**LUCKY and HEATHER H.**

 LUCKY

 (for benefit of intruders)

Damn! You left me!? Can’t believe you left me alone again! I’m soooooooooo damn tired of this!

 (feigning despair)

This damn recession’s killing me! I can’t take being homeless like this! Damn it, I can’t take being alone!

 LUCKY sits in chair, his back to the hallway.

 HEATHER enters from hallway. WILLIAM

 attempts to grab her and take her back,

 but she shirks him off and stands near the hall.

 WILLIAM remains o.s.

I hate my life, I hate my life, I hate my life! I can’t live like this anymore.

 HEATHER

(*Beat*.) Sir?

 LUCKY jumps up, “startled.”

 LUCKY

Who’re you?!

 HEATHER

 (shaken)

Um . . . I live next door? It’s okay, I won’t tell anyone you’re up here. You’re fine.

Honest. (*Beat*.) I shouldn’t be here.

 LUCKY

That’s right, you shouldn’t be here. Go home.

 HEATHER

Okay . . . um . . . can I get you anything?

 LUCKY

Hey, wait. You’re the chick from next door?

 HEATHER

Oh, that was *you* in the window. Yes, I’m . . . her—she. Next door.

 LUCKY’s silence makes her go on.

 HEATHER (cont.)

We—my husband and I—we . . . um . . . for a healthy marriage . . . sometimes play Adam

and Eve. We don’t have a garden, so we call it Adam and Eve in the Kitchen. (*Giggle*.) After

dinner, we go to bed—well, *he* goes to bed. He’s up early for work. All the way downtown. Traffic.

 LUCKY

Yeah?

 HEATHER

It’s embarrassing. That you, um, had to see that—see us—but . . . it’s not—you know—it’s not your fault. You were just looking out the window. The blinds should’ve been down. That was—um, it never occurred to us that . . . well, you know.

 LUCKY

That a homeless little serpent’s livin’ in the tree next door?

 HEATHER

Serpent? No, no, no, no, no, stop that. You’re not a serpent. Shouldn’t say things like that about yourself.

 LUCKY

So what’re you doin’ here?

 HEATHER

Um, well . . . I heard something. It, um . . . sounded like a, like a—not that I know what a

gunshot sounds like, but it sounded like one. Oh my goodness, I’m being rude. My name’s Heather.

 LUCKY

 (after a pause)

I’m Damien Slither.

 HEATHER

 (smiling)

You’re just saying that because we—okay, yeah, Adam and Eve—I get it. Come on. I have a sense of humor. My husband’s in television.

 (offering to shake hands)

Heather Meriweather.

 He doesn’t shake her hand, because he’s

 checking out the street “window” for anyone

 coming. To avoid embarrassment, she pulls

 her hand back before he turns back to her.

 HEATHER (cont.)

I know, people think it’s funny. It’s my married name. My maiden name was Ugolini. I know, not much better. At least it doesn’t rhyme. Anyhow. So. (*Beat*.) I don’t want you

to kill yourself, okay? Hey, how about I cook you a hot meal?

 LUCKY

You wanna cook me a meal. Somethin’ . . . hot?

 (stealing a glance at bathroom)

‘Preciate it, but . . . I’m good.

 HEATHER

A minute ago you didn’t sound that good. You sounded a little like you were at the end of your rope. I’m sorry, wrong word.

 LUCKY

I’m good. Which is better than okay. I’m movin’ on tonight.

 HEATHER

That’s good. That sounds healthy. Well, don’t be lonely, okay? You’ll find someone else to be with. Hey, do you believe in God?

 LUCKY

Sometimes.

 HEATHER

Okay. Anyhow, I know God’s going to bring someone into your life. Make it a whole lot better. Okay? That’s what I’m going to pray for. Okay? That God brings you the blessing of companionship.

 LUCKY

 (looking her up and down)

A woman as good-lookin’ as you on a night like tonight is a freakin’ blessing.

 HEATHER

You mean, like—?

 LUCKY

 You should go.

 HEATHER

Okay, yeah. A woman. Body heat. I see what—

 LUCKY, wanting her to leave, begins to move

 closer to her.

No, no, no, please. Not me.

 She holds up her left hand to show him her ring.

HEATHER (cont.)

*Ee*. I’m very, very married. Almost a year. He’s in TV. Just got a promotion—sort of.

 She moves away from LUCKY as he calmly

 herds her towards the foyer.

Anyhow, it’s been very, very nice meeting you and I hope you don’t, you know, do anything bad to yourself. It’s getting very cold up here, so . . . have a good night and God bless you.

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