

LIGHTS UP

IN, OUT AND ALL AROUND A HOTEL ROOM, ON A DIMLY LIT STAGE SOMEWHERE IN AMERICA SITS A WOMAN ALONE WITH THOUGHTS OF HER PAST. HER PRESENT AND HER FUTURE. SHE IS A PROSTITUTE, A HOOKER, A LADY OF THE NIGHT.

THERE IS ONE ENTRANCE, WHICH LEADS TO THE INTERIOR OF THE HOTEL ROOM OR ANY ROOM. THERE IS A BED TO THE REAR OF THE SET, COVERED BY A SILHOUETTE SCREEN OR MIRROR'S ONE ON EACH SIDE OF THE STAGE WHICH CAN BE EASILY, REMOVED DEPENDING UPON THE ACTIONS IN THE PLAY.

ACTORS WANDER ONTO THE SET FROM BOTH SIDES, AND THERE IS A FEELING OF LOOSENESS SHOULD BE CONVEYED IN THE DESIGN OF THE SET AND THE RANDOM WANDERING OF ACTORS.

MUCH OF THE PLAY CONSISTS OF SEVERAL SIMULTANEOUS CONVERSATIONS IN VARIOUS SMALL GROUPS WITH DIALOG EITHER OVERLAPPING OR INTERLOCKING, BUT SHOULD NEVER LOSE FOCUS ON JANE HO 1.

THESE CONVERSATIONS SHOULD FLOW AS A WHOLE WITH OR WITHOUT ANY SPECIFIC FOCUS. THEY SHOULD RISE AND SUBSIDE, AND SCENES DEVELOP AND END WITHIN THEM.

TO THE BACK OF THE STAGE (BEHIND THE SILHOUETTE SCREEN) A MAN LIES ON A BED UNDRESSED AND HALF COVERED BY A BLANKET AS HE PREPARES TO MEET HIS DATE WITH A CALL GIRL. DOWN STAGE THERE IS A TABLE WITH A PHONE AND AN ANSWERING MACHINE.

LIGHTS UP

THREE WOMEN AND ONE MAN APPROACH THE STAGE.

JANE HO 2

Love for sale...

MALE HO

Love for sale...

JANE HO 3

Love for sale...

JANE HO 1

Love for sale...

...What price would you pay, for a trip to paradise? I am not a prostitute, but I can give, you what you want.

LIGHTS OUT

IN THE DARKNESS THE PHONE RINGS SEVERAL TIMES FOLLOWED BY JANE HO'S PRERECORDED VOICE THEN A BEEP.

JANE HO 1 VOICE OVER

This is Jane. Your call is so very important to me. At the tone, please leave a message and I will get back to you.

PHONE CALL 1

Jane! This is the agency. We have a client who's flying you to Paris next week for a couple of days. Make sure you brush up on you French baby. Talk to you later. Caio!

PHONE CALL 2

Jane? Hello... It's John. We met for a session the other day and I just wanted to say "wow", thanks... Listen. I will be in town the day after tomorrow on business and would love to know if you can fit me into your schedule. Here's my number... 555-6677.

PHONE CALL 3

Jane! Jane are you there? This is your mother, Jane. Your father is ill baby; please give me a call as soon as you can. It's important.

LIGHTS UP

AS THE LIGHT RISE THE ACTORS BEGIN THERE OPENING INTRODUCTIONS ALL AT THE SAME TIME BEHIND OR SCATTERED AROUND JANE HO 1. THEIR OPENING OS OVERLAPPING AND INTERLOCKING.

JANE HO 1

I have often been told that I am "Practiced at the Art of Seduction". Long, toned and leggy, I have a penchant for sustained physical activity that far exceeds the loftiest of expectations. Being intelligent and articulate not only sparks titillating

conversations, but also serves to stimulate the intensely erotic organ situated between your... Lets say ears...

MALE HO

...Wrap it up with a wicked sense of humor and a sinful body and you cannot help but to leave my presence grinning from ear to ear. If other parts of your body had lips, I am sure they will be smiling too... I am beautiful, no matter what they say... I am beautiful, in every single way...

And face it! God don't like ugly.

JANE HO 1

...I seek respectful, refined gentlemen over thirty-five for quality experiences and playful encounters... I see very few gentlemen to ensure that each and every experience is memorable and mutually enjoyable. Advanced scheduling and references are required. I am extremely selective and exclusive and my rates do reflect this. My devilish grin and twinkling eyes, with tender curves along my thighs, I am not as innocent as I seem...

JANE HO 2

...A mistress of secrets with an uncanny lack of mystery, I really know how to drive a man wild. As your temptress I am a vision of suspense and wonder for I have the power of seduction. Let's explore our fantasies together...

I'm uninhibited and very affectionate, I love to caress and be touched in return. I'm very clean and delicious and I appreciate the same from you. I screen all new clients through references, which means that you need to have seen two other independent escorts. I offer prebooking discounts for those of you that like to plan ahead...

JANE HO 3

...Gentlemen with high standards or expectations will never be disappointed. My goal is for you to visit me again, and I will make sure you are satisfied (and exhausted) when you leave! I have built a reputation on extraordinary service, reliability, professionalism, and loyalty to my clients needs for discretion...

JANE HO 1

...So, if you're an upscale gentlemen with a distinguished taste for first class companionship, call me today for a memorable rendezvous and get to know me over A candlelit dinner. I promise you will be pleasantly surprised...

Think you can handle...

ALL

...This hot little pussycat?

MALE HO

"Never send a cretin to do a moron's job."

Virtues, what virtues, I-am-a-sinner... and I am not a prostitute... but I can definitely give you what you want.

There is nothing really set in what they find physically attractive about me. It is more how I handle myself, both among women and other men, mostly amongst men, men and of course, did I mention "MEN". In fact, "MEN" are the number one reason I am not a "Heter-o-Sexual" today. Thank God!

I have a confident air about myself. I'm likeable to both sexes. I have found that men can fool women, and vis-a-versa, but they can't fool other men.

So...

To think that in a medium where the written word is queen, "Moi", you must remind people to woo you with their literary tongue rather than the literal one. Well, I hope this is my opportunity to stand apart.

It could be said that the way to a man's heart is through her, "and I mean her", stomach, but the corollary is that the man has to know you well enough to actually eat in front of you or eat you for that matter...

JANE HO 1

To truly be noticed, one must conquer the greatest sexual organ, the brain... I think though, in order to do that, I cannot simply invite you in. I think that it also involves asking of your interests and desires and responding to your answers in kind. Even in intimate moments, the ability to listen and respond to all sorts of stimuli makes the difference between an ordinary companion and an exceptional one. So, it is my hope that by expressing my desire serves to at least leave the door slightly ajar....

And so our perfect date...

ALL

...Pending credit card approval.

THE PHONE RINGS AS JANE GLANCES OVER.

JANE HO 1

Until then... Just imagine... You and I all alone in a candlelit room with some soft music playing, talking over a nice glass of wine, with me in this sexy lingerie, followed by a very sensual massage, and then

... well, you get the idea. Sound tempting? We will see.

They say a picture is worth a thousand words. Well, here are twenty-five hundred of them. Then again, everything is negotiable.

