

ALNM – SIDE – Anne and Charlotte

CHARLOTTE: Well, dear, how are you? And how is your marriage working out?

ANNE: I'm in bliss. I have all the dress in the world and a maid to take care of me and this charming house and a husband who spoils me shamelessly.

CHARLOTTE: That list, I trust, is in diminishing order of priority.

ANNE: How dreadful you are! Of course, it isn't. And how's dear Marta?

CHARLOTTE: Ecstatic. Dear Marta has renounced men and is teaching gymnastics in a school for retarded girls in Bettleheim. Which brings me or...(Glancing at a little watch on her bosom)...rather should bring me, as my time is strictly limited – to the subject of men. How do you rate your husband as a man?

ANNE: I – don't quite know what you mean.

CHARLOTTE: I will give you an example. As a man, my husband could be rated as a louse, a conceited, puffed-up, adulterous egomaniac. He constantly makes me do the most degrading, the most humiliating things..like...like.... (Her composure starts to crumble.)

ANNE: Like?

CHARLOTTE: Like... (Taking a tiny handkerchief from her purse, and bursting into tears). Oh, why do I put up with it? Why do I let him treat me like – like an intimidate corporal in his regiment? Why? Why? I'll tell you why. I despise him! I hate him! I *love* him! Oh damn that woman! My she rot forever in some infernal dressing room with lipstick of fire and scalding mascara! Let every build board in hell eternally announce: Desire Armfeldt in – in – in *The Wild Duck!*

ANNE: Desirée Armfeldt? But what has she done to you?

CHARLOTTE: What has she not done? Enslaved my husband – enslaved yours...

ANNE: Fredrik!

CHARLOTTE: He was there last night in her bedroom – in a nightshirt. My husband threw him out into the street and he's insanely jealous. He told me to come her and tell you ...and I'm actually *telling* you! Oh what a monster I have become!

ANNE: Charlotte, is that the truth? Fredrik was there – in a night shirt?

(CHARLOTTE sobs)

CHARLOTTE: My husband's nightshirt!

ANNE: Oh I knew it! I was sure that he'd met her before. And when she *smiled* at us in the theatre... (She begins to weep.)