

"OPPOSITES ATTRACT"
A One Act Comedy
by Bruce Kane

Copyright: Bruce Kane Productions 2015
All Rights Reserved
22448 Bessemer St.
Woodland Hills, CA 91367
PH: 818-999-5639
E-mail: bk@kaneprod.com

"Opposites Attract" is protected: by copyright law and may not be performed without written permission from Bruce Kane Productions. To obtain permission go to www.kaneprod.com/contact.htm and complete the Contact Us Form.

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS All producers of "Opposites Attract " must give credit to Bruce Kane as sole Author of the Play in all programs distributed in connection with performance of the Play and in all instances in which the title of the Play appears for any purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or production thereof, including posters, souvenir books, flyers, books and playbills.

Bruce Kane must also appear immediately following the title of the Play and must appear in size of type not less than fifty percent of the size of type used for the title. The Author's name must be equal to or larger than the Director's, but never smaller than that of the Director. The above billing must appear as follows: "Opposites Attract" by Bruce Kane.

Individual segments of "Opposites Attract" may not be extracted and produced on their own without written permission of Bruce Kane Productions.

WARNING No one shall make any changes to this play for the purpose of production. Publication of these plays does not imply its availability for production.

"OPPOSITES ATTRACT"
by Bruce Kane

SETTING: Sometimes a bar, sometimes not a bar.
TIME: Now.

(The lights come up on three empty stools)

(BETTY, a Valley housewife enters and addresses the audience.)

BETTY: Hi. My name is Betty Corbin. I'm thirty eight years old. I'm trying to lose eight pounds.

(She sits on a end stool. A conservatively dressed man enters. He introduces himself to the audience)

DAVE: I'm Dave Corbin. I'm thirty nine. Today my top spin forehand was devastating... I won six-three... Six-four.

(He sits on the center stool. (A sexy young woman enters and greets the audience)

SHELLEY: My name is Michelle. But everyone calls me Shelley. I'll be twenty eight next month. I still wear a size six.

(She sits on the third stool.)

BETTY: I have a lovely home in the Valley. Five bedrooms, three and a half baths.

DAVE: My office is in Century City.

SHELLEY: I own a condo in what the real estate ladies like to refer to as Beverly Hills adjacent.

BETTY: I'm a housewife.

DAVE: I'm an attorney.

SHELLEY: I run my own interior design firm.

BETTY: I have two kids and a dog named Millie. She was given to us by my Uncle Ned. He's a Republican. Uncle Ned that is. Millie is a cocker spaniel.

SHELLEY: I've never been married.

DAVE: I drive a classic 89 BMW. It's my pride and joy.

BETTY: I've been married to the same man for fifteen years.

SHELLEY: I've been sleeping with the same man for eight months.

DAVE: I play tennis twice a month with Barbra Streisand's lawyer.

BETTY: My husband is a wonderful man. He takes very good care of me and the kids.

DAVE: They deserve it.

SHELLEY: My lover and I see each other whenever we can.

DAVE: Neither of us likes to be crowded.

BETTY: It's not the same as it was when Dave and I first got married. Then, he'd call me up in the middle of the day... right out of the blue... and tell me to wait for him in bed. I loved sex in the afternoon.

DAVE: I was in law school then. There was time.

BETTY: He doesn't come home in the afternoon anymore.

DAVE: Hell, it's forty five minutes from the office to the house alone. And that's if there's no traffic on the freeway.

SHELLEY: I sometimes think the only attraction I hold for Dave: is the proximity of my apartment to his office. He can be in and out before anyone at the firm misses him.

DAVE: It goes much deeper than that. I love being with Shelley. She's bright... beautiful... independent... Never demanding... Last week I took her to Las Vegas with me for a lawyer's convention. Just the two of us for the whole week. It was great. We had a wonderful time.

SHELLEY: He did take me to Las Vegas for a week. He said we'd have all kinds of time to be alone. We were alone alright. He didn't want any of his pals to see us together.

BETTY: Dave works very hard. And we try to get away when we can. He really wanted me to go with him to Las Vegas last week. He had this lawyer's convention. He said we could turn the whole thing into a second honeymoon and it would all be tax deductible. I was looking forward to it... Then the kids got the flu and Dave had to go by himself.

