

EVERYONE HAS LOTS AND LOTS OF SEX

A comedic play  
by  
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## CHARACTERS

JO – a twenty-something woman working in a pharmacy, unsure of the direction of her life.

DIXIE – Joe’s twenty-something co-worker. She has a penchant for not considering other’s feelings over her own.

TIM – a unusual young man who often says unusual things that seem quite usual to him.

JUDY – Dixie’s corporate roommate.

GEORGE – Judy’s girlfriend.

MR. GALLOPS – the pharmacy’s middle-aged, anxious, yet well meaning manager.

**SETTING**

An American city.

**TIME**

The recent present.

## ACT I

## SCENE 1

(Tim, wearing a decisively funky and retro outfit, walks into a pharmacy. There is a counter, some aisles of products and some boxes. Jo, wearing a store apron, is organizing a display.)

TIM

Howdy.

JO

Howdy to you too, I guess. We don't really use that term very much around here.

TIM

Well you should.

JO

Maybe. Can I help you?

TIM

You sell condoms?

JO

Yeah,

(motioning)

over there.

(Tim goes to try and find them, but can't locate them.)

TIM

Sorry where?

JO

By the children's videos.

TIM

Oh, thanks.

(Tim walks over to where the videos are and takes a look at them)

I just love that Pinocchio, how the thrill of lying awakens his adolescent sexual

energy all the way to his nose.

JO

I think that joke would be funnier if you said, 'you love how lying excites Pinocchio so much, he gets a woody in his nose,' you know cause he's made of wood and all.

TIM

That's a good point, next time they re-release it in the theaters, I'll make sure to send that one to Johnny Carson.

JO

I didn't think he was on TV anymore.

TIM

Get out of town. Of course he's still on, right?

JO

I don't think so. I'm pretty sure Jay Leno replaced him.

TIM

(surprised)

The senator?

JO

No, the comedian.

TIM

Oh, right.

(looking at the videos)

Hey, Snow White is sure a looker, isn't she.

JO

I'm more into the dwarves myself.

TIM

Oh, so you're into groups of short, bearded men who sing? I guess I'm not your type then?

JO

Well, do you sing?

TIM

A little...

(sings "SEE-SAW JAMBOREE")

Catch me a tiger, break me a straw, I'm going to make me a grand see-saw. Head like a lion, tail like a newt, once you get on, there's no escape chute. You see my good friends, your on my see-saw for life, sorry for the strife, but...

JO

Yeah, I guess you do. But you are pretty tall.

TIM

(looking at the condoms)

Damn it, there aren't any super big, oversized, for intensely large penises only, caution suggested, condoms. What should I do?

(Jo goes over to Tim and picks up a package of condoms.)

JO

(showing Tim the condoms)

Well, I think these are pretty good.

TIM

In your personal experience that is?

JO

I'm not going to answer that.

TIM

You don't have to, that's the great thing about America - I'm free to ask embarrassing and inappropriate questions, you're free to ignore them. Except in a court of law that is. That's why lawyers think they're such hot shots and can do anything, and that's why everyone hates them.

JO

My father's a lawyer.

TIM

And I'm sure you hate him.

JO

Not really.

TIM

To not hate one's father in general is weird, but to not hate a lawyer-father, well, that's just plain insane lady.

JO

That a joke, or do you really think so?

TIM

Mainly a joke.

JO

Mainly?

TIM

Now what is this?

(picking up a video)

Porn in the kiddie section? You ought to be ashamed of yourself putting this stuff here. "Poke-a-hontas"? I mean, come on, it's even animated, I'm sure kids don't even realize what it is.

JO

What the hell are you talking about? That's a Disney movie.

TIM

Oh my God, Disney is selling porn. What is this world coming to?

JO

It's not a porno, it's a kid's movie about the Indian Pocahontas with lots of sappy, vomit-inducing songs and stuff like that.

TIM

Well, they should know better than to put "poke" in the title. There are lots of good minority heroes to do kids movies about, whose names conjure up nothing phallic. Like Cesar Chavez. It'd be easy to come up with songs, and the kids would learn a little history.

(sings to the tune of the Beastie Boys You Got to Fight for the Right to Party)

'Oh migrant farm workers, we gotta fight, for the right, to party', and like that.

JO

You integrate insane songs into conversation very well.

TIM

Oh thanks, that's a nice thing to say. Didn't catch your name though, I'm Tim.

JO

Oh, it's Jo. Oh yeah, can I help you with anything else, besides pointing out the

condom section? I kind of just remembered that I work here.

TIM

Yeah actually, umm,

(pause)

never mind. Maybe I'll come by again though.

JO

Yes please, but do you want those condoms I recommended?

TIM

On second thought, I don't think I'll be needing them.

JO

Okay, have a nice day.

TIM

You don't have a lawn chair or something around here that I could sit down on for a few minutes, do you?

JO

Well, I guess you could sit down on those boxes over there if you want, just be careful not to break anything.

TIM

Thanks a lot, I really appreciate it. I just could use a little rest is all.

JO

Sure, whatever.

(Tim walks past the register and takes a magazine off a stand. He goes to the boxes and sits down, and begins to flip through the magazine. At this point, Dixie runs in the door.)

DIXIE

I'm sorry I'm late Mr. Gallops, but there was this huge fire in my building, my apartment's fine, but I had to jump from my window onto this big, like mattress, and then all these kids came and asked for my autograph, and they didn't speak English, and that really confused me, and so I'm sorry I'm late.

JO

He's not here Dixie.

DIXIE



What?

JO

He had to go somewhere, I think a doctor's appointment. I think he's been pretty stressed recently.

DIXIE

Oh, thank God. Not about the stress of course, stress is bad. I mean, it's good he's not here, he seemed like he was getting really mad the last time I was late.

JO

You mean yesterday.

DIXIE

Oh yeah, I came in so late yesterday, I almost forgot I was even here.

JO

You really have to stop coming so late. You're going to get fired.

DIXIE

No way.

JO

Look. I know Mr. Gallops is pretty nice and gullible and even a little forgetful, but he's still pretty serious about the store, so you know you can't treat this job like...

DIXIE

(said quickly)

You're not my mother. You're not my mother. You're not my mother.

JO

Okay, sorry, but you should at least remember you're building was ablaze two weeks ago and you had to jump out the window and some lady who only spoke Portuguese asked you for your autograph.

DIXIE

So?

JO

Well my point is that I'm not sure Mr. Gallops would have bought your excuse today.

DIXIE

Not much of a point, buildings catch fire all the time, is it so unlikely that mine

caught fire twice?

JO

And that non-English speaking people came and asked for your autograph both times?

DIXIE

Hello? Wouldn't you want my autograph if I just jumped out of a burning building into the hands of a cheering crowd in a mostly immigrant community? Huh?

JO

No.

DIXIE

Don't lie.

JO

Me don't lie?

DIXIE

(rhyming – though not intentionally)

Who's that guy?

JO

Who?

DIXIE

The guy on the boxes.

JO

Oh him, I don't know, just some guy who came in wanting to buy condoms.

DIXIE

Little weird looking, isn't he?

JO

(pondering)

I don't know.

DIXIE

Busy morning?

JO

Actually, that guy is the only person who's been here.

DIXIE

Really? That's strange.

JO

Damn it. The sign in the door wasn't turned around, it still says closed.

DIXIE

Oops, don't worry, I'll back you up and say it was just a really slow day.

JO

What? I don't know if you remember this, but it is your job to open the store up in the morning, and that includes turning the sign around.

DIXIE

Well you seem to have been able to open up the store all by yourself yesterday, I don't think it's so much to ask you to remember to turn one measly little sign around. Am I right or what?

JO

What. Definitely what.

DIXIE

Pardon me?

JO

This is just leading nowhere, why don't you just go and get your uniform on.

(Dixie leans against the counter. She grabs a store apron and puts it on.)

DIXIE

Hey, you want to move in with me? My roommate just told me this morning she's moving out tonight.

JO

How come, unbearable inconsiderateness?

DIXIE

Actually, she decided to join the peace corps and help little children in some African country, she's such a total loser.

JO

Right. What did you do last night?

DIXIE

I don't know, went to a couple of bars, got drunk, went to sleep, it was cool.

JO

And how about the night before?

DIXIE

Pretty much the same thing. Why do you ask, you figuring out my roommate suitability rating or something?

JO

Or something. Well, no, I can't move in, I like where I'm living just fine.

DIXIE

You live with your parents. You're twenty-something years old, and you live with your parents. I mean what is up with that? And your father is a lawyer for God's sake. I mean talk about living with undesirable people, hello, number 45,000, murderers, number 45,001, lawyers, number 45,002, Satan himself.

JO

Who do you think you are that every detail of my life is at your disposal?

(pause, then having a false revelation)

Oh, unless, yeah, yes - I got it. You're really a talent scout for one of those new reality TV shows. And your job is to convince me that my life is so boring, and so terrible, that I would gladly trap myself for 3 months in a room with 14 other desperate ladies, as we model lingerie and vie for the affection of one man, who turns out to really be a shaved monkey. Now it all makes sense Dixie.

DIXIE

(shudders)

Ehhh. I can't believe you would even joke about that. What kind of person do you think I am? That I would stoop to reality TV? Look, it's one thing to lie and cheat among your friends, but it's a whole other to do it front of 25 million people. I am so dis-appointed by you, with emphasis on the dis.

(Tim gets up and puts the magazine back on the stand.)

TIM

That's pretty funny little lady, I like those kind of word puns also. Like what could be a more sexually suggestive name for a children's movie, than Pocahontas?

DIXIE

I don't know, Everyone Has Lots and Lots of Sex.

TIM

I meant that was like a pun.

DIXIE

Oh.

TIM

Did I hear that you need a roommate, because I need an apartment.

DIXIE

Well yeah, actually. But you won't normally listen in to my conversations, will you?

TIM

Well, I guess I could restrict myself to just when you're talking to me, except if you want to talk about that female condom thing, that just doesn't interest me, you know.

DIXIE

Yeah, okay. Well if you want to come by the apartment some time today, see it, check it out, that'd be fine.

TIM

I guess it's furnished and all? I'm not much for shopping.

DIXIE

Oh yeah, all the necessities.

TIM

Oh I'll take it then. What time tonight can I move in?

DIXIE

Tonight? Well, I don't know, seven? Let me write down the address.

(Dixie writes down the address and hands it to Tim.)

TIM

Great, I'll see you then. Hey, one question, since we'll be sharing the same bed and all, you have sheets and pillows and stuff like that too, right?

DIXIE

Sharing the same bed? Are you crazy? Share my toothbrush if I'm in a really good

mood, maybe. I know I don't come across as very hygienic, but I definitely am. There are two beds in the room - with a bookcase between them.

TIM

Well you did say roommate, so I assumed that meant we'd be sharing the same room, which we are – no? But anyway, I didn't think an adult would have a bunk bed in their room, so I just presumed there was one bed and we'd share it.

JO

Haven't you ever heard of having more than one bed in a room?

TIM

Not really.

DIXIE

Oh, well then it's okay then. I guess I'll see you tonight.

