

JEAN
I'm very sorry about Gordon. You must be—his friend?

OTHER WOMAN
Gordon didn't tell you much, did he?

JEAN
No.

OTHER WOMAN
Gordon could be quiet.

JEAN
Yes. He was quiet.

OTHER WOMAN
He must have respected you. He was quiet with women he respected. Otherwise he had a very loud laugh. Haw, haw, haw! You could hear him a mile away.

She remembers Gordon.

You must wonder why I wanted to meet with you.

JEAN
Yes.

OTHER WOMAN
You were with Gordon the day he died.

JEAN
Yes.

OTHER WOMAN
Gordon and I—we were—well—
You know. (*She thinks the word—lovers*)
And so—I wanted to know . . .
this is going to sound sentimental . . .
I wanted to know his last words.

JEAN
That's not sentimental.

OTHER WOMAN
I hate sentiment.

JEAN
I don't think that's sentimental. Really, I don't.

OTHER WOMAN
So. His last words.

JEAN
Gordon mentioned you before he died. Well, he more than mentioned you. He said: tell her that I love her. And then he turned his face away and died.

OTHER WOMAN
He said that he loved me.

JEAN
Yes.

OTHER WOMAN
I waited for such a long time.
And the words—delivered through another woman.
What a shit.