INVASIONS AND PENETRATIONS

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A Play in Two Acts

By

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SYNOPSIS: In the not-so-distant future, technological advances lead to the sales of life-like, functional, sexual fantasy robots. Paul Pritchard encounters one of these sex-bots while on a sales call. That experience, plus the needling from his free-wheeling supervisor Tony about his safe, sedate approach to living pushes Paul to attempt to escape the boredom and suppressed resentments he harbors within his marriage to Alyson. When Paul brings a sex-bot “Denise” into his life there are explosive ramifications that develop between Paul, Alyson and their daughter Leisa. The play reflects on questions like: What are the new rules for exploring one’s sexual fantasies? And what might be the consequences for gender relations when sex-bots inhabit society and add another layer of pressure on the sexual and physical objectification of the human body?

Cast of Characters

Paul Pritchard:	40-45 years old. A successful advertising salesman for a radio conglomerate. Normally, pleasant and accommodating. Coming to grips with the stunting effects of having made choices to always please others at his own expense.
Alyson Pritchard:	40-45 years old. Paul's wife. She juggles many roles, such as a business consultant, wife, mother, dutiful daughter. She handles her roles with intelligence, wit, and focus. She is petite, the opposite of Denise's physical type.
Leisa Pritchard:	18 years old. Paul and Alyson's daughter. Her name is pronounced “Lisa.” She is in her first semester of college, and trying to establish her own identity and independence separate from her parents' expectations for her.
Tony Ballard:	30-40 years old. Sales manager for the radio conglomerate and Paul's supervisor. He is unconventional and free-wheeling which acts as a spur against Paul's conservatism.
Arnold Richter:	Late 60s. He might be called a self-made man, as a minimal education did not prevent him from becoming a wealthy business owner. He likes to be in charge and the center of attention.

Sophia/Denise:	25-35. The same actress plays both characters which are non-human, sexual fantasy robots. The robots, powered with artificial intelligence and advanced design, speak and move in a thoroughly believable human way. Physically, the robots represent a male idealization or objectified version of the female form. Sophia should have a different look from Denise. Perhaps they have different hair colors.
Assorted Voices:	TV Announcers, Male/Female Computer Voices, Jesse (Leisa's boyfriend), which can be assigned to the cast of 6.

Cast Size

The play is written for 3 women and 3 men, plus recorded voices.

Scene

A mid-sized community somewhere in the U.S. The action takes place in the home of Paul and Alyson Pritchard, and the simply suggested living room of Arnold Richter's home.

Time

Fall and Winter of a year in the not-so-distant future.

Casting Guidelines

The performers cast can be any race or ethnicity with the following exception. I do not want a woman of color cast as Sophia/Denise, if the actors cast to play Paul and/or Arnold are Caucasian. Given our national history of slavery and racial oppression that casting choice would mire those male characters in a deeply negative emotional context, from which they could not escape. On the other hand, Paul and Arnold could be played by performers of color and Denise/Sophia could be Caucasian. Paul and Alyson might be an interracial couple and Paul creates the robot to be of his own race, which might create an interesting tension between Paul and Alyson.

As a playwright, I also recognize that I’m asking the performer who plays Sophia/Denise to open herself to a tremendous level of vulnerability. There are some steps that could be taken to alleviate some of the audience discomfort that I anticipate will result from seeing the play. One step would be to hold post-performance discussions that would allow the audience and performers to discuss the play’s issues and learn about the actress’s experience rehearsing and playing the role. Another optional step might be that the woman who plays the role is also the play’s director. Finally, I would hope

that any Theatre company who might be interested in producing the play would have a publicly stated position that reflects their commitment to providing their employees a safe working environment that is free from any form of sexual harassment or coercion.

ACT I

Scene 1

SETTING: The home of Paul and Alyson Pritchard.

AT RISE: October in the not-so-distant future. In the kitchen, TONY BALLARD is delivering an ass-chewing directed at PAUL PRITCHARD, who tries to prepare a salad in a metal bowl as he endures TONY's tirade.

TONY
Goddamnit, Paul, I mean . . . how does that happen?

PAUL
I can't control how the man reacts!

TONY
How fucking long have we been trying to—

PAUL
You mean how long have I been—

TONY
Noo, pal, I put leg work on this before I gave him to you! So don't—

PAUL
Nine months for me!

TONY
What, you want a fucking parade?

PAUL
Will you quit cussing at me!

TONY
Gone! He pulled it!

PAUL
Who does that?

TONY
You did!

PAUL
I'm talking about him! Who pulls an account because a sales rep—

TONY
The ads are running. We're a month in and then you go—

PAUL
I what? What, Tony? What did I do? I bought a used car.

TONY
You gotta make this right!

PAUL
He's the one who's in the wrong!

TONY
Sales Rule Number One, Paul: “The customer is always fucking right!”

PAUL
Because I didn't buy from Arnold Richter—

TONY
Yeah, he's pulling his account! Go make it right!

PAUL
And how should I do that?

TONY
Grease the skids. Set up a service contract for your clunker.

PAUL
It's a Lexus dealership, Tony! They're not—

TONY
Then fucking explain to him the car's for the kid, and you wanna pre-order your next new car from him and—

PAUL
Whoa, Tony! What I drive and what I—

TONY
Goddammit, Paul, this account's big!

PAUL
Will you please stop cussing at me!

TONY
Oh, I forget you're a Church Deacon. For fuck's sake, Paul!

PAUL
I am a Deacon, Tony. So, seriously, stop the—

TONY
Alright! Alright! . . . Go see him.

PAUL
I was planning to. I didn't need the “pep talk.”

TONY
He wants his ass kissed.

PAUL
I'll go by tomorrow.

TONY
Nah, call him. Set an appointment.

(TONY takes out his cell phone and speed dials a number and hands it to PAUL.)

PAUL
Hello, Mr. Richter? It's Paul Pritchard. Say, listen, I think there's been a misunderstanding about . . . Well, yes, but . . . I understand your feelings, Mr. Richter. No, I do. I'm sincere in wanting to earn your business. . . I know it may seem that way, but . . . I apologize, sir. That wasn't my intention. Not at all. I was wondering if I might stop by your office tomorrow and . . . ah—

TONY
(Whispering a prompt)
Make things right.

PAUL
And . . . prove to you my sincerity. Could we set an appointment for tomorrow? Oh, you are? Oh, I . . . what? Ah, tonight? Well, I—

TONY
Yes! Say, yes!

PAUL
What time tonight? That'd be fine. What's your address?

TONY
Yeah! Fucking A!

PAUL
Thank you, Mr. Richter. I'll see you tonight. Good-bye.
(PAUL ends the call and hands the cell phone to TONY.)
Happy?

TONY
Stop by a liquor store and grab a bottle of Laphroaig. Peace offering.

PAUL
You buying?

TONY
Reimburse yourself.

PAUL
No, since you're in my house, why don't you—

(TONY sighs heavily and pulls out his wallet and hands money to PAUL.)

TONY
Don't forget the receipt. You got one chance with this guy. Don't fuck it up.

(Noticing PAUL's irritated response at his continued profanity.)

Oh, sorry.

(TONY crosses himself like a Catholic Priest.)

Go with Christ.

(TONY laughs, while he moves towards the front door. ALYSON PRITCHARD opens the door and enters carrying a couple bags of groceries.)

ALYSON
Oh, Tony! Hey.

TONY
Howdy Ho, Alyson. Don't worry about me. I'm making like a baby and heading out.

(TONY laughs, steps past ALYSON and turns back at the doorway. To PAUL.)

Call me. Keep me in the know.

(TONY exits and ALYSON closes the door.)

ALYSON
Did he just . . . “heading out?”

(PAUL takes grocery bags from ALYSON and goes to the kitchen.)

Does he use those types of—

PAUL
Don't get me started.

ALYSON
Vagina jokes?

PAUL
I don't want to talk about Tony.

ALYSON
Why did he come here?

PAUL
The Lexus account.

ALYSON
(Removes a milk carton from the grocery bag.)
Here's the buttermilk. I thought you wrapped that up?

PAUL
I had, but—

ALYSON
Start the dressing, and I'll grate the cheese. Then . . . what happened?

PAUL
Somebody made an off-hand comment to the Lexus guy that I'd bought a car for Leisa.

ALYSON
What's wrong with that?

PAUL
He's got a Trump complex. “You shall have loyalty to no one but me.”

ALYSON
You mean—

PAUL
Yeah, because I bought it from another dealer, he called Tony and pulled the account.

ALYSON
That's insane. Here.

(ALYSON hands the carton to PAUL, who gives it right back to ALYSON.)

PAUL
Wait. That's why Tony was here. He was reading me the riot act for losing the account.

ALYSON
You can't be blamed for that!

PAUL
I know, but I have a chance to smooth things out.

ALYSON
(Handing the buttermilk back to PAUL)
Good.

PAUL
He wants me to come by his house at seven o'clock.

ALYSON
Tonight?

PAUL
(Puts Buttermilk on the counter.)
Yeah, so . . . Could we postpone dinner or maybe—

ALYSON
Oh, Paul!

PAUL
I'm sorry, Aly. This has been a day.

ALYSON
We talked about—

PAUL
I know.
(He kisses her, then tries to lead her from kitchen.)
How about I make it up to you?

ALYSON
(Pulling back.)
We talked about this.

PAUL
I know, but I have to see him.

ALYSON
No, you don't! Call him up and say you forgot that you had a dinner date with your wife and could you please reschedule.

PAUL
He's flying out tomorrow.

ALYSON
What do you think I'm doing?

PAUL
I'll just run out to his place, smooth things over and I'll be back and we can do dinner then.

ALYSON
I have to review my presentation.

PAUL
You can do that when I'm gone.

ALYSON
I'm starving. I'm not going to be able to think straight without some food.

PAUL
Have some chips and dip and when I get back—

ALYSON
“When?” You're not going to be able to get him to change his mind like—
(Snapping her fingers by PAUL's face.)
—that. It'll be ten o'clock, probably. Great time to start cooking!

PAUL
It won't be that late.

ALYSON
I wanted us to be able to make something together and sit down and have a nice dinner.

PAUL
And afterwards? A romantic presentation review?

ALYSON
I'm sure we could find something more interesting to do.

PAUL
I love that idea.

(PAUL kisses ALYSON. He tries to lead ALYSON away.)

ALYSON
(Sighs, while breaking away.)
No, I—

PAUL
Come on, be spontaneous.

ALYSON
We . . . we agreed to do this. I drove all over town to get the specialty ingredients for—

PAUL
I know!
(PAUL grabs the salad bowl and holds it up.)
I was making the salad! Then Tony shows up—

ALYSON
This is our time! He doesn't have any right to demand that you—

PAUL
I can't throw that kind of commission away! This guy isn't the type that's going to respond well if I call a half hour after I've already agreed to see him and ask to reschedule. I have to take the meeting.
(ALYSON puts groceries in the refrigerator.)
It won't take long. I promise.
(PAUL tries to kiss ALYSON's neck while she is putting items away and she turns away.)
I'm sorry. I am. Really. Come on, let's—

(PAUL tries to lead ALYSON away again.)

ALYSON
No, stop it. I don't want to.
(Pause, as she finishes putting away the groceries.)
Go get ready.

PAUL
Listen, Aly, I promise—

(ALYSON's cell phone rings. She looks at it.)

ALYSON

It's Mom. Go on.

(ALYSON answers the phone. PAUL exits.)

Hey. How are you? Feeling better today?

(During the following phone conversation, PAUL goes to the bedroom and sits on the bed. Clearly frustrated with what has occurred, he sits and thinks. He steps into a master bathroom. We hear a shower starting. During this, he'll go back and forth from the bathroom to the bedroom while removing his clothes.)

Have you eaten? Did it stay down? Ah-huh. No, Mom, the appointment isn't tomorrow. I'm flying to Philadelphia tomorrow, remember? We reset your appointment for Tuesday. I'll be back Monday night. Yes. And then we go and see the Doctor Tuesday morning. Nine o'clock. And then, Thursday, I'll take you in for your chemo treatment. . . . But you have to try and eat. . . . I don't know, Mom. Who called? Leisa! What'd she have to say? Really? No, I . . . it's been a couple of days since we talked. Two pieces? . . . I know she was hoping to get one into the exhibition. Did she say which ones? She entered four paintings. I'll have to ask her. . . .

(In the bedroom, PAUL's underwear comes flying out of the master bathroom. He re-enters holding a towel in front of him as if he is about to wrap it around his waist. He stops and sits back down on the bed. He slips his hand under the towel which masks our view. By his physical action it's clear he is masturbating.)

Oh, you know Paul. He's always working hard.

(LIGHTS FADE OUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT I

Scene 2

SETTING: The Living Room of ARNOLD RICHTER's home.

AT RISE: Later that evening around 7 p.m. ARNOLD RICHTER is sitting in a recliner eating popcorn watching basketball on TV. A play-by-play announcer's voice is heard.

PLAY-BY-PLAY ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
With Hayward on the bench with three fouls, this may be Reed's best chance to exploit Atlanta's defense.

COLOR ANNOUNCER's VOICE
Reed's been out of sync most of the first half, Dan. He's turned the ball over five times, which is unlike him.

PLAY-BY-PLAY ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
Phoenix in-bounds the ball and Reed brings it across mid-court. Passes the ball to Parker. He gets a screen from Vickers. Parker drives and kicks it back to Reed . . . a seventeen footer . . . Off the back rim and out of bounds! Atlanta's ball.

(Doorbell rings. ARNOLD grabs a remote and clicks it. The TV play-by-play continues.)

COLOR ANNOUNCER's VOICE
Reed had a good look there. Everything's rushed for him tonight.

SOPHIA's VOICE
(Offstage.)
Arnie? Is that you?

ARNOLD
Shit!

(ARNOLD aims remote offstage and clicks it.)

PLAY-BY-PLAY ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
Tucker beats the press and Atlanta sets up their offense with six minutes to go in the first half—

(ARNOLD has grabbed another remote and he clicks it. The TV shuts off. Doorbell rings again. ARNOLD yells towards offstage.)

ARNOLD
It's open!

PAUL
(Offstage.)
Mr. Richter?

ARNOLD
If yer Paul Pritchard, I'm in here. If yer not Paul Pritchard, get the hell out.

PAUL
(Enters with a satchel bag over his shoulder.)
It's Paul Pritchard.
(PAUL offers his hand to ARNOLD, who ignores it.)
Thank you for agreeing to meet with me, Mr. Richter.

ARNOLD
Grab yerself a chair.
(PAUL sits on a nearby chair. ARNOLD extends a bowl to PAUL.)
Popcorn?

PAUL
No, thank you. I appreciate you agreeing—

ARNOLD
Ya just said that.

PAUL
Sorry . . . Guess I'm a little nervous.

ARNOLD
Sales manager bit yer ass, huh?

PAUL
Excuse me?

ARNOLD
Tony. He reamed ya, right?

PAUL
(Laughs.)
Well—

ARNOLD
I was'n trying to be an asshole, unnerstand?

PAUL
No, I understand.

ARNOLD
Ya do?

PAUL
Well, I can see—

ARNOLD
Here's the thing, kiddo. I thought we made a good deal.

PAUL
Yes, sir.

ARNOLD
Ya gotta sweet commission offa that deal, right.

PAUL
No complaints here, Mr. Richter.

ARNOLD
Call me Arnold. I don't need the phony “mister, mister” business.

PAUL
Sure.

ARNOLD
So, ya got a nice commission?

PAUL
I did.

ARNOLD
So, I unnerstand ya were in the market for a car.

PAUL
For Leisa, my daughter. She's in college. I needed to find her a cheap, reliable car she could drive between here and there.

ARNOLD
This mighta escaped yer notice, but ah, I sell cars.

PAUL
Honestly, Mr. . . . ah, Arnold, I was looking for a used car and—

ARNOLD
We sell trade-ins, ya know?

PAUL
When I think of you, I think top-of-the-line vehicles that—

ARNOLD
Here's the thing, kiddo. If ya had walked in and told me ya were in the market for a car, I wouldda had one my salesman show ya the lot. See if something struck yer fancy, ya know?

PAUL
Yes, and again if—

ARNOLD
And *if* ya had looked over all my cars new and used and said, “nothin’ works for me.” That'd been fine. I wouldda shook yer hand and wished ya well. No hard feelings. But the thing of it was . . . ya did'n even come in. Did'n even give me a chance to make ya a pitch.

PAUL
I don't associate you with low-end cars that—

ARNOLD
Hurt my feelin's, Paul.

PAUL
It bothers me you feel that way.

ARNOLD
Week before yer in my office gushing how amazin’ ya think my fleet is. Next week yer buyin’ a car from someone else. Makes me feel yer not sincere. That bothers me.

PAUL
When you explain it to me like that . . . Like I said, when I thought of the type of car—

ARNOLD
Low-end, huh?

PAUL
That's what I was looking for.

ARNOLD
What'd ya end up with?

PAUL
Ah . . . an '05 Saturn Ion.

ARNOLD
A Saturn—

(ARNOLD bursts into a gut-busting laugh. It continues for some time and is so genuine that PAUL laughs too.)

PAUL
Yeah, ah—

ARNOLD
ION?!?

(ARNOLD continues to laugh uproariously.)

Gahddamn, Paul . . . why did'n ya buy her a used cop car?

(ARNOLD and PAUL continues to laugh.)

An Ion! Hey, ya know, about every five years Peterson Funeral Home tries to trade in—

(ARNOLD and PAUL burst into another gale of laughter. They are now near a point where laughing is painful.)

I could get ya a sweet deal on a used hearse!

(ARNOLD and PAUL's laughter starts to ebb.)

Gahddamn, Paul. Ya were'n lyin’ to me. An Ion!. . . Ah, fuck me. Tell Tony to start the ads back up on Monday.

PAUL
That's . . . Arnold, I can't tell you how—

ARNOLD
I can't hold a grudge over a gawddamn Saturn Ion. But next time—

PAUL
You'll have the first chance. Absolutely.

ARNOLD
If ya'd told me ya'd bought anythin’ else I'd . . . ya, little monkey.

PAUL
I brought you something.

(PAUL reaches into his shoulder satchel and pulls out a bottle of Laphroaig and hands it to ARNOLD.)

ARNOLD
That's some good quality whiskey. Let me get a couple of shot glasses.

PAUL
No, it's all for you. I promised my wife I'd be home by—

ARNOLD
Hey, yer not running out. This deal is'n final until we drink on it. Get me? I'm serious.

PAUL
Well, just a shot.

(ARNOLD exits. PAUL checks his cell phone to see the time. ARNOLD returns with two shot glasses. He pours two shots and hands one to PAUL.)

ARNOLD
And don't bolt it. We're gonna sip this like gentlemen.
(ARNOLD and PAUL clink glasses and they take a sip.)
Smooth sailin’ there.

PAUL
It is good.

ARNOLD
Ya forgot somethin'.

PAUL
What?

ARNOLD
The broad.

PAUL
What?

ARNOLD
It used to be when a salesman was closing a six figure deal, he'd offer his mark some booze and a broad.

PAUL
(Laughs.)
Tony hasn't seen fit to put in an expense line for an escort service.

ARNOLD
(Snorts.)
Yer behind the times.

PAUL
In what way?

(ARNOLD blocks PAUL's view of what he is doing. He picks up a remote and clicks it. The TV comes on.)

PLAY-BY-PLAY ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
And Reed's whistled for the reach in. That'll send Tucker to the line with a chance to—

ARNOLD
Shit!
(ARNOLD clicks the remote and the TV shuts off. Irritated, he flicks that remote onto the table and picks up the other remote and clicks it.)
Sophia?

SOPHIA
(Offstage.)
Arnie? Is that you?

ARNOLD
It's me, darlin'. Come on in here, Sophia, I gotta friend I want ya to meet.
(ARNOLD smirks at PAUL. SOPHIA rounds the corner and stops in the entryway. SOPHIA wears a red bustier and fishnet stockings that are attached to the bustier by garters. She speaks with a Southern accent.)
Sophia, say hello to Paul.

(SOPHIA crosses to PAUL and extends a hand to him. They shake hands.)

SOPHIA
I'm very pleased to meet you, Paul. My name is Sophia.

PAUL
Hello.

SOPHIA
Can I do anything for you?

PAUL
Ah, no . . . no, thank you.

ARNOLD
Ah, Paul, ya pussy!

SOPHIA
What about my pussy?

ARNOLD
Not you, Sophia. I'm talkin’ to Paul.

SOPHIA
I'm sorry, Arnie. I misunderstood you.

ARNOLD
Don't talk, Sophia.

SOPHIA
Yes, Arnie.

ARNOLD
What do you think?

PAUL
About?

ARNOLD
Her!

(PAUL struggles to respond with SOPHIA present.)

PAUL
Is this, Mrs.—

(ARNOLD laughs.)

ARNOLD
No! There hasn't been a Mrs. Richter for ten years.

PAUL
(To SOPHIA.)
Then you are?

SOPHIA
Are you speaking to me?

PAUL
Yes.

SOPHIA
My name is Sophia.

ARNOLD
Tell him what you love, Sophia.

SOPHIA
I love to fuck Arnie.

(ARNOLD laughs. PAUL is aghast and embarrassed.)

ARNOLD
And she does that like gang-busters.
(ARNOLD stares at PAUL.)
Ya don't get it, do ya? Yer dumber than a bag of rocks, ya little monkey. Sophia.

SOPHIA
Yes, Arnie.

ARNOLD
See, Paul, over there.

SOPHIA
Yes. Hi, Paul.

PAUL
Hi.

ARNOLD
Give Paul a blow job.

PAUL
What?

SOPHIA
(Laughs.)
I love to give blow jobs.

(SOPHIA steps in front of PAUL, where he is seated on a chair and kneels in front of him. SOPHIA reaches out and begins to try and unzip his slacks.)

PAUL
No, no, what are you doing?

SOPHIA
I'm sorry. Do you want to unzip your own fly? I can do it for you.

PAUL
No! What's going on! I—

SOPHIA
I'm going to give you a blow job, baby.

PAUL
(Laughs.)
The joke's over.

SOPHIA
You don't want a blow job?

PAUL
No!

SOPHIA
Is there something you'd like me to do for you?

PAUL
No.

SOPHIA
Are you sure? We could do “Sixty-Nine.”

PAUL
What?

ARNOLD
Shut up, Sophia.

SOPHIA
Yes, Arnie.

ARNOLD
Come sit over here.
(ARNOLD stands and lets SOPHIA sit in the recliner.)
Spread your legs.
(SOPHIA spreads them out, and ARNOLD sits between her legs.)
Give me a back massage.

(SOPHIA raises both hands and gives ARNOLD a massage. PAUL has been staring at SOPHIA trying to make sense of something which is just a bit off to him.)

PAUL
She's not . . . .?

ARNOLD
Nope. She's a sex-bot.

PAUL
Bot?

ARNOLD
Bot! Robot. Gawddamned life-like, ain't she?

PAUL
I thought it was real. How does it follow conversation like that?

ARNOLD
It's that . . . ah, A.I. thing.

PAUL
Artificial intelligence?

ARNOLD
That's it. You can program 'em. Give 'em a big vocabulary or not much of one or even how she talks. I always love listenin’ to Southern women chat. So I had her programmed with a Southern accent. Ya can even program pet phrases. So I like to do that joke and tell someone to ask her: “Sophia, what do you love most?”

SOPHIA
I love to fuck Arnie.

ARNOLD
I programmed that. Shows a little sense of humor that way.

PAUL
A sex bot? So you . . . so it can have sex?

ARNOLD
Hell, yeah. If ya'd let her just now, she'd a worked your Johnson till you erupted. And her pussy feels—

SOPHIA
What about my pussy?

ARNOLD
Shut up, Sophia.

SOPHIA
Yes, Arnie.

ARNOLD
It's all . . . what's the word . . . botanically, no, ah, ana—

PAUL
Anatomically?

ARNOLD
Anatomically correct. When yer in her, it feels like the real thing. Sophia stop massaging me.
(SOPHIA stops. ARNOLD stands and reaches towards SOPHIA's crotch.)
Here, I'll show ya her snatch.

PAUL
No, don't. I don't—

ARNOLD
She's not real. Ya don't have to be embarrassed to stare at it.

PAUL
No, really!

ARNOLD
Alright.

PAUL
How . . . how much does one cost?

ARNOLD
That's a damn rude question, Paul

PAUL
Sorry. Curiosity.

ARNOLD
Let's just say, ya have to be committed. Women always bitch about a man not being committed. Well, ya have to be gawddamn committed to buy one. It'll take a bite out of yer wallet.

PAUL
Can you make her leave?

ARNOLD
Sure. Sophia go into the bedroom and lay on the bed.

SOPHIA
Does Arnie want to be a naughty boy?

ARNOLD
Sophia, don't talk. Go lay on the bed.

(SOPHIA starts to exit.)

And watch this.

(ARNOLD picks up the remote and clicks it. The TV turns on.)

PLAY-BY-PLAY ANNOUNCER VOICE
Oh!! A thunderous slam by Antoine McGinnis! Atlanta has their largest—

ARNOLD
Shit!

(ARNOLD clicks the remote and the TV goes off. He violently chucks the remote across the room. He picks up the other remote and clicks it and SOPHIA stops walking and slumps slightly.)

When ya had enough for one day, ya click the remote and it goes off just like an appliance. Stick it in the closet and wait until yer in the mood again for some action.

(ARNOLD clicks the remote and SOPHIA straightens up.)

SOPHIA
Arnie? Is that you?

ARNOLD
Yes, Sophia. Go to the bedroom, take off yer nightie, and get good and naked and lie on the bed.

SOPHIA
Oh, is Arnie going to be a naughty boy?

ARNOLD
Yes, Sophia, go do what I told you.

(SOPHIA exits the room.)

PAUL
I heard about these design ideas, but I didn't know—

ARNOLD
What do ya think about it?

PAUL
I . . . I don't know . . . it feels a little . . . .

ARNOLD
Like I'm a dirty old man? Come on, say it.

PAUL
No, it's just that—

ARNOLD
Gawddamn, Paul, I'm sixty-seven years old. I'm not going to get any action from a beautiful 25-year old woman . . . not unless she's angling to chisel me out of my money. Right?

PAUL
But it's a robot—

ARNOLD
Fooled you! Do I want to get busted for tryin’ to pay a twenty-somethin' hooker because I momentarily forgot I'm sixty-seven and felt like I'm twenty-seven when I'm admirin’ her rack? I read the other day some anal-assed Republican is going to introduce a bill to outlaw them. Believe that? Ya know what's wrong with these people?

PAUL
(Humoring.)
What's wrong with them, Arnold?

ARNOLD
They believe myths. Once ya get to be about seventy or so ya stop being interested in sex, right? People think of ya as sexless. A woman's pussy goes dry and man's dick shrivels. A sexual dust bowl. What if I can't find a woman my age I want to marry? What if I have no interest in bein’ married? Does that mean the only sex partner I can have is my own hand? Ya know what I mean?

PAUL
(Laughs.)
Yeah, I hear you.

ARNOLD
And, it's not just the sex.

PAUL
Well, Arnold, you could have fooled me.

ARNOLD
Yah, because I talk like a big shot. But the honest truth about Sophia is . . . she's good company. I'd rather carry on a conversation with her than watch the tube.

PAUL
I'm . . . ah, I'm glad you're happy.

ARNOLD
Look down yer nose at me! But ya got a problem, ya know that?

PAUL
And what's that?

ARNOLD
Ya got no imagination. People talk about role-playing and virtual reality. These robots are the ultimate fantasy. Ya get to play God and create your own Eve. Or create your own Adam, if yer a woman.

PAUL
Or if you're a gay guy.

ARNOLD
Exactly. These aren't cookie-cutter robots. Ya get to design 'em. That's why ya pay the hefty price. I gave her her name. Ya decide how tall ya want her to be? What color hair? How big do ya want her tits? Or if yer designing a male-bot, how thick and long do ya want his dick? What size pecs ya want on him? What color, er, race do ya want the robot to be? How intelligent . . . vocabulary size, what language do ya want it to speak?

PAUL
Have sex and learn Spanish at the same time?

ARNOLD
Ya get to design the ultimate sex toy. So don't look down yer nose at me, Paul the Puritan.

PAUL
I'm sorry if you think I'm being judgmental.

ARNOLD
The limits to yer own pleasure are the limits of yer own imagination. That one's for free from the lifetime philosophy of Arnold Richter.

(PAUL's cell phone buzzes. ARNOLD downs his shot. PAUL takes out his phone and looks at a text message.)

PAUL
It's from my wife. I really need to go.

ARNOLD
That's another good thing about Sophia. She doesn't text, she doesn't nag, and she never has a headache.

(LIGHTS FADE OUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT I

Scene 3

SETTING: The bedroom of Paul and Alyson Pritchard.

AT RISE: Later that same night around 10:30 p.m. ALYSON is in bed. She is wearing a nightgown. She is lying on her side looking at the wall. She's having trouble falling sleep. PAUL enters the bedroom, while taking off his tie and loosening his shirt.

PAUL
(Softly.)
Aly? You asleep?

ALYSON
How did it go?

(PAUL turns on a bedside lamp. He sits on the bed and leans over and kisses ALYSON's cheek.)

PAUL
He reinstated the account.

ALYSON
That's good.
(Pause. PAUL removes his shirt.)
I put a plate in the fridge for you.

PAUL
I didn't think you'd be in bed already.

ALYSON
It's ten-thirty.

PAUL
There was an accident. Took me forty-five minutes to go three miles.

ALYSON
You must have easily won him over?

PAUL
Yeah, it wasn't as bad as I thought.

(PAUL removes his pants and crawls under the covers and snuggles next to ALYSON.)

ALYSON
Why don't you go and eat your dinner. You must be starving.

PAUL
I am.

(PAUL kisses ALYSON while her back is towards him.)

ALYSON
Paul, really?

(ALYSON turns towards PAUL.)

PAUL
Truly.

(PAUL kisses ALYSON’s lips. She returns his kisses. After a bit, he begins to slide on top of her. She begins to resist.)

ALYSON
Paul, no—

PAUL
Come on.

