

KATE. I'll tell you what's real, Greg. The mortgage on this apartment is real. The kids' tuitions are very, very real.

GREG. I need to feel more ...

KATE. More what, Greg. And don't say "real."

GREG. More connected, then.

KATE. Connected.... Connected to what?

GREG. Life. *(Pause.)* No. *(Pause.)* Living.

KATE. I'm beginning to understand, darling.

GREG. You are?

KATE. I am, sweetie. This is another one of those things that happen to men in middle age.

GREG. No it isn't.

KATE. Yes it is, darling. I admit I'm slightly sauced, but I still know a hawk from a handsaw.

GREG. What?

KATE. It's like when poor fat old Ted Donahue tried to take up tap dancing.

GREG. *(Getting up.)* This is entirely different.

KATE. *(Getting up; slurring her words.)* Well I'm sorry, sweetie, but whatever it is ... I have to say time's up.

GREG. Time's up?

KATE. Really up. I said I'd try, and I have, and it's been much longer than a few days. So I'm putting my foot down, Greg. I want you to give Sylvia away.

GREG. Away?

KATE. I want that. I am asking that. I insist upon that.

GREG. What do you mean, give her away? To whom?

KATE. Some farmer. Give her to some farmer.

GREG. There are no farmers any more, Kate. Farmers don't exist. Read *The New Republic*.

KATE. Oh now ...

GREG. And I refuse to give my dog to some agricultural conglomerate. Sylvia? Being cared for by Archer-Daniels-Midland? Nope. Sorry. Can't do it.

KATE. Greg ... *(Sylvia comes in, carrying a woman's shoe.)*

SYLVIA. Look what I've got!

KATE. Oh Lord, she's got my shoe.

GREG. It's a peace offering.

KATE. It is not! It's a deliberate act of aggression.

SYLVIA. *(Parading it around.)* Look at this shoe! Look at this fabulous shoe!

KATE. Drop that, Sylvia! Right now!

SYLVIA. Chase me.

KATE. She'll ruin it, Greg.

SYLVIA. Chase me.

GREG. She just wants to play.

KATE. *(Chasing her around the couch.)* I want that shoe, Sylvia. Immediately.

GREG. Bring it here, Sylvia. *(Sylvia finally brings the shoe to Greg; drops it at his feet.)* Good girl! *(Greg picks up the shoe, brings it to Kate.)* Here's your shoe, Katie.

KATE. *(Looking at the shoe.)* She's ruined it.

GREG. It's an old shoe.

KATE. *(On the verge of tears.)* It's my best pair! You owe me a new pair of shoes, Greg!

GREG. O.K. O.K. I'll buy you some shoes.

KATE. I'll bet she took my book, too.

GREG. What book?

KATE. My annotated copy of *All's Well That Ends Well*. I can't find it. I'll bet Sylvia took it and ate it.

GREG. She wouldn't do that.

SYLVIA. Hey! Hey! Hey!

KATE. She ate half *The New Yorker*!

GREG. It was a lousy issue anyway. *The New Yorker's* getting —

SYLVIA. Hey, hey!

KATE. Greg, I am issuing an ultimatum.

GREG. *(Starting out.)* It's time for her dinner. *(To Sylvia.)* Come on, sweetheart. Time to eat. *(They hurry off.)*

KATE. *(Calling after.)* Sweetheart? Is it sweetheart now? Goddammit, Greg! When's the last time you said that to me? *(She throws the shoe after him, then sits down hopelessly, polishing off whatever glasses of liquor are available. After a moment, Sylvia comes back on, carrying the shoe.)*

SYLVIA. I believe this is yours. *(She drops the shoe at Kate's feet.)*

KATE. Sylvia, I have something to say to you.

SYLVIA. What if I don't feel like listening?