

THE POACHED CAFÉ

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CHARACTERS

ETTIE Café owner, fifties

BILL Local, friend of Sharon, forties

SHARON Local, friend of Bill, forties

SETTING A small café in a regional town

TIME The present

SCENE 1

A café. BILL and SHARON drinking coffee. BILL reading a newspaper. ETTIE, cleaning a table nearby.

BILL: *(showing newspaper; shaking head)* I don't know why you have these things.

ETTIE: So you can read them.

BILL: They're full of tripe.

ETTIE: Well, you don't have to. You can just drink your coffee.

BILL: If there's not any sport there's nothing.

SHARON: The coffee's good, Ettie.

ETTIE: Thanks.

BILL: *(turning pages)* Nothing... *(sees story of interest)* Oh. Ah. Look at that!...

SHARON: *(looks)* Churns your stomach, doesn't it.

ETTIE: What?

BILL: Oh that thing with the girl getting attacked in park.

They both look at the article and picture.

ETTIE: Yeah. That was bad.

BILL: It's not safe anywhere these days.

SHARON: Right near some houses too. You think someone would have seen it.

BILL: Hanging's too good for them. Too good. That's what I say.

SHARON: We don't have it anymore Bill.

BILL: We should. I'd put the rope around his neck myself.

SHARON: Then you'll get all the do-gooders coming out of the woodwork saying what a bad upbringing he had. Beaten when he was a kid-

BILL: All the bleeding hearts.

SHARON: Broken family. All the rest of it.

BILL: Doesn't help the poor girl.

SHARON: What about her family?

BILL: *(sympathetic sigh)* Yeah.

SHARON: They've got to deal with it.

ETTIE: If you ask me, they're nutcases - guys that do these things. They always seem to have something wrong with them...

SHARON: Like what?

ETTIE: You know. Schizophrenics. That sort of thing. Something wrong with them from the start.

SHARON: There's got to be a way of identifying them. When they're young. Manage them. Keep them off the streets.

ETTIE: How are you going to do that?

SHARON: I don't know. There was talk of chemical castration back a few years. Remember.

ETTIE: That's a bit rich if they haven't offended in the first place.

SHARON: If they're likely to.

ETTIE: How would you know?

SHARON: There'd be signs.

ETTIE: Signs?

SHARON: They'd have done something before.

ETTIE: Hoh. Why don't you put them in leg irons, be done with it. Bring out the cat-o-nine tails into the bargain.

BILL: There you go. Bleeding-heart Ettie. Next thing you'll be having them around here for coffee trying to mother them.

ETTIE: You can't reform someone who's got a chemical imbalance. Or whatever it might be.

BILL: You know what? I don't want to read newspapers any more. It makes me sick. Sick to the teeth.

SHARON: Well, put it down then.

BILL: Maybe I will. (*puts paper down*)

ETTIE: Another cuppa?

BILL: That'd be good Ettie.

SHARON: Not for me.

Pours BILL a cuppa.

BILL: Ah. You hear something every week now. I can't remember all this when we were younger.

ETTIE: We see a lot more things on the tele now. We hear about it more on the radio.

BILL: But it's different now. Different.

ETTIE: How?

BILL: It just is!

ETTIE: You're just getting caught up in the media talk.

SHARON: No. They've got to do something about it.

BILL: They never do anything.

SHARON: They never do.

A little bell. ERIC enters sits.

BILL: The word's spread Ettie.

ETTIE: What?

BILL: Your coffee. You've got a customer. Haha.

SHARON: A younger one too.

BILL: Must be the new sign you've got out front.

ETTIE: *(turns to ERIC)* Won't be a moment.

SHARON: *(indicates a sign)* 'Ettie's Coffee House'. Very stylish.

BILL: The old one was so faded. Never knew what it said anyway.

SHARON: *(looking at ERIC)* That one. He looks familiar.

BILL: Can't say that I've seen him.

SHARON: His face.

ETTIE: *(to ERIC)* Can I help you?

ERIC: Is the breakfast menu still on?

ETTIE: What's the time? Eleven. Go on. What would you like?

ERIC: Um. Maybe the eggs and sausages.

ETTIE: You can have mushrooms and beans as a side.

ERIC: Oh. Mushrooms.

ETTIE: How do you have the eggs?

ERIC: Poached.

ETTIE: Sorry. We can't do 'poached' today.

