

## MITZI

## Scene 4

*TIME: A Saturday afternoon. One month later.*

*MITZI CARTRIGHT, a woman in her mid to late 30's, walks around Phyllis's apartment, looking it over.*

MITZI. You know what this apartment needs? Adventure. Excitement. The way it is now, it's too perfect, too ordinary. Everything is where it's supposed to be. There's no mystery, no romance. You expect a chair there, there's a chair there. You expect a table there, there's a table there. The windows have drapes, the floor has a rug, the walls have pictures. Just what the hell is the statement? There is none. You know what I did to my living room? I said to hell with this everyday plebeian thinking. I threw caution to the wind. First I got rid of everything. Emptied the entire room. Then I had the walls painted chartreuse. For seating I scattered large fluffy pillows all around. Then in the center of the room I put in a large fish pond and filled it with a dozen or so large koi fish. ~~With whatever space was left I filled it with plastic pink flamingos and large potted palms decorated with lights in motion.~~ Well, now you walk into my living room and it's an explosion. People actually lose their balance when they first enter. My insurance company made me put in a hand rail near the front door. But I love what it's saying. "Here resides a woman dancing to her own music. A bold, daring woman. A trendsetter." Sure, a few people have thrown up when they first come in, but at least I know it stirred their imagination. I can't wait for you to come over and see it. Just be sure to bring some Dramamine.

*(Phyllis ENTERS from kitchen with coffee)*

PHYLLIS. I promise you, Mitzi, I will as soon as I find the time.

MITZI. Good. And wear boots. The goddamn koi fish slop water everywhere. So okay, doll, let's have it. I haven't