

# **CLOSE ENCOUNTER**

**By George J. Bryjak**

## Cast of Characters

**MELISSA** – a prostitute, early to late twenties. She's dressed like a street hooker with a mini-skirt, low-cut, revealing blouse, and boots or spiked heels. She carries a big purse. As the play opens she's slightly tipsy. After the bottle of Southern Comfort appears she's on her way to getting drunk.

**JIM** – a clean cut 35-year-old man. He's dressed in casual slacks and a short or long sleeved dress shirt. Perhaps a sweater over the shirt. As the play begins he's nervous, fidgety, unsure of himself.

Time The Present

Place A cheap, big-city hotel

Setting A sleazy room used by prostitutes and johns. There's a bed and a night stand next to the bed with at least one drawer and a lamp.

*Close Encounter* received its world premier at the Atwater Playhouse in Los Angeles. It was directed by Jamie Paolinetti with Kaitlin Kendall as Melissa and John F. Henry II as Jim.

### ***CLOSE ENCOUNTER***

*At Rise After a couple of seconds Melissa and Jim enter. Melissa first, Jim trailing her. He's looking around, wide-eyed, nervous. She stops at center stage and turns toward him.*

MELISSA: Okay sport, sixty bucks for fifteen minutes  
*(looking at her watch)* You're on the clock.

JIM: *(Sheepishly opening his wallet and handing her two twenty dollar bills, one at a time)* But you said forty dollars.

MELISSA: And twenty more for the Embassy Suites V. I. P. room. Let's have it.

JIM: *(Peeling another bill from the wallet and handing it to her)* All right, I think.

*(MELISSA staggers a bit as she takes the last bill and shoves it in her purse)*

JIM: Have you been drinking?

MELISSA: Damn right I've been drinkin' You try ballin' fifteen, twenty guys a night without gettin' loaded. Now ten more for the glove.

JIM: Glove?

MELISSA: A wiener wrap, a cock sock.

JIM: What?

MELISSA: A condom, Stupid.

JIM: I don't have a disease. I can assure you.

MELISSA: Yeah, right. And I'm Mary fucking Poppins.

JIM: I bought one just in case...if you insisted.

MELISSA: I insist.

JIM: (*Pulling a condom from his pocket*) See, here it is.

MELISSA: (*Snatches it from his hand, holds it at eye level and reads the label*) “The Tallahassee Tickler – it’ll make her squeal like a pig.”

JIM: (*Laughs nervously*)

MELISSA: You think I’m a pig?

JIM: No! No! Of course not.

MELISSA: Nothin’ but a street walkin’ whore pig.

JIM: No. Really.

MELISSA: Where the hell didya get this? The men’s toilet at a truck stop?

JIM: Ah ...yeah.

MELISSA: We’ll use one of mine. That’ll be ten bucks.

JIM: (*Pulls out his wallet and hands her a ten dollar bill*) Isn’t ten dollars a little expensive for one condom? (*He puts the wallet back in his pocket*).

MELISSA: (*Shoving the bill in her purse*) You wanna go to the drugstore? (*She tosses the purse on the bed*)

JIM: No, I guess not.

MELISSA: So how did you pick me? Oink. Oink.

JIM: I ... uh ...

MELISSA: Drove by whore alley a couple times checking out the merchandise?

JIM: I thought you were ... uh ... pretty.

MELISSA: You thought? You don't think so anymore?

JIM: No. No. I still do. You're very pretty ... really attractive.

MELISSA: The girl next door type.

JIM: Well...kind of...yeah.

MELISSA: If you live next door to a whore house. So what's it gonna be?

JIM: I don't understand.

MELISSA: Straight up sex or something kinky? The kinky stuff'll costya extra. And some things I don't do. No tyin' me up. No animals. Nobody watchin' us. Got it?

JIM: I ... I don't know what I want.

MELISSA: Whatya do with your old lady...or girlfriend? Or is that the problem? She ain't into your weird shit.

JIM: I don't have a wife...or girlfriend.

MELISSA: You some kinda gay dude tryin' to go straight?

JIM: You see...I'm a...I'm a...

MELISSA: God damn! You're a virgin, aren't you?