ERIC: Oh. Maybe just a flat white then.

ETTIE: No eggs and sausages?

ERIC: No.

ETTIE: (*jots it on pad*) You're new around here?

ERIC: Just moved in. On the north side.

ETTIE: Oh.

ERIC: Thought I might get some work in the mines.

ETTIE: It pays good money.

ERIC: I was told by a friend there could be some work.

ETTIE: Most of the mines have closed down here over the years. A lot of people have left. There's not a lot going on these days.

ERIC: Can I have it fairly milky?

ETTIE: Right. One fairly milky coffee coming up (*exits to make it*)

SHARON: (*to BILL*) He doesn't look as though he's been near a mine.

BILL: I was thinking that. He looks a bit like Marion's boy.

SHARON: No. It's not him.

BILL: He went down to the big smoke, didn't he?

SHARON: A few years back, yes.

BILL: I wouldn't know what he looked like these days.

SHARON: They grow up so quickly.

They look at ERIC, trying to work him out. ERIC notices this, and feels compelled to say something.

ERIC: Morning.

BILL: Hello.

ERIC: It's a nice little spot you've got here.

SHARON: Ettie's been doing it up in the last year.

ERIC: I meant the town. It's a nice little town.

BILL: Yes. It is.

SHARON: I grew up here. So did Bill. Everyone knows you. It's that sort of place.

BILL: I really don't know why anyone would want to leave it.

SHARON: Where are you from?

ERIC: Brisbane.

SHARON: Oh. You've got family nearby?

ERIC: No. I just wanted to live a quiet place. Where no one knows me. This looked as good as any.

BILL: People are pretty friendly here. Once you get to know them.

ERIC: I'm not really interested in meeting a lot of people.

SHARON: Oh. *(thinks this is weird, quick look to BILL)*

ERIC: I just want a quiet life.

BILL: Sick of the hurly burly of the city?

ERIC: You could say that.

SHARON: A lot of people are. But we don't get many like you here.

BILL: They go to the coastal areas, more than often.

SHARON: It's unusual coming here.

ERIC: I just want to get away from prying eyes. Where people won't hassle me.

BILL: I can understand what you're saying, but we're good here. We're good people. Aren't we Sharon?

SHARON: We sure are.

ERIC: I stayed in a place before and people upset me. I had to leave.

BILL: Did you?

ERIC: I don't like a lot of people about.

SHARON: You don't?

ERIC: I couldn't take it any more...

BILL: Oh.

ERIC: Having to watch my back.

ETTIE: *(enters)* Your coffee.

ERIC: *(the coffee arrives, turns)* Ah yes.

ETTIE: *(puts coffee down)* Enjoy.

ERIC: Thanks. *(takes a sip)*

ETTIE retreats to clean more tables.

BILL: So, mining?

ERIC: Well...

BILL: Have you had much experience?

ERIC: A friend told me about it.

BILL: I see.

ERIC: I-I need to sort a few things out. Get my life together.

BILL: Well, of course. I guess we all do.

ERIC: Buy a lawnmower and a fridge. Things.

BILL: A fridge?

ERIC: *(drinks coffee, slurping, and using fingers throughout)*
It's very nice coffee.

SHARON: *(to BILL, quiet)* Don't say anything.

BILL: What?

SHARON: *(circling finger to mean nutty)* Tell you later.

ERIC: The grass is overgrown. I don't think it's been cut in a long time.

BILL: Yeah, I think I've got to take a look at mine. The weeds sneak up on you.

ERIC: I think there's snakes.

BILL: Snakes? *(looks at SHARON, puzzled by ERIC)*

ERIC: I saw something wriggling there yesterday.

BILL and SHARON turn away from him, and continue to drink their coffee. Things go quiet. But ERIC drinks his coffee noisily and quickly, then gets up, a little agitated in manner and goes up to pay.

ETTIE: Finished already?

ERIC: *(impulsive)* I've got to go back.

ETTIE: Oh. That's four dollars.

ERIC: It was very nice. *(wants to get out of there)*

BILL: See you again sometime.

ERIC: *(feebly)* Yes.

ERIC leaves swiftly.

ETTIE: You didn't say anything?

BILL: No we were sweet.

SHARON: I think he's the one.

ETTIE: I don't want to lose a customer.

SHARON: I think he's the one they've been talking about.

BILL: What one?

