

GRANDPA. Now listen, I think I'm going to leave you two little love birds alone now.

ASHLEY. No, don't go, Grandpa.

GRANDPA. Come on, I know how it is. Just got married. Haven't seen each other for two weeks. No, I'm gonna go out to my garden now and feed the mosquitoes and see how the weeds are doing. If you need me you know where the path is.

(exits)

ASHLEY. *(leading TONY over to the couch)* Now, Prescott sweetheart, I want you to tell me everything you've been doing since I last saw you. Every single thing. I want to hear it all from your own lips. From your own handsome lips.

TONY. You know there's something that....

ASHLEY. Wait, first tell me what happened with that job. The family tree thing, okay? That client you didn't like. The horrible woman? Did that go okay?

TONY. Listen what you need to know is that...

ASHLEY. Were you able to research her roots and come up with some embarrassing ancestors for her?

TONY. Ashley I think you better...

ASHLEY. Serial killers or pedophiles or politicians.

TONY. Listen, Ashley, I need to tel.....

ASHLEY. Hey, have you got a cold?

TONY. No?

ASHLEY. Well, you sound kind of different.

TONY. There's a real good reason for that.

ASHLEY. Like your voice is lower.

TONY. I know.

ASHLEY. Poor little baby.

TONY. I want to say that I...

ASHLEY. *(pulling his head onto her chest)* Aw; did you get sick while I was away?

(pause)

TONY.Maybe.

ASHLEY. *(stroking his head)* Well, bless your heart you poor little, sick little, husband. There there. Oh my goodness. All alone up in Savannah and nobody to look after you. Now don't you worry. Ashley is here and you are going to be nursed back to health.

TONY. *(coughs)*

ASHLEY. And I've got a special treatment program for you. A special customized caretaking procedure. We're going to do some lip to lip compressing. Okay? Head up please. *(She raises his head up.)* Good. Now, I want you to stay real still while I apply localized pressure.

(She goes in for the kiss. After a moment or two she pulls away and leaps off the couch in horror.)

WHO ARE YOU?!

TONY. What?!

ASHLEY. WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?!

TONY. That's what I've been trying to tell you.

ASHLEY. I mean, *(She grabs her glasses off the counter and puts them on.)* I mean, you may look like Prescott, in fact, you look a lot like Prescott, but, believe me, you are not Prescott! I want to know who in the Hell you are!

TONY. I can explain.

ASHLEY. What are you doing here pretending to be my husband? Who would do something like that? Are you hiding from someone? Are you a fugitive? You are, aren't you? *(She screams and pulls the gun out of her purse.)* You're that man who escaped from prison! Admit it!

TONY. *(starting to get up)* Now look I....

ASHLEY. *(pointing the gun at him)* I want you to stay right where you are! *(He moves a little.)* I'm not afraid to use this. I don't want to shoot you but I will if I have to. Now just stay real quiet while I step over here and call the police.

(She picks up the receiver and listens.)

Okay, there doesn't seem to be any dial tone. This phone seems to be dead. You wouldn't know anything about that, would you?

