

BRUCE. But she didn't like me. And then she threw water in my face.

CHARLOTTE. Oh, dear. Oh, I'm sorry. One has to be so brave to be emotionally open and vulnerable. Oh, you poor thing. I'm going to give you a hug. (SHE

*hugs him and kisses him with her Snoopy doll*) What did you do when she threw water in your face?

BRUCE. I threw it back in her face.

CHARLOTTE. Oh good for you! Bravo! (SHE *barks for Snoopy and bounces him up and down*) Ruff ruff ruff! Oh, I feel you getting so much more emotionally expressive since you've been in therapy, I'm proud of you.

BRUCE. Maybe it was my fault. I probably came on too strong.

CHARLOTTE. Uh, life is so difficult. I know when I met the second Mr. Wallace...you know, it's so strange, all my husbands have had the same surname of Wallace, this has been a theme in my own analysis...Well, when I met the second Mr. Wallace, I got a filing cabinet caught in my throat...I don't mean a filing cabinet. What do I mean? Filing cabinet, frying pan, frog's eggs, faculty wives, frankincense, fornication, follies bergère, falling falling fork, fish fork, fish bone. I got a fish bone caught in my throat. (Smiles.)

BRUCE. And did you get it out?

CHARLOTTE. Oh yes. Then we got married, and we had quite a wonderful relationship for a while, but then he started to see this fish wife and we broke up. I don't mean fish wife, I mean waitress. Is that a word, waitress?

BRUCE. Yes. Woman who works in a restaurant.

CHARLOTTE. No, she didn't work in a restaurant, she worked in a department store. Sales...lady. That's what she was.

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