

# PLAYWRIGHT/WILLOW

*Playwright thinks about that a moment.  
Regards the other three. Then gives out a  
sigh.*

PLAYWRIGHT

Okay.  
Five minutes.  
But no more.

HANK

Thank you.

*Hank steps back into the house as Willow  
steps out.*

MAYA

*(At a look form her mother)*  
They say we have to leave.

## START--->

WILLOW

What?

PLAYWRIGHT

Ma'am, please.  
I'm just tryin to do my job.

WILLOW

Which is?

PLAYWRIGHT

Paper says this is a bank owned property;  
That the owners were supposed to be out by midnight, last night.

WILLOW

No, that's wrong.  
We had until the end of the week.

PLAYWRIGHT

So your husband says.  
But look, they just give me the paper and tell me where to go.  
I don't ask questions.

WILLOW

We're not even packed yet.

PLAYWRIGHT

I don't ask questions.

WILLOW

So you just come in here and take our things?  
What are we supposed to do?  
Where are we supposed to go?

PLAYWRIGHT

Like I told your husband, the movers here can put your belongings in storage where you can claim them at such a time as you see fit.  
Or, if you prefer, they can put it all on the street.

WILLOW

Excuse me?

PLAYWRIGHT

I'm not the one who makes the rules, ma'am.  
I just do as I'm told.

WILLOW

Which is putting peoples' things on the street?

PLAYWRIGHT

If they decide that's the way they wanna play it, sure.

Now, if you'll excuse me, no matter what you choose, I'm gonna have to put this up.  
It's the law.

WILLOW

Put what up?  
Let me see.

*She grabs the piece of paper from Playwright's hand. Reads it. Then looks at Playwright defiantly.*

WILLOW

No.  
You can't put this up.

PLAYWRIGHT

I'm sorry, but regardless of what you worked out with the bank/

WILLOW

/You cannot put that on my house!

PLAYWRIGHT

With all do respect, ma'am, this house doesn't belong to you anymore.  
And whether I like it or not, it's my job to put that public notice up.  
So that's exactly what I'm gonna do.