IRA and FAYE and MAX side

(*Ira and Faye are sitting at a table in Max's house with the board game Clue set up. Ira rolls the dice.*)

IRA: 6 (*He moves his game piece across the board into one of the rooms while counting.*) One, two, three, four, five, *six*! *Ha ha!* Just enough to get me into the Study. Okay, Miss Scarlet, I will guess Col. Mustard, in the Study, with the candlestick.
FAYE: (*Taking a card from her pile and showing it to Ira.*) Here you go, Professor (*referencing Professor Plum, the character game piece that Ira is playing with*).
IRA: So, you have the candlestick.
FAYE: I do.
IRA: One step closer to cracking this case.
FAYE: My turn. (*She rolls the dice*) Eight. One, two, three four, five, six, seven, eight – that gets me into the kitchen, and I will try to solve the mystery: (*announcing*) Mrs. White, with the knife, in the kitchen.
IRA: (*Reaching for the game center piece, a file marked "Confidential" with the solution cards, and, after reviewing them, he puts them face up on the board.*) You play a mean game of Clue. Let's go again. I want to beat you at least one time before we call it a night.
FAYE: (*Teasing*) Then we may be here a while.
IRA: (*Doing his best Clark Gable imitation*) Frankly, Miss Scarlet, I don't give a damn!
FAYE: Whatever you say, Professor. When do you think Max and Maggie will be back from the baseball game?
IRA: (*Checking his watch.*) It started at 7; it should be done by 10:30. It'll take them another hour to get home with traffic. Why?
FAYE: (*Looking at her watch*). That should give us just enough time.
IRA: To what?
FAYE: (*She puts her arms around him and smiles.*) We've been playing this game all night and you still don't have a *clue*? (*She kisses him.*)
IRA: I think I'd like to solve the mystery.
FAYE: Give it a shot, Professor.

(*Max's voice interrupts them, as they realize he has returned early from the baseball game.*)

MAX: (*Offstage*) Ira! …. Faye! (*He enters right after the two split apart and quickly resume more innocent positions back at the game table.*) How's everything?
IRA: You're back early. What happened?

IRA and FAYE and MAX side

MAX: Didn't feel like sticking around, so I left.
FAYE: What about Maggie?
MAX: I was getting to that. Guess who we bumped into at the game.
IRA: Who?
MAX: That doctor who took care of Ruth at the hospital – David Becker.
FAYE: Really?
MAX: Yeah, we were watching the game together. Nice guy. Turns out he's a Yankee fan; pretty knowledgeable too. So, when we went to get some food, I asked him if he could take Maggie home because I wasn't feeling well and he agreed.
IRA: Not feeling well, are you ok?
MAX: Me? I'm fine. I just thought they might have a good time together. She doesn't get out that much.
FAYE: Was Maggie okay with that? It might be hard for her to keep company with someone who reminds her of what happened to her mom.
MAX: They seemed to be getting along pretty well and I asked her if it was okay before I left. Besides, she's better off spending time with somebody her own age than an old fart like me.
FAYE: Just a minute, Max. Remember we graduated together, which makes us the same age, and I'm no "old fart."
IRA: And I'm a couple years older than both of you!
MAX: Well, you two are the exception. Now, why don't you get out of here and let this old fart go to bed. Thanks for holding down the fort.
FAYE: Our pleasure. Your four-legged friend is fed and walked.
MAX: I don't know why Maggie insisted on getting me another dog so soon after Rusty passed. The vet said that old boy must've been holding on just to keep Ruth company. Now, what am I supposed to do with this one?
FAYE: What are you complaining about? He's not a puppy, so he doesn't run around too much, he's toilet-trained, he's a good companion, and he doesn't bark a lot, so you can't complain about the noise. And you have us to babysit when needed.
MAX: Ok, ok, (*looking around*). Where is he anyway? He usually comes when I get home.
IRA: Upstairs. We just gave him one of those big bones with peanut butter in it and closed the door. I'm pretty sure he's staying there until he finishes it. If you're free, give me a call tomorrow and we'll grab a bite.
MAX: Will do. Good night. (*Ira and Faye exit.*)