

Pillow PARTY!

A comedy by Bruno Lacroix & François-Xavier Torre
Adaptation : Dorothee Boissier



Copyright©2020 by Bruno Lacroix & François-Xavier Torre

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that

Pillow Party

is subject to a royalty. It is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America,

the British Commonwealth, including Canada, and all other countries of the

Copyright Union. All rights, including professional, amateur, motion

picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting,

television and the rights of translation into foreign languages

are strictly reserved. The right to photocopy scripts or videotape

performances can be granted only by the authors. In some cases,

the authors may choose to allow this, provided permission has

been requested prior to the production. No alterations, deletions

or substitutions may be made to the work without the

written permission of the authors.

All publicity material must contain the author's names,

as the soles authors of the work followed by

the translator's name: Dorothee Boissier.

By producing this play you give the authors

the right to use any publicity material

including pictures, programs and posters

generated from the production.

To reach the playwrights:

Bruno Lacroix

Email: brunolacroix@bell.net

François-Xavier Torre

Email: fxt.art@gmail.com

Characters by order of appearance:

Jack Ross Scientist renting the apartment.

Megan Fisher Upstairs neighbor.

George Fisher Upstairs neighbor.

Will Jack's assistant.

Act 1

Scene 1

The set is a studio. In the foreground, gardenside, there is the bathroom door. On the opposite side, court side, in the background, the kitchen door. The main front door is located in the background, in front of the audience, nearly in the middle of the room. Court side a desk is set up $\frac{3}{4}$ and side view. A chair is behind the desk. A laptop is open on the desk, but it is turned off. Gardenside, a Murphy double bed is set in front of the audience at a slight angle. Gardenside, a wardrobe with sliding doors is set sideview against the wall on the left of the bed. The curtain is drawn to disclose the inside of a studio in the dark. From the upper story noises of a couple having sex. In bed, a human figure is moving from one side of the bed to the other, desperately trying to sleep, then decides to switch the light on.

1. JACK, disheveled hair, to himself

For God's sake! They can't help it, can't they! *(Looking at the alarm clock.)* Three o'clock in the morning! What's the hell! Pretty good shape hmm! This is exhausting! Damn bunnies! *(Staring at the ceiling in dismay.)* Quiet over there! People wanna sleep in here! *(The noise muffles away. He is satisfied.)* Good! Now I might get some sleep. *(About to switch off but the noise starts again with greater intensity.)* Damn it! Shut up! *(The noise stops right away.)* Man! It was about time! *(Waiting for a little while he then turns off and goes back to sleep before the noise starts again even more with squeaking sounds. He turns the light back on.)* That's enough! I can't take it no more! *(Standing up from the bed, he walks to his desk to get his phone and look up for a contact.)* Make love not war they used to say... Well they should've added "at a decent hour!" Nobody would disagree with that! *(Dialing a phone number. A phone rings from above. The lovemaking sounds stop immediately, hurried steps can be heard and a female voice utters 'heck' that can barely be heard. He speaks in a husky voice.)* Sorry to wake you up so late Mrs. Fisher... but this is a matter of the utmost importance I've got to tell you about... *(Hesitating.)* It's about your husband... *(Keeps quiet for a moment – not a sound from upstairs but sheer silence.)* Yes, your husband. No, he's fine don't worry. *(Aside.)* Well maybe you should worry a little... *(To her.)* No! He's not at the hospital. He is at JFK International. At the airport! He landed like twenty minutes ago. *(She suddenly hangs up the phone. We can clearly hear "Heck! Darn it, darn it and darn it!")* Quite proud of himself.) Here we go! Boo-yah!

He goes back to bed, switches the light off. Upstairs it's a total mess. Whispering voices, hurried steps and banging doors are heard. Jack is sighing. The doorstep upstairs opens. Kissing sounds, whispering voices, someone hurrying downstairs and the door slammed closed. The female voice says again "Heck". Then again someone is walking down the stairs and then someone knocks at Jack's doorstep.

Scene 2

2. JACK

What? What the... I must be dreaming.

3. **MEGAN**, *knocking slightly on the door*

Mr. Ross

4. **JACK**

Oh! No! Not her! What on earth did I do to deserve this?

5. **MEGAN**, *knocking a bit louder*

Mr. Ross are you there?

6. **JACK**

It's a nightmare!

Pretending to snore.

7. **MEGAN**, *knocking again, speaking louder*

Mr. Ross. Please open the door. I can hear you snoring.

8. **JACK**

One sheep, two sheep, three sheep, four...

Scratching sounds at the door.

9. **MEGAN**, *speaking with a sweet voice*

Mr. Ross... Mr. Ross...

10. **JACK**, *turning the light back on*

How can you resist that?

11. **MEGAN**, *same acting*

Mr. Ross...

12. **JACK**, *gets up and walks slowly to the door, confused*

She's gonna drive me crazy. *(Slams the door open while Megan was peeping at the locker and now scratching her fingers into the empty space of the open door. She is wearing a night-gown.)* Good evening, Mrs. Fisher. Please, come in, you'll see much better from here.

13. **MEGAN**, *embarrassed*

Thank you. You're sweet.

14. **JACK**, *pushing the door closed, somehow shaken up by her outfit*

You...you're ...welcome.

15. **MEGAN**

Did I wake you up?

16. **JACK**

No... I've become a default insomniac lately.

17. MEGAN

Sorry to hear that.

18. JACK

You don't need to apologize. (*Pointing at the ceiling.*) They make me stay up all night long.

