

# Nosy Parkers

by Rose Scollard



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*Nosy Parkers* premiered with Theatre Network at the Edmonton Fringe Festival in August of 1985. The play was directed by Sherry Wells and opened Theatre Network's season with two other plays under the overall title *Uneasy Pieces*, Sept 11 - 29, 1985.

Cast and creative team:

Harry Miller	William Davidson
Quincy Ross	Judith Haynes
Director	Sherry Wells
Sets and lighting	Daniel Van Heyst
Costumes	Heather Redfern

## **Characters**

QUINCY ROSS *a prostitute*  
HARRY MILLER *her client*

*[When the play opens the stage is in darkness. HARRY MILLER is talking on the phone]*

HARRY:

Yeah, That's what I said. Buy Intercomp ... I know, I know. It's in the basement. But it's bottoming out, believe me... No! Tomorrow will be too late. Buy now ... So it closes in an hour. Buy all you can before then. If I didn't take chances where would I be?...Right. So long then, Max. *[Lights come up as HARRY is talking, revealing a penthouse bedroom. The design is clean, abstract, with a lot of chrome and glass. HARRY is in bed with the phone in his hand. Sitting on the other side of the bed drawing a stocking up her calf is QUINCEY ROSS. She is slender, classy, moneyed looking. Her clothes, which she dons in a slow meticulous manner, are stylish and perfectly made. HARRY hangs up]* Sorry about that.

QUINCEY:

Is it always like that, business at high tide? *[Fastens the stocking in place]*

HARRY:

Always. Some of my best deals are made in the heat of the moment, so to speak. I'm going to make a killing on that little phone call.

QUINCEY:

I should charge you extra. *[Reaches for second stocking draped over head board. HARRY pulls her down playfully]*

HARRY:

You should charge extra anyway. *[Phone rings and he picks it up]* Miller here...Bill!... No, you're not interrupting anything... *[Smiling, QUINCEY rises with stocking and sits in a chair to put it on]* Petromart? Sell short. ...I know, I know, I hate selling short too, but my gut says the bottom's dropping out .... I know it's going up, but not for long. You know me, Bill. I trust my own judgement. Have you ever known me to be wrong?...Well that was one time, yes. But how many times like that?... Just sell it, okay? ... Oh, I'll be in before closing. In about half an hour. You can hold the fort till I get there? *[HARRY hangs up and looks at QUINCEY speculatively.]* Like I was saying, you don't charge enough. *[QUINCEY looks at self in dresser mirror and smooths her slip over her hips]* I mean it. I know class when I see it. You could get away with forty percent more and no one would bat an eye. And that's on your own. With a manager you could double, triple your take.

QUINCEY:

You offering?

HARRY:

*[Laughing]* Not exactly my line of work. But...*[Looks intrigued]* I don't know. It's an interesting idea.

QUINCEY:

Fancy yourself as a pimp, do you? *[Looks around for her dress, spots it on the couch and heads for it]*

HARRY:

*[Immediately cool]* What kind of word is that? That is not a classy word.

QUINCEY:

You think this is a classy business? *[Puts dress on and picks up belt from behind a chair]*

HARRY:

It can be, with the right approach. Hell, I don't have to tell you. The right clothes. Discreet demure manner. Limited, hand-picked clientele. But you drag in the nasty references and you're gonna spoil it for yourself. The customer wants to feel clever, that he's doing a risqué thing, that he's part of the glitter world, pampered, indulged. But why am I telling you? You know all about it.

QUINCEY:

I guess I do. *[She opens a sleek briefcase on the to reveal a mirror and cosmetics. She sits down before it and adjusts her makeup]*

HARRY:

You want my advice, stick with the winners. While you still can. Keep away from the old farts. Amberson? The guy that introduced us? Not your type. Too old. Go for the ones on the make. They'll pay for class. They pay for class in their cars and their clothes and they'll pay for it in a woman.

QUINCEY:

That your advice for the day?

HARRY:

And it's all free, too. *[Grabs a robe]* I can't help myself, you know. Everyone I meet, every situation, it flashes on the screen as a business deal. With you, I see a gold mine. You should milk it for all it's worth. And now, I'm going to shoo you along.

