

⑥ JASON / PHOEBE

ACT II

ROMANTIC COMEDY

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PHOEBE. Then *why*?

JASON. Oh, for God's sake, don't you understand *anything* about sex?

PHOEBE. Evidently not. (*She is having trouble controlling her tears and moves to get her coat.*)

JASON. What are you doing?

PHOEBE. Leaving.

JASON. All right, I know it's been a long day. (*He sits with pages of script.*) I'll work on the cuts and tomorrow we can concentrate on the—

PHOEBE. I mean permanently. (*He looks at her as she puts on hat, gloves and scarf.*)

JASON. Are you serious? (*She doesn't answer.*) You'd actually walk out on a ten-year partnership over something so stupid and trivial as this?

PHOEBE. (*In a strange voice.*) Goodbye, Jason.

B E L O W



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ROMANTIC COMEDY

ACT II

JASON. I was just trying to—improve my relationship with her.

PHOEBE. (*Exploding.*) Oh, don't try to romanticize it! You've been *cheating!!* You committed adultery!

JASON. (*Stares at her.*) You know, I don't believe this. You sound like a wife.

PHOEBE. (*Still angry but flustered.*) I happen to be a friend of your wife.

JASON. It's not the same thing.

PHOEBE. I'm your partner!

JASON. Exactly. You're not my priest, you're not even my mistress—and my private life is none of your business.

PHOEBE. I don't care what you do in your private life, but—but you did it right here—in our *office*—where we *work!*

JASON. Phoebe, it's not a cathedral. Now what the hell is the matter with you?

PHOEBE. I thought I was working with a man of honor.

JASON. Did I ever say or do one thing to make you believe that?

PHOEBE. You said you wanted to keep your teapot intact!!

JASON. Oh, for God's sake—you sound just like a woman.

PHOEBE. (*Tightly.*) It's one of my best impressions.

JASON. Yes, that's always been the problem. (*She looks at him.*) Well, if you were a man you wouldn't be carrying on like this. We wouldn't even be *talking* about it. At least not in the same way. (*She doesn't say anything.*) We'd have a couple of laughs and forget it. You'd cover for me. You'd be a pal—a buddy.

PHOEBE. (*Finally.*) I find that—revolting.

JASON. Look, what exactly would you like me to say?

PHOEBE. I'm trying—very hard—to understand your actions. (*A beat.*) Do you love her?

JASON. (*Incredulously.*) Love her? I can't even hear her from the balcony!