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Knuckleball
First Printing, 2009
Printed in U.S.A.

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Does The Body Good

by Patrick Link

2 Males, 2 Females

Synopsis: A seductive housewife entices a young milkman his first day on the job. A depressed middle school teacher struggles to extract himself from a sexual affair with the precocious 8th grade girl who idolizes him. In *Does The Body Good* these two seemingly unrelated liaisons divide the stage into a distorted mirror image of the other, build on each other's intensity, and finally collide into a perfect storm of unfulfilled yearnings.

Pairing Energy

by Roy C. Booth & Mitch Berntson

2 Males, 2 Females

Synopsis: While attending a party at his screenwriter cousin's beach house, Paul, a young scientist who has recently turned thirty, secretly struggles with an interactive hallucination of a former love. His untreated seizure disorder, thoughts of suicide, his floundering career, and a budding new romance all intersect on what should be a happy night, in this haunting one act drama.

CHARACTERS:

ROSS, around 30

TRISH, also around 30

THE SCENE:

Ross's one room apartment. Seedy, cheap furniture, bachelor messy.
One door leads outside, one to the bathroom and one to a closet.

TIME:

The Present

KNUCKLEBALL

(Stage is dark. Ross and Trish enter from the front door. They are getting it on, hot and heavy; at the same time, she whispers amorous things to him, one moment in French, then German, then Italian or Spanish or Russian or Greek—the actor can choose, but the total effect should be a kind of multi-lingual love medley. They grow hotter, more passionate, stumble towards the bed. She starts giving him a blowjob. Ross responds with increasingly passionate moans until finally...)

ROSS: AHHHHH!

(One of the great orgasms of history. Heavy breathing, post-coital cuddles, then)

TRISH: Tell me what's it like. When you scream.

ROSS: It's like I've gone to some strange place and I'm completely lost but it's okay, I want to be lost. I just go deeper and deeper into it until I'm certain there's no way back, until there's nothing left to hold onto anymore. And then I let go and start falling.

TRISH: Is that when you scream?

ROSS: Yea.

TRISH: Don't worry. I'll catch you.

ROSS: I don't want to be caught. I want to fall into you forever.

TRISH: Hm. Nice. Blowjobs bring out your poetic side. I need to pee. Which way is the ladies' room?

ROSS: Same way as the men's room, unfortunately.

TRISH: Why unfortunately?

ROSS: It's in need of a bit of cleaning.

TRISH: Baby, I've hung my ass over toilets the devil wouldn't piss in.

ROSS: Yea? Do tell.

TRISH: Well, I remember once in Lisbon—

ROSS: Lisbon. Where's that?

(He turns on a lamp. She gets out of bed.)

TRISH: Portugal.

ROSS: *(Points her toward the bathroom)* That way. So what about this toilet in Lisbon?

TRISH: Never mind. Anyway, I think it was Athens.

(She exits to the bathroom. On the way, she picks up a flannel shirt of Ross's which she will change into in the bathroom)

TRISH: *(From the bathroom)* Wow.

ROSS: I warned you.

(He gets out of bed, still a bit wobbly, and starts cleaning up. Sound of her peeing. He picks up a few beer cans, puts them in the trash, maybe stuffs a few socks or dirty underwear under a sofa cushion, empties a few ashtrays, puts a few dirty plates in the sink, etc.)

TRISH: *(From the bathroom)* Toilet paper?

ROSS: Shit...

TRISH: Never mind.

(Sound of paper tearing)

ROSS: What was that?

TRISH: Hustler.

ROSS: Sorry.

TRISH: For what? I just wiped myself with a blond bimbo, a man in a leather mask and a German Shepard. Very kinky.

ROSS: It's an old magazine.

TRISH: Yea, it did look sort of used.

(Toilet flushes. He goes back to cleaning up. A page of the magazine folded into an airplane flies in from the bathroom. He picks it up, unfolds it.)

TRISH: *(From the bathroom)* Wanna try that one?

ROSS: You're kidding, right?

TRISH: No. Would you rather try the German Shepard thing?

ROSS: Enough already.

TRISH: Woof woof.

(He goes back to cleaning. Sound of running water in the sink from the bathroom.)

TRISH: Ross?

ROSS: Yea?

(She sticks her head in. She holds a toothbrush. She's wearing his shirt now.)

TRISH: Got any toothpaste to go with this?

ROSS: Oh, Christ. Don't use that. It's green.

