

The Glee Club

A play in one act

by

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Rev. January 8, 1997

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Cast of characters:

Henry.....a man
Woman.....a woman

Settings:

A bar.
The living room of a small apartment.

SCENE 1

Setting: a bar, evening.

WOMAN, a beautiful young woman, sits on a barstool, drink in hand.
HENRY, a dumpy looking middle-aged man, approaches, slowly and without a lot of confidence.

HENRY

Hi. I saw you from over there I... I'm not very good at this. No, wait. I'm Henry. I'm wondering if I can buy you a drink or something. But you already have a drink... So... My friend told me I should come down here. He's from around here. He said this is a good place to meet people, you know? Meet new people. So I saw you sitting over here all by yourself and I thought, "Hey, I wouldn't mind meeting her. She looks like an interesting person." So... I guess that sounds really dumb. I'm Henry by the way. What are you drinking there? Is that a martini? I like the tequila myself. I think it-

WOMAN

Are you looking for sex?

HENRY

Excuse me?

WOMAN

Sex?

HENRY

I've heard of it.

WOMAN

Good.

HENRY

No. No, I'm just looking to get to know people. Really. No. I'm not just cruising around looking for... that. I'm not. I'm not really interested in that. I'm not that kind of person. Really. I'm not. I'm new in town. I just moved here. From Florida.

WOMAN

Is it hot? In Florida?

HENRY

Oh well, sometimes it is, yes. It is a warm state you know. Gets kind of steamy.

WOMAN

Really.

HENRY

Gets all hot and bothered, you know?

WOMAN

Yes.

HENRY

Wet and hot and steamy down there. In Florida.

WOMAN

You sure you're not looking for sex?

HENRY

Me? No! No!

WOMAN

Because you sound like you are.

HENRY

No, I'm just new in town.

WOMAN

Too bad.

HENRY

Excuse me?

WOMAN

It's too bad you're not looking for sex.

HENRY

Oh. Oh? Why, are you looking for ... that?

WOMAN

For what?

HENRY

Sex?

WOMAN

Yeah.

HENRY

Oh. You know...

WOMAN

What?

HENRY

I could be talked into that.

WOMAN

Talked into what?

HENRY

Sex.

WOMAN

You would have to be talked into it?

HENRY
It's a figure of speech.

WOMAN
I should hope so.

HENRY
It is.

WOMAN
I thought you weren't interested.

HENRY
I never said that.

WOMAN
You did. You said "I'm not really interested in that."

HENRY
Well, I meant that...

WOMAN
"I'm not that type of person"

HENRY
Well, I was trying not to...

WOMAN
You're sending mixed messages here. Are you a liar?

HENRY
No!

WOMAN
But you lied to me.

HENRY
I... I... Yes. I did.

WOMAN
Yes, you did.

HENRY
I'm sorry.

WOMAN
And not well, either.

HENRY
Sorry?

WOMAN
You lied poorly.

HENRY
Yes, well. I'm not a liar.

WOMAN

Not a good one. Next thing you know you'll be telling me you're not really from Florida.

HENRY

Well...

WOMAN

What's the capitol of Florida?

HENRY

Excuse me?

WOMAN

The capitol of Florida.

HENRY

I... uh... Orlando. No, ha ha... Miami?

WOMAN

I'm not a betting person-

HENRY

Daytona?

WOMAN

I'm not the betting type, but I am willing to put money on the fact that you, Henry, not from Florida, are not here tonight looking for the welcome wagon.

HENRY

I-

WOMAN

You're looking for sex. Aren't you. Aren't you?

HENRY

Yes.

WOMAN

You're hornier than a sailor on a two day pass.

HENRY

Yes.

WOMAN

You're just looking for a roll in the hay? A dip of the wick? A trip down South?

HENRY

Yes! Yes! Okay? I am looking for sex. I looked at you from across the room and had lustful thoughts, all right? I had demonic sex-crazed images of the two of us humping away all night long! I wanted to screw you upside-down and silly. Happy?! Huh?! Happy?! Oh. I'm sorry. I'm very, very sorry.

