

PAUL: She's going to find out sooner or later . . .

GEORGE: *Would you do what I'm telling you!*

*(Paul exits. George is alone)*

GEORGE: Damn damn damn. Piss piss piss. Balls balls balls.

*(Eileen enters down the stairs. She's clearly been crying and is still on the verge of tears, but she tries very hard to smile through it)*

EILEEN: Hi, George.

GEORGE: Eileen!

EILEEN: I guess Paul told you.

GEORGE: He did. Yes. Eileen. What can I say? What can I do?

EILEEN: I think you did it already, George.

GEORGE: Eileen, I'm so sorry. We got carried away.

EILEEN: I was such a fool!

GEORGE: We were both fools.

EILEEN *(breaking down)*: And now we're having a little fool! Oh, George . . .

GEORGE *(comforting her—but also afraid of discovery)*: Eileen . . . shh . . .

EILEEN: I hope he looks just like you!

GEORGE: Oh, my God!

EILEEN: I can't do the matinee today. I'm sorry.

GEORGE: But you don't have an understudy.

EILEEN: Well I can't do it! I'd still be at the doctor's anyway.

GEORGE: The doctor's. For a test . . . *(She nods)* To confirm that you are . . .

EILEEN: That's right.

GEORGE: So then you might not actually be . . .

EILEEN: I'm pregnant, George. Believe me. I'm two weeks late, and I've been tossing my guts up every morning for three days. What do you think it is?!

GEORGE: . . . Bad oyster?

EILEEN: I'll see you later.

*(She starts to leave)*

GEORGE: Eileen. You, uh, didn't tell Charlotte, did you?

EILEEN: I haven't seen her . . .

GEORGE: Good!

*(He walks away . . .)*

EILEEN: So I left her a note.

*(And he trips)*

GEORGE: . . . What?!

EILEEN: Well she has to know some time! I mean, she's gonna figure it out when I start waddling around here like a duck! "Romeo, Romeo, Quack quack quack quack." Anyway, I scribbled it down on something. I think it was her copy of *Variety*.

GEORGE: *Variety*?

EILEEN: I've got to go now, George.

*(She exits)*

GEORGE: Holy Mother of God.

*(Paul enters)*

PAUL: George, I couldn't find Eileen anywhere . . .

GEORGE: Paul! Go to Charlotte's room, quick, and bring me her copy of *Variety*!

PAUL: George, there's a copy of *Variety* right here.

GEORGE: I don't want to read it, you idiot!!

*(Charlotte enters with a copy of Variety)*

CHARLOTTE *(all smiles)*: Hello, George. Hello, Paul.

PAUL/GEORGE: Hi.

CHARLOTTE: Paul, would you excuse us for a few minutes?

PAUL: Sure.

GEORGE *(to Paul)*: Stay where you are!

CHARLOTTE: Leave the room, Paul.

PAUL: Yes, ma'am.

*(He exits at a run)*

CHARLOTTE *(still smiling)*: George, the strangest item appeared in this week's *Variety*.

GEORGE: Charlotte . . .

CHARLOTTE: I think you should read it, George. Out loud. You see, I might just be having a menopausal hallucination.

GEORGE: Charlotte . . .

CHARLOTTE: Read it, dear. Near the top. I'm waiting.

GEORGE *(takes the paper; reads)*: . . . "Box Office Biggie Boffo in Burbs."

CHARLOTTE: Below that.

GEORGE: "Dear Charlotte. I'm carrying your husband's . . . piles. Files?"