QUINCEY:

Back to the grindstone. *[Packs away her makeup]*

HARRY:

*[While he talks, HARRY rounds up his clothes which like QUINCEY'S are scattered round the room and puts them on. Unlike QUINCEY, he doesn't put them on in any particular order but as he finds them.]* You bet. Who was it said wasting time is a sort of personal homicide? Well, That's my motto. I have all my time allocated. That's another hint you could take from me. Keep a tight handle on your time. For one thing, never spend more than four percent of your time on the opposite sex. It's a hard and fast rule with me.

QUINCEY:

That could be detrimental in my line of work.

HARRY:

You've got a quick mind, I like that. We'll have to get together again. *[Looks at watch]*

QUINCEY:

Used up the four percent, have I. *[Makes a few adjustments to her hair with a small brush]*

HARRY:

Actually we're fifteen minutes into tomorrow's time. See? I told you you were good. How'd you get into this racket, anyway? Don't tell me. A nice upper class lady, time on her hands. Bored with the club. Bored with the junior league. Bored with junior. A *Belle de Jour*. Am I right? *[Spots a shoe under the bed]*

QUINCEY:

*[Pops brush in case and snaps it shut]* Actually, I was raped.

HARRY:

*[Immediately defensive, backs off a little]* I suppose you're going to give me some kind of sob story.

QUINCEY:

I'm not going to give you any kind of story. We're out of time, remember? *[Looks about for her shoes]*

HARRY:

*[Feeling provoked, can't let it go]* You know what I wonder? What I wonder is when you women are gonna face reality. *[Pulling out shoe, angrily forces it on his foot. Realizes he doesn't have his sock on]*

QUINCEY:

Reality. *[Studied, as if hearing the word for the first time. Finds a shoe under the table and picks it up]*

HARRY:

*[Working up a head of steam]* You know what makes the world turn? Drive. Male drive. Rape is an essential part of that drive. You get rid of rape and you get rid of free enterprise. *[Finds a sock balled up and angrily flaps it straight]*

QUINCEY:

*[Looking for her other shoe]* Interesting theory.

HARRY:

Theory nothing. All this liberation crap hides the real issue. You take the animal drive out of men and the world will fall apart. You'll get along better in the world if you realize that. The thing to do is to turn the situation to your own advantage and profit. Handle yourself the right way, think things through, you can carve out a pretty comfortable niche for yourself.

QUINCEY:

So you would say rape is justifiable? *[Finds other shoe and slips it on]*

HARRY:

Not justifiable, inevitable.

QUINCEY:

You could see yourself as a rapist then?

HARRY:

*[Warily]* Under the right circumstances, who knows? All this glass and chrome, it's just a veneer. Under the surface you'll find a pretty basic guy.

QUINCEY:

Primal man.

HARRY:

Something like that. I like the ladies. No one likes them more. But they have to keep their place. What I mean is, women, most women are exhibitionists. They go around displaying what they have, they can't expect you not to make a grab for it. Am I right?

Ninety percent of rapes, the women are asking for it. In the first place, they put them self in the situation it can happen. They wander the streets after hours. They go home from a party with a stranger. A woman who goes off with a stranger, she's signaling she wants it, right?

QUINCEY:

A lot of rapes are by a man the woman knows.

HARRY:

Then she's probably a teaser. She teases him. He takes it up to a point. Then bam! [*He smacks one hand off the other*]

QUINCEY:

You have strong views on the subject.

HARRY:

Lady, I have strong views on everything. It's the only way to be. Anyway, what I'm saying is, rape does not have to be a fate worse than death.

QUINCEY:

Oh, I agree. My rape was a great relief. Liberating, even.

HARRY:

Liberating. What's that supposed to mean?

QUINCEY:

What I said. It was a release.

HARRY:

You mean you enjoyed it?



QUINCEY:

No, it was more...I suppose you'd have a hard time believing that there can be forces as strong as your precious male drive, but there *are* — forces that are just as inevitable, just as irresistible....

HARRY:

Such as?

QUINCEY:

You don't want to know about it.

HARRY:

Any force that's stronger than male drive, I want to know about it.

QUINCEY:

Maybe another time. Like you said, we're way into tomorrow's four percent.

HARRY: HARRY:

So tomorrow I'll abstain.

QUINCEY:

We're well into another hour of *my* time.

HARRY:

Ah, I see. The old come-on. [*She makes to leave*] Wait, I didn't say I wouldn't. [*Fumbles around in bedside drawer*] Here you go. A crisp new hundred.

QUINCEY:

A hundred and fifty.

HARRY:

What?

QUINCEY:

It was your idea I should charge more.