I'll get my coat.

WOMAN

(WOMAN EXITS, then returns with her
coat and leads the stunned HENRY off.)

SCENE 2

Setting: woman's apartment, the living room, late evening.

There is a couch, a trunk that serves as a coffee table, and a small bar. WOMAN ENTERS, HENRY stands in the doorway.

WOMAN

What are you waiting for? Come on in.

(HENRY ENTERS tentatively, and WOMAN closes the door quickly behind him.)

Come on in.

HENRY

Thanks.

WOMAN

(Pouring herself a drink.)

Do you want a drink or something?

HENRY

No, I'm fine.

WOMAN

You sure?

HENRY

I'm fine. This is nice.

WOMAN

I'm sorry?

HENRY

Your place. Here. It's very nice. Here.

WOMAN

Thank you very much.

HENRY

You're welcome.

WOMAN

Are you okay?

HENRY

Me? I'm fine.

WOMAN

You looked a little... I don't know.

HENRY

What?

WOMAN

You looked a little queasy. In the car. You looked a little sick or something.

HENRY

I don't come into this neighborhood much.

WOMAN

You don't like my neighborhood?

HENRY

No, no. I'm just a little nervous about strange places.

WOMAN

Oh.

HENRY

It's okay.

WOMAN

You sure you don't want a drink?

HENRY

I'm fine.

WOMAN

You're sure?

HENRY

Maybe just a little one.

WOMAN

Good boy.

HENRY

I haven't dated in a while.

WOMAN

Are we dating?

HENRY

You know what I mean. I've been out of the game a while.

WOMAN

It shows. You're what? Forty? Forty four? Right. Divorced? What... a month? Two months?

HENRY

How could you tell?

WOMAN

Ring finger. Still a little pale there.

HENRY

Oh.

WOMAN

So what is it, one or two?

HENRY

Months? Six.

WOMAN

Six?

HENRY

I'm fair skinned.

WOMAN

A late bloomer.

HENRY

Am I?

WOMAN

Yeah. Some of them are out in the bars as soon as the papers get signed, but on average it takes about a month or so for the normal ones to screw up enough courage to get out of the house.

HENRY

You do this a lot.

WOMAN

Me? No.

HENRY

Yes, you do.

WOMAN

I'm as pure as the driven snow, honey. Make yourself at home, I'll be right back. Don't steal anything. That's a joke. Relax.

(WOMAN EXITS. HENRY sits down on the couch. he picks up a magazine or two, he contemplates leaving, but WOMAN returns. She has changed into loose, flowing clothes.)

Are you going?

HENRY

No, I'm just looking for something good to steal.

WOMAN

Let me know what you find. Freshen that up?

HENRY

What?

WOMAN

Your drink.

HENRY

Right.

WOMAN

(Hands him a drink)
Here. Relax.

HENRY

I'm relaxed. I'm fine.

WOMAN

Okay

HENRY

What makes you think I'm not relaxed? Oh, well, I like my coat.

WOMAN

You are a bundle of nerves.

HENRY

Thank you for pointing it out.

WOMAN

You don't have anything to worry about.

HENRY

I've just been out of it-

WOMAN

-for a while. I know. I understand.

HENRY

Things have changed.

WOMAN

(Rubbing his shoulders)
Not everything.

HENRY

A lot of things.

WOMAN

But not everything.

(WOMAN kisses him.)

HENRY

No, not everything.

WOMAN

That's the spirit.

(They kiss again, but HENRY breaks away.)

HENRY

No, I'm not sure.

WOMAN

Don't tell me I'll have to talk you into it.

HENRY

I'm not sure I can.

WOMAN

Can? Here.

(WOMAN turns him around and writes on his back with a finger. Then she turns away from him.)

Sign your name.

HENRY

What?

WOMAN

Sign. On my back.

