

*Lights up on Sarah, on the phone. Mel is on the bed. Sarah reads.*

SARAH: *(Oriental accent.)* Yes, under the rising moon I feel you as a gift of the Buddha. You have a beautiful body, Victor-san, which I wash with the tears of all my sisters- *(Pause.)* Excuse please? *(Pause. She stops reading. Mel looks at her.)*

SARAH: Yes, Victor-san, I am- uh, moment please- *(She covers the phone. To Mel.)* He's getting all pissed off- *(Into phone.)* Yes, Victor-san, I want to put you in my mouth-

MEL: No, what are you doing?

SARAH: He's all pissed off because it's not sexy enough. *(To phone.)* Yes, Victor-san, oh, oh, you are large and lovely-

MEL: Sarah, stick to the script.

SARAH: *(To phone.)* Yes, Victor-san, I am true geisha- I was raised by Buddhist monks in Beijing-

MEL: No, Sarah, what are you doing? *(She tries to grab the script.)*

SARAH: *(Dropping accent.)* Look, I'm doing the best I can, all right? What do you want here? *(Pause.)* Well, I was getting to that. Yeah, I was, if you would just let me- *(To Mel.)* Write me something, would you? He's losing it. *(Mel hunts for pencil.)*

SARAH: *(To phone.)* Look, would you just calm down for a second-

MEL: Just go back to the script-

SARAH: I can't go back to the script; he knows it's an act. Write me something!

MEL: I can't find a pencil!

SARAH: *(To phone.)* Yeah, yeah, I'm here. Look, Victor, I'm just sitting here thinking how great it would be to- what? *(Pause.)* Look, you don't have to- look- *(Pause.)* What? *(Pause.)* That's really- no, look, you're getting all- LOOK-

MEL: Hang up on him.

SARAH: *(To phone.)* Stop it. *(Pause.)* Stop it.

MEL: SARAH, HANG UP ON HIM.

SARAH: STOP IT.

*(Mel hits the phone, hanging up, then grabs the receiver from Sarah. The two women stare at each other.)*

SARAH: Fuck you.

MEL: Sarah-

SARAH: No, fuck you. What the fuck is this shit? You give them all this fancy shit, and I end up- fuck you. You're just supposed to give them what they want. What is the matter with you?

MEL: Why didn't you just hang up on him?

SARAH: You're not supposed to hang up? You're supposed to tell them that they're great and they can do whatever they want to you! Christ, what do you think is going on here? What is this crap, geisha girls-

MEL: He wanted a geisha girl!

SARAH: He wanted to come! *(Pause. She kicks the papers viciously.)* Fuck. I can't believe- I can't believe you're getting a fifty percent cut for just sitting over there and playing games with your little computer while I take this shit.

MEL: Sarah-

SARAH: WHAT: You think it's great; you're having the time of your life dreaming up your little stories; well, it's not so funny when you have to listen to these guys whacking off, okay?

MEL: I'm hardly having the time of my life!

SARAH: Yeah, well you could have fooled me. You don't even need this, with your rich boyfriend-

MEL: That has nothing to do with-

SARAH: He WANTS to support you! Why the fuck are you doing this shit? If I didn't have to, do you think I'd be doing this?

MEL: I don't have a rich boyfriend, alright?

SARAH: Oh, right-

MEL: I don't have a rich boyfriend anymore!

SARAH: Oh, that's just- you are so fucking stupid-

MEL: Oh, shut up-

SARAH: You are so stupid!

MEL: I KNOW!

*(They both sit. Pause.)*

MEL: Are you all right?

SARAH: I'm sorry. It's just, some of these guys are really creeps.

MEL: What did he say?

SARAH: Mel, just don't ask, okay:

MEL: I'm sorry.

SARAH: No, I'm sorry. You broke up with Jon?

MEL: I guess.

SARAH: Fuck.

MEL: Yeah.

SARAH: What happened?

MEL: I don't want to talk about it. I'm sorry about this. You're right; the scripts are getting too weird. I'll tone it down.

SARAH: It's not the weirdness. It's just- you gotta keep things sexy, you know?

MEL: I thought that was sexy.

SARAH: Okay, then don't keep them. Sexy. Just keep them gross.

MEL: *(Pause.)* I thought that was gross.

SARAH: Okay, then just keep them- disgusting.

MEL: It was about to get disgusting. He freaked out just when it was about to get really, really, disgusting.

SARAH: Okay, then. Just make sure they stay really, really-

MEL: Repulsive.

SARAH: Appalling.

MEL: Revolting.

SARAH: Filthy.

MEL: Feculent.

SARAH: What? No, now, see-

MEL: I'm kidding. I'll just keep it- nasty.

SARAH: Nasty. That's good.

MEL: Gross.

SARAH: Gross.

MEL: Sick.

SARAH: Sick.

MEL: Disgusting.

SARAH: Disgusting.

*(They look at each other. Blackout.)*