

You're back.

AIMABLE

Yes.

GENEVIEVE

(There is an awkward moment of silence)  
Forgive me.

AIMABLE

Forgive you? That's easy to say - "Forgive me." I was worried sick about you. Why didn't you tell me you were going to your mother's? You were afraid I might stop you, is that it?

GENEVIEVE

Don't... don't forgive me like that.

AIMABLE

Like what? What do you mean?

GENEVIEVE

Let me tell you the truth.

AIMABLE

Truth! I know enough truth. Too much truth can be hard to digest. It can make you sick...

GENEVIEVE

But I want you to know...

AIMABLE

I know enough. And stop talking so much about forgiving, I'll begin to imagine things... You must be hungry, no?

GENEVIEVE

Yes, I am.

AIMABLE

And cold?

GENEVIEVE

A little...

AIMABLE

Well, here's a little meal I was making for myself. I didn't know you were coming. But I'm not too hungry. So go ahead... eat.

GENEVIEVE

(Sits at table)

You... you seem different.

AIMABLE

Different? Oh, well, I must confess something. While you were away, I did something foolish. I got drunk, out of boredom, I guess. I'm just getting over it.

GENEVIEVE

No, you just seem...you seem...better looking...

AIMABLE

Better looking? Maybe I should drink more, hah? Go ahead... Eat.

*(Sound of CAT meowing. AIMABLE looks out window.)*

Well... Look who's back...

*(Opens window and brings in POMPOM. HE puts cat down next to a saucer of milk.)*

So... you're back... you alley cat... you rotten thing... Tired of running around, you come back where it's nice and safe, hah? You good-for-nothing... You don't care who misses you, who loses sleep over you, do you? Where did you go, running after some tom cat, hah? Some strange cat that looked good in the moonlight? What did he have that was so wonderful you had to leave home? You stupid creature... you selfish animal... you slut!

Here... finish your milk... It's been waiting for you... Is that why you came back, Pompom? Because you were cold and hungry? And then, Pompom... Will you leave again?

GENEVIEVE

She will not leave.

AIMABLE

*(still to POMPOM)*

Because if you want to leave again, do it right now. It would be less cruel...

GENEVIEVE

She will not leave.

*(GENEVIEVE begins to cry. He goes to her, speaks gently.)*

AIMABLE

Genevieve...

*(SHE waves him away. Slowly, SHE raises her head and looks at him.)*

#18: Finale Act 2

GENEVIEVE

HOW WELL WE KNOW

I'LL NEVER BE

THE PERFECT ANGEL...