HENRY

Oh come on.

WOMAN

No, no. Come on. Henry, this is important.

HENRY

What is this?

WOMAN

It's a consent form.

HENRY

A consent form?

WOMAN

It says you can do anything you want to. No guilt. Just sign me. It gives you permission to be you. It's like a permission slip.

HENRY

Does my mommy have to sign it?

WOMAN

If you want to go on the field trip.

HENRY

I...

WOMAN

Henry, come on, everyone does it. Birds do it. Bees do it.

HENRY

Tell me your name.

WOMAN

Sign.

HENRY

I don't know your name.

WOMAN

It's part of the contract. Sign me.

HENRY

I don't know.

WOMAN

That's the idea, sweetie. You don't have to.

HENRY

(Signing her back with his finger)
I bet it's pretty, your name.

WOMAN

You do?

HENRY

Yes.

WOMAN

I think it is.

HENRY

You know, I still get the feeling you've done this before.

WOMAN

Me?

(They kiss again)

HENRY

You.

WOMAN

I'm just an all-American gal.

HENRY

Really.

WOMAN

Close your eyes.

HENRY

Why?

WOMAN

Let's get this straight. I'm not going to explain everything to you, okay? Some things you just have to have faith in. I'm one of them.

HENRY

I don't know you at all.

WOMAN

Faith, Henry. Close `em. No peeking.

(WOMAN goes about the living room setting a sexy mood with an almost alarming lack of effort.)

HENRY

Oh come on.

WOMAN

Ah ah. No peeking.

HENRY

You're serious?

WOMAN

Yes.

(WOMAN kisses him lightly then begins lighting incense and candles around the room. There are many, many candles to light.)

HENRY

What are you doing? Is something burning? I think something's on fire. Are you cooking something?

WOMAN

Henry?

HENRY

Yes?

WOMAN

Shut up.

HENRY

Okay.

(Finishing the candles, WOMAN turns on a stereo, then comes back and sits behind him. The stereo plays sexy music (Ravel's *Bolero* would not be out of the question) as she begins to remove his shirt.)

WOMAN

Are you ready?

HENRY

For what?

WOMAN

I just want to get you out of this. Make you more comfortable, yes? Feeling comfy?

HENRY
Actually, not really. Can I open my eyes?

WOMAN
All right.

HENRY
Wow.

WOMAN
Nice, hmm?

HENRY
Yes. Very...very...

WOMAN
Very?

(WOMAN holds him, kissing his neck.)

HENRY
Very that. Whatever you're doing, it's very that.

WOMAN
That's the idea.

HENRY
Yes, I suppose so.

(WOMAN tries another pass, but HENRY
keep looking around the room)

WOMAN
What?

HENRY
What what?

WOMAN
You're looking for something?

HENRY
Yes. No. I'm just... I'm feeling out of place here.
This is not what I'm used to.

WOMAN
I'm sure it's not.

HENRY
Yes, well I get uneasy.

WOMAN
You get uneasy.

HENRY
Maybe this isn't the right time for me.

WOMAN

You feel like you don't fit in here? Into this scene?

HENRY

Yes.

WOMAN

Henry, listen to me. I am trying here.

HENRY

And I appreciate it, really I do.

WOMAN

You have to work with me here. I can't do this alone. I mean, I can, but as long as you're here, you might as well join in, huh?

HENRY

Why don't you just do that. Just do it by yourself.

WOMAN

Oh, is that what you like? Why didn't you say?

(WOMAN throws her leg over the arm of the couch and...)

HENRY

What? No! No, listen. I can't stay.

WOMAN

No, sit down Henry.

HENRY

I have to get home.

WOMAN

Henry...

HENRY

It's been very nice.

WOMAN

Sit!

(He obeys instantaneously.)

This little hard-to-get thing is cute to a point but now you're pissing me off. I don't understand you. What is your problem? I am offering you exactly what you want. Exactly. With precision. What you want so bad, that you left your house, got in your car and went out to search the world for. Isn't that true? Isn't it Henry?