Would it be so strange that love and lust for companionship could be so alike?

He... John... Is searching for that special je ne sais quois. That unique eau de perfume, an attractiveness that is sublimely unspeakable. Perfection created by mother earth to make blinding love... lust...passion.

He searches, grasps, lusts for substitutes, day in and day out in a vain struggle to survive. Who is to blame? He asks himself, how does he know? This loneliness that stirs within his chest, his mind... That persistent thought of his?

See... I hope your vision is becoming clearer!!!

After all, I provide the ultimate "Girl Friend Experience" without the headaches and...

JANE HO 2

...expectations and obligations...

JANE HO 1

...that a real full-time relationship brings.

JANE HO 2

I guess I've been on my own for a few years now. It used to be really hard, but now I am working. I am a sex worker. I really don't like to say that, because it's not who I am inside. When I am here working, I still dream of the little girl inside of me sometimes.

Before I tell you who I am... Perhaps...

JANE HO 1

...I should tell you who I used to be.

JANE HO 2

I often dream of my village, and the fresh mountain air there, and the smell of the freshly turned earth. But here in "this place," it smells like a "dirty toilet", and the fumes from the city that turns my stomach. I hate this place. I hate the men who I sleep with. All I can do when they touch me is think of something else -- of the walks I used to take through the fields with my sister. I think of the good things I loved at home. It makes it all a little easier. I've only been here "in this place" for a short time... But I still dream of home.

I was born the fruit of mixed culture...

...My eyes are big and dark as black olive. My hair comes from a far away place, my face is a mirror of an exotic culture ... My body is strong as the mountains of my countryside. Wild, savage river is my temperament and tender... a gentle rose, who needs a special care... to be protected...yes; it's called my soul.

Morning dew are tears in my eyes and when you kiss me...when you kiss me, you taste sweet strawberries of my Eden-garden and you wish to lay in my lap and stay there forever... Singing and dancing is my passion, or just to listen the music...

I remember my grandfather used to record me singing' since I was three years old, he was so proud of me, he was the only one who was sure that one day I'll be a singer.

Unfortunately he was killed a few years ago, but I know he is there... somewhere, somehow listening to me, listening my dreams come true, with tears in his exotic, warm eyes...I miss him so much...

Well, that was a part of me....

JANE HO 1/JANE HO 2

...the part of me that I miss.

JANE HO 1

To the spiritually questioned. What sorts of thoughts and or philosophies intrigue him? Zen? Taoism? A combination of East and West? Or perhaps somewhere in between.

"Too deep for most to understand?" I'm intrigued.

You see... John here is a seeker of dreams, one who looks through the mists for what he desires. With the ability to read what people do not say, or are afraid to reveal. I am someone to join in his "dreams" and play with his fancies.

Oh, my dear friend John, How you long to hear my voice before the night is through. Let there be only that passionate moment you felt when we first laid eyes on one another through dollars and words.

He wants to be amazed by me and to confess to himself that he has never dreamed of such transports... When he is old and gray, I want him to recall these moments, I want him to quiver with joy when he thinks of them.

Then like an angel from the heavens, he sent me. He will never be the same. Again, my words touch him gently, like the softest caress. An exquisite tease to the mind that creates a melody.

You're probably asking yourself? What are his thoughts at the moment... what it is that he sees in me when we are together? All I can think of... Is how Lois Lane felt when first holding Superman's hand and flying with him through the air in timeless gleeful joy. From the land of hopes and dreams, he will remain.

So eloquent, intelligent and inspiring. He admires my sense of self. My mind... Oh yes! He's so right, that's where sex exists. To create that perfect blend of chemistry and attraction driven through anticipation in one's mind is oh so sweet. But, by his eyes I can tell how deep he thinks I really am.

JANE HO 1/JANE HO 3

Hot, sexy, seductive, sweet...

JANE HO 3

...and ready to prove it. I'm very physical and expect a LOT of attention in the bedroom and from your wallet, "Y'all". I mean, I'm not necessarily a "gold digger" but hey, I didn't pay for these boobs to wind up with a loser! I expect to be wined and dined when we go out and totally blown away when we start to look...touchand feel each other out.

I love to please and be pleased. And I don't mean just behind closed doors either. I like to get naughty in all kinds of places... Don't you?

"Biting isn't just my hobby, it's my job" And I dig the over time..."

And I ain't no "Ho"... Known by horny red necks for my Chinese sexual favors and ability to put a condom on with my tongue... I'm not a prostitute... But I can give ya what ya want. Cause you know why? Red Hot mama from The Carolina's going to Savannah I've been cooped up too long.

But you know what?

I can do my "thang" under water... And if I get sick... The bigger the headache the bigger the pill. Reason... Cause I am protector of the pleasure principal... For the right price.

The man come to see me, why? Cause, the wife ain't ridin' him right. Give the people what they want, when they want it, and they wants it all the time.

I'm look'n for the big payday, Girl... Cause Holly wants to go to Cali. Holly would if only Holly could-- Holly would. I do have a work ethic, "Work like you don't need the money, Love like you have never been hurt..."

JANE HO 3/JANE HO 1

...and Dance like no one is watching."

JANE HO 1

Inevitably, that is how I have to live my life, like no one is watching.

LIGHTS OUT

*IN THE DARKNESS THE PHONE RINGS
A VOICE MESSAGE IS PLAYED*

MR. LEE

(FOREIGN ACCENT)

Hello, Ms. Jane, this is Mr. Lee from the dry cleaner. If you like, your cloths are ready to pick up. I bring them by your building later today. Okay, thank you. Bye... Bye...

LIGHTS UP

JANE HO 1

Seriously now... You're probably wondering, what it is I think about when I am not working here or somewhere else... There is the mundane of course. What shall I do for dinner tonight? Is my blouse ironed?

Then there are the other thoughts, the deeper thoughts. Sometimes I wonder if I will ever find love, "true love". I mull it over in my head. What is love? Is love worth it? What am I really looking for? I tell myself that I am looking for someone whom I can talk to. That I can reach out for in the middle of the night and draw close. That always makes me think of how lonely my bed is. But I know I don't want to settle for second best. But then what is second best to me? What do I really want? A playmate, a soul mate, a bed mate. Pretty, stunning, acceptable. Funny, moody, deep, shallow. What is right for me?

But then I realize I can't decide. I can't choose. It will happen and I will be amazed at this person and who they are. I think about my life at times. Am I achieving what I should be? Am I underachieving? But, I am no politician and would happily give up personal advancement for personal ideals. Is that the right thing to do? Is idealism only a rich woman's luxury?

Oh I am not poor and I'll never been out of money. But still, I let it bother me sometimes. I think about wanting to be held. I think about sexual needs other then, of course this. I think more about wanting someone to share with. Share life and vistas across the world. When will that man come? Will he want children? Will he still want me if we have children?

Hell, does anyone want me? (Present company excluded), that I want in return. I tell myself I am too picky. Then I remind myself that less is less. Not less is more.

I have my insecurities. I would love to be taller, slimmer, faster, smarter, more attractive, "Well... You know?" Funnier, richer. But I'm already a good person. Extremely educated, funny, to some at least, and have almost everything I want, almost.

