Lyssa/Walter

LYSSA. Walter, have you ever regretted your life?
WALTER. Looking back, I would have tried to have sex with Joanie Tenzer in high school instead of being terrified of her.
LYSSA. [redacted], Joanie Tenzer is your one regret?
WALTER. *(Singing.)* "Love me Tenzer, love me true."* What's there to regret? I love you, I love our kids, I love my books, I love how we live.
LYSSA. Judith regrets her life.
WALTER. Judith is on mega-doses of insane fertility drugs. She's not just angry. She's an accident waiting to happen.
LYSSA. Your friend Quincy Quince says anger is healthy. She says sweetness is a camouflage for repressed hostility.
WALTER. Have you been reading *The Prisoner of Gender*?
LYSSA. No. She made a guest appearance in your garden today.
WALTER. Quincy was here? In our garden?
LYSSA. Yup.
WALTER. And you forgot to tell me? I deeply regret that.
LYSSA. Judith just hated her.
WALTER. Judith has no right to pass judgment on someone as valuable as Quincy. Quincy's committed to making a tired ideology new. Is she coming back?
LYSSA. Tomorrow for brunch to meet Daddy and some reporter who's doing a piece on the family.

* See Special Note on Songs and Recordings on copyright page.

WALTER. He's doing a piece on this family? Why wasn't I told?
LYSSA. Oh, he just wants to meet the famous in the family.
WALTER. *Towards a Lesser Elite* is still a standard text in over three thousand colleges. Even if I was recently featured in a *Where Are They Now?* column. Maybe this reporter doesn't even know we're married.
LYSSA. Of course he knows we're married.
WALTER. Don't you think it's a little naive to just open our house to him, before we figure out how to spin you? *(Walter picks up the phone.)*
LYSSA. Who are you calling?
WALTER. Morrow.
LYSSA. Why?
WALTER. Morrow and I have our jogging date tomorrow morning. Maybe he'd like to stay for brunch.
LYSSA. Walter ...
WALTER. *(On the phone.)* Morrow, Lyssa and I want to invite you over to meet a hunky television reporter. Call us. *(Hangs up.)*
LYSSA. Jesus ...
WALTER. What's the matter?
LYSSA. Do you really want Morrow to be here with that reporter?
WALTER. Why not, because he's gay?
LYSSA. Walter, don't be ridiculous. I love Morrow, but his new anti-abortion stand is not exactly how I want to spin myself.
WALTER. It's not new. He's always had his faith. And besides with Morrow here that reporter will never notice that you're a pro-choice, pronational health insurance commie pinko. Morrow is your right-wing alibi.
LYSSA. I just wish he'd find a boyfriend and leave women's reproductive rights alone. Do you realize we've known him over ten years and he's never shown up here with a man.
WALTER. So he keeps his personal life separate from us.
LYSSA. Walter, as Morrow would say, "Hello!" We are his personal life. I don't understand why you see him so much.
WALTER. At least Morrow's constantly entertaining. Most people in this town prefer nice chat with the Iowa corn lobby.
LYSSA. Sounds good to me.
WALTER. I'll call him back and cancel.