

GEORGE. Damn damn damn. Piss piss piss. Balls balls balls.

Start

*(EILEEN enters down the stairs. She's clearly been crying and is still on the verge of tears, but she tries very hard to smile through it.)*

EILEEN. Hi, George.

GEORGE. Eileen!

EILEEN. I guess Paul told you.

GEORGE. He did. Yes. Eileen. What can I say? What can I do?

EILEEN. I think you did it already, George.

GEORGE. Eileen, I'm so sorry. We got carried away.

EILEEN. I was such a fool!

GEORGE. We were both fools.

EILEEN. *(Breaking down.)* And now we're having a little fool! Oh, George...

GEORGE. *(Comforting her—but also afraid of discovery.)* Eileen... Shh...

EILEEN. I hope he looks just like you!

GEORGE. Oh, my God!

EILEEN. I can't do the matinee today. I'm sorry.

GEORGE. But you don't have an understudy.

EILEEN. Well I can't do it! I'd still be at the doctor's anyway.

GEORGE. The doctor's. For a test... *(She nods.)* To confirm that you are...

EILEEN. That's right.

GEORGE. So then you might not actually be...

EILEEN. I'm pregnant, George. Believe me. I'm two weeks

late, and I've been tossing my guts up every morning for three days. What do you think it is?

GEORGE. ... Bad oyster?

EILEEN. I'll see you later.

*(EILEEN starts to leave.)*

GEORGE. Eileen. You, uh, didn't tell Charlotte, did you?

EILEEN. I haven't seen her—

GEORGE. Good!

*(GEORGE walks away...)*

EILEEN. So I left her a note.

*(And GEORGE trips.)*

GEORGE. ... What?!

EILEEN. Well she has to know some time! I mean, she's gonna figure it out when I start waddling around here like a duck! "Romeo, Romeo, Quack, quack, quack, quack." Anyway, I scribbled it down on something. I think it was her copy of *Variety*.

GEORGE. *Variety*?

EILEEN. I've got to go now, George.

*(EILEEN exits.)*

GEORGE. Holy Mother of God.

End

*(PAUL enters.)*