

SUSIE. Phil, Phil, Phil! I'm ovulating. (*SHE runs to him, joins him on the couch.*) My temperature is perfect. I've been feeling strange all day, but—

PHIL. What?

SUSIE. C'mon. It's perfect. It's perfect.

PHIL. What's it say?

SUSIE. And I almost didn't take my temperature, I almost didn't bother; I mean, I thought the way I felt and all, it was over before, but that wasn't what it meant at all.

PHIL. (*Takes the thermometer.*) What did it mean?

SUSIE. But then it was like something almost hit me; it almost hurt. I was right here, I was just standing. (*AS SHE stands, drawing him to stand with her.*)

PHIL. What did that mean?

SUSIE. Oh, boy, oh, boy, I mean, we almost missed this.

(*Hand in hand, THEY head to the bedroom, but as SHE enters, HE sort of gently pulls free.*)

SUSIE. (*As SHE goes off.*) Do you want some grass? Phil? Phil!

PHIL. (*Retreating to the liquor cabinet.*) I gotta get something.

SUSIE. (*From off.*) Hurry up. (*Moving partially undressed, SHE enters.*) Phil.

PHIL. What?

(*HE is pouring a drink as SHE sees him.*)

SUSIE. What are you doing?

PHIL. I want a drink. You want a drink?

Begin

SUSIE. (*Moving to him.*) Phil, honey, what's going on?

PHIL. I want a drink is what's going on. Is that so hard to understand?

SUSIE. But why do you have to have it now?

PHIL. Because I want it now, so it's only logical that I have it now.

SUSIE. What's wrong?

PHIL. Whata you mean?

SUSIE. I mean, you don't think there's something a little wrong here. We go in there to, you know, make love and next thing we know we're out here, you have to have a drink.

PHIL. So?

SUSIE. Ohhh, we're going to miss it; we're going to miss it. (*Flirting with him, playful, sexual, SHE gets him moving again.*)

PHIL. No, we won't.

SUSIE. Please. We only have an hour.

PHIL. I wanna have my drink, okay? (*Pulling free, HE stops.*)

SUSIE. Why are you trying to avoid this? You are, aren't you? You're trying to avoid this.

PHIL. No.

SUSIE. Why? Because it might actually work, is that the problem, and I might actually get pregnant? Is that why you're stalling?

PHIL. I'm not stalling.

SUSIE. Then what are you doing?

PHIL. I DON'T KNOW.

*(SUSIE storms to the kitchen, where SHE flops down at the table.)*

PHIL. Susie, honey, just listen to me. Just listen to me. PLEASE just listen to me.

SUSIE. What?

PHIL. Just listen to me, okay. Please.

SUSIE. I am listening to you.

PHIL. Just, please, please, okay, please.

SUSIE. I am listening to you. But what are you, I mean, SAYING, except what? WHAT? Okay? I mean, I'm trying to listen to you but you're just asking me to listen to you.

PHIL. You're right. You're absolutely right.

SUSIE. I mean, have you decided? Is that what this is about? That you have just reached some final decision but you have not let me in on it, but now that's what this is, the moment and it's come and you're going to let me in on it?! Then do it, okay?! Because I really have to know.

PHIL. What moment, Susie?

SUSIE. THEN WHAT IS IT? Ohh, I can't believe this.

PHIL. *(Moving to her.)* Don't cry.

SUSIE. Stop telling me what to do. I'm very upset. *(SHE gets Valium from purse which is hanging over side of chair.)*

PHIL. I'm beggin' you, don't cry. What are you doing?

SUSIE. I'm taking a Valium, okay? If you don't mind, unless that's something you're just, you know, OPPOSED TO, for you're, you know, UNKNOWN REASONS, who knows what they are. I'm upset. You're upsetting me. And I'll cry if I feel like it. I feel awful. *(SHE takes a pill with a drink.)*

PHIL. It just makes it hard for me to think, you know. You're cryin'.

SUSIE. Don't pay any attention to it.

PHIL. How can I not pay any attention to the fact that you are cryin'? You are cryin' right in front of me.

SUSIE. You don't pay any attention to anything else about me. *(Rushing to the couch, SHE flops down.)*

PHIL. Ohhh, Susie, c'mon.

SUSIE. You don't. You just ignore everything important to me. Why are you doing this? You're ruining everything.

PHIL. I'm not ruinin' nothin'.

*(PHIL joins her on the couch, trying to comfort her, but SHE pulls back.)*

SUSIE. Well, what I have to say to you okay, is HERE'S what I have to say—IF this is some sort of fait accompli, this goddamn decision and it's, you know, MADE, well, I have a right to know it—because if you have categorically decided you don't want to have a baby, it is your moral obligation that you tell me, okay, because then I have some decisions to make too.

PHIL. I mean, everything's gonna be okay, Susie.

SUSIE. I want you to be totally, completely honest with me, Phil? Can you do that?

PHIL. Everything's gonna be fine, Susie.

SUSIE. How can you say that?

PHIL. Because it is! Like what kind of decisions would you have to make?

SUSIE. I mean, you promised, Phil. When we got married, you promised we could have a baby.

PHIL. I know that.

SUSIE. Well, you have to keep your word.

PHIL. I know that.