SHARON: You know. The one they said was going into Cliff Avenue.

BILL: Hell no! *(stands, watches ERIC through the window, concerned)*

SCENE 2

A few days later. ETTIE is wiping tables clean, when the little bell tinkles. SHARON enters.

SHARON: They're all up there. Going crazy.

ETTIE: They're not.

SHARON: The stuff they're calling out. It'd make your ears fall off.

ETTIE: No.

SHARON: It's pretty vile.

ETTIE: Can't they just leave him alone?

SHARON: We don't want him here. They have to know that.

ETTIE: What's going to happen?

SHARON: I came to get you.

ETTIE: I can't really leave the shop.

SHARON: We need a show of strength. Let them know what we think.

ETTIE: They've been outside the place now, placards and all, for two days, and nothing's come of it.

SHARON: It will. We've got to keep the pressure up. That's why you should go up there.

ETTIE: Sharon...

SHARON: I can look after the shop for a bit, if you like.

ETTIE: (*maybe*) Well...

SHARON: It'll mean a lot. Show we're all in this. You're a respected citizen of this town!

ETTIE: They should have told people he was here. Not have this going on.

SHARON: They've hidden him at the far end of the house now. You can't get through.

ETTIE: I don't know about this. It's going a bit far.

SHARON: We want to get our message across. There's talk a TV channel might cover it.

ETTIE: Television? Ah.

SHARON: We don't want people like him coming here, Ettie.

ETTIE: I knew there was something different about him that first day he came in here.

SHARON: He was creepy. I could smell it a mile away.

ETTIE: They'll find him another place won't they?...

SHARON: It's a disgrace.

ETTIE: Surely.

SHARON: They're not telling us, not giving us any information at all.

ETTIE: I suppose they can't.

SHARON: It's laughable. The coppers outside, trying to look inconspicuous. But every knows.

ETTIE: I wonder why they chose here. It doesn't really look like a place where you'd re-settle a convict.

SHARON: Goodness knows why.

ETTIE: So he's this beach murderer, someone was saying.

SHARON: Remember. Up on the Gold Coast a few years back now.

ETTIE: I don't know that I do.

SHARON: He drove her along the beach in that four-wheel drive. She went missing.

ETTIE: Oh, that one.

SHARON: The lawyers cooked up a deal. You know how it is. Marion Schwarz, she was telling me.

ETTIE: Well, she'd know.

SHARON: She saw the story in the newspaper. He got a lighter sentence. Some technicality.

ETTIE: Oh.

SHARON: He shouldn't have. And now he's out.

ETTIE: And here.

SHARON: There's a car parked outside the house with Queensland number plates.

ETTIE: Queensland?

SHARON: He said he was from Brisbane.

ETTIE: He did.

SHARON: They move them interstate...

ETTIE: How can they do that?....

SHARON: So no one knows.

ETTIE: Not tell us.

SHARON: We'll never be safe...

ETTIE: I don't understand it.

SHARON: Never.

BILL: (*enters, agitated*) It's getting out of hand!

ETTIE: What?

BILL: You should see it. You wouldn't believe it.

ETTIE: What?

BILL: They've gone and broken down the back fence. A few got in and tossed bricks through the window.

ETTIE: Hell no!

BILL: He took off.

SHARON: What?

BILL: He's gone. Up the street and over the hill.

SHARON: No!

BILL: I don't know where.

ETTIE: This is too much. It's got out of hand!

SHARON: What are we going to do now?

BILL: I don't know.

SHARON: They'll have people out after him. Surely.

BILL: Well, I don't know.

SHARON: What?

BILL: He hasn't done anything they can hold him for.

SHARON: Except kill a girl on a beach.

BILL: It's crazy, isn't it?

SHARON: A loony on the loose and all they do is protect him.

BILL: Not any more...An absolute farce.

SHARON: Where would he go?

BILL: There's nowhere *to* go.

SHARON: They can't keep him here.

BILL: The trouble is, he's a free man. Free to wander about the community.

SHARON: They'll take him somewhere else. Won't they?

BILL: If he wants to stay there's nothing stopping him...

SHARON: We'll never be safe.

BILL: But I don't think we should let that happen. We've got to do something.

SHARON: I won't be able to go to sleep at night. I keep thinking of that girl on the beach with her throat cut.

SCENE 3

ETTIE is working towards the back part of the café, when ERIC walks in. She hears him but doesn't look up.

