

Boys on the Side

ROBIN

You want some?

JANE

Oh, yeah. Yeah, thanks.

ROBIN

How was the psychic?

JANE

Don't ask. How was Alex? Did he leave fingerprints
all over you?

ROBIN

What is it with me and bartenders?

JANE

I don't know.

ROBIN

He's coming with us Saturday night. To the street
fair.

JANE

Well, good. There's safety in numbers. Just don't
let him get you by yourself....I cannot believe he's a
cop.

ROBIN

He's cute though, huh?

JANE

Yeah, for a cop.

ROBIN

He does have a nice heiny.

JANE

Heiny? What is he, two years old? He has a nice
heiny?

ROBIN

Don't laugh!

JANE
And don't think that I didn't see you checkin' out
that man's basket.

ROBIN
Eew!

JANE
Eew! What do you call it?

ROBIN
I don't call it anything. I just wasn't brought up to
talk about a person's anatomy.

JANE
That's probably because you don't have a word for it.

ROBIN
That's just ridiculous. I do, too. It just doesn't
often come up.

JANE
Okay. What is this, below the belly button?

ROBIN
I'm not going to say "pussy" if that's what you're
after, okay, I hate that.

JANE
Okay. So, what do you call it?

ROBIN
Down there.

JANE
Oh, come on! "Down there!"

ROBIN
Well, "vagina" seems so formal.

JANE
But you make it sound like a basement!

ROBIN
Okay. Honestly?

JANE
Yeah.

ROBIN
Fine. "Hoo-hoo" or "sissy."

JANE
You're kidding, right? A "hoo-hoo" or a "sissy," what is that?

ROBIN
Well that's what my mother called it. I had a hoo-hoo or a sissy and my brother had a "noodle" or a "dingle."

JANE
And that's what you still call it?

ROBIN
Well, it's better than "pussy." Or "beaver." What's that about? I never got that. Or worse...

JANE
Worse? Did you say worse? Now, what could be worse? I have to hear you say it.

ROBIN
Well, you know. I'm not going to say it.

JANE
Oh, come on! "C-U-N-T." Come on, please?

ROBIN
I don't think so.

JANE
Please? It'll free you. Try it!

ROBIN
There's a policeman within the sound of my voice.

JANE
Give him a thrill.

ROBIN
I don't think so.

JANE
I'm gonna wet you.

ROBIN
No! You're such a baby!

JANE
Okay. Come on.

ROBIN
All right. "Cunt."

JANE
What? What was that?

ROBIN
I said it!

JANE
No, you breathed it! I want to hear you say it.

ROBIN
All right! All right. All right. "C-U-N-T, cunt."

JANE
Yeah?

ROBIN
"Cunt." "Cunt." "CUNT!"

JANE
Free! You've got a dirty mouth.

ROBIN
You were right. I feel...I don't know, different.

JANE
That's because you're free Miss Scarlett! You're free! C'mon, let's go get everybody and tell them!

ROBIN
That can't be good for the baby.

JANE

Oh, well, you know. They'll probably take a break in the delivery room....Do you miss it?

ROBIN

What?

JANE

Sex.

ROBIN

Yeah, I do....You know what's weird? You never know the last time you sleep with somebody it's the last time. You're thinking: "Oh, we got problems, we got work to do," you know, but you never think...and then you break up and a month later you look back and you go: "Oh, that was it." That Tuesday or Friday or whenever, and you wished you paid attention because it was the last time.... Well.

JANE

Listen, thanks for my birthday present. Because a girl can never have too many (?).

ROBIN

I know. I'm sorry.

JANE

No. No. I love it.

ROBIN

Well, happy birthday.

JANE

Thank you.

ROBIN

Your mail is in the living room. Good night, I drank too much.

JANE

Good night.