JIM: Well ah...

MELISSA: How old are you?

JIM: Thirty-five.

MELISSA: No pussy in high school?

JIM: No.

MELISSA: In college?

JIM: Never.

MELISSA: No finger fucking at the movies?

JIM: (*Indignant*) No! Never!

MELISSA: Ever kissed a girl, Sweetheart?

JIM: In the seventh grade. Julie Summers and Cindy Kozlowski. We were playing spin the bottle in Julie's garage.

MELISSA: You sure you like girls?

JIM: Oh yeah. I like girls, I mean women. That's the problem.

MELISSA: I don't get it.

JIM: It's a delicate situation.

MELISSA: What the fuck does that mean?

JIM: You see I'm a...I'm a...

MELISSA: What, Goddamn it?

JIM: I'M A PRIEST!

MELISSA: A fucking priest!

JIM: Well, not yet.

MELISSA: Huh?

JIM: Never mind.

MELISSA: *(Picking up her purse)* I ain't ballin' no priest.  
*(Takes a couple steps toward the stage entrance)*

JIM: Why not? Isn't this what you do?

MELISSA: *(She stops, turns and walks back toward him)* Yeah  
but...

JIM: Are you a Christian?

MELISSA: This is too fucking weird.

JIM: A Catholic?

MELISSA: Was, years ago. Now I'm a CCC.

JIM: What's that?

MELISSA: A completely collapsed Catholic. There's lots of us  
out there.

JIM: You don't believe anymore?

MELISSA: What do you think?

JIM: Then why won't you have sex with me?

MELISSA: Cause I ain't takin' no chances. Besides, it would  
give me the creeps.

JIM: I don't understand.

MELISSA: It'd be like havin' sex with Jesus. And his old man  
would send us both to hell.

JIM: So you do believe.

MELISSA: Maybe...a little.

JIM: (*Sits on the bed*) Then it's just another sin, nothing you haven't done before. Right?

MELISSA: I ain't never screwed no priest.

JIM: How can you be sure? Maybe he didn't tell you.

MELISSA: (*She sits next to him*) I thought you guys only butt-holed altar boys.

JIM: Most priests are straight. They like girls, although they shouldn't.

MELISSA: They shouldn't?

JIM: I mean not like this. Not in a sexual, lustful way.

MELISSA: I ain't doin' this (*reaching in her purse, pulling out some bills*) Here's your money back.

JIM: (*He pushes her hand back*) Wait. Please. Listen to me. (*Looking at his watch*) I still have time left.

MELISSA: (*She puts the money back in the purse*) What the hell. I'll give ya ten more minutes. Damn! I need a drink.

JIM: Me, too.

MELISSA: (*Digging through her purse, moving things around quickly*) Ah shit! I left my bottle in the fucking car. Unless you can change water into Southern Comfort we're outta luck.

JIM: Sorry. I'm fresh out of miracles

MELISSA: Wait a minute. (*Jumping up, looking around the room*) I was in this dump last week, left some hooch in the night stand. Let's see. (*She walks over to the stand, opens the top drawer and pulls out a bottle of Southern Comfort, and sounding like a TV preacher says*) Praise the Lord, Brother. The man upstairs be lookin' out for us. (*She takes a long pull on the bottle and gives it to Jim while sitting down next to him*).

JIM: Ah ...glasses? (*Looking around*)

MELISSA: Sure. I'll call room service. Anything else?

JIM: (*He takes a drink, shakes his head from the impact of the booze and hands the bottle to Melissa.*) You gotta have sex with me. I'm desperate.

MELISSA: The hell I do.

JIM: If you don't, I'm going to... going to...

MELISSA: What?

JIM: I don't know. That's what I'm afraid of.

MELISSA: You need help, Jesus man.

JIM: I know (*he puts his hand on her shoulder*) and you're the one to help me.

MELISSA: (*Removes his hand*) No way. You need one of them head doctors. Some kinda sex therapist.

JIM: I've already been. Seen four or five.

MELISSA: And? (*She takes a drink*)

JIM: They all give me the same stupid advice. Think of something else. Get a hobby. Love yourself if you have to.