

NEW YORK, I LOVE YOU

A woman puts a cigarette in her mouth and searches for a lighter when a man appears and does her the honor.

WOMAN: Thank you.

There is an awkward silence.

MAN: That was kind of a powerful, intimate situation.

WOMAN: What was intimate?

MAN: Just now, us sharing the flame. I mean, that was intimate.

WOMAN: If you say so.

MAN: Oh come on now, you know what I'm talking about. Our hands almost touched, I looked at you as you lifted your head slowly, our eyes met. It was intense, it was intimate.

WOMAN: Wow, stop it, I feel naked.

MAN: Well, you know I have that effect on women. Not all women, but it has happened before, so don't be alarmed.

WOMAN: Yeah, I bet.

MAN: Don't ignore what's happening here, we're having some sort of powerful, weird alchemy and you have to pay attention when that happens. That kind of stuff is not to be treated lightly.

WOMAN: Listen, I actually just came over here to have a cigarette, relax, do my thing.

MAN: Uh, huh.

WOMAN: So maybe another time.

MAN: But there may not be another time. I may never get this chance again. We may never be able to return to this moment.

WOMAN: Well then you should know that I'm married and happy.

MAN: Oh, so where is he? You're here alone, at night, with no light. I'm not feeling that.

WOMAN: Well, he doesn't smoke, so...

MAN: But you love him anyways.

WOMAN: Yeah, why not?

MAN: Sure, sure. He just abandons you to your mortal disease and leaves you alone to suffer and die when he's pretending to love you. I don't respect this guy, I think he's a coward, I think he's selfish, and forgive me for saying that because I think the moment this guy opens up his real self to you, it's gonna be like Ahhh-- scary stuff.

WOMAN: Ha ha.

MAN: You know I felt it right away, right away, that you might be married to the wrong guy.

WOMAN: You know, I don't know that even if that were true, that I'd tell you. We're not exactly friends.

MAN: No, we're not. But we did share a flame.

WOMAN: Speaking of...

He relights her cigarette.

MAN: See you need me, you need me after all. We share a flame; thousands of tiny molecules are heating up. They are penetrating our brain, stimulating our sexual desire. I don't know about you but I find that shit very romantic. You know, now that we're a little more comfortable with one another, I can share with you that I am one of the few men on the forefront of being able to find and locate a woman's G-spot and I would be more than happy to do that for you.

WOMAN: That's really generous of you, thank you.

MAN: My pleasure, well it's your pleasure actually.

WOMAN: And what makes you think that I haven't located it yet?

MAN: Um, the way you hold a cigarette, it's a little too high and tight. You have to bring it a little down so it just rests there comfortably, because if it's high and tight, the whole body gets restricted and the plexus gets closed off. That in turns causes the vagina to get locked.

WOMAN: Well thanks for the insight.

MAN: Look, I just happen to know this crazy, weird technique with the vagina and it's kind of cool and I thought you'd be interested. But you have to be prepared, preparation is the key.

WOMAN: Preparation?

MAN: Yeah, it starts with a little walk, just a short walk, to my apartment. It's only a couple of blocks from here. I would tell you a few little, elegant, classy jokes, making us a little giggly, a little silly. Then we'd share a glass of burgundy.

WOMAN: Burgundy?

MAN: Yeah. We'd bask in the warm, gentle, yet erotic glow of my spacious loft and then I would undress you and you'd undress me. We'd stand naked before one another and we'd kiss. I find kissing a very helpful, sweet way to relax. And then maybe I'd bite your neck a little bit, not hard. Just gentle, little nibbles like a kitty cat. Then you would feel my hands descend to your lower region, finding their way, massaging the skin around your clitoris which would even stimulate the arousal even more while I'm whispering delicate little poems in your ear. The blood in your body would be rushing to the wet, internal walls of my fingers effortlessly...

WOMAN: Hahahahah. Are you an actor or something, or a comedian?

MAN: No, I'm kind of a writer.

WOMAN: Oh, you're kind of a writer.

MAN: Yeah, kind of. What about you, what do you do?

WOMAN: I'm a hooker.

He laughs.

MAN: What exactly does that mean?

WOMAN: That exactly means that people pay to have sex with me.

MAN: So if I wanted to uh--

WOMAN: Here's my card. It's got my number and my website on it.

MAN: So wow, you're actually --

WOMAN: Friday's are no good. Saturday's and Sunday's are busy. Weekends are...avoid weekends. You know, I look forward to hearing from you. Maybe even sharing another...intimate moment.

She puts out cigarette and exits. He remains, taken aback and looking at her card.

MAN: Well, fuck me.