

Fred / Lilli

~~LILLI. No. But he is a jewel. Dear sweet man. He's very big.~~

~~FRED. Fat?~~

~~LILLI. Historically big.~~

~~FRED. George Washington?~~

~~LILLI. Does the phrase "Second World War" mean anything to you?~~

~~FRED. You're dating Adolph Hitler? A match made in heaven.~~

BEGIN
LILLI. Do you know what day this is, Fred? Our anniversary and you forgot.

FRED. What anniversary?

LILLI. The first anniversary of our divorce.

FRED. If you must know, I was thinking of sending you a cactus. But no money. I know you're rolling in money—

LILLI. Every night before I go to bed, that's exactly what I do. Roll in my money. Oh, it's wonderful for the hips.

FRED. Hollywood—swimming pool—avocado ranches. While I—I put every penny I could scrape borrow or steal into my Cyrano. My magnum opus! I'm sorry you missed it. I was a huge success.

LILLI. And you closed on Saturday? Four glorious performances!

FRED. I'll have you know there was a general strike!

LILLI. Oh, you couldn't have been that bad.

FRED. Same old Lilli! (*picks up photo on dresser*) Who's the little monster? Your mystery lover?

LILLI. That's you at the age of two ... bottoms up!

FRED. Cute little fellow. Do you mind if I keep him?

LILLI. (*holding up a cork*) You can have this too.

FRED. What's this? A cork?

LILLI. Our first bottle of champagne.

FRED. Our wedding breakfast?

LILLI. Yes, in my apartment.

FRED. You mean that one room of yours over the Armenian bakery?

LILLI. You're a fine one to complain. You didn't even have a room.

FRED. Why do you think I married you?

LILLI. That was the season we played the Barter Theatre in Virginia and they gave you a ham.

FRED. We lived off that ham all winter, you forget!

LILLI. **You** forget I got a job reading tea leaves in a gypsy tea room opposite Macy's.

FRED. And **you** forget I demonstrated shaving soap in Woolworth's.

LILLI. (*suddenly remembering*) That's right. That's how I spent my honeymoon, at Woolworth's watching you shave.

FRED. We weren't married then, were we?

LILLI. (*nodding*) Oh yes, dear, we were. Mother was coming to stay with us. It was right after we closed on the road in a little British makeshift of an operetta that for some reason was laid in Switzerland. But the costumes were Dutch.

FRED. So were those salaries. I could have sworn it was right after that flop revival of "The Prince of Potsdam." Yes, I was understudying the lead. I was the youngest understudy in the business.

LILLI. No, dear. We were both in the chorus.

Music in.

END

There was a waltz in it. Remember? Something about a bar. (*she starts to hum*)

FRED. "Ja! Madam, you look ravishing tonight. You have made me the happiest of men."

LILLI. "Your Highness."