

FLOYD. I make it a practice to come early to catch people off-guard, hiding their cadillacs and swimming pools.

JON. (*Hands back SPINNER's hat when his efforts fail.*) We haven't got any swimming pool!

FLOYD. Figure of speech. Mrs. Trachtman, where is she?

JON. Back in Chicago.

FLOYD. Chicago? You said she'd be here.

JON. Oh. I thought you meant my mother. (*Laughs.*) Leslie goes around by her maiden name.

FLOYD. Yes. There's a lot of that going around now. I deplore it. When I married my wife, she changed her name to mine. That's the price of marriage, as far as I'm concerned.

JON. I can appreciate that, Mr. Spinner. Can I take your hat?

FLOYD. (*Handing it back again.*) Yes! Thank you! May I sit down?

JON. Of course. Forgive me. (*JON puts his hand on FLOYD's back to guide him. SPINNER leaps away.*)

FLOYD. I can see where the couch is. (*FLOYD sits. After a beat he recoils from the aroma.*)

JON. Something wrong, Mr. Spinner?

FLOYD. Not at all. I do hope the garbage strike ends soon.

JON. So do I. Would you like a drink?

FLOYD. No thank you.

JON. Well I would.

FLOYD. Fine. I'll just organize myself here. (*JON quickly retrieves a small drink from the bar.*)

FLOYD. When do I get to meet Mrs. Trachtman?

JON. Who? Oh. I'll go get her. Excuse me. (*JON heads for the bedrooms to warn LESLIE. But before he has taken one step, LESLIE enters—unannounced. He poses for "KATE" and JON. He is simply horrible to look at. He wears a bright red wig with a scarf tied over it. A big flowered bathrobe flows freely and fuzzy slippers cover his feet. His make-up has not been added yet. His face is*

*covered solely with the clown-white base he applied earlier. FLOYD, preoccupied with his papers does not notice. JON gulps down his drink and introduces LESLIE, who freezes at the mention of SPINNER's name.) Mr. Spinner, I'd like you to meet my wife.*

FLOYD. (Rises, smiling. He turns to greet LESLIE and grimaces in horror at the sight.) How do you do?

LESLIE. (From bass to falsetto to a woman's voice.) Hello. Hello. Hellooo.

JON. Leslie just woke up. Forgive her for the way she's dressed.

LESLIE. Forgive me.

FLOYD. Certainly. My wife doesn't look very good when she gets up either. I'm sure that when you're all made up and dressed you're a real beauty.

LESLIE. You'd be surprised.

JON. Shall we be seated?

(FLOYD sits. LESLIE tries to run away but JON throws him into the end chair. JON takes his seat. As FLOYD arranges his papers, JON motions for LESLIE to cross his legs. He tries and can't quite make it. With a little work with his arms and a minute amount of pain, LESLIE forces his legs into position. A look of agony sweeps over his face just as FLOYD turns to ask him a question. FLOYD decides against it and turns to JON.)

FLOYD. I guess you're wondering why I'm here.

JON. Yes. We were. Weren't we dear?

LESLIE. (In pain.) Mm-hm.

FLOYD. Well. It seems to me that we have in our files the fact that your wife Leslie is a man. Was a man.

JON. What can you mean? You mean like in a previous life?

FLOYD. I mean like in a previous year. Mrs. Trachtman, in the two years prior to your marriage, you filed your tax

returns as a man. Instead of marking female, you marked male. Why did you do that?

LESLIE. (*Quickly thinking.*) Yes, well, I figured that M stood for mother and F stood for father.

FLOYD. I'll buy that. M for mother and F for father. Mm-hm. Understandable, I suppose. M for mother. Yes. (*FLOYD writes vigorously in his report while JON shoots LESLIE a look as if he's just said the stupidest possible thing. LESLIE shrugs back.*)

JON. Leslie, dear, why don't you go get dressed and doll yourself up. I'll entertain Mr. Spinner for a while. (*LESLIE nods and rises. So does FLOYD.*) Oh. Are you leaving Mr. Spinner?

FLOYD. No. I'm being a gentleman.

JON. (*rising.*) Forgive me. We have a very informal house here. I tend to forget my manners. Hurry back dear. And put on some of your new perfume. What you're wearing now smells like a man's cologne.

FLOYD. Mr. Trachtman. That's a little harsh.

JON. Yes, well, we have a very harsh house here too.

FLOYD. I see.

JON. Go put on a dress dear.

LESLIE. I do have a smart pants suit I'd rather wear.

JON. I'd prefer a dress if you don't mind.

LESLIE. Well, I mind, but I'm in no position to argue. I won't be long, Mr. Spinner.

FLOYD. That's all right. Take your time. (*LESLIE is gone.*) Lovely woman. Lovely woman. Kind of reminds me of my wife.

JON. Really? How long have you been married?

FLOYD. Thirty-two years!

JON. Gee. Mr. Spinner, I'm sorry.

FLOYD. You're sorry? Now. May I see your wife's social security card and birth certificate?

JON. Certainly. Certainly. Here's his . . . here's historical proof. HER birth certificate.

FLOYD. Social security card?

JON. Right here.

FLOYD. Fine. Just give me a second. (FLOYD writes in his report. JON grins, very sure of himself.)

JON. That's all there is to it?

FLOYD. Yes. Your book-keeping isn't the subject of this investigation.

JON. Then you're finished?

FLOYD. I think so.

JON. Are you sure there isn't anything else you need?

FLOYD. Just one.

JON. What's that?

FLOYD. A Scotch on the rocks. I have to go home soon.

JON. Have to go home soon? Gee. That's too bad. Leslie and I were hoping you'd stay for dinner.

FLOYD. Oh. No thank you. I couldn't. I must get home.

JON. Then I guess you'd better. Your wife's probably waiting for you with open arms.

FLOYD. Yes, she probably is.

JON. Probably has a good meal cooked.

FLOYD. Could be. Could be.

JON. A little candle-lit dinner for two.

FLOYD. You think so?

JON. Yes. She probably has an intimate evening all planned for you when you get home.

FLOYD. I'll stay.

JON. How's that?

FLOYD. I'll stay for dinner.

JON. What for?

FLOYD. You spend an intimate evening with my wife. I'd rather stay here.

JON. But don't you think . . .

FLOYD. Usually people aren't this cordial with me. In fact, the last man I audited stapled a tea bag to the seat of my pants. Some people think they're so original. That was a Scotch on the rocks, please.