

Degrees of Separation

a one act play

by

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SCENE I - WIFE sits on the couch in the living room. HUSBAND sits across the room on the phone.

WIFE: I've decided. I'm going back to school.

HUSBAND: (yelling over to her) I'm on the phone.

WIFE: I'm not getting any younger.

HUSBAND: I'm on the phone.

WIFE: (she is ignoring him) Did you hear me?

HUSBAND: I'm on the phone!

WIFE: I'm going to get a masters in social work. I think I'd be a good therapist. You don't mind paying for it do you?

HUSBAND: I'm on the phone!

WIFE: It's not cheap. I'd be good at it though, doncha think? I'm a good listener.

HUSBAND: (finally giving up on his phone call) Can I call you back?

Yea....yea.....soon. Ok. Later. (to his wife) I was on the phone.

WIFE: (carrying on regardless) What do you think?

HUSBAND: About what?

WIFE: About what I just said.

HUSBAND: I didn't hear what you just said. I was on the phone.

WIFE: You're a lousy listener. You could never be a therapist.

HUSBAND: I was on the phone.

WIFE: This is important. I've made a momentous decision.

HUSBAND: Oh God, another one?

WIFE: (snaps) What's that supposed to mean?

HUSBAND: Every time you make a momentous decision it costs me money.

WIFE: I decided I didn't want kids didn't I? That saved you a bundle.

HUSBAND: Yea....well I didn't know not wanting kids meant wanting 6 Shih Tzu's instead.

WIFE: You should have asked. That's your problem. You're not curious enough.

HUSBAND: Every time I get curious it costs me money too.

WIFE: Stop it.

HUSBAND: What did you decide?

WIFE: I'm going back to school.

HUSBAND: What for?

WIFE: To get a masters.

HUSBAND: Don't you already have a masters?

WIFE: Yes. But I need another one.

HUSBAND: What for?

WIFE: My masters is in English. What am I gonna do with that around here?

HUSBAND: Teach.

WIFE: I hate kids.

HUSBAND: Why didn't you think about that when you were getting a masters in English?

WIFE: I didn't want to teach. (mockingly pretentious) I wanted to write the great American novel back then.

HUSBAND: You haven't written a word since the day I met you.

WIFE: You've sapped my creativity.
HUSBAND: That's not all I've sapped.
WIFE: (fires him a dirty look) Is that a "lack of sex" reference?
HUSBAND: It could be.
WIFE: I'll feel sexier with another masters degree.
HUSBAND: What do you want this new masters to be in?
WIFE: I told you already.
HUSBAND: I was on the phone!
WIFE: Social work. I want to become a therapist.
HUSBAND: (stunned) You're kidding.....right?
WIFE: No.
HUSBAND: You want to counsel...others? As in other....you know.....people?
WIFE: What's that supposed to mean?
HUSBAND: I don't know. Aren't you already in therapy?
WIFE: Yes.
HUSBAND: Who pays for that?
WIFE: You do.
HUSBAND: Are you sensing a disconnect here maybe?
WIFE: No.
HUSBAND: Shouldn't you get out of therapy before you start.....you know.....giving it?
WIFE: A doctor still needs a doctor sometimes doesn't he? A dentist still needs a dentist.
HUSBAND: (confused by this) What?
WIFE: I can counsel others while still working on myself.
HUSBAND: Maybe it's just me.....but I wouldn't want my therapist to be gobbling Paxil and Xanax.
WIFE: (suddenly emotional) You never support me!
HUSBAND: (confused) What?
WIFE: (hurt) If you're not going to support me in this then just say so.
HUSBAND: (more confused) What?
WIFE: You heard me!
HUSBAND: Yes....but hearing and understanding are two different things.
WIFE: Forget it.
HUSBAND: (exploding) Forget what!
WIFE: You don't listen.
HUSBAND: (exasperated) I heard something about money.
WIFE: That always gets your attention.
HUSBAND: Who is going to pay for this new masters degree?
WIFE: I'll pay for it myself if I have to!
HUSBAND: (sarcastic) How? By teaching English?
WIFE: (stares at him....in clinical mode now) You could use some therapy yourself.....to curb that anger.
HUSBAND: What anger?
WIFE: You're mad all the time.
HUSBAND: (furious) I am not!
WIFE: You are. You're practically screaming at me right now

HUSBAND: I was on the phone minding my own business....and then you lay this on me?

