANDA: From a silly little game board with old fashioned letters.

CAMILLE: In Polanski's ROSEMARY'S BABY, Mia Farrow uses a Ouija board.

AMANDA: Is that how she got rid of Woody Allen?

CAMILLE: I don't know

AMANDA: You're telepathic, aren't you?

CAMILLE: I don't know.

AMANDA: Clairvoyant?

CAMILLE: No, definitely not clairvoyant.

SAM: How could you be a top tier financial advisor, after years in the art world, serve up séances?

CAMILLE: Because my weekends were my own and candles talk to me.

AMANDA: You spoke with the dead?

CAMILLE: No. I slept with the dead.

SAM: There are the dead, and those that masquerade as dead.

CAMILLE: You're so right, Sam.

SAM: That's a brilliant advocacy.

AMANDA: Camille, you helped others speak with the dead?

CAMILLE: Sometimes. The outcome of things can't be predicted.

AMANDA: How do you mean? What about second marriages? Late marriages?

CAMILLE: Second marriages are statements of art or finance.

SAM: Never love?

CAMILLE: Always love and then top spin.

SAM: You're making jokes at our expense.

CAMILLE: Not at all. First marriages are like starter homes that have small kitchens and one bath.

AMANDA: You didn't go through a painful divorce, Camille.

CAMILLE: Thank God.

AMANDA: You should marry before old age hits.

CAMILLE: Maybe you're right, Amanda. A banal marriage is better than institutional assisted living. Still. I think small kitchens are a vital necessity. They enforce conversations in the morning.

SAM: How did you avoid remarrying all these years?

CAMILLE: My daughter was enough for me. I found that privacy meant more than company,

AMANDA: You never fell in love?

CAMILLE: Yes, of course I have. Many wonderful times. I'm not sure if I know what eternal love is.

AMANDA: You must have loved Justine's father. For more than a day?

CAMILLE: It was more of a friendship.

AMANDA: Camille, you still hold séances?

CAMILLE: No more. It's exhausting.

AMANDA: But you were good at it.

CAMILLE: Who told you?

AMANDA: Some mutual friends.

CAMILLE: I don't trust mutual friends.

AMANDA: Betty Hoftsteder. Charlotte Granald.

CAMILLE: Betty fainted, you know. Amanda, séances can be disquieting.

AMANDA: You have a special gift.

CAMILLE: No.

AMANDA: Would you . . .

SAM: Leave her be.

AMANDA: You have something for us. I sense that. We have family on the other side.

CAMILLE: I think you're drinking too early in the day, darling. Mimosas are full of trouble.

AMANDA: We could try a short séance. There's no one in the restaurant but us.

SAM: Amanda . . . it's broad daylight.

AMANDA: You have one blue eye, one hazel eye.

SAM: I think it's time to go.

AMANDA: My mother passed away two years ago. My son years ago . . .

CAMILLE: I'm sorry you lost your mother and your baby boy.

AMANDA: The in my dreams.

CAMILLE: Yes. Always. God bless you.

AMANDA: Can you summons my son, Camille?

CAMILLE: No.

AMANDA: If you could, would you?

CAMILLE: You don't need me as a medium.

AMANDA: That would be so good for me, now, in this transition . . .

CAMILLE: Not on a honeymoon . . .

SAM: Not now, Amanda.

AMANDA: She could help you too, Sam.

SAM: I don't want help with the dead.

AMANDA: You can speak to your brother.

SAM: Let the ghosts stay silent.

AMANDA: We don't really die, Sam. We linger.

(She stands quietly and waits for full attention).
Excuse me. I need the restroom.

SAM: Don't be long.

CAMILLE: Sam is right.

AMANDA: He's always right.

(Big smile, she exits)

SAM: I'll get the check.

CAMILLE: Let me get it, Sam.

SAM: Why?

CAMILLE: Because I want to sleep with you.

SAM: Brilliantly funny

CAMILLE: Brilliantly true.

SAM: If you feel so inclined, why did you wait for her to leave the table?

CAMILLE: I really don't know.

SAM: It's our honeymoon.

CAMILLE: Yes. I want to sleep with Amanda too.

SAM: Amanda doesn't have sex with women.

CAMILLE: How do you know?

SAM: How do I know?

CAMILLE: Yes. How the fuck do you know?

SAM: A man knows.

CAMILLE: A man knows nothing.

SAM: She's never slept with a woman before.

CAMILLE: Before you leave Sweden, let me have a few hours with Amanda. You don't have to be around. Sam, that's not hard to do. I know you're here on business too. It's something so innocent, you'll never think about this again.

SAM: You're insane, Camille.

CAMILLE: I'm not insane.

SAM: You overstayed your welcome.

