

going to get her back. And I'll get my money back.  
KADEN. Wyler Evan Wyler. She doesn't have it to give back.  
Move on. Why bother?  
WYLER. Fifteen grand?!  
KADEN. Consider it tuition.  
WYLER. I'm different than — We slept together.  
KADEN. Not unheard of with her. Just let go.  
WYLER. You don't understand. I slept with her. And I'm gay.  
KADEN. What do you want frequent flyer miles? Forget about it.  
WYLER. She said she loved me. I told her that I loved her. I'm not big on — I hadn't done that before. *(A look of great sadness passes Kaden's face. He leans over and feels the material on the lapel of Wyler's suit.)*  
KADEN. Well ... it is a great suit. If nothing else she made you buy yourself a nice suit. Her taste in suits —  
WYLER. So — Oh God. So then — ?  
KADEN. Even I was a putz once. Why do you think I'm the expert? *(Wyler stands up to leave.)* Don't. Please. Just leave her be. *(Wyler is at the door.)* We all let her go on because in an odd way, she reminds us what we were foolish enough to think of giving up. To have her life. Her sad empty life. We all actually considered giving up ourselves.  
WYLER. What do you know about her that's true?  
KADEN. Oh. None of her. One hopes.  
WYLER. You know where I might talk to someone who might know something about her?  
KADEN. Geez. Uh. Off hand, not really. Maybe. You know who might know about her is the dancer, what's her name Illya —

## Scene 3

*The telephone.*

*Wyler's composition book.*



*Immediately following the last scene, Wyler has his composition book. He leafs through and finds a mention in his notes.*

WYLER. Illya —  
KADEN. Illya Mannon. *(We see Alexa. She is as Wyler has written her on the page.)*  
ALEXA. I stood there reading reviews with my new discovery Illya Mannon. *(Illya Mannon appears. She is on the phone.)*  
WYLER. *(Now on the phone with Illya.)* Illya Mannon?  
ILLYA. Speaking.  
ALEXA. I stood there —  
KADEN. And there was that boy dancer in that video.  
WYLER. I'd like to talk to you about Alexa Vere de Vere.  
ALEXA. Quaking.  
KADEN. Going to be big.  
ILLYA. Oh Jesus. She still alive?  
WYLER. What do you know about her that's true?  
KADEN. And the sculpture performance person.  
ILLYA. Who is this? You get taken by —  
WYLER. Yeah.  
ILLYA. Yeah well. Join the crowd.  
KADEN. And that composer. With the animation.  
WYLER. I want to find her. And I'm looking for — for want of a better word, the truth. Something to help try to find her.  
ILLYA. What are you going to do once you find the truth?  
WYLER. I haven't thought that far in advance.  
ILLYA. Uhm. Well. You know I really don't know her. It was like one weekend and twenty-five grand. But you know who would know is —  
KADEN. And the actress with the accents.

ALEXA. An acquaintance of mine — (*Evan leafs through the composition book.*)  
ILLYA, KADEN and ALEXA. Bethany Vance —  
ILLYA. She spent some real time with her —  
ALEXA. The alleged actress.  
ILLYA. She really got taken.  
ALEXA. At a party in London.  
WYLER. Bethany Vance? (*Bethany appears. She is on the phone.*)  
ALEXA. I found out to be —  
BETHANY. Yes?  
ALEXA. A masochist.  
BETHANY. She said I was a masochist?  
ALEXA. No really. Whips, chains.  
BETHANY. You know that is just so typical, fucking typical. Fucker rips you off and then claims you into a circle of friends and then pins like intimate knowledge on you. But then, you know, I found out that like all her quote friends are people she's conned. All of them. The accountant, Martel Grushkov.  
ILLYA. The investor from Milan.  
KADEN. The Duke of Chichester.  
ALEXA. Morris Kaden.  
WYLER. Morris Kaden —  
BETHANY. Morris Kaden, they're all alive and well and she's conned them. (*Wyler is now flipping through the pages of his book.*)  
WYLER. The truth.  
ALEXA. Ilya Mannon, Bethany Vance, The Duke of Chichester,  
ILLYA. That actor with the really great hair who can't act.  
WYLER. I'd like the truth.  
BETHANY. That singer with the six note range.  
WYLER. Just someone tell me the truth.  
KADEN. That poet who can't rhyme.  
WYLER. Overseas operator, London. I'm looking for a residence for the Duke of Chichester.  
ALEXA. Martel Grushkov, my husband deserted me in the most farfetched ways.  
WYLER. Chichester, I guess.  
ALEXA. The Pet Shop Boys.

