

Act I

KAREN. Oh, God, am I in trouble.
SAM. It has nothing to do with you. It's something that just happened.
It's true. I am having an affair with her.

It's been going on for about six months now . . . I tried stopping it a few times, it didn't work . . . After a couple of days I'd start it again . . . And then—well, what's the point in going on with this? You wanted honesty, I'm giving it to you. I'm having an affair with Jean, that's all there is to it.

KAREN. Who's Jean?
SAM. Jean! Miss McCormack.

KAREN. Oh. For a minute I thought there were two of them.

SAM. I'm not very good at this. I don't know what I'm supposed to say now.

KAREN. Don't worry about it. You're doing fine.

You want that coffee now? I just stopped shaking.

SAM. . . . What are we going to do?

KAREN. Well, you're taken care of. You're having an affair. I'm the one who needs an activity.

SAM. Karen, I'll do whatever you want.

KAREN. Whatever I want?

SAM. I'll leave. I'll get out tonight . . . Or I'll stop seeing her. I'll get rid of her in the office. I'll try it any way you want.

KAREN. Oh. Okay. I choose "Stop seeing Jean" . . . Gee, that was easy.

Now we can go back to our old normal life and live happily ever after.

It's not my day. Even the coffee's cold.

SAM. Oh, come on, Karen, don't play "Aren't we civilized?" Call me a bastard. Throw the coffee at me.

KAREN. You're a bastard. You want cream and sugar?
SAM. It's funny how our attitudes have suddenly

changed. What happened to "I think a man of your age should have an affair?"

KAREN. It looked good in the window but terrible when I got it home.

SAM. If it's any solace to you, I never thought it would go this far. I don't even remember how it started . . .

KAREN. Think, it'll come back to you.

SAM. Do you know she worked for me for two years and I never batted an eye at her?

KAREN. Good for you, Sam.

SAM. Oh, come on.

KAREN. No, Sam, I want to hear about it. She worked for you for two years and you didn't know her first name was Jean. And then one night you were both working late and suddenly you let down your hair and took off your glasses and she said, "Why, Mr. Nash, you're beautiful."

SAM. That's it, word for word. You must have been hiding in the closet.

KAREN. All right, you want to know when I think the exact date your crummy little affair started? I'll tell you. It was June nineteenth. It was your birthday and you just turned fifty years old. Five oh, count 'em, folks, and you were feeling good and sorry for yourself. Right?

SAM. Oh, God, here comes Doctor Franzblau again.

KAREN. And the only reason you picked on Miss McCormack was because she was probably the first one you saw that morning . . . If she was sick that day, this affair very well could have been with your elevator operator.

SAM. Wrong. He's fifty-two and I don't go for older men.

Let's discuss this later tonight.
SAM. No, no. Let's discuss this later tonight.
Let's up, let's bring it all out. I'm

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