

GEORGE. Exactly! Ow! My neck...!

CHARLOTTE. Get down, George. I'll work on it.

*(During the following, GEORGE sits next to the chaise and CHARLOTTE massages his neck and shoulders.)*

GEORGE. You do realize they started filming yesterday. At this very moment, the cameras are rolling and Ronald Colman is wearing *my tights*.

CHARLOTTE. *(Calmly, as the massage continues.)* Oh, George, let them have their Ronald Colman and their Greer Garson. Who gives a damn.

GEORGE. You're right.

CHARLOTTE. I'm sure that Miss Garson will do a perfectly adequate job.

GEORGE. You're right.

CHARLOTTE. If that's what they want.

GEORGE. I agree entirely.

CHARLOTTE. ...Stupid little bitch.

*(GEORGE laughs.)*

I met her once. Did you know that? She was filming *Pride and Prejudice* and I was next door filming *Apache Woman*. *(With increasing bitterness.)* She was cutting the crusts off little tea sandwiches, and I was boiling a pig in a teepee.

GEORGE. Charlotte—

CHARLOTTE. She was making love to Laurence Olivier, and I was sacrificing a chicken with Chief Chunkachook. *(She starts chanting an Indian war chant, beating on his shoulders with the edges of her hands:)* Hiya hiya hiya hiya... ✧

GEORGE. *(Overlapping.)* Charlotte... Charlotte!

*(CHARLOTTE stops.)*

CHARLOTTE. How's your neck?

GEORGE. Better. But don't stop.

*(The massage continues. GEORGE is relaxing. He's almost asleep.)*

CHARLOTTE. George?

GEORGE. Hm?

CHARLOTTE. Can I ask you a question?

GEORGE. Mm.

CHARLOTTE. Did you sleep with Eileen?

GEORGE. *(Sitting up with a start.)* Charlotte! How can you say such a thing?!

CHARLOTTE. I've seen how you look at her.

GEORGE. She's a pretty girl. I'm not dead.

CHARLOTTE. Not yet. I know exactly when it happened, George. We were in the middle of that terrible fight.

GEORGE. And whose fault was that?

CHARLOTTE. It was your fault, dear. You called me the world's oldest living ingenue.

GEORGE. I merely mentioned that a woman in her fifties should not try to play Saint Joan. It's like watching Eleanor Roosevelt play Peter Pan.

CHARLOTTE. I happen to admire Eleanor Roosevelt.

GEORGE. So do I, but I don't want to watch her fly out the window.

CHARLOTTE. You're changing the subject.

GEORGE. For heaven's sake, Eileen barely knows I exist.

CHARLOTTE. Oh, please. When you walk into the room she starts to glow. I could use her for a reading lamp.

GEORGE. You are off your rocker. It's extraordinary. It is unkind.

CHARLOTTE. George, I don't mind as long as you tell me the truth! Did you sleep with her or didn't you?! Yes or no?!

GEORGE. ...No!!! All right?! The answer is no!!

CHARLOTTE. *(Skeptically.)* Really?

GEORGE. Oh, it's killing you about the film, isn't it.

CHARLOTTE. Don't be silly, that has nothing to do with it.

GEORGE. Scarlet Pimpernel, Scarlet Pimpernel.

CHARLOTTE. Oh, stop it.

GEORGE. *Greer Garson!*

CHARLOTTE. Don't be an idiot!

GEORGE. I'm sure it's slaying you to be stuck out here in Siberia while Miss Garson swans around the set in Hollywood like the Queen of Sheba.

CHARLOTTE. George—

GEORGE. I'm sure you had fantastical visions of being slobbered over by a legion of toadies, having your ears powdered.

CHARLOTTE. All right, George, I'm sorry!

GEORGE. *(The injured husband.) Well it's too late now, isn't it?! You have hurt my feelings!*

*(GEORGE turns away and sits down, rolling his eyes, thinking that she can't see him.)*

CHARLOTTE. ...I saw that.

GEORGE. Saw what?

CHARLOTTE. You big faker.

GEORGE. I don't know what you're talking about.

*(CHARLOTTE sits on GEORGE's lap and starts to tickle him.)*

CHARLOTTE. Faker, faker, faker, faker...

GEORGE. *(Laughing, overlapping.)* Stop it! Charlotte! I'm warning you—!

*(And EILEEN walks in from the street. She's young and very beautiful. They see her and stop cold.)*

Eileen!

CHARLOTTE. Good morning.

*(Beat. EILEEN bursts into tears and runs across the room and out the door to the dressing rooms.)*

GEORGE. Eileen! Wait! Eileen!