So am I mediocre then? Just a there or there about's person? No. I'm me. I suffer from doubts. Everyone does. I am introspective and aware of myself. My emotional intelligence is high. Though I do let people take advantage of me sometimes. But, there are worse things in life.

Yes. I am Me. And I am pleased by that.

You know what. I guess am still a spoiled child in my own head.

I gather you've all read Freud...

MALE HO

...Soooo Girl, you know what's up!

Don't you know where I am? I am inside of your head now.

JANE HO 3

I react to your thoughts before you think them

JANE HO 2

I answer your questions before you ask them.

MALE HO

I exhale your breath before you inhale them.

ALL

We are one now and the credit card has been approved...

LIGHTS OUT

***IN THE DARKNESS THE PHONE RINGS
SEVERAL TIMES FOLLOWED BY JANE
HO'S PRERECORDED VOICE.***

JANE HO 1 VOICE OVER

This is Jane. Your call is so very important to me. At the tone, please leave a message and I will get back to you.

PHONE CALL 1

Jane! I know your busy, but it's important that you give me a call. Like I said we have a client who's flying you to Paris next week. I need you to call me baby. Call me, Honey!

PHONE CALL 2

Jane? Hello... This is John again, from last week... Listen, like I said I would love to know if you can fit me into your schedule when I get to town next week. Call me, please... 555-6677.

PHONE CALL 3

Jane! Jane are you there? This is your mother, Jane. I asked you to give me a call please. It's important. Sweetie, you there.

LIGHTS UP

***AS THE LIGHTS RISE JANE HO 1
STARES AT THE PHONE FOR AN
EXTENDED MOMENT LOOKING
PLEASANTLY ANNOYED.***

JANE HO 1

There probably aren't a whole lot of woman out there who enjoy it as much as I do.

JANE HO 1/ JANE HO 3

But first...

JANE HO 3

I'm going to tell you about the first time I ever, you know, did it. It was while I was in school during third period. I remember every little detail like it was just yesterday. I was really young at the time, and I did know about sex and all the different ways it was done. I sat down at my usual table, right next to the new guy that had just moved in from the big city. He was really, really cute, and seemed pretty nice to me.

We talked for a couple of minutes, and then he asked me if there was any place I knew of that we, "ya know" (me and him) could be alone. I took him to one of my favorite places in the whole school. It was on the fourth floor which was shut down for construction. No one could see us there, and a few of my friends and I were the only ones who knew about it. I mean everyone knew about it, just not everyone really knew what its true potential was.

We swapped spit (that's making out), for about ten minutes and he asked if I would be interested in you know, doing it. I told him that I might be interested, because I had never seen a guy's you know... "Thinggy" in real life before. "At lease that's what I told him. He looked happy, and started to unzip his pants. When his clothes were gone, I found myself looking at a large hairy thing. I just stood there and just looked at it. And the major discovery I found was a high school penis was bigger then a grade school penis, and warranted further investigation.

Even though I didn't know it at the time, I made him extremely horny. His thinggy began to grow and grow

and grow. I grasped! I mean gasped... When it finally stopped. Shit... It was huge!

Any way, yada... yada... yada... To make a long story short, he let out a sigh of relief and told me that was the best thing anyone had ever done for him. I told him how much I enjoyed it, and that we needed to do it again sometime. He agreed. But next time I was gonna charge him...

Next time!

JANE HO 1

Wait! I know, your probably thinking...

What is a nice person like me doing in a profession like this... the real question is not why someone turns to this industry, but why more do not.

I guess the first time I quote on quote, prostituted...

It was totally by accident. It was over decade ago when I was at this party on Fire Island with an ex of mine, we were dating somewhere about six or seven months. As in everything I do, things were great, until I spotted this good-looking... I mean really good looking man in uniform across the room and...

MALE HO

"OH MY GOD, MY UTERUS JUST HIT THE FLOOR!"

I thought to myself, "That Soldier girl gotta come get outta that uniform, cause she ain't no man." So there! Any ways, we started eye contact with each other, and after my friend left the room, (notice, he's now referred to as "friend") left the room to go hang out with some of his friends, this mysterious soldier girl came up and started talking to me.

I thought to myself... If soldier girl loves the hole... She's-gonna-dig-the-pole.

It turned out that he was just this hunk that showed up on what we call "Fag Island" and showed up at the house of the guy who was having the party, and he was home on leave from the navy and he lived on the main land...

JANE HO 3

...Needless to say, I dig a man in uniform, and I told him that. So he suggested that we go upstairs so I could see him salute with out his uniform. I was not about to pass up that opportunity, so I found my quote on quote: "Friend" and told him that I needed to go to the bathroom. I followed this guy up to his room, and once we were in there, we both let go of our inhibitions and started to go at it. We were getting loud, "is their any other way". Well, anyway... we were getting hot and heavy...

JANE HO 1

...When all of the sudden I heard a knock on the door and.....

JANE HO 2

...It was my boy Friend and the soldier's other half. They demanded to know what was going on in there. I almost fell and ran to the toilet, and the soldier decided to pull the covers over his head and pretend there was no one else in the room. Sure enough, they believed him, but my friend didn't know where I had gone...

MALE HO

...Soldier girl told him that he had seen me leave for the "Fairy" back to the main land. He said I had gone to the bathroom and hadn't been feeling well. Thankfully for me, "boyfriend" believed him, and after the two had left, Soldier girl and I started to get nasty again...

JANE HO 3

...Needless to say, I dumped my boyfriend that night, he just didn't know it yet. But, when I woke up I was upset to find that soldier boy had left without even saying good-bye. So there I was gathering my belongings together when I looked down on the dresser... And...

JANE HO 1

...Smack dab attached to a note was a one hundred dollar bill. The note said, "Thanks for the Fuck!" "Him".

BEAT

JANE HO 1 (CONT'D)

Oh sure..I was pissed and happy at the same time. Upset that he took me for a hooker...

MALE HO

(*ASIDE*)

Actually... He loved it up the...

JANE HO 1

...Asshole! To think that I would just willingly accept money for sex...

ALL

...And let me tell you girl...

JANE HO 1

Till this day, that was the best sex I have ever had.

LIGHTS OUT

IN THE DARKNESS THE PHONE RINGS ONCE.

LIGHTS UP

JANE HO 2

Sometimes what I do can be a dangerous thing. Over time all the hidden emotions build up, but there is nothing I can do about it. I learned the lessons of life, the hard way. I do and say things that are wrong and senseless, yet at that moment I know that they are wrong and continue to do so anyway, deceive people that is... And everyday that it continues, I do nothing about it.

ALL

Why?

MALE HO

Actually, I have been thinking about writing a book about this -- not that I am easily irritated (I am good natured), but I thought it would be funny to write the "Etiquette Guide for Ho's". What do you think of this title... Okay... Okay... Okay... Let me know what you think? We'll... Well... Here we go...

CLEARs THROAT

MALE HO

Who needs a Fag!

***AS MALE IS SAYING HIS LAST LINE,
JANE HO 1 TAKES OUT A CIGARETTE***

JANE HO 1

Don't mind if I do...