HARRY:

You got nerve, I like that. A hundred and forty. [*Fumbles in drawer again*] I said *forty* percent, remember?

QUINCEY:

A hundred and forty it is.

HARRY:

[*Moving to bar and mixing drinks*] So tell me, then, why was this rape of yours so liberating.

QUINCEY:

Just remember, you asked for it.

HARRY:

Asked for it — I *paid* for it.

QUINCEY:

Before I begin, I would like you to understand something.

HARRY:

What's that?

QUINCEY:

My definition of evil.

HARRY:

Hey! I don't go for that moralizing stuff. In my book, there's desire and there's necessity. And that's all there is.

QUINCEY:

A predictable answer. Most people don't figure it out, you know. The true nature of evil.

HARRY: HARRY:

Look, we stick the other guy for three reasons — fun, profit and revenge. I don't see that as evil. Those are drives. Basic natural drives.

QUINCEY:

You think it's that simple? Evil isn't something that stands back for you to look at and decide about. It hangs about in the shadows, ready to grab you from behind and work you over.

HARRY:

*[Enlightened]* Ah. We're having a little personification here, are we? Evil as rapist? In other words, evil is a man.

QUINCEY:

Nothing so simple. I see evil more as a beast. An all powerful, many-fingered beast, reaching into every part of your being, insinuating, persuading, corrupting.

HARRY:

Look. Don't go all miasmal on me, okay?

QUINCEY:

This is a sentient beast we're talking about. It knows you're a candidate even before you do and it likes you to know it's there to recognize it for what is it.

HARRY:

I can't stand a woman pulling the blues. My mother was like that. Guilt, tears, gloom. My father got so he couldn't be in the house.

QUINCEY:

Resistance is sweet to it. You ward off one tentacle, another comes slipping in, probing, taunting corrupting.

HARRY:

All right! I get the picture. Evil the many fingered beast.

QUINCEY:

It started about two and a half years ago. I went to a party. I was going to a lot of parties then. My marriage had broken up and I was in a bit of a tail spin. Well, this party. It was like any other, a bit wilder perhaps than some. Lots of booze, lots of hustle, a little coke. Anyway, some time in the small hours I passed out. I woke up next morning in a strange bed.

HARRY:

Some of my sweetest moments have been waking up in strange beds.

QUINCEY:

There was nothing sweet about this. I felt terrible. Drained of life. Sucked dry. And there was an unrelenting pain in my head.

HARRY:

A hangover.

QUINCEY:

This was not like any hangover I'd ever had. It felt like some creature had burrowed into my brain and was squeezing from the inside.

HARRY:

Fanciful.

QUINCEY:

I suppose I'm getting ahead of myself. But I remember thinking even then that it was like having someone's hand inside my head, fumbling around, pinching and tormenting me.

HARRY:

*[Grunts impatiently]*

QUINCEY:

After four or five days it subsided But it never went away entirely. There would be quiet times, but it would flare up the minute I had a drink or got upset about anything. I learned to live with it. I stopped drinking, ate regularly, kept work to regular hours and it was bearable. Just. Then, one day, I was in the bathroom cleaning my teeth. That's when I first saw it.

HARRY:

Saw what?

QUINCEY:

I didn't see all of it.

HARRY:

Come on. What did you see?

QUINCEY:

Did you notice the point where you moved from being victim to being the victimizer?

HARRY:

I've never been a victim

QUINCEY:

Well I have. Most women, I expect, see themselves as victims at one time or another.

HARRY:

You're a tease, you know that.

QUINCEY:

It isn't teasing. It's just that I want you to understand what it's like to move from a state of innocence to one of guilt.

HARRY:

Guilt isn't in my vocabulary. *[Beat]* You were in the bathroom.

QUINCEY:

Yes. I was in the bathroom. In front of the mirror. I was just standing there brushing my teeth when it came down out of my nostril. Flip! Down and up again. I thought I was imagining it, it was so fast. I tipped my head back and looked. *[Looks over to herself in the mirror]*

HARRY:

And what was it?

QUINCEY:

Nothing. There was nothing there.

HARRY:

Well of course! What could be there?

QUINCEY:

That's what I told myself. It was early morning and I was still half asleep... Two days later I saw it again. This time it was slower. It whipped down and dangled there for a few seconds before it retreated. I went to pieces, screamed at myself for ten seconds straight. When I stopped it had gone and I couldn't see it any sign of it.

HARRY:

Ah... What was it like?