19. MEGAN, *insensitive to the innuendo*

Ah!

20. JACK

So, what's the matter?

21. MEGAN

This is ridiculous! I am locked up outside my apartment.

22. JACK

So what?

23. MEGAN

I can't go back in!

24. JACK

You're fishing, Mrs. Fisher... Good for you.

25. MEGAN

This is not funny! You've got to help me.

26. JACK

To do what?

27. MEGAN

To unlock the door from the inside.

28. JACK

You've just told me the door shut up right behind you! I am no magician nor locksmith you know.

29. MEGAN

You could jump off the balcony.

30. JACK

Pardon?

31. MEGAN

From the bathroom, you could climb up a floor. With the ledge, easy peasy.

32. JACK

Too risky for me. But if it seems so easy for you, you should do-it-yourself.

33. MEGAN

I thought you were more self-assured. I'm convinced you can do it! Do this for me, please. But hurry up! My husband is back home soon!

34. JACK, *smiling*

Your husband?

35. MEGAN

You think that's funny? If I were you... I 'd be scared...

36. JACK

Scared of what?

37. MEGAN

Not what, but who! My husband is like a tiny bit jealous you know.

38. JACK, *aside*

I bet he is...look at you!

39. MEGAN

If he ever finds me at your place dressed in my nightgown, he's going to rip your ears off and your... (*Pointing at his genitals.*) You know what!

40. JACK, *his hands on his genitals*

Why would he come to my place?

41. MEGAN

Because he won't find me up there. And he hasn't got the keys so...he's going to come down and see you.

42. JACK

Hmm! Why he hasn't got the keys?

43. MEGAN

Because he knows that his perfect little wife is waiting for him at home and he trusts me.

44. JACK, *giggling and then aside*

Poor guy...I bet he does! (*To her.*) And why would he come down to see me?

45. MEGAN

Strangely enough he likes you.

46. JACK, *astonished*

Your husband goes both ways?

47. MEGAN

Don't be ridiculous. My husband was supposed to be back from L.A only next monday. But I got an anonymous phone call and I was told that...

- 48. JACK**, *interrupting her*,
Anonymous? Or maybe only some jealous fan who wanted to pull your leg?
- 49. MEGAN**, suspicious
He sounded pretty serious on the phone. Come on, let's go on the balcony! We don't have much time.
- 50. JACK**
No way! I'm afraid of heights! I do want to sleep. So, good night!
- 51. MEGAN**
No, no, no! There's no good night! I've just told you ...
- 52. JACK**
Your husband won't come, Mrs Fisher.
- 53. MEGAN**
How do you know...
- 54. JACK**
It's me who called you.
- 55. MEGAN**
What?
- 56. JACK**
I'm the one who's been pulling your leg.
- 57. MEGAN**
Why did you do that?
- 58. JACK**
Because tomorrow I've got a very important meeting and I need to sleep. I've called you, Mrs. Fisher, so that you would stop your...your... NC-17-movie moanings.
- 59. MEGAN**
NC-17 movie? How dare you! How dare you, you hear me? I forbid you to...to eaves drop.
- 60. JACK**
Ask the ceiling. Do you ever think about your neighbors when you dub Maria Sharapova?
- 61. MEGAN**
Wait, who?
- 62. JACK**
One of those who climaxed on each Grand Slam they get. (*Faking two slams.*) Ha! Ha!
- 63. MEGAN**
Mind your manners!

64. JACK

Mind your vocal exercises! I even wondered if they were several of them to...

65. MEGAN

Gosh! Are you done now? You're obsessed and delusional!

66. JACK

Me? Obsessed and delusional? I'm just tired of hearing you...

67. MEGAN, interrupting him

Mind your own business, okay? Am I stalking you? For what's going on down here anyway!

68. JACK

What's that supposed to mean?

69. MEGAN

That's pretty obvious! You're a lone wolf! A jealous lone wolf!

70. JACK

You have no right to...to...

71. MEGAN

No right to what?

72. JACK

No right to...judge how people live simply because you enjoy the...climaxes of life! 'Cause let me tell you about the people coming back and forth to your place...

73. MEGAN

Go ahead! Say my place is the Bunny Ranch!

74. JACK

See! You said it!

75. MEGAN

At least, I'm having a life, whereas you...please, gimme a break...typing or speaking to your plant... Moby Dick...This can't be a woman you call that way! It's not an apartment you live in, it's a damn monastery for monks! Colorless, fleshless, boring as hell!

76. JACK

I like it the way it is okay? So mind your own lifestyle.

77. MEGAN

Same for me! Mind your own!

78. JACK

I can't wait for it! Do you think I enjoy hearing (*Mimicking her moaning sounds.*) "han, han" almost every hell of a night?

79. MEGAN

It should inspire you, should it?

80. JACK

It bothers me.

81. MEGAN

Put earplugs on!

82. JACK

Already tried it. Not thick enough to muffle your wild screams. Aren't you sick of getting your vocal cords screwed up?

83. MEGAN

First of all, I'm not getting anything screwed. (*Making a face, realizing what she just said.*)
Second, I am no clam, I can't do this silently...

84. JACK

Not silently, but more intimately. You'll help all the neighbors to sleep instead of urging us to listen to your kinky parties!

85. MEGAN

I'm really surprised that it bothers you so much. I'd rather had thought it would be...like...an appetizer for you!

86. JACK

You think I'm one of your monkeys, that's what you think, don't you?

87. MEGAN

Oh please, I'm sure you like it, at least a tiny bit... By the way, I've got only one lover!

