

HUSBANDS AND WIVES

MICHAEL: Tonight was fun, eh?

SALLY: Yes, it was good. It was good.

MICHAEL: And that music was fantastic.

SALLY: I usually hate Mahler, but it was good. The last movement's too long. I think he should have cut it down. The second movement was good. It began well. Then it gets sentimental.

MICHAEL: Yeah.

SALLY: The conductor fought his way out. Dinner was wonderful. Although I should teach the chef how to make an Alfredo sauce.

MICHAEL: Sorry you didn't like it.

SALLY: Want to...?

MICHAEL: Is it okay?

SALLY: Coffee?

MICHAEL: I'd love to.

They enter the house.

SALLY: I'm yawning because I'm hyper- oxygenating. The car ride made me a little bit sick.

MICHAEL: I'm sorry, Sally. I know I'm not the greatest driver in the world.

SALLY: No, your driving was fine, for the most part. I shouldn't have had that last margarita. Three's my limit.

MICHAEL: I couldn't finish the second. Ah, this is lovely. Very homely. English pine. It's the finest.

SALLY: I prefer French. My decorator screwed me. Anyhow, it's too big for one person. I have to get a place in town. It's funny how your whole life changes. I'm scared here alone. There's been robberies.

MICHAEL: I bet. Do you want to get married again straightaway or do you like being single?

SALLY: I love being single.

MICHAEL: Because I think certain personalities just need to be married.

SALLY: I disagree.

MICHAEL: Well, that's what they say.

SALLY: Not me. I thought I did.

MICHAEL: I do. I do. I think it's time for me.

SALLY: So why have you never got married?

MICHAEL: Oh, I don't know. I got close...in my 20s once, but it didn't work out.

SALLY: Is wine okay?

MICHAEL: Lovely. Thank you.

SALLY: I want to be alone for a while at least. I want to have a few experiences. If it happens, great. If not, that's just fine.

MICHAEL: I'm sure you'll get what you want. You're a very beautiful woman.

SALLY: Oh, thank you.

He tries to kiss her. She stops him.

SALLY: I can't go so fast.

MICHAEL: I'm sorry.

SALLY: It's just, you know.... Metabolically, it's not my rhythm.

MICHAEL: I understand.

SALLY: Thank you. I haven't been in a social situation that's meant anything to me in a very long time.

MICHAEL: Thank you. I'm glad to know you care.

SALLY: Well, I wouldn't be here with you if I wasn't at least interested in exploring it.

MICHAEL: Well, cheers.

SALLY: Cheers.

MICHAEL: Tonight's meant a lot to me. Thank you.

SALLY: Lovely. That's nice.

He tries to kiss her again. She stops him.

SALLY: What's the rush?

MICHAEL: I'm sorry, I apologize. I'm just--I'm overanxious because I like you a lot.

SALLY: Oh, dear. Michael, what can I say? I haven't made love in such a long time. My marriage, I told you, was dead. For years. I don't know why. Yes, I do. The second law of thermodynamics. Sooner or later, everything turns to shit. That's my phrasing. Not the Encyclopedia Brittanica.

MICHAEL: Strange, often one doesn't even see it happen.

SALLY: I did. That's the part that kills me. I was in town working. Jack was supposed be out of town on business, in Chicago. All of a sudden, by sheer accident, I saw him. In town, shopping for lingerie.

I couldn't bring it up. I was so hurt. And so full of rage. And scared. For weeks... I waited for him to say he'd met someone. He never did.

Although I was always suspicious, I never found another incident. So, I chose to overlook it and I hoped it would go away. It didn't.

Because I began thinking of getting rid of him and being single. And things just got worse between us. We put up bigger and bigger fronts.

Now I'm single. And I realize I am one of those people who needs to be married.