SHE LIGHTS THE CIGARETTE.

JANE HO 1

...When I originally got into this, I swore to God on the bible, that I would only do this for a few years after college. I made a commitment that when it was over that I would blank out that part of my life and never let it effect me. Ever!

MALE HO

Bull Shit! Darling... You are the epitome of everything you always wanted to be. And frankly darling you will never be that lovely.

JANE HO 1

Seriously.... Like I said, I would set that part of my life behind, lock the door and throw away the key, never tell anyone and take it to my grave. But, it's been twelve long years and look where I am now, in the same black hole I was sucked into. Sure, and your probably thinking the money... She's in it for the money, because that's what your thinking. I know it is. And just... Just maybe your right... partially. But that isn't why I'm here!

MALE HO

I do it for the money, "yo"!... How bout you?

JANE HO 1

No! Believe me, It's not "ALL" about the money!

MALE HO

...Don't pretend like you don't know. Thank God there's a weekend in between your crap.

My pussy's fine... How bout your?

JANE HO 1

...Look! Granted there is a lot of money! Money to do what ever I want to do. Big beautiful high rise apartment in a doorman building, beautiful furniture, invitation to resorts all over the world anytime I want, limo's to and from work, Cartier, Chanel, Cassini, Cole, and miles upon miles of platinum cards for anything I want at any given moment of the day. But it's not the money that keeps me here, it's not! What keeps me here in this life, this life I love to hate, is the security in knowing I don't have to worry about money...

JANE HO 2

You could of changed things.

JANE HO 1

I Couldn't have changed things, even if I wanted to.

JANE HO 3

Could if you wanted to.

JANE HO 1

Look, it was different back then. I DID NOT KNOW! I wanted out! Out of this! I know what it is like to be poor, I have been there. Most of us have been there. I know your saying that, there is no difference, but there is!

I-WILL-NOT-BE-POOR-EVER-AGAIN! I CAN'T... I WON'T... DAMMIT!

MALE HO

Ouch... Sorry folks! She's over heated, over caffinated. It's the island of "Jane" population "Her".

JANE HO 1

When I was young, I mean very young. I was such a pretty girl and I imagined that everybody loved me.

MALE HO

Baby doll, your tiara isn't big enough to rule this kingdom.

JANE HO 1

I just wanted to be happy, just happy. Was that so much to ask for? And now I, well...

You know, sometimes I stay up late at night when I know the world is asleep. When I know that no one can hear me. I hear the cries, (mostly mine) and the voices from everyone that was never there for me, when I needed them the most and I think about things....

You have to understand at ten I was such a pretty girl.

JANE HO 2

As you laid on your back.

JANE HO 3

With your legs spread wide.

MALE HO

You imagined they all wanted to be your friend.

JANE HO 1

That's the truth! At Eleven I was such a pretty girl.

JANE HO 2

And you imagined they loved you.

JANE HO 3

They all loved you.

MALE HO

They all loved you.

JANE HO 1

They did! They all loved me. At Twelve I was such a pretty girl. And things were beginning to happen to my body.

JANE HO 2

As you dropped to the bed.

JANE HO 3

And his trousers dropped to the floor.

MALE HO

They all love you, don't they?

JANE HO 1

Then at Thirteen, Oh! I was such a pretty girl.

JANE HO 2

And they all loved you.

JANE HO 3

Sure they did.

JANE HO 1

Then at fifteen, this woman starts developing within.
I was so pretty.

MALE HO

You're older now, right?...

JANE HO 1

...And I'm older, right...

JANE HO 2

And I know, you meet this guy...

JANE HO 1

...See... I meet this guy....

JANE HO 3

...And he offers you money.

JANE HO 1

And he offers me some money if I...

MALE HO

If you "What girl"? Spill it!

JANE HO 2

What?

JANE HO 3

What?

JANE HO 1

If I.... He say's I could make a lot of money.

JANE HO 2

And when he's done, he tells you that he loves you,
right

JANE HO 1

He told me that he loved me.

THE PHONE RINGS ONCE

JANE HO 1 (CONT'D)

I don't love being this way. I am this way because I
needed to be loved.

LIGHTS OUT FAST

IN THE DARKNESS

*IN THE DARKNESS THE PHONE RINGS
SEVERAL TIMES FOLLOWED BY JANE
HO'S PRERECORDED VOICE.*

JANE HO 1 VOICE OVER

This is Jane. Your call is so very important to me. At
the tone, please leave a message and I will get back
to you.

PHONE CALL 1

Jane! This is the agency, I getting a little annoyed that you haven't called back. Listen! If you don't want to go to Paris, just let me know. He's requesting you, baby. But I'll send someone else if you prefer. Call me and let me know.

PHONE CALL 2

Jane? Hello... It's John again. Listen! If you don't want to get together next week, let me know. Just I would rather prefer you. Here's my number again... 555-6677.

PHONE CALL 3

Jane! Jane are you there? This is your mother, Jane. Jane, will you please pick up the phone and call me as soon as you can. This isn't fair Jane.

LIGHTS UP

JANE HO 1

I pray you will forgive my ramblings... Sorry nobody is simply worth all my tears...

I'm just going to deal with it I guess. But the thing that's been bothering me most lately is that I think so many things I have done in my life are too shameful and horrible for me to tell anyone...I mean even the people that know me, "Really don't know me".

JANE HO 2

I feel like some things I've done are unforgivable. Sometimes I wish I could get amnesia and forget every little mistake I've ever made, so I wouldn't have any more regrets. I even wrote down a list of things that I've done that I wish I hadn't and... and...

JANE HO 3

I really hate the fact that I can never tell anyone close to me, exactly what it is I do. I will never know or feel what it's like to hold and be held and drawn close to someone in the middle of the night. Why can't I find someone who love's me for me, and not make demands on me and compromise my beliefs... I believe in love, but the problem is...

JANE HO 1

Love just doesn't believe in "me".

Dreams... hopes... waiting...anticipating...are all gift-wrapped boxes that are filled with sometimes sorrow, full time agony and random spurts of happiness, "on occasion".

...I just wish someone would please tell me...

MALE HO

...Why God hates Ho's where I come from... It gets under my skin sometime... When I let it. The only

difference between a whore and a working girl... Is the price...

The consequences I have earned on my own, with out any ones help. When I think about it... All I know is, I'm tired and sick. But no matter how tired and sick I get, the bus keeps goin' child. I'm carrying too much baggage... Way too much baggage.

Like momma used to say. If you find yourself going through hell, crash and burn baby, crash and burn... But hey, I ain't no "Ho". I say live and let live. Life's not a commercial. And if it gets to where I feel like I can't breath, I know this too shall pass.

And, believe me you, I know what hell's like. I mean, I don't really know, never been there on a personal level. I've had it pretty good, I mean my life here and all. It's not like I'm flipping burgers at Mickey D's or something. And I don't ever complain... ever...

But sometimes I get fed up and oh... Well.. So put all of that in your psychoanalytical pipe and smoke it. I just...

JANE HO 1

...See through the eyes of a little girl inside of a plane, goin' straight to hell. Okay... No one really knows what its like for me to live like this. I have this constant feeling that I'm being watched and listened too. And...

