

SPIKE HEELS

Georgie lies on the couch, working on her computer. Her apartment is a comfortable mess. Books, tapes and knickknacks sprawl everywhere. There is a knocking on the door. Georgie rises and opens the door. Lydia enters and the two stare at each other.

GEORGIE

Listen. I don't know who you are or what you think you're doing here, but—

LYDIA

Oh, I think you know who I am.

GEORGIE

Well, of course I know who you are! What are you doing here?

LYDIA

No. What are you doing here?

GEORGIE

I live here!

LYDIA

You know what I mean!

GEORGIE

Look. It's been great meeting you, but you know, I am having one ripper of a day, you know, so—

LYDIA

Don't talk to me about bad days.

GEORGIE

Listen-

LYDIA

No. No. You listen.

Lydia puts down her purse decisively, crosses to the door and shuts it.

GEORGIE

HEY-

LYDIA

I don't know you. You and I have never met. And you are wreaking havoc on my life.

Lydia crosses back to her purse, reaches in and pulls out Georgie's jacket, blouse, slip, skirt, pantyhose and shoes from the previous day. She folds these items and stacks them neatly as she speaks. Georgie watches, amazed.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

At first, I admired Andrew's interest in your welfare. He cares about people; he truly cares and I think that's wonderful. But these past few months, I must admit, I have become less interested in his interest. Not only do I listen to him talk about you incessantly, any time I come over to have dinner or spend that night here, I am bombarded by you. When you come home at night, we hear your little heels clicking on the ceiling. I am not enjoying this.

For the past two months, I have been under the distinct impression that any time I spend the night here, I am actually sleeping with two people—Andrew, and yourself. Now, I don't know what went on between you and Andrew.

GEORGIE

Nothing. Nothing at all.

LYDIA

Excuse me, but that clearly is not the case. And I want you out of my life! Is that understood?

GEORGIE

Where am I supposed to go?

LYDIA

I don't care! I'll find you a better apartment! It would be my pleasure!

They glare at each other for a moment.

GEORGIE

Listen, I am really sorry but I am just not up to this right now, okay? I mean, if I get mad one more time tonight I might just die from it. So, can we chill you for a minute? You want a cup of tea or something?

LYDIA

Do you have anything stronger? Tequila? Is that tequila?

GEORGIE

Yes. It is.

LYDIA

I'll have tequila.

GEORGIE

Fine.

Georgie pours Lydia a shot of tequila.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

Here. You knock that back, you'll feel much better.

LYDIA

Thank you.

Lydia drinks and studies Georgie.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

That's an interesting outfit you have on.

GEORGIE

Excuse me?

LYDIA

I guess men really do like that sort of thing, don't they? You'd like to think some of them, at least one, or two, are above it, but that just doesn't seem to be the case. All of them, they're like Pavlov's dogs; you provide the right stimulus and them next thing you know,

they're salivating all over you. Don't those shoes hurt?

GEORGIE

Yeah, as a matter of fact, they kind of do.

LYDIA

But I guess you don't wear them for comfort, do you? You wear them for other reasons. You wear them because they make your legs look amazing.

Lydia puts the second pair of heels on and walks around the room for a moment and picks up a large book under the table.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

And I see you're also studying law.

Georgie crosses and takes the book from Lydia.

GEORGIE

No, I am not "studying law." I stole that from the library at work so I could figure out what the fuck was going on down there.

LYDIA

Really. How remarkable.

GEORGIE

Look—

LYDIA

Could I have another?

GEORGIE

Another?

LYDIA

Please.

Georgie takes Lydia's glass from her and pours tequila into it, looks at Lydia, and then continues to pour an enormous amount of tequila into the glass. Georgie gives it back to her. Lydia looks at it, and knocks back a solid drink. Georgie stares.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

God, I wish I still smoked.

GEORGIE

You used to smoke?

LYDIA

Two packs a day. It was disgusting.

GEORGIE

You know—you're very different from what I thought. It's weird, meeting you. It's just—weird.

LYDIA

Oh, really? Well, what did you think I'd be like?

GEORGIE

I don't know. I mean, you're very—forceful. I guess I thought you would be kind of formal and polite. Maybe like Dracula, or something.

LYDIA

Oh. Edward told you that; that's where you got that. He is so awful. Ever since I dumped him he's been telling everybody I'm some kind of vampire. He thinks it's witty.

GEORGIE

Wait a minute. You went out with him, too?

LYDIA

Didn't you know that?

