

**HOUSE OF BLUE LEAVES**

By John Guare

BUNNY

Oh, I love you! You said you'll come with me to see the Pope! That's tantamount to a promise. Tantamount. Tantamount. You hear that? I didn't work in a law office for nix. I could sue you for breach of promise. (*Near tears*) I know what you're going to say--- I won't cook for you---You bend my arm and twist my heart, but I got to be strong. Now rinse your mouth out to freshen up and come on, let's go. It's really cold out so dress warm---look, I stuffed the *New York Post* in my booties---plastic just ain't as warm as it used to be. I won't cook for you! I cooked veal parmigeena for me last night. It was so good I almost died. But I won't cook for you till after we're married. I'm no that kind of girl. I'll sleep with you anytime you want. Anywhere. In two months I've know you, did I refuse you once? Not once! You want me to climb in the bag with you right now? Unzip it---go on---unzip it---Give your fingers a smack and I'm flat on my back. I'll sew those words into a sampler for you in our new home in California. We'll hang it right by the front door. Because, Artie, I'm a rotten lay and I know it and you know it and everybody knows it---I'm not good in bed. It's no insult. I took that sex test in the *Reader's Digest* two weeks ago and I scored twelve. Twelve, Artie!! I ran out of that dentist office with tears gushing out of my face. But I face up to the truth about myself. So if I cooked for you now and said I won't sleep with you till we're married, you'd look forward to sleeping with me so

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Women

much that by the time we did get to that motel near Hollywood, I'd be such a disappointment, you'd never forgive me. My cooking is the only thing I got to lure you on with and hold you with. Artie, we got to keep some magic for the honeymoon. It's my first honeymoon and I want it to be so good, I'm aiming for two million calories. I want to cook for you so bad I walk by the A&P , I get all hot jabs of chili powder inside my thighs...but I can't till we get those tickets to California safe in my purse, till Billy knows we're coming, till I got that ring right on my cooking finger...Don't tempt me....I love you...