88. JACK

It's marathon man? 'Cause in the long run it's getting frustrating you know.

89. MEGAN, *enticing him*

I can help you with that if you want me to.

90. JACK

Petty girl!

91. MEGAN

Cherry boy!

92. JACK, *rushing towards the big case*

Oh! You wanna go this road with me? Let me show you then how I drive and I'll keep you quiet once and for all!

93. MEGAN

What are you doing? (*Jack is brandishing a monkey wrench.*) You won't have the guts...

94. JACK

No, I won't. (*Putting the tool back and grabbing a rope instead.*) But I can tie you up on a rope, hell yeah! (*Suddenly changing his mind.*) What am I doing anyway? It must be all part of your sick rituals.

95. MEGAN, aroused

What a mean, naughty little cherry boy!

96. JACK, picking up a pair of suspenders

Keep insulting me and I'll whip you with my pants' suspenders?

97. MEGAN, even more aroused,

Mean, naughty, dirty dirty little cherry boy!

98. JACK, whipping his own leg with the suspenders

Ouch!

99. MEGAN, smiling

Does it hurt? Do you want mamma to kiss...

100. JACK, sitting on the bed, scrubbing his leg

Yes! I mean no!

101. MEGAN, to herself

Better luck next time.

102. JACK, sulking while going back to sleep

Leave me alone!

He turns off. Pause.

103. MEGAN, louder and louder

Mr. Ross... Mr. Ross... Mr. Ross...

104. JACK, turning the light back on

What?

105. MEGAN

You're not going to let me sleep standing, are you?

106. JACK

Why not? Laid, you're pretty busy. So, I thought that standing could...

107. MEGAN

You're losing it! Please get your brains together! I cannot sleep standing!

108. JACK

Do you prefer the doorstep? The place's vacant out there.

109. MEGAN

You're kidding, right?

110. JACK

Okay, it won't work anyway. Well, listen to me Mrs. Fisher... Let's make a deal you and I. An honest deal!

111. MEGAN

I'm listening.

112. JACK

Good, but you shall promise me you will not get mad at me, go wild or anything.

113. MEGAN

Cut it out.

114. JACK

Okay...So, you can come and sleep with me.

115. MEGAN

In your bed?

116. JACK

I let you half of the bed.

117. MEGAN

You wanna have sex with me? Talk about a proposition. I thought I wasn't your type?

118. JACK

I don't want to sleep with you, but beside you. It's possible to just sleep in a bed you know?

119. MEGAN

How can I be sure that you don't have any ulterior motives?

120. JACK

Come on, I'm out of your league about ulterior motives!

121. MEGAN

Whatever. I couldn't deal with a cherry boy anyway.

122. JACK

See? No need to be scared then! You don't have to be afraid of anything, I won't touch you.

123. MEGAN

I wouldn't be so sure about that...

124. JACK, *thinking fast*

I don't like women.

125. MEGAN

Misogynist!

126. JACK

Gay.

127. MEGAN

You? Gay? I don't buy it!

128. JACK, *running his hand through his hair*

Damn straight I'm gay! You didn't notice it before?

129. MEGAN

You're pulling my leg again.

130. JACK,

I'm not, honey. I'm a real bad ass cocky dog, a Mykonos dude!

131. MEGAN

A Mykonos dude? You sure we say that?

132. JACK

Of course!

133. MEGAN

Where is it from?

134. JACK

Mykonos is a small, famous Greek island, where we all gather together for vacation. There are gays as far as the eye can see. Every time, we have such a blast!

135. MEGAN

So you have a boyfriend?

136. JACK, *lying as he goes*

Well... Yeah. And unlike you, we do it at his place. Better soundproofed than here.

137. MEGAN

Is he the man I bump into in the stairs once in a while?

138. JACK, *not really knowing who she is talking about*

Yeah! That's him! We both work in fashion.

139. MEGAN

All right! So I'm safe with you then.

Getting closer to him and feeling at ease, she suddenly drops her nightgown and is now wearing a nightdress.

140. JACK, aroused

Oh god !Oh my...my holy...!

141. MEGAN

What's wrong?

142. JACK, trying nervously to put things right

Hey! What a nice outfit and cut! I mean it fits your b... I mean it fits your t...

143. MEGAN

Thank you. You can touch. *(Taking his hand and putting it on her tit.)* A present from my husband. *(He rushes away on the bed while she follows him.)* Move!

144. JACK, moving to the edge of the bed while looking under the blanket, then to himself

Go back to sleep!

145. MEGAN

That's what I'm doing. It's so hard nowadays to find something nice but not too slutty. Don't you think? It's getting harder and harder.

146. JACK, looking again under the blankets

Yes, it is harder and harder.

He puts the bolster between them along the length of the bed.

147. MEGAN

What are you doing?

148. JACK

Building up a border wall.

149. MEGAN

Are you related to Trump? Or are you scared of me?

150. JACK

Don't be ridiculous! It's me I'm scared of...

151. MEGAN

What do you mean?

152. JACK, stuttering

Well I might be agitated at night and I don't want you to be hurt, you know my elbow into your eye...But here look, you there, me here, everybody is safe.

153. MEGAN

You're weird.

154. JACK

Oh come on, you're not going to discriminate me you too! I am gay. Not some circus freak

155. MEGAN

That's not what I meant.

156. JACK

You good? Are you all set now? Can I turn off?

157. MEGAN

Yes.

158. JACK, *turning off*

Good.