WIFE: Who were you talking to?

HUSBAND: (confused again) What?

WIFE: Who were you talking to?

HUSBAND: Tony. Why? What difference does that make?

WIFE: I'm just asking. Can't I ask?

HUSBAND: Are you inferring that it may have been someone else?

WIFE: You said it. I didn't.

HUSBAND: Why are you constantly obsessing about me cheating on you?

WIFE: Well gee.....let me think. Why'd you get divorced from your first wife?

HUSBAND: (stunned) But that was you!

WIFE: Yea, well you still cheated didn't you? If you cheat once....you can do it again.

HUSBAND: (trying to follow things) But she caught US.

WIFE: So.

HUSBAND: You knew I was married when you slept with me.

WIFE: Don't try to turn this around now...

HUSBAND: What?

WIFE: This is not about me.

HUSBAND: You practicing your therapy already?

WIFE: It's \$490 a credit.

HUSBAND: What? What is?

WIFE: That's how much it costs. Did I tell you that part?

HUSBAND: How much what costs?

WIFE: My new masters degree.

HUSBAND: (screaming) Are you nuts? I can't afford that!

WIFE: (matter of fact) It's the least you can do after seducing me while you were still married.

HUSBAND: (out of strength) I need a drink.

WIFE: Sure. Go running off and hide in a bottle. That always works.

HUSBAND: Can we discuss this rationally? Now listen. You already have a masters degree, and you work behind the jewelry counter at JC Penney's. You are medicated to the eyeballs. You like dogs way more than people. And apparently the only way you'll sleep with me is if I'm married to someone else.

WIFE: You are so angry.

HUSBAND: (screaming) I am not angry!

WIFE: You don't think I'd be a good therapist?

HUSBAND: I didn't say that.

WIFE: You most certainly did.

HUSBAND: Listen.....in 2 months you may want to run off and join the circus. You're on the edge right now.....

WIFE: (wary) On the edge?

HUSBAND: You're at that age.....(catches himself)

WIFE: What age is that?

HUSBAND: Menopause....isn't that what it's called?

WIFE: Gee....I don't know honey. You want me to google it? It's pre-menopause actually. I'm not that old.

HUSBAND: You know what I mean. You're not sleeping. You're anxious.

WIFE: (jumps down his throat) I am not anxious!

HUSBAND: Your libido is....

WIFE: Is what?

HUSBAND: Well, it's definitely not what it used to be....

WIFE: You don't think your extra 30 pounds has anything to do with it?

HUSBAND: (looking at his waist) What? What extra 30 pounds?

WIFE: Oh please. You suck that thing in any more you're gonna rupture your spleen.

HUSBAND: (trying to hit back) Yea....well you don't mind taking money from the fat boy do you!

WIFE: (softly now...changing the mood) My boobs hurt.

HUSBAND: (always playing catch-up) What?

WIFE: They hurt. That's another thing that comes with it.

HUSBAND: Oh. Well.....I'm sorry about that. I haven't had myself a handful in a while, so you can't blame me for that one.

WIFE: Try walking around with a smile on your face when your boobs hurt.

HUSBAND: I don't have any boobs.

WIFE: You're working on 'em fat boy.

HUSBAND: (really hitting a nerve) Stop calling me fat!

WIFE: You ever get a hot flash?

HUSBAND: Not recently....no.

WIFE: It's not fun....you feel like you might faint.

HUSBAND: What does this have to do with getting a 2nd masters degree?

WIFE: If you understood women you'd know.

HUSBAND: If I understood women I wouldn't be in a house with 6 dogs.

WIFE: I pee all the time.....and it's.....

HUSBAND: What?

WIFE: It's.....dry down there.

HUSBAND: Down where? (catching on) Oh...oh. Ok. It's dry? Well, I wouldn't know. Thanks for sharing.

WIFE: Is that all you think about?

HUSBAND: What?

WIFE: Sex.

HUSBAND: Who said anything about sex?

WIFE: I'm hurting here!

HUSBAND: And I feel your pain. What else do you want me to say?

WIFE: Say that you'll pay for this.

HUSBAND: And what....that'll moisten her up?

WIFE: I'm not bartering here you goddamn pervert! This is something I feel like I need to do.

