

Chris:

(On the phone) Okay, thank you, Dr. Diddley...Dudley. Enjoy the show. Ken and I saw it and we loved it...Especially the second act. Who's playing the Phantom tonight? *(Ken distracts her)* Oh, Charley's calling me. *(Calls out)* Just a minute, Charley. *(Into phone)* He sounds a lot better. I have to go. Yes, Doctor, I will. *(She hangs up)* He must suspect something. I didn't get his name right once. I don't know why we're always the first ones here. *(She fixes a vodka)* Never came late once in our lives. Someone else could have dealt with all this. His best friends are coming to his tenth anniversary, his wife isn't here, he shoots himself in the earlobe and I'm supposed to make small talk. There's no food out, there's no ice in the bucket. Where's the help? Where's the cheese dip? Where's Myra? What am I supposed to do, play charades? I'm lucky I can still speak English!