159. MEGAN

Good night, Mr. Ross.

160. JACK

Good night Mrs. Fisher.

161. MEGAN

Mr. Ross?

162. JACK

Hummm...

163. MEGAN

Mr. Ross?

164. JACK

Humm...

165. MEGAN

What's your name?

166. JACK, *switching back on*

What? My name is Ross. To you, Professor Ross.

167. MEGAN

Your first name, what is it?

168. JACK

Why do you want to know my first name?

169. MEGAN

It's more friendly, don't you think?

170. JACK

After that we'll sleep right? You promise me that we will?

171. MEGAN

Cross my heart...hope to die... I will.

172. JACK

My name is Jack. Good night.

173. MEGAN

I'm Megan.

174. JACK

I know.

175. MEGAN

What? What do you mean you know it?

176. JACK

How could I forget with your monkey screaming it while your mouth is full! Good night
Megaaaaan!

Jack turning off.

Dark.

Scene 3

Inside of the same studio, an hour later. Footsteps walking up the stairs. Then a male voice is heard from upstairs knocking on a door. Only GEORGE's voice can be heard throughout this scene.

177. GEORGE

Megan... Megan, it's me! Come on open the door!

178. MEGAN

Heck! my husband!

179. JACK

Huuuummm....

180. MEGAN

Jack!

181. GEORGE

Megan...

182. MEGAN

Wake up!

183. JACK

Huuuummm...

184. MEGAN

Jack! Jack! Wake up!

Punching him hard with the bolster.

185. JACK

What? What? What's wrong?

186. MEGAN

Listen.

187. GEORGE

Megan...Sweetheart...

188. JACK

Who's that? King Kong?

189. MEGAN

No, my husband!

190. JACK

You sure?

191. GEORGE

Babe, Don Giorgio has come home!

192. JACK

You told me he'd be back only on Monday.

193. MEGAN

That's what I thought too. But I'm pretty sure he's going to come down here to see you.

194. JACK

No, he won't!

Footsteps downstairs.

195. MEGAN

Yes he will!

196. GEORGE, *standing behind the door*

Mr. Ross, are you there?

197. JACK

This is not real!

198. GEORGE

Mr. Ross...

199. MEGAN

Do something!

200. JACK

Like what?

201. MEGAN

I don't know. Improvise! Tell him whatever you want but please pray the Lord he won't find me here.

202. JACK, *standing up*

Okay then, go and hide under the covers and pretend to sleep. Here we go cuckold!

203. GEORGE

Mr. Ross.

204. JACK

Coming! Coming!

Scene 4

205. JACK, *opening the door*

Mr. Fisher?

Both of them look a bit awkward.

206. GEORGE

Good evening Mr. Ross.

207. JACK

You mean good night.

208. GEORGE

Yes, that's true...I'm really sorry to bother you in the middle of the night. I hope I haven't dragged you out of bed.

209. JACK

Barely. It must run in the family!

210. GEORGE

What?

211. JACK

Nothing. Go on and tell me what brings you here... (*Looking at Mr.Fisher's watch.*) ... so late.

212. GEORGE

I've got a problem.

213. JACK

It does run in the family.

214. GEORGE

I beg your pardon?

215. JACK

Has anything bad happened?

216. GEORGE, *walking a few steps across the apartment*

Well...no...in fact...yes...sort of...I'm locked outside.

217. JACK

What do you mean?

218. GEORGE

I don't have the keys to my apartment.

219. JACK, *aside*

Man, that was true then! (*To George.*) So what?

220. GEORGE

My wife doesn't seem to be at home. Do you know my wife, Megan?

221. JACK

Absolutely...not! Not at all. Not even a tiny bit. Never met!

222. GEORGE

Really?! That's weird because she told me she met you in the stairs.

223. JACK

Meeee? Is she positive that it was me?

224. GEORGE

She often talks to me about you!

225. JACK, *startled and flattered*

Really, how come she talks about me?

226. GEORGE

Oh you know, women, always babbling this and that to talk and say nothing.

227. JACK

Dude, you're talking about your wife.

228. GEORGE

Bad joke, not a word to my wife of course. (*Sitting down by the edge of the bed.*) As long as she can't hear it you know...no big deal!

229. JACK, *grabbing his arm to make him stand up*

Well, that's the problem. Never underestimate the hearing power of a woman who feels insulted.

230. GEORGE, *in a lower voice*

You're right. I'm used to my wife waiting for me at home and ...

231. JACK

Are you scared she might be gone? She must have been to a boyfriend... *(Catching up right away.)*
I mean a girlfriend's! She must be at a friend's house!

232. GEORGE

You think that she might...? My wife? You're wrong. She's not the type to be unfaithful.

233. JACK

Nowadays, faithfulness is no guarantee to a successful marriage.

234. GEORGE, *cut to the quick, fighting for his couple*

What's wrong with you? Do you have any love issues dear?

235. JACK

Not at all! I will even dare say that when you are caught red hands, cheating helps for tolerance.

236. GEORGE

Please, don't be so pompous... We're neighbors! *(Heading to the bed.)* Dawn right it does! So, tell me, talking about cheating... you haven't seen my wife around, have you?

About to pull up the blanket.

237. JACK

Come on dude, if she were in my bed, I'd know it. This is my bed after all!

238. GEORGE

It's insane but... At first, when Megan talked about you... well, down the road... *(Laughing.)* I thought you two had an affair. Silly me.

Trying to pull away the sheets but Jack grabs him just in time.

