

Man and Wife Excerpt

By

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ACT I

Scene 1

A note on the language: this play is written in iambic pentameter. Many times a line will be split between characters. It is essential that these "broken" lines remain whole.

MAN

This is a tale of love!

WOMAN

Oh no it aint.

MAN

A tale of things magnificent!

WOMAN

And quaint.

MAN

And at its heart lies me! A man--

WOMAN

A boy--

MAN

Who cannot help but dance for joy!

WOMAN

Oh boy.

Man tries to sweep Woman into a waltz. Woman doesn't move, so Man has to sort of drag her along. Finally Man gives up, but ends with a grand pose and bow, as if it went off without a hitch.

MAN

Dear mademoiselle--Madame!--my desert flower!

WOMAN

What I would give to 'scape for just an hour!

MAN

Never before a bride and groom so great!

WOMAN

Three hours in already filled with hate.
This "marriage" was arranged--I hate his pate!

(CONTINUED)

MAN

And now with no delay let's consummate!

WOMAN

No!

Pause. Man--as the actor--looks at her expectantly. Woman sighs, and then exaggeratedly turns her refusal to iambic pentameter.

No no, no no, no no, no no, no no!

Gives Man a look to say "better?" As an answer, Man turns to the audience and "wipes his brow" while saying "woooo."

May we continue?

MAN

Yes! Let's consummate!

WOMAN

On second thought...

MAN

Come, come, I cannot wait!

WOMAN

Wouldn't you rather...play...monopoly!

As if speaking to one whom you're not sure knows something very basic:

MAN

You know we have to fuck eventually?

WOMAN

Well, why?

MAN

How else do you think kids are made?

WOMAN

K...Kids?

MAN

Yes kids. You cert'nly need my aid.

WOMAN

I wasn't planning kids any time soon...

MAN

I plan to have you pregnant by next full moon!

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN

God's wounds! what did dear dad get me into?

MAN

Don't swear, it's vulgar. Shit I scuffed my shoe!

*Woman sits down and, face in hands, starts to sob.
Man doesn't notice at first--he is busy checking
out his shoe.*

Good news! I think no lasting harm is done!
And now to consummate with my dear one!

*Turns to begin "consummation"--goes to
embrace--but Woman is not there. Man looks left,
right. He looks out to the audience questioningly.
If the audience points, Man looks down and then
thanks them with a nod, or even a small bow. If
not, he looks down of his own volition. And says,
with his arms still wrapped around thin air:*

My dear, you're crying!

WOMAN

Sobbing!

MAN

Sobbing! Why?

WOMAN

Because I'm married to a big-ass...guy.

Wounded:

MAN

You think my ass is big?

WOMAN

That's not the point!

MAN

The point...?

WOMAN

I'm to an ass forever joint!

MAN

Forever? No! Just till death do us part!
Why, when I die you'll have a chance to restart!

WOMAN

Oh really? Is that so?

*To the audience--the seed has been planted:
Oh is that so?*