DAVE: It would have been a second honeymoon. But just because Betty couldn't make it, I saw no reason why I should go alone.

SHELLEY: I hope it doesn't sound like I'm complaining. Dave and I have a very good relationship. We like each other. The sex is good and I'm not limited: to just one man.

DAVE: I didn't know that... About not being limited.

BETTY: Don't think I'm not grateful for my life. It's hectic and we don't get as much time away from the kids as we'd like, but it's a good life.

SHELLEY: I have my independence.

BETTY: I have security.

SHELLEY: I have a great job.

BETTY: I have a wonderful home.

SHELLEY: I drive a red convertible.

BETTY: We paid off the station wagon last month.

SHELLEY: My apartment has a built in sauna.

BETTY: We've got our own pool.

SHELLEY: Dave says I'm the fulfillment of every erotic fantasy he's ever had and he dresses me in garters, black seamed stockings and stiletto heels to prove it.

DAVE: A guy's gotta have some fantasy fulfillment.

SHELLEY: I don't mind.... Really.

BETTY: Dave never fails to compliment me on my cooking. He says eating my lasagna is the closest thing to sex he's ever encountered.

DAVE: I'm not ashamed to admit it... I've got it all... A successful law practice... A beautiful home... Two terrific kids... A wife who never complains... And a girlfriend with legs like a Rockette... And an 89 BMW.

SHELLEY: Who would have ever believed it? Here I am at age twenty eight with everything I ever wanted. And I don't know where the hell I'm going.

BETTY: I'm right where I belong... Why do I feel like I haven't been anywhere?

DAVE: I couldn't be happier.

SHELLEY: The business, the bills, the clients, the suppliers, the phone... What does it all mean?

BETTY: The kids, the house, the car pool, the gardener, the PTA. My life isn't my own.

SHELLEY: I want a little security... Is that too much to ask?

BETTY: I want to be independent... Have a life of my own.

SHELLEY: I'm lonely.

BETTY: I'm bored.

SHELLEY: I want a home.

BETTY: I want adventure.

SHELLEY: I want children.

BETTY: I want freedom.

SHELLEY: I want to be loved.

BETTY: I want to thrill to the touch of new hands on my body.

SHELLEY: I want to wake up with the same man every morning.

BETTY: I want to drive a red convertible.

SHELLEY: I want a Volvo.

BETTY: I want to be some man's wet dream come to life.

DAVE: I want a serve like Pete Sampras.

SHELLEY: (*turns to Dave*) I want to get married.

BETTY: (*turns to Dave*) I want a divorce.

(Betty and Shelley change places)

SHELLEY: My name is Shelley Corbin now.

BETTY: I thought about going back to my maiden name for a while... But Betty Selman doesn't exist anymore. She was somebody I knew a long time ago... In another life.

DAVE: Everyone seems to have adjusted to the new arrangement.

SHELLEY: I'm thirty years old now.

BETTY: I just experienced the big four oh.

DAVE: I'd rather not talk about it.

SHELLEY: Dave and I live in a small house in the Valley with his two kids. Dave is a very good husband. He works very hard to take care of us.

BETTY: I'm single... I live in a one bedroom apartment.

DAVE: I still practice law.

SHELLEY: I do some interior design work from time to time. Just to keep my hand in... I'm thinking of taking it up full time again... But, what with the kids and the house...

BETTY: I got a job... I'm a receptionist with a small insurance firm in Woodland Hills.

DAVE: I had to sell the BMW. Broke my heart.

BETTY: I bought a convertible. It's a Plymouth. It's old. A seventy something. It's in the shop now... I'm having it painted red.

SHELLEY: I drive car pool three days a week.

BETTY: I took a lover. We've been sleeping together for eight months now.

DAVE: I still play tennis with Barbra Streisand's lawyer twice a week.

SHELLEY: I'm trying to lose nine pounds.

BETTY: I miss my kids.

DAVE: The firm is growing... We're looking for office space in Santa Monica.

SHELLEY: I found these shoes Dave gave me before we were married. The ones right out of an S and M manual? One of the heels was broken... I didn't get it fixed.

BETTY: My lover just called.

SHELLEY: Look at the time... I'd better get home... The kids must be getting hungry.

BETTY: He's coming over.

