

PRECARIOUS POSITION

Stop right there! Give me back my birth control pills. Ernie, give them back! ERNIE, look at me and read my lips: if you flush those down the toilet, our sex life as you know it will cease to exist. Just slowly hand them over. Ernie, calm down, you're hysterical. I'll tell you what, you give me one pill and you can flush the rest, okay? Just one tiny pill. The one with Tuesday written above it and you can have the rest, okay? Ernie, you're not listening. Ernie! NO! Are you happy? You've had your fun, now give me the rest of those goddamn pills! AAAAAA! Sweatheart, listen, I understand you're hurt. Just give me Tuesday's pill and we'll have a nice, long dinner to disc... ERNIE STOP DOING THAT! Don't you talk to me about trust. You had no business snooping around in my panty drawer. I had those hidden under my garter belt. Ernie, what were you doing with my garter belt? I am not changing the subject. Look honey, I'm just not ready to have a baby. I figured I'd stay on the pill this one last month and then I could get pregnant ... eventually. NO! NOT THAT ONE! NOT TUESDAY! YOU SHIT! THAT WAS THE LAST PACKAGE I HAD! YOU'VE SCREWED-UP MY ENTIRE MONTHLY CYCLE. DON'T YOU KNOW THAT SPERM LIVE FOR UP TO 72 HOURS? YOU ASS! If I get pregnant, so help me I'll flush you down the toilet, Ernie. Penis first. And don't you think I won't.