

KEN AND CHRIS

KEN:

(Nervous Excitement) Did he call yet?

CHRIS:

(Trying to stay calm) Wouldn't I have yelled up?

KEN:

Call him again!

CHRIS:

I called him twice. They're looking for him. ... How is he?

KEN:

I'm not sure. He's bleeding like crazy!

CHRIS:

(getting nervous) Oh my Gosh!

KEN:

It's all over the room. ... I don't know why people decorate in white. ... If he doesn't call in two minutes, call the hospital.

CHRIS:

I'm going to HAVE TO have a cigarette, Ken.

KEN:

After eighteen months? Hold onto yourself, will you? (Ken exits)

CHRIS:

I can't believe this is happening. (Phone rings) Oh God! ... Ken, the phone is ringing. (No response ... she picks it up) Hello? Dr. Dudley? ... Oh, Dr Dudley. I am so glad it is you. Your service said that you were at the theatre.

KEN:

(re-enters) Is that the doctor?

CHRIS:

(into phone) We never would have bothered you, but this is an emergency.

KEN:

Is that the doctor?!

CHRIS:

I am Chris Gorman. My husband, Ken, and I are good friends of Charley Brock's.

KEN:

Is that the doctor?!!

CHRIS:

(covers phone) It's the doctor! It's the doctor!

KEN:

Well, why didn't you say so. (He exits again)

CHRIS:

I don't know why we always have to be the first ones to arrive. Never been late once in our lives. Someone else could have dealt with all this!

ERNIE & COOKIE & CLAIRE

Sorry we are so late. Did we miss much?

ERNIE:

Everyone looks so beautiful.

COOKIE:

Cookie, I am Cra-zy about your dress. You always dig up the most original things. Where did you find this one?

CLAIRE:

Oh, this one is sixty years old. It was my grandmother's. She brought it from Russia.

COOKIE:

Didn't you wear that for Muscular Dystrophy in June?

CLAIRE:

No, Emphysema in August.

COOKIE:

Oh, what a pretty cushion. Is that for Myra and Charley?

CLAIRE:

No, it's for my back. It went out when I was dressing.

COOKIE:

Are you all right, Honey?

ERNIE:

I'm fine, Babe.

COOKIE:

You and your back problems. It must be awful.

CLAIRE:

It's nothing, really. I can do everything but sit down and stand up. I've had whiplash. Excruciating! My best friend had it for six years! (She goes to sit down but can't.) OOOOO OOOHHH OOOWWW

COOKIE:

What is it?

CLAIRE:

A spasm. It's gone. It just shoots up my back and goes.

COOKIE:

Are you all right, Poopsie?

ERNIE:

I'm fine puppy.

COOKIE:

Maybe you should sit down, Cookie?

CLAIRE:

Maybe, but I'll need my pillow.

COOKIE:

ERNIE:

What's going on here? You think I don't notice? Three people want to get me a drink. Claire wants Lenny to tell me a funny story. Lenny wants us all to go outside. Everyone is trying to avoid something! What? I don't know! Am I right?

CLAIRE AND LENNY

CLAIRE:

(enters with a bag of pretzels) This is very weird. There is plenty of food in the kitchen, but nothing is cooked.

LENNY:

Give me those. (He grabs the bag, then grabs his neck and winces and struggles with the bag) Why didn't you open this first?

CLAIRE:

There's a duck, roast, ham, smoked turkey, all defrosting on the table. There's pasta sitting in a pot with no water. (LENNY is preoccupied with trying to open the bag. He starts to bite it.) Everything's ready to go, but no one is there to start it. Doesn't that seem strange to you?

LENNY:

(still struggling) Have you got something sharp – a nail file or something?

CLAIRE:

Chris started to tell me something but then she clammed up.

LENNY:

The door on my BMW opens like tissue paper, but this thing is like steel.

CLAIRE:

Her hands were as cold as ice. She couldn't look me straight in the eye.

LENNY:

(Still struggling) This would be a safe place to keep your jewelry! (Finally gives up and throws it away). Darn it!

CLAIRE:

And why are they taking so long to get dressed? What is that about, huh?

LENNY:

What are you so suspicious for? Give the people a chance to come down.

CLAIRE:

Oh, you don't notice anything is wrong?

LENNY:

Yes, I noticed. I noticed the towels in the bathroom were piled up in the sink and not placed on the rack. I noticed there's only a sheet and a half of toilet paper. I think its sloppy, but not a scandal.

CLAIRE:

Fine. Ok, forget it.

LENNY:

I have something to say, but it's not good.

CLAIRE:

What's not good?

LENNY:

What I heard.

CLAIRE:

What did you hear?

LENNY:

Will you lower your voice?

CLAIRE:

Why? We haven't said anything, yet!

GLENN AND CASSIE

Do I look all right?	CASSIE:
You look fine.	GLENN:
Well, I feel so frumpy.	CASSIE:
No, you look beautiful.	GLENN:
I can always tell when you hate what I'm wearing.	CASSIE:
I love that dress. I always have.	GLENN:
This is the first time that I have worn it!	CASSIE:
I have always admired your taste is what I meant.	GLENN:
It's so hard to please you sometimes.	CASSIE:
What did I say?	GLENN:
It's what you don't say that drives me crazy.	CASSIE:
What I don't say? How can it drive you crazy if I don't say it?	GLENN:
I don't know. ...It's the looks that you give me.	CASSIE:
I wasn't giving you any looks.	GLENN:
You look at me all the time.	CASSIE:
Because you're always asking me to look at you.	GLENN:
It would be nice if I didn't need to ask you, wouldn't it?	CASSIE:
It would be nice if you didn't need me to look, which would make it unnecessary to ask!	GLENN:
I can't ever get any support from you. You've got all the time in the world for everything and everyone else, but I've got to draw blood to get your attention when I walk in a room.	CASSIE: