

Beautifully So

written by

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Rehearsal Draft

## Characters

Name	Age	Gender	Description
Christopher	48	M	Dressed in a awkward middle-aged man's attempt at a nice date outfit. He's been married for a long time. Awkward, uncomfortable.
Emma	44	W	Dressed in a date outfit that's just sexy enough. Casual, confident, and in charge.
Server			

### Location:

A cocktail lounge. The type where people go when they want to seduce, but not be noticed. It's a place of clandestine hook up, and middle of the night secrets.

### Time:

Present day.

Lights up.

A dimly lit cocktail lounge. Tea candles adorn the tables like stars in the night sky; secrets and rendezvous hang thick in the air. Music plays.

Christopher (48) sits at a table, the perfect mix of nervous and awkward. Slacks, button down shirt, tie, sport coat. He nurses a cocktail.

Emma (44) enters. Nice dress, just revealing enough to be enticing, but without going too far. She holds a small clutch.

EMMA  
(lightly seductively)  
Hey.

CHRISTOPHER  
(quick standing)  
Oh, hello.

Emma offers her hand.

EMMA  
Are you Chris?

CHRISTOPHER  
Emma, hi. Good to meet you.

EMMA  
Hello!

CHRISTOPHER  
Hi. And, ummm, it's Christopher, actually.

They shake hands, and sit down. Christopher's awkwardness shows a little too much.

EMMA  
Oh, sorry, Christopher. I hope I didn't keep you long.

CHRISTOPHER  
No... No.

EMMA

Good. Well, you look nice.

CHRISTOPHER

Thanks. You look... Sexy?

Emma is caught off guard.

EMMA

(surprised)

Sexy?

CHRISTOPHER

(overly apologetic)

Isn't that what you were going for? I'm sorry, I'm really horrible at reading signals.

EMMA

I see that. Sexy is fine, I'm good with sexy.

A server comes to the table.

EMMA

(to server, ordering)

Extra dry gin martini, Hendricks. Very dry. Swirl the vermouth in the glass and dump it. Two blue cheese stuffed olives, dirty as hell.

The server leaves.

CHRISTOPHER

Two olives?

EMMA

(confidently)

What can I say? I'm a dirty, dirty girl.

CHRISTOPHER

Good to know.

Emma sits back, and gives him a once over.

EMMA

Who wants to begin?

CHRISTOPHER

I suppose I can.

Awkward pause.

CHRISTOPHER

I don't know how to begin.

EMMA

(a low laugh)

I'll be gentle. For starters, and a cliché, do you come here often?

CHRISTOPHER

(nervous chuckle)

Ha... um, no, actually. First time.

Server returns, places drink on table, and leaves.

EMMA

(to server)

Thank you.

CHRISTOPHER

(continuing)

I don't get out much. Especially to places like this.

EMMA

(leaning in)

Do you have problems with "places like this?"

CHRISTOPHER

Oh, no. I don't really. It's not really my thing. All these people working so hard at being someone else. Trying to find a mate for a lifetime, or at least, for a night time. It just seems like it would be so much easier if everyone was just up front and honest with each other. I don't know, maybe it's my age, but I think there's a refreshing honesty in hearing "Look, what about *this*? And just move on.

Pause.

EMMA

No.

CHRISTOPHER

Oh?

EMMA

The woman in me has heard that enough for several lifetimes now, and I'm really ready to be done with it.

CHRISTOPHER

Oh.

EMMA

But, Mister Honesty, as long as we're talking about not playing any games.

Emma takes a long drink.

EMMA

(continued)

Are you planning on wearing your wedding ring while we have sex, or are you going to be using it for something else?

Silence.

CHRISTOPHER

What?

Emma holds up her hand, which is unadorned.

EMMA

You're still wearing your wedding ring.

CHRISTOPHER

(awkwardly)

I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I'm really not good at this.

EMMA

Oh, I noticed.

CHRISTOPHER

I really shouldn't be here.

EMMA

Clearly. Does your wife know you're here?

CHRISTOPHER

Yes.

A beat.

EMMA

Excuse me?

CHRISTOPHER

Yes, she does. Knows I'm here, I mean.

EMMA

I can't say that I do know what you mean.

CHRISTOPHER

She set this up, actually. She thought it would be fun if we each went out on our own, hook up with some other people, and then come back and tell each other about it. Get each other all hot, like living inside a dirty movie or something.

A beat.

EMMA

(processing)

And your wife... set this all up for you?

CHRISTOPHER

Entirely.

