

*Jackie sits next to a side table, smoking a joint. Puts it out, gets up and goes into the house, leaving a pile of mail table. Isabel walks in, looking for Jackie. Sees no one, but does see the mail on the table. Reads note from Random House boss & finds Jackie's flight itinerary.*

*Jackie returns*

JACKIE

Hello.

ISABEL

Hi.

JACKIE

Did you have any trouble finding the place with my directions?

ISABEL

No.

JACKIE

Well, thanks. [busies herself to dismiss Isabel]

*Isabel starts to walk away – then turns back.*

ISABEL

I know your secret. I saw the airline tickets and a note from your new boss. I know you're not working at the Random House; I talked to them. You're taking the kids and moving to Los Angeles.

JACKIE

What the hell are you doing, reading my mail and snooping around behind my back like some little dishonest \_\_\_\_\_ --

ISABEL

Dishonest! I wouldn't have to snoop around if you were honest with Luke.

I would have that this was the answer to your prayers. You lose the witch and her two little brats in one swoop. Simplifies everything. You get your life back.

ISABEL

Come on, there are plenty of publishing houses in New York. Surely you can get a job here.

JACKIE

Oh, so I'm supposed to rearrange my life so I can accommodate your schedule? If you're so concerned, why don't you get a new career – why don't you and Luke move to Los Angeles?

ISABEL

Oh, but you can make plans to rearrange everyone else's life without consulting us.

JACKIE

Bicoastal parenting. People do it all the time. Luke gets the kids one month during the summer and every other holiday. It's not ideal but people make it work.

ISABEL

No, you can't do that

JACKIE

Why?

ISABEL

No. You can't take Luke's kids away from him?

JACKIE

Yes, I can.

ISABEL

No. We can't live like that.

JACKIE

We? If Luke has a problem with this, you tell him to talk to me. This is not about you. This is not your problem.

ISABEL

It is my problem.

JACKIE

Why is that?

ISABEL

Because I am going to marry this man and we're going to share our life together. I love him. These kids are everything to him and he would be devastated not to be near them. And if [trails off]

[Pause] [Jackie sits down and picks up joint again.]

JACKIE

You guessed the wrong secret. Charlie Drummonds is a colleague of mine from Random House in New York. And she – she moved to the West Coast office and I'm going to be crashing with her while I'm getting the protein injections that are recommended by my oncologist. You can only get them in Los Angeles.

ISABEL

Oncologist?

JACKIE

Yep. Life's a tradeoff. It's finally legal to smoke dope but you gotta' have cancer.

ISABEL

Are you dying?

JACKIE

Not today.

END OF SCENE

[Jackie had already dealt with one round of radiation (on her own without telling anyone) and thought that she had beaten it. [Decide which kind of cancer I have.] She is fierce about doing everything she can to beat it. Doctor urges her to tell her kids – sooner rather than later, indicating seriousness of the prognosis. She starts to tell her husband – but he tells her that he is marrying Isabel and she decides not to tell him. It's apparent from the story that Jackie is used to dealing with things on her own . . . her husband has never really been there for her. She is wounded over the fact that their marriage didn't work. She is terribly alone . . . dealing with her illness . . . the news of ex's remarriage. Jackie is very strong.