

(*ETHEL hurries across the room—as GEORGE enters from above in hot pursuit.*)

GEORGE. Stop! Give me those Cyrano pants!

ETHEL. No. I have to let them out!

PAUL. George—

ETHEL. They are far too snug, you look ridiculous!

GEORGE. They're my pants!

ETHEL. Your backside looks like a watermelon!

GEORGE. Nobody asked you!

(*GEORGE grabs the pants and they struggle over them.*)

PAUL. George—!

ETHEL. They need fixing!

GEORGE. Your ears need fixing!

(*RRRRRIP! They rip down the middle, at the crotch. GEORGE and ETHEL are each left with a leg.*)

ETHEL. Now look what you've done. (*She takes GEORGE's leg and heads for the door.*) No wonder this company is going down the toilet.

(*ETHEL exits. GEORGE screams with frustration.*)

PAUL. George, I have some bad news.

GEORGE. What? Bad news in this company? The House of Usher Repertory Theatre?

PAUL. I think you better sit down.

GEORGE. "Sit down?" Because I'll tremble? My knees will wobble uncontrollably? That is a stage convention, you idiot, out of the cheapest melodrama!

PAUL. George, Eileen is pregnant.

(*Beat. GEORGE's knees start to wobble, and he sits down.*)

GEORGE. Oh my God.

PAUL. She says you slept together in Detroit and now she's pregnant.

GEORGE. That's a lie!

PAUL. You didn't sleep with her?

GEORGE. ...It was Cincinnati.

PAUL. I think that's irrelevant.

GEORGE. Holy Mother of God. Charlotte will kill me.

PAUL. I know.

GEORGE. She'll make my life a living hell! *More than usual!*
(*He holds his head and groans.*) What can I do?

PAUL. ...Run?

GEORGE. Think of something, you idiot! That's what you're paid for!

PAUL. All right, all right. Let me think... (*He makes it up as he goes along:*) Okay. Now listen. ...Eileen could have the baby...in the country. With a relative, like an aunt or something. And we won't tell Charlotte, ever! And... you could take trips every few months and...and visit them in the country, and have picnics! And *then*, when the baby is like...ten years old, you could cast her as the Page in *Much Ado About Nothing*, and you could put on shows together!

GEORGE. ...*I need help, not Mickey Rooney!*

PAUL. Sorry. Look maybe you should talk to Eileen.

GEORGE. Eileen. Oh my God. The poor kid. I'd better go see her.

PAUL. You'll have to hurry. She has a doctor's appointment at noon.

GEORGE. Already?

PAUL. They have to do a test or something.

GEORGE. ...What test?

(*The following section goes rapidly.*)

PAUL. I don't know.

GEORGE. A pregnancy test?

PAUL. I have no idea.

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.