

JANSEN. Nice try. But my hallucinations are blonde. Who's the broad, Leslie? Why were you hiding before? You living here now?

KATE. No sir, I'm not.

JANSEN. Then why were you hiding?

LESLIE. She was hiding because we thought it might be you at the door and we didn't want to give you the wrong impression. Sir.

JANSEN. Oh? Good. Married or another building. That's my motto.

LESLIE. Good motto. Mr. Jansen, I'd like you to meet Kate Dennis.

JANSEN. Pleased to meet you.

KATE. I think we've met before.

JANSEN. Yeah? Doesn't matter, cause I don't remember you. Who's girl are you? Jon's or Leslie's?

LESLIE. That's hard to say right now.

JANSEN. What?

KATE. What Leslie means to say is that I'm Jon's fiancée.

JANSEN. Oh, yeah, I got a telegram here for Jon. I almost forgot. You sure you're not living here now?

LESLIE. Mr. Jansen, you're free to search the apartment anytime you like.

JANSEN. Okay, I'll take you up on that sometime. You're a witness, Carol.

LESLIE. Fine. Now what about the telegram?

JANSEN. It's from Chicago. They delivered it before and nobody was home. So I took it for you.

LESLIE. What's it say?

JANSEN. It says that . . . how should I know. (JANSEN hands over the telegram and exits, leaving the door open.)

LESLIE. I wonder who this is from.

KATE. What gives your landlord a right to be so nosey?

LESLIE. We're two months behind in the rent. He can be as nosey as he wants.

KATE. Well, I'd better get out of here, while I have the chance.

LESLIE. Yeah. Get out of here.

(KATE turns to leave and in through the open door, walks  
JON: good-looking, in his early twenties, very likeable.  
He carries some sheet music under his arm.)

KATE. Jon!

LESLIE. Oh boy! *(The telegram flies out of his hand to somewhere behind the bar.)*

JON. Hi Katie. What's new?

KATE. Uh . . . tell him, Leslie. *(LESLIE makes dry-mouth noises.)*

JON. Leslie, what's the matter? God, I haven't heard those noises since college. *(LESLIE tries to speak again. All that escapes his lips is a low moan.)* Christ, Leslie. You sound like a drowning moose. Do you want some water?

LESLIE. Kate . . . grblagh . . . Kate came to see you.

JON. I know that. Now relax. Why don't you sit down.

LESLIE. No, I'm fah . . . I'm fah . . . I'm fah . . .

JON. Leslie used to have these sinus attacks in college. Remember Leslie?

LESLIE. Umm . . . hmm . . .

JON. They used to come at the strangest times. I'm sorry you're not feeling well, Leslie, I wanted to take you both out to celebrate.

KATE. Celebrate what?

JON. It's taken me three months, but I finally got our band a booking.

KATE. Oh. Oh, that's wonderful. Isn't that wonderful Leslie?

LESLIE. Wonderful.

JON. I thought you'd be more thrilled than that. Now, come on, you'll never guess where.

KATE. Max's Kansas City?

JON. Nope.

KATE. Uh . . . C.B.G.B.'s?

JON. Nope.

KATE. We give up. Where?

JON. Weehawkan. The Huderwitz Bar Mitzvah.

LESLIE. You're right. We never would've guessed.

JON. Look, it's money, Leslie.

KATE. Of course we'll celebrate the Huderwitz Bar Mitzvah.

JON. Great. Where will it be? Nathan's or Blimpie's?

KATE. Blimpie's is fine with me.

JON. You gonna come with us, Leslie? (LESLIE *makes more noises*.) Leslie, are you going to come with us?

LESLIE. No. No. I have a lot to do today.

JON. Like what?

LESLIE. Well, I was thinking of having my sinuses drained. And I have to practice for the bar mitzvah.

JON. It's not until next October.

LESLIE. But I haven't played in a couple weeks. I wouldn't want to let the Huderwitzes down.

JON. Okay, Leslie. Well, Katie, I guess it's just you and me, right little Moon Pie?

LESLIE. On second thought I think I'll come.

JON. All right. Just let me change and we'll go. I spent the whole morning trying to teach little Georgie Leach to play a scale on the tuba. Another six months and he might get it. (JON *loosens his tie and exits to the bedrooms*.)

LESLIE. All right. Don't panic. He suspects nothing. Thank God he didn't go to the bar. I forgot to wipe your lipstick off the glasses. Now he'll never know.

KATE. What? That I drink? Take it easy.

LESLIE. I can't go on like this. Can't we tell him? Please can't we tell him? Maybe if we all sit down and discuss this like rational human beings?

KATE. What about that guy in school you were just telling me about?

LESLIE. Well, that probably occurred because the guy didn't know what he was in for. I know what we're in for.

As long as . . . (LESLIE begins bouncing around the room like a lunatic boxer as he speaks and continues this throughout the following dialogue.) I handle this rationally and intellectually like a level-headed rational intellectual . . .

KATE. What are you doing?

LESLIE. It's very hard to hit a moving target. We'll just say, "Jon, Kate and I have something to tell you, old buddy." I hope my Maypo stays down. We'll say, "Jon . . ." (JON re-enters. He's changed into a pair of jeans and sport shirt.)

KATE. Jon!

JON. What?

LESLIE. Oh boy . . . Okay, Jon . . . (Noises.)

JON. What are you doing, Leslie?

LESLIE. Okay, Jon, old buddy . . . (Noises.)

JON. Kate, what is he doing?

KATE. Tell him, Leslie.

LESLIE. (Noises.)

JON. What's wrong with you? Kate, what's wrong with him?

KATE. Uh . . . it's his sinuses, I guess.

LESLIE. Thanks a lot, Kate. (Noises.)

(The TELEPHONE rings, as JON goes to answer it, LESLIE continues bouncing around.)

JON. Leslie, jumping around like that isn't going to clear up your nose. Now, don't encourage him, Kate. (JON answers the phone, LESLIE continues bouncing.) Hello? . . . Yes, this is Jon Trachtman . . . who? . . . Leslie, do you mind? (LESLIE winds down and stops.) Thank you . . . (Into phone.) I'm sorry. What can I do for you, Mr. Spinner? . . . Yes, I'll be home all day tomorrow. . . . I'm afraid that I don't understand. . . . what? . . . oh, my wife? (LESLIE and KATE exchange looks.) . . . Yes,