

**Wendell**

I think the waiter's given up on us. I haven't seen him around for the longest time.

**Kathleen**

I believe that mostly has to do with the way you were looking at him when he served us the most recent plate of hors d'oeuvres.

*(Beat)*

You see, Wendell, you have a way of looking at people sometimes that makes them think you're coming on to them, even if you're not.

*(Chuckling)*

Not that you ever could, mind you—come on to them, I mean—but how are *they* to know that? You must know that you're the reason my ladies bridge club stopped coming over on Wednesday evenings.

**Wendell** *(Sadly)*

Because I crawled under the table.

**Kathleen**

We didn't even know what you were *doing* down there. Not for the longest time!

**Wendell**

I got off to a very bad start.

**Kathleen**

Well, you're not to do the same thing tonight. Sylvia is my oldest and dearest friend.

**Wendell**

She's nearly an hour late.

**Kathleen**

Yes. Yes, she *is* late. As I recall, Sylvia always had a problem with that sort of thing. But she has a lovely personality.

**Wendell**

You don't need to convince me. I'm sure I'll like her. I like *all* of your friends.

**Kathleen**

Yes. Yes, you do, don't you? And without any encouragement from me.

**Wendell**

I rarely like anyone *but* your friends.

**Kathleen**

Wendell, you don't *know* anyone else but my friends.

**Wendell**

That's not exactly true. I became rather well acquainted with the milkman the Christmas before last.

**Kathleen**

Wendell, we don't even *have* a milkman. No one has a milkman anymore!

**Wendell**

That's what I told him. I said that he was an anachronism, an obsolete appendage of a bygone era.... and Kathleen, you should have seen his face. He was humiliated in the realization that he no longer performed a useful function in society.

*(Beat)*

That's when he stopped coming over. That's when he stopped giving me his ... special favors.

*(Kathleen shoots him a look)*

Sour cream at 50% off. Buttermilk for next to nothing.

**Kathleen**

Wendell, I do believe you need to get out of the house more often.

**Wendell**

I'm here now, aren't I?

**Kathleen**

Yes. Yes, you *are* here. When you learned you'd finally get the chance to meet Sylvia, it sure didn't take you long to decide to join us here this evening.

**Wendell**

Kathleen, you're not implying, are you, that my motives are in any way dishonorable?

**Kathleen**

Of course not, dear. Well, I mean, all my friends are lesbians anyway, so it hardly matters what *you* may have had in mind.

**Sylvia** (*Entering*)

Kathleen?

**Kathleen**

Yes?

**Sylvia**

Kathleen, it's me—Sylvia!

**Kathleen**

Don't be ridiculous.

**Sylvia**

Kathleen, I swear, it's me.

**Kathleen**

Sylvia? Sylvia, it is you! Oh, I'm sorry. It's just that... I hardly recognized you.

**Sylvia**

You haven't changed a bit!

**Kathleen**

Well.... I'm wearing a different dress.

*(They both laugh, a little too loudly)*

**Sylvia**

What about me, Kathleen? Do you think I've changed?

**Kathleen**

Yes. Yes, I *do* think you've changed. You've gained some weight, haven't you?

**Sylvia**

Oh, it's probably just this dress. It makes me look larger than I am.

**Kathleen**

Mmm, no, it's not the dress, Sylvia. It's you. You're simply bigger than you used to be. There's no getting around it.

*(To Wendell)*

You see, Wendell, Sylvia has always had some kind of... hormonal imbalance.

**Sylvia**

So... how long has it been since we last saw each other?

**Kathleen**

Oh, gee, I don't know. What's today? Wednesday? Uh... this morning, I think—at the hairdressers.

**Sylvia**

Right, right. Well, great to see you again. So, Wendell, is it? I hear you're a taxidermist.

**Wendell**

Yes. Yes, I am. What's more, I'm proud of what I do. There is a small minority who think the work I am doing is barbaric, or at least unethical, but did you know, the precise opposite is true. My work helps to immortalize these creatures, and in so doing, provides a constant reminder of each animal's relevance to our fragile eco-system.

