

DIALOGUE SAMPLE ONLY

Play title: Headstrong

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**For more information or to request a script,
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Act 1, Scene 1

Lights fade up. Norman at typewriter, Mixie on couch, watching TV. Norman triumphantly rips the sheet of paper from the typewriter.

NORMAN

Let the ragged millions rejoice! The incredible Milo Black has penned yet another classic. Wanna read it?

[Mixie flips him a bird.]

NORMAN

My God, you're supportive. Most men would rejoice if their wives turned monosyllabic. You go one better: mono-gesture-ic.

MIXIE

Norman...

NORMAN

Why not? Why can't I read you the new story? Wait a minute, wait a minute—I got it. After a hard day at the video store shuffling Jerry Springer videos, you're afraid of a culture overload. That must be it.

MIXIE

The video store *and* the diner. Remember Mixie toddling off at 6:30 am? Diner till noon, and what I shuffle are patty melts, cheeseburgers, coffee, chicken and biscuits, sausage and biscuits, chicken fried steak, more coffee please, scrambled eggs, hard boiled eggs, eggs over, hey honey can I get another refill here, order of fries, order of onion rings, wow babe nice skirt. Then the video store until 6pm and you know what I shuffle there? Fantasies. Debbie Does Dallas, Little Red Riding Crotch, Twelve Horny Men, Bob and Rover, Bob and Fluffy, Bob Visits the Farm, the Pony Express Boys, and my all-time favorite, Roaming Catholics. So fuck off, Norman. And by the way, you were supposed to be painting the living room today, remember?

NORMAN

Why don't you want to read it?

MIXIE

Oh, God, Norman. You just don't listen.

NORMAN

I hear everything you say, Mixie. Everything. Come on, read it.

MIXIE

Why start something you can't finish?

NORMAN

Look at us; are we the very same couple that once stood in the middle of Starmer's Bridge in the middle of a raging rainstorm and did the hokey-pokey?

MIXIE

Norman, in case you've forgotten, you almost hokey-poked me right off the railing of that bridge. You came and I almost went.

NORMAN

Oh come on, Mixie. We were grinning about that one for months.

MIXIE

Until you took that beautiful memory and used it in one of those worthless stories of yours. Our whole life together has been one series of what should have been loving, private remembrances...

NORMAN

Largely sexual...

MIXIE

...that have ended up as cheap...pap...

NORMAN

I will not descend to smear tactics.

MIXIE

Rubbish, histrionic slop. Melodramatic...spilth!

NORMAN

"Spilth." Wow. Good one, Mix.

MIXIE

Nothing but cheap fodder for those asinine stories you write! And who do you think you're kidding with 'largely sexual'? There was never anything *large* about our sex, Norman. When we had sex. When you were still *able*.

NORMAN

Our sex life didn't go downhill until you started doubting. And, by the way—*Hokey-Pokey on Starmer's Bridge* was not asinine! It almost sold.

MIXIE

It was turned down by *MegaTits Monthly*, ferchrissake. Norman, nobody wants to publish your stories because nobody knows what the hell they are. You start off with really great ideas, nice character development, good, solid plots, and then you throw in these unbelievably explicit sexual passages. Total turnaround. People think you're a serious intellectual until the characters start spoo-ing all over each other.

NORMAN

Women don't spoo.

MIXIE

That's right. Forgive me. They "convulse spastically" while "riding the turgid jackhammer of ecstasy."

NORMAN

Wow! Mixie, I'm flattered, That was [one of my best stories!]

MIXIE

It's crap, Norman. A worthless waste of time, imagination, paper and postage stamps. Crap. That's the reason for that huge stack of rejections slips in your drawer, in case you haven't figured it out. Nobody wants anything to do with your stories--not even you, Mr. One Asinine Pseudonym After Another. "Milo Black." Give me a break. Before that it was "Jeremy Quartermain." Oh, and my favorite: "Rex Stilton." "King Cheese," Norman? You want to do something that's worthwhile? Get a job! You've been out of work for five months and all I hear is "Fear not, my gossamer whippoorwill, Fate will soon arrive with our golden chariot." Bullshit! Get off your unemployed ass and get a job. Now, do you mind? I'm trying to watch the TV.

NORMAN

Faithless trollop. You think I don't know why you married me?

MIXIE

Oh jesus, Norman. At least call me a fucking bitch like a normal husband.

NORMAN

You only married me because it looked like my book was going to be sold. You thought I was going to make money, right? There was a time when we were actually in love. Not just me. Both of us. Remember?

MIXIE

Yes, Norman. There was. And it was beautiful. But it's ancient history. It's gone. It doesn't exist anymore.