TRISH: Yea, but it's your green. So, do you have any toothpaste?

ROSS: Under the sink.

TRISH: Don't think your come doesn't taste divine. It just doesn't go well with margaritas.

(She exits back to the bathroom. He goes back to straightening up. Sound of her brushing her teeth, gargling, in between she sings. Perhaps Edith Piaf's "La Vie En Rose" or an Italian opera. A German cabaret song now, or an Irish ballad, or a Spanish love song or maybe a medley of all of the above. Whatever the actor is capable of and com-

fortable with. Ross listens to her impromptu performance a minute while cleaning. He picks up a pizza box, roaches scatter.)

ROSS: Shit.

(He tries to step on a few. At some point, she sticks her head in, he doesn't see her, she watches him a beat, grinning, then joins in.)

TRISH: La cockarocha, la cockarocha— take that little fucker...

(She takes the pizza box from Ross and throws it across the room like a Frisbee, then turns the stomping into a dance. They shimmy over to the bed and fall onto it, laughing. She gets on top of him, straddles him, grabs his dick.)

ROSS: Baby, hold on, I need a few minutes to recharge my batteries.

TRISH: Yea. That's a shame, isn't it? That men's dicks don't stay hard forever? Then we could just start fucking and never stop.

ROSS: You're insane, you know that?

TRISH: *(Hitting him with a pillow)* Am I being complimented or insulted?

ROSS: Complimented! Complimented!

TRISH: *(Looking around)* So this is the little bear's cave, huh?

ROSS: 'Fraid so. Remember, I didn't want to come here tonight.

TRISH: I know. But sooner or later a girl has to see where her man lives, otherwise she gets ideas.

(She gets up, turns on another light, revealing more of the apartment.)

ROSS: What kind of ideas?

TRISH: Oh you know. Like he's secretly got a wife and kids...

(Looking around as if she might find a wife and kids hiding somewhere.)

ROSS: Nope. Just me and the cockroaches.

TRISH: I believe you. No woman would put up with this mess.
Except me.

(Looking through his CD collection)

TRISH: Bob Seeger.

(Looking at a tool chest)

TRISH: And this?

ROSS: Tools for work.

TRISH: They smell so—masculine.

(She opens a dresser drawer.)

TRISH: Ah—more Hustlers.

ROSS: I had a subscription.

TRISH: Now I know what to get you for Christmas.

(Now she's at a closet door.)

TRISH: And what have we got stashed in the closet? Dirty laundry?
A corpse maybe?

(She opens the closet door. Beat.)

TRISH: Wow. Are those all baseball trophies?

ROSS: Yea.

TRISH: How many are in there?

ROSS: I don't know. A few.

TRISH: More than a few.

(She takes one out. It's covered in dust. She cleans it off, reads it.)

TRISH: M.V.P. Batting.

(She takes out another, dusts it off.)

TRISH: State champs. You must have been good.

ROSS: I wasn't bad.

TRISH: Why didn't you ever mention these?

ROSS: What's there to tell? A few high school trophies.

(She takes another out, cleans it.)

TRISH: MVP... Pitching... Travis Warner?

ROSS: That belonged to a friend of mine.

TRISH: Must have been a good friend to have given you his trophies.

ROSS: He didn't. His mother did.

TRISH: His mother?

ROSS: It's a long story. You don't want to hear it.

TRISH: Not if you don't want to tell it.

(She takes a bat and baseball cap out of the closet, puts on the cap, mimes playing.)

TRISH: It's the bottom of the ninth, bases loaded, full count and Ross steps up to the plate. Catcher signals two fingers; the pitcher nods slightly, goes into his stance, winds up, throws a mean pitch, it catches the outside corner of the plate but out of nowhere Ross comes up from underneath, crack!, up it goes, oh no, looks like it might hit the foul pole but Ross is waving it in just like Carlton Fisk in the '75 World Series and his mojo is good because it stays in, rockets skyward, out past the bleachers, over the wall and out of the stadium, into the clouds, bye-bye ball, go Ross, go!

ROSS: I didn't know you were a baseball fan.

TRISH: Oh, used to have a boyfriend who was into it.

ROSS: I was good, but Travis was the reason we won state champs. Guy had this arm. This amazing arm. Not strong, you know. But finesse. I used to call him that. Mr. Finesse. Used to throw a knuckleball, it dipped at the last second like some invisible hand was giving it a tiny push. There was even talk he might go pro.

