

## ACT I

## SCENE 1

(A courtyard. Joan and Larkin surrounded by a pool of light, Joan in a tan trench coat and Larkin in sweater and wool scarf. They are alone as it's possible to be in this business.)

JOAN

How are you?

LARKIN

Fine . . . fine.

(Pause.)

JOAN

That's not what I was asking.

LARKIN

No?

(Joan turns up her collar. She takes out a pager, checks the number. He watches her, glances around, sees nothing.)

LARKIN

Everyone who matters in this is dead. Or nearly so.  
At least we accomplished that much by doing nothing.

JOAN

That's good?

(Larkin moves away, fiddling in his pockets. He won't face her. Sound of a car door slamming, close. Joan looks up at the sound.)

LARKIN

(Quietly)

Doing nothing is the brass ring in this business.

JOAN

And Annie? *Our* Annie. As we used to say when we were

JOAN [Continued]

alone. Is that what you call . . .

(Softer)

doing nothing?

LARKIN

You didn't have to do that. Say that. You didn't. It wasn't called for. You could have had some ... consideration, some ...

JOAN

(Overlapping)

Oh, it's my job to pretend you're this sensitive little bunch of petals? This dainty little Black-eyed Susan ...

(She turns away from him, starting to leave.)

LARKIN

I like to think Ann had no part in this.

(Joan glances back at him, stops.)

LARKIN

I still like to think so.

(A sharp whistle. Larkin flinches. Blackout.)