**LUV**by Murray Schisgal *ELLEN*

What I have to say will only take a few minutes. There may not be many more of them. You didn't come home until after one last night. It wouldn't give me any satisfaction to prove you're lying about where you were, so we'll just let it stay like that. I have something to show you. I made this while you were out last night. *(she hooks graph to lampost)* Let me explain it to you *(she pulls graph down to its full length, points with finger)* These black vertical lines divide our five years of marriage into months: these blue vertical lines divide the months into weeks. Now. Each time this red horizontal line running across the top of the graph hits the blue vertical line that indicates the number of sexual experiences over a seven-day period. No, we won't talk about it later. That's a favorite play of yours. No, Milt, not tonight. These things must be said while the still can be said. I'd like to continue if you don't mind. Now. You'll notice on this graph how at the beginning of our marriage the red horizontal line touches the blue vertical line at a point of 14, 15 times a week, and how, gradually, the number of contacts become less and less until 18 months ago, when we have an abrupt break-off, the last time being July 23rd, the night of your sister's wedding, and after that date the red horizontal line doesn't touch the blue vertical line once, not one! I have nothing further to say, Milt. *(she tugs down on the graph so that it snaps up cleanly and disappears in the wooden casing, pause)* When something like this is allowed to happen to a marriage, you can't go on pretending. You want to pretend. Oh, the temptation is great to overlook, to find excuses, to rationalize. But here, Milt, here are the facts. Our relationship has deteriorated to such an extent that I don't feel responsible any more for my own behavior. It isn't a question of being mad at you. Yes, I think our marriage is a failure, however, there will be no divorce. We've made a mistake, but we've got to make the best of it...I have no intention of doing otherwise.