SUSIE. (*Moving closer to him on the couch.*) Well you have to then. All right? All right, honey?

PHIL. Okay.

SUSIE. C'mon, honey. C'mon. (*SHE tugs up his shirt, kisses his stomach.*) We'll have fun. You'll love a little baby. (*SHE starts to move down, kissing, as HE undoes his belt and together, THEY tug his trousers down.*)

PHIL. I know, I know. But the world's such a mess.

SUSIE. The what? (*Standing on the couch, pulling off her pantyhose.*)

PHIL. World.

SUSIE. The world?

PHIL. Yeh.

SUSIE. You're worried about the world?

PHIL. You know. The Mideast. Anything could happen. People are angry all over the world. Everybody's got the bomb.

SUSIE. Ohhh, that's so sweet, Phil—(*SHE climbs up onto his lap, kisses him on the mouth, sitting, straddling him.*) That's so cute; you're worried about the world. You don't want our little baby getting born into a terrible world. That's so sweet, honey. You don't even know what a sweetheart you really are sometimes, do you? You don't even like to think about it. But you are. You wanna fuck, though, don't you? You wanna do that. Huh? Sure you do. (*On him, SHE leans into a long kiss.*)

PHIL. Goddamnit. Goddamnit, goddamnit. (*HE leaps up to stage left of couch, facing upstage, clutching his crotch.*)

SUSIE. How can you do this to me? I'll kill myself, Phil. I will. I'll kill myself, I swear I will. You promised.

PHIL. Then I will break my word. (*Pulling his pants up.*)

SUSIE. I don't know how you can do this to me.

PHIL. I'm not doin' nothin' to you. I'm not.

SUSIE. Didn't you promise me we could have a baby? Didn't you make me that promise?

PHIL. You're right. I'm not sayin' you're not RIGHT. You're right, Susie.

SUSIE. Were you lying to me?

PHIL. No.

SUSIE. I mean, was it a trick?

PHIL. I don't think so. I don't—

SUSIE. One of your barroom jokes you and Eddie and the rest of your barroom asshole buddies think you have to play. A joke on Susie? (*SUSIE hits Phil with sofa pillow.*)

PHIL. No! (*As HE grabs his jacket and heads for the door.*)

SUSIE. That fucking Eddie! Just to make a fool out of me—"Pathetic little Susie." Ohhh, I'm so upset. I'm so upset. I feel like I'm going to be sick. THEN WHAT IS IT?

PHIL. I DON'T KNOW. (*Hurling the door open, HE goes.*)

SUSIE. Bullshit.

(*SHE slams the door behind him and starts for the bedroom, getting only a couple of steps when the door swings open and HE's back in, standing there.*)

PHIL. I want my turn. I just keep thinkin' I want my turn. I never had my turn, you know where it's just you and me. You look at me and talk to me.

SUSIE. I want that. (*SHE moves to him; fits into his arms.*) That's what I'm saying. That's what I want, Phil.

PHIL. Susie, listen to me, I mean, if we don't have a kid then what?

SUSIE. You are really hurting my feelings! How can I forgive you for this!? (*SHE pulls free of him, grabbing the teddy bear from the window sill and heading for the kitchen.*) I don't know how I'm ever going to be able to forgive you for this, Phil.

PHIL. Whata you mean?

(*At the kitchen table, SHE sits and takes Valium, as HE approaches.*)

SUSIE. You're hurting me so bad I don't see how I can ever forgive you.

PHIL. I'm not sayin', you know "NO." I'm not sayin' that: categorically, you know, "NO" or "NEVER," I'm not sayin' that.

SUSIE. You're not?

PHIL. No. No, no.

SUSIE. What are you saying?

PHIL. What am I saying? I'm saying—I mean, what I'm saying is—ONE THING is—one thing I'm saying is I'm already a shit father to three kids, you know. (*Moving away.*) That's one thing. I'm maybe the worst goddamn father on the face of the earth, that's one thing. We both know that. I mean, there's no arguin' that. I mean, I don't even know where they are? They could be anywhere. I

could meet 'em on the street tomorrow, you know, they're walkin' along the strip, I don't even know them. That's one thing.

SUSIE. But you and your wife didn't love each other, Phil. We love each other. I mean, you love me, don't you?

PHIL. That's what I'm saying.

END

(*As HE stops, SHE moves into his arms.*)

SUSIE. So it wouldn't be that way with us. It couldn't.

PHIL. But anybody can get divorced, Susie. It can happen.

SUSIE. I wouldn't. I'd never divorce you.

PHIL. But, I mean, what about those decisions you said you had to make? Remember? What were they?

SUSIE. But that would only be if we didn't have a baby.

PHIL. Oh.

SUSIE. I mean, the baby would be like—he would be like this expression of our love.

PHIL. Sometimes, you know, I feel like my kids—I mean, my other kids, they're like doin' nothin' with their lives, but they hate me. That's what they do. It's their career—they hate me. (*Parting from him, SHE sags with the bear onto the swivel chair.*) Day in and day out, they're lookin' outa this sick fuckin' hate, you know, like these dogs they been kicked every day and I'm the one who every day I kicked 'em.

SUSIE. What happened to the bear?

PHIL. Did something happen to him?

SUSIE. He's all wet.

PHIL. What happened to him?