**BRADLEY and LENA C.**

 BRADLEY is alone.

 BRADLEY

That was close, ladies and gentlemen. (*Pause*.) Patrol should do a drive-by, don’t you think, folks? (*Pause*.) ETA at the pier is ten-fifteen, ten-twenty.

 LENA enters carrying her shoes in one hand,

 startling BRADLEY.

 LENA

Who’re you talking to?

 BRADLEY

Nobody. Myself. Why aren’t you wearing shoes?

 LENA

Too much noise. I’m stressing. I want . . . quiet.

 LENA has crossed to him, gets close, tries

 to put her arms around him.

It’s why I like you. My quiet man.

 Gently, he pushes her away.

What now? Wife finally paying attention?

 BRADLEY

Lena.

 LENA

Come on, I need one of your fabulous reassuring hugs.

 BRADLEY

Not now.

 LENA

Just one.

 BRADLEY

What’re you doing here?

 LENA

 (peeved; putting on shoes)

The neighbors went home. They’re gone. Where’s Rick?

 BRADLEY

Calling in a code five.

 LENA

What?! You didn’t call in a code five? “On surveillance, stay away!” Hello! That’s the first damn thing you do when you set up your V.P., come on, of all people, you know that—you taught me that!

 BRADLEY

Of course I know it! Lucky said he’d—. (*Frustrated beat*.) Losing the case info and messing with that kayak just—Lena, I don’t need you here. Go home, drink some wine.

 LENA

 (trying to hug him)

Come on. Lucky’s gone. We got a couple of minutes. Are you avoiding me?

 BRADLEY gives in, leans forward, keeping

 some distance, and gives her a quick peck on

 the lips.

 BRADLEY

Now, go home.

 LENA

I’m not a puppy.

 BRADLEY

I’m not happy.

 LENA

With me?

 BRADLEY

The *power structure*? What’s that about?

 LENA

I didn’t mean it like that.

 BRADLEY

Pulling rank on me in front of Lucky? How am I supposed to take it? You know, I’m trying to be a professional, and between Lucky’s screw-ups and you finding reasons to hang out / with me—

 LENA

Don’t be an ass. I didn’t have to give you this assignment. I could’ve called Chuck or Bob—or even Marty.

 BRADLEY

(*Beat*.) Marty? Mr. Executive Protection? I thought you two were done.

 LENA

He’s out of the picture, but I could’ve called him, and he would’ve helped with the stakeout.

 BRADLEY

I don’t think so.

 LENA

We’re still friends.

 BRADLEY

Friends?

 LENA

Isn’t your wife your friend? Same thing.

 BRADLEY

Not the same thing, we’re married. You and Marty slept together.

 LENA

Past tense but the same thing. (*Beat*.) You know, forget it. Be a professional and up yours.

 LENA begins to exit.

 BRADLEY

Lena, I’m just tryin’ to work here.

 LENA

Huh.

 Slight pause.

 BRADLEY

Maybe I’ll come by later. When we’re done.

 LENA

And what about the wife? What about getting up early for *church*? Huh? I mean, we didn’t see each other for, what, two years? And the last time, you knocked me up, got crazy drunk and after the DUI you crawled back to your wife.

 BRADLEY

Come on, Lena. How many times do I have to say “I’m sorry”?

 LENA

(*Beat*.) Apologies aren’t what I need right now.

 BRADLEY

I’m two years sober. God’s workin’ in me. Changed things. Things between us.

 LENA

I always wanted a baby. I regret every day giving ours up.

 BRADLEY is shamed.

 BRADLEY

Me, too.

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