

ANNA: Why are you dressed?

LARRY: Because I think you might be about to leave me, and I didn't want to be wearing a bathrobe. I slept with someone in New York. A whore. I'm sorry.

ANNA: Why did you tell me?

LARRY: I couldn't lie to you.

ANNA: Why not?

LARRY: Because I love you.

ANNA: It's fine.

LARRY: Really? Why?

ANNA: Guilt present?

LARRY: Love present. (*He's confused*) Something's wrong. Tell me. Are you leaving me?

(*Anna nods*) Because of this? Why?

ANNA: Dan.

LARRY: Cupid? He's our joke.

ANNA: I love him.

LARRY: You're seeing him now?

(*Anna nods*)

LARRY: Since when?

ANNA: Since my opening last year. (*Covering her mouth...*) I'm disgusting.

LARRY: You're phenomenal. You're so clever. Why did you marry me?

ANNA: I stopped seeing him. I wanted us to work.

LARRY: Why did you tell me you wanted children?

ANNA: Because I did.

LARRY: And now you want children with him?

ANNA: Yes... I don't know.

LARRY: But... we're happy. Aren't we? (*beat*) You're going to go and live with him?

ANNA: You stay here if you want.

LARRY: Oh, look. I don't give a fuck about the spoils. You know, you did this to me the day we met. You let me hang myself for your amusement. Why didn't you just tell me the moment I walked through the door?

ANNA: I was scared.

LARRY: You're a coward, you spoiled bitch. Are you dressed 'cause you thought I might hit you? What do you think I am?

ANNA: I've been hit before.

LARRY: Not by me! (*beat*) Is he a good fuck?

ANNA: Don't do this.

LARRY: Just answer the question. Is he good?

ANNA: Yes.

LARRY: Better than me?

ANNA: Different.

LARRY: Better?

ANNA: Gentler.

LARRY: What does that mean?

ANNA: You know what it means.

LARRY: Tell me.

ANNA: No.

LARRY: I treat you like a whore.

ANNA: Sometimes.

LARRY: Why would that be?

ANNA: I'm sorry you're a...

LARRY: Don't say it. Don't you fucking say "You're too good for me." I am, but don't say it. You're making the mistake of your life. You're leaving me because you believe that you don't deserve happiness, but you do, Anna. Did you have a bath because you had sex with him? So you wouldn't smell of him. So you'd feel less guilty? How do you feel?

ANNA: Guilty.

LARRY: Did you ever love me?

ANNA: Yes.

LARRY: Big fucking deal. Anna, please don't leave me. (*beat.*) Did you do it here?

ANNA: No.

LARRY: Why not?

ANNA: Do you wish we did?

LARRY: Just tell me the truth.

ANNA: Yes, we did it here.

LARRY: Where?

ANNA: (*Anna points*) There.

LARRY: On this. We had our first fuck on this. Did you think of me? When? When did you do it here?

Answer the question!

ANNA: This evening.

LARRY: Did you cum?

ANNA: Why are you doing this?

LARRY: 'cause I want to know.

ANNA: Yes, I came.

LARRY: How many times?

ANNA: Twice.

LARRY: How?

ANNA: First he went down on me, and then we fucked.

LARRY: Who was where?

ANNA: I was on top, then he fucked me from behind.

LARRY: And that's when you came the second time.

ANNA: God. Why is the sex so important?

LARRY: Because I'm a fucking caveman! Did you touch yourself while he fucked you?

ANNA: Yes.

LARRY: You wank for him.

ANNA: Sometimes.

LARRY: And he does.

ANNA: We do everything that people who have sex do!

LARRY: You enjoy sucking him off.

ANNA: Yes!

LARRY: You like his cock.

ANNA: I love his cock!

LARRY: You like him cumming in your face.

ANNA: Yes!

LARRY: What does it taste like?

ANNA: It tastes like you but sweeter!

LARRY: That's the spirit. Thank you. Thank you for your honesty. Now fuck off and die, you fucked up slag.