

BRIAN & SAM

BRIAN. (*Returning to his chair.*) Sorry about that. Now, where were we?

SAM. I was going to say that my wife really likes this place, but I'm beginning to have my doubts. Now, about you and Mrs. Winthrop-Smythe.

BRIAN. What about us?

SAM. We're going to have to break it off.

BRIAN. We are?

SAM. Yes, you see, you might feel that this is a beautiful meaningful relationship, (*He leans over and pats BRIAN on the knee.*) but it can't just be based on sex. (*The MAJOR reacts.*) After all, you're a married man. There's the little lady to think about.

BRIAN. No, no, you don't understand.

SAM. I understand perfectly, what I want you to understand is that you must return, both literally and figuratively, to the bosom of your wife.

BRIAN. (*Wearily.*) Right.

SAM. O.K. Now if that's understood, we can get down to business. (*The MAJOR exits U.L.*) Now, as I was saying, there's one or two things I would like to ask you.

BRIAN. Oh dear!

SAM. Firstly, why were all those people in my room and secondly who, in heaven's name, was that woman with the er — er — big — er "you know whats?"

BRIAN. Ah, those. I mean her. Yes.

SAM. Yes what?

BRIAN. You have to understand she's very patriotic.

SAM. What's that got to do with it?

BRIAN. Well, you see, she's dedicated herself to life, liberty and the happiness of pursuit.

☞ SAM. You know Cody, sometimes you don't make a lot of sense.

BRIAN. You're the second person today who's told me that.

SAM. Is there something you're not telling me about this place?

BRIAN. There's nothing to tell. What you see is what you get. A quiet little inn in The Keys. Nothing ever happens here.