QUINCEY:

Long. Black and snaky. Like a tentacle.

HARRY:

You expect me to believe this?

QUINCEY:

After that, I saw it all the time. It stayed out longer and longer, not all of it, just the arm dangling there, exploring my face. At night, in the dark, I could feel it moving about my lips.

HARRY:

Didn't you try to get rid of it?

QUINCEY:

Of course. Every time it appeared I made a grab for it. But it was always too fast for me. I went to the doctor, but it was cunning, didn't show itself at all. He gave me a thorough examination but he couldn't find a thing.

HARRY:

You went to the wrong kind of doctor. Look. Let me tell you about women.

QUINCEY:

If you must.

HARRY:

You see, women, they're all the same way. They have this unreasoning feat of invasion. My wife? Incredibly worked up about it. Ants, mice, birds, anything smaller than a jackrabbit is bent on getting inside her. She's convinced!. We go camping, she's a great sport. Chops the wood, puts up the tent single-handed. And tough! I've seen her shoo bears off with a frying pan. But come bed time all those irrational fears take over. Won't get into bed until she's tamped every orifice. You can understand why I've never found camping too exciting.

QUINCEY:

I don't see what this has to do with me.

HARRY:

Same thing, isn't it? The primal fear of invasion. A good shrink would have straightened you out in five sessions.

QUINCEY:

This was real! I could see the damned thing, couldn't I? Dangling there, taunting me. It got more and more brazen. I couldn't go out. The idea that someone might see the thing ....

HARRY:

But wouldn't you *want* them to see it? To prove it was there.

QUINCEY:

I didn't need proof. It was there, all right. *[She has turned fully to the mirror and HARRY is no longer able to see her face. This makes him slightly uneasy]* I put up with it for some time. Then one day I was determined to get rid of it. I got a pair of tweezers, extra large, more like tongs really, and waited in front of the mirror. I waited for a long time. Waited and watched. Even after it came out I waited. It groped around for some minutes. I thought I was going to be sick. But I stayed quite still waiting for it to lose its wariness. Finally when it seemed to be off its guard, I clamped the tweezers over the end of it. *[She stops as if blocked]*

HARRY:

And?... Well?... What happened, dammit!

QUINCEY:

*[Breathing noticeably as if the memory is choking her.]* I yanked as hard as I could. The pain!... But I didn't lose my grip. It was my only chance to get rid of it. I was ready for resistance, but *such* resistance! No matter how I pulled, I couldn't dislodge it. It was as if I had hold of an octopus whose tentacles reached into every part of my brain. The pain was unspeakable. Finally, I lost the battle. I let go. The pain didn't stop for a long time. It was punishing me, you see.

HARRY:

This is a disgusting story. *[He massages the bridge of his nose]*

QUINCEY:

You insisted on hearing it. *[Pulls cigarettes out of her purse and puts one in her mouth. Offers the pack to HARRY but he waves them away.]*

HARRY:

I thought you were going to tell me about your rape.

QUINCEY:

I'm getting to it. I just want you to understand how driven I was.

HARRY:

So I understand. Go on.

QUINCEY:

I became more and more of a recluse. I stayed home as much as I could. Going out only when the thing was quiet. And then. . . *[Pause]*

I'd gone to dinner with someone, someone I was very attracted to. He was handsome, intelligent. It was a wonderful evening. We both seemed bent on romance — music, soft lights, heady wine, the waiter hovering in the background. We were deep in conversation, our heads almost touching across the table. Suddenly he backed off as though I'd slapped him. I knew what had happened. I tried to pretend that everything was normal, tried to continue the conversation but the mood couldn't be repaired. The next day I took sick leave from work and virtually became a hermit.

HARRY:

You're trying to tell me that this guy actually saw it?

QUINCEY:

Yes.

HARRY:

But what did he say?

QUINCEY:

What could he say? "Pardon me, there's something dangling from your left nostril."?

HARRY:

*[Blowing his nose]* There was nothing there. This is a hysterical condition we're talking about. Probably sexually oriented. You just needed to get laid.

QUINCEY:

Well, not too long afterwards, I was. *[Gets up restlessly and moves about the room, again getting out of Harry's line of vision]*

HARRY:

*[Turns to get her back into view]* Oh yeah. But I thought you weren't leaving the house.

QUINCEY:



It was the first time I'd been out in days. The thing in my head, it seemed to me it had got bigger in there. That there wasn't enough room for it and whatever else was in my skull. I was driven out by the pain. Just walking the streets.