HUSBAND: What if you change your mind?

WIFE: I won't.

HUSBAND: Do you want to give it some more thought first? 10 or 15 minutes maybe?

WIFE: I've been thinking about it for a long time.

HUSBAND: You never mentioned it to me before.
WIFE: Yea well.....my boobs have been hurting.
HUSBAND: I know, you told me.
WIFE: So?
HUSBAND: What?
WIFE: Can we do this?
HUSBAND: We?
WIFE: You know what I mean....
HUSBAND: You mean can I pay for it?
WIFE: Well....yea.
HUSBAND: What happened to you paying for it yourself?
WIFE: I was being hysterical.
HUSBAND: It's getting harder to tell these days. Listen....I just want to know where all this stuff comes from?
WIFE: What stuff?
HUSBAND: It's like your're always running from something....
WIFE: It's called searching.
HUSBAND: Searching?
WIFE: You call it running. I call it searching.
HUSBAND: Yea....well regardless of the verbiage I call it a drain on our finances. My car is being held together by duct tape. This house is a disaster. Gas it \$4 a a gallon. I spend \$100 a month on Shih-Tzu food. I'm telling you.....the well is dry.
WIFE: I'll have the dogs put down then.
HUSBAND: What!?
WIFE: You care so much about money.....
HUSBAND: You crazy bitch. You'll kill the dogs?!
WIFE: (now smiling) Who says I won't make a good therapist?
HUSBAND: (confused) What?
WIFE: I just got you to open up....
HUSBAND: Ok....what'd I miss?
(she gets up and hugs him)
WIFE: Thank you thank you thank you....
HUSBAND: (loves the attention) For what? You're welcome.
WIFE: I promise not to fail any the courses.

Lights

SCENE II – Some time later. Graduation day. WIFE plops on the couch wearing her cap and gown. Husband walks in behind her in a suit and tie.

WIFE: Can you believe it? I can't believe it.
(HUSBAND is going through a mess of papers on a table....bills)
HUSBAND: Oh I believe it.
WIFE: I feel like a kid again. (she gets up and starts dancing around..) Now I can wax poetic about Homer *and* the joys of Cymbalta. Not many can say that.
HUSBAND: Yea....and I only needed to re-mortgage the house. It's all been so easy.

WIFE: Money money money.....that's all you think about.
HUSBAND: Gee....a wife with a masters in english and social work.....I wonder why?
Why not major in coal mining. You'd make more money.
WIFE: You're bitterness is not going to bring me down today.
(he tosses her a letter)
HUSBAND: Here, this is for you.
(she looks at it and is shocked)
WIFE: Oh my God. This is from Dr. Rahmahadi!
HUSBAND: What's he....another Irishman?
WIFE: Enough with your Irishman cracks.
HUSBAND: How can I follow the advice of my doctor when I can't understand a word
the guy says? It's like talking to one of Charlie Brown's teachers. (mimics the grown-up
voice from "Peanuts"....wah wah wah wah)
WIFE: (reading the letter) He's offering me a job.
HUSBAND: As his interpreter?
WIFE: (strangely quiet) Staff therapist. I start next week.
HUSBAND: No shit?
WIFE: No shit.
HUSBAND: Let me see what (he reads it). You're charging \$50 an hour!?
WIFE: Apparently
HUSBAND: How much of that do I get to pay off the house?
WIFE: (staring straight ahead...trancelike) It doesn't say.
HUSBAND: What's the matter with you? This is good news isn't it?
WIFE: (suddenly terrified) I want to go back to school.
HUSBAND: (explodes) Oh no. No No No No No.
WIFE: I need time to.....find myself.
HUSBAND: Sweetheart, you're in your mid-40s. College is over. Now you've stretched
it to the breaking point, but it's time. You've found yourself. You're the pretty young
thing with the multiple degrees and the dry vagina.
WIFE: Maybe I could teach?
HUSBAND: What!?
WIFE: I'm not ready for this!
HUSBAND: Ready for what? A job?
WIFE: I need more schooling. I need more time to sit on the grass and learn about things
that have no practical application whatsoever. I need nurturing from professors who wear
the same corduroy jacket with the ironed on elbow patches everyday. I need term papers
and exams and hiding in the back of the library and rolling out of bed and putting on
sweats. I need.....
HUSBAND: You need a fucking reality check. Honey.....it's over. Time for life. You
knew this day would come.
WIFE: You won't pay to send me back to school?
HUSBAND: No. Sorry.
WIFE: Is this a bad time to get all histrionic and say you never support me?
HUSBAND: Probably.
WIFE: (she goes over and hugs him) I love you. You know that. (then distracted) Did I
take my pills today?