HENRY

Yes, but-

WOMAN

But what? What is it that I am missing here?
Please tell me.

HENRY

This isn't how I pictured it.

WOMAN

No?

HENRY

No. Not at all. Not with the candles and the smoke
and the music and all. And it's not really them
either. Not really. I mean, they're nice and all,
but... I pictured something else.

WOMAN

What? It has to be just like how you pictured it?
There's no room for variation?

HENRY

There's room, but the theme isn't right.

WOMAN

The theme?

HENRY

The underlying theme. I mean, I guess... It's...

WOMAN

What is it?

HENRY

It's you.

WOMAN

Me?

HENRY

Yes, you.

WOMAN

What about me?

HENRY

I don't know what about you. No, I do. It's your
way. The way you are.

WOMAN

I'm not following you.

HENRY

You want to.

WOMAN

Yes.

HENRY

No, that's it. You want to. You're doing it.
You're doing it all.

WOMAN

Oh! Oh! I'm with you. Okay. Hang on. Maybe we
should try some of these.

(WOMAN opens a large trunk filled with
leather straps, whips, chains, and
other S&M devices. Note: In addition
to the obvious sex toys (harnesses,
fuzzy handcuffs, whips, leather masks,
dildos, etc.) the trunk should also
contain an abundance of bizzare items
(For example: a pair of large black
rubber gloves, a bed spring, a toilet
plunger, a rubber duck, jumper cables,
a length of garden hose, a feather boa
etc.))

(WOMAN begins pulling things out of the
trunk and tossing them out onto the
floor.)

HENRY

(Speechless.)
What... What...

WOMAN

You ever tried these?

HENRY

I...

WOMAN

Do you know what these are for?

HENRY

You...

WOMAN

Henry? Henry?

HENRY

Yes?

WOMAN

Good. I thought I lost you there. So what do you
think?

HENRY

Please don't hurt me.

WOMAN

What?

HENRY

Please don't hurt me.

WOMAN

Henry. Look at me. I'm not going to hurt you. No one's going to get hurt. It's just costumes. See? Just fun. Come here. Come. Okay. Touch this. Henry... Go ahead. It won't bite. Feel good? How about this? See how it straps across the chest? And these? What do you think? Henry?

HENRY

(Engrossed in a leather mask)
What?

WOMAN

What do you think?

HENRY

I don't understand.

WOMAN

They're costumes. For role playing.

HENRY

You want me to wear this stuff?

WOMAN

(Undressing him.)
If you want to. Do you want to?

HENRY

I don't know.

WOMAN

But you're attracted to them. Aren't you? They attract you, don't they?

HENRY

I am. A little. Attracted, maybe.

WOMAN

Maybe? Maybe a little curious even?

HENRY

(Playing with more of the clothing.)
Maybe. A little.

WOMAN

(Putting on a pair of bunny ears.)
You ever get dressed up? Put on something special? A tuxedo? You feel different in it? You feel elegant? Powerful? Why do you think people do that? They're wearing costumes. Playing parts. You want to try some of these on? You want to try playing a new part?

HENRY

A new part?

WOMAN

A new role.

HENRY

Freaky people do this. It's a freaky thing to do.

WOMAN

You ever heard of the Glee Club?

HENRY

The...

WOMAN

The Glee Club. It's a club. On the East side of town.

HENRY

I've... heard of it.

WOMAN

People go there. They do this kind of thing. You know what kind of people go there?

HENRY

The freaky kind?

WOMAN

(Picking up a riding crop.)
All kinds. Lawyers, accountants, doctors, plumbers... All kinds of people. Because it's fun. Because they like it. Because it regulates power. And they get off on having power. You want more control? You want to be in charge here?

HENRY

What do you mean?

WOMAN

You want power? Take it.

(WOMAN hands him the riding crop.)

HENRY

So this is our own little club?