CAMILLE: My idea is not to give myself pleasure but to help your marriage.

SAM: Because you are a medium?

CAMILLE: Yes. And there's a black cloud over you. Both of you.

SAM: A curse?

CAMILLE: Yes.

SAM: And if this curse is left unchecked?

CAMILLE: Amanda might perish.

SAM: Die?

CAMILLE: Yes.

SAM: And why should I believe you?

CAMILLE: Because Amanda believes me.

SAM: She's humoring you.

CAMILLE: Let's ask her when she returns.

SAM: Ask her what?

CAMILLE: Ask her if she wants anyone to die.

SAM: Stop it, okay.

CAMILLE: But you want to sleep with me

SAM: I don't want to sleep with you.

CAMILLE: Your eyes were on my cleavage all night,

SAM: You have no cleavage, Camille.

CAMILLE: Are you in Stockholm to assassinate someone, Sam?

SAM: No.

CAMILLE: And if you get caught, you go to prison for life?

SAM: I don't get caught.

CAMILLE: And Amanda? She knows exactly what you do.

SAM: How do you know?

CAMILLE: Because I told her over the phone.

SAM: Oh, for Christ's sake.

CAMILLE: Put it this way, Sam. I'm an angel with one broken wing.

SAM: You only sleep with women, Camille?

CAMILLE: Lately I prefer women.

SAM: You must have had a miserable childhood.

CAMILLE: No one remembers their childhood.

SAM: I remember my childhood.

CAMILLE: Good for you, Sam.

SAM: You were told by someone to run into us, Camille. I know that in my bones.

CAMILLE: That's paranoia.

SAM: Was it someone from Constellis Holdings?

CAMILLE: No one put me to do anything.

SAM: You said last night that you were near Fairfax, Virginia.

CAMILLE: My sister is in Fairfax, Virginia.

SAM: Constellis headquarters is in Reston. 10 minutes from Fairfax.

CAMILLE: So?

SAM: Coincidences abound, overseas and at home.

CAMILLE: You think I'm a secret agent? A rogue character? A bad actor?

SAM: I think you're a bad actor. But my instincts have been damaged in the last few months. I don't know why that is.

(Amanda returns with a forced smile)

AMANDA: A woman from New Zealand dropped her cell phone into the toilet. She went hysterical.

CAMILLE: Do you recall your childhood, Amanda?

AMANDA: Not much. No.

CAMILLE: Do you have a favorite childhood photo?

AMANDA: I do. Yes. At the piano. Age six.

SAM: I never saw that photo.

AMANDA: It's on my Facebook page. It's like a nocturnal image from Edvard Munch. My hair falls to my waistline.

SAM: We're not Facebook friends.

AMANDA: That's because you deleted your account.

SAM: Did I?

AMANDA: He had to.

SAM: I have a Facebook page.

AMANDA: Under an alias. Work made him delete everything, Camille.

SAM: The 30 year aging FaceApp is from a Russian studio, isn't that hilarious? A half billion idiots out there just lost all their photo rights and their Tinder password.

AMANDA: Did you know that Sam was once a friend of Edward Snowden?

CAMILLE: No, I didn't know that.

AMANDA: Yes, before 2013. Isn't that right, Sam?

SAM: I hardly knew him, Amanda.

AMANDA: Didn't you help him get to Hong Kong from Hawaii?

SAM: From Hong Kong to Moscow.

CAMILLE: Sam, I think that you've done amazing things for our country. Whether or not people know what you've done as a high personal securities professional. Amanda said you were about to retire and that might be good for your sanity. I think you should give yourself this opportunity to be free from arduous and even dangerous work in the four corners of the globe. Breakfast is on me. I'd like to move this day forward and get to the art tour. You can go without me. It's your honeymoon and you are two love birds.

(She stands and finds her phone on the table)

Why do these phones have no ability to retain their charge?

AMANDA: Maybe a séance later, Camille?

CAMILLE: I don't think so. Best to leave the ghosts some respite.

(She reaches into Amanda's private space and kisses Amanda on the cheek)

Don't bother to get up. I'll call you later in the day.

(She reaches out and strokes Sam's cheek ever so lightly. Camille exits quietly)

AMANDA: I feel so peculiar.

SAM: I'm glad she's gone.

AMANDA: You really do resent Camille.

SAM: Yes.

AMANDA: I can tell.

SAM: I'm trying to keep a lid on it.

AMANDA: Thank you. I appreciate the effort.

SAM: I love you, Amanda. I don't want anything on heaven or earth to destroy our happiness.

AMANDA: And I love you, Sam.

SAM: I am officially retired as of today.

AMANDA: It's your decision. I stand by you.
(She holds his face in her two hands and kisses him passionately)

End of Play