ETTIE: Won't be a moment. *(goes out the back to kitchen)*

ERIC looking agitated, takes a step or two towards the kitchen.

ETTIE: *(returns, sees him, jumps a little)* Oh!... You can't come in here.

ERIC: I can't go back.

ETTIE: You can't stay.

ERIC: I just want a coffee.

ETTIE: They're all looking for you.

ERIC: I hid overnight.

ETTIE: Outside?

ERIC: It felt so cold. I walked around half the night trying to find a warm spot to curl up.

ETTIE: It rained.

ERIC: I found a spot up against a wall. In a toilet in the park.

ETTIE: You'll catch your death there.

ERIC: That's why I came here.

ETTIE: Here?

ERIC: I need to get warm.

ETTIE: You can't stay here.

ERIC: I won't stay. I just want a coffee. You couldn't make me one, missus.

ETTIE: Make you a coffee?

ERIC: So I can get warm.

ETTIE: I shouldn't even be talking to you.

ERIC: Just a small coffee.

ETTIE: Small?

ERIC: Yes. On milk. I find it soothing.

ETTIE: What if the others come here?

ERIC: I'll take my chances.

ETTIE: They're in an ugly mood.

ERIC: They don't understand.

ETTIE: I can't blame them.

ERIC: They don't understand my situation.

ETTIE: I think they do.

ERIC: I've got nowhere else to go. (*step forward*)

ETTIE: Don't come near me! (*steps away*)

ERIC: I just want a coffee missus.

ETTIE: You haven't got a knife?

ERIC: A knife. No. What would I be doing with a knife?

ETTIE: It's really not safe for you here.

ERIC: I came to get warm. You were kind to me the other day.

ETTIE: People will come here soon.

ERIC: I only want a coffee.

ETTIE: You're sure you don't have a knife?

ERIC: No. I'll have my coffee and be gone.

ETTIE: Oh.

ERIC: Then I won't trouble you any more.

ETTIE: I pictured you as different.

ERIC: Different?

ETTIE: You seem just like any another person.

ERIC: Would it be too much to trouble you? Just a small coffee.

ETTIE: Well. I'll see what I can do.

ERIC: It'd be much appreciated.

ETTIE: You won't hurt me?

ERIC: I promise.

ETTIE: A coffee.

ERIC: Yes.

ETTIE: (*turns to make him one, stops*) I have to say I don't like what you've done.

ERIC: No one's letting me forget it. But now I want to make amends.

ETTIE: I suppose you have to live somehow.

ERIC: You don't know what it's been like missus. Always wondering who's around the next corner. What's going to happen to you...

ETTIE: A coffee.

ERIC: Yes.

Pause: she considers things. There's the noise of people outside, yelling.

ETTIE: Oh. They're here!

ERIC: Ahh. *(moves to go)*

ETTIE: They can't see you!

ERIC: No. *(retreats)*

ETTIE: You'll have to go. *(looks where they are)* They're coming this way.

ERIC: No.

ETTIE: Quick. Hide out the back.

ERIC: The back.

ETTIE: Through into the kitchen. *(she ushers him out)*

ERIC: Thank you.

BILL: *(enters looking for ETTIE)* Ettie?...Ettie?...

ETTIE: *(enters after a moment)* Bill.

BILL: Oh, there you are.

ETTIE: *(wiping hands on apron)* Cleaning the stove. It's an endless task.

BILL: He's disappeared.

ETTIE: What do you mean?

BILL: Clean disappeared. Gone.

ETTIE: Where would he go?

BILL: They think he may have taken off into the bush. No one knows.

ETTIE: The bush?

BILL: It's pretty dense. It'd take a long time to find him out there.

ETTIE: It would.

BILL: The deep gullies and so on. There's quite a few caves he could hide in.

ETTIE: Caves?

BILL: Oh yes. He could be down there for weeks and no one would know. It'd make it near impossible.

SCENE 4

The three of them. ETTIE brings more coffee.

SHARON: It was for the best.

BILL: Maybe you're right.

SHARON: Sometimes things happen. Events have a way of finding the right course.

BILL: You wonder what his life would have been like here anyway.

SHARON: Intolerable.

BILL: He's at peace now.

SHARON: Some sort of peace, I guess.

BILL: We've got our lives back. Which is the important thing.

ETTIE: They're saying it mightn't have been suicide.

