

Roger Dodger 1 (OVA)

She

Oh, Jesus Christ.

He

No, just me.

She

How did you get in here?

He

Keys.

She

How did you get those?

He

Copied them from yours.

She

When?

He

Last week, when you sent me out for bagels.

She

Give them back to me.

He

Aren't you tired of constantly having to buzz me in here?

She

See how your brain works? How does once a week turn into "constantly"?

He

Actually, last week was two times, including, I believe, Friday when you woke me from a dead, pleasant sleep and demanded the use of my body.

She
You could have said no.

He
What? Are you kidding? That was a call
to action. I dressed in 30 seconds like a
volunteer fireman. I was insane.

She
You should stop talking and listen to me.
I've got something to say to you.

He
Oh yeah?

She
Yeah.

He
Well, words are my stock and trade,
Joyce.

She
I know.

He
You can't just stop up the floodgate.

She
We need to stop this.

He
Stop what? God, I love watching you in
the mirror – the way you take off your
make-up. You're like an athlete after the
game, scraping off the war paint.

She
I meant, we need to stop seeing each
other.

He
Oh really?

She

Yeah, this whole thing was a bad idea. Generally, I have good judgment, but this time, it went right out the window.

He

This whole thing is a great idea. What are you talking about? Nobody knows about us. We all go out, I sit there, and you know, a few hours later, I know I'm going to be the traveling salesman, and you're going to be the lonely housewife.

She

I need you to be adult about this. No scenes.

He

Joyce, I am your boy. I am your stallion.

She

Adult. Understand?

He

Forget about the keys, okay? Just keep the keys with...

She

Tonight is our last night, so let's make it a good one.

He

Good-bye sex is never good. Next week, we'll have "get back together" sex... can I stay the night?

She

Roger, no.