HUSBAND: Nice moment while it lasted.

WIFE: What am I gonna do?

HUSBAND: What do you mean?

WIFE: How the hell am I supposed to counsel anyone?

HUSBAND: I assumed I was paying so you could learn how.

WIFE: Books.....that's all fantasy-land. Everybody has a nice neat little diagnosis. They want to kill themselves, you remind them of what they have to live for. They have addiction issues, you try to lead them somewhere else. If all else fails you pop in a tape of the ocean waves and tell 'em to close their eyes and pretend they're at the beach. A monkey could get a masters. What do I do when I put the beach tape in and the guy says to me....."I hate the fucking beach. My Dad was run over by a beach cleaner when I was young and that's why I'm here." Everything is going from A to B to C. What if some nutcase in my office goes right to C?

HUSBAND: You go to D I guess.

WIFE: There is no D! That's the problem. You get 'em for 30 minutes. That's it. No time for D! What the hell am I doing?

HUSBAND: Well this doctor Ramasaki...

WIFE: Dr. Rahmahadi

HUSBAND: Yea....whatever. He must think you can do it.

WIFE: Did you notice how many others were getting social work degrees alongside me?

HUSBAND: Um....no.

WIFE: That's 'cause there wasn't any. The guy needs a warm body.

HUSBAND: Stop worrying. You can do this. People come into JC Penney's to buy jewelry, what do you do? You counsel them. You guide them. You help them make the right choice.

WIFE: I get them to spend \$100 on something that's worth about 50 cents.

HUSBAND: So you persuade them too. See? You've already been doing this....all for \$7 an hour.

WIFE: What if somebody comes in and says he's going to kill himself unless I help him?

HUSBAND: Well then I would suggest you help him.

WIFE: But what if I try and he kills himself anyway?

HUSBAND: Hey, we all gotta die sometime.

WIFE: It'll be my fault!

HUSBAND: Not unless you suggest he go and blow his brains out. Listen.....stop worrying. You've been dealing with me for years. You're battle hardened. You'll do what you can. Offer a soft voice. Something reassuring. Something that's not gonna make these people feel like they need to hide under the couch. Just be yourself. You're a wonderful person. That will come through.

WIFE: You think so?

HUSBAND: Who knows you better than me?

WIFE: My therapist.

HUSBAND: What?!

WIFE: I tell him things I'd never tell you.

HUSBAND: Like what?

WIFE: Deep stuff. Stuff way inside.

HUSBAND: But I'm your husband.

WIFE: Yes, I know.

HUSBAND: We shouldn't have any secrets.

WIFE: Now now....

HUSBAND: What the hell are you telling your therapist that you're not telling me!?

WIFE: Don't tell me you're jealous.

HUSBAND: So I'm actually paying you to keep things from me and unload them on a total stranger?

WIFE: If you want to put it that way you can. Bud that's kinda crude. How'd this get to be all about you all of a sudden? This is my day....remember?

HUSBAND: I pity the poor sonofabitch who walks in on your first thing Monday morning.

WIFE: You think I should take the job?

HUSBAND: By all means. You're perfect for it. You're totally, unequivocally fucking insane. They won't be able to get a thing past you.

WIFE: You know....that may be the nicest thing you've ever said to me.(she kisses him on the forehead) Did I take my pills? (she walks offstage, leaving him there dumbfounded). He stands up, reaches into a drawer, and takes some pills himself.

Lights

SCENE III – A week later. Her first day at work. She sits nervously behind her desk....checking her watch. There is a knock on the door. She gets up. Then sits down again. Then stands. Then sits down again. Finally she calls out “come in”.

Enter ANN, a mouthy, sloppily dressed teenager who is quite pregnant. Underneath it all she is very very attractive.

WIFE: Good morning. Are you Ann?

ANN: Yea. (looking at a piece of paper in her hand) You're Doctor Singer?