239. JACK, *giving a sour laugh*

Indeed, that's insane.

240. GEORGE

For instance my wife is maniac about some things. She's always making the bed with hospital corners and everyday she puts clean sheets. This is very sweet of her, don't you think?

241. JACK, *carefully bringing George back towards the door*

Who could blame her for that? A stain appears so fast. *(Trying to kick him out.)* Well, I'd love

talking all night with you but I'd like to go to sleep. I wish you a very good night dear neighbor!

242. GEORGE, *putting his hand to keep the door open*

Dear, I'm out... So I thought that you could...

243. JACK

Ah! I'd be glad to help you but as you can see... we are full!

244. GEORGE, *lowering his voice while he notices someone is in the bed*

Oh, Sorry! I didn't know.

245. JACK, *heading to the bed*

No need to whisper: she's asleep! And you know, when she sleeps, she sleeps tight, (*Slapping her bottom.*) tight and hard!

246. GEORGE, *turned on*

May I ask who this is...

247. JACK, *hesitating*

Mmmh... I'm not sure it's proper you know...

248. GEORGE

I know it's none of my business but...

249. JACK, *looking for an idea to come up with*

It's okay! Really! But, as I was saying, you're not gonna believe me.

250. GEORGE

Come on...

251. JACK, *playing the shy guy*

Well... I don't know.

252. GEORGE

Is this my wife?

253. JACK

No! God no! Dude come on, I'd have recognized her.

254. GEORGE

So who is it?

255. JACK

I have no idea! I mean, I don't even know her name.

256. GEORGE

Ha! You are one of those womanizers who go straight to the point, aren't you?

257. JACK

A womanizer? Me? Ah! Ah! I'd know it if I was a womanizer.

258. GEORGE, *interested*

No...is she a ...is she what I think she is?

259. JACK, *lying more and more*

Well, yeah she is!

260. GEORGE

You secretive little thing! You've indulged yourself, haven't you? Good for you!

261. JACK

What do you mean "good for me"?

262. GEORGE

You know, us, men, we function like cars. Draining and refilling of the oil once in a while is always good for the engine...

263. JACK

If you say so...

264. GEORGE

You're such a dark horse! (*Getting closer to the bed.*) What does she look like? Can I see her.

265. JACK, *cutting his way*

You'd be disappointed really.

266. GEORGE

Really?

267. JACK

She's not a great one... I dare even say, I've been ripped off.

268. GEORGE

How's that?

269. JACK

It's on me you know! I just had fifty box in my wallet... so... I got the leftovers!... That...this thing, that caricature of a woman, who's fat, ugly with swollen legs and feet. And I'll tell you more, with a face like that I even wonder if she used to be a "he".

270. GEORGE

You mean...

271. JACK

Yes! And when I think of it, seems pretty clear to me that the surgery must have been a disaster. They have forgotten to cut out a part of it!

272. GEORGE

No way! Are you sure?

273. JACK, *rubbing his own bottom*

Damn straight I am.

274. GEORGE, *smelling the air*

At least she's got some nice taste, (*Smelling again.*) Same perfume as my wife. Anyway, why didn't you tell me about it? I know plenty of hookers!

275. JACK

Do you?

276. GEORGE

It stays *entre nous*... The ones I know you can't find better and cheaper chicks down here; they go the full Monty just for a few box. I even know some who are always craving for it.

277. JACK, *aside*

I know one too...

278. GEORGE

Pardon me?

279. JACK

I'm just saying... we all know one if we know where to look for.

280. GEORGE

We might be thinking of the same one.

281. JACK

I don't think so, no.

282. GEORGE

Mine is as horny as a... (*Mimicking a rabbit.*) Yours too?

283. JACK

Rabbiting like crazy!

284. GEORGE

Well, so what are you waiting for? Try her again!

285. JACK, *off-guard*

She's married.

286. GEORGE

Ah! And what about her husband? He doesn't mind her to...

287. JACK, *staring at him*

You'd think he would, but he doesn't have a clue about it! Poor guy.

288. GEORGE, *laughing*

Oh! The cuckold! (*Jack is nodding, appalled*). As long as he doesn't know anything about it, you're safe.

289. JACK

Indeed. But tell me something, how come you're so familiar with the hooker world? Do you...

290. GEORGE, *cutting him off*

Its for my buddies at work. They're too shy to talk with them, so I hook them up.

291. JACK

Have you ever slept with one of them?

292. GEORGE

Never! My boyfriend would be jealous.

293. JACK, *baffled*

Your boyfriend?

294. GEORGE

Yes! Switching hammers has good sides.

295. MEGAN, *moving under the covers*

Ah!

296. GEORGE, *to Jack*

Sounds like your strumpet is waking up!

297. JACK

It's nothing. She's having a bad dream, again. So, you have a lover?

298. GEORGE

I do! He's an Italian stallion.

299. MEGAN, *her head in and out the covers*

I won't let you go with it!

300. GEORGE

Are you sure she's dreaming? What's she saying?

301. JACK

She says I didn't give her enough money!

302. GEORGE

I'd better go then. Go on and ... (*Mimicking unequivocal gestures.*) Don't you worry about me, I'll find some place to sleep.

303. JACK

Good luck!

304. GEORGE

Since we're kind of sharing secrets, I have one last question though... Aren't you a bit gay, you too?

305. JACK

Oh! No! I'm not! *(Aside.)* But sometimes it's a very convenient excuse. *(To George.)* So tell me, does your wife know about your new 'relationship status'?