TIM

Oh you can count on it, seven o'clock on the dot. I'll be there, on the dot. See ya' ladies. Seven.

(Tim walks out the door.)

JO

Are you crazy? You don't even know that guy's name.

DIXIE

Oh come on, he's harmless. He's going to be living in the same apartment as me, it's not like he's going to try and kill me, he'd lose the apartment.

JO

Well, you even said he was a little weird looking when you came in.

DIXIE

I did, didn't I? I hope I haven't made a really horrible mistake. Oh whatever, let's just forget about it, I'm sure everything will be fine. And hey, the cops are only three digits away last time I checked.

(Mr. Gallops comes in the door.)

MR. GALLOPS

Oh what is going on, why does the sign say closed ladies? Why? Please don't tell me something I don't want to hear.

DIXIE

Jo thought it'd be interesting if we didn't turn it around and saw if people came in anyway?

MR. GALLOPS

And please tell me people have been coming in?

JO

Well there was just a guy here, but actually this was not my idea...

DIXIE

It wasn't her idea, it was her inspiration. Right?

MR. GALLOPS

Is that right Jo? Because if this is Dixie's doing, if she didn't properly open the store according to company regulations, she's going to be out of a job right now. I've had enough of her, and she promised yesterday she would behave and do her job in accordance with the manual. The manual.

JO

Well, I guess then, yeah, it's my fault. I'm really sorry.

MR. GALLOPS

Well good, that's good that you apologized. Okay, let's get to work. Come on girls, let's just try to have a stress-free, commercially thrilling day together.

JO

Okay.

DIXIE

Oh yay.

( The lights go out as the two girls scurry off to different parts of the store.)

## SCENE 2- That night at the apartment

(The apartment is mostly bare. There is a Tom Cruise poster on the wall. There is a bed. Dixie is sitting on a box. Judy is holding some clothes.)

DIXIE

I can't believe it took you so long to move your stuff out of the apartment, it's almost midnight.

JUDY

Yeah, well basically everything in the apartment was mine, and it took awhile to find everything and put them in boxes. Especially those things of mine you took and hid below your bed under those clothes.

DIXIE

Sorry about that, I don't know what I was thinking.

JUDY

Yeah, don't worry about it.

DIXIE

So anyway, I've been thinking a lot lately about us putting behind any problems we've had together. So I just wanted to tell you that I think it's great how you've decided to put others, those really needy, before your personal monetary gain. I mean to be perfectly honest, 99% of the population is totally selfish and to be completely the opposite takes a lot of courage and is really commendable. It's wonderful what you're doing with your life, so terribly giving and worldly and I'm sure it will be amazingly interesting and rewarding. And I wish you the best of luck. No hard feelings.

JUDY

What the hell are you talking about?

DIXIE

I mean deciding to join the Peace Corps and helping little kids in Africa, gosh.

JUDY

What? No, you got it completely wrong. Don't you listen to anything, to anyone? I'm moving to Anaheim and taking a really boring and high paying job with Citicorp, you know the bank. You're hopeless.



DIXIE

I'm hopeless?

JUDY

What, you'd like me to write it out and get some witnesses to sign it? How about the pope, you want me to get the pope to sign it - then will you understand simple spoken English? You're a stupid idiot. I've had enough of your crap. I'm never going to see you again, so I might as well tell you what I think of you, which isn't much, okay. You're completely inconsiderate, you never write down phone messages, even though you tell the people on the other end you are...

DIXIE

Well, you know...

JUDY

You ate everything I ever bought and specifically wrote 'just Judy' on. You broke my lamp and told me that a burglar had broken it before you so bravely chased him away. Yeah, thanks. I really believe that one.

DIXIE

That's the honest truth.

JUDY

So what did he look like then?

(Dixie looks to the Tom Cruise poster on the wall.)

DIXIE

Someone did break in for your information, he, yes, he, was a...white Caucasian male, about 5'7, pretty slender, but not thin, ummm, brown, nice, really nice, hair, a kind of crooked smile with big white teeth that just sort of blows you away, dreamy blue eyes, bushy eyebrows, but still sexy you know, he was wearing...

JUDY

Hey wait a second, that's him you're describing,  
(points to Tom Cruise poster)  
and that reminds me, despite the fact that you defaced it by writing, "To Dixie, with Love, Tom," it's mine.

DIXIE

Please don't take it, I really need it, you know.

JUDY

Why?

DIXIE

Come on, just because. All right, it's Tommy, and he just sort of does this thing to my skin when I stare at the picture for a really long time.

JUDY

Well, fine, keep it. I guess I don't have much use for it, sure he's a good actor and all, but he's just a guy.

(The doorbell rings)

JUDY

Oh that must be my lover picking me up.

DIXIE

What, lover?

JUDY

You know, my girlfriend.

DIXIE

Like a friend who's coincidentally female, and so you call her girlfriend, and you just called her lover at first to be funny, right?

JUDY

Don't tell me you didn't know I was a lesbian.

DIXIE

Ah, well, I did kind of have some suspicions, maybe. But no. I didn't know.

JUDY

Don't you remember when I came around to look at the apartment, I said, 'I hope you don't mind that I'm a lesbian. If it's a problem, I understand.'

DIXIE

Oh, I thought you said you were a thespian.

JUDY

A thespian?

DIXIE

You know, like an actor. It did seem kind of strange to think might be a problem. I thought maybe you rehearsed really loud. You know like,

(very loudly)  
 "to be, or not to be, that is the question: whether tis nobler in the mind, to suffer the  
 slings and arrows of  
 (extremely loud)  
 outrageous  
 (just loud)  
 fortune... "

JUDY

Please, no more! Just stop! I can't take it, you're crazy!

(The doorbell rings again.)

JUDY

Oh, we totally forgot to get the door. I hope George isn't upset.

DIXIE

George is you're girlfriend, your well, female lover?

JUDY

Yeah, my lover, George, what?

DIXIE

Better get the door, I'll leave that one alone.

(Judy goes and opens the door. Tim, wearing a different, flashy shirt, jumps in and strikes an epic pose and gives the continuation of the speech in an intense, completely over the top, manner.)

TIM

"Or to take arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing, end them. To die, to sleep - no more; and by a sleep to say we end the heartache, and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to. Tis a consummation devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep. To sleep, perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub!"

(Dixie and Judy clap.)

JUDY

Now that's a thespian.

DIXIE

Definitely not a lesbian.

TIM

Or named George either.

JUDY

Who are you? Were you listening in on our conversation?

TIM

But of course my lady of duress. May I caress your breast? Just kidding, you're the  
(points)  
lesbian, right?

JUDY

Who are you again?

TIM

(in an English accent)

My time, my place, is sadly spoke, but a hill warrior I am today, I rove from hilltop  
village to the next, collecting the ransoms and duties of the fair king, for a pittance  
or a pence, my former glory all but forgot, by peoples who inhabit,

(bows)

thus.

JUDY

Okay, if you don't say who you are, I'm calling the police.

(goes to phone)

Look, I'm dialing.

TIM

(again in English accent)

Please my lady, not them. I beg of you, their claws have covered once too many,  
there aged whip has hurt this back, as we say in our trade, fuck the police, if you  
will.

JUDY

(screaming)

Who are you?

(Dixie suddenly becomes conscious of the conversation.)

DIXIE

Oh yeah. Judy, meet the new and improved model of you: apparent thespian,  
potential partner due to heterosexuality, vagrant as opposed to yuppie, distinctive  
looking as opposed to bland, name, I don't know your name and your moving in  
with me..

JUDY

He's quite striking, isn't he? A hell of a lot more interesting than you.

JUDY

(Judy stares at Tim and is taken with him, not knowing what to make of him. She speaks these lines somewhat as if she's in a daze.)

Listen, Greg, I mean you, um, guy, I have this last heavy box, can you help me take it downstairs to my car. It's in the uhh, kitchen room, do you think you can help me with it. Give you a chance to see the, uhh, kitchen room.

TIM

I'd love to see the kitchen room.

JUDY

Come on, over here.

(Tim and Judy exit the stage.)

DIXIE

Sure looks empty the apartment. It'll be nice to have a man around for protection, that's what they always say anyway. Unless I'm going to need protection from him, oh whatever. Okay Dixie, game of...Boggle! Now where is it? Oh yeah

(goes over to under her bed)

got it, there we go. Okay let's set it up

(sets the game up.)

And...

(moves to turn the sand timer over, but the doorbell rings.

Dixie gets up to get it)

At least it wasn't in the middle of a round, that I hate. Despise.

(Dixie goes and opens the door for George)

DIXIE

You must be George, come in, have a seat, on the floor if you don't mind, your...friend, Judy, took all the furniture - even the stuff I pretended was mine.

GEORGE

Yeah, she can be that way - you know, 'just because something's my personal property, I should be able to keep it.'

DIXIE

Oh my God, that's exactly it, it's so...

Annoying.

GEORGE

Right.

DIXIE

So what are you doing?

GEORGE

Just about to start a round of Boggle.

DIXIE

Really, you mean the fun word game that tests your vocabulary and stretches the imagination?

GEORGE

Well that's not the official slogan - it's "the three minute word search game" - but yeah. You like Boggle?

DIXIE

Well I haven't played since college, but I used to love it.

GEORGE

Oh you should start playing again, it's just wonderful. I play a lot now, I have a bunch of free time on my hands. I think about doing productive stuff sometimes, but I don't.

DIXIE

Hey, let's play a round, okay?

GEORGE

What, play around, with each other?

DIXIE

(jokingly)  
 Yeah, you aren't afraid, are you?

GEORGE

DIXIE

Well, yeah, a little. I've never tried it before, you know with a, with a  
 (dropping the ends of the words)  
 woma(n)...lad(y)...girl...

GEORGE

But I thought you said you play it all the time...

(exaggerated)

ohh...I was trying to say, why don't we play a round, or turn, of Boggle, with each other, not make out.

DIXIE

Oh, sorry.

GEORGE

It's okay. I'll shake up the board.

DIXIE

Oh it's okay, I'm already shook up,

(catching herself)

I mean I already shook it up.

GEORGE

But you probably saw the board before and have already thought of lots of words.

DIXIE

Why, to say such a thing.

GEORGE

Oh believe me, I know all the Boggle tricks and cheats - I even thought of turning pro once.

DIXIE

Yeah. Really? I've actually been giving that some thought myself.

GEORGE

Turning pro? I was just joking. There's a pro-league?

DIXIE

Well, it's more of an amateur federation, but the champion earned something like \$4,000 last year.

GEORGE

Oh. Well, why don't we start our little no pressure game. It can be like a practice test for the big leagues.

DIXIE

Okay.

(Dixie shakes up the board and turns over the sand timer. The two feverishly write down words and make comments as they play.)

DIXIE

Oh yeah, yes, uh-huh, bring it home.

GEORGE

Elementary, she'll never think of this one, it's too weird and twisted. Or this one, it's too overtly sexual.

DIXIE

Sexual?

GEORGE

Or this one, it's a bit too demonic. Or this, it's too sophisticated.

DIXIE

What?

GEORGE

Thank you Satan for blessing me in this game of Boggle.