HARRY:

I'll bet.

QUINCEY:

It was about two in the morning. I was crossing a parking lot when this brute comes at me like a commando raid, hits me across the chin and knocks me flat. The next thing I know, I'm stretched out on the gravel with my underwear ripped away and the creep breathing all over me. The streetlight picked out his face. He was a revolting specimen, about twenty-five, heavy set, bad skin. I thought it would never be over. Then, as he was panting and heaving over me, I saw a shadow flip over his face and just sort of vanish into his head. A many legged shadow, it seemed to me. But I didn't have time to think about it. He hit me, kicked me once or twice, took my wallet and left. I was in bad shape for quite a few days, so I didn't notice.

HARRY:

Notice what?

QUINCEY:

That it wasn't there any more.

HARRY:

The thing in your head was gone.

QUINCEY:

Completely. *[Almost to herself]* At least I thought so at the time.

HARRY:

*[He has been listening to her story with a bemused expression, rubbing his nose occasionally, and his temples]* Man. You have one hell of a weird imagination.

QUINCEY:

Headache? Shall I open a window *[He nods]* Aspirin?

HARRY:

There are some in the bathroom cabinet. Maybe you could freshen my drink, too. *[She fusses about solicitously, finding the aspirin, and slipping a footstool under his feet. He responds to the fussing, obviously enjoying himself]* So that was then you took up hooking, after he raped you?

QUINCEY:

Oh no. I was still much too proper. Besides, at that point I didn't realize... Well, it wasn't obvious to me, that I would have to. I thought the thing was gone altogether.

HARRY:

And it wasn't?

QUINCEY:

I was so sure. You see, they found him.

HARRY:

The rapist? You reported it then.

QUINCEY:

They found him the next morning. He'd been dead for about four hours. He still had my wallet on him.

HARRY:

Dead!

QUINCEY:

It must have happened just after he raped me. He was only two blocks away from the parking lot. In an alley. He'd put up a terrible struggle, by all the signs. Cans knocked over. Windows smashed.

HARRY:

He was murdered?

QUINCEY:

They didn't think his wounds were man-made.

HARRY:

What do you mean!

QUINCEY:

His head... It was all eaten away.

HARRY:

No way! Tell me another one!

QUINCEY:

From the inside.

HARRY:

Hey, wait a minute. Hold it. I remember that guy. A cowboy, right?

QUINCEY:

He was wearing cowboy boots.

HARRY:

Sure. It was in the papers. They said he died of exposure and the dogs got at him.

QUINCEY:

That's what they said.

HARRY:

You want me to believe, you really expect me to believe that this thing in your head, this mental illusion, went over into his head and...ate it?

QUINCEY:

I don't want you to believe anything.

HARRY:

*[Rubbing at his nose]* Well, it's a good story. You should try Twilight Zone. They take that sort of thing.

QUINCEY:

I was normal for about two months. Went back to work. Even considered dating again. Then I realized, the signs were unmistakable, that I hadn't got rid of my problem.

HARRY:

The creature came back?

QUINCEY:

I don't think it was the same one. I think that it had somehow reproduced in there.

HARRY:

Hmm. *[He is losing interest. He is more concerned with his nose.]*

QUINCEY:

That was when I realized my dilemma. The thing was growing in there, I could feel it. It would only be a matter of time before it started showing itself and the whole recluse thing would happen again. Not to mention the pain.

HARRY:

You should have walked the streets. Maybe someone would have raped you again.

QUINCEY:

I did. But there's not as much of that sort of thing going on as you might think. I soon realized that rape wasn't an efficient way to deal with my problem. I needed something more regular.

HARRY:

What was I saying? Regular sex. There's nothing like it for mental health.

QUINCEY:

*[Looks in mirror]* I was a long time in making up my mind. By the time I did, it had grown. Started showing itself like the other one. *[Harry looks in mirror too. His expression is uneasy]*

HARRY:

You're really sticking to that crazy idea of yours, aren't you? A thing in your head that can only be relieved by sex. It's too far fetched. *[Hand steals up to bridge of nose]*

QUINCEY:

I think passion attracts it. The creature passes over in the moment of orgasm.

HARRY:

But if you have an orgasm too...

QUINCEY:

It doesn't happen too often in this business.

HARRY:

But if you do?

QUINCEY:

Then it stays with me. I have to try again.