TRISH: Well, did he?

ROSS: No. He disappeared.

TRISH: Disappeared?

ROSS: I guess I'm telling that story after all. We were buddies, you know? Sort of grew up together. Used to do all kinds of crazy stuff. He was wild. Funny. Always into something new. Whenever I'd get down, all I needed was a session with Travis and I'd be up again. And then of course there was the baseball. Travis's pitching, my batting, we were unstoppable. The Twin Terrors, they called us. Three-time state champs. And then the summer after high school graduation, one morning in June, he just wasn't in his bed. Vanished without a trace. No one ever figured out what happened. The cops closed the file years ago. I cried when they did that. Bawled like a baby. It was like a funeral that wasn't.

TRISH: I'm sorry.

ROSS: Yea.

(Trish starts putting the trophies on the dresser.)

ROSS: Don't do that.

TRISH: Why not?

ROSS: I don't want to look at them.

(He starts taking them off the dresser, throwing them in the trash.)

ROSS: Ever again.

TRISH: Hey. Stop! Ross, don't.

(She takes them out again, he puts them back; they get into a tug of war with one; she finally gets it out of his hand.)

TRISH: Ross, hey come on. Really. Ross! No. All right—let me have them. Will you do that? I promise I'll take them back to my place tonight. And I'll put them somewhere safe. So that when you change your mind, they'll be there.

(She puts them on the dresser; he doesn't stop her.)

ROSS: I won't change my mind. I should have thrown those things away years ago. Fuck.

TRISH: Hey, come on. Relax. It's just some old trophies.

ROSS: Sorry. I didn't mean to get like this. It's just that, looking back on it, Travis's disappearance was kind of the beginning of the end of the good times. You think it's going to be baseball and pretty girls and drinking beer all your life and all of a sudden you learn that terrible shit happens to people you care about and there's no explanation for it at all. One day you wake up and realize the universe is big and cold and really just doesn't give a shit about you. And if it doesn't care about you, why should you care about it? Maybe everybody figures that out sooner or later. Maybe I just figured it out too soon. All I know is, the fun went out of it all after that and things just started getting ugly. You fuck a girl, you're just using her. You swing a bat, you wish it was at somebody's head. When you're thinking like that the only direction is down. Down so far that ten years later you're face down in a bar with your ass kicked good for what you don't even remember except somewhere deep inside you know you deserved it and you look up expecting another boot in the lip, wanting it, and instead there's this angel standing over you. And she says: "Sugar, I think you've lost this round. Why don't you let me carry you out of here?" And for the first time in so long the universe is smiling again. For the first time, things don't look so ugly anymore.

TRISH: That's sweet. That's my Ross again. Wanna fuck?

ROSS: Not quite there yet, baby.

TRISH: Just lemme know. How 'bout a beer?

ROSS: All I've got is Bud.

TRISH: Bud would be perfect.

(He gets two beers.)

ROSS: Perfect. Right. When you're used to drinking champagne.

TRISH: I like Bud.

ROSS: I don't believe it, but it's nice of you to say it anyway. I look at you sometimes, those clothes, those rings on your fingers, all those languages you speak, those exotic places you talk about in the same way I talk about a trip to the 7-Eleven, and I wonder what in the hell you see in me?

TRISH: Nice shoulders, tight ass...

ROSS: I'm serious. I mean, I'm just a free-lance welder at a shipyard.

TRISH: I think being a welder at a shipyard is great.

ROSS: You're making fun of me.

TRISH: I'm not making fun of you. It's great to be able to build something with your hands. I respect that. More than just about anything I've seen and I've seen a lot.

ROSS: Do you really mean that?

TRISH: I'm here because I want to be.

ROSS: You know what's funny? It's not your class and your style and exotic good looks I'm in love with. What really makes me love you is some kind of pain I can see in you. Like you, too, are somebody who figured out the universe mostly doesn't give a shit but it didn't make you give up.

TRISH: Are you really in love with me, Ross?

ROSS: Yes. I really am.

TRISH: Love is a big word. Are you sure you know what it means?

ROSS: No. Because I've never been in love before. Good fucks, good times, but the four-letter word never crossed my mind, let alone my lips. But with you, the word comes so easily.

TRISH: Say it.

ROSS: I love you, Trish.

TRISH: Tell me what you love about me.

