

ACT THREE

AS CURTAIN RISES, we find it is but moments later. KATE & LESLIE are backing away in terror, as JON stalks them. LESLIE cannot speak.

KATE. It's not what you think.

JON. What do I think, Kate?

KATE. You think Leslie and I were kissing.

JON. What were you doing?

KATE. We were kissing.

JON. That's what I thought.

KATE. Leslie, don't just stand there. Say something!

LESLIE. Jon, I frlaghh . . . brghahh . . .

JON. If you think your sinusses are bad now, just wait until I get through with your mucus membranes!

LESLIE. It's not what you think! Well, it is what you think but it's not what you think.

JON. Don't start on that again. What were you two doing?

LESLIE. I was checking her mouth for pyorrhea.

JON. What were you two doing?

LESLIE. I didn't touch her. Only her lips.

JON. Only her lips? That still qualifies as a violation. Now, stand still and fight like a man.

LESLIE. Is that any way to talk to your wife?

JON. Stand still.

KATE. Don't fight. Both of you, stop it!

LESLIE. I'm all for stopping it. Tell him to stop it!

JON. Let's discuss this like adults before I squeeze your head like a melon. Stop jumping around.

LESLIE. No chance, pal. I don't trust you.

JON. I've always trusted you.

LESLIE. Yeah and look where that got you.

JON. Stand still!

LESLIE. You better not touch me. Your mother might walk in here.

JON. If she does, she'll find my wife lying limp under the coffee table.

KATE. Jon, you can't beat up every problem that comes along.

LESLIE. He doesn't. He only beats up half of them. He lies to the other half.

KATE. What kind of flowers do you want on the casket, Leslie?

JON. Wait a second. How long has this been going on?

LESLIE. What was that?

JON. How long has this been going on?

LESLIE. Catchy title. You ought to write songs.

JON. How long has this been going on?

LESLIE. How what?

JON. How long?!!

LESLIE. So long.

(LESLIE runs off into the bedroom. KATE blocks JON from following. As she speaks, VIVIAN enters from the kitchen.)

KATE. Jon, listen to me.

VIVIAN. Leslie? What am I supposed to do with that mess in there? That stuff is curdling!

KATE. Get off the battlefield, Mrs. Trachtman. We'll be in in a minute.

VIVIAN. I didn't fly in all the way from Chicago to eat curdled gumbo! (VIVIAN exits back into the kitchen.)

KATE. Now, Jon, don't say anything until I'm finished. It's true. Leslie and I have been fooling around behind your back for about a week now. But it's because I was feeling neglected. You've been so busy. I guess I was getting back at you for not spending any time with me. And you can't blame Leslie because I dragged him into this. He was in a