SHELLEY: Dave just phoned.

BETTY: He asked me to meet him in bed.

SHELLEY: He said he'd be a little late.

BETTY: He doesn't have much time... He has to get home.

(She hurries off excitedly)

SHELLEY: He asked me to hold dinner for him.

(She kind of shrugs and walks off)

DAVE: (starts to leave then turns back.)

Did I mention I sold the BMW? I really miss that car.

(He exits past an entering Lois and Mason)

LOIS: Of course, I care about you Mason. You're kind and gentle. You're steady... Reliable... Dependable... I know a life with you would be steady.... reliable... dependable.

MASON: I'd always look after you, Lois You know that.

LOIS: You'd never give me reason to worry, would you?

MASON: I'd see to it that you never had a trouble in the world.

LOIS: I know that you're not the kind of man who'd ever cheat on me.

MASON: You have my solemn word.

LOIS: Robert was always leaving me alone.

MASON: I'd be with you night and day.

LOIS: Robert would be gone for days without telling where he was going.

MASON: I'd report to you hourly. You'd know where I was night and day.

LOIS: I never who he was with. Although I eventually learned about... the women.

MASON: You're the only woman I need, Lois.

LOIS: That's when he started sending me flowers... Every time he strayed he'd send me flowers... Endless bouquets of flowers. Peace offerings. (The following list is spoken with rising emotions) Mums, roses, carnations, lilies, birds of paradise, begonias, asters, impatiens, pansies... He filled every room in the house with them.

MASON: Appalling.

LOIS: (*orgasmic*) The scent was intoxicating.

(You don't have to drop a building on Mason, who gets up and exits past a sexy, distant woman sitting alone, perhaps nursing a drink. She is wearing a short, black cocktail dress. A man, also dressed in black, enters. He sees the woman... Slowly he begins to circle her, eyeing her from head to toe and everywhere in between. He is an emotional sadist. She is an emotional masochist. Each of his lines is the equivalent of a whip crack. She reacts to each line as though physically stung. It hurts but it feels so good. From his opening line she is drawn to him but determined to elongate the pain. While their deliveries are not meant to be monotonal, there is a deliberate suppression of emotion.)

TED: I love you.

BARBARA: What?

TED: I love you.

BARBARA: Are you talking to me?

TED: Yes... I love you.

BARBARA: You don't even know me.

TED: That's why I love you.

BARBARA: If you'll excuse me.

TED: I've been looking for you all my life.

BARBARA: I've heard that line before.

TED: I mean it. You're perfect. Your nose is perfect. Your hair is perfect. Your lips are perfect. Your legs are perfect. And... Your breasts are perfect.

BARBARA: I'm going to order another drink.

TED: I need you.

BARBARA: I have no need to be needed.

TED: Perfect. I need a woman who has no need to be needed.

BARBARA: Well I don't need a man who needs a woman who has no need to be needed.

TED: I want you.

BARBARA: I'm unobtainable.

TED: That's why I want you.

BARBARA: I beg your pardon.

TED: I only want women I can't have. They never disappoint me.

BARBARA: That must make for long lasting relationships.

TED: Sarcasm in a woman turns me on.

BARBARA: We'd never get along.

TED: Is there someone else?

BARBARA: No.

TED: Are you emotionally involved?

BARBARA: I never get emotionally involved.

TED: Marry me.

BARBARA: I could never marry a man who actually wanted me.

TED: Of course.

BARBARA: A man who wanted me would also need me.

TED: I need you.

BARBARA: I know. That's why you can't have me.

TED: Have you ever been in love?

BARBARA: Hundreds of times.

TED: What happened?

BARBARA: They didn't know I was alive.

TED: Thrilling, isn't it?

BARBARA: Have you ever been married?

TED: Scarlett Johanson wouldn't return my calls. If I told you I didn't need you, didn't want you and didn't love you, what would you do?

BARBARA: Throw myself at your knees.

TED: I don't need you, I don't want you and I don't love you.

BARBARA: If only I could believe that.

TED: You hold no appeal for me at all.

BARBARA: (close to the breaking point) Please stop.

TED: There are thousands of other women I'd rather be with. Millions...

BARBARA: I won't listen to your honeyed words.

TED: Kiss off, baby.

