

LORNA talks about men and stupidity.

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Ladies, do you remember the moment you realized, truly realized, your man was stupid? Sure you do. And if you haven't had that moment yet, oh, you will, I promise you. It will likely be when he's dealing with one of his exes or when he's ordering at a restaurant or when he can't explain beyond four words why he likes a particular movie. "*Explain to me again why you like Top Gun?*" "*Because I like it.*"

There is a moment when all wives realize their husband is dumb.

So let's remember that. Let's put that here. (*She gestures to a spot in the air beside her.*) Your man is dumb.

And men, do you remember the moment you realized your woman was a liar? Maybe not, because, you know: (*She points to the Men Are Dumb spot.*)

But she is. Women are liars. You're not a liar? Well *I* was. And if I'm not emblematic of all women, who is?

It's not entirely our fault. Men will believe anything we tell them.

I'm not mad at you. Nothing's wrong. I'm fine. I'm single. I'm taken. I'm just not ready for a boyfriend right now. Three or four, and then only you. I'll be ready in a minute. He's just a friend. I'd never cheat on you. I don't think about my ex-boyfriend at all anymore. I love your mother. I love your friends. I love your apartment. I'd never try to change you. Oh yes it was great!

I'm getting what I want. I'm fine. I'm satisfied.

Really? Are you? Then why is my book selling so well?

Liars. (*She gestures to a spot on the other side of her*)

Dumb. (*she gestures to the Men are dumb spot.*)

This is a bad combination.

He's not going to figure out what you want unless you tell him. Explicitly. In short, easy-to-understand sentences. And if you don't get what you want, it's *your fault* because you didn't ask for it in the first place. It is my fault when I don't get the things I don't ask for. I will say it again *it, it is my fault when I don't get the things I don't ask for.*

And why didn't we ask for it? Shame? Fear? Screw shame. Fuck fear. Ask for it. Use your words. Tell him what you want. Harder, faster, slower, longer, upside-down. Use your hands. Grab his wrists and put his hands where you need them. (*She moves her hands to different spots*) Here and here, here and here, or here and here.

If you want something, do whatever it takes to get it. If he says no, move on to the man or woman who says yes. That's the only way to find your own sexually uninhibited and extremely gratifying existence. If you don't get what you want because you don't ask for it and you tell me you're fine with that? That you're happy? That you're satisfied? Well. (*She points to the Women are Liars spot*) I know a liar when I see one.