

CONNIE. Quick. Shut the door. I think I lost him. (FLOYD and CONNIE slam the door shut and lean on it. FLOYD has an ear to the door.)

FLOYD. I don't hear anyone.

VIVIAN. Who is this person?

JON. Connie, a good friend of Leslie's. Connie, these are the people I told you about before.

CONNIE. Oh no. Am I safe here?

FLOYD. Of course you are. You're just in time for the wedding.

CONNIE. What does he mean? You're getting married Jon?

VIVIAN. Of course he is. How do you do, Connie. I'm Jon's mother.

CONNIE. Do you work in the home too?

VIVIAN. Of course I work in the home. What do you think I am?

CONNIE. You won't hurt me, will you?

VIVIAN. I'll try and control myself.

FLOYD. Shouldn't we be getting on with the wedding?

KATE. I don't see why we should rush into this thing tonight.

VIVIAN. Look, you hussy, Jon and Leslie are getting married and nothing you say or do is going to stop it.

CONNIE. Jon and Leslie?

VIVIAN. Any objections?

CONNIE. Of course. But if you think this is what's best for Leslie, then I agree with all my heart.

VIVIAN. Well, I do.

JON. Oh, brother.

CONNIE. Then I'm all for it. I hope it helps. May I stay?

FLOYD. Of course you may. The more the merrier. Have a seat, Connie.

VIVIAN. Mr. Grunion! We're ready! Look at Jon, everybody. He's tongue-tied. Isn't that sweet?

GRUNION. (Enters from the kitchen holding the document and his pen.) We've come up with a little resistance.

LESLIE. (*Bee-lines in at JON.*) That's a marriage license!

VIVIAN. That's right, Leslie. Now, sign it.

LESLIE. I will not! Jon, that's a marriage license! He's a Justice of the Peace! Connie, help me.

CONNIE. Sign it, Leslie. And it'll help you. Come on, it'll do you good.

LESLIE. Jon! Kate!

KATE. Jon, do something.

JON. Mr. Spinner from the I.R.S. is going to be a witness, Leslie. I guess you'd better sign it.

CONNIE. Yes. Sign it, Leslie.

LESLIE. Oh, shut up, you. This is legal?

FLOYD. Yes. Now, come on, Leslie. You've been outvoted. Believe me, you'll feel better if you do.

CONNIE. Listen to him, Leslie. He knows what he's talking about.

KATE. Jon.

JON. Leslie. Mr. Spinner, from the I.R.S. would like you to sign it. Wouldn't you, sir?

FLOYD. Yes, I would.

JON. Then sign it, Leslie.

LESLIE. (*Begrudgingly signs his name, mumbling to JON.*) You son of a bitch!

VIVIAN. It'll make an honest woman of you.

CONNIE. That's right.

VIVIAN. Go ahead, Mr. Grunion.

GRUNION. Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today to join together Jonathon Frederick Trachtman and Leslie Carroll Arthur in holy matrimony. If there be anyone present who has just cause or reason why these two should not be married, speak now or forever hold your peace.

(*There is a moment of silence. LESLIE can stand no more.*)

LESLIE. I can't do it! Me! I have just cause and I want to let go of my peace!

JON. Leslie! Don't ruin it!

LESLIE. I've done a lot for you, but I'm not doing this! In the first place, Mr. Spinner, I am not married to Jon, nor have I ever been.

FLOYD. What?

JON. You ruined it, Leslie.

LESLIE. Mrs. Trachtman, for eight years I've roomed with Jon. And many times over those years, Jon has asked me to do some very bizarre, outlandish things. And for eight years, I've done every bizarre and outlandish thing he's ever asked me to do. I've bent over backwards.

VIVIAN. I don't care to hear the sordid details of your sex life!

LESLIE. For eight years I've never complained. I've never refused. And why? Because Jon's my best friend. That's why. We've been through a lot together and he's been very good to me. But this time, I'm forced to pretend I'm his wife. That alone is humiliating enough. But I did it. I felt I owed it to him. So, I did it. But what went along with pretending I was his wife? I'm forced to wear clothes so small, they were practically put on intravenously. I'm forced to cook Mung Chowder Gumbo when I don't even know what the hell a mung looks like! I'm forced out on a ledge five stories up, which I fall off. I land on Miss Goodyear 1947 and I'm almost ripped to shreds by an arthritic German shepherd named Coco. And finally I come back up here to find out Connie's been told that I'm being put away in a rubber room. This much I did. Even though everyone was told that I was going blind, have bunyans, have a bad skin problem and have a hygiene disorder! And why did I feel I owed this to Jon? Because of one yes. That's why. He said, "Let me do your taxes" and I said yes. All of this for one stinking yes. But now. Now. I'm told to sign a marriage license and spend the rest of my life being referred to as the "little woman." Well, this time, I refuse. And you want to know why? You want to know why, Jon? I'll tell you why. Because I don't feel like it.

That's why. What do you think of that?! (*There is a moment of silence as this all sinks in.*)

VIVIAN. I'm sorry you've had a rough day. Now get over here and marry my son.

LESLIE. (*Rips off the kerchief.*) Don't you understand? I am not a woman! (*LESLIE removes the socks and the nightgown.*) I have never been a woman. I hate the color pink. I have never used a creme rinse. I've never gone to a restroom with a group! Jon wanted to save money from the Internal Revenue Service, so he lied and said we were married. Well, we're not married. We aren't even going together!

GRUNION. This is still costing you ten bucks, lady.

VIVIAN. Why the hell didn't anyone tell me before?

JON. It got out of hand. We tried a couple of times, but you were so smashed we finally gave up.

CONNIE. Does this mean I'm not going to be arrested?

LESLIE. Of course not, Connie. That was another one of Jon's stories.

CONNIE. Whew! Welcome back, Leslie. I missed you.

JON. Are you mad, mom?

VIVIAN. I think the word is "relieved," dear.

KATE. Mrs. Trachtman, I'm the girl who's going to marry Jon in two weeks.

VIVIAN. Thank God. At least you look human.

FLOYD. Tax fraud. (*An uncomfortable silence prevails.*) I've never seen anyone go to such complicated lengths before. I must congratulate you two. You almost got away with it.

JON. Mr. Spinner, I don't know what to say.

LESLIE. Do we go to jail now?

FLOYD. You should. But I'm not going to report you.

JON. You're not going to report us?

FLOYD. Goodness, no. You're the first people that have ever been nice to me. I couldn't report you. I've never had a better time in my life.