ROSS: I love your crazy pain and your crazy earrings and your crazy stories and the way you fuck me in five different languages—

TRISH: Six—

ROSS: Six. I love the way you piss in my filthy toilet and joke about it even though I know you've probably pissed in the fanciest toilets in the world. I love the way you walk into a bar or a restaurant, dressed to the nines, turning every head in the place, like a movie star, a queen and me, a king. And the next day the earrings are off and you're sitting with me in a tin boat in a pair of cut off shorts and t-shirt helping me tie flies for trout fishing and telling *me* where to cast.

TRISH: Watch the insects on the surface. They'll always lead you to the trout underneath.

ROSS: Right. I even love the way every now and then when you're pissed off you take a swing at me.

TRISH: Only when you deserve it.

ROSS: Only when I deserve it. Should I keep going?

TRISH: That'll do for now.

ROSS: I could. I swear to God I could go on forever. I want to go on forever.

TRISH: Hm, so do I.

ROSS: Together.

TRISH: Keep talking, baby. You're definitely on a roll.

ROSS: I think I'm asking you to marry me. No—I'm definitely asking you to marry me. Trish, will you marry me?

(Long silence.)

ROSS: Oh God. Oh no. I've fucked everything up—

TRISH: No.

ROSS: Yes. You don't answer.

TRISH: Ross, I just, I mean, I wasn't expecting...

ROSS: Of course. I'm an idiot.

TRISH: No! Stop saying that!

ROSS: Forget it. Forget I ever opened my mouth. Everything was perfect and I ruined it.

TRISH: No!

ROSS: Go back to a few minutes and start over.

TRISH: I don't want to go back.

ROSS: Then what? I asked you to marry me. Trish, we're perfect together. Marry me.

TRISH: It's just not that simple.

ROSS: Yes it is. You say yes and I run out and hock my ass to get you a ring and you're mine.

TRISH: If it only were that simple.

ROSS: You said you loved me. Do you love me?

TRISH: Yes, I do.

ROSS: Then what's the problem? Trish, this is the happy ending part. The part where the two lovers go off in the sunset. Please. I need you. Marry me.

TRISH: Why can't two people who love each other just love each other? Why do they have to have this empty ritual? This scrap of paper? This bourgeois stamp of social approval?

ROSS: I don't know. Except to say that I'm a pretty regular guy and I was raised to believe that if you really love someone, you marry them. Corny, maybe, but that's who I am. And if it's really such an empty ritual then what does it matter?

TRISH: Ross, please. Let's just leave things where they are. Let's fuck. Do you want to fuck now?

ROSS: No. I want you to say you'll marry me. Then we can fuck.

TRISH: We don't need to be married to fuck.

ROSS: I'm beginning to think I'm just some kind of adventure. Some working class cock you amuse yourself with before you go back to your fancy friends. Baseball trophies, trout fishing, dive bars, driving around on a motorcycle, all just amusing as hell, right? Slumming, isn't that what you people call it? Have a good laugh over tea or something? Fuck.

TRISH: Are you quite finished?

ROSS: No. *(Pause)* Yes.

TRISH: You know as loveable as you are, Ross, you can be a real dumbass sometimes.

ROSS: So that's why you won't marry me? 'Cause I'm a dumbass sometimes?

TRISH: No. For some strange reason that just makes me love you more.

ROSS: Then what the hell is the problem?

TRISH: Maybe the problem is me. Maybe there's things about me that if you knew would change the way you feel about me.

ROSS: Never.

TRISH: Never say never.

ROSS: Never. Never never.

TRISH: Baby, please. Let's just keep it like it is. Keep going like we were, forever. And leave the other part for the movies.

ROSS: It's too late.

TRISH: A minute ago you wanted to turn the clock back.

ROSS: And now I know you can't. What's been said can't be unsaid. Either marry me or make me understand why you won't.

TRISH: It's not that I don't want to. It's just that, well...

ROSS: Well what?

TRISH: Well, suppose I told you I'd done things?

ROSS: What things?

TRISH: Not nice things.

ROSS: I wasn't expecting to marry June Cleaver.

TRISH: I'm a long way from June Cleaver.

ROSS: I know. That's why I love you. Now if you don't tell me right now what this is all about I'm going to take a strip of metal out of that toolbox and make it into a ring and stick it on your finger and I'll make it so tight you'll never get it off and you'll be mine. Forever. Off into the sunset and all the rest.

TRISH: Ross... Oh, Ross... Shit...