WIFE: No no, I'm not a doctor. Just call me Mary.

ANN: You're not a doctor?

WIFE: No, just a licensed therapist.

ANN: Can you prescribe meds?

WIFE: No.

ANN: (sarcastic) Great.

WIFE: Is that all you're looking for?

ANN: What? Meds?

WIFE: Yea...

ANN: What else is there? I'm crazy. You give me meds. Unless you're gonna make me sit down, put on a tape, and ask me to pretend I'm at the beach.

WIFE: (face clouds over. that was exactly her plan) Why don't you just sit down first. We'll just talk. Okay?

ANN: (looking at her watch) How long is this gonna last?

WIFE: It's a 30 minute appointment.

ANN: Okay. What do you want to talk about?

WIFE: How 'bout we talk about why you're here?

ANN: My mom made me come.
WIFE: Why'd she do that?
ANN: 'Cause I keep getting knocked up.
WIFE: You mean pregnant?
ANN: Yea. I have 2 kids already.
WIFE: And this will be your third?
ANN: Well, yea....three comes after two. You learn that it school.
WIFE: How old are you?
ANN: Gonna be 18 next month.
WIFE: Are you married?
ANN: Um....not exactly.
WIFE: Okay then. Why does it keep happening?
ANN: What?
WIFE: You getting pregnant?
ANN: I keep letting guys screw me I guess.
WIFE: Ever consider birth control?
ANN: I'm catholic.
WIFE: Yea....
ANN: It's a sin
WIFE: What is?
ANN: Birth control.
WIFE: Oh....
ANN: My mom won't let me take the pill.
WIFE: You're Mom is catholic too?
ANN: (sarcastic again) Takes one to know one.
WIFE: Well....isn't having sex before marriage a sin too?
ANN: (stops to think) Yea....I guess.
WIFE: Well why do you do that then?
ANN: I don't know. I was hoping you could give me some meds to make me stop.
WIFE: To make you stop having sex?
ANN: Yea. Is there a pill for that?
WIFE: Not that I'm aware of....no.
ANN: Oh.
WIFE: Maybe you can ask the guy you're with to wear a condom?
ANN: That's a sin too.
WIFE: Yea....for him. But not for you.
ANN: (ponders this.....the thought never occurred to her) Oh. Yea. Never thought of that.
WIFE: Worth a try.
ANN: (growing in confidence now) You must be doing this a long time huh?
WIFE: What? Counseling?
ANN: Yea. You seem pretty smart about this stuff.
WIFE: Actually, I just got out of school. You're my first patient ever.
ANN: You're shitting me?
WIFE: Gotta start somewhere....right?
ANN: How old are you? You just got out of school? I'm 17 and I stopped going to school last year.

WIFE: You didn't graduate high school?
ANN: No. I kept getting pregnant and throwing up in home room.
WIFE: Yea....well.....did you ever consider.....you know.....not having the baby?
ANN: What do you mean?
WIFE: Well....there's adoption....and abor...
ANN: (cuts her off) Listen....if taking a pill is a sin, I imagine abortion'll get me in even deeper shit with the pope.
WIFE: Ok....but school is so important.
ANN: So's not going to hell.
WIFE: Who says you're going to hell?
ANN: My mother.
WIFE: Do you believe her?
ANN: I try not to....but she's very persuasive.
WIFE: Well let's try to deal with one world at a time Ok? You obviously can't keep having babies like this. What does your Dad say?
ANN: (seems surprised) My what?
WIFE: Your dad.
ANN: He's long gone. Went out to get a newspaper 10 years ago and never came back.
WIFE: So it's just you and your Mom?
ANN: And our dogs. We have 2 Shih Tzus.
WIFE: (in a cutesy voice) Ah...really? I have 6 of them.
ANN: Six? Wow, you're crazier than I am. You got any kids?
WIFE: (answers before she can think) Er...no.
ANN: How come? You married?
WIFE: Yea.
ANN: Well it's all legal like. What are you waiting for?
WIFE: (forgetting that she's supposed to be the therapist) I don't know if I've got the right guy.
ANN: Well, if he wants to screw you on the first date, it's probably not the right guy. You sleep with him on the first date?
WIFE: Yea.
ANN: Well....what's that tell you?
WIFE: (confessing) He was married too.
ANN: No shit? The father of this one (meaning the one in her belly) is married.
WIFE: He's an older guy?
ANN: Yea....about your age.
WIFE: (very interested in this) Really?
ANN: Yea. Got a thing for older guys.
WIFE: What is it about them?
ANN: They're not as stupid as the younger ones.
WIFE: Anything else?
ANN: Not really. They usually have nicer cars too.
WIFE: What kind of car did this one have?
ANN: Red Lexus.
WIFE: (now really really interested) Really?
ANN: Yea.