(She throws herself at his knees)

BARBARA: I'm yours.

(He pulls her to her feet. They kiss. During the kiss his eyes wander.)

TED: Do you know that woman over there?

BARBARA: Which woman?

TED: The blonde with the perfect nose, perfect hair, perfect legs and perfect breasts.

BARBARA: Forget it. She has a husband and a lover.

TED: I want her.

BARBARA: You can't have her.

TED: I know.

(He starts to leave)

BARBARA: I thought it was me you didn't want.

TED: I've lost interest.

BARBARA: You can't. I need you.

TED: You're stifling my growth as a person.

BARBARA: She won't give you the time of day.

TED: I know.

BARBARA: But I want you.

TED: My heart belongs to another.

BARBARA: How can you walk out on me like this? After all we meant to each other. Can you forget the way I ignored you? Resisted you? Treated you like dirt?

TED: It was great while it lasted, baby, but it's over.

BARBARA: Nobody kept you at arm's length like I did.

TED: Until she came along.

BARBARA: You're breaking my heart.

TED: It's the least I can do.

BARBARA: What does she have that I don't have?

TED: She's unobtainable.

BARBARA: Well, then... Go after her. See if I care.

(He leaves. Barbara sits alone. After a beat or two, Ted returns)

TED: Hi baby.

BARBARA: You're back.

TED: She told me to get lost. I almost had a religious experience.

BARBARA: I know I'm the only one for you.

TED: I'll never forget the way she looked right through me like I was a windshield.

BARBARA: You don't throw away what we had so quickly.

TED: Baby, I'm yours.

(The tables begin to turn. Barbara now holds the whip hand. Ted is the one relishing the stings that each line delivers)

BARBARA: Get lost.

TED: Nice try.

BARBARA: I mean it.

TED: I'm in your blood.

BARBARA: Hit the bricks.

TED: You're turning me on.

BARBARA: Take off.

TED: I love you.

BARBARA: Tough.

TED: I need you.

BARBARA: Suffer.

TED: I want you.

BARBARA: Sorry, pal. You don't satisfy my needs.

TED: Just tell me what you want and I'll withhold it.

BARBARA: I need to know where I stand with a man. I need to know that his indifference is sincere. That my wants and desires will always come second, if at all. That he expects everything from me and will give me nothing in return. That way I can feel confident that there is no hope for the relationship. That I'll always be free. It's only with a man who doesn't give a damn about me that I can be truly liberated.

TED: There's someone else, isn't there?

BARBARA: Yes, there's someone else.

TED: I'm hurt.

BARBARA: I know.

TED: Thank you.

BARBARA: It's the least I could do.

TED: Who is it? Who's this two timer you haven't been seeing behind my back.

(She points)

BARBARA: Him.

TED: Him?

BARBARA: Him... The one with the cruel eyes.

TED: He treats women like garbage.

BARBARA: I know.

TED: He'll break your heart.

BARBARA: I'm counting on it.

TED: Then this is it?

BARBARA: This is it.

TED: Well, I gotta say one thing for you, baby. You didn't disappoint me.

BARBARA: Goodbyes are so liberating.

(They exit in opposite directions. One of them walks past an entering Lois and Zeke.)

LOIS: Robert would never do the things I wanted to do.

ZEKE: I'd see to it we did only the things you wanted: to do.

LOIS: I always wanted to see Tahiti.

ZEKE: We'll honeymoon in Tahiti.

LOIS: Instead we went to New Zealand because Robert has a sheep ranch there.

ZEKE: You name it and we'll do it.

LOIS: The Greek Isles.

ZEKE: I'll book a cruise.

LOIS: The closest we got was Kenya.

ZEKE: Better yet, I'll charter a yacht.

LOIS: Robert wanted: to see elephants.

ZEKE: You draw up the list. I'll make the reservations.

LOIS: Robert never listened to me. He never listened to anyone. He always did what he damn well wanted to do.

ZEKE: Sounds like a selfish bastard, if you ask me.

LOIS: (*pridefully*) Robert never took shit from anybody.