ROSS: That's my answer? Shit?

TRISH: No. Suppose I told you that the thing that I did that wasn't nice was that I have on occasion sold myself?

ROSS: What do you mean, sold yourself?

TRISH: I think you know exactly what I mean, Ross.

ROSS: You mean prostitution?

(Trish nods affirmatively. Ross can't hide his pained reaction to this.)

TRISH: I'm sorry. Now you hate me?

ROSS: Of course I don't hate you. I'm surprised, okay?

TRISH: I'm full of surprises.

ROSS: Are you still doing it? I mean, since we met...?

TRISH: Of course not.

ROSS: Okay. So we're talking about the past.

TRISH: Yes. We're talking about the past. The one I invented. All that stuff about a frustrated little girl at a New England prep school—I made it up. I didn't come from a rich family. I earned every penny I have. On my knees. So to speak.

ROSS: I'm not going to judge you. I guess you did what you had to do.

TRISH: The whore with the heart of gold, right? The downtrodden waif forced to sell herself? No. That's too easy. This isn't a Hollywood movie. I didn't have to do it, Ross. I chose to do it. I was a raunchy, ruthless whore sucking and fucking my way into a fat bank account.

ROSS: What—is that supposed to shock me? It doesn't. And you're obviously not going to fatten your bank account off of me, so I'm just going to assume you're with me because you really want to be.

TRISH: Yes. That much is definitely true.

ROSS: Then there's no problem. So marry me.

TRISH: Well unfortunately some of that past is still here. In the present.

ROSS: What do you mean?

TRISH: Well, for instance, what if I told you there might be legal problems that might resurface if I tried to marry?

ROSS: I'd answer that we'd hire a lawyer. I'd answer that I don't give a shit. Trish, there's nothing about your past that can change how I feel about you because I'm in love with you, here, now.

TRISH: I believe you. And if you are, what else matters, right? No matter what, I'm the same person, right?

ROSS: Of course.

TRISH: If only I believed that.

ROSS: Oh, shit, here we go again...

TRISH: I'm sorry. It's just not so easy.

ROSS: What isn't so easy? Trust me. Whatever it is you're talking about, just trust me. Don't you trust me?

TRISH: Yes. I have to trust you, don't I? Okay. Suppose I told you there are medical issues as well?

(Pause)

ROSS: Oh shit. You're trying to tell me you've got AIDS. I'm sitting here running my mouth about all this petty shit and you've got something inside of you that's killing you. I'm such an idiot.

TRISH: No Ross, I don't have AIDS.

ROSS: Goddamn! Don't scare me like that!

TRISH: I'm sorry.

ROSS: Why the hell did you let me go on like that?

TRISH: I guess because I liked what I was hearing. You thought I had AIDS, but you didn't think of yourself catching it, all you thought of was me. How many other men would react like that?

ROSS: So if I'm such a goddamned saint, then marry me.

TRISH: Maybe I don't deserve a saint.

ROSS: Shit, we're going in circles again. Trish, please, talk to me. And make sense.

TRISH: Make sense of me. A tall order. Okay. Suppose I told you the problem is I'm a selfish bitch queen diva who never wants to have children?

ROSS: I'd say to hell with 'em. Who wants children? We'll spend our old age fucking in a rocking chair.

TRISH: Suppose I told you I just lied? Suppose I told you I'd love to have children with you but I can't?

ROSS: That's it? That's what this all about? You can't have children?

TRISH: No, I can't have children and yes that's what this is all about. In a manner of speaking.

ROSS: Oh baby for Chrissakes. I don't care if we can't have children. Besides, whatever problem you've got, maybe it can be fixed. You'd be surprised what medical science can do these days.

TRISH: No, I wouldn't. Ross, why don't we just go away? Right now. Get on a plane and go somewhere? Somewhere with a lot of sunshine and champagne and no past? I've got money, Ross. More than you realize. And the world can be a big, beautiful place when you've got money. I'll show it to you. The Rodin Garden in Paris. The Great Wall of China. Take a sailboat through the Caribbean. Close your eyes and put your finger on a spot on the map. We'll go there. Anywhere you want.

ROSS: I'll pack my bags right now. On one condition: you answer my question.

TRISH: What was the question again exactly?

ROSS: Trish, stop it.

TRISH: I need a drink.

ROSS: You've had enough.

TRISH: Don't tell me I've had enough. I want a drink.

(He starts to go to the refrigerator.)