306. GEORGE

My wife? Are you kidding me? Sensitive as she is... Such a love... Not a word to my angel next time you bump into her.

307. JACK

No worry. Yet as I said before, never underestimate a woman's hearing power. We think they don't, but they do! They do hear us.

308. GEORGE, *pointing at the bed*

Strumpets too?

309. JACK

Not a problem with that one. Screaming and moaning like a pig has made her stone-deaf.

310. GEORGE

Or could it be a side effect of her failed surgery?

311. JACK

That too! Hell, I've hit the double jackpot! *(Pushing him towards the door.)* Good night Mr. Fisher.

312. GEORGE

Call me George, we're neighbors...

313. JACK

Good night George!

314. GEORGE

Just need to find a hotel room now.

315. JACK, *trying to get rid of him*

Great idea! Come on, go fishing, Fisher! I mean go booking George!

316. GEORGE

I'm sorry for bothering... and good luck with your... freak show!

317. JACK

Yeah, yeah... *(Closing the door.)* Finally!

Scene 5

Megan rushes out of her stash.

318. JACK, laughing

Did you hear that? Your husband is a Mykonos dude.

319. MEGAN

So you think that's funny?

320. JACK, laughing out even more while turning away from her

Hell yeah! This is a damn coming out, isn't it?

She suddenly stands up and goes towards him without him seeing her.

321. MEGAN

Hey! Jack!

322. JACK, turning

Yes? *(She slaps him.)* What's the matter with you? Are you crazy? Not my fault if your husband is.

323. MEGAN

It has nothing to do with George. I'm talking about me.

324. JACK

You?

325. MEGAN

Yes, me! The second-hand hooker, the disposable woman who doesn't even look like a 'real' woman, fat, ugly, her legs full of varicose veins, who used to be a 'he', and furthermore, who is stone-deaf! I haven't forgotten anything, have I?

326. JACK

Your husband was rushing all over to have a look under the covers so, I had to improvise.

327. MEGAN

I do want apologies.

328. JACK

You've slapped me so we're even now.

329. MEGAN, taking the wrench and the rope out of the big case

No. I demand apologies. Right now! Or I will take good care of you.

330. JACK

All right, all right, calm down! Mrs. Fisher, please receive my utmost sincere apologies, you don't have any varicose veins.

331. MEGAN

Ha!

She tries to slap him again but Jack protects himself with the pillow.

332. JACK

As far as my hand on your butt, well, I'm sorry but it was like I was possessed!

333. MEGAN

You've taken advantage of me while I was in a position of 'me too' vulnerability.

334. JACK

It could have been worse.

335. MEGAN

What does that mean? You coward!

336. JACK

Me coward?! Come on! I just saved your ass! And you slap and insult me. Next time, spare me your favor!

Pause

337. MEGAN

Sorry for that but you could have kept from touching my bottom.

338. JACK

I am sorry too. I didn't mean it. In the heat of the moment I've felt like a warrior.

339. MEGAN

I've lost my temper too. I shouldn't have...I...I thank you Jack.

340. JACK, humbling

That's nothing really. Drop it. *(Megan drops her nightgown and throw it at his face. He picks it up and smells it while she can't see anything)* Oh! My... Oh! **My...!**

341. MEGAN, sitting down and getting ready on the bed

Come on...Come and lie next to me. We don't need this no more now. *(She throws the bolster down. Jack throws the dress over his shoulder.)* Let me show you how repentant I am.

342. JACK, stressed

What do you have in mind?

343. MEGAN

I turn you on. I know it.

344. JACK, trying on the sly to hide his starting erection

Holy-Mo-ther-of...*(Closing his eyes and taking a deep breath while making a zen gesture with his fingers. Then he goes and pick the bolster and put it in front of him.)* Listen, Mrs. Fisher...

345. MEGAN

Call me Megan!

- 346. JACK**, *manipulating the bolster, folding and unfolding it*
You know that I'm gay so why are you being so ridiculous?
- 347. MEGAN**
Pfff.... You said that you were not to my husband.
- 348. JACK**
It's called 'acting'. I said that I was not gay so that your husband won't hook up with me, 'cause as you've just heard like I have, it's all fresh and new for him. Can you imagine?
- 349. MEGAN**
Imagine what?
- 350. JACK**
His wife lying on my bed while he's trying to smoke my cigar. (*Megan giggles and bursts into laughter.*) You don't even seem to...No way! You knew it, didn't you?
- 351. MEGAN**
Well, I had doubts about it. He's just confirmed them. It's been ages since we haven't done anything in bed.
- 352. JACK**
I'd rather say you have done many things.
- 353. MEGAN**
You jealous prick! I'm finding a balance, that's all! If George feels better gay than straight, well then good for him! I only wish him to be happy.
- 354. JACK**
And you don't mind at all?
- 355. MEGAN**
Of course I do. But I don't have the necessary assets to be a rival right now. (*Contemplative.*) I'm still waiting for the one who will spice things up.
- 356. JACK**
Is your lover not the right one?
- 357. MEGAN**
Since you wanna know, I don't enjoy him anymore.
- 358. JACK**
Well, I and your squeaking mattress would have bet the opposite.
- 359. MEGAN**
You're such a fool. I was faking.
- 360. JACK**
You were faking? I'm sorry to insist but I'm worried for me.

361. MEGAN

Why?

362. JACK

'Cause if you fake so loudly, I cannot imagine how noisy you are when you don't. I'm gonna have to soundproof the studio, or I'll have the feeling of living in your room.

