

SOME GIRL(s)  
Part Three: Lindsay

Another version of the same room. New pictures and lamps. Another woman  
- LINDSAY is her name - She is older than the man, nicely dressed.

**Guy**

'S fun to be back here.

**Lindsay**

Is it?

**Guy**

Lots of memories, lots.

**Lindsay**

Well, you're right about that. I do have a number of memories about the room, this place...I do. And some of them didn't even come up in your article! Writers!

**Guy**

It's just fiction, Lindsay. I mean what I do, it's mostly all made up.

**Lindsay**

Well, whatever helps you sleep at night...anything new out there that I should be aware of?

**Guy**

Ahhhh, no. Well I guess I wanted to see you again, basically.

**Lindsay**

Because of this wedding.

**Guy**

Yeah and just, I wanted to.

**Lindsay**

Well that's nice, I suppose. It's lovely to know that our time with each other meant something more than a pay check from a publisher.

**Guy**

Listen, I know that you've got no reason to trust me here and it's certainly been a while. But...

**Lindsay**

Yes, that's part of it. I mean your call came at work, my work! You didn't need to do that. You're getting married and I'm still married.

**Guy**

I'm sorry, I thought that ... I didn't wanna just show up there on campus, you know? I mean, he's still on faculty right?

**Lindsay**

He's the dean now.

**Guy**

Oh, really? Well, that's....I thought I might run into him or something, make a scene and I didn't want that. For you.

**Lindsay**

You probably have no idea, I mean, no real sense of how hard things were for me. After we were spotted. You never called to check. Not once. Not even a single time.

**Guy**

No that's...true enough. I mean, I did ring you on a couple of....but I'd always hang up before any.....yeah.

**Lindsay**

We got caught and you...well you took the first train out.

**Guy**

Uh huh. Well I was scared.....let myself get all spooked by, like, the angry spectre of an angry husband I suppose, and just ran off.

**Lindsay**

Leaving me behind, after making so many pledges of your love...

**Guy**

I did do that Lindsay. I am very sorry. It bothered me ever since then. Honestly.

**Lindsay**

I see

**Guy**

It really, really did. Does. And that's kind of why I'm here, before I go off and get all married myself.

**Lindsay**

....before you become the jealous husband. The cuckold.

**Guy**

Well I hope not but, yeah. Yes. I deserved that.

**Lindsay**

Yes. I also did it for him. My husband. It's an awfully big step.

**Guy**

I don't follow.

**Lindsay**

He urged me to see you, he's waiting downstairs.

**Guy**

Oh shit. So you told him.....what?

**Lindsay**

Everything. That you contacted me. All of it. I mean he already knew, so yes he knows.

**Guy**

May I ask why?

**Lindsay**

No you lost most of your rights with me when you took off. You lost the rest when you wrote about it.

**Guy**

Okay...

**Lindsay**

Whereas he stuck with me. Stayed in a relationship that I had totally and completely betrayed, with a man he hired, had given a job to.

**Guy**

I know that.

**Lindsay**

That's what he did. Because he cares for me. About me.

**Guy**

I understand.

**Lindsay**

And so the big question now is, why are you here?

**Guy**

So I can say that I'm, you know, to let you know that I'm sorry.

**Lindsay**

And what exactly are you sorry for, hmmm?

**Guy**

For all the.....what you said. When I ran off - I did get another job, so it wasn't technically running - but took off when things came out. I didn't want anyone to get hurt by our....that wasn't my intention.

**Lindsay**

I think you're the kind of person who leaves a lot of hurt in your boyish wake....all the time. I bet hurt is your number one by product.

**Guy**

Well I mean....if you're referring to the 'story', it's fiction.

**Lindsay**

Oooh don't sell yourself short...you can hurt people with your eyes closed. I could tell, the first moment I saw you...and yet I plunged in.

**Guy**

This isn't...listen, I didn't come on here for this.

**Lindsay**

I know. But it's all I'm prepared to give you, the truth.

**Guy**

Look maybe we should just.....

**Lindsay**

...you probably need to get going right? I mean that's your M.O, when the going gets tough.....you run away and hide like a fucking child.

**Guy**

Listen Lindsay, I know you have every reason to resent me and resent how I left things. But I'm here to make amends. Some sort of.....ahhh.....complete reparation for all my behaviours.

**Lindsay**

...and how might you go about that. I'm very curious?

**Guy**

I hadn't really given it much....like, the specifics, I mean.

**Lindsay**

No, I didn't think that you had.

**Guy**

I do want to though.

**Lindsay**

You want to, or you're going to?

**Guy**

I.....I will yes.

**Lindsay**

Because I don't want you to try. It only works if you do it. No matter what.

**Guy**

I'm going to.

**Lindsay**

Good! So how do you help me, you know.....get back some of the dignity I lost?

**Guy**

Well, I suppose you know I could come over there and.....you know, talk to him. If that's what you really really want.