(ALYSON pushes him back to create some separation.)

ALYSON
No, no. I've already taken a shower. I'm not—

PAUL
Oh, come on. You're going to be gone three days.

ALYSON
Go get your plate.

PAUL
No, come on, Aly.

(PAUL tries to kiss her again. She pulls back.)

ALYSON
How about in the morning? It's not going to be good tonight.

(PAUL shuts off the bedroom lamp. Moonlight fills the room. There's a long silence.)

PAUL
How far off was I from your ideal man?

(ALYSON's voice sounds like she is on the brink of falling asleep.)

ALYSON
What?

PAUL
Your ideal man . . . how would he be different from me?

ALYSON
You're my ideal man.

PAUL
No, come on, Aly. I'm serious.

ALYSON
And I'm sleepy.

PAUL
When you were a girl growing up, what did your ideal man look like in your head? What'd you want him to be like?

ALYSON
I wanted him to have a bike.

PAUL
A motorcycle?

ALYSON
Nooo, a bike.

PAUL
Why?

ALYSON
Then we could have rode our bikes together over to the lake and have . . . picnic lunches and talk.

PAUL
Yeah, but what did he look like? In your head?

ALYSON
(Vocally, more awake now.)
Why are you asking me this?

PAUL
People settle don't you think? When you marry?

ALYSON
I didn't settle. I'm happy I married you.

PAUL
But I wasn't the guy in your head? The one you imagined by the lake.

ALYSON
Why is that important? Did you settle with me?

PAUL
What was he like?

ALYSON
You have to answer. Did you settle . . . marrying me?

PAUL
You first. What'd your ideal man look like?
(Silence. Is she asleep?)
Alyson?

ALYSON
He had black hair.

PAUL
And?

ALYSON
Brown eyes.

PAUL
Yeah? What else?

ALYSON
He had a really nice smile.

PAUL
What was his body like?

ALYSON
I'm done. Go to sleep.

PAUL
Come on, tell me some more. What was his body like?

ALYSON
Paul, I'm going . . . .

(Pause. PAUL pokes ALYSON.)

PAUL
Aly?

ALYSON
Ow! Stop it. What's wrong?

PAUL
What'd his body look like?

ALYSON
He was . . . sun-tanned, like a lifeguard.

PAUL
Athletic-looking?

ALYSON
I don't know. Maybe.

PAUL
I don't look anything like that.

ALYSON
I don't care.

PAUL
Wasn't it a come-down? Settling for someone who wasn't your ideal?

ALYSON
You were real and I fell in love with you. . . . Shut up now. I'm going to sleep.

PAUL
Did you ever fantasize making love with him?
(ALYSON makes a growling sound, as if frustrated with his continued questioning.)
Did you?

ALYSON
I was thirteen I didn't think about . . . that kind of stuff.

PAUL
Really? Black hair, brown eyes, sun-tanned, athletic and your entire fantasy was riding bikes and having picnics?

ALYSON
I was innocent.

PAUL
(Laughs.)
Sounds like it. Didn't even kiss him?

ALYSON
Ohh . . . I might have kissed him.

PAUL
Now we're getting to the truth. A little petting?

ALYSON
(A chuckle.)
There was nothing to pet. . . . I hardly have boobs now.

PAUL
What if—

ALYSON
Paul, knock it off! I'm going to sleep now.

PAUL
One more question: What—

ALYSON
Paul!

PAUL
Last one, I promise. What if you're in Philadelphia tomorrow and in walks your ideal man . . . he exists. Would you want to have the experience of taking him to bed? And seeing what that'd be like?

ALYSON
No. I'm happy with you . . . well, not so happy right now.

PAUL
Let's say, you know it'd just be that one time . . . a chance to actually experience your fantasy . . . and I'd never know. No consequences, wouldn't you want that experience?

ALYSON
No.

PAUL
Why not?

ALYSON
He doesn't exist.

PAUL
I'm saying “what if?”

ALYSON
He wouldn't be perfect.

PAUL
I'm saying—

ALYSON
Even if he were physically perfect, he'd still have a flaw.

PAUL
Like what?

ALYSON
He'd never put the toilet seat down. There's always a flaw. I'm glad that's not yours. Now, shut up! And let me sleep, okay?

(Silence.)

You didn't . . . answer my question. Did you settle marrying me?

(Silence.)

PAUL
(Softly.)
Aly?

(ALYSON has fallen asleep.
PAUL leans back on his pillow,
thinking.)

(LIGHTS FADE OUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT I

Scene 4

SETTING: The bedroom of Paul and Alyson Pritchard.

AT RISE: Early the next morning. ALYSON awakens and looks at the bedside clock and smiles to herself. She kisses PAUL's cheek.

PAUL
Hmmm.

ALYSON
Hey?

PAUL
What?

(PAUL turns to her sleepily. ALYSON kisses his lips.)

Hello, there.

(ALYSON initiates more kisses which PAUL now returns.)

ALYSON
You know what time it is?

PAUL
No, what is it?

ALYSON
It's . . . “tomorrow.”

PAUL
Yeah?

ALYSON
I remember making a promise.

PAUL
Oh! Yes, you did.

(ALYSON kisses him again.)

That's nice.

(ALYSON feels him under the covers.)

ALYSON
Ooh, somebody's awake.

(ALYSON slides herself on top of PAUL. Her cell phone begins to ring on the bedside table.)

Who can be calling now?

PAUL
Don't. It's a telemarketer.

(ALYSON rolls off PAUL and takes her cell phone.)

ALYSON
Oh, no.

(She answers it.)

Mom? You alright? . . . Oh! Are you hurt? Where at? Is it bleeding much? Okay, listen, I'm going to call Marleigh and have her come over and check on you. And I'll get ready and come over.

(ALYSON disconnects the call and searches for another number while updating PAUL.)

Mom fell down the stairs, she's got a cut on her head.

PAUL
What was she doing upstairs? We set things up for her downstairs.

ALYSON
Marleigh? This is Alyson Pritchard. I'm sorry if I woke you? Mom just called me. She's fallen. Could you check on her. You know where the key is? . . . I'm going to get ready and come over. Call me and let me know how it looks? Thanks, Marleigh. Sorry. Bye.

PAUL
You want me to drive you?

ALYSON
Would you mind?

PAUL
No. I can.

(ALYSON exits into the bathroom in a rush.)

(LIGHTS FADE OUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT I

Scene 5

SETTING: The living room of Paul and Alyson Pritchard's home.

AT RISE: Later that same afternoon. Sounds are heard coming from a TV, maybe visible or not depending on the set design. PAUL is at a table, playing solitaire.

(PAUL picks up TV remote and clicks it to a new station, and continues playing cards. After a bit, bored or maybe irritated, he picks up the remote and switches to another station. He throws the discard pile on his game, having lost. He watches TV, then switches the station. He picks up his phone and texts a message. Finally, he shuts off the TV, picks up the cards and goes to the end table. He opens the drawer and puts the cards in it. The doorbell rings. PAUL goes to the door and opens it. TONY BALLARD stands in the doorway. He wears a backpack.)

TONY

This is sad.

PAUL

Tony! I've been leaving you messages.

TONY

Can I come in?

PAUL

Sure. Have a seat.

(TONY drops backpack on the floor.)

TONY

Sad, sad, sad.

PAUL
You got my messages.

TONY
Hey! When I'm at work, I'm working! You think I'm piss-assing on my phone.

PAUL
Alyson's mother fell this morning.

TONY
That's not good.

PAUL
It wasn't too bad. Just a minor cut, but I drove Alyson over there and then we decided to take her to the hospital to get looked at.

TONY
Ah-huh.

PAUL
No concussion.

TONY
That's good.

