

VIVIAN. Who are you calling a creep? (VIVIAN *storms to the couch and kicks off her shoes. She glances around. It is evidently her first trip here.*)

JON. What are you doing here?

VIVIAN. That's a helluva greeting. I take it you never got my telegram. I stood around that La Guardia airport for three hours. Oh, that place was filthy. I refused to sit down. I wouldn't go near the woman's room, even though I was bursting. My feet are aching. My head is throbbing. Oh! And to complete my morning, a man exposed himself to me in the baggage claim.

JON. What telegram?

VIVIAN. Is that all you heard me say? I said a man exposed himself to your mother in the baggage claim. I hit him with my shoe. Right where it counts too. I left him rolling around on the conveyor belt. I hobbled out to the curb and hailed a cab, which was no easy task, and here I am.

JON. Here you are.

VIVIAN. My head is throbbing. Do you have any aspirin?

JON. You know what's good for a headache, mom? A walk. A nice long walk.

VIVIAN. I don't want to go for a walk. What's wrong with you? You could at least act pleased and give me a kiss hello. You haven't seen me in months.

JON. (*Kissing her.*) I'm sorry mom. What are you doing here?

VIVIAN. I explained it all in my telegram. I came to help you with the wedding arrangements. I want to make this special for you dear.

JON. Thanks mom. Why don't you start with the caterer and when you get back we can talk.

VIVIAN. We can talk now. I'll take care of all that later. Your letter said nothing. You told me you were getting married and you told me the date. And that's all you told me. I don't even know the girl's name!

JON. Yeah well. We decided in kind of a hurry.

VIVIAN. She's not pregnant, is she?

JON. No. We just felt it was about time. As soon as we decided, I mailed you out that letter. That was only four days ago!

VIVIAN. I know. And five minutes after I read it, I packed, wired out that telegram and here I am.

JON. What telegram? Leslie never said anything about any telegram.

VIVIAN. Leslie? You know, I've never met the dear. I can't believe you've roomed together for more than four years and we've never met. I can't wait to see his face when we finally meet.

JON. I can't wait to see yours.

VIVIAN. I miss you Jon. Holidays are too far apart. Give me a hug. (JON and VIVIAN hug each other. JON, facing the kitchen. FLOYD enters.)

FLOYD. Omigod, another one.

VIVIAN. I beg your pardon. Another what? Who are you? Who is that?

JON. Mom. I'd like you to meet Mr. Spinner from the Internal Revenue Service. Mr. Spinner, I'd like you to meet my mother, Vivian Trachtman.

FLOYD. How do you do?

VIVIAN. The Internal Revenue Service?

FLOYD. Yes. There was a mix-up on their tax return, Leslie's and your son's. But we're all straightened out now.

VIVIAN. Thank heavens. Where is Leslie? I've never met the dear.

FLOYD. You've never met?

VIVIAN. No. I live in Chicago and I've barely even seen Jon for the past four years. He's talked about Leslie though. And now, at last, we'll meet.

JON. No. I don't know if that's such a hot idea.

FLOYD. Don't be nervous. She's not much on looks, but she's a very nice lady.