

PHYLLIS. Uh, Bradley. Aren't you forgetting something?

BRADLEY. Oh, I'm sorry.

*(He goes over and kisses her on the cheek)*

Good night, Phyllis.

PHYLLIS. I meant your suitcase.

BRADLEY. Oh, right. Right. Thanks.

*(He goes to his bag and wheels it to the door)*

See you tomorrow night.

*(He EXITS. Phyllis stands at the door for a moment, shakes her head, closes the door and then approaches the audience)*

PHYLLIS. Let me explain how I've been thinking. Here I am, a very cautious, unattached, independent, not unattractive, woman, with no guy in sight and not getting any younger. Okay, along comes Bradley Naughton, a guy who is not bad looking, clean, apparently no criminal record, has a good job, is emotionally needy and ripe for the picking with only one slight problem. He's not my type. So here's my plan. It's very simple. I will turn Bradley Naughton into my type. George Bernard Shaw sort of did that in Pygmalion and that worked out fine. It's not going to be that difficult. He's already beaten down so the resistance will be almost nil. I will simply win his confidence, make him very dependent on me and what I don't like about him, I'll change. In no time at all, Bradley Naughton will be the perfect man for me. Trust me, when I finish with him you will like him so much more than you do now. And what about his hang up with his ex-wife? Well, did you listen to him? In all the time he kept crying and moaning about missing her, did you once here the word "love" mentioned? I didn't. That should tell you something. Anyway, I think it's a positive opportunity. Devious? Underhanded? Unethical? Yes. But in today's market, not a bad option for a single girl over thirty. Especially one as... spirited and picky and terrified about relationships as myself. Okay, I know what you're thinking.

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