(Zeke exits with his tail between his legs, a dilemma made even worse when he passes Greg and Tanya who enter carrying drinks and laughing gaily. This piece is about two people fresh out of therapy, who believe they've gone through a life changing metamorphosis. In truth nothing has changed except for their own self regard which is now out of proportion to reality. While telling the other how wonderful she/he is, they are actually just congratulating themselves. The early part of the piece should be played brightly, with high energy, building in momentum until the moment it all comes crashing down)

GREG: How long have we known each other?

TANYA: I don't know... Three, four hours.

GREG: I feel I've known you all my life.

TANYA: Isn't that funny? I was just thinking the same thing.

GREG: There are some people you know all your life and...

TANYA: You never really know them.

GREG: Exactly.

TANYA: My first husband was like that.

GREG: I knew it.

TANYA: Knew what?

GREG: That you'd been married before.

TANYA: You did? How?

GREG: I just knew.

TANYA: You're divorced, aren't you?

GREG: Two years.

TANYA: I knew it the first time I saw you.

GREG: Talk about simpatico.

TANYA: Was your first wife communicative?

GREG: Silent as a tomb.

TANYA: My ex was the same way.

GREG: That's why the marriage failed.

TANYA: To be honest, I wasn't a very open person myself.

GREG: I never would have guessed.

TANYA: It was only through therapy..

GREG: That you learned to say what you felt.

TANYA: You too?

GREG: Me too.

TANYA: Somehow I knew that.

GREG: I went into therapy a tightly closed bud and emerged an open flower reaching for the light.

TANYA: That's beautiful.

GREG: I've come to learn that only through complete and open communication can two people have any hope for a deep and lasting relationship.

TANYA: As long as that communication isn't one sided.

GREG: Both people must be able to freely express their thoughts, their needs, their desires...

TANYA: But it must be an honest expression of those needs and desires. No game playing.

GREG: You're a find, if you don't mind my saying so.

TANYA: Not at all.

GREG: Since my divorce, I've dated many women. They seem so protective.

TANYA: Defensive...

GREG: Afraid to say what they want.

TANYA: What they need. It's the same with men.

GREG: I don't mean to sound presumptuous, but I think you and have...

TANYA: A real future together?

GREG: You took the words right out of my mouth.

TANYA: You're an open book.

GREG: Coming from someone as forthright as yourself, that's a real compliment. The truth is I'm not as open as I'd like to be.

TANYA: I feel complimented that you can reveal that to me.

GREG: You see... I want to...

TANYA: The answer is yes.

GREG: But I haven't even asked the question.

TANYA: You want to have sex with me.

GREG: When it comes to open lines of communication, you could write the book.

TANYA: Don't be silly, I was thinking the same thing.

GREG: Actually, I've been thinking it...

TANYA: Since you bought me that second martini.

GREG: My God, are we on the same wave length or what?

TANYA: It's nothing magical really. We're just two open people who refuse to beat around the bush.

GREG: I could kiss you.

TANYA: Why don't you?

GREG: Exactly... Why don't I?

(They kiss)

GREG: *(thrilled with himself beyond belief)* I don't know why I was so afraid to even broach the subject of sex. I knew you were going to say "yes."

(This is where it falls apart. Tanya's emotional high takes a slow elevator ride to the basement as her demeanor turns testy and defensive)

TANYA: *(after a long pause)* You did?

GREG: *(still riding the wave)* There was no question about it? This is amazing.

TANYA: *(pause... dry, cool)* Yes... Isn't it?

GREG: Oh, I'm never going to let you go.

TANYA: *(pause)* You knew I was going to say "yes"?

GREG: *(still thrilled with himself)* Absolutely.

TANYA: *(pause)* I could've said "no."

GREG: *(dismissively)* Not a chance. Waiter... Another martini for the lady. No olive this time.

TANYA: How did you know I..?

GREG: What? Didn't want an olive?

TANYA: I see... The same way you knew I'd say...

GREG: *(Not even looking at her. Mostly speaking for his own benefit)* We have something very special here. There is nothing I would not be afraid to tell you. There are things I want to tell you. That I'm dying to tell you. Things I've never told anyone in my entire life.

TANYA: *(after another long pause)* You knew I'd say "yes"?

GREG: This relationship cannot fail.

TANYA: *(speaking deliberately)* Would you have been less interested if I had said... "no"?

GREG: *(his self regard expanding, if possible)* But you didn't. That's what makes it so perfect. You said "yes." I knew you were going to say "yes." You knew I was going to ask. I knew, you knew, I was going to ask.

