

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?