
③ ALLISON / JASON

ALLISON. Sometimes I worry about her.

JASON. Why?

ALLISON. Oh, I don't know. She doesn't seem to have much of a life.

JASON. She's one of the most successful writers in America and, since she's easily the cheapest, she's also one of the richest. (*He goes back to studying the pages.*) I should have her life.

ALLISON. (*Curiously.*) What does she do about sex?

JASON. (*Looks up, surprised.*) I have no idea.

ALLISON. Don't you ever ask her?

JASON. Allison, we work in here—we don't have pajama parties.

BELow



ALLISON. Oh, I know I hear a lot about the "anguish of creation," but I also hear a lot of laughter coming out of this room.

JASON. (*Regards her with some surprise.*) Are you jealous of Phoebe?

ALLISON. Yes, I suppose I am. I'm jealous of the on-going love affair you two have with the theatre. (*A small shrug.*) It's an obsession I can't share.

JASON. I could say that about your career in politics.

ALLISON. Oh, I'm not complaining, just stating a fact. Anyway, I just think she should be married.

JASON. (*Shrugs.*) That's her choice.

ALLISON. Not really. She's very influenced by you.

JASON. (*Looks at her.*) I never interfere with Phoebe's personal life.

ALLISON. Oh, come on, Jason. When that nice older man from Florida was taking her out, you said, "In five years he'll be walking around with his fly zipper not quite pulled up." That killed *that* romance.

JASON. It was just a passing observation.

ALLISON. No, you always seem able to come up with the perfect phrase to effectively eliminate anyone who gets even slightly interested in her.

JASON. What the hell are you driving at, Allison?

ALLISON. (*Evenly.*) Let her go, Jason.

JASON. Why are we talking about Phoebe?

ALLISON. Because it keeps us from talking about us, I suppose.