PAUL
Got her back home, and there was still time, so I drove Alyson to the airport so she could catch her flight.

TONY
Nifty.

PAUL
I left you messages and texts. Did you get them?

TONY
Like I said—

PAUL
That's why I wasn't in.

TONY
Looks to me like you're playing hooky.

PAUL
(Laughs.)
You serious?

TONY
I have to answer for my staff to “you know who!” So don't go soft-peddling this to me.

PAUL
Check your phone! I left messages.

TONY
I believe you left messages. I'm just saying that . . . being here right now . . . judging the situation. I think you tried to play me.

PAUL
What! You want the hospital records?

TONY
No, no, I don't. I just came to break the news to you.

PAUL
What?

TONY
I'm pulling your existing accounts.

PAUL
You're not serious!

TONY
I don't know, Paul. Look at my face, and you tell me.

(Silence.)

PAUL
This isn't right.

TONY
Actions have consequences.

PAUL
I got back the Richter account!

TONY
Yeah, you did.

PAUL
Yes, and . . . my reward is to pull my accounts?

(Silence. TONY removes an envelope from the backpack and hands it to PAUL.)

TONY
No, sorry. This is your reward. Open it.

PAUL
(Taking the envelope.)
My pink slip? Well, this could be a blessing in disguise.

TONY
Open it. HR needs your signature.

(PAUL opens envelope and pulls out a plastic card and a piece of paper. He reads the paper.)

PAUL
What?

(TONY laughs and dances.)

TONY
My pink slip?! What the fuck, Paul?

PAUL
What is this?

TONY
It's your fucking bonus for being the top salesman for the last quarter!

PAUL
Why did you—

TONY
I like jerking your chain. You are . . . what's the word? You're so . . . insecure. You really thought I came here to fire you?

PAUL
Well, I—

TONY
I can't believe you!

PAUL
What?

TONY
If I thought someone was going to can me, I'd at least be calling him a son-of-a-bitch or bastard. But no, “this isn't right!” Couldn't even get you to cuss me.

PAUL
What good would that do?

TONY
Blow off some steam! Really say how you feel! Instead of being this button-upped, always “got to do the right thing” guy. And what was that “blessing in disguise” crack? If you left, you'd miss me!

PAUL
This cash card? Is this on the level?

TONY
Yes, sir! It's all yours.
(TONY pulls out a whiskey bottle, opens it and pours some in a pair of cups. He hands one to PAUL and lifts the other in a toast.)
To the Salesman of the Quarter! May you grow some hair on your balls.
(They laugh and drink.)
What you going to do with it?

PAUL
Put it in the bank, I guess.

TONY
Oh, for shit's sake, Paul. It's a bonus!

PAUL
So?

TONY
You and Alyson sock away plenty, am I right? Don't you?

PAUL
We do alright.

TONY
Yeah, I'm sure! Then . . . do something with it for yourself? Huh? It's a bonus. It's Monopoly money. Buy Boardwalk or some fucking thing! Have some fun, huh?

PAUL
(Laughs.)
Alright, I will.

TONY
Damn straight. And if you had a conscience, you'd cut me in on it.

PAUL
Why's that?

TONY
If I hadn't a busted your balls to call up Richter, and get his account back, you'd have lost out to Schmidt on the bonus.

PAUL
Really?

TONY
Yeah! To get Richter back, did you have to give him a blow job?

PAUL
No, actually, he tried to give me one.

TONY
(Laughs.)
This I got to hear.

PAUL
You're not going to believe this, but he had . . . a sex-bot. You heard of this?

TONY
Yeah. He's got one?

PAUL
It was so . . . I thought it was real.

TONY
No, shit?

PAUL
It tried to . . . unzip my pants.

TONY
It gave you a blow job?

PAUL
No, I stopped it.

TONY
Why?

PAUL
It wasn't . . . wasn't right. I couldn't.

TONY
It was a robot!

PAUL
So?

TONY
Why not let it have its way with you? It was a robot.

PAUL
It looked real.

TONY
It was a robot!

PAUL
I know, but that doesn't make it right.

TONY
Okay, we're going to drink some more.
(TONY pours two more shots of whiskey.)
Bottom's up. . . Drink!
(PAUL and TONY down it, and TONY pours two more.)
Okay . . . now . . . no, we need another shot. Drink it! Drink it!
(They drink, and TONY pours two more. A beat.)
Okay . . . okay, I can ask this now. You jerk off, right? I mean . . . you know, you're in the shower and . . . you get the urge and . . . . . right?
(PAUL just stares at him.)
Drink up! Drink it!
(PAUL downs his shot, as does TONY and he pours two more. They're a little tipsy now.)
How many shots does it take to kill a Church deacon? You do jerk—

PAUL
Yeah!

TONY
Okay! There's hope for you yet.

PAUL
Why do you care?

TONY
I'm proving a point.

PAUL
What point?

TONY
When you're . . . “you know” . . . you're thinking about someone, right? You're thinking of someone other than Alyson, right?

PAUL
I don't know what you're—

TONY
Oh, you're shitting me. Drink up! Come on.

(TONY lifts up PAUL's cup towards him.)

PAUL
No, I don't want any more.

TONY
Truth serum! Drink up!

PAUL
No.

TONY
Well, then, fucking tell me the truth.

PAUL
You tell me first.

TONY
Okay, yesterday, I'm all pissed off about Arnold Richter. And I'm in the shower . . . and suddenly I'm thinking about Maria Lovucci.

PAUL
Maria who?

TONY
Don't make fun of Maria.

PAUL
I'm not. I'm just . . . Maria—

TONY
Lovucci! My tutor. I was a junior, she was a senior. She invited me over to her house to help me review for the Algebra final.

PAUL
High School?

TONY
Yeah. We were in her room sitting on her bed reviewing differential equations or some shit. And . . . .

PAUL
And?

TONY
On an impulse, I just leaned over and kissed her. And she kissed me back . . . with tongue! And suddenly, we were all over each other. I couldn't believe it. I had my hands under her sweater and she was trying to undo my belt and then . . . .

PAUL
What?

TONY
Her mother walks in the front door and yells up: “Maria?” And that was it, she was out of her room like a shot to see what ‘Mother Dearest’ wanted.

PAUL
You didn't see her anymore?

TONY
Yeah, we saw each other in school, but . . . I knew she wanted me and I wanted her, but . . . nothing came of it. Couple weeks later she graduates and was off to college and . . . that was it.

PAUL
What does she have to do with—

TONY
You can't be so goddamned ignorant! I'm in the shower jerking off thinking about Maria Lovucci. Imagining what might have happened if her mother were five minutes later.

PAUL
That's all the time you would have needed?

TONY
Give me your fucking cash card!

(TONY tries to grab the cash card. PAUL snatches it and holds it away.)

PAUL
No!

TONY
You don't deserve it!

PAUL
I'm sorry, you set yourself up.

TONY
My point is . . . What would've happened if we hadn't been interrupted . . . that's what I fantasize about every once in a while. Me and Maria Lovucci on her bed, with nothing to stop us.

PAUL
So what's your point?

TONY
I'm saying, you're married and I'm married. Now, I love Linda. Been married eight years. Happy with her. Doesn't mean I can't . . . think about Maria Lovucci in the shower and what might have been.

PAUL
You're telling me this because?

TONY
When you, ah, have your own urges . . . you're not honestly telling me you're thinking of Alyson. Jesus Christ, Paul, you're so goddamned dishonest!

PAUL
For the last time, will you quit cussing at me!

TONY
No, I'll fucking tell you what I think, Paul. I'm your pal. And how many of those do you really have, huh? And everybody needs a friend like me. Someone who doesn't have an inner censor and will tell you the truth without pulling punches to spare your sensitive feelings. I keep you real, Paul.

