**From “Little Murders” by Jules Feiffers**

**Patsy:**

Honey, I don’t want to hurt you. I want to change you. I want to make you see that there is some value in life, that there is some beauty, some tenderness, some things worth reacting to. Some things worth feeling. But you’ve got to take some chances some time! What do you want out of life? Just survival? It’s not enough! Its not, not, not enough! I am not going to have a surviving marriage. I’m going to have a flourishing marriage! I’m a woman! Or, by Jesus, it’s about time I became one. I want a family! Oh, Christ, Alfred, this is my wedding day. I want – want to be married to a big, strong, protective, vital, virile, self-assured man. Who I can protect and take care of. Alfred, honey, you’re the first man I’ve ever gone to bed with where I didn’t feel he was a lot more likely to get pregnant than I was. You owe me something! I’ve invested everything I believe in you. You’ve got to let me mould you. Please let me mould you. You’ve got me whining, begging and crying. I’ve never behaved like this in my life. Will you look at this? That’s a tear. I never cried in my life.