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 in bed with another man. I'm not proud of it, Karen, but these are the facts. Now what am I supposed to do about it?
 KAREN. [redacted] Well, I would suggest committing suicide but I'm not sure I have one other suggestion. Forget it.
 SAM. [redacted] Forget it?
 KAREN. [redacted] Understand it, Sam. It's not your fault. But maybe I can live with it until it's over. What else can I do, Sam? I'm attached to you. So go out, have a good time tonight and when you come home, bring me the Daily News, I'm getting sick of the Post.
 SAM. If I lived with you another twenty-three years, I don't think I'd ever understand you.
 KAREN. If that's a proposition, I accept.
 SAM. [redacted] Dammit, Karen,

SAM

Fight back once in a while. Don't understand me. Hate me! I am *not* going through a middle-aged adjustment. I'm having an affair. A cheating, sneaking, sordid affair.
 KAREN. If it helps you to romanticize it, Sam, all right. I happen to know better.
 SAM. [redacted] You don't know better at all. You didn't even know I was having an affair.
 KAREN. I suspected it. You were working three nights a week and we weren't getting any richer.
 SAM. [redacted] I see. And now that you know the truth I have your blessings.
 KAREN. No, just my permission. I'm your wife, not your mother.
 SAM. That's indecent. I never heard such a thing in my life. For crying out loud, Karen, I'm losing all respect for you.
 KAREN. What's the matter, Sam, am I robbing you of

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all those delicious guilt feelings? Will you feel better if I go to pieces and try to lash back at you?
 SAM. [redacted] At least I would understand it. It's normal. I don't know why you're not having hysterics and screaming for a lawyer.
 KAREN. [redacted] All right, Sam, if it'll make you happier . . . I think you stink. You're a vain, self-pitying, deceiving, ten-pound box of rancid no-Cal cottage cheese. How'm I doing?
 SAM. Swell. Now we're finally getting somewhere.
 KAREN. Oh, you like this, don't you? It makes everything nice and simple for you. Now you can leave here the martyred, misunderstood husband. Well, I won't give you the satisfaction. I take it back, Sam. [redacted] You're a pussycat. I'll have milk and cookies for you when you get home.
 SAM. [redacted] No, no. Finish what you were saying. Get it off your chest, Karen. It's been building up for twenty-three years. I want to hear everything. Vain, self-pitying, what else? Go on, what else?
 KAREN. You're adorable. Eat your heart out.
 SAM. [redacted] Karen, don't do this to me.
 KAREN. I'm sorry, I'm a forgiving woman. I can't help myself.
 SAM. [redacted] You're driving me right out of here, you know that, don't you?
 KAREN. There'll always be room for you in my garage.
 SAM. If I walk out this door now, I don't come back.
 KAREN. I think you will.
 SAM. What makes you so sure?
 KAREN. You forgot to take your eye drops.
 [redacted] Before I go I just want to say one thing. Whatever you think of me is probably true. No, not probably, *definitely*. I have been a bas'ard right from the beginning. I don't expect you to forgive me.
 KAREN. But I do.