DIXIE

Huh?

GEORGE

Time.

DIXIE

What the hell was all that about, you're into devil worshipping?

GEORGE

Not anymore,

(pause)

just kidding. Hey,

GEORGE

(gives Dixie a little tap with her fist)

I was just trying to psyche you out - that's like Boggle trick number one, try and severely mess with your opponent's head during the game.

DIXIE

Oh, I guess, well, umm,



(pause)  
you're a lesbian, right?

GEORGE

Yeah, I am.

DIXIE

That's pretty cool.

GEORGE

You think?

DIXIE

Yeah. It's, you know, distinctive, different. You can come into a room and say, her, she's a lesbian.

GEORGE

I, I don't really know what you mean. I think I'm special, but like everyone is special, for unique reasons, not because I'm gay.

DIXIE

Yeah, well you really are...special. Like me, you walk into a room and what, you say, her, she's an...I don't know...brunette (or whatever the hair color of the actress playing Dixie)... air head...something like that. Maybe distinctively loser, but that's about it.

GEORGE

Believe me, I know plenty of loser lesbians - LL's is what we like to call them. They're boring. They think being a lesbian is their defining characteristic. They go around almost screaming, me, I'm a lesbian.

DIXIE

Oh, I'm so so so really sorry. I didn't mean to imply that you were a LL. I mean I didn't even know the term before now. Really, I didn't, I wouldn't lie.

GEORGE

But you would try to pretend Judy's things are yours?

DIXIE

Well that's different. That was furniture, not interpersonal relationships.

GEORGE

Oh I know. I think everyone has a little place in their heart for lying to get free stuff. Saying one's above that is just plain annoying.

DIXIE  
(very enthusiastically)

Yeah, exactly.

GEORGE  
Well, maybe I was generalizing a little bit, but don't sweat any of your lesbian comments - they're understandable. Look, let me see if I'm reading you right. You're curious, you're confused, you don't know lots of lesbians. You just might want to get to know me a little bit, maybe some other people "like" me if given the chance.

DIXIE  
Um, well, y..uh..I...hmm...

GEORGE  
It's completely understandable.

DIXIE  
I...gosh...

GEORGE  
And heterosexually normal.

DIXIE  
Yeah? Well, I guess, kind of...maybe. I don't know.

GEORGE  
Listen, I'm going to be breaking up with Judy later tonight. I was supposed to go to Anaheim with her, but I just can't - it's so commercial out there. So anyway, I think I'm going to go drown my sorrows, that type of stuff, at this bar I know tomorrow night, and why don't you come along.

DIXIE  
What? To a bar, bar?

GEORGE  
Yes, to a bar. Bar.

DIXIE  
To a, you know, les-bian, one?

GEORGE  
Yeah, that was kind of the point of you coming.

DIXIE

Well, I guess. Why not? I'm open.

GEORGE

Great, all right it's the Green Saloon, on...

DIXIE

The what?

GEORGE

The Green Saloon.

DIXIE

Oh my God, that's like right next door to my job.

GEORGE

Yeah, so? That makes you feel uncomfortable, that a bunch of lesbians are really near you?

DIXIE

No, no, no. I've been there like five times. I had no idea it was a lesbian bar. I thought it just attracted a female set. They have really good micro-brews, and pie.

GEORGE

That's pretty funny.

DIXIE

Yeah, I guess.

GEORGE

Okay, can you meet me there around, six? I'll introduce you to some friends of mine. And remember, you can do this any way you want: like a reporter, or a journalist doing some completely boring, objective research, or however. Just know you're not being converted or anything, you're just hanging around with some people who happen to be lesbians.

DIXIE

(unfocused)

Yeah, right, sure, fine, uh huh.

(refocusing)

Oh yeah, six is fine, I get off then.

GEORGE

Yeah, uh huh.

(laughs a little)

DIXIE

Okay, so what words do you have?

GEORGE

Oh, let's see –

(reading)

bit, coin, cut, iron, contribution

DIXIE

That's a good one.

GEORGE

Yeah. What else? Oat, trio, rib. That's it.

DIXIE

Let's see, I also have coin, cut, and bit. My others are onion, tub, cob, and boat.

GEORGE

Okay, I'll just total these up. No points for the ones we both got, let's see, umm, it looks like, well, I beat you by one point.

DIXIE

(defensive)

Oh, well then, if you want to get technical, sure, fine.

GEORGE

But still, you are really good. I just got lucky this time, you're really good.

DIXIE

You think?

GEORGE

You are like hot, at Boggle.

DIXIE

Come on, enough.

GEORGE

No, I'm serious. You are hot, at Boggle.

DIXIE

So you think I should turn pro?

GEORGE

I don't know. I think we should play with each other some more, and then I can get a better feeling of the situation.

DIXIE

So another round, you want to continue this?

GEORGE

Sure.

(Tim enters carrying a box, he's followed by Judy, and he then puts the box down.)

TIM

I couldn't help but hear a little bit of your conversation. You two girls missed anoint, ions, cub - a really obvious one - and also born, bias, and some more erudite words, like naos, and coir.

GEORGE

Naos?

TIM

Yes, a term used by modern archeologists instead of saying cella.

GEORGE

Cella being?

TIM

I was hoping you might know, because I've forgotten. I guess it's been too long since I brushed up on my ancient architecture terms.

DIXIE

You have anything else?

TIM

Sori (pronounced sorry)

DIXIE

Oh, well those were good ones.

TIM

No, I'm not sorry, you can spell sori on the board.

DIXIE

You can't spell sorry.

TIM

No, no, sori, s-o-r-i, the plural of sorus, one of the fruit dots on the back of fern leaves. Sorry, for being so pedagogical, it's a really bad habit of mine, that and when I go to the bathroom, I...

DIXIE

Oh. Uhh. That's probably enough, uh, big guy, you can leave it at that.

JUDY

By the way, do you listen in to every conversation?

TIM

Only the good ones.

JUDY

A game of boggle was a good conversation?

TIM

Oh believe me, it was good.

JUDY

Your hearing must be amazing, I couldn't hear anything they were saying.

TIM

Oh it's good, very good, even hyper-acute I might say.

DIXIE

How did you know what the board looked like?

TIM

Simple mathematical deduction from the words you came up with. Nothing to it really.

JUDY

Who are you?

TIM

I'm Batman.

(The doorbell rings.)

DIXIE

I'll get it.

(Dixie goes and opens the door. Jo is standing in the doorway holding a bottle of sparkling apple cider.)

JO

(speaking from outside the apartment)

Hey Dixie, just wanted to stop by and celebrate the new roommate era - out with the old and hated and in with the new and strange.

(stepping into the apartment)

Umm, somehow I get the feeling more people heard that than I wanted to.

DIXIE

Come in already. Oh, you brought booze.

(Jo walks into the apartment.)

JO

Actually, sparkling apple cider, it's the only thing we had in the house.

DIXIE

Hey Judy, be a doll and run downstairs and get some of your cups from your moving truck.

JUDY

Get lost.

TIM

(surprised at her behavior)

Judy?

JUDY

Sorry. Listen I got to go. Tim, let's e-mail. Dixie has an account, I'll email you there. I think her password is "sexkitten", one word, she has it written all over her computer. And as to that comment Dixie, that Tim's a better roommate than me because he's a potential partner - it just would have taken five minutes with me honey and you'd never go back, it's that good. See ya'.

DIXIE

How LL of you.

(George nods.)

JUDY

What? I'll just get this last box and be on my way. Are you coming George?

TIM

Let me get the box.

GEORGE

No really, let me take this box. I think I should do it. Oh boy, this is heavy.

(Judy and George exit. Dixie, Jo and Tim look at each other, not knowing what to do next.)

DIXIE

We can just take some swigs from the cider bottle, pretend it's alcohol, and then actually pass out, but out of sheer boredom?

JO

Is that supposed to be a comment on my taste in beverages?

DIXIE

No, just a comment on how loser your whole 'living with the senile' thing is.

JO

Hey, they were nice enough to drive me over here and wait in the car for me. Speaking of which, I better go, don't want to keep them waiting.

DIXIE

You really need to get out of this quaint little trap you've set yourself into.

JO

Listen, I really don't know how, or where, you got this little 'ruler of my life' bit from, but I am fine with the way things are. Things are coming along.

DIXIE

"Coming along"? Doesn't sound like much of a plan, or anything, to me.

JO

Look, for a long time, I couldn't even say things were coming along. My life was just this small repeating circle, stuck on a loop. Now things are inching forward, at least a little at a time. That's a lot better. Leave me alone, okay.

DIXIE



When was the last time you had sex?

JO

Shut up already, you're getting way above yourself.

DIXIE

Yeah?

JO

Yah.

TIM

Hey, there seems to be a bit of tension in the room - you know what might everyone feel a whole lot better right now? A little two-girl and guy threesome. You know, we could do, I don't know, whatever that entails.

JO

I'll see you tomorrow Dixie, keep the cider. Nice seeing you again Tim.

(Jo exits.)

DIXIE

That's what your name is. Tim.

TIM

I just get the feeling I said something stupid.

DIXIE

I'll let you in on a little secret, I don't ever say anything unstupid.

TIM

So, where's my bed?

DIXIE

Oh God, umm, you can't stay here tonight, Judy took the other bed.

TIM

I knew it, I knew it. I told you we'd be sharing the same bed.

DIXIE

Oh, no, I won't let you sleep in my bed. You'll have to find somewhere else.

TIM

But I don't have anywhere else to go. This is my home. This is where I get my

mail.

DIXIE

What?

TIM

Yeah, I already filled out one of those nifty change of address forms at the post office.

DIXIE

Oh, alright I guess. What the hell. What's the big deal sleeping in the same bed as a guy. Come on Tim, let's get into the bed.

(They go over to the bed.)

DIXIE

Shut your eyes, take a side, don't move, don't even dream about touching me, have sweet dreams, don't cry, see you in the morning.

(They climb into the bed and turn away from each other.)

TIM

Can I borrow your toothbrush?

(Black-out.)

## SCENE 3 - The apartment, a week later or so

(Tim stands by a wall with a small paintbrush and a can of white house paint. He delicately dips the paint into the container and paints a little splotch of the wall. He then dips the brush in the paint again and repeats. He appears to be painting the wall white, and by this method it will seem to take a very long time. He goes and takes a drink of something and stands back to admire his work and study his progress. He appears to be dissatisfied with some part of the painting, and goes back to painting, painting over the area he appears to be displeased about. At some point during this the phone starts to ring. Tim does not notice, and the answering machine picks up.)

## TIM AND DIXIE ON THE MACHINE

Hey, this is Tim and Dixie, or Tixie for short. If this is about money, we're dead.  
(a beep is heard)

## GEORGE'S VOICE

Hey Dixie, George here. Just wanted to see how you were doing. I'm still sort of hung-over from Tina and Sherril's party last night. Can you believe how into their screenplay they are? Not that they'd let us see it. But it was a lot of fun, right? Oh they said they loved you, said you were really different. Anyway, give me a ring when you can zing, a zing zing. Bye.

