

GEORGE. So she might not be pregnant?

PAUL. She says she's positive.

GEORGE. But she only *thinks* she's pregnant?

PAUL. She's positive. She thinks.

GEORGE. (*Shaking PAUL.*) *Christ Almighty, is she pregnant or isn't she?!*

PAUL. *I don't know, George, I didn't examine her!*

(*CHARLOTTE suddenly enters from the street— and the two men instantly assume a pose of studied nonchalance and freeze.*)

CHARLOTTE. It's chilly out there. I'm getting a wrap and then I'll be back around one.

GEORGE. Good. Great.

CHARLOTTE. By the way. Richard is here. He's taking me to lunch.

GEORGE. Bon appetit.

(*CHARLOTTE exits to the dressing rooms, slamming the door behind her.*)

Oh my God. What if Eileen talks to her?

PAUL. I doubt that.

GEORGE. Go in there and keep them separated. I have to think.

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

GEORGE. *WOULD YOU DO WHAT I'M TELLING YOU!*

(*PAUL exits. GEORGE is alone.*)

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.

(*EILEEN starts to leave.*)

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

EILEEN. I haven't seen her—

GEORGE. Good!

(*GEORGE walks away...*)

EILEEN. So I left her a note.

(*And GEORGE 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.

(EILEEN 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.

(PAUL exits at a run.)

CHARLOTTE. (*Still smiling.*) George, the strangest item has 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.