MALE HO

...That there is a "Po-Po" outside my door all the time, just waiting to bust my ass. I lock my doors and close my blinds every time. Hello! I was rejected from my own fucking family. Do you know what that feels like? I make myself sick. I hate myself and the dysfunctional world I live in. Everything is so fucked up...

JANE HO 1

...I know somehow all the pieces fit, Why? Cause I stood there and watched them fall apart.

MALE HO

Alright I've been trying real hard but you wanna know what? It's not working. It seems like everything I try to do to make things better it just makes things worse. I'm done! I'm tired of doing things to other people and having them come back and blow up in my face for stupid Shit...

JANE HO 1

I'm not okay...

MALE HO

...That's right... I'm just not okay. Like my cousin Addy the addict once said... "I don't drink... I'm strictly narcotics" that was before they tagged him and carried him off in a body bag.

Same stuff different day...again... and again...

JANE HO 1

...Getting really tired of all my obsessions and depressions... My trials and my tribulations...

MALE HO

...I even made a wish about it last night using this chant, a candle and a "lucky" charm (not the cereal, darling)...

JANE HO 1

...And lately I've been feeling really angry at superficial, judgmental, close-minded people...

MALE HO

I hate it when people discriminate because of who you know hanging or your sexuality or something.

Not that I question my sexuality... By the way, I know what I am, how bout you... But I just think it's dumb to be homophobic. Actually, between you and I? They think that way...

JANE HO 2/ JANE HO 3

I'll tell ya...

MALE HO

Ah... Hello... This is between "A" and "B". So... "C" you later.

The nerve!

LIGHTS OUT

*IN THE DARKNESS THE PHONE RINGS
A VOICE MESSAGE IS PLAYED*

DOORMAN

Jane! This is the doorman downstairs. We have a package down here at the front desk for you. If you like, we'll run it upstairs for you. Okay, thanks. Bye... Bye...

LIGHTS UP

JANE HO 1

WAIT!!! Didn't some of you come here, if not you, then your parents or their parents come here with a dream. This dream they call happiness. Am I not allowed the same dream, the dreams that we all want, you me everyone? Because I come from "Another place", I too can hope and pray for the things I desire most.

BEAT

JANE HO 1 (CONT'D)

I guess I should cheer up...

MALE HO

Because my birthday is Wednesday... Going to be twenty-five for the fifth time. Already got some earrings that are my birthstone, (that's Garnet for those of you playing at home and 275 dollars from my brother. Wonder who he "blew".

(ASIDE)

Oh, yea, and I treated myself to a couple of Boutox injections. (Just a few). That's between you and I. Shud--up!

Anyhow, "Bro" was here yesterday but he didn't stay long. I had "a friend" coming and he had to go. Hey! It's all about Benjimin...

GESTURES MONEY SIGN WITH HIS FINGERS

MALE HO

That's my motto.

My dad's coming up the following weekend hopefully, "Not". I guess the saddest day of his life, "Dad" was when he found out that I was gay. Like what's to figure out. I tried so hard to let him off easy and make him believe that I was only Bisexual. I don't think he believed me though. Guess the leather whips hanging in the closet was "A GIVEN". I tried so hard to convince him, I was normal and that heterosexuality was in fact a disability.

Just a quick thought... If being "Gay" is a disease, then let's all call in queer to work today... Okay! "Hello Boss! Can't work today, still queer.

COUGHING

MALE HO

But it was different when I told my Nanny, she was so much more understanding, as grandmothers are suppose to be. It was something like her One-hundredth-birthday party or something like that. Anyway, my boyfriend David... David?

...Wait!!! I think... Yea... I think it was David. Anyway, we built up enough courage and finally we told her: "Nanny, David and I have something to tell you".

And in that sweet old person voice that grandmothers do so well, she said: "What is it precious"...

I said "Grandmother, David and I are Gay". She had that sweet old lady look on her face that sweet old ladies do so well. And in the sweetest imaginable

voice, she smiled, after removing the oxygen mask from her face, turned up the volume on her hearing aid, looked at both of us in the eye's and said:

"That's okay sweetie... I was "Gay" when I was your age too"

We gathered ourselves while she stood there smiling and we gracefully and with dignity fell back into the crowd. For a while I had no idea what the "FUCK" she meant by that. "Sorry Nanna" But Gram "GAY", Gram bite the bush, Gram, a carpet mucher! EWWWWWWWWWWWW!!!

"NOOOOOOO WAY!!! I could never picture my grandmother with another woman. That's simply disgusting... Grandmothers just aren't suppose to do that, are they?

BEAT

MALE HO

But then at her funeral three months later, it finally dawned on me. The Twenties. Grandma was a big thing in the twenties and that was indeed "Gay times

I miss Nanna so much, I was so broke when she Dropped, "Sorry Gram". At her Last Will and Testament, I found out that she left me...

JANE HO 1

...Twenty-Five hundred dollars an hour... With little room for negotiation. After all the bottom line is money... I've fulfilled my day's past with the nine to five and eleven's to seven's. I've put up with condescending "BS" sexual harassment that would either take complicated grievance procedures to redress -- with no guarantees...

THE "GODDAMN POINT...I am trying to make is... Twelve years and countless encounters of sameness and a couple "I love you's" for good measure... But who's counting...

I've lost my faith in reality for it doesn't dictate what happens anymore... I am half-clothed but find myself completely naked... Twelve years and a thousand men and a couple "I love you's" for good measure... But who's counting... and the rest of my life sits before me.

BEAT

JANE HO 1

In the twelve years, believe it or not, I have never been busted. I live by the golden rule, which works best for me.

Any exchange or proposition of ANYTHING SEXUAL for money is illegal.

NO OFFERS FOR PROSTITUTION. Do not attempt to make any offers or deals.

"FULL SERVICE"

Not a solicitation for sex...

BEAT

JANE HO 1 (CONT'D)

Not a solicitation for sex...

BEAT

JANE HO 1 (CONT'D)

How about you? Have you ever been busted for prostitution?

MALE HO

Never!

JANE HO 2

Never!

JANE HO 3

Never!

JANE HO 1

Never! Oh... Come on... I just don't buy that. I am sorry that I do not fit neatly into that "square" little old buffet that everyone else conjures up. Am I a threat to all you little prostitutes (and you are not innocent) living at home right now. Because I have an occupation that I am succeeding in, and you hate me.

Well... I want to shed a little light on your glorious world and burst that God Damned bubble of yours. We are all prostitutes in some way, shape or form.

MALE HO

No!

JANE HO 2

No!

JANE HO 3

No!

JANE HO 1

Yes!

How many people here can honestly say that they have never, ever exchanged some form of sex for security, some form of sex for companionship or some form of sex for anything for that matter.

JANE HO OPENS HER ARMS WIDE

JANE HO 1

Ga head... Cast the first stone...

MALE HO

...Only difference is... Stones don't talk...

JANE HO 1

...Remember Mary Magdalen from the Bible? Thing is... When it comes down to it, the only difference between a wife, husband, boyfriend, girlfriend and a "hooker" is the roof the ring and the preferred form of contraception.

Think about it!