TANYA: *(pause)* I've said "no" before.

GREG: I even know how you like to make love.

TANYA: *(said as a challenge)* Oh, you do, do you?

GREG: I know what your deepest unfulfilled romantic fantasy is.

TANYA: Really? *(pause)* And just what is my deepest unfulfilled romantic fantasy?

GREG: You want me to spell it out, right here?

TANYA: *(cold, hard, deliberate)* That's exactly what I want.

GREG: Courage thy name is woman. First of all, the setting. A room lit only by candles.

TANYA: Neon lights.

GREG: Uh uh... Candles.

TANYA: Red... neon... lights.

GREG: You're dressed in a negligee that's all silk and lace.

TANYA: Leather... Black leather... (*said with emphasis*) With studs.

GREG: There's music playing.

TANYA: (*challenging*) What kind?

GREG: Soft music.

TANYA: Loud. Very loud.

GREG: Ravel's "Bolero."

TANYA: The Beatles' "Let's Do It In The Road."

GREG: I slowly and tantalizingly slide the straps of your negligee down your shoulders and gently kiss your neck.

TANYA: (*getting nasty*) You bite it.

GREG: Your negligee falls to the floor.

TANYA: (*nastier*) You rip it from my back.

GREG: I pick you up in my arms.

(The rest of the exchange is laced with a rising hostility from both characters)

TANYA: You grab me by the hair.

GREG: I carry you to the bed.

TANYA: You drag me to the couch.

GREG: (*not said gently*) I gently lay you naked on the silken sheets.

TANYA: You throw me across the room.

GREG: (*not spoken sweetly and gently*) I cover you with sweet, gentle kisses.

TANYA: You tie me to the bed post.

GREG: (*anything but tender*) I tenderly make love to you all night.

TANYA: You ravage me in thirty seconds.

GREG: (*angrily*) We lay spent in each other's arms.

TANYA: *(Administers the coup de grace)* You watch "Charley Rose."

GREG: *(trying to salvage some remnant of his injured masculinity)* I think it would be best all around, if we didn't see each other anymore.

TANYA: Fine.

GREG: Fine.

TANYA: Asshole.

GREG: Bitch.

(They haughtily exit in opposite directions... Tanya past the entering Lois and John)

LOIS: There were other men, John.

JOHN: I understand... A woman alone.

LOIS: While I was married, I mean.

JOHN: From what you told me about your ex...

LOIS: Many other men.

JOHN: We all get lonely.

LOIS: Dozens of other men.

JOHN: Despair does strange things to people.

LOIS: I couldn't get enough.

JOHN: I've experienced my own share of desperation.

LOIS: Young men... Old men... Tall men... Short men... Bald men... Great hairy men... Rich men... Poor men...

JOHN: Human companionship, even just for a night, is a need we all...

LOIS: Taxi drivers... Delivery boys... Upholsterers.

JOHN: Some feel the need more strongly than others.

LOIS: Men of all races, creeds and colors... Sometimes two and three at a time.

JOHN: You were crying out in the wilderness.

LOIS: My indiscretions don't bother you?

JOHN: No. Of course not.

LOIS: (*pissed*) Robert didn't give a shit either.

(Lois strides off leaving a bewildered John behind. After a moment exits as Martha and Larry enter)

MARTHA: Who is it, tonight?

LARRY: Susan. A salesgirl I met while picking out your birthday present.

MARTHA: And a lovely gift it was, too.

LARRY: Susan said you'd like it. She was the one who really selected it. You know how I am with those things.

MARTHA: Thank her for me. She has excellent taste in jewelry... and men.

LARRY: I'll tell her what you said... She'll be pleased to hear it.

MARTHA: Is Susan pretty?

LARRY: Lovely... Almost as lovely as you.

MARTHA: You think Peter will like the way I look?

LARRY: He'll love you.

MARTHA: I hope so. He is such a sexy man.

(She picks up her purse and starts to exit)

LARRY: Before you go.

MARTHA: Can it wait, Larry. I am running a little late.

LARRY: This will only take a second.

MARTHA: My dearest always comes first. Besides, it's good to keep a man waiting. Gets his juices perking.