(The door opens and Jo and Dixie enter. They proceed to bring in quite a few pieces of furniture, coming in and out of the door several times. Tim does not turn around. When Jo and Dixie finish, they turn to Tim.)

## DIXIE

Tim.

(no response)

Tim.

## TIM

One moment

(he studies the wall and dots a small area with paint)

Perfect.

(he turns around)

Oh hi Jo. I didn't hear you come in.

JO

Yeah, you seemed very absorbed in the painting.

TIM

Well yeah, it's kind of a half art, half utility type of thing. My aim is a leveled white wall that appears from the distance a normal white wall, but from up close will reveal a fully textured white landscape, based on the deserts of Saturn.

(Dixie hugs Tim.)

DIXIE

Isn't he great, and he's my roommate. Hey Tim, aren't you going to say anything about all this great furniture we got.

TIM

Cool. Did you steal it?

DIXIE

Kinda actually, we found it on the street.

JO

So we didn't steal it. In fact, we reduced municipal spending by saving the city the trouble of disposing of it.

TIM

Did you get another bed?

DIXIE

Naw, didn't have one. But anyway, how much stuff do you think we can carry? Aren't you just amazed by how we two lil' gals were able to get all this stuff up here?

TIM

Come to think of it, wow. I'd love to draw the two of yours obvious muscles in a nude sketch sometime.

DIXIE

It wasn't muscle power, it was think power. Apparently Jo was a physics major in college before she dropped out, she calculated all these angles that we should carry the furniture at.

JO

Dixie, shut up.

DIXIE

Naw, quite a little brain we've got hidden in our midst.

TIM

That intrigues me. You'll have to teach me someday.

JO

I'd love to.

TIM

Good, it's settled.

DIXIE

Excuse me for interrupting the teacher-student affair here, but Jo and I have decided it's let's fix up the decrepit apartment day.

JO

She came up with the title.

TIM

Duh.

JO

Yeah.

DIXIE

So if you can tear yourself away from your Mona Lisa for a bit Tim, let's organize.

(They move furniture around. Hang things up. Fix up the place. Dixie goes off-stage, into another part of the apartment.)

JO

Soooo,  
(making conversation)  
do you have a job Tim?

TIM

No. I have other sources of income though.

JO

Oh. Umm, how has it been living with Dixie?

TIM

Okay, but it's only been a week. I think you have to know someone for at least two weeks before you really can say you know them, or kill them, or jump their bones for that matter.

(Pause.)

JO

So if you don't have a job, what do you do during the day?

TIM

Well, I work on the wall, play mini-golf, apply for credit cards, that sort of thing.

JO

You don't find that boring?

TIM

Well, it passes the time. Why, do you know of any jobs, or are you just trying to justify your life compared to my extremely pitiful one?

JO

The former. I think you're cool Tim.

TIM

Wait, does that mean the pity one or the job one?

JO

Remember, climb up the latter to the last thing said, so the former has to be the first. So I meant to say, I may know of a job for someone of your obvious qualifications. I think the drug store is looking to train a stock boy. Would you be interested in that? You'd get to hang out with me all day,  
(pausing to see if that appeals to Tim)  
and Dixie, and our cool boss Mr. Gallops.

TIM

Well, only if I could be a stock man. I stopped being a boy long ago.

JO

I'm sure Mr. Gallops wouldn't mind. He's been pretty down recently and would go for anything. I think he's kind of given up on life.

TIM

Have you tried talking to him?

JO

I'm not very good at cheering people up. I think you have to be at least sort of happy to be able to make other people happy.

TIM

That's not true. Clowns have the second highest suicide rate after former child actors.

JO

So maybe we can all chip in and get him a ticket to the circus.

TIM

(suddenly remembering and upset)

Oh no.

JO

What?

TIM

They just left town yesterday.

JO

Oh, so maybe then I'll ask Dixie to talk to him, she's been really happy recently.

TIM

Yeah, all she does is tell me about her and her gal pals before we go to sleep.

JO

Huh?

TIM

Yeah. Since I don't have too much going on, she gets to speak most of the time. Lesbian-feminists this, neo-women that. I try and remind her every now and then that I'm a man and don't like that stuff, but she doesn't listen.

JO

She never listens to me either.

TIM

Sorry, what did you just say, I wasn't listening.

JO

Sorry for boring you, I just said Dixie never listens to me. I guess I'm not a very good conversationalist.

TIM

(puts his arm around Jo)

I was just kidding darling, acting like Dixie.

(takes his arm off her)

Was that weird? Well, you don't bore me.

JO

Oh. Thanks. It's tough to make conversation, ya know.

TIM

Not for me. I just always say the first thing that pops out of my head. Like now, I'm thinking about having sex with you, and so I just said it. Pretty easy.

JO

(uncomfortable)

I see. Ummm, I couldn't do that.

TIM

Why, because you're thinking about sex right now, perhaps about me or my giant penis, and you're embarrassed?

JO

Something like that. I don't know.

(pauses)

Do you know what time it is? I have to go soon I think.

TIM

I don't have one of those round things with the moving arrows, sorry.

JO

You mean a clock?

TIM

Yeah, I don't have one of those either.

JO

Well, let me go and say goodbye to Dixie.



TIM

You do that. And maybe I'll come over to the store tomorrow.

JO

Why? To see me, or for the physics lessons, or for what?

TIM

For the job you big dummy.

JO

Right, of course.

(Jo goes into the other room to find Dixie. Tim goes back to his brush. Picks it up. Studies it. Lights go out.)

## SCENE 4- A week later at the apartment

(Dixie and George walk into the dark apartment. Dixie flips on the lights. There are many boxes of cereal lined up in the middle of the room, with a few bowls lying close-by.)

DIXIE

So this is the post-Judy apartment.

GEORGE

You've done a really nice job.

DIXIE

If you're into sparse.

GEORGE

Sparse is in this year.

DIXIE

Well this was a really fun dinner idea – cereal night.

GEORGE

(looking at all the cereal)

Gosh, maybe you over did it?

DIXIE

Well my employee discount at the store makes them super cheap.

GEORGE

You're trying to tell me you didn't steal them?

DIXIE

You got me, I did. But since Tim, you know Tim right, my roommate?

GEORGE

Sure, he's the weird Boggle guy.

DIXIE

Oh right. Well since Tim's started working there, it's like it's my family, so I'm not really stealing then.

GEORGE

Right.

DIXIE

Want to get started?

GEORGE

Oh wait a second, I have a surprise.

(George takes a screenplay out of her bag.)

A copy of Tina and Sherril's screenplay.

DIXIE

They've gave it to you? I've been dying to see it.

GEORGE

Gave it is probably not the right word.

DIXIE

Awesome, you stole it.

GEORGE

Yeah.

DIXIE

Let's read it.

(They sit down and gather around the script. George flips to the first page. She begins to read.)

GEORGE

Feminist Warrior Princesses by Sherril and Tina. Setting – An American city. Time – the recent present. Characters – Brigitte, an Irish-American lesbian, very trendy, in her late twenties. She dresses impeccably in the latest fashions of the hip hop world, and slang is her speech. By day a heiress to a large fortune, by night a good-willed vigilante, on the hunt for anti-female rhetoric and closed-minded sexuality.

DIXIE

My turn.

(reading)

Gen – Brigitte's sidekick and lover, an Asian-American lesbian. Likewise trendy and fashionable and into the vernacular. In her early twenties. A student during the day, she joins Brigitte at night for their chauvinist crusades and more.

(stopping to read)

This is totally them.

GEORGE

Except for the super-hero part.

DIXIE

They would definitely be super-heroes if they could. I really like this idea though, women working together to make the world a safe place. I think this will be a hit.

GEORGE

Well let's go on.

DIXIE

Oh wait, I've had a revelation.

(Dixie gets up and starts looking through her clothes.)

GEORGE

What are you doing?

DIXIE

Just hold on.

(Dixie comes to George with a mix of trendy looking clothes.)

DIXIE

This is the hippest, trendiest stuff I have. Try it on.

(George puts the trendy clothes, hat and accessories over her other clothes, and Dixie does likewise.)

GEORGE

What do you think?

DIXIE

Brigitte, you look fantastic.

GEORGE

Gen, you look Gentastic.

DIXIE

Okay, go to the first page.

GEORGE

Opening shot. On top of a roof. Brigitte and Gen stand facing the camera.

(reading, but also acting it out)

I'm the Irish.

DIXIE

And I'm the Asian.

GEORGE AND DIXIE

And together we're two lesbian babes kicking misogynist ass.  
(karate chop)

Yah!

GEORGE

(reading)

Cut to side of roof. Two men are making inappropriate sexual comments to a woman who is sunbathing.

DIXIE

Give it up big momma.

GEORGE

Yo daddios, stop hurling those 20<sup>th</sup> century epithets.

DIXIE

You and what army?

GEORGE

This one.

(George jumps up, spins around, takes one of the bowls lying next to the cereal, and hurls it across the room. It falls and breaks.)

DIXIE

What the hell did you just do?

GEORGE

I was just acting out the script.

DIXIE

It said Brigitte threw a razor-edged plastic vagina at the men, not one of Tim's bowls. You don't understand how Tim feels about those bowls, he's going to kill me.

GEORGE

Honey, just take two extra-strength chill pills and you'll be a-okay. This is a party.

DIXIE

Okay, but no more script. I can't afford to redecorate again.

GEORGE

Oh come on, at least let's keep on playing Brigitte and Gen while we have dinner?

DIXIE

That's kind of juvenile, even for me.

GEORGE

It'll be fun, I promise.

DIXIE

Okay. Just remember, bowl does not equal Frisbee.

GEORGE

So Gen, let's start this funky, getting it on, cereal thang.

DIXIE

All right, I'm down with this. Fill your bowl with the desires of your soul.

GEORGE

Su-weet. Damn, you got Lucky Charms. I always found the leprechaun demeaning as a kid.

DIXIE

Ya, how so Bridge?

GEORGE

Like small, green, greedy, searching for more marshmallows, more colors of marshmallows, for that pot of gold, boom, leprechaun, boom Irish. Boom, stereotype being physically digested by kids and ruining their teeth at the same time.

DIXIE

Boom shakalaka!

GEORGE

A'ight?

DIXIE

Definitely, nice reasoning. But help me chop this forest - what do you think of the

pot of gold, the green theme, comboed, all being a wild screen for a glorification of the rasty weed, marijuana?

GEORGE

Phat money on that. We are talking.

DIXIE

(pouring some cereal)

Do you want any Honey Combs?

GEORGE

Sister, think: Honey combs - honey equals woman. Combs, the means to smooth over, denigrate, neutralize the woman. The message: buy the cereal Bobby, factor out the mommy.

DIXIE

You're Bridge-aholicing Bridge. Too weird and twisted, too pressing of universal misogynism. How about some Honey Smaks...

GEORGE

I'll keep my mouth shut.

(George mimes locking her mouth and throwing out the key.)

DIXIE

Grape Nuts?

GEORGE

Grape Nuts? Nuts? Hey Mr. Grape Nuts creator, they taste nothing like grapes, nothing like nuts, need an application for genitalia-obsessed anonymous?

