Wanda: Otto, what are you doing?

Otto: (Sitting floor, legs crossed, meditating) It’s a Buddhist meditation technique. It focuses your aggression. The monks used to do it before they went into battle.

Wanda: (can’t believe how dumb he is) Ummm…What kind of Buddhism is this, Otto?

Otto: It’s an early Tantric meditation ---(Pause) Whoa, Whoa…What is this? (Stands up looking at her at her outfit, showing extreme cleavage)

Wanda: In order to get information, I might have to get friendly with him. (begins to get ready, applying make-up)


Wanda: I don’t know. Let’s just see what happens.

Otto: So friendly might include, ummm..actual, what,…. penetration, would you say?

Wanda: Look, I don’t need your jealousy now.

Otto: Jealous? Hs!

Wanda: Yes

Otto: Hey, I’m merely curious. Me, jealous of that fop?

Wanda: Uh, huh.

Otto: (pause) And…the tits?

Wanda: What about my tits?

Otto: Does he get to handle them?

Wanda: Yes, that’s my forecast. I’ll stand by that.

Otto: Nuzzling?

Wanda: I think $20 million is worth nuzzling. Eighty percent chance there.

Otto: Sucking?

Wanda: I thought you weren’t jealous.

Otto: I’m not. I don’t believe in jealousy. It’s for the weak. One thing, though: touch his dick, and he dies.

END