GEORGIE

Man, what do those two do, trade off girlfriends once a year or something?

LYDIA

It's certainly starting to look that way.

GEORGIE

Wait a minute, that's not what I-

LYDIA

(Overlap.)

Really, there's no need to explain. In fact, I would prefer not to know the details.

GEORGIE

I'm just trying to tell you-

LYDIA

And I'm trying to tell you: What I've had with both of them is substantially more

real that whatever this is, and I don't want to know about it. All right? I just want it to stop. All right?

GEORGIE

Right.

LYDIA

As long as we understand each other.

GEORGIE

Oh, I understand you all right. This part, I think I got down solid.

LYDIA

Good.

GEORGIE

(Finally angry.)

But what I don't have, you know—what I want to know is—if you're so fucking real, Lydia, then what the hell are you doing here? I mean, if you're so much better than me, then why even bother? You could just wait it out and I'll drift away like a piece of paper, like nothing, right? 'Cause that's what I am. Nothing. Right? So why the fuck are you up here, taking me apart?

LYDIA

I don't think I have to justify myself to you.

GEORGIE

Oh, yeah? Well, I think you do. All of you. What an amazing fucking snow job you all are doing on the world. And I bought it! We all buy it. My family—they're like, all of a sudden I'm Mary Tyler Moore or something. I mean, they live in hell, right, and they spend their whole lives just wishing they were somewhere else, wishing they were rich, or sober, or clean; living on a street with trees, being on some fucking TV show. And I did it. I moved to Boston, I work in a law office, I'm the big success story. And they have no idea what that means. It means I get to hang out with a bunch of lunatics. It mean I get to read books that make no sense.

Georgie pushes the law book off the table.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

It means that instead of getting harassed by jerks at the local bar, now I get harassed by guys in suits. Guys with glasses. Guys who talk nice. Guys in suits. Well, you know what I have to say to all of you? Shame on you. Shame on you for thinking you're better than the rest of us. And shame on you for being mean to me. Shame on you, Lydia.

LYDIA

(Pause.)

I'm sorry.

GEORGIE

I think you'd better go.

LYDIA

Yes, of course. *(Pause.)* I am sorry. I just—Andrew postponed our wedding tonight and I'm not myself. Please. Forgive me.

Lydia goes to the door.

GEORGIE

Oh, God. Wait a minute.

LYDIA

No. You're right. I've been behaving very badly. You're right. I'm sorry.

Lydia turns and opens the door.

GEORGIE

He postponed the wedding? I'm sorry. Just sit down, okay?

Georgie brings her back into the room. Lydia pulls away.

LYDIA

Really, I think I'd best go. Please. Please don't be nice to me. I don't want to be friends with you.

GEORGIE

Yeah, I don't want to be friends with you either. I'm just saying. I didn't mean to, like yell at you. I think you better finish your drink.

Georgie hands her tequila to her. Lydia looks at it for a moment then sits and drinks.

LYDIA

I know you've made an impression on Andrew.

GEORGIE

(Awkward.)

Oh. I don't know.

LYDIA

Please. Could we not—? (Pause.) I'd prefer not to pretend. I'd also prefer not to talk to you about it, but I just don't know who else to talk to.

GEORGIE

Hey—

LYDIA

It's just, Andrew saved me. He is my best self; he makes me my best self. (Pause.) It's just—I'm confused.

GEORGIE

Yeah. Me too. (Pause.) You want to dance?

Georgie crosses to the boom box and puts in a tape. Romantic music comes up.

LYDIA

Excuse me?

GEORGIE

Come on. Dance with me.

LYDIA

What?

GEORGIE

It'll make you feel better. I'll lead and
you can just dance—

LYDIA

Oh, no—

GEORGIE

Come on. Let me do this—

Georgie unties Lydia's bow and takes her in her arms.

LYDIA

I don't—aw, no—I don't dance—

GEORGIE

No, it's not silly. It's just nice.
Haven't you ever dance with a girl before?
It's nice. Come on.

Georgie takes Lydia by the arms and they begin to slow
dance.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

I love to dance. It's so fucking romantic.
You know? It always makes me want to have
sex. Men are so dumb, they're so busy
trying to get you in bed they can't even

figure that out. I mean—I'm not making a pass at you.

LYDIA

I understand.

Georgie nods, and they begin to dance more freely, Georgie leading and coaxing Lydia into the moves. As they turn through the room their movements become looser, more hilariously erotic. They laugh for a moment, and end up slow dancing.