

**BI-CURIOUS**

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BI-CURIOUS

Synopsis

A woman hires a lesbian prostitute. Or does she? Is she a  
moth to the flame...or a is her lover the Butterfly. M?

BI-CURIOUS

GINNIE.....sexy actor; 20-45

LEE.....androgynous actor; 25-45

Scene

GINNIE'S apartment.

Time

The present.

SETTING:

GINNIE lives in a middle-class apartment with contemporary furnishings.

AT RISE:

It is early evening. GINNIE is pacing nervously up and down.

**PROPS**

sacks (2)  
bottle of Veuve Cliquot champagne  
phone  
glasses (2)  
money  
purse  
dildo  
bottle of wine

BI-CURIOUS

(Discover GINNIE. She is wearing a dressing gown, sox, loafers, slacks, bra and panties. There is a knock on the door and she opens it)

GINNIE

Oh, hi. I...I wasn't expecting you so soon.

LEE

(Enters, wearing a dress and high heels and carrying a purse and two sacks)

Hi; I'm Lee...tho you must have guessed that. Nice place you have here. Cozy.

GINNIE

Well---

LEE

I know I am a little early. I probably shouldn't tell you this, but I always am. The first time, I mean. It's a good way to see how people...clients...react under a bit of pressure.

GINNIE

Well, I was a bit surprised. But, what the hell, it's not like we're going to be life-long friends, is it?

LEE

Oh, you never can tell about things like that. Here; I brought you this.

(LEE pulls bottle of Veuve Cliquot champagne out of one sack)

GINNIE

Gee; I didn't expect this. And it's even cold! How did you manage that?

LEE

Nothing to it, really. I just have a little styro-foam chest in my car; keeps things cold for a long time.

GINNIE

Long time? Does that man you live pretty far away?

(During the following, GINNIE opens the bottle, fills two glasses and both people drink)

LEE

Pretty far. How long have you lived here?

GINNIE

Oh, about three years. The first two were with Jim...my ex. But, he moved out and I just haven't gotten around to looking for another place.

LEE

Jim? A guy?

GINNIE

Yes; a guy!

LEE

Ah, well, none of my business---

GINNIE

No; yes; well...No; it isn't any of your business. But...we don't want to get off on the wrong foot, do we? I was married. And, as the days and months went by,

I just lost interest in sex. With my husband. And, after he left, I tried it with a couple of guys. But it really wasn't much fun. I'd met one of the guys thru a personals ad. So, it was pretty natural that I started reading the other ads on the same page.

LEE

And you got around to those saying they were "bi-curious." Right?

GINNIE

Yes. But, I didn't pay much attention until, one day, I got a letter.

LEE

A letter? Who from?

GINNIE

That's just it; I don't know who sent it.

LEE

And what was in the letter?

GINNIE

An ad. An ad just like I'd been reading. And somebody wrote in the margin "Bet you'd like her." So, I took a chance...and called...and here you are.

LEE

So, you liked the "bi-curious" part. Anything else?

(The phone rings. GINNIE picks it up, says "Sorry, wrong number" and hangs up)

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GINNIE  
Sorry. You were asking if there were anything else I liked in the ad. Actually, it was the part where you said you were looking for someone generous.

LEE

That's a surprise; if anything, I thought it'd turn people off.

GINNIE  
I suppose it does, some. Maybe most. But I thought it was honest. Up front. I like that in a woman. But..now that we're on the subject...just how "generous" do you expect me to be?

LEE  
It's up to you, of course. But, if you want a bracket, my clients usually give me two to three hundred.

GINNIE  
Well, that seems reasonable. And I notice that I'm a "client"---

LEE  
Yep; that's what you are. Oh, I have some long term relationships with other women...women I've met thru my ad. But, this is a business...this is what I do. You have your friends; I have mine.

GINNIE  
That seems pretty cold.

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LEE

Not at all. If I liked men...and you were a guy...then I guess you'd be a John.

GINNIE

So...maybe I'm a "Jane." And what does that make you?

LEE

It makes me someone who wants to make you...very happy. Happier than you've ever been; take you places you've never been; show you sex that you never dreamed of.

GINNIE

Well, that's what I've been hoping for. That's why I answered your ad. But, if I'm a Jane...I want to know what you are!

LEE

What I am, sugar-bush, is a prostitute. I do sex for money. But I only do it with women...with lesbians... AND with women who are bi-curious.

GINNIE

OK; that's frank. That's honest. So...tell me...what are we going to do?

LEE

The first thing "we" are going to do is give me some green paper with the pictures of dead presidents. Just get that bit behind us.

GINNIE

(feeling the wine)

Dead pre...oh, you mean money! Sure; let me get my purse. Here...here's \$250.



LEE

Perfect. Not too little; not too much. Now, you were asking---

GINNIE

Yes; I as asking what we're going to do.

LEE

(starts to undress Ginnie)

What you are going to do is...relax. Just stretch out there and enjoy your body.

(touches, fondles, massages Ginnie)

Once we get all these totally unnecessary clothes off, I'm going to kiss you. Kiss those lips. Kiss each nipple. Kiss that lovely tummy. And then go...lower.

GINNIE

(groans)

LEE

See this tongue?

It's magic. See? It goes...side to side. And that's important, you know? Side to side on your lovely little man-in-the-boat. Much nicer than that up and down stuff. Have you ever had it kissed...side to side?