HARRY:

Well, I don't have to worry, do I? Judging from your performances earlier on. She smiles wanly and turns away. He regards her uncertainly for a moment and then grins. That's some story, you know that? I mean, just think if it were true.

QUINCEY:

It is true, Harry.

HARRY:

No, really. Think of all those poor unsuspecting guys just out for a night of fun.

QUINCEY:

It isn't easy you know. Most of the men who hire me, I know they don't deserve it. But it's not really my fault, is it? I was raised to have liberal views. Live easy on the land, try not to impinge too much on others. But now I'm in a position where I must impinge to survive.

HARRY:

We've all got to impinge.

QUINCEY:

I look back sometimes and wonder about myself. How innocent I was. Just work hard, they told me. Keep yourself presentable and it will all come to you. They didn't tell me about the downside. About the evil sitting there, tongue lolling, tail slapping, panting happily, waiting for you.... And the dreams, they didn't tell me about those either. Do you dream?

HARRY:

Nothing memorable. The other night, though., I. . .

QUINCEY:

Mine are only too memorable. I wish I could pluck them from my brain. Eating things, that's the worst. Feeling the flesh tear, giving way to your teeth, the blood.

HARRY:

You're getting miasmal again.

QUINCEY:

Every man I see now, it's in terms of victims. No matter how classy, how impressive he's just... I mean take you. You're really quite nice. There's no good reason to condemn you. You just happen to be in the path of my .....necessity. *[HARRY shows some signs of impatience]* Well, I suppose I'd better go. I do have another appointment. Is there anything I can do for you before... before I leave?

HARRY:

Maybe you could get me a damp cloth. And close the window.

QUINCEY:

Sure.

HARRY:

Christ! This really is settling in... *[Phone rings]* Miller here... Oh Bill... You did? Good. You'll see. By ten o'clock tomorrow we'll be justified... No. I won't be coming in... I know I said, but I just don't feel up to it... Oh I'm a bit under the weather, headache, chills, you know. Flu probably... Yeah it's not like me at all... Sure....Yeah....Will do. Tomorrow then. See ya.

*[He hangs up, rubbing nose. Tilting head back, he feels the sides of his nose with both hands. Gets up from chair and goes to dresser mirror, peers in trying to look up nostril. Starts suddenly and looks more closely. Rummages in drawer and finds a little shaving mirror. Looks in the mirror then turns it over to the magnifying side. He seems to be catching sight of something. Blows nose vigorously and looks in Kleenex. Then in mirror again]*

HARRY

I could swear there's something up there. Talk about the power of suggestion. *[Laughs, but keeps an eye on himself in the mirror]* She's putting me on, of course, pulling my leg. Aghh! *[Looks in horror at his image]* Aghh! Grahh! *[Tilting his head back, he looks, eyes rolling at his reflection and then grabs the small mirror again for a closer look.]* I can't be seeing this. It's not possible. Nah, it was nothing. Nothing! *[Settles back]* I mean apart from everything else, it wouldn't be moral., right? Passing it on like that? It wouldn't be fair. I mean, my *God*, it wouldn't be fair. *[Looks again]* No. I can definitely see something. Dammit! Why me!

QUINCEY:

*[Re-enters the room with a damp cloth]* Did you say something?

HARRY:

No.

QUINCEY:

*[Putting the cloth gently on his brow]* I thought I heard you calling out.

HARRY:

You thought wrong.

QUINCEY:

You okay?

HARRY:

Perfectly okay. The aspirin are starting to kick in.

QUINCEY:

I thought my story might have upset you

HARRY:

Of course not.

QUINCEY:

Sometimes guys don't take it as calmly as you.

HARRY:

They get a little worked up, do they?

QUINCEY:

You wouldn't believe it. It's like I raped them. They feel victimized, invaded.

HARRY:

Invaded! Are you kidding?

QUINCEY:

You didn't feel that way then?

HARRY:

I told you. Invasion's strictly a female fear.

QUINCEY:

Well, I'm glad you're all right. I should go now.

HARRY:

Yeah, I'll be in touch.

QUINCEY:

Actually, I do feel a bit like a rapist.

HARRY:

Will you get out of here!

QUINCEY:

Yeah sure. Bye Harry.

*[QUINCEY exits. HARRY sinks into his chair, rubbing nose moodily.]*

HARRY:

Invasion. Shit! What an idea.

*[Looks surreptitiously up nose with mirror as light fades]*

HARRY:

What an idea!

**THE END**