**CENTRAL PARK WEST**by Woody Allen *Carol*

I won’t sit here and be accused. I am *not* having an affair with your husband. It\*s not me! Alright!! I admit it! What do you want me to do? We fell in love! You\*re such a bully! Bully! Bully! We fell in love--nobody planned it--nobody wanted to hurt anyone. This affair has caused us nothing but anguish and pain. Don\*t dirty it up--it\*s not what you think. It’s not just about sex. Stop being so judgmental--you know from your work these things happen--it\*s chemistry--two people meet--and a spark flares up and suddenly it has a life of its own. It\*s serious, Phyllis. It’s been going on for barely three years. We haven\*t been sneaking around town--we have an apartment. The East Fifties. It’s small. Only three rooms. Stop being snotty--we\*re trying to communicate— It\*s just a place to go to, to be calone--to relax--to--to--to talk— Phyllis, we\*re in love--oh God--I never thought I\*d be saying this--it\*s--everything--yes, it\*s sensual, but it\*s more--we share feelings and dreams. Phyllis, what do you want me to say? He fell out of love with you years ago. I don\*t know why. Certainly not over me. It was finished in Sam\*s mind between you two before he ever said anything to me. It happened New Year\*s Eve at Lou Stein\*s party. There was no groping. It wasn\*t like that. He came over to me--I was watching the fireworks--and he whispered in my ear--can you meet me next week for lunch without mentioning anything to Phyllis. Well, as you can imagine, I was a bit surprised. I said, why? And he said I need your help on something. You had led a group out onto the terrace, against their will, in the five degree temperature, to watch the fireworks. And Howard was in the kitchen getting the Stein\*s recipe for Babaganoush. And I said, what kind of help? With what? And Sam said, Phyllis\*s birthday is soon and I want you to help me get her something but it has got to be something special. So the following Thursday we met for lunch at his club and we pitched some gift ideas back and forth. And after lunch we went on our shop--I remember going to Bergdorfs and Tiffany\*s and James Robinson and finally in this tiny old antique store on First Avenue we found a stunning pair of art-deco earrings--diamonds with tiny rubies— Well, I was flabbergasted. He bought them, and we walked out on the street and then he handed the box to me and said, "Here, I want you so badly." I said, whoa--wait a minute--we came to buyPhyllis a birthday gift--if I take this we have to at least pick out *something* for her. Yes, we got you’re the silver candlesticks...Please, they cost a fortune! Phyllis, face it. He couldn\*t stand being married to you anymore and he told me that over lunch--he initiated the relationship.. he salivated over me--he looked me in the eye at lunch and tears formed--I\*m not happy, he said— so. From the first moment Howard and I met you and Sam I knew he was miserable. This woman is not making him happy--I told that to Howard that first night we met you two—She may be a brilliant shrink and the center of every conversation with some new variation of how great she is—but she’s not enough woman for him—she’s not thre to gudie him—to bring him coffee–Sam had tremendous hostility—but you know that now. I did nothing wrong. Your husband stopped loving you before he met me. Believe me, I did not seduce Sam. He played around plenty before I came on the scene. Face up to it! Ask Edith Moss and Steve Pollack’s secretary. Don’t lay it all on me! I didn’t turn your husband into a philanderer. You’re such a phoeny—pretending your marriage is so perfect—You were a laughing stock.