

DOLLY (cont'd)

I wouldn't have come if I knew- not that you're not, you know, just that-

ELAINE

Shit, I should have known. How many lesbians are named Dolly? Unless country music is about to get the shock of a lifetime, probably just you.

DOLLY

I thought you said you were- aren't you a writer?

ELAINE

It's the 21st century. You can be two things. Three, if you're talented.

DOLLY

This is, I mean, it's probably not really allowed, right? Probably.

ELAINE

Yeah, this is *definitely* against the rules. Unequivocally.

DOLLY

I mean, I thought, or rather. Don't you sort of make the rules, also?

ELAINE

When I'm on the clock, sure. Our session doesn't start for another...four minutes. I'm off duty.

DOLLY

You're funny. I didn't expect- I didn't think you were funny.

ELAINE

Only when the mood strikes. Get it? Strike?  
(She mimics thrashing a whip, mimicking the hissing sound)

Speaking of which, we should probably discuss limits and preferences before we get started.

DOLLY

I thought- didn't you say- what about the rules?

ELAINE

They're kind of dumb, don't you think? Besides, you already paid and I have a no-refund policy.

(off Dolly's dubious expression)

I won't tell if you don't. Or you can and I'll just find a new group. Or you can leave right now if you're uncomfortable. I don't force anyone to do anything, unless they ask me to.

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DOLLY

Was that a joke?

ELAINE

Probably. Want to take a seat?

DOLLY

Yes ma'am.

ELAINE

Just call me Sybil for now, no need to get formal. Is that your preference, though? Ma'am?

DOLLY

I'm not sure, honestly.

ELAINE

So I get the feeling you're planning to stay.

DOLLY

Right. I think I am. For this first session could we just- I don't know, could we just talk?

ELAINE

You hear me talk every week for free.

DOLLY

This is different.

ELAINE

Sure, it's your money. Let's talk.

DOLLY

Can I ask you a question?

ELAINE

You may.

DOLLY

Can we sit on the floor?

ELAINE

Sure.

DOLLY

Could I also- could I put my head in your lap?

ELAINE

Of course. But thank you for asking. Sometimes people don't ask. Come here.

*Elaine sits on the floor, crossing her legs as best she can in what she's wearing. Dolly sits down, laying her head in her lap.*

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ELAINE

So let's talk. What's on your mind, sweetie?

*She absently strokes Dolly's hair.*

This ok?

*Dolly nods.*

DOLLY

I was wondering. Um. Why do you do this?

ELAINE

Well shit, you beat around the bush until you don't.

DOLLY

I guess so. You said we could talk, so, but maybe that's too much.

ELAINE

No, no. Just, clients don't usually ask any actually want to hear the answer. Is that your thing? Boredom torture?

DOLLY

I'm just curious, is all. Just wondering. It's not- well it's not a normal sort of career, right?

ELAINE

Guess it isn't. I don't know. Well, no, I do. That's bullshit, people always say "I don't know" when someone asks them a big question but that's almost never true. They just usually don't want to have to answer it in a real and genuine way so they pretend, they say "oh I haven't thought about it that much", but they have. They're just scared to be naked. And I don't fuck with that. So, I do know. It's really simple. It's about control, and it's about power. I want to be in control of my environment, know exactly what's going on, exactly what I'm doing and who I'm doing it to. I like making the rules- yes I listen to the people who come in and they're paying, but I still get the final say in a lot of ways. Control. Not in a scary way, unless they want that, but even then it's not really scary like walking to your car after sundown with your key between your knuckles like a weapon. It's scary like a Haunted House or a rollercoaster. Your heart pounds and your stomach drops but your mind knows that there's a college dropout somewhere behind the scenes who can pull a level and make it stop if things go too far. Get too real.

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