363. MEGAN

Are you done now? When I'm genuine, I become more affectionate, less vocal. If I scream so loud, and all women will tell you this, it's to make men believe they're powerful and great lovers.

364. JACK, *mimicking her*

Blah, blah, blah, what's the point telling me about this? I don't care...It's no relevant. I'm gay!

365. MEGAN

Looking at you, I wouldn't bet on it.

366. JACK

Let me explain something to you. Nowadays, if you wanna be ``IN`` you need to be gay; straight guys dress like us and get mannered like us, to copycat us. Thiefs! No surprise we get lost and can't even know who is damn straight gay or damn straight straight! So, we act like straight guys. We all are a Lebowski dude once in a while. So I act exactly like you do: I'm faking! Happy now?

367. MEGAN, *ignoring what he said*

Have you ever fallen for a woman?

368. JACK, *going back to sleep*

No! Look, I've got to wake up in two hours and I'd like to sleep a bit okay. So, dear divorcee-to-be, dear love-stripped stripper, since you can't go back to your apartment, come in my bed. (*He puts the bolster again in the middle of the bed.*) We shall not forget the moral border.

369. MEGAN, *joining him*

You don't trust me?

370. JACK, *smiling*

Of course not. Man was not the first to bit the apple.

371. MEGAN

We are just the victims of your charming tricks.

372. JACK

Well, my charming trick, at this time of the night, is asleep, lucky one.

373. MEGAN

I'm in a mood to play Eve tonight. (*Rummaging down the covers with her hand.*) Where are you big sleeping snake?

374. JACK, *pushing her hand away*

Careful! You're crossing the limit here! Crossing the border!

375. MEGAN, *trying again with her hand*

Just a bit of attention.

376. JACK, *stopping her*

No!

377. MEGAN

It could help you to sleep.

378. JACK

I said no!

379. MEGAN, *pushing him off the bed*

Impotent!

380. JACK, *walking toward his case*

For Christ sake! Oh, you! You won't go with it!

381. MEGAN

What are you doing? (*Acting like the femme fatale, standing up on the bed her back against the wall, raising her arms.*) Are you gonna hurt me?

382. JACK, *opening the case*

Once I'll have you locked up, you won't hurt anyone.

Knocking at the door.

Scene 6

383. WILL, behind the door

Jack!

384. JACK

Oh! No! No! Not him!

385. MEGAN

Who is it?

386. JACK, *hesitating*

Well it's... it's ...my boyfriend!

387. WILL, *still behind the door*

Jack, wake up, it's me Will. Open the door!

388. MEGAN

Well, go and open the door to your boyfriend.

389. JACK

You, not a word and hide under the covers.

390. MEGAN

Again?

391. JACK, *pointing at the open case*

Do you prefer the case?

392. WILL

Jack! What the hell are you doing?

393. JACK

I'm getting up! Coming!

394. WILL

Hurry up, man!

395. JACK, *looking at Megan*

Ready?

396. MEGAN

No dirty talk ok?

397. JACK

No low blow...I promise! *(She hides under the covers)* Good.

He opens the door.

Scene 7

398. WILL, *entering feverishly*

I'm sorry for coming so late but this is an... *(Catching a figure under the covers.)* Who's this?

399. JACK, *coming closing to the bed*

Darling, this is none of your business, but you can say anything here. 'cause when that is sleeping, that's ...*(About to touch her butts but has a second thought and touches his cheek instead.)* ...sleeping tight!

400. WILL

It's about Hermann.

401. JACK

We meet him tomorrow, yeah, so what?

402. WILL

One of the assistant of his office has just called me... The police searched his apartment thirty minutes ago and they found falsified invoices and papers about secret funding and so now he's in custody.

403. JACK, *heading to the bar*

Oh! No! Not now! We're fucked! How are we gonna find our fundings now?

404. WILL

I have no damn clue!

405. JACK, *filling two shots of alcohol*

Ah! The hell with politicians! That damn of a project; four years we'd been waiting before they dared to lend us the money, and what now, the judiciary that cuts the rug out from under us.

Drinking the two shots in a row. Leaving Will, without anything to drink, in the lurch.

406. WILL

200 millions gone... What do we do now? There's no plan B!

407. JACK

What do you want me to say? We're gonna wait for the next elections and be the toadies to the winner!

408. WILL

Man we were about to...

409. JACK, *trying to get him back to the door*

Look buddy, I know it's hard but I'd like to sleep a bit.

410. WILL, *moving off and heading to the bed*

Oh come on, five minutes more or less.

411. JACK

Hold on!

412. WILL

So tell me... who is it?

413. JACK

Nobody!

414. WILL

Well that 'nobody' seems pretty attractive to me.

Trying to look under the sheets.

415. JACK, *stepping in*

No touching!

416. WILL

I will no more share my French fries with you Mr. Slimfast, too obsessed with his waistline to order any in my company!

417. JACK,

Yeah but this is not a French fry!

418. WILL

Doesn't matter. Ah! I know! (*Looking at the ceiling.*) You finally hit the jackpot? How did that happen?

419. JACK

What are you babbling about honey?

420. WILL

Wait! What? Are you feeling alright?

421. JACK, *with a seducing voice*

Would you prefer 'my sweet little perve'?

422. WILL

I don't know what you're up to but I'm sure you got laid with her.

423. JACK, *acting innocent*

Who?

424. WILL

Your upstairs' neighbor.

425. JACK

Upstairs? It's empty.

426. WILL

Liar! You can't stop talking about her! So? Is she... have you...