DIXIE

Budadabi-bidaduda, yah!

GEORGE

Isn't it weird how all the cereals have these masculine mascots, Captain Crunch, the Leprechaun, even Tony the Tiger. How many females on Wheaties? The girls are eating the cereals just like the boys - at least as a marketing decision it's got to be worth it to make a few female characters for cereals. Like why not Kim, the Pink Pregnant Kangaroo - fortified with extra calcium to fight osteoporosis and all the vitamins future moms need most.

DIXIE

And who would be buying that?

GEORGE

Well's it's not a perfectly thought out argument or anything. But lookee here, the only non-female oppressive cereal is Cinnamon , not man, Toast Crunch. I just want to slap that Fruitloops male Toucan upside the head.

(Dixie takes the Fruitloops away from George.)

GEORGE

Do you remember how in school they always told us in nature the male of the animals is the cool, colored one, and the female is always plain - is that even true?

DIXIE

And like is the converse true in people? You know ladies got the stuff and guys ain't all that buff.

GEORGE

That's the way, a huh, a huh, I like it!

DIXIE

This cereal party is the bomb!

GEORGE

It's a very chill time. Props to whoever's idea this was.

DIXIE

I think it was Dixie's.

GEORGE

Who's Dixie? Dixie Carter? 'Cause I'm just such a fan, she's what held Different Strokes together in those later years. I mean you just see what happened when she left the show and they tried to replace her with that other actress, that actually, now that I think about it, was probably a robot.

DIXIE

Na sis, Dixie's that stupid blond (or whatever the hair color of the actress playing Dixie) girl that works at the pharmacy.

GEORGE

Gen, remember, us girls keep our pettiness in the bedroom.

DIXIE

What's that supposed to mean?

GEORGE



Natta lot. But what's that girl working in a pharmacy anyway? Don't she got more going on in her life?

DIXIE

I don't think she knows. It's not like she has any skills.

GEORGE

But she went to college right, not just for visitation.

DIXIE

Yeah, but as a graduate of Professor X's Xavier Academy for Superheroes, I know going and learning anything are two very different things.

GEORGE

But she wants to move up on in life, doesn't she?

DIXIE

Okay enough of this Gen and Brigitte stuff, especially the Brigitte. Our conversations were much better when we were Dixie and George.

(Dixie takes off her trendy clothes and hat.)

GEORGE

Well peace out Gen, keep it smiley.

DIXIE

George, the game's over.

GEORGE

Okay, par-tay pooper.

(George takes off her hat and clothes.)

GEORGE

That was fun.

DIXIE

Let's just eat our cereal. Here's the milk.

(Dixie takes out the milk. They each pour some into their bowls and begin eating.)

GEORGE

Dixie, you do want to move up in life, don't you?

DIXIE

Sure, I just find it so hard to get motivated.

GEORGE

Well maybe a more demanding, more structured job would be good for you. I can ask around for you.

DIXIE

Just shut-up please, I don't want you to be my fairy godmother.

GEORGE

Dixie, I think we should talk. You definitely have some major emotional problems you're dealing with now, and I want you to know that I'm more than glad to be here for you, if you want me.

DIXIE

Tim is going to be so mad about that bowl. He will kill me.

GEORGE

You look like you can handle yourself. All I wanted to tell you was I'm here for you.

DIXIE

Uh huh, that's nice.

GEORGE

Are you listening to me?

DIXIE

Yeah, uh huh. Whatever.

GEORGE

Because if you want me to leave, I will.

DIXIE

Nah.

GEORGE

If you feel like you need some space, that's understandable.

DIXIE

Nah.

(George takes Dixie hand.)

GEORGE

Well that's good, because I just started to feel for the first time since I met you what, two weeks ago, that there was some mutual affection going on here.

DIXIE

What do you mean?

GEORGE

Well, I guess I feel we can become special friends, or something along those lines.

DIXIE

What does something mean?

GEORGE

I mean you seem like a good friend, is all.

DIXIE

What I don't understand is....

GEORGE

What, what?

DIXIE

Well, do you like me?

GEORGE

Yeah, I do.

DIXIE

You do?

GEORGE

Maybe I jumped the gun in my response. I mean I do like you, but it's not because you're often really nasty, and you act like a real idiot a lot, but you do have this really pretty part to you that I want to see more of, and that's what I like.

DIXIE

So you're attracted to me?

GEORGE

No, that's not what I meant. I didn't even notice you were female until now, those are breasts aren't they.

DIXIE

So you don't...

GEORGE

Seriously, I think people are drawn to people for weird reasons, by weird forces. A lot of people may not like you. But anyone, even if they are really mean, can get friends - even if I don't understand exactly why.

DIXIE

It's because the friends are mean people too, and they have that as common ground. Like you're saying I'm mean, and so that implies you're a mean as hell bitch too.

GEORGE

I don't think you believe that. I think you really know you have this great core, that you can bring out if you want to and I'd like to see that.

DIXIE

You do?

GEORGE

Definitely.

DIXIE

Can I ask you something personal?

GEORGE

You can ask all right.

DIXIE

Would you, no, do you think I could, you know, well change about...?

GEORGE

Anything about you can change, well except you're sex that is, and hey, the good country of Denmark even took care of that one in like the fifties or something.

DIXIE

Yeah but, well, what would you say if I told you that, umm, Judy fell in love with you again.

GEORGE

Well, that's over now.

DIXIE

How about if I told you that Gen told me that she wants to leave Brigette for you.

GEORGE

She's not real.

DIXIE

Look, this isn't about them, okay.

GEORGE

I know, it's about us.

DIXIE

So you listen up.

GEORGE

What's on your mind?

DIXIE

I can't take this.

GEORGE

What are you talking about?

DIXIE

Fuck.

GEORGE

Spit it out already.

DIXIE

I'm trying. Fuck.

GEORGE

(takes Dixie's hand again)

Calm down. Listen to me.

DIXIE

Why are you touching me?

GEORGE

What, huh?

DIXIE

I just got to, do this, damn.

GEORGE

You're not making sense anymore.

DIXIE

I'm going to fucking explode here. My foot's shaking.

(Dixie puts her hand to her mouth and is panting and breathing a lot.)

GEORGE

Look at me.

(Dixie is silent.)

GEORGE

Come on, something is bothering you.

(Dixie is silent.)

GEORGE

Please, just tell me. Come on.

DIXIE

(almost as an aside, like she doesn't really believe it)

It's what you said before, about me being a charity case to you.

GEORGE

You know that's not true and you know that's not what I said or meant. You're not public service to me. So what, pardon me, the fuck is it already?

(Dixie takes a long pause.)

DIXIE

Okay, let me do this.

GEORGE

I'm really here for you, forever, I promise. Brownie's honor.  
(does Scout's honor sign)

DIXIE

It's just that, I've been wondering if maybe really...  
(pauses, looks at George)

I don't want to turn back, but I'm so scared.

(Dixie just stares at George. She wipes her eyes, and then under intense strain of concentration, lunges at George and kisses her on the lips. George, after one second of embrace, pushes Dixie away roughly and abruptly.)

GEORGE

What do you think you're doing, why'd you do that?

DIXIE

Because I love you.

GEORGE

What?

DIXIE

I love you.

GEORGE

No you don't. You don't. You do not love me.

DIXIE

I do, I'm a lesbian and I love you George.

GEORGE

Oh Dixie, I am so sorry. You've obviously confused a lot of feelings recently, and you got caught up in trying to be someone else, someone you weren't, and I am definitely partly to blame for that. But man, you just went too far. I don't understand you. I just told you I wanted to be a friend who's there for you, and you violate that. I trusted you, I let you into my life, and you do this - like the way I am and my feelings can just be manipulated. I thought I could help you, but look, I can't. I'm sorry. I do like you, but you're too much for me, and I don't think I really want you in my life right now. So, I'm going to go.

DIXIE

No, don't, please, I made a mistake, I was confused. You confused me.

GEORGE

No, not on purpose. Look, I'm not prepared for you to take over my life. I misjudged your stability and your state of mind. You're more than I can handle. Look, I'm really sorry and I have to go now.

DIXIE

Have some compassion, we all make mistakes.

GEORGE

Good-bye, I'm sorry. Just try and find yourself.

DIXIE

But I thought this is what you wanted.

GEORGE

Not now. No. Not from you. Dixie, just try and go on from here, and don't be angry at me, and you'll be okay.

(George walks to and opens the door.)

I'm sorry I couldn't do more for you. Good-bye.

(George walks out the door and slowly closes it. Dixie whimpers on the ground. In agony, she takes the carton of milk and pours it over her face and body. The lights go out, Dixie lies to sleep.)



## SCENE 5

(Tim sits at a small circular table at a café. There is a computer on the table. He has twelve or thirteen empty paper cups of coffee piled up. He types at a computer at a feverish pace. Tim pauses. Judy's voice is soon heard, reading one of her e-mails to Tim.)

## JUDY (VOICE-OVER)

Tim, it's funny how we can be so close and also have such completely different lives. I really like that. Remember when you asked me what I wanted to be when I grow up and I didn't have an answer for you? That's because I stopped thinking along those lines when I got out of school. I thought it was too childish for an adult. But now I realize it's still a valid question. Well, what I want is to be happy. lunatic, raving, insanely happy. That is not something I've ever felt, and it would be fun. Really all I want is one person to love, though having you in my life has confused all that, children of my own or adopted children, to be able to draw and needle-point, lots of land and animals away from the all the lights but still have an apartment in a city –maybe Paris, to be able to speak at least five languages, to be successful in my work, to be remembered when I die, to repay my parents for all they've done for me, to have the nerve to die my hair blue, to spend a week living on a warm beach, to explore Australia, read all the books I ever wanted to, and to never be afraid. How does that sound to you? Too much? It's strange how you can be so much more honest in e-mail than in person. What do you want?

(The manager of the cafe's voice is heard over the loudspeaker.)

## MANAGER'S VOICE

Man at computer, it's five A.M. - we were supposed to close six hours ago.  
(very emphatically)

You must leave.

## TIM

What's six hours in the scheme of all existence?

## MANAGER'S VOICE

Don't make me call the police.

(Tim jumps up)

TIM

Very good, I'll be running along, it's been real.

(Tim exits.)

SCENE 6 - The apartment the next morning.

(The lights come up revealing Dixie lying asleep, unmoved, from the previous night. A soft knock and the door is pushed open. Jo enters the apartment. Seeing Dixie on the floor, she immediately goes over to her and touches her.)

JO

Dixie, Dixie, are you okay? Dixie.

(Dixie begins to wake up.)

DIXIE

What, what, oh fuck, is that you Jo?

JO

Is everything okay Dixie? You look horrible.

DIXIE

I feel like shit.

JO

Were you out drinking last night? Look, you have to stop this crazy erratic behavior, it's not getting you anywhere, and look what kind of danger you're putting yourself in.

DIXIE

No, no, not drinking.

JO

Then what was it? You know you're supposed to be at the store now.

DIXIE

So are you.

JO

I know, when you weren't at work, I came over here to see if you were here. I didn't really want to see your ass get canned, as much as you do lower store morale.