WIFE: That's what my husband drives.
ANN: Small world.
WIFE: What's he look like?
ANN: I don't know. Nice enough looking. A little fat I guess.
WIFE: (quickly) How fat?
ANN: (getting a bit freaked now) Aren't we getting a little off-track here? I only got 30 minutes.
WIFE: (plowing ahead regardless) Did you know he was married?
ANN: After I did.
WIFE: After what?
ANN: After we did it.
WIFE: He told you?
ANN: No, I was sober enough to notice his ring.
WIFE: He got you drunk first?
ANN: No, I got myself drunk. I can handle that part no problem. It's keeping my pants on that I have a problem with.
WIFE: Did he force you?
ANN: What.....you mean rape? No. I was a willing participant.
WIFE: But he was married.
ANN: Yea, I feel bad about that. I guess his wife is a bitch though. That's what he told me. Says all she did was spend his money.
WIFE: (more and more convinced) Really?
ANN: Yea. Hey.....you gonna tell me what's wrong with me or what?
WIFE: What do you mean "what's wrong with me"?
ANN: Why am I paying you to tell you what kind of car my boyfriend drives?
WIFE: (more interest) So he's your boyfriend still?
ANN: Yea, I guess. (getting aggravated now) Shit. I could have stayed home and talked to my dogs.
WIFE: I'm sorry.....I'm sorry. (getting flustered....not sure what to do now...panics)
Why don't you lay back and close your eyes. I have this tape here....
ANN: (exasperated) Don't even tell me we're gonna visit the beach now...
WIFE: Well.....
ANN: Look Doc...I'm really beginning to think we ought to switch places.
WIFE: (can't help herself) How fat did you say he was?
ANN: Oh Christ. That's it...(she gets up to leave)
WIFE: (panics) No no...Anne. Please. I'm sorry. I'm just a little nervous. It's my first day and all that. We still got 10 minutes. I'm sorry. Really. (ANN sits back down)
ANN: Relax Doc. Take a pill or something.
WIFE: Will you excuse me for just one minute? (she turns away and dials the phone....and now speaks into it) It's me. Listen....I locked my keys in the car. I need to spare set. Can you shoot home and get them and bring them over? I need them now. I know I know. But I need them now and you're right around the corner. It's going fine. Come to my office. You can see it. Ok? Bye...(she turns back to ANN) I'm sorry.
ANN: What are we gonna do now? Ask about the size of his weiner?
WIFE: I'm trying to help you here.
ANN: You wanna show me funny shapes and ask what they remind me of?

WIFE: Are you always this cynical?

ANN: I'm a 19 year-old soon-to-be mother of 3 bound for the fiery pits of hell. You got any other suggestions?

WIFE: Meds maybe....

ANN: Now we're talking....

Lights

SCENE IV – About 15 minutes later. Same place. There's a knock on the office door.

ANN: I hope this is the guy with the pills.

(the HUSBAND walks in with the spare set of keys. He sees Ann. There is no reaction at all. It's clear they don't know each other)

HUSBAND: Sorry. Sorry. (to Ann) Hello. (to his wife) Here they are. I didn't know you had someone in here with you. I'll see you later...Ok? (he kisses her on the cheek)

WIFE: (yelling) I believe you two know each other?

HUSBAND: What?

ANN: What?

WIFE: (to Ann) You mean this isn't.....

ANN: What?

HUSBAND: What?

WIFE: (suddenly horrified) Oh God....

HUSBAND: (knowing what she's up to....) Well....gotta get back to work.

ANN: (with a "this woman is crazy" look on her face) Wait....I'll walk you out.

Lights

SCENE V – Later that night. Back home.

WIFE: (trying desperately to explain what happened) She told me he was a 40 something year old slightly fat guy who drove a red lexus and complained that his wife did nothing but spend his money.

