

GREG. (*Reaching into his jacket pocket.*) I've got a Bark Bar for you.

SYLVIA. A what?

GREG. A Bark Bar. Remember? I bought you one on our last walk over to the East Side. You loved it. (*He holds it out.*)

SYLVIA. (*Taking it, looking it over.*) It's in the shape of a cat.

GREG. I thought you'd be amused by that.

SYLVIA. Amused? Amused by those fuckers? (*Takes a bite.*)

Not bad. (*Chews.*) But not good enough. (*Sits in the chair.*) Tell me about this family you're shipping me off to.

GREG. (*Kneeling beside her.*) They're great, Sylvia. I advertised in the Westchester newspapers. I interviewed a number of applicants.

SYLVIA. Thanks for letting me in on it.

GREG. You'll be living in the suburbs, Sylvia.

SYLVIA. I hate the suburbs.

GREG. What? All that green grass? This family has half an acre, all fenced in.

SYLVIA. That Akita in the park used to live in the suburbs. He said you're totally alone out there. There's no sense of being part of a pack. And if you try to meet someone by taking a walk, there's a good chance you'll get run over.

GREG. You won't want to take walks, Sylvia. You'll want to stay close to home.

SYLVIA. Why?

GREG. Because you'll like this family so much.

SYLVIA. Why?

GREG. Well, for one thing, they have children.

SYLVIA. How many?

GREG. Three.

SYLVIA. Any babies?

GREG. One.

SYLVIA. I hate babies.

GREG. You don't, Sylvia. You're always licking their faces.

SYLVIA. Their mouths taste good, but they're always stepping on your tail.

GREG. Well there are also two teenagers, Sylvia. They're eager to have you. They want to teach you to play Frisbee. They

want to take you to Little League games. They'll be much better for you than I could possibly be.

SYLVIA. I hate teen-agers.

GREG. You don't.

SYLVIA. (*Getting up.*) I do. I hate them. They're totally unreliable. They forget to feed you. They play music which hurts your ears. One minute they're showering you with love, then they leave you locked in some car for hours on end — (*Throwing herself on him.*) Oh Greg, don't do this to me! Please! Don't send me away! Keep me here with you! Please!

GREG. I can't.

GREG. I can't.

SYLVIA. I'll change, Greg. I'll change my ways. I'll stop chewing shoes. I'll bring Kate the New York *Times* every morning — well I won't do that, that's too corny — but I'll do something else! Just tell me what to do, and I'll do it!

GREG. I promised Kate I'd give you away, Sylvia. I made that promise. To my wife.

SYLVIA. When?

GREG. Today.

SYLVIA. Today?

GREG. I'm driving you out right now.

SYLVIA. Can't I even say goodbye to Bowser?

GREG. You just saw him in the park.

SYLVIA. Jesus, you're something, Greg. You really are. You bring me home, you get me all dependent on you, you spay me ...

GREG. Sylvia ...

SYLVIA. You had me *spayed*, Greg! You destroyed my womanhood. And then, when I get over that, when I still decide that the sun rises and sets only in your direction, then suddenly you're packing me off to some boring nuclear family in Westchester county. Christ, Greg! Don't you feel guilty about this?

GREG. I do, Sylvia. I feel terrible.

SYLVIA. I mean, shit. You have a moral obligation here! What would the Humane Society say about this? How would they react at the A.S.P.C.A.?

GREG. They'd say I'm doing the right thing!