LIGHTS OUT

IN THE DARKNESS

IN THE DARKNESS THE PHONE RINGS SEVERAL TIMES FOLLOWED BY JANE HO'S PRERECORDED VOICE.

JANE HO 1 VOICE OVER

This is Jane. Your call is so very important to me. At the tone, please leave a message and I will get back to you.

PHONE CALL 1

Jane! Now I am upset. This client is spending lot of money to fly you to Paris. Listen! If you don't want to go, just pick up the "DAMN" phone and let me know!

PHONE CALL 2

Jane? Hello... It's John again. Now I am upset. I spent a lot of money on you last week and I would like to see you again. Listen! If you would rather meet up with someone... just pick up the "DAMN" phone and let me know!

PHONE CALL 3

Jane! I am very upset now. I have no idea why you wont call me back. If you don't want your own mother calling anymore... just pick up the "DAMN" phone and let me know!

LIGHTS UP

JANE HO 1 STARES AT THE PHONE FOR AN EXTENDED MOMENT

JANE HO 1

So, Am I a lie then? Do I make myself into what other people want to see? Am I what people I think I am? I am not real, except for the fact that I can touch and feel that I am real. I do have a reputation that I do not entirely deserve or I do, I am just not sure. But

does it really matter to me...? I am a sex-worker, a lady of the night... I am a whore!

I am who I am, and I have regrettably...

ALL

...Learned to live with that...

JANE HO 3

...I don't think I'm practicing healthy behavior.

I mean... I see all these people on the street holding hands, ya know, kissing, just being a couple. And when I see that it makes me so depressed that I don't have that, ya know, what they have. I hate being alone. But it seems like that's the only way for me to be is alone and just tagging along with my girlfriends who have their guy and being a third wheel, or getting with a guy for one time and then never talking to him again and him just using me to get him off.

I hate not having a hand to hold, I hate having to settle for something even though I can't stand it. I hate having to just get with a guy to feel wanted and like somebody actually cares even though I know in the back of my head that no one really cares.

I don't blame anyone for that because I am too much to handle. I hate putting on a front for people, I hate feeling that I need to feel shy and can't act myself around some people, I hate that I smoke shit and I wish I could quit, I hate that nobody cares, I hate men, I hate myself sometimes, I hate looking like this, I hate my fingers, I hate my hair, I hate when ass holes follow me around, I hate being a whore, I hate crying, I hate being ignored, I hate being ditched, I hate not being asked to go anywhere, I hate staying here just waiting and waiting, I hate having to cope with Shit...

ALL

I'm Done...

JANE HO 2

...YOU' have to realize, why is it we love those who break our hearts, but don't love those whose heart we break? And you know, it's actually a really good question. I find myself falling for men who don't like me...and for those who do like me, I try to push them away. Ironic isn't it? I wish it would work out differently, but then...what does?

JANE HO 1

So I guess everything only goes so far...

JANE HO 2

...As to wonder about relationships, yours and mine? Do you fall in love easily? Have you had your heart broken so many times and consequently turned all

"cynical and hard" when it comes to men? Have you turned into one of these types of clichéd, stereotypical women who insist, "All men are scum?" My gut certainly tells me sometimes to think that way, but try not to... I hope I'm right.

MALE HO

I guess I'll have to spend my life...

JANE HO 1

All my life trying to get it right.

MALE HO

...Okay. So I went to "The Rapist" last week, excuse me, my therapist, like a good little diva. Went there and tried to tell myself that it was okay to open up and talk to him, after all he is my doctor that is what I am supposed to do, but my voice was hiding someplace to well for me to find. So I took the new prescription and walked out in a haze of not knowing what to do now. Knowing I had missed my one shot to let all this out.

JANE HO 1

Okay! I did tell you I see a shrink, didn't I!...

JANE HO 2

With all of you in front of me let me ask you all a question.

What is love and what is lust?

What I mean is, what does the word love mean to you? And what does the word lust mean to you? I break them up for the simple reason...

Is it real? Does it exist? We may all be thinking the same thing. But then again... maybe we're all not. What the hell is the difference if you pay for love and lust or not?

I will tell you what I think? I think love or the thought of it, is a laugh, a joke. Seriously.

It's a joke. It doesn't exist. It's something that is created by the media and by each and every one of us to make us believe that we like someone so much, that we 'love' them.

Now perhaps you may disagree with me, but let me ask you this. If love is such a good thing, and if it does truly exist, as we are made to believe, then, why are there such terms as divorce or breaking up. Face it! You love for all the wrong reasons. You could love a dog a rock or even a little red fire truck for that matter. But, you know what? They could give a shit about you. Because they are not capable of love.

ALL

Why?..

MALE HO

I tell ya... We're just one big happy Brady Bunch,
aren't we...

LIGHTS OUT

*IN THE DARKNESS THE PHONE RINGS
A VOICE MESSAGE IS PLAYED*

NEIGHBOR

Jane, this is Florence next door. My daughter Marsha
simply "loves" the toy you got for her yesterday.
Okay, thanks.

LIGHT UP

JANE HO 1

I'll tell you why...

You see "love" is a word, that's all it is. It's an
idea that we as human beings have all come up with as
an excuse to help us justify certain things we say or
do, "because I love him/her." Why is it that some
people find it so hard to say what many people regard
as the simplest yet hardest three words, "I - love -
you." It's because they know that they really don't
love that person, that there's actually something else
which drives their attraction towards them.

The fact that we all want to believe that love exists
and that it's real. In order to do so, some of us do
what we can, believe what we can and say what we can
in order to make love exist for us.

So the next time you or somebody else says, "I love
you", stop and think about it. Do either of you really
mean it and is love really what you and I think it is.
I guess that is where someone like me comes in. I can
show you all the love you want. No strings, nothing
attached and I will leave you coming back for more...

That my friend...

ALL

...is the true meaning of the word...

MALE HO

...And I know what you are thinking... He's gay and
he's a male whore and that I am plague brought to
mankind by Satan! Do you believe in Satan? How about,
Lucifer, Beelzebub, Diablo, Old Gooseberry, Succubus,
"MY MOTHER". Do you think I am all of those things
rolled up in one big, whatchamacallit. You probably
think I'm the personal supreme spirit of evil and
unrighteousness. I'd like to consider myself just a
pleasantly, mischievous person with a middle child
syndrome.

On the other hand, do you believe in God? Sure, I believe in God. But you know what, I'm not depending on coffee to get me out of bed. It's the almighty dollar that shakes my ass in the morning!

Anytime God wants to end my life and take me home I will not resist. I will be the first one to pick up the phone and have him tell me I don't have to come to work. Bring it on!

And I hate other homosexuals, fake one's, but I'm not like the Skinheads or other hate groups that goes out and punishes people for their color or sexual preferences. I am who I am and I am so very, damn proud of that.

How bout you? Do you punish people for their preferences, skin color or chosen profession? No... That isn't your job now, is it? Are you having one of those days. You know, those days where it feels like an "OUT OF ORDER" sign is stuck up your ass.

