

PHYLLIS. I'm fine, thanks.

KATE. I might just shift to a little Scotch. Excuse me a minute. *(She goes off.)*

PHYLLIS. *(Towards off.)* Now be careful, Kate. Don't start leaning on liquor. Take it from one who knows. It's the curse of our generation and it's the curse of our particular ethnic group.

KATE. *(Coming back in with a glass of Scotch.)* He takes Sylvia out to lunch, you know.

PHYLLIS. No.

KATE. He dashes home at noon and they go out to lunch. He's found some restaurant on Amsterdam Avenue which is willing to serve Sylvia.

PHYLLIS. I'm appalled!

KATE. And lately he's been taking the afternoon off.

PHYLLIS. Hamilton sometimes does that. He sneaks down to the aquarium.

KATE. But Greg does this every day! He and Sylvia have lunch, and then they go on these long walks. He covers the entire city. He says that with Sylvia he meets all sorts of people, from all walks of life. He says he's having a truly democratic experience for the first time in his life.

PHYLLIS. I thought Greg was a Republican.

KATE. He was! He used to be.

PHYLLIS. Hamilton at least is that.

KATE. I almost wish Greg would change back.

PHYLLIS. I think all men should be Republicans, Kate. It seems to be good for their prostate. When Hamilton voted for Bush, why he — I can't wait for the next erection — I mean, election.... Ah, but I've been talking too much.

KATE. I think I hate Sylvia, Phyllis.

PHYLLIS. No.

KATE. I do. I never thought I could hate anybody except Nixon. But now I hate Sylvia.

PHYLLIS. She's just a dog, Kate.

KATE. I don't care if she's a kangaroo. She's destroying our marriage.

PHYLLIS. Oh now.

KATE. Sometimes I want to kill her, Phyllis. I want to put De-Con in her dog dish.

PHYLLIS. Now that's a little drastic.

KATE. But I feel doomed, Phyllis. Cooped up in this small apartment with that creature.

PHYLLIS. Then draw the line, Kate. Say she's simply got to go.

KATE. I've tried. We keep making these clear agreements. But Greg keeps breaking them. Like Hitler.

PHYLLIS. Oh Kate.

KATE. I have the terrible feeling I'll be sharing my life with her for another ten years.

PHYLLIS. Do you think she'll last that long?

KATE. I know she will. But I won't. If this continues, she'll stand drooling over my grave. *(Greg's voice is heard off.)*

GREG. *(From off.)* Hello!

KATE. There they are. *(Calls off.)* Phyllis Cutler is here, dear! *(To Phyllis.)* Now brace yourself. *(Greg comes in.)*

GREG. Here we are.... Why, Phyllis! Hello! Good to see you again! *(They shake hands. Sylvia rushes in.)* This is Sylvia.

SYLVIA. Hello, hello, hello. *(She runs to Phyllis and immediately starts kneeling Phyllis's crotch.)* Nice crotch here. Nice crotch.

PHYLLIS. *(Trying to protect herself.)* Run along, Sylvia!

SYLVIA. *(Kneeing her.)* This is just my way of saying hello.

KATE. Stop it, Sylvia!

GREG. Down, Sylvia!

KATE. Greg, make her stop.

GREG. *(Pulling Sylvia away.)* DOWN, Sylvia! NO, NO.

KATE. *(To Phyllis.)* See what I mean?

PHYLLIS. I'm beginning to.

GREG. *(To Phyllis.)* She doesn't normally do that.

KATE. She does it all the time!

GREG. Hey listen! We've learned three new tricks today. Want to see them?

KATE. We do not.

GREG. Phyllis wants to see them, don't you, Phyllis?

PHYLLIS. Well I —