

presence of Trixie.) You got that killer to keep you company.

WOMAN. My little Trixie a killer? Sit, Trixie!

EDDIE. (To PAUL.) The last guy who went into her apartment had to lock himself in the stall shower.

WOMAN. Eddie, you want to get out of here?

EDDIE. Si.

WOMAN. Trixie's in the hall.

EDDIE. I'll fix your faucet.

WOMAN. I'll restrain her. (As she exits.) Sit, Trixie! See? A big dog comes in handy sometimes.

EDDIE. (As he exits.) Caramba, que vieja esta! Me tiene fastidiad con el carajo perro ese. Se lo voy a envenenar. (Caramba, this old lady! She's got me screwed up with that damn dog. I'm going to poison it.) (They are gone. ANNE and PAUL remain quiet for a moment. There is a tenseness between them.)

PAUL. Where were we?

ANNE. Sara Lee, please.

PAUL. Chocolate swirl okay?

ANNE. Fine.

PAUL. I take it the subject is dropped.

ANNE. Right.

PAUL. (Opens the tin of Sara Lee, peels back the protective film and hands the whole thing to her.) What a technique I have. How many guys do you know try to seduce a girl by asking permission?

ANNE (Cuts into cake, but never really eats any.) Not many.

PAUL. At least you've got to admit, I'm not hard sell.

ANNE. I don't want to talk about it, please.

PAUL. That's the trouble. We talked too much. We talked ourselves out of it.

ANNE. We were never in it.

PAUL. I suppose not. Pity.

ANNE. And if we were, where would that have left Janet?

PAUL. Where she's always been.

PAUL & ANNE
START (C)

ANNE. At home with the kids and linoleum.

PAUL. It's not like that. There are lots of things married people can't share.

ANNE. Like affairs?

PAUL. (Beat.) It wouldn't have hurt Janet because she never would have known about it. It would have been just for me. Something to prove that I'm well, still a *man*—somebody a woman might find attractive. I'm sorry, but I still want to have an affair with you.

ANNE. I wish you'd stop saying that. It sounds so . . .

PAUL. I know, like Andy Hardy trying to make out.

ANNE. No . . . yes. Look, I'm no one to talk. I'm the one they patterned Doris Day after. (Starts to move away.) I'm going. I really am. I know there are a hundred psychologically sound sociologically uplifting reasons why we should have an affair, but . . . (She crosses to door, then stops.) Goodbye, Paul. (Beat.) I hope you have your affair someday. If it means that much to you, I hope you meet someone you can have it with.

PAUL. (He has made no move to stop her and now does not look at her.) Sure.

ANNE. It won't take long. You've decided now.

PAUL. Is that the way you see it? I've decided to have an affair so I'll just sniff around till I have one? You forget. I'm a virgin, too. You were special, Anne. You're a very special person.

ANNE. (Pause.) You're pretty special yourself. But I love Richard.

PAUL. And I love Janet. I do. Truly.

ANNE. I know you do.

PAUL. But what I need I can't get from Janet just because she *is* my wife. Isn't the same true for you?

ANNE. I suppose. But . . .

PAUL. But what?

ANNE. But I was raised in the forties. I was taught a lot of things about what a nice woman is. Maybe some of them were wrong, but I learned them.

PAUL. You could unlearn them.

ANNE. I don't think so. (Pause.) For what it's worth, Paul. I would like to go to bed with you.

PAUL. (Averting his gaze.) I'll bet you say that to all the boys.

ANNE. I mean it. And nobody is more surprised than I am.

PAUL. Then I think you're making a mistake.

ANNE. Could be. Goodbye. (ANNE turns to go out the door. She has her hand on the doorknob, but does not move. Her back is to PAUL and the audience. PAUL senses her change. There is a long pause as he collects himself.)

PAUL. Anne. Turn out the lights. (ANNE turns out the lights, then turns into the room, taking off her coat very slowly and leaves it on the railing. PAUL rises to his knees in place looking at her, remembers the cassette, and turns it on. It begins to play Chopin's Minute Waltz. PAUL rises.) The Minute Waltz? (Outside the window, it begins to rain. ANNE comes to PAUL, after a moment they begin to embrace.)

PAUL. ANNE
CURTAIN

END OF ACT ONE

END (C)