

INT. LOG CABIN - EVENING

MR. POXON, 40s, arrives home to his cedar cabin in the Wisconsin salt basin. There he faces MRS. POXON, his wife, 30s, sitting in a rocking chair in their fireplace-lit den.

MR. POXON
I'm home, honeychile.

MRS. POXON
(angrily)
You're late.

MR. POXON
Someone licked my car, so I had it washed.

MRS. POXON
(dubiously)
I bet. We need to talk.

MR. POXON
About what?

MRS. POXON
About your rendezvous with that slut in the Disemboweled Mosquito Lounge.

MR. POXON
My what?

MRS. POXON
I had my suspicions, so I followed you from the office on Friday. I saw you there. And her. And that Hasidic bartender.

MR. POXON
I don't wish to discuss this now.

MRS. POXON
The hell you don't.

MR. POXON
I don't.

MRS. POXON
Well, I do.

MR. POXON
Then we have come to an impasse, have we not?

MRS. POXON
You shitting me?

MR. POXON
I shit you not, honeychile.

MRS. POXON
Then I don't want you here in this house tonight.

MR. POXON
That's a bitch thing.

MRS. POXON
At least not in our bedroom.

MR. POXON
Where am I supposed to sleep?

MRS. POXON
On the sofa.

MR. POXON
It's cold in the den.

MRS. POXON
So.

MR. POXON
I'll catch a chill.

MRS. POXON
You should have considered that before you asked her to spread her eagle for you. Is she a fellow worker of yours? On the job trainee?

MR. POXON
Forget about that.

MRS. POXON
The hell I will!

MR. POXON
(sighs)
If this is the way it has to be, so be it.

MRS. POXON
Yes. And don't patronize me.

MR. POXON
Can I use the electric blanket?

MRS. POXON
Why don't you invite your whore
over and snuggle up with her again.

MR. POXON
You're not serious.

MRS. POXON
No, I guess that's a bad idea.

MR. POXON
All right. This has gone on far
enough. I will not freeze to death
in my own home.

MRS. POXON
Then spill it.

MR. POXON
Spill what?

MRS. POXON
Your guts.

MR. POXON
That's disgusting.

MRS. POXON
That's exactly what I've been
thinking of you.

MR. POXON
(groaning)
Stop it! My glands... you're
getting me hot. Ah, the fire! My
groin is burning up.

MRS. POXON
Sorry. Breathe deep and imagine an
ice flow up your ass.

MR. POXON
(composing himself)
It so happens, honeychile, that I'm
not cheating on you. I swear. Wart
Hog Scouts honor.

MRS. POXON
Then who is she?

MR. POXON
He.

MRS. POXON

He?

MR. POXON

He's a professional drag queen, and my long lost son.

MRS. POXON

Our son? He's not lost. He's a snake wrangler in Detroit.

MR. POXON

No, not Chip. My other son from a previous failed relationship.

MRS. POXON

Who did you knock up?

MR. POXON

My sister, Beaver June.

MRS. POXON

My God. That's incest, which is illegal in most states of the Union.

MR. POXON

Not really. I loved her like a bowling partner.

MRS. POXON

But how did you find him?

MR. POXON

We first met at the racetrack. He hit on me by showing me his cock, and then I knew.

MRS. POXON

You mean--

MR. POXON

Checkered, just like mine. And equally as endowed.

MRS. POXON

Why didn't you tell me?

MR. POXON

He's ugly as sin. A consequence of inbreeding.

MRS. POXON

So?

MR. POXON

And he has lousy taste in evening gowns.

MRS. POXON

I don't understand.

MR. POXON

I'm an elitist, sweetie. I have my pride.

MRS. POXON

Yes, you do... I'm so ashamed.

MR. POXON

Don't worry about it. You're beautiful when you're stupidly mistaken.

MRS. POXON

I have a confession to make, dear.

MR. POXON

I'm not a priest.

MRS. POXON

But you're my big daddy.

MR. POXON

Very well then. Go ahead.

MRS. POXON

I slept with your ol' buddy Bud.

MR. POXON

Bud who?

MRS. POXON

Your ol' buddy Bud from the war, the one who saved your life from the falling helicopter and who looks like a smashed walnut.

MR. POXON

Ah, yes. I remember now. My ol' buddy Bud from the war. How the heck is he?

MRS. POXON

I'm not sure. We didn't talk much. He sends his regards.

MR. POXON

Were you unfaithful to spite me?

MRS. POXON

I'm afraid so, dear. It was all a silly misunderstanding.

MR. POXON

Silly girl.

MRS. POXON

Bud wants to get together with you over lunch this weekend.

MR. POXON

I'm not hungry.

MRS. POXON

When he calls back, maybe you will be.

MR. POXON

When's dinner?

MRS. POXON

Can you ever forgive me?

MR. POXON

On one condition. You don't ever get angry with me anymore.

MRS. POXON

I promise, darling. Why on earth would I be angry with you?

MR. POXON

My sister, Beaver June, is coming to stay with us next month. She's just been separated from her dog and she's a very sad and lonely girl.

MRS. POXON

I don't mind. Afterall, I have the electric blanket to keep us warm.

MR. POXON

Sounds romantic. You do love me, honeychile.

MRS. POXON

I wouldn't have married a repulsive bastard like you if I didn't.

MR. POXON

Goddamnit, my glands! My muther-fucking glands!