

PHYLLIS. You went to L.A. to obviously try to talk her into coming back to you, didn't you?

BRADLEY. I don't know why I went to L.A. What does it matter? All I did for six days was stay in my hotel room. I didn't make any calls. I didn't go out. I didn't do anything. I ate all my meals in my rooms. I think the airlines and the hotel had the same chef. I don't know if you can understand this, but I just wanted to be in the same city with her. It was crazy and I was crazy and now here I am talking to you and I think you're crazy.

(He sits on the sofa and buries his head in his hands)

Damn it, I really miss her. I really, really, really miss her.

PHYLLIS. *(An awkward moment. She doesn't know what to say)*

You really miss her, don't you?

BRADLEY. *(Looks up)* Didn't I just say that? I thought I just said that.

(He begins to weep and sniffle)

PHYLLIS. Yes, yes, you did.

(Bradley continues to weep)

Are you crying?

BRADLEY. Yes, I'm crying.

PHYLLIS. Oh, my.

BRADLEY. I miss her so much. So very, very much.

PHYLLIS. I know. I know. Gosh, I hate sending you home this way. Would you like a paperweight?

(He gives her a stare)

I'm sorry. I don't know why I said that.

(Bradley continues to weep throughout)

I have to admit, I'm really impressed by a man's crying.

BRADLEY. I'm thrilled to hear that.

PHYLLIS. No, really. Not that I like it but it's actually very moving. It shows sensitivity. I would never have guessed

that about you. None of the men I was serious about ever cried.

BRADLEY. Maybe had you married any of them, they would have. Do you have any Kleenex?

PHYLLIS. Yes, of course.

(She hands him a box. He takes out one and begins blowing his nose)

BRADLEY. *(He has control of himself now)* Maybe we should have had children. That might have kept her home. Men seldom run off with women who have children.

PHYLLIS. Why didn't you have any?

BRADLEY. She wouldn't stop taking her birth control pills. My life is a mess.

PHYLLIS. I know.

BRADLEY. I can't ever see it getting any better.

PHYLLIS. Most likely it won't.

BRADLEY. *(Annoyed)* Why are you agreeing with me?

PHYLLIS. I'm sorry. I just didn't think right now was a good time not to.

BRADLEY. *(Begins weeping again)* I miss my wife.

PHYLLIS. I know.

BRADLEY. Why? Why did she leave me?

PHYLLIS. Boring, humorless, indifferent, cranky and an ex-boyfriend.

BRADLEY. *(Stops weeping)* God, you are a big help, aren't you? I should go home. I hate losing control like this.

PHYLLIS. I know. It's not a pretty picture.

BRADLEY. I thought you said you liked it when men cry?

PHYLLIS. I do, but it's still not a pretty picture.

BRADLEY. *(Takes a deep breath. Composed)* I think I'm okay, now.

PHYLLIS. Good.

BRADLEY. I'll be on my way. It was fairly nice meeting you.

PHYLLIS. Same here.

BRADLEY. *(About to get up, he falls back on the sofa and begins weeping again)* Why? Why did she go?

PHYLLIS. God, I feel so badly for you.

BRADLEY. Me too.

PHYLLIS. Look, do you have any plans for dinner?

BRADLEY. Yes. I was going to go home and take some poison.

(He stops his crying and is now just sniffing a bit)

PHYLLIS. Okay, here's an offer. I know you're not in a good place and I feel some of it is my fault. This suitcase incident seems to have pushed you over the edge. Anyway, at this particular time, I don't think it's a wise thing for you to be alone. Now, I haven't eaten since the airplane and you probably haven't either, so what if we had dinner together tonight?

BRADLEY. I hope you're not planning to try and cheer me up?

PHYLLIS. No. That may not be possible. I just thought that maybe you might need to be with someone until you can pull yourself together.

BRADLEY. *(He has his crying under control)* Oh, really? Well, quite frankly you would be the last person I'd want to be with, Miss Snoop.

PHYLLIS. No. I think quite frankly I would be the best person you could be with. I already know your story so you won't have to go through it again. We can talk about other things just to get your mind off of Joyce. Movies, books. It won't have to be a long dinner. I have to be at work in the morning and I assume you do too. And, since you brought my bag over, I insist on picking up the check.

BRADLEY. You're offering to buy me dinner?

PHYLLIS. I am.

BRADLEY. That's really very decent of you and very unexpected. I might like that. I might like that very much. For once in my life I might come out on top.

PHYLLIS. Good. Besides shrimp, what other kinds of food do you like? How about French?

BRADLEY. How about Italian?

PHYLLIS. I don't think Italian's good for you. You apparently get acid build up.

BRADLEY. Oh, no. You looked through my toiletries? You found my Tums. Why did you look through my toiletries?

PHYLLIS. Well, I wanted to see if you took any anti-depressants. After what you've been through you may want to consult your doctor about getting some. They're quite wonderful.

BRADLEY. Do you take them?

PHYLLIS. Do you think I could have gotten through this encounter with you if I didn't? Come on. Let's leave right now before you start crying again.

(She grabs her purse off the table, takes Bradley by the arm and leads him to the door)

BRADLEY. I'm not sure this is a good idea.

PHYLLIS. *(Opening the door)* It probably isn't but we can talk about that at dinner. Oh another thing. Your bottle of Advil has expired.

BRADLEY. Oh, jeez.

(She pushes him out the door, turns off the light switch on the wall and follows him out, closing the door behind them)

BLACKOUT

End Act I, Scene 1