

JUMBO

Harry, you're lucky you didn't break a leg.

(to Kathleen)

I'm going down stairs. I don't think the trunk of your car is fully closed.  
I'll check it.

HARRY

Oh' would you please? Thank you.

(Exit Jumbo, closing the door behind HIM.  
Kathleen and Harry stare at each other.  
SHE wants HER suitcase)

KATHLEEN

May I have that?

HARRY

Not until you listen to me.

KATHLEEN

Does your leg hurt?

HARRY

Yes.

KATHLEEN

What would make you do such a thing?

HARRY

I decided to take a chance. I like it. Haven't done that in a long time. You know what else I like? Simultaneous imaginings. That's when two people are concealing a mutual feeling - thinking the same thing at the same time but are reluctant to act. It's that good-night moment, the "gee that was fun" summary of the evening... when in reality both of them have been standing just a little closer than usual, and wondering what would physical contact be like?

KATHLEEN

I am not aware of any such subconscious moments...

HARRY

I believe you are. You've been thinking what I've been thinking. But the socialite and the caddy have been oh so careful. Don't be afraid of the new you Kathleen. A warm, fun-loving person who is entitled to taking a risk.

KATHLEEN

Is that it?

HARRY

2-4-54

No. There's more. It has to do with what I've learned about myself. It's time for me to see things differently, make some changes.

(Pause)

I'm looking forward to them

(pause)

I've listened to you, enjoyed your company, and looked at you in ways I never expected to see another woman again. You didn't know that.

KATHLEEN

Yes, I did. Why do you think I kept coming around?

HARRY

I'm glad you did.

KATHLEEN

Now, I'm not so sure.

HARRY

I am. I admire your determination and your curious nature. You have had fearless glimpses into a world you have been avoiding. I get a huge lift thinking about all the things we have done together, and how it's so easy for us to talk to each other... There's something I said to you out the window. Did you hear me?

KATHLEEN

I heard you... May I have my belongings?

HARRY

You're either really steamed or something is giving you multiple signals... Kathleen, it's either tee up the ball or jump in the cart, and head for the locker room. This is not the unplayable lie moment. No three choices. No two choices. Just one.

(Intensely they study each other)

HARRY (cont'd)

It seems the lady is stuck in a bunker.

(Slowly, in mild pain, HARRY gets up, supporting himself mostly on one leg. HE sets HER suitcase down then hobbles toward the window)

KATHLEEN

Where are you going?

(HE'S climbs up on to the window sill)

HARRY

To get a burrito. All this turmoil is making me hungry. And this is a short cut to El Pollo Loco.

KATHLEEN

Harry, don't.

HARRY

Actually, the jump is quite exhilarating. The pavement, not so much. I need to practice hit and roll.

(HE leans out)

KATHLEEN

Define 'I love you'.

(HE stops. Comes down from the window, limps over to the closet, reaches in, and pulls out a small suitcase, the same size as hers. This one is old, and battered. HARRY sets it down beside Kathleen's elegant travel bag. THEY both look at the two items)

HARRY

Now there's a match.

(HE takes a step toward HER. SHE doesn't move. HE takes another. HE reaches out, puts his arm tightly around her waist and pulls HER very close.

You can have the license plate.

KATHLEEN

You keep it.

(They kiss as the lights come down)

CURTAIN