

MEETING THREE

Leo: Nancy I hope I've given you what I said I would give you.

Nancy: Well, you said we should get to know each other.

Leo: Nancy!

Nancy: So you're not gonna tell me?

Leo: Hey! Have you ever considered using sex toys? You know, I actually brought some with me because some people find it more ---

Nancy: Actually, in that case, I've got something to tell you.

Leo: Oh! Yeah?

Nancy: Yes.

Leo: Well, go on then.

Nancy: Well, you know, if you're not gonna tell me yourself ... long nights alone, one's curiosity gets the better of one.

Leo: Does it now?

Nancy: Yes. It does. I know who you are.

Leo: Sorry?

Nancy: I know who you are. Found out who you are in real life.

Leo: Don't know what you mean. This is who I am.

Nancy: No, I mean your real name. I found out your real name. I was gonna tell you earlier but ...

Leo: But?

Nancy: But I thought it was best to ...

Leo: To? ... Fuck first?

Nancy: Well, it was just a minor bit of sleuthing on my part. You know, my credit card statement, there is a company listed to your website and just go to the company's house website and you find the name of the company director and that's how I find out your name. Your real name.... Hang on! Hold on! What's going on? ... No... I ... I'll tell you my real name if you like. I don't mind.

Leo: No, thank you. I'm not interested.

Nancy: Well, oh... it's not so bad, is it? For me to know? I mean, we're... it sounds as if we're strangers.

Leo: I have boundaries. I've asked you to respect them. You haven't. So I'll be going now. Please don't attempt to book me again.

Nancy: Oh, come on now. C'mon it's not so bad. I ... I'll forget I mentioned it.

Leo: No.

Nancy: Well, I'll still call you Leo.

Leo: You won't be calling me anything, cause I won't be here.

Nancy: OK CONNER!

Leo: Don't you call me that. My name is Leo Grande. You booked "Leo Grande". And you got "Leo Grand". And from what I could tell, by the moans and sighs you've got no complaints about Leo Grande. Am I right?

Nancy: Yes.

Leo: Good. So, we're clear on that. This is "Leo Grande". I made him. And I'm proud of him. And, by the way, Nancy Stokes, I could find out who you are myself, you know? How do you think people would react if they found out their ex-RE teacher was hiring young men to lick her pussy in the hotel room... (Nancy gestures "oh no".) What? Is that too real for you? Cause that's just what we're doing. Don't get so squeamish now.

Nancy: I honestly didn't think you'd react like this.

Leo: What?

Nancy: Well, I thought you'd be pleased.

Leo: Pleased?

Nancy: Well, I thought we built up a trust, a real trust. I mean, I was ready to tell you who I am. I thought we could maybe... continue outside of here, have a coffee or drink of something. Why can't we? Why can't we be friends? I mean, is it because I'm old? Cause old ladies aren't allowed to participate in anything. We have to keep quite, and cosseted until... oh, until you need our Money, and then you'll turn up and do anything.

Leo: Look, I know that's how it feels with your kids. But I have never treated you or thought of you like an old ---

Nancy: I thought you were proud of your work. Why are you ashamed?

Leo: I'm not ashamed.

Nancy: But you're lying about it. You're hiding yourself and your work, even from those closest to you.

Leo: You're diluted. You're crazy and diluted.

Nancy: Well, why can't your mother know the truth, if you're so proud, if you're not ashamed?

Leo: You know there is a word for this. It's called cyber stalking. And nutters do it. Crazy, sad, desperate nutters like you!

Nancy: Oh, well. I'm sorry that I have the audacity to find out the true identity of the man I'm having sex with for the past month. Why don't you tell me more about your life on the oil rig? Why... Oh, why do you have to lie to me about who you are?

Leo: I'm not lying to you Nancy. This is my professional name. I provide a service. A fantasy. And I told you that very clearly.

Nancy: But all that ... all that stuff you said about it being a vocation. Was that lies?

Leo: No.

Nancy: She would be proud of you surely. She would!

Leo: Why are we talking about my mother?

Nancy: I... I can talk to her. I was always very good with the parents. I could explain to her. I could make her understand.

Leo: No, thank you.

Nancy: I think its important. Let me do it.

Leo: I don't need you to do that.

Nancy: Well, let me try. I think it would be good for you, for your life.

Leo: Nobody is explaining anything to my mother. Because as far as she's concerned, I'm dead.

Nancy: Sorry, what? What? What? What?

Leo: Yeah, that's what she tells everyone. There! Do you feel sexy now? Feel like that's what you're paying for? No. I didn't think so. Look Nancy, I'm sorry that your son is so immensely boring, and that your daughter has a more exciting life than you. You said that, your kids are like a dead-weight around your neck. So let's not pretend you're exactly "the mother of the year" you, yourself, right?

Nancy: Why would she want you dead? Why? What did you do to her?

Leo: Fuck off Nancy. (Goes out, knock back on the door.)

Nancy: It's alright.

Leo: Don't talk to me. I just forgot my phone. (searching) . Fuck! Oh, fuck! Fuck!
(ransacking the place)

Nancy: Leo, please. Please!

Leo: Fuck. You wanna know if my mother would be proud of me? You know, she disowned me. She left me to fend for myself.

Nancy: How old were you?

Leo: I was 15.

Nancy: Why? Why did she disown you? What did you do?

Leo: What did I do? What did I do? I just disappointed the fuck out of her. (Phone rings. Reception. Take out?)

You know, my mother was like you. She did everything right. Food on the table, clean clothes in the drawers, all that. But, umm... I don't think she ever, ever actually saw me. (crying) Or if she did, she didn't like it. You know, she tried to hide her appulsion but I could just feel it vibrating through the walls and I just wasn't what she wanted, what she imagined for herself.

Nancy: I'm sorry.

Leo: well, yeah. You can quick judging me. You know, my life, my work. You don't actually care about the truth of my life. You just wanted something... exotic. A broken little whore. And I guess you found him. Well done you! (He sees his phone. Nancy follows his gaze.) I'm gonna leave now Nancy. And you're gonna have a refund on the time. (She does "no" with her head. He kisses her on the cheek. He leaves.)