

**STEPHANIE**

When I came to meet you, I just wanted to talk about a fair divorces settlement because I don't believe in alimony. But after the way you've behaved this afternoon, I don't even want a settlement. I want if ALL! You're going to pay through the nose for the rest of your life. And when we get to court I'm going to finally be the picture of femininity that you always wanted. I'm going to wear a widdle pink dress, with a widdle pink bow. I'm going to cw y and tell the judgy-wudgy how the big, mean, nasty man took advantage of widdle, helpless me. And the nice judgy- wudgy is not only going to take away your house and your kids, but all of your shrimps.

Then, without your business to make you feel like a man, your ego will disappear and so will your bi-annual sex urge: and little by little you'll melt away to a formless, jelly fungus that grows under a rock.

*(There's a long pause as DANTE serves the salad. Then, STEPHANIE starts crying.)*

**STEPHANIE**

I'm mad at you, Artie. You really hurt my feelings. My legs are not skinny. They're nice.