LARRY: I have a terrible confession to make, Martha.

MARTHA: What is it, dear? What's wrong?

LARRY: Remember our conversation last year?

MARTHA: Which one?

LARRY: The one we had after Tony and Judy broke up when she found out about his affair.

MARTHA: Yes... That was where we agreed that statistically, we'd be faced with the same problem, sooner or later.

LARRY: And we decided that our marriage was much too important for it to flounder on the rocks of infidelity.

MARTHA: (*impatiently*) Poetically said dear. But can you get to the point?

LARRY: It's about the agreement we reached to set aside every Tuesday night for each of us to see whoever we wanted openly and above board.

MARTHA: So long as it didn't interfere with the marriage.

LARRY: It's about those Tuesday nights.

MARTHA: They are working out wonderfully, too. Aren't they?

LARRY: Yes... Well... That's what I want to talk to you about.

MARTHA: It sounds serious.

LARRY: It is. Quite serious.

MARTHA: Oh dear.

LARRY: It's not what you're thinking.

MARTHA: Then you haven't gotten involved.

LARRY: No.

MARTHA: Good.

LARRY: It's something else.

MARTHA: Perhaps we can talk about this when I...

LARRY: It's about last Tuesday night.

MARTHA: Last Tuesday... You were with someone named Joan, or Joanne, or something like that.

LARRY: That's not quite true.

MARTHA: (*almost at the door*) Whatever her name. As long as you enjoyed yourself.

LARRY: I wasn't with a woman.

MARTHA: Ohmygod!!!!

LARRY: It's not that Martha.

MARTHA: Then what the hell is it?

LARRY: I was at the movies.

MARTHA: The movies???

LARRY: A double bill. "Dirty Harry" and "Magnum Force"... Clint Eastwood.

MARTHA: Clint Eastwood?

LARRY: It was the same the week before. "Ghostbusters" and "Groundhog Day." They both had Bill Murray in them. He's the fellow who used to be on "Saturday Night..."

MARTHA: I know who Bill Murray is.. If you couldn't find a date, why didn't you say so? It's no big deal. One or two Tuesday nights.

LARRY: It's not that I couldn't find a date. I haven't been looking for one. I've never looked for one. I've been going to the movies every Tuesday night.

MARTHA: Every Tuesday night for the last six months?

LARRY: It's been awful. You don't realize how much junk Hollywood turns out until...

MARTHA: You louse.

LARRY: I didn't know how to tell you.

MARTHA: What about your secretary?

LARRY: I never touched her.

MARTHA: Ohmygod. And here I've been making all those little innuendos to her over the phone. What must she think of me?

LARRY: She just thinks you're a little brassy.

MARTHA: And I suppose while Kenny and I were at the Marriott you and whatshername were never...

LARRY: Never.

MARTHA: What is wrong with you?

LARRY: I don't know.

MARTHA: We had an agreement.

LARRY: Can you ever forgive me?

MARTHA: All this time I thought you were getting it on with some waitress or the wife of a friend and you were at the movies.

LARRY: I'm sorry.

MARTHA: This is the lowest thing I have ever heard of.

LARRY: I wanted to sleep with someone... Believe me.

MARTHA: I never even suspected. My God, you came home smelling... reeking... of "My Sin" and "Obsession."

LARRY; I keep it in the car.

MARTHA: And what about all those hickeys?

LARRY: Suction cups.

MARTHA: How could you deceive me like this? Slipping around behind my back. Don't all our years of marriage count for anything?

LARRY: I'm weak, Martha. You're married to a weak man.

MARTHA: And what about tonight?

LARRY: "Tootsie" and "The Graduate" starring...

MARTHA: And how am I supposed to reach climax on the sixth floor of the Hilton, knowing that you're alone in some movie theatre watching...? I trusted you, Larry.

LARRY: And I betrayed that trust, Martha. I know that. Believe me, I'd do anything to be in bed with my secretary right now, just to show you how much I love you.

MARTHA: Prove it.

LARRY: How?

MARTHA: Call her up. __

LARRY: Now?

MARTHA: Right now.

LARRY: I can't call her up now.

MARTHA: Then I'm afraid there is no hope for our marriage. We might as well call the lawyers.

LARRY: No... Please... Not that.