BILL: What else could it be?

ETTIE: The way he was found...

BILL: Of course it was.

ETTIE: Dangling from the swing with the chain wrapped around his neck.

BILL: It's pretty obvious to me.

ETTIE: I'm not so sure.

SHARON: Oh come on Ettie...

ETTIE: He didn't seem the type.

SHARON: It's as obvious as the nose on your face.

ETTIE: The police have got suspicions. They've taped off the area.

BILL: They always do that...

SHARON: A kid's playground, a crime scene. That's a bit rich.

BILL: It's procedure.

SHARON: The last thing we want now is the police running around pestering people over this. We've had enough.

BILL: Yes. They should just call it a suicide and be done with it.

ETTIE: They have to do their jobs.

BILL: (*sighs*) Ah. I don't know why they just can't let us be.

SHARON: What was he doing there at the swings anyway?

BILL: Anyone's guess. The guy was a nutter. Who knows.

ETTIE: There's been no mention of him touching children.

SHARON: You know, I think he was overwhelmed feelings of guilt. He saw the swing and that was his opportunity.

ETTIE: It would have been difficult for one person to do that to themselves. With the swing. I've been thinking about it.

BILL: You mean another person?

ETTIE: Maybe more than one.

BILL: If there is, they're not going to be telling, that's for sure.

SHARON: It's bizarre. The chain and swing twisted around his neck like that. Who'd do that?

BILL: I can name any number of people in this town that have had their emotions running high the last days.

SHARON: You can't say that Bill!

BILL: I'm not saying who, I'm just saying there'd be any number.

SHARON: Well, as far as I'm concerned it's over. We don't want an investigation on top of everything else.

BILL: That's right. The town's had enough.

SHARON: *(hand up to neck)* We've had it up to here.

BILL: We want our town back.

SHARON: Some tranquility. That's all we're asking.

SCENE 5

ETTIE has been interviewed by the police and returns.

ETTIE: *(enters)* Hi.

BILL: What happened?

ETTIE: They wanted to know if he'd been here.

BILL: Oh.

SHARON: You didn't say anything?

ETTIE: I had to. Someone saw him leave out the back.

SHARON: Why did you let him stay?

ETTIE: He was cold, freezing. He wanted coffee.

BILL: You should have told him to go.

ETTIE: I couldn't do that. Even for a dog. You should have seen him. He was miserable.

SHARON: Now you're bringing the police into it. I don't like that Ettie.

ETTIE: I couldn't really say he hadn't been here. I would have been lying to them. You know what that means.

SHARON: Who saw him?

ETTIE: They didn't say. Someone.

SHARON: What else did they say?

ETTIE: A car stopped to pick him up.

SHARON: A car.

ETTIE: They think it was a red Toyota. Down the street a bit.

SHARON: Oh.

ETTIE: But they weren't sure.

BILL: Could have been anyone.

ETTIE: It could have. But there aren't too many red Toyotas in town.

SHARON: Why don't you leave it alone Ettie!

ETTIE: You want me to? You want me to say nothing.

SHARON: It's only going to cause more trouble.

BILL: I know you think it was me, Ettie. Well, your right.

SHARON: Shut up Bill!

BILL: I'm going to have to tell her now.

SHARON: You should have shut up while the going was good.

BILL: We saw him running up the street.

ETTIE: We?

SHARON: Yeah... I was there too.

BILL: Coming from the café here. A group of them saw him, and chased after him.

ETTIE: I didn't know that.

BILL: He ran straight up past us. He was frightened. He came over to the car, recognized us. He wanted a lift.

SHARON: Oh gees Bill. You should have said nothing.

BILL: He was desperate to get away from the mob. I let him in. He wanted to go down to the park where the shed and toilet are. He thought he'd be safe there... I thought it was a great chance. I was going to just drive and drive. Take him a couple of hundred kilometres away. Completely away from our town. Let him out there. Solve everything.

ETTIE: But you didn't?

BILL: No. He just wanted to sleep. He looked terrible. So I let him off at the park. He'd sleep the night and leave, he said. I told him about the caves further down in the bushland. How he could hide out there. But he had to leave the town. He nodded his head.

SHARON: We left him there in good faith. Honestly.

BILL: I think he suicided.

ETTIE: The police don't think so.

BILL: We didn't have anything to do with it. I told you. We just let him off.

