

**FIVE WOMEN WEARING THE SAME DRESS – Alan Ball**

**Pg 22-25**

**Georgeanne:** (*Looking in mirror*) God. Look at me. I am totally pathetic. I just don't want to be alone. Is that too much to ask? I mean, I still believe in marriage. I do. (*Trisha laughs ruefully.*) You don't?

**Trisha:** To be perfectly honest with you, Georgeanne, I think any woman who chooses marriage in this day and age is out of her fucking mind.

**G:** Don't you believe in love?

**T:** I certainly believe in consideration. And respect. And I definitely believe in sex, because it's healthy and necessary. But love, what is that? I have had so many guys tell me they loved me, and not a single one of them has made any difference in my life.

**G:** Maybe you haven't met the right one.

**T:** Oh, please. I've met him more times than I'd care to admit.

**G:** Well, maybe you just haven't given him a chance.

**T:** I have given him too many chances.

**G:** Oh, come on. What's the longest relationship you ever had, how many hours did that last?

**T:** Well, why drag it out? He'll just start trying to run my life or else he'll want me to be his mother.

**G:** Not all men are like that.

**T:** I have yet to meet one who isn't. And I seriously doubt if I ever will.

**G:** Really?

**T:** Yeah.

**G:** How can you live like that?

**T:** Well, in the first place, it's not a major tragedy, I'm just being honest.

**G:** Maybe you're right. I'm probably just a hopeless romantic, doomed to go through my life being disappointed. (*At window.*) There he goes. Sniffing after little Miss Navy Blue Linen. God. Look at the way he walks...he sure can wear a pair of pants.

**T:** I mean, what's the payoff? For having had that many women? Does it make him feel accomplished? Wiser? Or has it just become this drug he has to have?

**G:** Well, you've slept with just as many guys. What's the payoff for you?

**T:** I have not slept with as many guys!

**G:** How many guys *have* you slept with?

**T:** I don't know. A hundred.

**G:** A hundred!

**T:** I haven't kept *count*.

**G:** Trisha! That's a lot.

**T:** Yeah, but Tommy Valentine is like Wilt Chamberlain, he's probably had sex with a *thousand* women.

**G:** God, I wonder if he's ever had an AIDS test.

**T:** You better hope so. Did he use a condom in the parking lot?

**G:** No.

**T:** Georgeanne.

**G:** I know. You think he's ever done it with another man?

**T:** A guy like Tommy, as good-looking as he is? I'm sure he's had opportunities.

**G:** Yeah, but he's way too good in bed to be a queer.

**T:** That doesn't mean a thing. I knew this lifeguard once, talk about good in bed, this boy could have taught old Tommy Valentine a trick or two. He was a total animal, he loved sex. Loved it. Then one day I showed up at his apartment and found him in bed with the telephone repairman, which is obviously why I hadn't been able to call to tell him I was on my way.

**G:** Oh my God. What did you do?

**T:** I went to happy hour at Bennigan's and picked up a busboy.

**G:** Have *you* ever had an AIDS test?

**T:** Yep.

**G:** I'm too scared to take it. I mean, I know the chances are slim, but with *my* luck. Weren't you scared?

**T:** Yeah, I was.

**G:** What made you go through with it?

**T:** Well, it seemed like the responsible thing to do, and...that lifeguard died.

**G:** Shit, Trisha. He died of AIDS? You're okay, aren't you?

**T:** Yes, Georgeanne. I'm fine.

**G:** Oh my God. I never knew anybody who actually had it.

**T:** You will.

**G:** Well, I certainly don't want Tommy Valentine to have AIDS. But I tell you one thing. I can't wait for him to lose his looks.

**T:** And he will. It's bound to catch up with him. He's going to end up one of those hatchet-faced old men that really handsome guys turn into.

**G:** Yes. He'll have on of those big red Ted Kennedy noses from drinking so much his whole life.

**T:** And a beer gut.

**G:** He'll lose his hair.

**T:** He'll wear golf pants.

**G:** Green golf pants. That are too tight.

**T:** Yes! And he'll unbutton his shirts a couple of buttons more than he should.

**G:** No. He won't do any of that. He'll just get better looking as he gets older, he'll never gain any weight, he'll wear a T-shirt and blue jeans and have grey hair and he will be so gorgeous that it hurts just to look at him. *I*, on the other hand, will be as big as a house, I'll wear too much makeup, I won't have any hair left from a lifetime of bad perms, and I'll get skin cancer from going to the lake too much when I was in high school and I'll just wake up one morning and I'll be dead. And Tommy Valentine will read my obituary in the paper and it won't even occur to him that he ever even knew me, much less slept with me. *(She bursts out laughing)*

**T:** You were right. You *are* crazy.

**G:** I am one sick ticket. Well, I guess I should give up my fantasy of getting laid by Sonny Corleone today.

**T:** Not necessarily. There are lots of cute guys here.

**G:** Yeah, I dare you to find one who is straight, single, and who has a job.

**T:** Maybe you need to lower your expectations.

**G:** Maybe I need to have a nervous breakdown. Maybe I need to have a big, loud, nasty, smelly nervous breakdown right when Dr. Marlowe goes to do his father-of-the-bride dance with the new and improved Tracy Marlowe hyphen McClure.

**T:** I'll give you twenty bucks if you do.

**G:** Do not tempt me, Trisha. I just might.