

and called in sick. Quigley found out and fired her.

JAN. Yes, but she probably didn't have a good excuse why she took the day off.

CHRIS. She was getting married.

JAN (disappointed). Oh. Well, look. I'll call for you and make it sound really convincing.

Begin
→CHRIS. I can't lie to Mr. Quigley.

JAN. I can. Look, I hate to see you throw this opportunity away. Tim said he's going down to the beach for the weekend and won't be back till Monday. He has to see you today.

CHRIS. How about after work?

JAN. Too late. Think! The Country Club!

CHRIS. Besides, we start inventory next week and we have to get organized.

JAN. Tuxedos. Long dresses!

CHRIS (weakening). But there is Mrs. Quigley to take my place.

JAN. That's the spirit! Look, why don't you get ready for Tim, and I'll call.

CHRIS. What will you say I have?

JAN. I dunno. I'll think of something.

CHRIS (deciding). O. K. I'm going to run down to Julie's house and borrow her electric curlers. (Starts toward door DR.) No good is going to come of this.

JAN. Relax. What could possibly go wrong? (CHRIS runs off.) But go around the long way so you don't pass Quigley's! (Telephone rings.) O. K., Mr. Quigley, get ready for an Academy Award performance. (She goes to the telephone.)

Hello? . . . Oh, Mr. Quigley. . . . I . . . What . . . Well, she . . . What . . . Now, calm down, Mr. Quigley. . . . She . . . as a matter of fact, sir, she won't be in at all today. . . . You see. . . . Yes, sir, I heard about the girl!

who wanted the day off to get married. . . . No, I don't think it was a ridiculous excuse.

. . . But -- but---- (Getting upset.)

Mr. Quigley, she is not faking it. . . .

She is! . . . Look, I don't like that tone. . . .

(She is not faking it! . . . She's -- She's----

(Groping for an answer, and then brightly:)

She's dead! Yes, so you see, Mr. Quigley,

she couldn't be faking it. Yes, she was a

kind girl. . . . (Sniffs.) Well, I have to go.

The mortician is coming. . . . Thank you. . . .

Good-bye. (She hangs up, then realizes what

she has done.) Oh, my gosh. Why did I say that?

(CHRIS runs in DR.)

CHRIS. Forgot my car keys. (Hurries UC.) Did you call Quigley? (She goes off.)

JAN (hesitantly). Uh, he called here.

CHRIS (offstage). What did you say?

JAN. Well, you got the day off.

(CHRIS reappears, car keys in hand.)

CHRIS. Great. What did he say?

JAN. Nothing. He got me a little flustered, but after I told him he got very quiet.

CHRIS. What excuse did you give?

JAN (cagily). Well, you see . . .

(The door DR opens and FRANK and SHIRLEY enter. JAN, anxious to change the subject, greets them.)

JAN. Oh, hi, Mom and Dad. (Returns to sofa.)

FRANK. I still think you're over-reacting, Shirley.

SHIRLEY (in tears). Oh, I can't help it. Poor little Juliet out there in the city. And it's so cool these days. (Sinks into armchair.)

FRANK (hanging up coats in closet URC). She's only a cat. You weren't this concerned when I was reported missing in action during the war.

SHIRLEY. Well, that I knew the Army had just misplaced you. No one is missing in action at Fort Bragg! But Juliet . . . (Starts crying.)

JAN. Any luck at the police station?

FRANK. No. The man at Missing Persons thought we were nuts when we started filling out those forms. (Imitating conversation.) Name? Juliet Wilson. Height? Twenty-three inches. Weight? Ten pounds. Hair color? Gray. Age? Two.

SHIRLEY. Now, Frank, anyone could have thought it was our daughter we were talking about.

FRANK. After we explained it was a cat, I thought the man was going to cry. He had to fill out a whole new stack of forms.

SHIRLEY. Well, I don't care. I think they should have a Missing Pet Department. (Sighs.) I think I'll lie down for a while. (Noticing, as she starts UC.) Chris, aren't you going to be late for work?

CHRIS. Well, I . . .

JAN. Mr. Quigley just called and gave her the day off.

SHIRLEY. How nice. I wonder why.

JAN. Something about a . . . a death in the family. Look, Chris, you'd better get going to Julie's house and get those curlers if you want to be ready when Tim gets here.

FRANK. Shirley, you want some tea? (Goes UL to kitchen.)

SHIRLEY. Thank you, Frank. I do feel weak. (Follows him off UL.)

End

CHRIS. Thanks a million, Jan. Listen, I'll be back in ten minutes. Keep Tim here if he comes. (She runs off DR.)

JAN. For someone who died, she has a lot of pep. (Shrugs and picks up her book. She exits UC to bedrooms as doorbell rings.)

(SHIRLEY enters from kitchen.)

SHIRLEY. Was that the bell?

(SHIRLEY goes to the door, still sniffing, and opens it. It is MR. and MRS. QUIGLEY.

MRS. QUIGLEY carries a cake in a cake pan and a wrapped knife.)

SHIRLEY. Why, Mr. and Mrs. Quigley. Come in. QUIGLEY. We just heard of your loss.

SHIRLEY. Our loss . . . ? Oh, you mean . . . Yes, it is a blow to us.

MRS. QUIGLEY. I brought you a cake. (Hands it to SHIRLEY.)

SHIRLEY (pleased). Why, thank you. Please come in and sit down.

QUIGLEY. If we're not interrupting. (They enter and come C.) I know this is a hard time for you. (They sit on couch. MRS. QUIGLEY sets knife on table near couch.)

SHIRLEY. Yes, very.

MRS. QUIGLEY. When we heard, I told Mr. Quigley, "Shut the store, give the employees the day off." (Sniffs.) We'll miss her so.

SHIRLEY. Thank you. My husband says we should be thankful for the time we had her, but . . . MRS. QUIGLEY. We know. We know. Believe me, we know. We saw "Love Story" three times.

SHIRLEY. I'll miss her playing around the house,