

Women of Manhattan

Billie: Don't we look great?

Rhonda: You look beautiful.

Billie: You look beautiful! You look like a firefly in a nightclub. What does that mean?

Rhonda: It was your remark.

Billie: Where are the men?

Rhonda: You told me not to invite any men.

Billie: I know. I know I did that. But where are the men?

Rhonda: That was the whole point.

Billie: I know. But where are they?

Rhonda: The three of us were supposed to get decked out and look good for each other and fuck the men.

Billie: I know. I know, but don't you feel were wasting our gorgeousness on each other

Rhonda: No

Billie: Just a little?

Rhonda: No.

Billie: I understand why your saying that, but come on.

Rhonda: Wait. I know what your hinting at. That ain't what's going on. Anyway, your married.

Billie: So what?

Rhonda: So you're here without a man cause your husbands out building buildings somewhere.

Billie: So what? You're here alone, I mean, without a man, because you threw Jerry out.

Rhonda: Stop. Right there. That is a black lie. I am here alone tonight cause you knew your husband whadn't gonna be around tonight and you don't cheat so you suggested this, "Girls Night" , which is fine with me, but don't you then turn around and tell me I don't have a date cause I threw this one guy outta my life. That is just a detail.

Billie: Sorry.

Rhonda: If I wanted a guy here tonight, there'd be a guy here tonight. I'm dressed up cause you wanted me to dress up. I'll tell you why your crying out, "Where's the men?"..It's cause were dressed for men. These clothes evolved outta a situation where observations were made about which kinda garments are effective to wear to attract the male of the species. The point is these clothes, are bait. We are wearing bait. Bait.

Billie: It's weird to think of my clothes as a worm.

Rhonda: And you, yourself, as a hook....You know, Judy, you are a terrible guest.

Judy: Sorry. I just like listening to you and Billie. It's funny the things that become apparent when your eyes are closed that you may not notice if you had em open...Rhonda Louise, what is going on in your mind? Do tell us.

Billie: God, Judy, I wish I could be like you.

Judy: Those big red sneakers for instance. What are those big red sneakers doing shambling around on your nice neat floor? Might those be Jerry's shoes?

Rhonda: Yes. They are Jerry's shoes.

Judy: But doesn't Jerry not live here anymore? Was he not shown the door some time since?

Rhonda: I threw him out. Which you know.

Judy: I knew you'd thrown him out of the apartment and your life and so on, but I had no idea you'd thrown him right out of his red sneakers.

Rhonda: Don't be smart.

Judy: I wouldn't know how.

Rhonda: He left the sneakers. Or they fell outta the bag, or whatever. I don't know which. But there they are.

Judy: I saw the sneakers when i walked in. Said nothing. The soul of whatever. You've said not a word. When are you going to unveil your pain?

Billie: All I meant.....

Judy: Billie! Hush!

Rhonda: I miss him.

Judy: That's it.

Rhonda: I miss his smell.

Judy: He had a smell.

Rhonda: Yes.

Judy: Do his sneakers contain this smell? Is that why the little devils are still here?

Rhonda: I don't know. Maybe. I hate those sneakers.

Judy: Then why don't you send them back to him?

Rhonda: I don't know where he is.

Judy: Why don't you throw them out?

Rhonda: I don't know. There too nice to throw out.

Judy: There too nice? Please

Rhonda: I know what you think this is, but it's not. I don't keep the sneakers because I love him.

Judy: Uh-huh.

Rhonda: I didn't love him. Not in the way that led anywhere. I mean, I loved him, but it was like trying to hug a wall. How do you hug a wall.

Judy: I don't know....And what did he do?

Rhonda: Nothing. Zip. Nothing. He just sat there with a coke in his hand like he was watching television. The whole thing was such a letdown. Even when I got it together to throw him out, he just said, "Alright", and left. You know how in that one school of thought your the only thing real in the world, and in everything else is just dream....I'm not sure there was a Jerry. Sometimes i think I just got overheated and fell in love with that wall right there. That wall and me. When I'm alone here, some nights, it does me good to look and see those sneakers on the floor. His sneakers. He was here. It happened.

Billie: If it had been me I would've doubted I existed.

Rhonda: Well Billie, maybe thats the difference between us.

Judy: See, that's why I'm mad at men.

Rhonda: Why you mad at men?

