

LEAVING, ARE YE?

by

Mel DuPont

CAST:

HUSBAND ...

WIFE

LIGHTS UP.

INT. AN OLDE ENGLISH LIVING ROOM - DAY

A HUSBAND looks at himself in the mirror, fixes his dress, brushes the dust off, and strides toward the front door.

His WIFE, seated and crocheting, questions him.

WIFE

Wither thou goest dressed
thusly and why?

HUSBAND

Dear, please take less time to
wither and dry.

WIFE

You remark thusly and beg
leave to pass?

HUSBAND

To halt me you'd have to get
up off your ass.

WIFE

(stands)

Best wipe that smirk or I'll
do ya one for.

HUSBAND

You threaten to soil my
pinafore?

WIFE

One, 'tis what a pinafore's
for. Two, it won't be the
first smock you've soiled.
Three, said frockpiece is mine
and not thine. Four, depart
now, and depart evermore.

HUSBAND

One, I prefer a tidy design.
Two, do you now soil a rag
'neath yourself? Three, 'tis I
bought this dress so 'tis
mine. Four, I'll go as I
please -- and come as I like.

WIFE

A smartness of mouth brings an
absence of teeth.

HUSBAND

Now see what true beauty doth
lie beneath.

WIFE

What hoar beast will lie
beneath you this night?
Perhaps one deprived of
clearness of sight. Oof, and
of smell -- much like wet wool
and farts. You've failed to
learn any soap-bathing arts.
('Tis surely no matter to bug-
ridden tarts.)

HUSBAND

I seek no permission to exit
this lair, and tire of this
wife so silver of hair, so
gravelled of tongue and morbid
of waist, so dēvoid of
kindness and lacking in taste.
If soft arms I seek, 'tis your
bag to bear. The time has long
passed since I once called you
"fair."

WIFE

'Tis taste that I lack as my
ears ring with this. Would
that I'd never accepted first
kiss. I say: swing your long
bag, spear all rotted fish.
Never return: that's my most
fervent wish.

Husband steps outside. Wife closes the door behind him.

HUSBAND

Frigid hag.

WIFE

Sotted cad.

GO TO BLACKOUT.