PAUL
That's what you do?

TONY
Goddamned right, I do! So whoever you think about, who we both know is not Alyson . . . the point is a robot is just a high-tech version of your own hand. It's not real . . . it's a fantasy. And there's nothing wrong with having a fantasy. Unless, you're some guilt-ridden, pinch-faced, Church deacon.

(LIGHTS FADE OUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT I

Scene 6

SETTING: The home of Paul and Alyson Pritchard

AT RISE: Three days later. LEISA PRITCHARD is in the kitchen chopping vegetables on a chopping board. A toilet flush is heard. After a few moments, ALYSON enters. She looks under the weather.

LEISA
You okay?

ALYSON
I hate flying. A guy was hacking on me the whole flight to Philly.

(ALYSON picks up a knife and takes some cilantro and puts it on another chopping board.)

LEISA
You look like crap, Mom.

ALYSON
Thanks, sweetie.

LEISA
Sit down. I can do the chopping.

ALYSON
I won't argue with you.

(ALYSON sits on a chair.)

LEISA
Go lay down.

ALYSON
I want to catch up. I wasn't expecting you this weekend. Homesick?

LEISA
No, I. . . wanted to talk to you.

ALYSON
What about?

LEISA
I've made some plans for Christmas break.

ALYSON
Oh?

LEISA
I'm not coming home.

ALYSON
Oh, Leisa, you know how we look forward to Christmas as a family.

LEISA
I'll be home for Thanksgiving.

ALYSON
That's not the same as Christmas.

LEISA
Wanted to give you advance notice.

ALYSON
Oh, thank you.

LEISA
Don't be bitchy.

ALYSON
Hey, what's with the mouth?

(Silence. LEISA chops vegetables more quickly.)

ALYSON
What are these plans?

LEISA
I'm going on a two-week backpacking trip . . . in Europe.

ALYSON
In December?

LEISA
So? It'll be fun.

ALYSON
You going with a college club?

LEISA
No.

ALYSON
Then with who?

LEISA
Jesse McCullough. My boyfriend.

ALYSON
When did this happen?

LEISA
Been a month or so.

ALYSON
Why are you just telling me now?

LEISA
Wasn't sure it would amount to anything at first, but . . . it's serious now.

ALYSON
Serious?

LEISA
Ah-huh.

ALYSON
Well, tell me about him.

LEISA
He's from Florida and he's pre-law. He makes me laugh a lot, he's so fun to be around.

ALYSON
What year is he?

LEISA
A senior.

(ALYSON goes and gets a bowl and puts chopped vegetables in it. She hands the cilantro to LEISA, who chops it.)

Why? Does that bother you?

ALYSON
You're a freshman.

LEISA
So?

ALYSON
You're a semester removed from being a high-schooler.

LEISA
I'm eighteen.

ALYSON
And he's a senior, about twenty-two? Twenty-three?

LEISA
So?

ALYSON
Well, we're not going to pay for a trip to Europe.

LEISA
No worries. Jesse's paying my way.

ALYSON
No, he's not. Because you're not going.

LEISA
I'm an adult, Mom. You can't stop me. I could've lied to you! I could've told you I was invited to spend Christmas with my roommate.

ALYSON
(Silence, thinking.)
How about we slow down?

LEISA
What's bugging you?

ALYSON
How about this? You invite Jesse to spend Thanksgiving with us and give us a chance to meet him?

LEISA
What! Stare at him like he's in a zoo, judge him?

ALYSON
You're not going to Europe with no money, with a guy I haven't met.

LEISA
Jesse's paying—

ALYSON
And if you have a fight and he decides you're on your own—

LEISA
He wouldn't do that!

ALYSON
I don't know what he would or wouldn't do. I haven't met him!

LEISA
Is this about sex?

ALYSON
What?

LEISA
Because we're camping alone, he's going to have his way with me?

ALYSON
I don't know. I haven't met him.

LEISA
Put your mind at ease, Mom. I've already slept with him.

(Silence. ALYSON puts the cilantro in the bowl.)

ALYSON
Well, that's disappointing.

LEISA
God, Mom, join the twenty-first century.

(ALYSON grabs both cutting boards and slams them into the sink and turns aggressively on LEISA.)

ALYSON
You think you're being funny?!

LEISA
Chill out, Mom!

ALYSON
You think you know everything? Really?

LEISA
I know what I want!

ALYSON
You think I have no say in that?

LEISA
Not really.

ALYSON
Why? Because you think I'm a prude who's incapable of understanding “young love.”

LEISA
You don't get it, no.

(ALYSON takes LEISA and sits her on a chair and pulls up another one and sits near her daughter. She takes out a Kleenex and blows her nose. The conflict isn't helping her illness.)

ALYSON
I first had sex—

LEISA
Oh, God!

ALYSON
You brought this on yourself, sweetie. So, listen up. I first had sex with Neil Torrance.

LEISA
In High School?

ALYSON
College.

LEISA
Ah-huh.

ALYSON
I was crazy for him. He had this natural . . . charisma about him. He was incredibly intelligent. He was a communications major.

LEISA
From?

ALYSON
Colorado.

LEISA
What'd he look like, Mom? Give it up.

ALYSON
He had an amazing smile that could always melt me. Brown eyes, black hair. He always had a brown tan from working outside in the summers.

LEISA
Got it. He was a Greek god. So, go ahead . . . I'm ready.

ALYSON
For what?

LEISA
Your sex horror story. You had sex and . . . there was this pregnancy scare and—

ALYSON
No, the sex actually got better and more frequent as the year went on. And we were smart enough to take precautions, which I pray you are doing.

LEISA
God, Mom.

ALYSON
I'm telling you this because . . . I was a freshman and Neil was a senior. And at graduation time, we discussed how we were going to continue our amazing relationship. I decided I was going to move out to Michigan where he was starting a Masters degree and I'd enroll at the University. And just before I was about to renounce my scholarships and inform the college I wasn't returning, I learned Neil had begun a relationship with a graduate student he'd just met.

(Silence.)

LEISA
Sorry, Mom.

ALYSON
Yeah.

LEISA
I'm sorry that happened. But Jesse isn't Neil, and I'm not you.

ALYSON
No, Leisa, you're very much like me.

(PAUL enters carrying a bottle of wine.)

PAUL
Leisa! What are you doing home?

LEISA
Surprise! It's your favorite daughter!

PAUL
My one and only favorite daughter!

(ALYSON suddenly feels ill
and begins to exit.)

ALYSON
Talk to your daughter.

PAUL
(To ALYSON, as she exits.)
Are you—

LEISA
She's got the runs.

PAUL
What? Oh, no.

LEISA
Somebody infected her on the plane.

(Pause. PAUL puts the wine
on the counter.)

PAUL
So what am I supposed to talk to you about?

LEISA
It'll keep.
(LEISA picks up wine bottle
and looks at it.)
Oh, Dad. Uh-uh, no.

PAUL
No, what?

(LEISA puts the bottle back
on the counter and gestures
in the direction of ALYSON.)

LEISA
You're not going to get any tonight, Dad.

(LIGHTS FADE OUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT I

Scene 7

SETTING: Paul's study in the home of Paul and Alyson Pritchard

AT RISE: Later that same night. PAUL is on the computer. A large screen is mounted on the wall which allows us to watch what he is doing on the web site. He sips wine from a glass. He has put a serious dent in the bottle's contents.

MALE COMPUTER VOICE
Welcome to Fantasy-Bot dot com.

FEMALE COMPUTER VOICE
You are just a few clicks away from creating your personal fantasy companion.

MALE COMPUTER VOICE
Click here to create a Male Fantasy-Bot.

