

She

Are you going to make love to me, or not? Are you going to make love to me, or not?

He

Huh? Wah? Come on, I was just falling asleep. Turn the light off. What?

She

It's your turn to make love to me.

He

I owe you one.

She

You owe me two already.

He

How do you figure I owe you two?

She

Last Friday and the Wednesday before when Ron stayed over and you didn't want to make noise.

He

All right, three. Leave me alone. I'm good for it.

She

Johnieeee.

He

Wilma! I'm just not in the mood now.

She

All right, if you don't want to. I don't want you to do anything you don't want to do. Don't you ever touch me again!

He

Put the cigarette out and go to sleep.

She

I can't sleep when I'm like this.

He

It's all in your mind.

She

That's all right with me, if he's the sexy one in your family.

He

I am sexier than you will ever be.

She

So, why are you hoarding it?

He

If you didn't nag me about it, maybe I wouldn't.

She

Nag? I have done everything but nag. I have suggested, implied, rubbed against you while passing, worn provocative nightgowns, perfumed my underwear. I have tried every subtle way to reach you except showing stag films.

He

Wilma--- I get the feeling you're trying to make my virility look impotent.

She

When did that feeling first hit you?

He

The day I married you. I was dynamite with other women.

She

Well, sure. They were lucky just to be there with the holder of the world's championship three second record in intercourse.

He

Out of all the women in the world, I had to marry an equal-time orgasm fanatic! You read a couple of "Ladies Home Journals" and all you know now is, ME too!"

She

And why not mee too?

He

Look, stop trying to castrate me. There's too much man here. You and your "me too's" and your cockamamie career. Me and the children aren't enough for you. No, you need "creative fulfillment" to give meaning to your existence. We could have managed very well on one salary.

She

So quit your job.

He

You really want to take over don't you? Don't think I haven't noticed your new wardrobe with the suits with the pants and the ties and---your butch look!

She

Butch!---I'm more feminine than you'll ever be.

He

You want to know how feminine you are? Whenever we go out, I light your cigarette, I hold your chair, I rise when you come back from the little girls' room, so you can go, "Waiter, check!" That's feminine? Then I look for a cab in a snowstorm while you stand under an awning because "Your feet are cold" and "You don't want to get your hair wet." But if I don't get a cab in two minutes, you run out in the street and yell--- "Taxi-i." Whenever I try to treat you like a lady, you respond like Rocky Graziano.

She

Oh, shit. All I want is a little tenderness.

He

Look who want tenderness!...Miss Locker Room Mouth. You better decide whether you want to be a man or a woman, and then talk tenderness to me. Do you understand, Wilma, or is it Willy?

She

I'll tell you what. You decide what you want to be first and I'll be what's left. You think you're so masculine because whenever we have a problem you roll over and go to sleep, or you go out and get drunk with the boys, or you try to act rough with me. But I got a flash for you. Those tough Marine drill sergeants are the biggest fags in the world.

He

Watch what you say about the Corps!

She

Okay. They're the biggest latent fags in the world, but they're not real men. A real man is warm and understanding and gentle and sweet and sensitive and kind and loving and-----

He

Oh, yeah. Then what's a woman?

She

A woman is strong and brave and----

He

And what?

She

A woman should be brave and strong in certain situations---like---when her husband is tough toward her, then she has to be tough toward him. But otherwise, a woman should be worshipped and admired and put up on a pedestal, but she should have the freedom to come down off the pedestal because she wants to be independent, but then she could go back up on the pedestal because she is not a slave anymore because a woman wants to be taken care of---

He

Excuse me, is that taken care of up on the pedestal, or down off the pedestal?

She

I don't know what a woman is. I don't even see any difference between us any more.

He

Okay, I'll tell you what I'll do for you. Next week for your birthday I'll take you down for some hormone shots.

She

What you need is a major transplant!

He

You want to know why you're so confused? Because you forgot who I am and who you are. I'm the man and you're just the woman, and the man is the boss. You said so yourself when we got married.

She

I was just humoring you. I said, "If it was so important to you, I would let you be the boss."

He

What do you mean, "Let me be the boss"? I am the boss.

She

Don't be juvenile. There is no boss.

He

I am the boss and you know it.

She

There is no boss and that's final. I don't want to hear another word about it. We are equals.

He

Oh, we're equal, huh?

She

Yes! We're equals.

He

All right, let's just see how equal we are. Come on, equal:
Let's go a couple of rounds.

She

Cut it out, you big jerk! Let me go.

He

You're my equal. Why don't you let yourself go?

She

Stop it.

He

Who's the boss?

She

There's no boss.

He

Who's the boss?

She

I am!

He

Who's the boss?

She

Stop it. You're hurting me. You're going to wake the children.

He

Who's the boss?

She

You can torture me, but I won't say it.

He

Who's the boss?

She

You are.

He

And who won?

She

You did.....Shithead.

He

That doesn't bother me because the fight's all over and I won and I'm the boss. So be a good little loser and let's go to bed. Good night, loser.

She

Excuse me. I'm sleeping on the couch. I'm not happy, John..... Say you're sorry.....Get your ass in here. All right, I'll sleep in here. But as far as I'm concerned, we're estranged. So you can just forget that we're married. Because I don't want to know you and I don't want to speak to you. That really upsets you, doesn't it? You waited thirty years to find the right girl to withdraw from. You know what your problem is? The only woman you ever loved is your mother.