EMMA

Willingly? Like, she's comfortable with this? She's not being pressured, or anything?

CHRISTOPHER

Oh, yeah. She's been doing this for years, and decided that it was my time to... Partake.

EMMA

(surprised)

Partake?

CHRISTOPHER

Maybe not the best choice of words, but...

EMMA

I get the idea. Interesting arrangement.

CHRISTOPHER

I guess. It keeps her happy.

EMMA

(doubting)

And, if I were to call her, she'd back you up on this.

CHRISTOPHER

Absolutely! Although, I'm not sure if you need to call her.

EMMA

(sly smile)

And why is that?

CHRISTOPHER

Because she's here somewhere, watching us.

Emma quickly scans the crowd, both intrigued and afraid.

EMMA

Really??

CHRISTOPHER

Yeah, probably really enjoying it too.

Emma turns her attention back to Christopher.

EMMA

Well, that changes things. I guess.

CHRISTOPHER

I suppose so.

EMMA

May I ask you a follow up?

CHRISTOPHER

Fire away.

EMMA

Why are you here? You don't seem to comfortable, like you want to be literally anywhere else at the moment.

Christopher sips his drink as he thinks of his answer.

CHRISTOPHER

Truthfully?

EMMA

Apparently.

CHRISTOPHER

Because that what marriage is.

Silence.

EMMA

Wow, that... Ah... That makes absolutely no sense what so ever.

CHRISTOPHER

(laugh)

I guess.

EMMA

I'm not following. Care to elaborate?



CHRISTOPHER

Sure... It's all compromise, right? You do this for me, I do this for you... And, somewhere in all that back and forth, you'll find happiness. And not everything is always fun, and sometimes you gotta do things that you are one hundred percent not on board with. But, here, no one's getting hurt. And, frankly, how many more times can I expect to be in a situation like this?

EMMA

Beautiful, I think. You're coming at it out of love, that's for sure. Beautifully so, but...

Pause.

CHRISTOPHER

Yeah, I know.

Emma studies Christopher's face, as he avoids her eyes.

EMMA

Huh... Wow...

CHRISTOPHER

Yes?

EMMA

You've given me lots to think about, that's for sure.

CHRISTOPHER

I know.

EMMA

I'm not sure I agree, but it's seems to be working for you. So, who am I to judge?

CHRISTOPHER

Thank you, I appreciate that.

EMMA

(with consideration)

I keep coming back to the same thought, though.

CHRISTOPHER

What's that?

Pause.

EMMA

I'm in.

A beat.

CHRISTOPHER

Really?

EMMA

Yeah. What the hell, it's not like I've never been called a home wrecker before. I've never done it with the wife's permission, however.

CHRISTOPHER  
(laughing)

True.

EMMA

Come here.

Emma grabs Christopher's tie, pulling him closer. She plants a kiss on him that is deep and passionate, but also controlling.

After a moment, they disengage.

EMMA

(still close, still holding his tie)

Holy crap, when you did that whole "wife is watching" bit, I just about wet my pants.

CHRISTOPHER

You like that?

EMMA

You really threw yourself into this, didn't you?

They sit back, much more relaxed. Much more comfortable that their momentary role play is over.

CHRISTOPHER

What about you? I wasn't expecting you to come at me with "Hi, I'm Emma, and I'm a dirty, dirty girl."

EMMA

(laughing along)

Gotta spice it up somehow.

CHRISTOPHER

It's good to remember that we're adults,  
right?

Emma takes her wedding and  
engagement rings out of her purse  
and puts them on.

EMMA

And that we're still desirable.

CHRISTOPHER

And hot! Dude, new dress??

EMMA

You like?

CHRISTOPHER

I'm thinking that *sexy* is the right word!

Emma sighs, still very much in love  
with her husband.

Christopher smiles, still very much  
in love with his wife.

EMMA

(slyly)

So, umm...

CHRISTOPHER

What's up, Dear?

EMMA

You like to be watched, huh?

Pause.

CHRISTOPHER

Can't say that I know for sure. But, I can say  
this...

EMMA

What's that?

CHRISTOPHER

I'm really happy that the kids are at camp  
this week.

The kiss.

EMMA  
Wanna go home?

CHRISTOPHER  
Absolutely.

Christopher pulls money out of his pocket, leaves it on the table.

EMMA  
And, Honey? Just for the rest of the night...

CHRISTOPHER  
Yeah?

EMMA  
Why don't you take your wedding ring off?

They kiss again, her engagement ring catching the candlelight.

Lights down.