

Side 8  
Jocelyn, Otto

Scene 20

*( OTTO enters in the wheelchair, being pushed along by JOCELYN , on the shoulder of Highway 15 —scene of the crime. They both stare down at the ground, looking for something as they slowly stroll along.)*

JOCELYN: Are you sure this is the spot?

OTTO: You can see all the yellow chalk marks, can't you? Where they've measured the tire tracks, outlined the bodies? Distances. Places.

JOCELYN: I suppose.

OTTO: Well, this is it, then. Scene of the crime. Right in here. Has to be.

JOCELYN: I don't think we should be out here. What are we looking for exactly?

OTTO: I'm not quite sure. Something in the report—

JOCELYN: Report?

OTTO: The story in the newspaper.

JOCELYN: What about it?

OTTO: Something rang a bell. I don't know.

JOCELYN: A bell?

OTTO: Well, what was it you asked me before? I'm trying to remember what triggered this.

JOCELYN: When?

OTTO: Yesterday morning, when I was reading the article about the murders.

JOCELYN: Oh, I can't remember.

OTTO: About the day they discovered the bodies.

JOCELYN: What did I say?

OTTO: You asked me if it was Sunday. Right?

JOCELYN: Did I?

OTTO: Yes. And then you said it could've happened earlier.

JOCELYN: Oh.

OTTO: Earlier than Sunday.

JOCELYN: So?

OTTO: So that's what got me started.

JOCELYN: About what?

OTTO: The whole thing. As though it all could've happened long before this.

JOCELYN: Before Sunday, you mean?

OTTO: Long, long before Sunday.

JOCELYN: I don't get it. Why are you trying to make this so complicated, anyway? Three men were run over in a car by another man. Simple.

OTTO: I suppose if we knew how to read all these signs, we could put the whole thing back together.

JOCELYN: What signs?

OTTO: All these marks on the ground. Tires and footprints and marks. You know. Broken cactus.

JOCELYN: They must have taken photographs of everything already.

OTTO: I suppose.

JOCELYN: What a mess. Life is tough enough without running people over willy-nilly.

OTTO: Willy-nilly?

JOCELYN: Well, I mean—

OTTO: Willy-nilly?

JOCELYN: Just something from my past.

OTTO: Oh.

JOCELYN: I had a Welsh grandmother.

OTTO: “Willy-nilly” is Welsh? I didn’t know that.

JOCELYN: Maybe not “willy-nilly” itself—the expression—but *she* was Welsh and she always used to say that. Well, let’s not dwell on it.

OTTO: Wonder where *she* picked it up?

JOCELYN: Could’ve been her grandmother, I suppose.

OTTO: It’s in the past.

JOCELYN: Or someone from the village, maybe.

OTTO: Village? It was *that* long ago?

JOCELYN: Her little village in Cardiff or wherever it was.

OTTO: Ah.

JOCELYN: “Willy-nilly,” you know. As though to say—

OTTO: “Any old whichaway.”

JOCELYN: Exactly.

OTTO: Higgledy-piggledy.

JOCELYN: That’s enough!