

ACT ONE

Scene Three

(Downstage in One, a desk in the living room of Lawrence's villa. ANDRE waits as LAWRENCE parcels out stacks of cash. As the desk moves on:)

LAWRENCE

Overhead, chateau, staff, staff pension plan. Your commission...

ANDRE

Merci.

LAWRENCE

And this for the Little Sisters of Beaumont sur Mer.

ANDRE

So much?

LAWRENCE

(moving to put cash in safe)

Let's not be greedy, my friend. Except for my brief run-in with that beet-eating Jackal on the train it's been a very smooth season so far.

ANDRE

Ah, please. Next to you, that so called Jackal was but a poor little pussy cat.

LAWRENCE

(smiles a bit)

I will say one thing for him. You could see he still enjoyed the game. I remember when I was first starting out... How long have we been running this act, anyway?

ANDRE

Let's see... At the time you had just turned forty and now you're thirty-six, so fourteen years.

LAWRENCE

Don't you ever miss that sense of danger and excitement?

ANDRE

No.

LAWRENCE

The fun of making it up as we went along?

ANDRE

No.

LAWRENCE

Still, there's something to be said for a bit of chaos now and then. The thrill of the

(LAWRENCE)

roller-coaster, the lure of the swirling eddy.

ANDRE

Be careful what you wish for. Fun is nothing to be taken lightly.

LAWRENCE

My God, you can be a spoil sport.

ANDRE

Well, I am the chief of police.

LAWRENCE

Don't we have some business to discuss?

ANDRE

We do.

LAWRENCE

Who's on our dance card for today?

ANDRE

(hands him 8x10)

The luridly wealthy Miss Jolene Oakes of Oakes, Oklahoma.

LAWRENCE

(looks at photo)

Hm. Pretty. Age?

ANDRE

Thirty-one.

LAWRENCE

Married?

ANDRE

Constantly.

LAWRENCE

Money?

ANDRE

Her people are in oil.

LAWRENCE

Crude?

ANDRE

Well, she is a little pushy.

(The doorbell rings.)