

## QUEER ENOUGH: GIRLY

the girls are giggling as they sneak into the top tier of the waldorf astoria ballroom, while a wedding takes place below.

her: holy shit this place is massive!

me: -i don't think we're supposed to be up here

her: whose gonna tell on us, a waiter?

me: nah they're too busy with the mile long buffet

Her: if we get caught we can just pretend we're a part of the band

me: yea i guess i could look like a string player ((references her skirt and top//her outfit))

her: i'd peg you for the clarinet section.

me: yea, and you look like the bride's aunt. keeping everybody guessing with her power suit

her: is she gay?

me: or is she straight!

her: is she gay?

me: or is she straight!

*they kiss*

her: she's gay!

me: she's queer, call me queer folks, i prefer queer--

announcer: ladies and gentleman, PRESENTING FOR THE FIRST TIME, PLEASE WELCOME MR. AND MRS. MENASHE!

her: hahah DAMN! Yes! it's like NBA JAM!

me://who would want their love to be announced like that

her:who would want literally a thousand people at their wedding?

me: the jewish community of bay ridge

her: well, betty actually wanted a small wedding

me: at the waldorf astoria, riiiiight

her: and she really didn't want that fancy of a dress but her dad made her get it

me: TRADITION, TRADITION ((a la fiddler on the roof)

her: when we get married you don't have to be fancy, but you still have to wear the dress

me: what

her: yea, cause i'm gonna wear the all white p-diddy party pantsuit look

me: but what if I wanted to wear the p diddy pantsuit

her: well you can't, cause i've never worn a dress in my life so i'm not starting on my wedding day

me: uhhh can we both wear p diddy pantsuits?

her: nah that's too gay

me: haha

her: plus, you're the girly one, so you know, it makes sense

me: mmm.

.....

her: what?

me: oh. you know. i just love being reduced to "girly."

her: well you are! you're girly! you like dresses and all that shit babe, it's not a bad thing.

me: yea but liiiike you in the pantsuit?? c'mon it's so predictable. I'd like to think we're a little more complex than just um, well, you in the pantsuit and me in the dress. it feels pretty hetero

her: well you'd be marrying a chick so it'd be pretty gay

me: ok maybe I don't have to wear the pantsuit on our wedding day but maybe for the rehearsal dinner or the after party. Or whatever.

her: ok, but I still want my wife in a dress when I see her walk down the aisle

me: oh my god you're so annoyingggg. So stubborn!

her: no!

Me: this is like the time that you told me that YOU could never be the pregnant one because I am not a very good provider, implying that id have to be more of a mother figure which would make you--

Her: The papa! The papa--TRADITION!

me laughs.

her: you can't argue with those child bearing hips, you were made for it

me: no but what you implied was that I would be better as a pregnant woman because, once again, I'm the "girly" one.

her: let's not fight c'mon there's nothing wrong with being girly

me: no, I know! I love being girly! I love being myself. I love you being yourself! it just drives me bonkers that it puts some sort of boundary on who I am to you, like if I suddenly decide to wear your timberlands I'm some baby dyke rather than just me in timberlands.

her: aghh you'll never let me live down baby dyke

Me: it's just weird, like look, none of this is real, right? We're just talking hypotheticals here with our wedding and unborn children. so WHY, if it's all just fantasy, can't we be ANYTHING we want to be?

her: aw baaabe come on, you want to fantasize about being the dudely one? I can get into it! That's hot!

me: I want you to stop making me the girl

her: even if that's what you are

me: and stop making you the boy cause it's just weird, cause I'm dating you because you're a girl and I LIKE GIRLS

her: gaaaaaaaaaad

THE BAND PLAYS A STUPID ORCHESTRAL VERSION OF HEY YA

her: HAHHA this rules! yes!

HER starts to take photos of the crowd below

her: hey j, come here, let me take your picture

me moves and unenthusiastically allows her picture to be taken

her: cmon babe, smile!

me: why? cause i look so pretty in this very girly outfit?

her: yea! and cause I love you!

HER takes her photo

her: hey...flash me...

me: ughh no

her: cmon, flash me!!

me: no! there are people like, everywhere

her: no one is going to see, your back is to them

me: no

her: plus I know you're not wearing a bra

me: I don't want to, i'm not in the mood

her: come on it'll be so funny

me: not really, not really that funny

her: you can wear the pantsuit ok? You can wear the pantsuit, just let me take a photo of you flashing your tits at an orthodox wedding

me: ONE TWO THREE

me lifts up her top really quickly. her squeals and laughs and then looks at her camera

her: whaaaat! shit. I didn't get it! do it again

me: no, that's your fault i'm not doing it again

her: do it again please babe!!

me: definitely not

her: ugh all i got was this blurry photo of like half face half tit, it's not fair

me: let me see

me reaches over and takes the camera. she looks. the photo is bad. she's glad.

me: good. i didn't want you to have it anyway.

her: damn

me: i know you just send my nudes to all your friends, which is weird by the way and I definitely didn't EVER say that it was ok.

her: they're all dudes, what does it matter? they're my boys

me: right. they're your boys. and i'm you're naked girlfriend. so just--stop--

her: what

me: objectifying me

beat.

her: jesus you're treating me like i'm an abusive boyfriend

me: only cause that's how you're acting.

beat.

her: i'm going to go get a drink

me: yea? you need another?

beat.

her: yea.

Me: Yea. You're right. I'd be the better pregnant one.

End.