DIXIE

So there's no one at the store.

JO

Well Mr. Gallops is there.

DIXIE

Oh fuck, then it's all over.

JO

Well, I told him you were having "woman's troubles" and were in the bathroom. He didn't really seem to care much - he seems really depressed.

DIXIE

Poor guy.

JO

So you ready to go?

(grabs Dixie's hand)

Hey, you're all sticky, and this place is a mess, what's going on?

DIXIE

Oh God Jo, I did something really bad last night.

JO

What are you talking about, did you hurt someone?

DIXIE

No, not that way. I don't even know how to say it.

JO

Well does all the cereal have anything to do with it?

DIXIE

Tim's cow got an insane craving for Cheerios last night.

JO

Tim has a cow?

DIXIE

That's not the issue.

JO

Don't you think we should at least clean it up?

DIXIE

I don't know, maybe, but I should change first.

JO

Okay, I'll start cleaning up, but then you have to tell me what's going on, because you can only hold something in for so long.

DIXIE

Believe me, I know that way too well.

(Dixie goes to the other room to change. Jo starts cleaning up. Dixie comes back in a new set of clothes.)

DIXIE

Look, you want to know what happened, fine, this is what happened.

(pauses for a while)

So last night I came home to the apartment with George, you know just to hang out. I got cereal and we we're going to have a cereal party. And we did for a little while and then she got on my case about my job, and then I got bitchy. And then I decided that I had to kiss her. And I did. I just lunged at her and kissed her right on her mouth. I thought that's what she wanted, I thought that's what I did too. But she pushed me away and told me she had to leave because I was too messed up and she wasn't ever going to see me again. And she hated me, I just know it.

JO

Don't say that.

DIXIE

Well that's what happened.

JO

Wow, I don't even know what to say, do you feel like being comforted or...

DIXIE

If I knew what I wanted I wouldn't be in the situation, okay.

JO

Well all I can say is that I know what it feels like to hurt.

DIXIE

I made a complete fool of myself, I embarrassed myself, I lost a friend, you're telling me that's happened to you, I don't think so.

JO

Look, I don't have to take this from you. I'm going out of my to help you out, to actually be a friend.

DIXIE

Sorry, but can we actually think about what I did for a second. I threw myself at another woman. I told her I was a lesbian.

JO

You what?

DIXIE

I told her I was a lesbian.

JO

Are you?

DIXIE

I don't know, I don't think so. It was just fun hanging out with some, and belonging to a group who didn't exist solely to consume the most amount of alcohol for the least amount of money. And I guess I wanted to make sure George didn't abandon me after she finished giving me my tour of lesbos.

JO

Oh.

DIXIE

Yeah, didn't work out exactly as planned.

JO

Well it's at least kind of interesting to have something massive like that happen in one's life, I don't have stuff like that happening in my life, that's for sure.

DIXIE

Yeah, you're a complete loser, aren't you?

JO

Shut the hell up.

DIXIE

I'm so sorry Miss "I don't get none and additionally, I can't take a joke."

JO

Look, I don't mind talking about my life, but if we are going to do it, it's going to be in a civilized manner.

DIXIE

(makes alarm noise)

Spaz alert, spaz alert, we have a code red overreacter here, come in station one, we have a sexually-dysfunctional twenty-something female, lives with her parents, I repeat, lives with her parents, no prospects for anything, anything, come in station one.

(laughs and getting hyper)

Wow, that felt good, getting a little frustration out. I'm sorry, I'm really high strung right now. Here, sit down, stop cleaning, I feel a lot better. You know sometimes you just need to treat another human being like a dog to pick yourself up, you know.

JO

Right. But we should really finish cleaning this up, whatever it is, it will definitely stain the floor.

DIXIE

You've done enough, just sit down. I should at least be capable of cleaning my own floor, right? Don't answer that.

(Jo sits down.)

DIXIE

So Jo, tell me what's on your mind? How's that big shot life of yours going?

JO

Oh, everything's all right I guess. I'm doing fine more or less.

DIXIE

Yeah right.

JO

Well I am, in a sense, I mean part of me is okay. I have a job, food, my parents.

DIXIE

All right, fine, good to hear.

JO

But then there's this other part of me that seems like it's starting to take over. The part of me that believes that I'm different from everyone else. I think I might be unlovable.

DIXIE

What? That's crazy.

JO

That somehow I send out some kind of signal, or that people just have this reaction to my personality that creates this unapproachable force field around me.

DIXIE

Well your parents like you, don't they?

JO

Sure, they even love me, but it's not the type of love I need now.

DIXIE

I know what you mean about parents, there should be another word for parent love, like puv or p-love or something.

JO

I feel so alone. I want so badly to have someone to share myself with. And it doesn't even have to be a lover, or a boyfriend, it really could just be a friend. Someone that would care for me, and want to call me up and come over and spend time with me. But no one does. Let's face it, no one will.

DIXIE

But I like you. I'm your friend, you know.

JO

Well sure, we're friends, but we work together, we have that huge common bond between us. But as important as you are to me, listening to this now, the reason I'm telling you this is because we're forced to see each other every day and get to know each other. Not because we just clicked and found each other. I don't mean to make you feel bad, but I think that's the truth - we're not real friends.

DIXIE

That's okay with me. But have you ever thought that you're making this lack of friends thing out to be a grander issue than it is? That maybe a life without sex is the hole. Pun unintended, but appreciated.

JO

Definitely, sex factors into this too, a lot. A lot. I'm dying to have someone to

express my sexuality with. And there's no one, and that's tearing me apart. But that doesn't necessarily mean, you know, sleeping with a boyfriend. I mean it might be. Maybe for some people the only way to express themselves sexually is to have sex, but I just wish I had a friend I could talk to about this. If I could just talk about thinking about sex, I know I wouldn't feel so fucked up about it, or so desperate for it. Let me ask you, do I just think about things too much? Too much about sex, too much about everything? Do other people think a lot less, and just live with themselves, and don't constantly concern themselves with their existence?

DIXIE

I really don't know how much is normal to think. I've never thought too much about thinking. Maybe everybody feels like they're different, and finds it hard to just live, and not think about how they're stacking up, and just react and be like animals. Did that make any sense?

JO

Very much. Maybe what I'm describing is just the definition of human.

DIXIE

I don't think so, you're a freak.

JO

Thanks. I can't believe how insensitive you are, that was like almost funny enough for Johnny Carson, I hope you enjoyed it.

DIXIE

Well that sounded so stupid, 'just the definition of human.' You should be the end of an afternoon special. Look girl, you said it yourself, you just need the main course, the only course...

JO

Intercourse. Well no, I'm not getting through to you, this is hopeless. Look here. What I need is some kind of relationship. That is what I need. And I just have this feeling which is getting bigger and bigger that it's never going to happen. Maybe it's because I think too much, which I know sounds lame, or maybe for some other reason, I'm fated to be unhappy forever. It's not just that I'm sex-starved and have no one to talk to about sex and I never have, but in part because of that, and for other reasons, I'm unhappy and sad and lonely.

DIXIE

That really sucks. I mean it, I feel for you.

JO

Do you? You know, I also think about the future sometimes. I think about living



the rest of my life this way. I realize that almost definitely, it's going to be fifty more years of this heart wrenching pain, and I just go crazy. I can't even allow my mind to imagine what it'll be like to go through ten more years of this. I'm so sure it would break me.

DIXIE

Are you thinking about killing yourself?

JO

No, never, absolutely never. I've thought about the idea of suicide, but I just feel so deeply that no matter what, it's better to wither away in complete misery and obscurity because as horrible as I might feel, my life's not that bad. I would never do that.

DIXIE

I was just mentioning it, it's a very common thing to think about...

JO

Shut-up, I wouldn't do that. Just don't bring it up anymore. Leave me alone.

(Dixie gets up to throw away some trash.)

JO

Wait, there's something else I've been thinking about. What if the answer was that I should just go out and have lots and lots of sex. Really. That maybe that would fill this tremendous void in my life, and maybe it's the only thing I could actually accomplish.

DIXIE

Well, I don't usually mention this in conversation, but for several rather complicated and unexplainable reasons, I have the number of a supposedly very good male prostitute that could get you started.

JO

Not like that. The whole point is that I'd go into the world and just live, not dial-a-sex-act.

DIXIE

He supposedly has a really huge...

JO

Shut-up, stop trying to get me excited. Because I really feel that I could do it. I could go out, maybe to a bar, buy this tight fitting dress, find some cute guy, bring him back to my parents place- they go to sleep really early. You know what, we

better go back to his apartment. And then we'd just make love for hours. And I could do that a lot, and it'd be fun and I'm sure I'd meet some cool people and fall in with some pretty awesome set and not have to think so much. And I'd just have to give up my sense of right and wrong, and that'd be that. Right?

DIXIE

You know I can't force you to do anything, or make the call for you, but I was once thinking, that if there is a God, and knowing me, you know I'm far from being certain, or believing, or even caring about that, but I feel that in the end God would be okay with people doing what makes them happy. Even if it's not a perfect thing or solution, and following everything by the book would be better, it'd be okay. So maybe you can try that?

JO

I don't know, I could just do it. Just walk out the door and not come back until I'd had sex. I wouldn't become a bad person or anything, just immoral. And maybe not even that, I don't know. But that type of change is too scary for me. I couldn't do it Dixie, I'd be tormented by guilt, even if intensely happy and enjoying myself. Dixie, tell me, what do you think, what can you tell me, am I crazy and hopeless?

DIXIE

Wow, I'm not sure. I want to help you, because I really feel for you, I really do, which feels strange in itself. But look, I also think you're messed up. But I don't think I really can judge people anymore, at least now, if ever. Look at me. I spent the night covered in milk, I was rejected by a lesbian named George, and to top it all off I have to go to work and pretend I've been in the bathroom for two hours with undisclosed "woman's troubles."

JO

How exactly did you get covered in milk?

DIXIE

I told you, Tim's cow got a little out of control.

JO

So Tim really does have a cow.

DIXIE

My mistake, forget about the cow. Look, I'd love it if I could tell you exactly what to do, but I'm not sure. I mean I think sex is cool enough, but I don't know if it's the type of cool you need. Here, why don't you try getting a boyfriend. It probably is doable. Do that.

JO

You think? But how about?

DIXIE

Well this is embarrassing. How about, do you know any guys?

JO

Besides my dad, um, I don't think I know, more than a couple.  
(smiles)

DIXIE

Well, do you got the hots for any? You want to jump any of their bones?  
Nastyitup? Do I have to embarrass myself anymore more or do you get the drift?

JO

Well, I would never put it that way, nastyitup, but there is one guy who I think is  
pretty cool at least, in a weird kind of way.

DIXIE

So, drum roll please, just talk to him, go out of your way to speak to him, call him  
up, or whatever. Ask him out to coffee. If he likes you it will be okay, if he doesn't  
he may think it's weird you calling him, or asking him or whatever, but then you'll  
know, and can move on.

JO

That actually sounds pretty good. So I'll try it out if you help me, okay? This has  
been really good. Can I tell you a secret then?

DIXIE

Yeah sure.