427. JACK

Are you done now?

428. WILL

Who is it then if this is not her?

429. JACK, *getting back to being mannered*

Well, hmm, this is ...this is George Fisher!

430. WILL

Her husband?

431. JACK, *lying more and more*

What do you care? We're in an open relationship, right?

432. WILL

Okay. I don't know what's going on ...Ah! Got it! (*Whispering.*) It's a code language?

433. JACK

Sweetheart, we'll talk about it tomorrow.

434. WILL, *playing Jack's game by touching his cheeks*

Okey honey.

435. JACK, *lowering his voice*

Don't push it too hard dude!

436. WILL, *lowering his voice while pointing at the bed*

OK. If she's not your neighbor, who is it?

437. JACK

It's ...it's my sister!

438. WILL

Your sister? But you're a single child!

439. JACK

Oh! Yes. (*Trying to back pedal.*) Well, one hour ago I still thought so too. Then she came up yelling "Brother!"

440. WILL

And to celebrate that, you bang her?

441. JACK

I don't. I have not! She sleeps next to me. As you can see, there's only one bed in here and I don't sleep on the floor, so I share my bed with her. Is that clear enough?

442. WILL

What does she look like? Is she hot?

443. JACK

Will! If you ever touch my sister, I swear, you...

444. WILL

No touching, just a glance...

445. JACK

Family is everything!

446. WILL

What's her name?

447. JACK, *trying to drag him out*

It's late! out!

448. WILL

But...

449. JACK

That's enough! I'm tired. Get out!

450. WILL, *on the doorstep*

We'll talk about it tomorrow then.

451. JACK, *shutting the door in Will's face*

Yeah, yeah...

Somebody's banging at the door.

452. JACK, *opening the door*

What?

453. WILL

I didn't get my hug.

Jack hugs him and closes the door again.

Scene 8

454. JACK, *to himself*

You prick! You damn prick!

455. MEGAN, *showing her face over the sheets*

Hell yes he is! What's up with that cabinet's secretary's assistant story? You don't work in fashion?

456. JACK

I don't.

457. MEGAN

What on earth do you do then?

458. JACK

It's complicated.

459. MEGAN

So, who the hell are you?

460. JACK, *on the verge of a nervous breakdown*

Well, right now, I wish I could be Sleeper from The Seven Dwarfs you know.

461. MEGAN

So you talk about me to your friend?

462. JACK

Not at all! Will must have misunderstood.

463. MEGAN

There's only one Mrs. Fisher living upstairs, and that's me!

464. JACK

He mispronounced the name. This is Fish and not Fisher.

465. MEGAN

That's enough! Please have the guts to be honest with me! You owe this to me!

466. JACK

I don't owe you a thing!

467. MEGAN

Jack, say it, that you have crush on me! You'll feel lighter!

468. JACK

Me? A crush on you? (*Laughing.*) Gimme a break...you're wrong!

469. MEGAN

Wrong?

470. JACK

Exactly. Wrong! You are nothing but totally wrong.

471. MEGAN

Prove it!

472. JACK

You'd like it if I hooked up on you? Putting sugar in my mother tongue to better kick your... Well, I won't! I keep that for my boyfriend.

473. MEGAN

Enough! I don't want you anymore.

474. JACK

Good! Now we can sleep.

475. MEGAN

Jack?

- 476. JACK**
For God's sake!
- 477. MEGAN**
I need to know.
- 478. JACK**
To know what?
- 479. MEGAN**
Kiss me.
- 480. JACK**
After everything I've just told you?
- 481. MEGAN**
I can't believe you are the one you say you are. Just a kiss to be sure. Take it to the test.
- 482. JACK**
A test? Just a test?
- 483. MEGAN**, *lying on the bed, looking provocative, with her arms outspread*
Go ahead! Enjoy!
- 484. JACK**
Don't push me too hard!
- 485. MEGAN**, *arms laid*
Come on, let the beast out!
- 486. JACK**, *making a move to jump on her*
Aaah!... (*Avoiding her at the last moment, falling on the bed.*) No way! I can't!
- 487. MEGAN**
You coward!
- 488. JACK**
I told you I love men.
- 489. MEGAN**
You're trying to run away! It's time to take the bull by the horns.
- 490. JACK**
Stop it! You're gonna make a big mistake.
- 491. MEGAN**
Don't be ridiculous! It's only a matter of a few seconds.

492. JACK

Wait! You don't know everything!

493. MEGAN

Just a little French kiss.

494. JACK

No, no... Wait...

She kisses him. Pause.

495. MEGAN, *proud and sure that she's turned him on, she walks always from him*
So? Are you happy? (*Jack is still as a statue.*) Jack? Jack? Are you okay? (*She has barely touched him that he falls down, fainting.*) Heck! I've kissed him dead! What have I done? (*She climbs on top of him, rides him and moves her pelvis while trying to resuscitate him. Every time she tries to resuscitate him, Jack moans and roars while his arms and then legs move frantically. She does a cardiac massage three times. Both bodies move like crazy, unequivocally suggesting sexual intercourse.*) Come on! Mr. Ross! You have to come back to life!

She resumes her attempts to resuscitate him. Both bodies resume moving unequivocally and wildly. Suddenly the door opens.

496. WILL, *coming in*

Oh! Sorry! Must be the wrong floor.

Dark.

End of Act I

/ End of extract /

To receive the full text, send an email to Bruno Lacroix (brunolacroix@bell.net),

or François-Xavier Torre (fxt.art@gmail.com)