GINNIE

No-o-o.

LEE

And, then, when you are hot...and wet..and ready, I'm going to turn the lights way down low. And leave.

GINNIE

What? Leave? You're going to LEAVE?

LEE

Just for a minute! See this?

(LEE reaches into second sack and pulls out a dildo)

I'm going to go into your bathroom and fill this full of nice warm water. Get it up to body temp. And then, well, you know where it's going to go, don't you? Think you'll like that?

GINNIE

Well, sure, if you're on the other end of it, sure.

LEE

I promise you; I will be.

BLACKOUT

SCENE 2

(Six weeks later. GINNIE and LEE are lounging about in what is clearly a post-coital situation)

GINNIE

Oh, that was wonderful. As usual. Another glass of wine?

LEE

Yeah; thanks. And you're right...it was wonderful.

GINNIE

But, you know, I worry about you. You never take off your clothes. Wouldn't it be more...intimate if you did? I mean, sure, you get the money...but do you have any fun while we're...you know---

LEE

Oh, yeah. I enjoy it a lot. I thought you could tell.

GINNIE

Well, I can, sort of. I mean, it's almost like that dildo is alive sometimes.

LEE

Um-m, yeah, I guess it does. But---  
(changing the subject radically)  
there's something I want to tell you.

GINNIE

You're not going to stop seeing me, are you? I'd really miss you...our weekly get-togethers---

LEE

Oh, no; nothing like that. Just the opposite, in fact. You remember that little speech I gave...the first night I was here?

GINNIE

Oh, yeah. I remember the "this is business" speech. Anything you'd like to change in that little monologue?

LEE

Yes; yes there is. The way you laugh...I guess you know what I'm going to say.

GINNIE

Maybe I do; maybe I don't. Why don't you say it?

LEE

OK. It's not just business. Ever since that first night, I've been feeling more and more...affection...for you. In fact, I might be falling in l---

GINNIE

Don't say it! I mean, don't say it unless you really, really mean it. I know it's stupid for anyone to fall for a prostitute but I've come pretty close to it already. If you tell me you love me...well, that might push me over the edge. And that would be pretty stupid, wouldn't it?

LEE

OK; I won't say it. Is "very fond" all right?

GINNIE

Oh, I think I can live with "very fond". And maybe it's only half-stupid, but I'm pretty darn "very fond" of you, too.

LEE

Oh, god. That's...that's what I wanted to hear. But---  
(groans)

GINNIE

What? What's wrong?

LEE

Sweetie; I want you to just sit right there and just listen. This isn't going to be easy but I've got to tell you. I'm not a prostitute.

GINNIE

Oh?

LEE

No, I'm not. Here's all your money back.

GINNIE

Oh!

LEE

And that's not all...or even half. This whole thing started as a...god, I hate to say this...as a joke. A kind of a joke---

GINNIE

OH.

LEE

Yes. You remember how you found my ad? Found me? Someone sent you a clipping from the "Bi-curious" section of the personals...and my ad was circled. And in the margin, someone had written "You might like her."

GINNIE

Yes; it was something like that, yes.

LEE

Well, who do you think would send you something like that?

GINNIE

Hum-m-m. Let me think. Who would do that? Who do I know who would do something like that? I wonder...would it be a guy named Jim?

LEE

(LEE is astonished)

Yes; but how did you know?

GINNIE

Sweetie, I never looked at any Women Seeking Women ads. But one day, out of the blue, I got a letter. Only, it wasn't a letter...it was just part of a page from the personals in the City Paper. One of the ads was circled and someone had written "Bet you'd like her."

LEE

But you answered it!

GINNIE

Oh, I almost didn't. I almost threw it away. Then I started thinking...who would send me an ad like that? Had anyone ever suggested that I might like women, not men?

LEE

Jim.

GINNIE

Right. Good old, bad old, Jim. He could never satisfy me, never thought it might be his fault. So he started accusing me of wanting a woman. And he did like practical jokes Plus, he's loaded. Paying for an ad and..you..wouldn't be a problem . But, where did Jim-bo find you?

LEE

He saw me in a play; I was in drag. He got my number from the theater; called and said he wanted to punk someone. Hey, I'm always up for a gag. And he gave me five hundred bucks. How could I lose?

GINNIE

Plus, you thought that the woman...me...was going to be "generous."

LEE

So, what did you think would happen when you answered the ad?

GINNIE

I was just going to play it by ear...see who showed up.

LEE

Could have been a little dangerous.

GINNIE

Not really. My neighbor used to play for the Redskins. You won't remember, but I got a phone call the night we met. I just said, "Sorry, wrong number." That was Hugo, making sure I was ok.

LEE

So, all the time I thought I was fooling you, you were fooling me. All right; you told me you knew that first night. Now, how did you know? Wasn't I convincing?

GINNIE

Baby, you could convince anyone in, say, a bar. Or on the street. But, in bed? In me? I know what a dildo feels like and, honey, that wasn't no dildo.

LEE

(takes off wig)

So, you knew I was a man from the first? Does that mean you still mean...I mean...that bit about "very fond" of me? Do you mean it.

GINNIE

Of course I mean it. I'm still curious...but I'm not bi-.  
(sits on Lee's lap)

BLACKOUT