ETTIE: Someone has got to him in the meantime.

BILL: Ah hell. The police are going to be all over this. There'll be question after question.

SHARON: Can't they just mind their own business and leave it at that.

BILL: It had to be suicide. He wasn't in a good frame of mind.

ETTIE: Perhaps it was.

SHARON: We need to stick together on this. We're a nice little community Ettie.

ETTIE: Of course we are.

SHARON: Do we need to mention things we don't need to?

ETTIE: If I'm not asked then I can't say anything.

BILL: You're a good friend Ettie.

ETTIE: I'm just telling you what the police said.

SHARON: We're all a part of this. We didn't want him here.

ETTIE: We didn't.

SHARON: It would have killed us. Killed the community. Kids walking down the street with a murderer living close by. You've got to understand that Ettie.

ETTIE: I understand it alright.

BILL: It's for the best Ettie.

ETTIE: Perhaps it is. But it doesn't make it right.

SCENE 6

BILL and SHARON enter. They wait for ETTIE.

SHARON: Ettie...Ettie...

BILL: She wouldn't be out somewhere?

SHARON: I don't think so.

BILL: She would have put the sign on the door.

ETTIE: *(enters, with apron on, teary)* Sorry. *(wiping hands on apron)*

SHARON: How are you?

ETTIE: Oh. As well as one can be.

SHARON: Oh?

ETTIE: Busy.

SHARON: You need someone else to help out.

ETTIE: Maybe.

BILL: Another girl.

ETTIE: It does get busy at times. But it's quiet too.

BILL: You can't do all the cooking and serving.

ETTIE: I manage.

SHARON: You're running yourself into the ground.

ETTIE: I don't think I'd really be able to afford it.

SHARON: *(looks at ETTIE)* Is there anything wrong?

ETTIE: Wrong?

SHARON: You don't look your usual self.

ETTIE: I don't. *(she wipes a tear)*

SHARON: No.

ETTIE: Oh, it's the police.

BILL: I thought that was all finished. You talked to them.

ETTIE: It was more they wanted to tell me something.

BILL: Oh?

ETTIE: About the case.

SHARON: That's unusual, the police giving out information.

ETTIE: They thought people should know.

BILL: They're still not investigating it?

ETTIE: No. They didn't have enough evidence to take it further.

BILL: Is that so?

ETTIE: But they said there was a peculiarity. They'd never seen it before.

BILL: Oh?

ETTIE: They wanted me to tell people this.

SHARON: What was it Ettie? What did they say?

ETTIE: There were a whole lot of adult hand prints on the swing, clustered together. Not very clear and damaged by the weather.

BILL: There's a lot of people visit that park.

ETTIE: They do.

BILL: Could be any number of people in the town.

SHARON: You wouldn't know who'd been there.

ETTIE: That's what they said. (*suggesting the mob*) 'Any number of people'.

BILL: That's right.

ETTIE: But there was something else they said.

SHARON: Something else?

ETTIE: Yes.

SHARON: What was that Ettie?

ETTIE: I wasn't sure...

SHARON: You weren't sure of what?

ETTIE: Whether I should say anything.

BILL: Oh come on. If the police have told you something, we should know.

ETTIE: I didn't know what to do.

BILL: Come on, don't keep us in the dark.

SHARON: Yes, Ettie. No secrets.

ETTIE: They told me...

BILL: What?

ETTIE: This fellow. He wasn't the Gold Coast murderer.

SHARON: How can they say that? Everyone knows he was!

ETTIE: He wasn't!

SHARON: What?

SHARON and BILL look to each other, stunned.

ETTIE: He didn't commit any murder.

SHARON: What?!

ETTIE: He was a protected witness.

SHARON: A protected witness?

ETTIE: Yes.

ETTIE: He saw a gangland shooting.

SHARON: No.

ETTIE: They moved him around a couple of times because of the threat to his life.

SHARON: He wasn't the Gold coast murderer?

ETTIE: No. But he wasn't an angel. He'd served some time for theft.

BILL: Oh.

ETTIE: He'd been shot at. An attempt on his life, only a few weeks ago.

SHARON: Oh. Now I know where I'd seen his face.

ETTIE: His whereabouts had to be secret.

BILL: Secret?

ETTIE: Yes. They just wanted people to know.

Pause.

BILL: Why didn't they tell us?

SHARON: Yes. Why didn't they?