I have a wonderful solution to the prostitution epidemic in this world. We'll play one big game of Survivor. We'll put all the prostitutes of the world onto one big island promising them prizes, money, or whatever they want (each other). Then when they got comfortable we drop a nuclear warhead and destroy the island in one above ground burst. "BOOM", only louder, yea, louder. That would be a little more merciful then the way they did it in the old days with rocks, wouldn't it. "Remember Mary What's her name. The Ho from the bible. Let's just say, until that big nasty bomb drops on that island, it will be the most heavenly place...

JANE HO 1

...in my lifetime I was never kissed good night like other people. I was never held like other people. I was never treated like other people, and I made up excuses later in life to cope with it.

"You're ugly," That's what may mother, my father, my brother, sister would tell me.

"You've got the wrong hair... the wrong clothes..." The wrong you. Ugly. So I tried to do my hair the right way. Wore the right clothes. Tried to find the right me. The right occupation...

See, there's a mirror in my bathroom where I wake up every morning and see myself. Everyday there's a new persona, a different me. A new me that's not really me at all. I watch myself and see nothing but eyes, cold and lonely. I peel away my skin. Layers of makeup and forced smiles. I'm ugly underneath, deep down inside. I'm ugly with the right hair. Ugly with the right

clothes. The right me, it turns out, It isn't me at all.

LIGHTS OUT

WHILE THE LIGHTS ARE OUT, 4 MIRROR FRAMES ARE ROLLED OUT TO DOWN STAGE CENTER..

EACH ACTOR STAND BEHIND ONE OF THE FRAMES, (JANE HO 1 CENTER LEFT)

LIGHTS UP

IN THE DARKNESS THE PHONE RINGS SEVERAL TIMES FOLLOWED BY JANE HO'S PRERECORDED VOICE. AND MESSAGES PLAY.

JANE HO 1 VOICE OVER

This is Jane. Why doesn't everyone in this world just leave me the "FUCK" alone.

PHONE CALL 1

Jane! Jane! Jane! You little whore! Whore! Whore!

PHONE CALL 2

Jane! Jane! Jane! You little whore! Whore! Whore!

PHONE CALL 3

Jane! Jane! Jane! You little whore! Whore! Whore!

**MR. LEE, DOORMAN,
NEIGHBOR**

Jane! Jane! Jane! You little whore! Whore! Whore!

LIGHTS UP

AS THE LIGHTS RISE JANE HO 1 IS THROWING THE PHONE TO THE FLOOR.

SHE STARES AT THE PHONE ON THE FOR AN EXTENDED MOMENT.

JANE HO 1

Then one morning I woke up and my stomach felt like it was trying to jump out of my body. My stomach was on fire. My back hurt, burning. I reached down between my legs and came up with blood on my hands. I stampeded into the bathroom, looked at my face. My blood on my face, my reflection in the mirror. Didn't look like me. Just looked beaten down, pathetic. Weak, sick. I was just disgusted with the way I looked. Who I was. And somewhere in my mind... I don't know, I just

couldn't think straight. I couldn't process what was actually going on.

JANE HO 2

I just saw the emptiness. I saw all the new and old memories that were finally surfacing from when I was a little girl, you know... "That pretty little girl".

ALL

DIAMAT!!!

JANE HO 1

I couldn't take the idea that "ONE" more person had FUCKED!!! with my mind. Violated me! I stood there staring at the mirror with my eye's shut and imagined my life thirty years from now. Still selling my body in some cheap crack hotel and I just couldn't face it. I thought shit! I am so tired of renting my pussy to the highest bidder. Their were those nights when the highest bidder only has twenty GOD DAMN DOLLARS TO HIS NAME!!! And waking up in the morning covered in nothing but Latex and...

ALL

...SHIT!!!!!!

JANE HO 1

I just wanted it over, PERIOD!

JANE HO 3

So I grabbed everything in the medicine cabinet I could find. Not much, unfortunately. I suppose fortunately, now downed it and went back to bed. I thought about that pretty little girl at ten, eleven, twelve, fifteen. I just looked up at the ceiling until I fell asleep. I didn't ever want to wake up, ever. I thought... Good bye, this is it.

MALE HO

How "The FUCK" I woke up, I have no idea. But I did... Don't know how I feel about it? Part of me... A lot of me wishes I had done it right. Some of me is glad I didn't. Most of me thinks that if I did that much of a try, why didn't it work? Why didn't it even phase me? I wanted to take my life, I am guilty of that...

ALL

...Everyone's guilty of that...

BEAT

JANE HO 2

Everybody dies, don't they? That is one of three things everybody does - we are born, we live, we die. Almost everybody is afraid of it. I'm scared because it's the big unknown. Sometimes it seems like the only reason we live is to die. I get afraid, sometimes. There are so many ways to die, especially what I do. I

worry about getting AIDS. When a person first gets it, there are so few symptoms. And then, out of nowhere, they get very sick, and die. You get it from sharing body fluids - like blood and spit and sperm. Some of my friends has it and it really scares me. It brings the disease so close to home. I am afraid to get tested. I mean, very afraid. I am in a "high-risk group". I am a prostitute...

ALL

I have sex for money.

MALE HO

I am almost always absolutely safe. I don't kiss, and I always use a condom. Sometimes a deuce. I really don't know why I am so afraid. Weather or not I know the result won't make it change. Everybody thinks I should get a test, but what if it's positive? What, then? I quit my job, and then what. Live waiting to die? I don't know if I want to know. It is irresponsible of me not to check. I am just so afraid, so afraid. Isn't everyone?

ALL

I mean we all...

JANE HO 3

...use men (clients) for money.

JANE HO 1

...I am just not sure. But does it really matter at all...? I am a sex-worker... a lady of the night... I am a whore! I am what I am...

WHORE! It is the first half of my last name.

ALL

WHORE!!!

JANE HO 1

You know, I feel so damn ashamed. I just want to...

ALL

FORGET!!!

JANE HO 1

Just forget.

JANE HO 3

Forget the men.

JANE HO 2

Forget the years.

MALE HO

Forget the tears.

JANE HO 1

Forget me.

MALE HO

Forget all the lonely dreams.

JANE HO 1

And all the lonely nights with the things I tell my pillow nobody should....

JANE HO 2

Forget it.

JANE HO 1

Just forget.

MALE HO

Forget all the men that came with them.

JANE HO 3

Forget it all.

JANE HO 1

Just forget me. Why don't you.

I used to have dreams that were so clear and so strong. It was what I put every ounce of energy into. I never doubted it. I just went for it. It was unquestionable. And now it seem's completely unobtainable.

So, I ask you, where do I go from here. I feel completely stupid. Completely unable to do anything. Just feel...

JANE HO 2,3,MALE

...Dumb...

JANE HO 2

...to believe that what goes around comes around, so I do as many good deeds as I can, even as small as moving an ant to a safer location, just so no one steps on him. I also feel better having an open heart, pitying those crabby, nasty, petty people who have to live with themselves feeling like that inside all the time. And it FEELS good to be good to someone, to smile and say hello to everybody no matter who they are. So even though my open and generous heart is too-easily broken, I wouldn't change it.

JANE HO 1

I live...

JANE HO 2,3,MALE

...as if...

