

THE FIRST BIRTH

by Jane Miller (original text)

J FOLDING CLOTHES. L ENTERS

L: Let someone else do that.
It does not befit you. It does not befit me.
Time will heal this.
You are wounded. Disappointed.
Let me nurse you. Mend you.

What choice did I have?
Take a life or lose a life?
Not a choice at all. Survival.
Mine. And yours. Yours.

There is much left for us.
So much to look forward to.

I bought that for you. Secured it. Insured it.

Little one.
Precious girl.

It cannot be exactly as it was. But it can be.
There are other ways. Other means.
You are still a wife.
My wife.

I am your husband.
I can teach you ways to be a wife but not a mother.

We can accommodate one another.
Creatively. Safely. Sweetly.
I will tutor you. Love you. Pleasure you.
All this will fade gradually from view.
You will learn to live in my indulgence.
Everything for you. What I have done.
What I can do. Everything. All for you.

***J STARES AT L.
SHE SPITS IN HIS FACE***

Ungrateful little bitch.