

Rose

*Rose, the life of the party, reveals the truth about her situation at home*

That's right. Life is life and no goddamn Frenchman ever made a movie about that! Sure, any old actress can make you feel sorry for her in a movie. Easy as pie! And when she's finished work, she can go home to her big fat mansion and climb into her big fat bed that's twice the size of my bedroom for Chrissake! But the rest of us, when we get up in the morning...When I wake up in the morning he's lying there staring at me...Waiting. Every morning I open my eyes and there he is, waiting! Every night, I get into bed and there he is, waiting! He's always there, always after me, always hanging over me like a vulture. Goddamn sex! It's never that way in the movies, is it? Oh, no, in the movies it's always fun! Besides, who cares about a woman who's gotta spend her life with a pig just 'cause she said yes to him once! Well I'm telling you, no fucking movie was ever this sad. Because movies don't last a lifetime. Why did I ever do it? Why? I should have said no. I should have yelled it at the top of my lungs and stayed an old maid. I was so ignorant in those days. Christ, I didn't know what I was in for. All I could think of was "the Holy State of Matrimony"! You gotta be stupid to bring up your kids like that, knowing nothing. My Carmen won't get caught like that. Because I've been telling her for years what men are really worth. She won't end up like me. Forty-four years old with a two-year-old kid and another one on the way with a stupid slob of a husband who can't understand a thing, who demands his 'rights' at least twice a day, 365 days a year.