WOMAN

Our own little Glee Club.

HENRY

What do I do now?

WOMAN

What do you want to do?

HENRY
Are you serious?

WOMAN
Be creative.

HENRY
Do I order you around?

WOMAN
If you want to.

HENRY
Because I don't think I want to do that, if that's
what you want. I don't think I can do that.

WOMAN
You're not getting the point here. You do what you
want to do. To me. With me. Whatever you want to
do.

HENRY
What if I don't know what I want to do?

WOMAN
Try something.

(HENRY takes a few tentative swipes at
the air with the riding crop but
manages to whack himself in the leg.)

HENRY
Ow! This is stupid. I don't want to hurt you.

WOMAN
We need a stop word.

HENRY
A what?

WOMAN
Stop word. A word I say, you stop. Yellow.

HENRY
Sorry?

WOMAN
Yellow is the stop word. I say yellow, you stop.

HENRY
Yellow?

WOMAN
Yellow. That way you know I'm okay. You can do
whatever you want.

HENRY

Unless you say yellow.

WOMAN

Uh huh. Don't be afraid.

HENRY

I'm not.

(HENRY looks at the riding crop again.)

WOMAN

What are you going to do with that?

HENRY

I...

(HENRY tries it out on his hand a few times.
he holds it out, the tip just under her chin.)
You haven't showed me the bedroom yet.

WOMAN

Haven't I? Was I a naughty girl?

(Blackout. Loud raucous music plays.)

SCENE 3

Setting: woman's apartment, the living room, even later evening.

Sex music plays. Moans and yelps emanate from a room off-stage. Suddenly...

WOMAN (O.S.)

Yellow! Yellow!

(WOMAN ENTERS pulling on a robe. She appears exhausted. She wears a little nurse's cap. She walks with some soreness to the couch and flops down.)

HENRY (O.S.)

Are you okay?

WOMAN

I just want to take a break. Just give me a minute.

HENRY

(Entering.)
You sure?

(HENRY looks like a combination of an extreme leatherboy and a most exquisite transvestite. (Leather studded harness and wrist bands, his underwear, a garter belt and fishnet stockings. Combat boots and a hat with viking horns complete the look.))

WOMAN

I'm sure. I just need a rest.

HENRY

Five minutes?

WOMAN

Five?

HENRY

Because I'd like to try that thing with the pulleys again.

WOMAN

More than five, Henry. More than five.

HENRY

Fifteen?

WOMAN

Maybe twenty. Maybe.

HENRY
All right. I'm hungry. You hungry?

WOMAN
I am exhausted.

HENRY
Can I get you something?

WOMAN
Water.

HENRY
(Drinking some himself.)
Water. Good. Ah, refreshing. Invigorating.
Rejuvenating.

WOMAN
Henry...

HENRY
(Handing her the glass.)
Sorry, here.

WOMAN
Thank you. Mmmmm. You've never done this before?

HENRY
Nope.

WOMAN
Because you're very good.

HENRY
I'm just an all-American guy.

WOMAN
Not like one I ever met. Mmmmm. I feel good.

HENRY
Yeah? Good.

WOMAN
I feel warm and soft and sleepy. I am tingling,
actually tingling.

HENRY
The corset's probably too tight.

WOMAN
That's not it. I don't know what it is, but I know
that's not it. What about you?

HENRY
Me?

WOMAN

Yeah, was it good for you?

HENRY

Yeah.

WOMAN

Yeah?

HENRY

It's good.

WOMAN

It is, isn't it. Sometimes you forget how good it can be.

HENRY

You almost ready?

WOMAN

Henry.

HENRY

You want some more water?

WOMAN

No. I just want to lie here a little longer. I just want to enjoy this.

HENRY

You're not pooping out on me, are you?

WOMAN

You wear a girl out.

HENRY

(Looking for his watch)

Oh, come on. It's only... only...

WOMAN

(Looking at a clock)

It's five thirty in the morning.