**Sylvia** (*Aside, to Kathleen*)

Uh... Kathleen. Is this really the guy you've been telling us so much about? I mean, are you sure it's really him?

**Kathleen**

Well, yes, of course. I ought to know my own husband.

**Sylvia**

But he's not at all like you described him. I mean, he's so ... boring.

**Kathleen**

You noticed.

**Sylvia**

And... not very good looking, either. Wouldn't you agree?

**Kathleen**

Well, I'm the wrong person to ask there. I have always been more attracted to women than to men.

**Wendell**

Honey. Do you think we could order now?

**Kathleen**

Wendell, don't be tactless.

**Sylvia**

Oh, I feel terrible about keeping you waiting so long.

**Kathleen**

Well, I wasn't go to be rude or anything, but since you brought it up, we *have* been waiting for over an hour. I hope you have a good excuse.

**Sylvia**

Well, actually.... You know my husband, right?

**Kathleen**

Of course. The longevity expert who wrote "How to Live Forever?" What about him?

**Sylvia**

He died this afternoon.

**Kathleen**

Oh, goodness.

*(Beat)*

Well, anyway, you're handling it well.

**Wendell** *(Eagerly)*

How did it happen?

**Sylvia**

Well, he went to get a new muffler installed this morning on the Buick. Although the sign clearly said "Technicians Only," he entered the garage and got under the car to inspect the mechanic's work. He's so fastidious. When I got my medical checkup for my marriage license, I got a clean bill of health, but wouldn't you know it? Harold refused to take the doctor's word for it. He insisted on checking things out for himself.

**Kathleen**

Sylvia, need I remind you that a man is present?

*(They both look at Wendell)*

**Sylvia**

Yes. Yes, I think you *do* need to remind me that a man is present.

*(They both laugh)*

**Kathleen**

But about your husband.

**Sylvia**

Right. Well, this is the really funny part. Just as he positions himself under the car to inspect the muffler, the hydraulic system suddenly springs a leak, and the whole car comes crashing down on top of his head. KAPOWEE! He didn't have a chance. Squished him flat as a pancake.

*(Beat)*

On the lighter side, I got the muffler for free.

**Kathleen**

Then it wasn't a total waste after all.

**Wendell**

Not meaning to be forward, but... have you decided what to do with the body?

**Kathleen**

Wendell! She's our guest!

**Sylvia**

No, no. It's all right, Kathleen. After all, you know what they say—life goes on!

**Kathleen**

No! Do they say that? Do they really?

**Sylvia**

Of course.

**Wendell**

Well, at least you have a good excuse for being late.

**Kathleen**

You know, Sylvia, that kind of reminds me of that time in home economics—you remember—Mrs. Reekee? Seventh grade?

**Sylvia**

Oh, yes. You mean when she'd take all of us girls into the broom closet, one by one, under the pretense of helping us with our homework, but then she'd ask us to pretend that she was a horsy? Which, come to think of it, didn't take too much imagination, as I recall.

**Kathleen**

Yes, that *was* funny. But actually I was referring to the time our semester project was due. Mrs. Reekee told us on Friday that the only excuse for not turning it in was death, and—well, she was just joking?—but then over the weekend, one of the girls dropped dead. Actually dropped dead! The doctors never did figure out what was wrong with her.

**Sylvia**

I know. I thought it was kind of funny.

**Kathleen**

You were always kind of close to her, as I remember.

**Sylvia**

Oh, sure. Once. That is, until I found out about her secret.

*(Beat)*

Her alleged 38 inch chest? Pulease! I had PE with her third period.

**Wendell**

Falsies?

**Sylvia**

Flat as a board!

**Wendell**

I hate it when that happens!

*(Laughing)*

**Kathleen** *(Ignoring Wendell)*

So anyway, do the kids know about their daddy yet?

**Sylvia**

No, I thought it best not to tell them.

**Wendell**

You mean ... ever?