JANE HO 3

...there really is a single reason to hope. As if there really is a heaven and really is a hell. As if

there really is a constant battle between good and evil. And this way, if all that IS true, I go to a good place, and if not true, will have had a better life during my one shot at it now...

JANE HO 1

...At least I deserve that don't I?

JANE HO 2

...Don't I?

JANE HO 3

...Don't I?

MALE HO

...Don't I?

BEAT

MALE HO

I guess what I am trying to say is that life is so full of contradictions. And, well... I guess that I am no exception to the rule. Part of me wants to give all that I do up in a drop of a dime. Another part of me loves to relax, work part time, and isn't the least bit greedy, but "of course" needs the money. Look... I want to love and I want to be loved, but I have a wild side that can create stress in a relationship. I want to be honest, and I want to be open about loving more than one. But I have to be silent, knowing what I know about me. I am good yet not pure.

THE STAGE GOES BLACK FOR A BRIEF MOMENT

JANE HO 1

And... When I see this little girl, I look back and I could see it as clear as day. I still see this little girl.

Crying on my way to school.

Crying on my way home from school.

Crying and no one's listening to me.

Crying and nobody's there to hold me and love me.

I see this dark corner.

There is no one in there, but I keep getting pulled in, dragging me and dragging me.

HELP!

JANE HO 2

HELP!

JANE HO 3

HELP!

MALE HO

HELP!

JANE HO 1

I can't get away.

But something in me wants to keep going... going...
going...

Ga head! The little girl in me keeps telling me.

Sometimes I would picture and imagine what it would be
like in that dark place.

I want to be happy.

To fall asleep and just dream.

MALE HO

I don't really know what to say anymore. I mean,
nothing bad happened, but life is just so boring..
Nothing good ever happens either, it just seems like
its all Shit. It has no point. I'm not upset but this
is blushed, it just gets to me.

There's something inside that's killing me, ripping me
apart and I don't know what it is. I can't take much
more of this... someone...please... help me...

JANE HO 1

I'm older now.

Crying on my way to work.

Crying on my way home from work.

Crying and no one's listening to me.

Crying and nobody's there to hold me and love me.

I still see this dark corner.

Only I am already inside that dark corner.

But something inside of me tells me to stay... stay...
stay...

HELP!

JANE HO 2

HELP!

JANE HO 3

HELP!

MALE HO

HELP!

JANE HO 1

I don't want to get away.

Go ahead! The older girl in me says.

It's okay, here's \$2500 dollars an hour girl, stay with me for a while. Oh it seems so easy... I keep telling myself over and over again.

Love for sale.

What price would "he" pay.

For a trip to paradise.

Love for sale.

What price would "you" pay.

For a trip to paradise.

BEAT

What do I do now...

JANE HO 2,3,MALE

NOW!

JANE HO 1

...as I stand here before you, with "him" behind me. I still see this little girl still crying on her way to school.

I still see this little girl still crying on her way home from school.

Still crying and no one's listening to me.

Still crying and nobody's there to hold me and love me.

And every time I look in the mirror beside me.

That little girl's picture gets further and further away.

That little girl I once knew.

ALL

Help!

JANE HO 1

I look beyond the mirror looking deeper within me now.

At this other person still within this little girl.

ALL

(SOFTLY)

Help!

JANE HO 1

Still crying inside when I am here.

Still crying inside...

When I am there...

JANE HO 2

There...

JANE HO 3

There...

MALE HO

There...

JANE HO 3

... in church that is...

JANE HO 3

...God says that you are supposed to forgive like he forgave us, but what if you are not able to forgive? Maybe I'm just weak but I am not able to forgive a lot of people, my step dad, my dad, my mom, my brother and most of all, myself...

JANE HO 1

...I will never be able to forgive.

MALE HO

...My dad for the horrible things he did to me, I will never be able to forgive my dad for not calling and for coming into my life and then just disappearing, my friends for the constant reminder that I'm a failure and I'm worthless. My brother for always making a bad day twenty times worse by telling me I'm fat or stupid or something like that.

JANE HO 1

And I will never be able to forgive myself...

JANE HO 2

...For everything that I've messed up, for everything that I've done wrong, for being born, for being so God damned selfish, for all the crap I've put other people through...

ALL

...For everything...

JANE HO 1

...Just everything and just for being me.

**THE PHONE RINGS A FEW TIMES
INTERRUPTING HER DIALOGUE.**

JANE HO 1

And my mother, FUCK!!! My mother... My God Damn mother... She call's me everyday... Every Fucking day... and is totally oblivious to the fact that anything and everything happened. Dammit No one cared about me when I was growing up. Nobody!

LONG PAUSE

JANE HO 1 (CONT'D)

(WEEPING)

"Sorry". You weren't suppose to see this side of...

JANE HO 3

...I just wish there would come a time...

JANE HO 1

...when I can stop crying inside...

JANE HO 2

And I can once again look at myself in the mirror.

JANE HO 1

You know. I had a dream the other night, that I went home to the place I grew up in. The place I used to call home. And when I got there, I found that the town had closed down.

BEAT

JANE HO 1

OH MY GOD!!! They closed only because they knew I was coming home.

JANE HO 2

Come back little girl.

JANE HO 3

Come back little girl.

MALE HO

Come back.

JANE HO 1

(SOFTLY)

Please come back.

BEAT

JANE HO 1

How heart breaking it is for me to waste all these past years of my life mourning my "make believes"...My images of lost dreams... and the hurt of wasted hope! I live my days with burning tears for a lost yesterday...

JANE HO 2

If she only knew.

JANE HO 3

If she only knew.

MALE HO

You know...

JANE HO 1

..Looking back at yesterday is like a slap in the face and a warm, hot and passionate kiss from a lover. Hard. Painful. Yet somehow sweet, like a final closure to the life of someone that has no life and finally lets her last breath out.

BEAT

Looking back is like... skipping stones. You pick a nice, smooth stone and you hold it in your hands and you whisper to it a problem and a prayer and then you kiss it as if it were baby sleeping in your hands and then you toss it and watch it skip away, counting... 1... 2...3...

ALL

(SOFTLY)

Gone.

JANE HO 1

And you know it's sinking. And it's sinking and you know this is...

ALL

Goodbye!

LIGHTS OUT

THE PHONE RINGS FOLLOW BY JANE'S PRERECORDED VOICE

JANE HO 1 VOICE OVER

Hi! This is Jane. Your call is so very important to me. At the tone, please leave a message and I will get back to you.

WE HEAR THE PHONE HANG UP

LIGHTS UP

JANE GLANCES AT THE PHONE AS THE LIGHTS RISE.

JANE HO 1

If I only knew...

JANE HO 2

Love for sale...

JANE HO 3

Love for sale...

MALE HO

You know...

JANE HO 1

Love for sale... What price have "I" paid for a trip to paradise.

THEY ALL ONE BY ONE EXIT THE STAGE EXCEPT JANE HO 1.

THE PHONE RINGS ONE LAST TIME.

JANE HO 1 (CONT'D)

Love for sale. Any takers...

JANE HO 1 MAKES HER WAY BEHIND THE SCREEN EMBRACING THE JOHN AND SLOWLY FALLING TO THE BED.

LIGHTS FADE

THE END

General applause and accolades