

think dinner has been ruined. So, you'd better go home now. All the business for the day has been settled, hasn't it?

FLOYD. Yes. But what about the Mung Chowder Gumbo?

JON. You'll probably pass it on the stairs.

FLOYD. Oh, forget it, then. I'll go home. Where's my hat? (JON retrieves it and plunks it on FLOYD's head.)

JON. Here you go, Mr. Spinner. Thanks for dropping by today.

FLOYD. (*Winning in pain.*) I think I'll carry it. Thank you. It's been a delight knowing you, Mrs. Trachtman. Mr. Trachtman, please say goodbye to Leslie for me. And your girlfriend too. Here's my card. Just in case she changes her mind. Tell her my wife works until three Monday through Thursday and plays bridge Wednesday nights. Bye, bye. (FLOYD exits, minus his briefcase.)

JON. Finally, mom. Now can I explain what's been going on here today?

VIVIAN. What am I, stupid? Huh? I know damn well what's been going on here today. The I.R.S. man comes, so you and the cheap tramp pretend to be married and save yourselves some money. Well, I played along. And now I'll go to hell with the rest of you. Where's my suitcases? I'm leaving!

JON. No! You don't understand anything.

VIVIAN. Don't you talk to me. You're a disgrace to your father and myself. You aren't our son! Your poor father. He's rolling around in his grave right now, saying, "We've failed, Vivian. Our son is a failure." (VIVIAN begins looking all over for her bags.) Sodom and Gomorrah. Remember that story? Where're my bags?! God's going to destroy New York City because of you and your little friends. Forget the damn bags. I'm going! (VIVIAN storms to the door.)

JON. Mom. Give me a chance to explain!

VIVIAN. Couldn't you have married at least one of them,

to humor me? No. You like the idea of your father burning in hell for producing a moralless degenerate. Well, I hope you're satisfied! (*VIVIAN slams the door behind her and exits, leaving JON slumped against the door, a broken man.*)

JON. Mom! . . . (*KATE slowly re-enters from the kitchen. She crosses to him and puts her arms around him.*)

KATE. Oh, Jon.

JON. Don't say anything, Kate. I had it coming to me. Try and cheat the government and look what happens. (*JON releases KATE to continue his tirade.*) Try to get enough money to simply survive and look what happens. They get me. They don't know I did anything, but they got me anyway. I may have enough money to eat as a result of this, but is it worth it? Look what else I got along with it. My girlfriend and my best friend almost ran off together. My mother has disowned me. I just missed getting thrown out of my apartment. Leslie almost killed himself out on the ledge. And you want to know the worst part? Guilt. I'm full of guilt. I've lied. I've deceived a sweet little man who wouldn't harm a fly. I've deceived my mother. She thinks she's a failure. My father's rolling around in his grave, wrinkling his suit. All because of me. I'm full of guilt. Guilt. Guilt. Guilt. It's going to hang over me for the rest of my life. Now I know how Richard Nixon feels. Poor guy.

KATE. Boy, you must feel guilty.

(*The DOORBELL rings. KATE leaves JON and answers the door. In walks JANSEN with a pile of all the things LESLIE dropped off the ledge.*)

JANSEN. Somebody drop these?

JON. No. What makes you think they're Kate's?

JANSEN. Mrs. Gill brought them to me. She said she was out sunbathing on her terrace when out of the sky came a flying woman.