TRISH: No. No beer. Something harder.

ROSS: If I give you a drink, will you talk to me and make sense?

TRISH: Let's put it this way: if you don't give me a drink, I probably won't talk at all.

ROSS: All right.

(He gets a whiskey bottle and a glass.)

TRISH: Skip the glass.

(He brings her the bottle, she swigs from it, wipes her lips, hits it again.)

ROSS: Trish, I'm waiting. You can't have children. Why not?

TRISH: Well, basically it's because I lack the ingredients.

ROSS: What?

TRISH: I mean like things got sort of mixed up.

ROSS: Perfect. Now you've gotten drunk and you're making less sense than ever.

TRISH: No, it makes perfect sense. Sort of. Like God started out with a mixer and a recipe to make blueberry pancakes but ended up with French toast. It all involves batter and eggs and whatnot but it's not exactly the same thing.

ROSS: Are we having a discussion about your medical problem or planning a trip to Denny's for late night breakfast?

TRISH: Why don't we do that? Go to Denny's and get some breakfast? Pancakes or something? I'm starving.

ROSS: Stop it! What the hell has happened to you? I thought we understood each other. I thought we trusted each other.

TRISH: You're right. Why do you have to be so goddamned right? Ross, I can't have children because I don't have a womb.

ROSS: You don't have a womb?

TRISH: No.

ROSS: All right. So, some kind of birth defect?

TRISH: No.

ROSS: Then what?

TRISH: You'll have to use your imagination on this one.

ROSS: I'm not a very imaginative guy, remember?

TRISH: Okay. Don't use your imagination. What's the most obvious reason I wouldn't have a womb?

ROSS: I don't know. You're secretly a mutant alien sent to wipe out the human race.

TRISH: That's imagination.

ROSS: Well the only other answer would be...that you never had one.

TRISH: And those who aren't born with wombs are born with...

ROSS: What? What are you saying to me?

TRISH: I need another drink. Gimme the bottle.

ROSS: No.

TRISH: Gimme the fucking bottle, Ross! I want a drink!

ROSS: No! What the fuck are you saying to me?

TRISH: I'm not saying anything. You're doing all the talking. I'm asking for another drink. And if you don't give it to me then I guess I'll have to go find it in a bar somewhere.

(She makes as if she would leave; he grabs her.)

TRISH: Let go of me!

ROSS: You're *not* saying...Don't even say that you're saying... Are you trying to say to me you were a born man?

TRISH: That's what the birth certificate said.

ROSS: Is this some kind of a sick joke?

TRISH: No.

ROSS: You were born a man, but now, somehow, you're a woman? Like what? Like one of those hermaphra... Whatever the fucks...

TRISH: Hermaphrodites. No, I wasn't born a hermaphrodite.

ROSS: Then you're saying you were born a regular, normal man?

TRISH: Normal might be stretching things a bit.

ROSS: Answer me! Are you saying you were born with a cock?

TRISH: Yes.

ROSS: So let me guess. Your fairy godmother waved her magic wand and turned it into a nice, tight pussy.

TRISH: Scalpel, actually.

(He takes a few swigs from the bottle, staring at her, then reaches out, touches a breast, runs his hand down her body to her crotch, then suddenly bursts out laughing. She joins in.)

ROSS: Christ you had me going there for a minute. I actually thought you were serious.

TRISH: I am.

ROSS: Yea, right. Those tits, that ass, it's all just an optical illusion.

TRISH: No, they're real. A bit of modern medicine, of course. But they're real.

ROSS: Why are you saying all this? To get out of marrying me? You don't have to make fun of me to get out of marrying me. If you really don't want to marry me, just say no, Ross, I don't want to marry you.

TRISH: Ross, I do want to marry you.

ROSS: Then stop fucking with my head! Tell me right now this is just a sick joke and I'll forget it!

TRISH: No, Ross, it's not a joke.

ROSS: You're goddamn right it isn't. Because jokes are funny and there isn't a goddamn thing funny about this.

TRISH: I don't want you to laugh.

ROSS: What are you pissed off about? What have I done?

TRISH: I'm not pissed off! I'm just trying to tell you the goddamn truth!

ROSS: You are not telling me the truth!

TRISH: You're right. I'm not.

ROSS: There! Finally! Jesus, you had me going. You're showing sides of you, baby, unexpected and unpleasant dimensions.

TRISH: What I meant is, I'm not telling the whole truth.