HENRY

So?

WOMAN

So? Look at me. Isn't it obvious? I'm wasted. I'm exhausted. I'm toast, Henry. Toast. I can't take any more.

HENRY

I can.

WOMAN

Well, you must be some sort of ironman or something.

HENRY
You think?

WOMAN
Us mortals have limits. Definite limits.

HENRY
So... No more, huh?

WOMAN
Not tonight. Yellow, Henry, yellow.

HENRY
So we're done.

WOMAN
They don't call it a stop word for nothing.

HENRY
(Changing out of his costume.)
Oh. All right. Do you want me to hang this stuff
back up?

WOMAN
No, just leave it.

(HENRY is struggling to get out of one
of his wrist bands.)

WOMAN
(continuing)
You can take that with you if you want.

HENRY
Really?

WOMAN
(Writing her phone number on a scrap of paper.)
It suits you. Really. You want to keep it, don't
you? Here.
(Offering him the scrap of paper.)
You can just bring it back next time.

HENRY
What's this?

WOMAN
My phone number. For next time.

HENRY
Next time?

WOMAN
Yeah, next time.

HENRY
Oh.

WOMAN

What?

HENRY

No, it's just... Is there going to be a next time?

WOMAN

"Is there going to be a next time?" Henry, don't you want a next time?

HENRY

I don't know.

WOMAN

You don't know? What do you mean, you don't know?

HENRY

I mean I don't know. I thought this was a one time thing, you know? I didn't think there'd be a next time.

WOMAN

You didn't think...

HENRY

No.

WOMAN

But-

HENRY

I let myself go. I wasn't thinking about a next time.

WOMAN

But... But you... But...

HENRY

But what?

WOMAN

We were in the same room back there, weren't we? I mean, we both were in that room, right?

HENRY

I don't understand.

WOMAN

Didn't you have a good time?

HENRY

I had a good time.

WOMAN

Me too. Me too. Henry, I had a good time. I had a really, really good time. Do you understand? Do you understand what I'm saying?

HENRY
Sure I do. Good night.

WOMAN
What?

HENRY
Good night.

WOMAN
Where are you going?

HENRY
I'm going home.

WOMAN
Home? You can't go home.

HENRY
Thanks for everything.

WOMAN
Wait wait wait! Henry, please. Hang on a minute.
You're not... You didn't...

HENRY
I didn't what?

WOMAN
We were really incredible, don't you think? I mean,
the toys, the roles, yeah, but the sensuality. The
sensitivity. It was chemical, it was animal. Don't
you think?

HENRY
It was a lot of fun.

WOMAN
Fun? Fun? Parcheesi is fun. Monopoly is fun.
This was beyond fun. We're so far beyond fun you
can't even see fun from where we are. Henry, we had
an experience. We shared something, don't you
think? Henry? Wait! Don't go! I can go again.

HENRY
Oh come on.

WOMAN
(Almost limping across the room.)
Please. I can go again. I can try. I mean, look,
I'm ready to go. Let's go Henry. Please? I can go
again.

HENRY
You're just being nice.

WOMAN

(Still struggling)
No, I can. Really.

HENRY

No you can't. Look at you. I really think it's time to leave. It's time for me to go home. Good night.

WOMAN

(Collapsing on the couch.)
Henry? Henry? No. No.

HENRY

What is the matter with you? What is this? Are you crying?

WOMAN

No.

HENRY

What the hell is the matter with you?

WOMAN

It's not fair.

HENRY

What? You wanted a one night thing, right? You signed the consent form too. We're not dating, are we?

WOMAN

I did- didn't- What? Oh my God.

HENRY

What? What is the matter with you?

WOMAN

Nothing.

HENRY

Really? Great.

WOMAN

Just go.

HENRY

I will.

WOMAN

Do.

HENRY

I'm going.

(HENRY walks to the door.)

