

A MAN IS ALSO A HUMAN BEING

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. CAFE - DAY

Two female gossips sit at the table and drink champagne.

On the left sits DORIS, a fading beauty in her mid-40s. She has a tall, fashionable hairstyle and many colorful rings on her thin hands, which are already covered with age spots. She puffs nervously on a cigarette and blows smoke at the ceiling.

GRACE, early 50s, sits on the right. She has large cheekbones and a strange hair color. Dressed in jodhpurs, she consequently looks like a horsewoman.

Doris looks around, as if expecting someone. Her eyes stop on a young WAITER, thin, dark-haired, who is standing by the bar and talking calmly to a young BARMAID, a sweet blonde. Doris examines him critically. Grace follows her gaze and smiles nervously.

GRACE

The boy is cute, isn't he?

Doris only puts out her cigarette and immediately lights up another one.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Are you upset about something,
honey?

Doris directs more clouds of smoke toward the ceiling and proudly shakes her head.

GRACE (CONT'D)

How's your love life these days?

DORIS

What a love life! Men are such unworthy creatures! You can be beautiful, smart, and kind, but they care about only one thing. If you're smart, good-natured, and trustworthy... all admirable qualities in a relationship... once you're in bed none of that matters.

(then)

(MORE)

DORIS (CONT'D)

If you're only maybe ten percent sexy, then it seems to him you have no qualities at all. But if it's the other way around, and you're ninety percent sexy... then it seems to him you have everything he needs.

Grace takes a tissue out of her jacket pocket and wipes her nose.

GRACE

(sighs)

Yes. Because men always consult their cock... their "little friend." If he says no, then all of grandma's buns recipes won't help.

DORIS

But I thought men always want it... even without buns.

She looks sadly into her glass.

GRACE

My dear Doris! Maybe he wants it, but... when a man looks at you, he immediately realizes you're simply inaccessible to him. You're smart and beautiful, and you've got character! Who is he? Compared to you, he has little to offer. He won't risk rejection. So, he won't think of doing anything.

DORIS

(brightening)

Really, Grace? Wow! I'm a fool. I always looked for the problem in myself: that I was either not beautiful enough for him, or not sexy enough...

GRACE

Yes. We women underestimate ourselves.

They drink their champagne thoughtfully.

DORIS

How are you doing?

Grace looks off into the distance.

GRACE

So-so. Times change. Before, men were... well, like "riders" in these things: They felt the female body under them. Today they want to drive a woman like a car: I turn the key, and she is already moaning. I step on the pedal, and she gets an orgasm. They do everything without imagination.

Doris swings one leg over the other abruptly.

DORIS

I'm most outraged that they think they know me better. They even think they know what I want! I had one of them who wanted to prove that a certain position would satisfy all my desires. Phooey!

Grace doesn't seem to hear her words, but remains distant, wrapped in thought.

GRACE

They still don't know... and it's the twenty-first century!... that the clitoris is the most important thing! That it's like a... a little penis. And a woman's orgasm is not that much different from a man's.

DORIS

Do you think they even know where it is?

She leans forward in a conspiratorial way, but Grace avoids her gaze.

GRACE

A man thinks that when a woman screams, it means orgasm. He is focused on listening. But it would be better if he focused on her looks. If she isn't flushed, then everything is clear.

Doris's face suddenly shines, as if she is overwhelmed by happy memories.

DORIS

He doesn't need his eyes, either.

(then)

I'll tell you a secret: After I reach orgasm, I want to do something nice for him. Like wash his shirt.

She laughs. Grace smiles. Then she gestures to the Waiter for refills on their drinks.

The Waiter hurries over with an open bottle and quickly fills their glasses. The two women drink in his every move.

DORIS (CONT'D)

(very polite)

Many thanks!

She takes a long sip and strokes her hair dreamily.

DORIS (CONT'D)

Do you want to hear another secret? Women can be divided into two categories. There are those who are aroused by the signs of masculinity: the sight of muscles, the smell of hormones. I would call them "slaves." When Napoleon strode down the corridor in his boots soaked in sweat and dung, those women fainted from excitement. But there are others. I call them "mothers." They hate "machos," but willingly give themselves to the "poetic" men who look at them with a kind of...

She looks nervously at the ceiling, searching for the right word.

DORIS (CONT'D)

They don't even dare to dream of owning them. Do you remember Angélique, the Marquise of the Angels?

Grace nods.

DORIS (CONT'D)

She was such a "mother." Oh, if only men knew about this! It would be much easier for them to conquer any woman.

GRACE

(with a smirk)

For such advice, Ovid was expelled from Rome, exiled to the edge of the Pontic Sea. Where he died, poor fellow.

DORIS

Thank heavens we live in different times.

They both laugh wildly.

GRACE

But we women are to blame! We're sending the wrong messages to the horses. Oh, sorry, we give men the wrong signals. Whenever I'm angry, you can probably guess why. But a man won't guess. He will think: What a fool. That's all. All these stupid outbursts of emotion are for nothing. Tell me what's going on.

DORIS

Not all women are at fault. Some are very clever. This is how they manipulate men. The technique is quite simple: Today I'm yours, and tomorrow it should look like there's nothing between us. When a man doesn't know what is what, his desire flares up. And he's a hunter, isn't he?

GRACE

You mean smart girls roast them over a low heat?

She wipes her nose again.

DORIS

Yes, indeed!

GRACE

What for? I don't understand.

DORIS

For to get married.

Grace sits in thought, her lips pursed.

GRACE

They're stupid, anyway. To marry someone isn't difficult. But then how do you live with them?

Doris smiles sadly.

GRACE (CONT'D)

You're not in a hurry? Another drink?

Doris nods in agreement. Grace mouths to the Waiter: "Two Limoncello."

DORIS

(wistfully)

All women want to get married. With no exceptions. To marry, no matter whom. Only that it happen. That is what it means to be a woman.

GRACE

"One is not born a woman, but becomes one." Simone de Beauvoir. When men convince us that feminine happiness lies in husband, family, and children, men become only means to that end. And then they complain they're not loved and appreciated enough.

DORIS

That is true. But I don't like emancipation, either. It led us to a situation of gender equality that --

GRACE

That has caused men to hang everything on us: childbearing, raising a family, earning a decent living. The responsibility is on us women.

(then)

You're right, as always, my dear. Being a woman isn't an easy thing.

(on reflection)

But a man is also a human being.

She wipes her nose, and then takes a lipstick from her purse and paints her lips scarlet. The Waiter approaches, and the women pay their bills. Then they get up.

Grace smooths her jodhpurs, and they ride up to reveal king-size high heels. Then she throws her bag over her shoulder, exposing the hairy arms of a man. She is transgender.

The women embrace, staggering a little from their drink, and walk to the exit.

The Barmaid, now pouring a martini, mutters an aside to the Waiter.

BARMAID

What a couple! They are here so often, they should get married.

WAITER

They were married. I know them as Mr. and Mrs. Wright.

Doris and Grace kiss each other tenderly on the cheek as they part.

FADE OUT.

THE END