JO

I kind of have the hots for Tim.

DIXIE

Who? Tim who?

JO

No, not Tim Who, Tim the guy you live with. The guy that works at the store now.

DIXIE

Tim, my Tim?

JO

What do you mean 'my Tim'?

DIXIE

Well just that I live with him, he's my friend, he's got to like me.

JO

That makes no sense, he can like me too.

DIXIE

Well maybe I like him.

JO

You like him?

DIXIE

I don't know, maybe, I haven't thought too much about it. Maybe.

JO

Well Tim and I have been talking to each other a lot recently, even flirting, he's weird and a little crazy, but also really sweet, I like that.

DIXIE

Look, I think you should find someone else.

JO

Just because there's a guy who there is some feasible chance of you doing, doesn't mean he can't like me, and I can't like him.

DIXIE

First of all I'm not a slut by any means, you understand? So lay off that button. And secondly, just find someone else besides Tim to be rejected by.

JO

I can't believe this. You're such a jealous bitch. You can't stand for me to have any happiness, after all I told you. You said you were my friend.

DIXIE

Look, leave him alone, I'll find some other guy for you, I promise. Come on, it would be really strange you going out with him- for me, for you, for everyone.

JO

I don't care what you say. I'm going for him.

DIXIE

You're overreacting here, you better calm down.

JO

Don't tell me what to do.

DIXIE

Hey. I understand you're sick of being walked over and everything, and alone, but can you just listen to me, for my sake.

JO

I'm getting the hell out of here, I'll see you later.

(Jo heads to the door.)

DIXIE

All right listen. I'm sorry I have to tell you this, but Tim and I have been sleeping with each other for the last two weeks. I'm sorry.

JO

What, oh my God. I can't believe that, I thought, he, no, why, oh God. I have to go.

(Jo starts to sob. Dixie runs to comfort Jo, Jo runs out the door and slams it.)

DIXIE

Why did I say that?

(Black out.)

## SCENE 7

(Back at the pharmacy. Tim is sweeping and has an apron on. He is talking to Mr. Gallops.)

MR. GALLOPS

So you really think that meditation, not medication, is the way to go?

TIM

Definitely, but you have to have a lot of plants. Your circle of meditation- which is the technical term for where you meditate - has to have literally thousands of plants. And blue, blue stuff on the ground. Because it's a very positive color.

MR. GALLOPS

I've been thinking about seeing a psychiatrist, what about those?

TIM

They're good. I really believe in the work of the psychoanalytical field and its professionals. but you have to be open to 'em and willing to really talk to 'em, and you need to be at a stage where that's a capability of your mental make-up. Let me ask you, have you really dealt with your emotional lipstick yet, your personal blush, the mascara of your soul, man?

MR. GALLOPS

You're so wise. How did you learn this?

TIM

I spent a lot of time in a jungle.

MR. GALLOPS

Oh. Well can you get that box of candy from the stock room and put it into the display.

TIM

Aye, aye Captain Gallops.

(Tim salutes and stands there and waits for Mr. Gallops to salute back.)

MR. GALLOPS

All right, but we really have to keep these salutes on the down low

(Mr. Gallops salutes)

Private Timothy.

TIM

Ah hem.

MR. GALLOPS

Forgot the promotion, Sergeant Timothy.

(Mr. Gallops salutes again. Tim exits to the stockroom. Dixie comes in the front door.)

MR. GALLOPS

Oh hi Dixie, your woman's troubles all settled?

DIXIE

Oh,

(remembering)

yeah, I'm feeling much better now.

MR. GALLOPS

That's good to hear, my grandmother had a saying about female troubles. "It's a woman's business, but a man still has to patronize her storefront."

DIXIE

I'm really glad to hear you're caring about life again.

MR. GALLOPS

If we don't look out for each other, we have not society, but (rhyming) disunity.

DIXIE

Wait a second, you've been talking to Tim, haven't you?

MR. GALLOPS

I do not know what you're talking about.

(Tim enters with a box.)

TIM

Where do you want these High Emperor?

DIXIE

Not been talking to Tim, of course not.

MR. GALLOPS

No, I have not been Dixie, I've been running this business. Over there Sergeant, oops, I mean employee Tim.

TIM

High Emperor?

MR. GALLOPS

Well, since no one tried calling my attention by any name of mine, actual or not, I'll be going into my office for a little while and update the informality in the workplace section of the policy manual.

(Mr. Gallops starts to exit.)

DIXIE

Hey wait Mr. Galloping Horse...

MR. GALLOPS

Dixie, what have I told you about that? It's Mr. Gallops.

DIXIE

Yeah sorry, with Tim's cutesy name for you, I couldn't remember whether you had told me to absolutely, positively, definitely, call you Mr. Galloping Horse, or whether you had said to absolutely, positively, definitely, not, to call you by the aforementioned nickname, Mr. Galloping Horse.

MR. GALLOPS

Having not heard anyone call my attention by saying my one and only name, Mr. Gallops, I exeunt.

(Mr. Gallops exits.)

TIM

But High Emperor?

DIXIE

Hi Tim.

TIM

Hi sweet heart.

(Tim puts the box down, and opens it up.)

DIXIE

Oh shucks. Listen Tim, I have to be honest with you.

TIM

You? Being honest. Oh no, what is this world coming to?



DIXIE

You know you can be too playful sometimes.

TIM

Playtime, recess - oh the memories of my childhood. I recall often playing an A-team simulation with my friends. One kid would be the head, leader guy. Another would be the weird, smart guy. Another would be the good looking lady-charmer. I would always be Mr. T, you know the big black guy with the mohawk and gold chains.

DIXIE

That's not normal, however, moving on, accidentally, my friend accidentally broke one of your bowls.

TIM

You let hooligans into our home? You allowed common ruffians to dirty our abode with their moral depravities? Which bowl?

DIXIE

One of the cartoon ones.

TIM

The Japanese imports?

DIXIE

The very one, I'm afraid.

TIM

Words cannot describe my pain. Tears?  
(Tim wipes his eyes)

DIXIE

Well, were did you get it? Maybe I can replace it; were they very expensive?

TIM

It's not the money woman. I mean look, they've been on sale here for the last two weeks. There's tons of them. It's the memories. The cereals the bowl held, the egg whites consumed from it, the conversations and passions that flared in its presence. Have you no heart wooh-mon [woman]? None?

DIXIE

Is something wrong Tim?

TIM

Just a lack of human sensibility, and I don't know how to stack this candy.

DIXIE

Well, I can help you with the candy.

TIM

That's a good enough solution for me. Show me, please.

(Dixie shows Tim how to set up the candy, moving his arm to place the candy in the right spot.)

DIXIE

Pretty easy.

TIM

Well, in an absolute sense, yes.

DIXIE

So can I buy you some more bowls?

TIM

It's the least you could do.

DIXIE

Hey, didn't you notice me lying on the floor, covered in milk last night?

TIM

No, I never made it home last night. And please don't tell me about your bizarre self-exploration techniques, it's icky. But you can tell me about the more normal parts of your sex life, if you feel like it.

DIXIE

You're so far off, you almost make sense. But why didn't you come home last night, you got lucky?

TIM

Not exactly, I stopped into one of those Internet cafes, you know the one all the Finnish tourists go into to check their e-mail. I got so into e-mailing that before I knew it, most the whole night had gone by; email has a way of doing that to you. So I took a little walk, did a little shopping, and came back to work. I tell you, it was the most powerful email session I've ever had. It positively blew me away. I don't even know how to describe what transgressed.

DIXIE

Don't tell me, I can't even begin to understand that stuff. All I use the Internet for is computer Boggle. How e-mail can be powerful doesn't compute, you know?

TIM

You can play Boggle? Umm, well what you have to understand is that e-mailing is basically the power of the written word. It's the expression of feelings and emotions and experience in a wholly overlooked mass slash unmass medium - namely writing.

DIXIE

Yeah, but you still need to speak and see people, we have six senses for a reason.

TIM

You mean seven?

DIXIE

Right, whatever, I just mean we might as well use all of them.

TIM

Certainly, but to balance the see-saw of the senses and the mind-- aye, there's the rub.

(Jo opens the door and walks in.)

JO

Hi guys. How are things going?

DIXIE

Fine Jo. How are you?

JO

Oh dandy, just dandy.

TIM

Now that's a word you like to hear out of a lady. Nowadays, everyone answers, I'm good, or as Dixie demonstrated, I'm fine. Now dandy speaks volumes, telling us that Jo is really doing well, and is genuinely happy.

DIXIE

But she was being mocking, and sarcastic.

TIM

Then that completely defeats my point and embarrasses me.

JO

I'm sorry Tim, I never wanted to ever hurt you.

TIM

It was a slight offense; I will undoubtedly recover.

JO

So Mr. Gallops suspects anything is up?

TIM

Whatcha talking about?

JO

Oh, how Dixie and I were missing the last little while.

TIM

Oh don't worry about that, I took care of it. I told him you two youngsters were having sex in the stock room.

DIXIE AND JO

What!

TIM

Sure. He wanted to go and look - or as he put it, 'put an end to such nonsense.' But I gave him a good talking to on the issues of the day, the new morality and all, and then we got a bit into his personal life, and well, I think that by hard work, blood, sweat and tears, we'll work him out of his blasted depression.

DIXIE

This is a weird guy.

JO

Well, you're the one he's doing.

TIM

Oh, you know I'm doing Dixie? I was a bit out practice, but before I knew it, I had completely made a new woman out of her. We even made a tape of the two of us doing it for her to watch when she wants to do it alone.

JO

I -- man, that's disgusting. Does nothing embarrass you?

TIM

You don't have to insult my work in front of me. I admit, she's no Helen of Troy, but she doesn't look that bad.

JO

What are you talking about?

TIM

Dixie. How I've been taking care of her, doing her make-up and hair and all.

JO

Her make-up, that's a good one.

TIM

So you like it?

(Dixie tries to sneak off.)

JO

Where do you think you're going?

DIXIE

Chest pains, must lie down.

JO

Shut-up. Now where were we?

TIM

You just complimented me on doing Dixie, you want me to do you some day?

JO

Are you telling the truth here?

TIM

Certainly madam.

JO

But you don't deny you've also been doing the nasty with Dixie?

TIM

I don't follow.

JO

You know nasty-it-up.

(pause)

Umm, Dixie, can you help me out here?

DIXIE

Sure, umm, Tim, she's talking about how we've been sleeping together.

TIM

I don't deny it, I mean I wasn't planning on it, well, I was I guess - but it's not like I thought it would be. Still, a bed's a bed.

DIXIE

See, no one has anything to hide. Case closed. Everybody's sorry, enough is enough, let's get back to work. Okay troopers, chop chop.

JO

But Tim, I thought we were flirting last week?

TIM

You embarrass me. But yes, I was flirting-it-up.

JO

You like me then?

TIM

Very much so.

JO

And Dixie too?

TIM

She's a fine co-worker, roommate, even bed-mate. I enjoy discussing her day with her before we hit the hay. But I can't say I find myself attracted to her, or that I find her grating personality pleasing. But I do lean towards giving her parents the thumbs up for bringing her into the world.