WOMAN

Just turn your back. Just walk away. No problem. Just go. No no. Keep going. It's nothing. It's nothing special. It's nothing fine. It's just nothing. It's a whole mess of nothing. Nothing happened here tonight. Nothing passed between us. Nothing. Believe me, I am the queen of nothing and I know. You weren't special. You seemed to be. But no. I was wrong. Stupid me.

HENRY

These are your rules. This is your scene.

WOMAN

And a pretty one it is too, huh?

HENRY

Why are you doing this?

WOMAN

Why?

HENRY

This is what you do, right? I thought you'd be a little tougher.

WOMAN

"What I do?" What is it I do Henry?

HENRY

I thought you'd be thicker skinned.

WOMAN

Why? Why? Because I'm another bar slut who picks up guys and takes them home? Is that what you think? Is that what I do? Henry? You think that makes me immune? Well, it doesn't okay? It doesn't. I mean, usually I'm okay. I make it through. And the shit I've made it through, waded through, Henry, the absolute shit. Where you wake up in the morning and you know you've done something incredibly stupid. Where you're both just sorry you ever left the house. Absolute shit. I've been there. I live there. But this... You, Henry. I thought we did something together, to each other, here. I thought we connected. And for the first time in years, years Henry, I felt different about it.

HENRY

Different how?

WOMAN

Different. I don't know, different. I felt different. Do you know what that means? I get lonely too, okay? I do.

HENRY

What are you saying?

WOMAN

I don't know. I'm a mess.

HENRY

I've always been the boyfriend, the husband, you know? I mean, you can count the women I've been with on one hand.

WOMAN

Me too. The women.

HENRY

Right, well... So it's exciting, this. I've never thought of myself like this. I'm not a handsome guy. It's alright, I know that. I'm not Robert Redford. I'm not Steve McQueen. I'm not like you. You're so pretty and you're so... So it's different, yeah, but it's new. It's like my eyes are open after a long sleep. I'm ready to head out, you know? I'm ready to go.

WOMAN

Go where?

HENRY

I don't know. Out there. The world. This is a whole new world.

WOMAN

No, it's not. It's the same old world.

HENRY

Yeah, but now I know all this stuff.

WOMAN

What stuff? You know some new tricks? Henry, what do you think you're going to find out there?

HENRY

(Grabbing up a handful of sex paraphernalia from the floor.)

This. More of this. This is great.

WOMAN

This? Where you going to find this?

HENRY

I don't know. A club. The Glee Club. Right?

WOMAN

No. I mean, sure, you'll find people to play with. People with all the toys, and all the outfits, all the trappings of this, of tonight.

(more)

WOMAN (cont'd)

But I've been out there a while. We can agree I've been out there a while, right? Longer than you anyway. You know how many times I've found this? You can count that on one hand. You can count it on one finger. This is rare. This is different. You're different. Look. Henry, I'm not asking you to be the boyfriend. I'm not asking you to move in here and have a baby. I'm just saying, from experience, that there's something here. Something about what you got, and what I've got, and how they fit together. And it's worth pursuing. It's at least worth a next time.

HENRY

I don't know.

WOMAN

I do. I know. I know I'm worth a next time.

HENRY

I should get going.

WOMAN

I guess so.

HENRY

Thanks for... Thanks.

WOMAN

Good night Henry.

HENRY

Good night... You never told me your name.

WOMAN

No, I didn't, did I?

HENRY

What is it?

WOMAN

It doesn't matter, does it?

HENRY

No... It might.

WOMAN

Yeah?

HENRY

Yeah.

WOMAN

(Handing him the scrap of paper with her phone number again.)

I'll tell you what. You take my number. And you go out into the world and you... whatever. But you take my number, and maybe you call me, and maybe you don't. But if you do, maybe I'll tell you my name. Maybe.

HENRY

Maybe next time?

WOMAN

Maybe.

HENRY

I'll bet it's pretty. Your name.

WOMAN

Good night.

HENRY

Good night.

(Henry exits.)

End of Play