Judy: Because there all gay.

Billie: They are not.

Judy: They're all faggots.

Rhonda: Maybe the men you meet.

Judy: Definitely the men I meet. I mean, the men are all faggots! Some of them know they're faggots, and they're bad enough. But a lot of of them aren't sure, so they come to me for clarification. We go back to my place. Maybe we even get to bed before he bursts into tears and starts telling me about his confusion. He's all mixed up. I'm like his sister. I could just spit. Then I see myself lying there in bed, my face all scrunched up like numbskull telepath trying to communicate with a dolphin, and I think: The faggots have done this to me!

Billie: Well, Hmmm. Well, it's your own fault, Judy.

Judy: How do you figure that?

Rhonda: Uh-huh.

Billie: I meet straight guys all the time.

Rhonda: Me too.

Billie: Your asking for it.

Judy: I am asking for fags to come home with me and reveal their fagginess to me?

Billie: Basically, yes, that's what you're doing.

Rhonda: I agree, I totally agree.

Judy: I'll take a piece of pie now.

Rhonda: That's my pie. Not yet. Billie's saying something.

Billie: What are you wearing?

Judy: You can see what I'm wearing.

Billie: That jacket.

Judy: What's wrong with my jacket?

Billie: It's MAN-tailored.

Judy: that's right.

Rhonda: And those shoes...E.G. Marshall could have been in those shoes.

Judy: Well what are you getting at?

Rhonda: Go on, tell her.

Billie: Alright, I will. Because I'm your friend. Your a Fag Hag Judy. That's right. You march around with that efficient priss, and you wear a woman's version of a mans clothes, and you're arch.....as an arch. Do you think that turns straight guys on?

Rhonda: It make makes nervous.

Billie: If you wanna get in a straight mans pants you gotta make him think he's getting into yours. I've seen how you deal with straight guys. You look them over like you wanna give them an enema.

Judy: How can you talk to me this way? I'm not a stone! I have feelings!

Billie: I'm sorry. I forgot. But you see? That's how it is. You get treated how you ask to be treated. And you ask to be treated like....I don't know....

Rhonda: Like a fag.

Judy: What?

Billie: I don't know. No, I know. I just know the only people who treat you nice are fags cause they think you're one of them.

Judy: What about you?

Billie: And Rhonda and me treat you nice cause we love you. We see through you like you see through us and that's love.

Judy: I don't wanna talk about this.

Billie: Talk about it.

Judy: I don't want to.

Rhonda: Maybe that's why you should.

Billie: So, what are you saying?

Judy: Just that I'm really stuck.

Billie: What's sticking you?

Judy: It's hard to say.

Billie: Jump off Judy, say it, say it!

Judy: Alright, I'm proud of being an asshole!

Billie: I was listening to you. I'm your true friend. I love you. I don't want anything from you except our friendship. Do you believe me?

Judy: Sure.

Billie: Before I can say the thing I have to say to you, you have to stop being proud of being an asshole.

Rhonda: I feel like I've taken a fistful of LSD.

Billie: Can you do that?

Judy: I thought I could say some things to you without having it thrown back in my face.

Billie: That's not what I'm doing, and you know that. You're just afraid.

Judy: I'm not afraid! Say what you have to say!

Billie: You're afraid of being a humble asshole. Sometimes you think I'm stupid, don't you? Don't you?

Judy: Yes.

Billie: Maybe you thought I didn't know that. I knew that. And that hasn't stopped me from being your friend. Do you know why?

Judy: No.

Billie: Because I'm grateful.

Judy: Why are you doing this?

Billie: I'm returning the favor. One humble asshole to another. Will you please, please accept my help?

Judy: Alright. I'll try.

Billie: I want to arrange a date for you.

Judy: What? No. Don't repeat it.

Billie: I want to arrange a date for you.

Judy: With who? What's he like? No, don't tell me!

Billie: I'm not gonna tell you.

Judy: You're not gonna tell me anything?

Billie: No.

Rhonda: In my life, this may be my favorite insane moment.

Billie: This is my proposition. I will arrange a date for you. It will take place in the next few days at a spot I pick. All I ask is, when you meet this guy, that you're as open with him, with your heart and mind, as you know how to be. That's all. Seriously. Judy, what have you got to lose? Will you do it?

Judy: No. Yes. Alright.