BETHANY. And you know. What's his name? Him.  
ILLYA. And Morris Kaden.  
KADEN. Any putz.  
BETHANY. The really famous one.  
ILLYA. Did I mention Morris Kaden?  
BETHANY. The celebrity.  
ALEXA. The Clash, the Cure — My late husband always used to say that, he was Jewish.  
WYLER. So you would agree that the names she drops are mostly people that she's conned?  
ALEXA. The Boy George, Simon Le Bond, I am not marrying that rich broker's son, but then I met Michael.  
WYLER. What about the husband who died?  
ALEXA. Dear God.  
WYLER. Michael.  
ALEXA. Well Michael.  
BETHANY. Who's Michael?  
ALEXA. Mr. Michael Stabinski.  
ILLYA. He's dead?  
ALEXA. That name.  
KADEN. Who's dead?  
ILLYA. I thought he tried to kill her and she ran away.  
BETHANY. I don't know a Michael.  
ILLYA. Or he ran away.  
BETHANY. Now a *MICHELLE* —  
ILLYA. Somebody ran away. To Denmark.  
KADEN. Is this the fiancée who died in the freak hovercraft accident?  
WYLER. I think he's dead.  
BETHANY. Why?  
WYLER. Alexa told me.  
KADEN. PUTZ!  
ALEXA. His lifeless body. The wrists gashed with shaving razors and —  
WYLER. You think he's still living?  
BETHANY. If he exists at all.  
ALEXA. The wedding was part Jewish owing to the groom and —

WYLER. He's in England maybe.  
KADEN. Says her. Try New York.  
ILLYA. I never bought that Indian princess crap.  
BETHANY. Indian? Indonesian.  
KADEN. Or Iranian.  
BETHANY. Ah, she's probably American and so's her probably living dead husband. Or girlfriend.  
KADEN. Try New York, then try London.  
ILLYA. And then Denmark. Maybe. *(All, save Alexa and Wyler leave the stage.)*  
ALEXA. Dear God. Well Michael.  
WYLER. *(He is now on the phone with Mike.)* Michael Stabinsky?  
ALEXA. Mr. Michael Stabinsky. *(Mike appears.)* That name.  
MIKE. Mike.  
ALEXA. And Michael, the Jewish husband of convenience —  
WYLER. But Stabinsky?  
MIKE. Right, what can I do for you?  
WYLER. Are you the Michael Stabinsky — I'm sorry I'm just trying to track somebody down and you're in New York and this person is probably in London but — God. By any chance, are you the Michael Stabinski that knew — or do you know — Alexa Vere de Vere?  
MIKE. Yeah, sure.  
ALEXA. An ugly unattractive generous man who gave me my life and I destroyed him. *(Alexa disappears.)*  
MIKE. Wait. Oh God. You get taken?  
WYLER. Yeah. I can't believe that —  
MIKE. Oh. I'm sorry. And how did I die this time?  
WYLER. Oh my — Are you — In a bathtub. Suicide.  
MIKE. Bathtub. *(A moment as he thinks.)* Death of Jean Paul Marat by David. Right. She tends to kill me off as great works of art. I've gone down on ship, *Raft of the Medusa*, died in her arms, the *Pieta*. I think it's only a matter of time before I get struck by arrows like St. Sebastian. Listen, I'm sorry. I don't know anything about her whereabouts. I have absolutely no contact with her — haven't for years.  
WYLER. Could I —  
MIKE. Sorry?

WYLER. Could we ... talk about her.  
MIKE. Why would you want to do that?  
WYLER. I just would like to know the truth.

## Scene 4

*Mike's loft.*

*The Eighties.*

*First, the loft. Wyler sips a cup of coffee handed to him by Mike. A shutter runs up his spine and then he smiles.*

WYLER. Hmmmm.  
MIKE. Good?  
WYLER. Sure. Coffee?  
MIKE. Bless you for noticing.  
WYLER. No, it's good, it's — *(Mike takes a sip from his own cup and immediately spits it back into the mug.)*  
MIKE. It's tar. Sorry, it's been on all day.  
WYLER. It's OK.  
MIKE. No, it's not.  
WYLER. You're right, it's not.  
MIKE. Then why did you say it was?  
WYLER. I was being charming.  
MIKE. Oh. Well. I don't do charm.  
WYLER. Got it.  
MIKE. I'll put new coffee on.  
WYLER. So, tell me how you met Alexa.  
MIKE. What did she tell you about me?  
WYLER. Oh. Uh — *(He looks in his composition book.)* That you were older. Than — well her.  
MIKE. I am. So far, so good.  
WYLER. Old money. European.  
MIKE. Sorry, no. Pennsylvania. Po' white trash.  
WYLER. Jewish.