He

Watch it, Wilma!

She

It's true, John. But it seems to me if you're so frightened of being castrated, you should go directly to the original source of your fear and work it out with her. That's right. And then you and your father should make a special call on your grandmother. But don't bring me your old business. Boy, I'm sick and tired of being the well-adjusted one around here.....I don't think that transplant would take.

He

All right, that's it. That's it. It's all over. It's all over and you blew it. You blew it, Wilma. And you want to know why? Because you're sick. You're really a sicko---with your Reader's Digest psychology-----a real sicko!

She

Where do you think you're going?

He

Away from your mouth.

She

Oh no, you don't.

He

Try and stop me.

8.

John.

She

Keep away from me.

He

Please.

She

Keep away from me.

He

Was it something I said?-----Johnny, please let's work this out. I'm upset.

She

Don't go into your little girl act. You know you're a rock.

He

Get out of my house. Get out!

She

Don't worry. I'm going. Give me some money.

He

You're not getting it! You had \$40.00 on you today.

She

I paid for the food.

He

You're supposed to pay for the food.

She

I don't care.

He

I didn't even want to have sex tonight. I just wanted you to take me in your arms and hold me. But you're a big bully. Why couldn't you just take me in your arms and hold me!

She

Why did you let Neil Fraymens look up your dress tonight?

He

What?

She

He
Why did you let Neil Fraymens look up your dress tonight? At
Dick and Sandra's you let Neil Fraymens look up your dress.

She
No, I didn't.

He
Don't tell me you didn't. All evening long you were sitting
like this. Neil Fraymens looked right up your dress.

She
I don't even know who Neil Fraymens is.

He
He was sitting across from you, but a little to the left, but
then you shifted your weight, and he shifted his. I was stand-
ing behind him and over to the right and from there I could see
your garter hook, so he must have seen a lot more.

She
You're imagining that.

He
Don't tell me I'm imagining that. Because when he got up to go
to the john he asked Mark Cosgrove to watch his seat.

She
Johnny, I'm sorry. I wasn't aware of it. I always wear a panty
slip so nobody can see anything.

He
You want everybody to see your pants?

She
No.

He
Then keep your legs crossed.

She
All right.

He
My biggest account. For two years I've been busting my ass for them
and they turn around and give it to someone else. My biggest
account.

10.

She

What are you talking about?

He

I lost Xerox.

She

Oh, no!

He

I spent \$300 for lunches alone on that purchasing agent and he turns around and knifes me.

She

I'm sorry. I didn't know.

He

And it isn't the money I care about. It's something bigger than that. If I can't be the best in aluminum tubing, then I don't want it. And you want me to have sex with you....I'm lucky I can stand up. You can't understand that because you'll never know what it's really like to be a man. Sure, you work too, but you're also a wife and a mother, so anything else you do is gravy. Nobody's pointing the finger at you, but the whole world is standing around watching me, just waiting for me to fall on my ass..... and we go to a party and you sit like this!

She

Oh, Johnny. I'm sorry.

He

It makes me feel like nothing. Like a blob. "Het, she's married to that big schmuck who just lost Xerox!" You used to take care of me. You used to adore me. You used to make me valentines. You used to give me a bath.....and you loved it. You gave me ammunition to go out there and be a man. Now, I've got to do it all myself and it's hard, Wilma, it's real hard.

She

I'm sorry. I'll try to be more sensitive. I had no idea your sex drive was so dependent on your sales volume. I want to be understanding, but you frighten me. You tell me I'm not feminine. I am feminine, John. I am. Aren't I?

He

Just keep your legs crossed.

She

Johnny, I love you. Do you forgive me? Do you forgive me?

11.

He

You called me a shithead.

She

I didn't mean it. Please forgive me.

He

Who's the man?

She

You are.

He

Who's the woman?

She

Me.

He

Who's the boss?

She

I really think you should give that up. That's a very baby thing.

He

Wilma---ever since time began, the woman stayed home with her chores and her children and the man has gone out and contended with the elements and hunted buffalo. He would bring home the buffalo and the woman would prepare it. That's the way it's always been.

She

John, I hate to tell you this, but the buffalo are gone. There are no more buffalo.

He

I don't mind that you're smarter than me about certain things, and you make wittier remarks than me and every now and then you have more imagination, but if you want me to have a happy marriage and you want to be my friend, then you have to acknowledge that the man is the stronger one. Wilma, you have to surrender to me and I'll be king of the jungle, but as king I will rule tenderly, but I can't rule tenderly unless you surrender to me first.

She

Okay. I surrender. Now make up with me. Isn't he adorable? Look at that million-dollar face. You're my big, strong, teddy-bear king, what I loves. And I am the little surrendering baby bear what you loves. Hmm?.....Hmm?

He

Okay.

She

Give a woof. Come on, give a woof.

He

Woof.

She

Does you woof me?

He

Oh, I woof you.

She

Then kiss me like the bears do.

Both

Woo-f.....woo-f.....woo-f.....

She

Are you going to let me surrender to you, or not?