**Lindsay**

You wanna know what he thinks you should do?

**Guy**

Ummm what?

**Lindsay**

.....she's younger than me right?

**Guy**

Hmmm.

**Lindsay**

Younger than me.

**Guy**

Ahhh, yeah. yes. She's twenty three. Well in April.

**Lindsay**

Nice. How nice. Youth. The main reason you didn't stay, that you left me.....my age.

**Guy**

No, not just that, I liked your age.

**Lindsay**

And the fact that your bride to be is younger, sort of nails it for me.

**Guy**

Lindsay no it really wasn't.

**Lindsay**

So tell me something...what's the...tell me what you think would be the most hurtful thing you could do to her?

**Guy**

Listen I don't even want to.

**Lindsay**

It's speculation. That's all. We are just imagining. So what would it be.

**Guy**

I dunno.

**Lindsay**

What if you cheated on her even though you're not married yet.

**Guy**

She'd hate it, I mean what do you think.

**Lindsay**

I believe she would because she trusts you. She's put her trust into you.

**Guy**

Yes.

**Lindsay**

That's what my husband thinks, that the worst thing wouldn't be, what we could do to you. But for you to hurt her in some way.

**Guy**

Oh.

**Lindsay**

So since you've *promised* to make things all better. That's what we'd like you to do.

**Guy**

I'm not following you.

**Lindsay**

We would like you to sleep with me again.

**Guy**

Why?

**Lindsay**

Because you don't want to and she wouldn't want you to.

**Guy**

Wait, no ... look, I realise that you're mad, Lindsay. I get that now.

**Lindsay**

Good

**Guy**

I understand that totally. But I cannot. No I can't.

**Lindsay**

Yes you can.

**Guy**

No.

**Lindsay**

Yes.

**Guy**

I said no okay? I mean I can do this all day long if you'd like. I want to do something here, I do. But I can't do that.

**Lindsay**

You said you would, you said you would make it up to me.

**Guy**

I know but I can't.

**Lindsay**

Can and will. You will do this.

**Guy**

Why would I and why would you want to?

**Lindsay**

Does she know?

**Guy**

What? Oh, God no.

**Lindsay**

Shall we call her? Alex, right? My husband tracked her down.

*She takes out her phone to call Alex.*

**Guy**

What wait, Lindsay - don't! Stop!!!!

**Lindsay**

Then I'd get my pants off if I were you! I'd like to get this over with.

**Guy**

But I can't do this, I really...

**Lindsay**

Yes you can! You are quite capable of fucking me. You are.

**Guy**

Shit, this is... Lindsay.

*She begins to undress - slowly and methodically removing her clothing.*

**Lindsay**

You used to do it all the time. Remember. The love was nice, we were nice as a couple, but it wasn't that that kept me coming back. It was your promise of a future. This big, bold future that you would whisper to me...that's what I was in love with, the tomorrows that you kept offering me...

**Guy**

... I remember that...

**Lindsay**

I'm sure you do. It was easy enough to say, all that's simple when it's a lie. When you had no want or hope of seeing it through. Then it is simply fiction - and you were good at it - I'll give you that - an expert at making a usually honest, practical woman like me fall for it. Gobble it up. And then a call, one single call from a colleague could make it go away...that courage of yours. Your bravado. That's why you teach it, I suppose and write it too. Fiction. Because it's what you deal in as a person...

*The woman is undressed now. The man begins to undress.*

**Guy**

He's not going to come on here and take a screen shot is he?

**Lindsay**

No, this just between us. And her of course....

**Guy**

Who? Oh..

**Lindsay**

Will you tell her?

**Guy**

Are you??? No, of course not!

**Lindsay**

Good then you'll have to live with it. Carry it around...like I did. I mean, until I came clean...

**Guy**

I can't believe this....

**Lindsay**

Just pretend it's a few years ago...

**Guy**

Okay but I'm...

**Lindsay**

Shhhhhh, we can talk later...later when I'm in your arms. You can tell me all about the future I'm about to miss. *(The woman starts to touch herself)* Shhhh just lie back...lie your head back and close your eyes...let yourself go.

**Guy**

But I'm...

**Lindsay**

Quiet now, just do it, go on, relax...tell me something...something you remember about us..keep your eyes closed.

**Guy**

Umm I can see us.....each Thursday.....until Christmas, I was going to Seattle....Your husband, he was in England....on sabbatical...you had agreed to meet him...Where are you? Are you there.....?

*The woman quietly starts getting dressed.*

**Lindsay**

Shhh I'm right here....go on....keep your eyes closed...Go on...go further..

**Guy**

Like the hour before we had our flights, we met...

*The woman silently leaves the call.*

**Guy**

Rolling in the sheets, we weren't worried about tomorrow...just...God it was just....so....

*The man opens his eyes and sees the woman is gone.*