HUSBAND: Are you nuts? Guys who fit that description could fill Wachovia arena!
(pauses to stew some more.....) And I'm not fat!

WIFE: She said slightly fat!

HUSBAND: You must have made a helluva first impression on your first day.

WIFE: I'll do better tomorrow.

HUSBAND: How? By not setting the building on fire? Dr. Nagasaki must be thrilled.

WIFE: Ok, let's just forget about it ok?

HUSBAND: And what about that poor girl?

WIFE: What about her?

HUSBAND: Weren't you supposed to help her?

WIFE: Oh please. She's a nymphomaniac baby machine who's convinced she's going to hell. Crazy bitch.

HUSBAND: That's a great diagnosis.

WIFE: If she comes back I'll just tell her to start taking drugs.

HUSBAND: Are you sure this is the line of work you want to be in?
WIFE: What's that supposed to mean?
HUSBAND: You're not sounding very....compassionate.
WIFE: Well I've got other things on my mind....
HUSBAND: Like what?
WIFE: Like you cheating on me!
HUSBAND: I am not cheating on you!
WIFE: You're a serial cheater.
HUSBAND: I am not. I cheated once! And it was with you!
WIFE: I can't get past it.
HUSBAND: Are you listening to how crazy you sound?
WIFE: Maybe I should just put on my beach tape and drink some vodka.
HUSBAND: They teach you that in school? Listen....why would I be cheating on you?
WIFE: Well....I never sleep with you for one thing. And I spend all your money.
HUSBAND: Besides that.....why would I?
WIFE: Maybe you're just a father figure.
HUSBAND: I'm 3 months older than you....
WIFE: You looked older when we met.
HUSBAND: What do you need a father figure for anyway? Your father is still alive and you love him to death.
WIFE: Oh....I don't know. I remember something about "Father Figures" on one of the exams. I think I'm going crazy.
HUSBAND: Yea...well try not to drag the rest of the world with you.
WIFE: Did you love your first wife?
HUSBAND: Yea...sure I did....in the beginning I guess. But it just sorta...
WIFE: Wore off?
HUSBAND: Yea...it wore off.
WIFE: And then you met me?
HUSBAND: Yea.....and I remembered what being in love felt like all over again. And I knew that feeling was gone with Jill. I did a bad thing. I should have told my wife I had feelings for you....and handled it like a man.
WIFE: Instead you fucked me in your back seat while she thought you were gone bowling.
HUSBAND: Yea...I know it doesn't sound very romantic
WIFE: It must have been terrible for her...
HUSBAND: Well....she wasn't pleased if that's what you mean.
(long pause)
WIFE: I never told you this....but my Dad cheated on my Mom....
HUSBAND: Really?
WIFE: I can remember as a girl....the house would get so quiet. He was the old fashioned type....you know....so reserved. And my Mom was like a mouse. She never confronted him on it. And he'd pretend it wasn't happening. The older I got....the more mixed up it seemed. How could a man of such compassion....such goodness.....twist things like this. I tried to rationalize it even....blaming my mother sometimes. But that only worked in short doses.
HUSBAND: (reaching for her) I'm sorry.

WIFE: I saw it as strength almost....on his part. To keep the family alive. And I wanted someone that strong. And that's when I fell in love with you.

HUSBAND: But it wasn't strength....was it?

WIFE: I'm supposed to call my own father a damn coward? After what I did?

HUSBAND: Stop it now. I don't care about any of that. All I know is that I found you. That's why I sleep good at night. 'Cause you're at my side. When we were kids it was never fun getting anywhere unless we got all dirty doing it.

WIFE: You believe that?

HUSBAND: Yea I do.

WIFE: You think I got what it takes to do this?

HUSBAND: I know you got what it takes.

WIFE: What should I say to this girl?

HUSBAND: Tell her to find the right man.

(they hug and kiss passionately)

(light comes up on the other side of the stage. ANN appears distraught. She is dialing her cell phone. She holds a bottle of pills. The phone in the couple's house rings)

ANN: Cmon cmon....

WIFE: Perfect timing.

HUSBAND: Let it ring....(he leads her offstage, towards the bedroom) Let it ring...

(lights go down, leaving Ann lit with a single spotlight....phone still in her ear....waiting)

The End