DIXIE

Thanks Tim, you have a way.

TIM

See, way to go Mr. and Mrs. Dixie!

(He flips a thumb up)

Your daughter can deliver a fine compliment.

JO

So, why'd you plan to get her into bed then?

TIM

All I meant by that was that I figured that we'd be sharing the same bed. I never heard of more than one bed in an adult's room. I was naive at that point in my life. As it turned out, we did end up sleeping together from day one. But I'm happy to announce that my very own bed will be arriving any day now. I got it wholesale; I made friends at the mattress store.

JO

What are you trying to say? Am I an idiot?

TIM

That I got on grandly with the salesman, and went out for drinks with him. And you're not an idiot, you're quite hot.

JO

Okay. But are you saying that you and Dixie aren't having sex?

TIM

Sex? God no. Ehh.

JO

Correction, I am an enormous idiot, and Dixie, you are a supreme bitch, but of a whole different breed than I ever imagined.

DIXIE

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to hurt anyone. I just didn't want to lose Tim right now, and so that slipped out. Don't hold it against me.

JO

So you lied to me.

DIXIE

Yep.

JO

So you two have never had sex?

DIXIE

Never. We haven't even bunted towards the first base line, and gone foul.

JO

So Tim, when you were talking about sleeping together, all you meant was...

TIM

We shared the one bed in the apartment, so we could both get the beauty rest we require, especially Dixie.

JO

And that was okay?

TIM

Yeah, more or less. She doesn't snore.

DIXIE

He says some weird things in his sleep.

JO

This is so fucked up. I don't even know who to be angry at, or even if I should be.

TIM

You're angry at me? For what?

JO

Well, yeah, I guess I am. You still slept in the same bed with her. You're not little children taking a bath together; you were setting yourselves up for a big mistake.

TIM

Well, if anything, Dixie was plain frigid about me being even near her. I don't think she would have allowed anything. At least exonerate her.

JO

That's a noble thing to say. Still, I've seen what a sex-crazed person like her can do. She tried, all right maybe not tried, but even so, she severely messed up two people's lives.

DIXIE

Jo think for a second, what have I really done to you? Nothing. A few words, a misunderstanding, a stupid lie. Most people get that everyday of their lives. But look, I understand if you don't want to do a decent thing and forget about what I did, because maybe I'm not a decent person and don't deserve decency. But at least you can forgive Tim, because he's never been anything but decent.

JO

(angry)

It looks like we have a pair of regular knights in shining armor here.

DIXIE



When'd you amputate your own heart girl?

JO

You know, I almost fell for you Tim. But come on Tim, you can't expect me to believe that a man and a woman can be in such a compromising position, night after night, and not be sucked into sex eventually. That's why upright thinking people have to avoid putting themselves in those kind of positions to begin with. And that's why I can't trust your judgment Tim, and why we can't have a relationship; you're not the man I made you out to be.

DIXIE

Since when did you believe people who have sex can't be good people? And even if sex is bad -- which it isn't -- even you can't tell me good people don't make mistakes.

JO

Look, I've seen what sex can do very clearly. It's right in front of me. I realize finally, that what I have to do is give up any desires I have, forget about sex, and just wait for the right moralist guy to fall into my lap. Not actually touching it of course until we tie the knot.

DIXIE

I think your throwing yourself into a really small, stupid hole. I'm no expert, but can you even imagine any guys that you'd want to date that think this way - that force themselves to not think about sex?

JO

I don't know.

DIXIE

Look at Tim. You know he's a good guy, even if he has a certain fascination with bizarre sexual situations. Give him a chance, if he's even interested anymore.

JO

I'm sorry, I'm sorry Tim. I don't think that at this point in my life you're right for me, maybe ever.

TIM

Well, I was going to wait with this until we were alone, but this seems like as good a time as any.

(Tim goes down on one knee and pops out a black ring case.)

Will you marry me Jo?

JO

What, really?

TIM

Yes, for sure.

DIXIE

Look at that ring, girl.

TIM

I've already proposed to Judy, you know Dixie's old roommate, over e-mail, and she accepted. So I'm asking you to join our blessed union.

DIXIE

What do you mean you already proposed to Judy and she accepted? Are you talking about some kind of crazy three-person sex marriage?

TIM

Certainly not, my motives are far from that. I'm talking about a two-part marriage.

JO

I'm afraid I don't understand Tim. Are you trying to become a polygamist? Because I think that's out this year.

TIM

I should explain. You see Judy and I have been communicating over email the last few weeks, writing daily, sometimes more frequently. We've been writing these long, intense e-mails that detailed every possible thought in our brains. We're perfect intellectual, or mental spouses. We can support each other, be partners, but with words, over e-mail, with the full bond of a married couple when it comes to the interaction of our minds. But come on -- she's a lesbian, we can't be sexual partners, beings. That's why I need you, want you as my physical, sexual partner. We can be married and live with each other in sexual bliss without the headache of having to communicate -- save with our genitalia -- to someone who doesn't fill our emotional needs. You of course will be free to pursue and find an intellectual equivalent for yourself, which in all likelihood is not me. I'll even wait to get married until you find your mental mate. That way we can have the best of both worlds, a partner that fulfills us physically, and another that fulfills us mentally, that way there's no need for compromising either area and we'll undoubtedly be happier. And this modern technology of e-mail makes it all possible by allowing two people to be one without having to be physically with each other. Why should two people's sexuality get in the way of their mental union, and why should someone's mental capacity get in the way of a healthy, enjoyable, moral, monogamous sexual relationship?

DIXIE

You're completely off the wall; you're mad. If I can know anything, it's that maybe sex is fun and good, but at its highest, it brings together two people who are completely committed to each other. You're really missing something Tim.

JO

I think Dixie's right, Tim. No matter when you think sex should come into play, the strength of it, maybe not the pleasure, is going to come from the bond between the people. Sure, we could have a purely sexual relationship, and it'd be fun, but it wouldn't be able to grow at all. And your intellectual marriage with Judy is one of the things I'm searching for - a friend you can share yourself with, but who you're not in love with. Hey, that's what you forgot -- that's it -- that's why your argument doesn't make sense, you didn't say the word "love" once.

TIM

You're quite right. That's surprising - how I could make all that make sense in my head without seeing what was missing? I mean, I might even really love Judy, but when you really think about it, there's probably some limitation to the written word, to letters, that only the senses can bridge, and must ultimately keep Judy and I somehow alienated from one another. And with you Jo, I just don't know if I would care for you a way a lover should. How could you call something replaceable a marriage?

DIXIE

Boy, you sure messed that one up.

TIM

It was just an idea. I gave it a shot, I know now what other people think about it, and can move on.

JO

It's not completely crazy though, I think. It makes some interesting points. Like it should be possible to have a range of sexual relationships with people, and not just, these are people I actively try and have sex with, and these are the ones I don't. You could have intense mental relationships where both of you acknowledge sex is never going to happen, like with Judy. And you could have an acquaintance where the two of you agree to fool around if the right time comes, and you could even have a good friendship where one person is madly attracted to the other, and tells them, and the other person says they don't feel the same way. And you could still be friends. Why shouldn't all of our relationships have clearly defined sexual parameters? It'd make life so less frustrating. Why can't you say to your mailman, you're cute, there's some sexual tension here, but since you deliver my mail, we'll never get it on.

DIXIE

Yeah, maybe, but all this talk about sex is going to my head a little.

TIM

That mean you want to try that little three-way? We could go into the stockroom.

JO

You're incorrigible.

TIM

You have a good vocabulary.

JO

You're weird.

TIM

So?

DIXIE

You're flirting.

TIM AND JO

So?

DIXIE

Hey, what are you going to do with the ring? Can I have it?

TIM

Well it is returnable, but you can have it.

DIXIE

Really?

TIM

No. What do you think I'm mad, woman?

DIXIE

Sorry. Hey, did you get Judy a ring?

TIM

Yes, but a virtual one, so it's no biggy. Do you think it would be wrong to ask her to send it back by e-mail?

JO

Maybe you should wait, she's going to need some time to get over this.

DIXIE

Oh don't worry about it, she's a bitch, she'll be fine.

JO

Dixie, you better give yourself some time to calm down, I don't want to see you go overboard; you've gone through a lot.

DIXIE

Yeah, that's true. And it's about time you noticed, isn't it? You two have been focusing on yourselves, and forgetting all about me. Don't I deserve some attention? I've been rejected by someone I thought I loved, dejected, forced to depravity, sticky, felt all icky, in one day. No one gives a fuck about me. At least you have your God-Damn geezer parents. When was the last time my parents drove me somewhere, when was the last time they called me? They think I'm a fuck up. And I'm not trying to blame them for anything. I just obviously don't have anyone who cares a crap about me. Even someone that wouldn't turn things personal when I needed someone to give me a fucking kick in the head, and tell me: you have no clue what you're doing, but that doesn't mean you're worthless. I can't give myself a kick, I can't work this out by telling myself I'm misguided. I need to find someone to talk to, and it obviously can't be you guys.

(pause)

Man, I hope Mr. Gallops is a good listener.

JO

Wait Dixie, hold on.

(Dixie goes offstage.)

JO

You think she'll be okay with Mr. Gallops? I should have tried to help her.

TIM

Dixie's not your responsibility. And I think the new Mr. Gallops can give her what she actually needs. Give her a little time to grow, without being judgmental, and she will. You're not at that stage yet.

JO

You think? But won't it be strange for him - "you see Mr. Gallops, I was hanging out with this lesbian, you know what that is, right?, and..." - pretty funny idea.

TIM

I've had enough of ideas for a little while.

JO

Don't say that, you can always try out a couple more ideas, you can always find more that you like. That's one of my reasons for continuing to exist.

TIM

But, well, I'm mentally exhausted.

JO

You too, huh? I guess we need some time to think.

TIM

Well.

JO

Well.

(Pause.)

TIM

Could you help me stack this candy?

JO

Sure. No problem.

TIM

Candy is more or less a constant in life, isn't it?

JO

Thankfully. Hey, ummm, want to hang out some undetermined time in the future, maybe get some coffee or something, discuss all this?

TIM

Maybe.

JO

Maybe?

TIM

Very maybe, and please, call me Timbo.

(Dixie and Mr. Gallops enter.)

DIXIE

We're going to go and get some coffee and then go to the crystal store. You guys cover for us.

JO

Okay.

(Dixie and Mr. Gallops exit.)

JO

So Tim, why don't we just close up the shop early, and also go out for coffee.

TIM

Oh sweet, young, young, Jo, you have so much to learn. Remember, I told you two things. One, that maybe I'd go out with you. If we went out, that wouldn't be maybe, it'd be yes, and I like the word maybe. Two, you're supposed to call me Timbo, not Tim. So why don't you go out by yourself for coffee, and I'll stay here and run the store.

JO

You'd really like that, wouldn't you Timbo?

TIM

It'd be a dream come true.

JO

Well, I guess I can't argue with that.

TIM

You better not. Take it easy Jo.

(Jo goes to exit, then turns to Tim.)

JO

And remember, condoms...

TIM

By the children's videos.

(Curtain)

The End.