

VICKI

Then you don't know me, Harold. Maybe we still don't know each other. I can cope with losing the Audi, the VCR. I can even cope with the neighbors watching our life being re-possessed.

(Calling off)

What are you looking at, Mrs. Sullivan!

(Continuing with HAROLD)

Nosy bitch! What I can't cope with is being strangers. Were in this together. I love you, Harold, not what you can buy me. I hated that sunbed. It made us look orange.

(They walk away, arm in arm, talking softly.)

TRANSITION

#14c - I Was A Stripper Underscore

Orchestra

(Early evening. DAVE comes home from his job at Wal-Mart to a dark house.)

START

DAVE

Georgie? Honey?

(GEORGIE is waiting for him with a packed suitcase.)

There you are! Not such a bad first day. Beats hanging around the house waiting for you to come home. What's wrong?

GEORGIE

I should have guessed when you started wearing the after-shave. You didn't put it on for me, did you?

DAVE

Georgie...

(She holds up his G-string distastefully.)

GEORGIE

But this...I didn't think you were into this sort of thing. It explains a few things at least.

DAVE

It's not what you're thinking, Georgie.

GEORGIE

All those nights coming home late. Stupid cow here thinking you were looking for a job. No wonder. No fucking wonder.

DAVE

I was with Jerry and some guys.

THE FULL MONTY

GEORGIE

ne of Jerry's little whores, you mean. She'd have to be into this sort of... shit.
(She throws the G-string at him.)

DAVE

Shut up a minute, will you? It's nothing to do with another woman, all right? I'm ...
I was a stripper, okay? Me and Jerry and some guys from the factory thought we
could pick up some quick cash taking our clothes off like those Chippendales you
were so hot for.

GEORGIE

Strippers.

DAVE

All right, all right, I know.

GEORGIE

You and Jerry? Strippers.

DAVE

We weren't that bad.

(He performs a perfect, if lack luster, twirl. GEORGIE raises her eyebrows, impressed
I've been practicing for a couple of weeks. Only I couldn't, could I?)

GEORGIE

Why not?

DAVE

Because.

GEORGIE

Because what?

DAVE

Well look at me.

GEORGIE

So?

DAVE

Georgie, who wants to see this dance?

GEORGIE

Me, Dave. I do.

(She goes to him. She puts her head on his massive stomach and then wraps
around him as VICKI and HAROLD return.)

END