MARTHA: Then you will call your secretary and have her meet you at the Motel Six.

(She hands him the phone. He dials.)

LARRY: Claire... This is Mr. Johnson... I'm fine, dear. How are you? That's good. No, nothing's wrong. Don't worry. Your work is impeccable. That's not why... You're typing? Flawless... Claire... I'm not calling about work. It's something personal... I wonder if you could help me out tonight. That is, if you're not doing anything else... Good... I was wondering if you'd care to meet me, in say, about an hour, for dinner and sex... I know this is short notice, Claire... Well, I've always found you attractive, too. Very attractive... I'm sure you've noticed me glancing at your legs from time to time while you take dictation... I thought so... Sometimes I look out from my office and see you sitting at your desk, with your hair up and I wonder to myself what it would be like to run my lips over your neck. You too? I didn't know... Did I mention the times you put my coffee on my desk and I look down the front of your blouse, catching fleeting glimpses of your soft, white... Thirty minutes? Uh... Yes... Sure. See you then.

(Larry hangs up. Some of Martha's enthusiasm has faded with Larry's growing excitement)

MARTHA: Will you accept my apology?

LARRY: For what?

MARTHA: Doubting you.

LARRY: I gave you plenty of reason.

MARTHA: We have to be more trusting. More forgiving.

(Larry is anxious to get going)

LARRY: Yeah... Right.

MARTHA: This was a test, Larry. We almost failed it.

LARRY: Almost. Gotta go get ready. Claire is picking me up in thirty minutes.

MARTHA: Secretaries like Claire are hard to find.

LARRY: She's one in a million.

(He starts to hurry out)

MARTHA: Haven't you forgotten something, dear?

(He can't think what it could be. Martha holds up her arms to him. He crosses to her, gives her a quick kiss on the cheek, then hurries off.)

LARRY: Give my best to Phil. *(He's gone)*

MARTHA: *(correcting him)* Peter... *(Too late. She turns to the audience, mustering all the courage at her disposal. Her final line still sounds hollow)* I'm... the... luckiest woman.. in the world.

(She slowly exits past Lois and Harold)

LOIS: Robert criticized me constantly.

HAROLD: For the life of me, I don't see what there is to criticize.

LOIS: I'm not used to being so accepted. Isn't there anything about me you want to change?

HAROLD: How do you improve on perfection?

LOIS: Robert found fault with everything I did.

HAROLD: Robert was a fool.

LOIS: First it was my cooking.

HAROLD: My only complaint is the weight I'm putting on from it.

LOIS: Then it was the way I decorated the house.

HAROLD: Everyone loves what you've done with my place. I hate to leave to go to work in the morning, it's so beautiful.

LOIS: No matter what I did, it was wrong. Not matter what I said... He was right and I was wrong.

HAROLD: I find your judgement remarkable... I value your opinion.

LOIS: We fought over everything.

HAROLD: Sometimes a good argument can clear the air.

LOIS: We didn't just argue. We fought. I'm talking knocked down, drag out fights.

HAROLD: How awful for you.

LOIS: Lamp throwing... Vase breaking... Window smashing brawls.

HAROLD: My God.

LOIS: He twisted my arm once when I wouldn't give in to him.

HAROLD: You must have been terrified.

LOIS: I had it in a sling for two weeks.

HAROLD: There are laws against that.

LOIS: I got even, though... I broke his nose with a frozen leg of lamb. There was blood everywhere.

HAROLD: Good for you.

LOIS: Claw, scratch, bite, kick, punch. Some of our battles were monumental. And then we'd have sex... Wild, passionate, mind blowing sex.

HAROLD: I love you. Lois. .More than any woman I've ever known. You're in my thoughts constantly. I want to marry you. I want the honor of knowing that you are my wife. I want to share a home, a bed and a life with you. I will never lie to you, cheat on you or knowingly make you unhappy in any way. I want more than a lifetime marriage with you. I want a lifetime romance. I'll do everything in my power to make our life exciting, joyful, sexy and rewarding. I want to erase every bad memory you have of Robert, your former husband and replace them with only happy memories of me... What do you have to say that Lois?

(Lois thinks for a few moments, then speaks with anguish and longing)

LOIS: Oh God, I miss that sonafabitch.

CURTAIN