

GREGORY AND JANE

GREGORY: I was calling you, Jane.

JANE: I heard you. That's why I'm here.

GREGORY: I saw the launch on the horizon. It will be in three minutes.

JANE: Oh, Dear.

GREGORY: What's bothering you?

JANE: The dinner. The recipe Ms. Summers gave me is rather fussy.

GREGORY: I'm sure it will be as delightful as you are, my dear.

JANE: Thank you, but I'm not used to a gas stove. All the families I worked for had electric.

GREGORY: I have confidence in you, Jane, as does Ms. Summers.

JANE: How do you know what she does if you never saw her till last night?

GREGORY: I have ways of knowing.

JANE: If you ask me, Ms. Summers is going to have a nervous breakdown before this is over.

GREGORY: I know. I heard her pacing the floor of her bedroom all night.

JANE: When I went in there this morning, her bed hadn't been slept in.

GREGORY: Have you seen her today?

JANE: Haven't laid eyes on her. She said she never eats breakfast but she didn't take lunch, either. Not as much as a cup of coffee. It makes me nervous.

GREGORY: Peculiar. Most peculiar. Perhaps she is waiting at the dock for the launch. You had better go and check.

JANE: (Starts to exit) I got dinner to look after.

GREGORY: There will undoubtedly be a long cocktail hour first. Go to the dock, Jane.

JANE: But my roast is in—

GREGORY: To the dock.

JANE: I don't like going down that steep path.

GREGORY: (moves toward her) You're perfectly safe. It's daylight
—now.

JANE: I wouldn't go out there at night. The dark makes me
nervous. I always been scared of it.

GREGORY: Jane, the launch will be landing. Go.

JANE: (almost as if mesmerized) Yes, sir. (exits)