

BASIL

I've told you a million times I love you. I love you, I love you, I love you. Now – that's a million three.

Your jealousy is driving me up the wall, Jan. So, will you please give it a rest? Everything's okay, alright? You have nothing to worry about. Just because I stop to talk to another woman doesn't mean we have something going. Hell, I don't even know the person. Besides, it's real hard to get past her without saying something. After all, she is the checker. And her saying, "Green beans .59, is hardly a come on. And the same with that lady at the laundromat. She must have been seventy-five and she had whiskers growing out of her ears. C'mon now, be realistic. And the girl who delivers the mail with the moustache and thunder-thighs is definitely not my type. Will you please back off?

You know, Jan, maybe you should see a shrink of something, I don't know. But I do know that you're making me crazy, with all this over reacting. Like when I danced with Doris at the Christmas party. Don't you think spitting in her eggnog was a little heavy? Maybe your insane jealousy stems from your childhood — improper potty training, or something. Who knows? But I know one thing — It's got to stop before it stops us.