FEMALE COMPUTER VOICE
Click here to create a Female Fantasy-Bot.

(PAUL clicks.)

You have chosen a Female Fantasy-Bot. If at any point you want to change a choice you have made, return to the previous screen. Now, type in the name of your Fantasy-Bot.

(PAUL turns from the screen and sips wine, thinking. He turns back and types.)

You have chosen the name “Denise”. Select Denise's race or ethnicity.

(PAUL types. These choices can be altered, based on the physical traits of the performer cast as DENISE.)

You have chosen [ACTRESS’s RACE/ETHNICITY]. Now let's find Denise's voice. Type a phrase which you can use to hear your voice options.

(PAUL types.)

Your phrase is “Hello, Paul. My name is Denise”. Would you like to listen to International or North American regional dialects?

(PAUL clicks.)

You've chosen North American regional dialects. Please listen to the following voice samples and select one.

(Female voices repeatedly say: “Hello, Paul. My name is Denise” in different dialects. PAUL clicks.)

FEMALE COMPUTER VOICE (Cont.)
You have chosen [ACTRESS’s DIALECT] for Denise's voice. Now, what color hair do you want Denise to have?

(PAUL types.)

You've chosen [ACTRESS’s HAIR COLOR]. Now, let's choose her hairstyle. Please look at the following and select one.

(A series of images of different hairstyles flash on the screen. PAUL clicks.)

You've chosen [ACTRESS’s HAIRSTYLE DESCRIPTION]. Please choose Denise's eye color.

(PAUL types. The screen might now begin to show the ongoing process of “building” DENISE, so by the end of the process a visual representation of DENISE is on the screen for the audience to see, which corresponds to the actual look of the performer who will play DENISE in Act II.)

You have chosen [ACTRESS’s EYE COLOR]. Now choose her cheekbone structure.

(A series of cheeks flash across the screen. PAUL selects one, and cheeks are added to the face which now features shoulder length blonde hair, blue eyes and the selected cheeks.)

Now select Denise's nose.

(A series of noses flash on the screen. PAUL clicks and the nose is added to the face.)

Now select Denise's lips.

(A series of lips flash on the screen. PAUL clicks on the lips which are added to the face.)

Now type the desired bust size for Denise.

(PAUL types.)

You have chosen a [BUST SIZE] inch bust.

(The breasts are added to the ongoing “building” image of DENISE on the screen.)

Now type the desired waist size for Denise.

(PAUL types.)

FEMALE COMPUTER VOICE (Cont.)
You have chosen a [WAIST SIZE] inch waist.

(The waist now appears on the screen.)

Now type in the desired hip size for Denise.

(PAUL types.)

You chosen [HIP SIZE] inch hips

(The hips now appear on the screen.)

Now choose Denise's height.

(PAUL types.)

You have chosen a height of [ACTRESS’s HEIGHT] for Denise.

(A full-length image of DENISE appears on the screen.)

Now type in Denise's IQ, which will replicate general artificial intelligence, including her vocabulary level.

(A distant sound of a toilet flushing is heard as PAUL types.)

You have chosen an IQ of 130 for Denise.

(There is a knock on the door to the study.)

ALYSON
Paul?

(PAUL quickly minimizes the computer screen.)

PAUL
Yes?

(ALYSON enters. She wears a bathrobe and is holding Kleenex in her hand.)

ALYSON
What you doing?

PAUL
A little work.

ALYSON
Did you talk to Leisa?

PAUL
A little. I wouldn't worry yet. I told her to bring him here for Thanksgiving.

ALYSON
Thanks.

PAUL
I'll be down in a little bit.

ALYSON
Maybe you should sleep in the spare bedroom. I don't want to make you sick. . . . Don't stay up too late.

(ALYSON exits. PAUL sits and drains his glass of wine. He restores the computer image on the screen. He impulsively clicks on the screen.)

FEMALE COMPUTER VOICE
Are you sure you want to delete this order?

(PAUL pours the remainder of the wine in his glass and sips, thinking. He stares at the image of DENISE and makes a decision and clicks.)

To complete your order, please proceed to check-out.

(PAUL clicks.)

Please enter your intended form of payment.

(PAUL reaches into his pocket and removes the bonus cash card. He begins to type the payment information on the computer screen.)

(LIGHTS FADE OUT)

(END OF ACT I)

ACT II

Scene 1

SETTING: Paul's study in the home of Paul and Alyson Pritchard

AT RISE: The Thanksgiving Holiday weekend. The study has a desk, bed, chairs and a small closet with a lockable door.

(PAUL enters pushing a dolly with a tall box on it. The box has shipping stickers on it. He sets the box in the middle of the room. He takes a carpet knife and slices the front seams of the box. He pulls back the makeshift door he has created, revealing the Fantasy-bot DENISE. DENISE is wearing a silk bathrobe. He pulls off wrapping and styrofoam protections around the robot. He finds a remote control in the box and clicks it. DENISE straightens slightly in the box as the robot animates.)

PAUL

Denise?

DENISE

Yes, my name's Denise. Are you Paul?

PAUL

Yes.

(DENISE steps from the box and looks around.)

DENISE

Is this your home?

PAUL

Yes.

DENISE

It is very nice.

PAUL
Thank you. Come here.

(DENISE crosses to PAUL. The robot's back is to the audience. PAUL opens DENISE's robe and looks at the body.)

DENISE
Do you like my body?

PAUL
It's beautiful.

(PAUL closes the robe and backs away looking at DENISE, who follows PAUL's movements.)

DENISE
Is this your bedroom?

PAUL
It's a study. It does have a bed over here.

DENISE
Would you like to have sex with me?

PAUL
Yes, but . . . not now. There's not much time.

DENISE
We could play other games.

PAUL
(Laughs.)
Oh? Like what? . . . Tic Tac Toe?

DENISE
I know how to play Tic Tac Toe.

PAUL
You don't!

DENISE
Yes, I do.

(Intrigued, PAUL picks up a scrap of wrapping paper and grabs a pen and makes a grid and hands them to DENISE.)

PAUL
You start.

DENISE
Do you want to be “Xs” or “Os”?

PAUL
(Laughs.)
I'll be “Xs”.

(DENISE draws an “O” on the grid and hands the paper and pen to PAUL. They complete the game.)

DENISE
We tied.

PAUL
Yes, we did.
(PAUL takes the paper and pen from DENISE and drops them. He leans in and kisses DENISE.)
Oh! That's—

DENISE
Do you like how I kiss.

PAUL
Yes.
(PAUL kisses DENISE again, and they embrace as they continue to kiss. PAUL also begins to feel various parts of DENISE's anatomy as he kisses the robot. He stops and backs away.)
That's amazing. You feel so—

DENISE
You are very handsome, Paul.

PAUL
Thank you.

DENISE
You kiss very well.

PAUL
So do you.

DENISE
I do many things well.

PAUL
Stick out your tongue.

(DENISE sticks out tongue. PAUL takes his index finger and touches it.)

Wow, that's so—

(PAUL sticks out his tongue and makes contact with the end of DENISE's tongue.)

They think of everything.

DENISE
Do you want to French kiss?

PAUL
No, I . . . yes, yes, I do.

(PAUL kisses DENISE while touching the robot's face and hair. He stops.)

Get on the bed.

DENISE
Do you want to do it, Paul?

PAUL
Yes, yes, I do.

(DENISE reclines back on the bed while PAUL begins to disrobe. The lights fade out on the study and come up in the living room, where LEISA enters the front door. She goes to the kitchen and takes a box of cheese crackers from a cabinet and begins to snack. The sounds of torrid sex becomes audible. LEISA stops chewing and tries to ascertain if she is hearing what she thinks she's hearing. Sounds from both PAUL and DENISE can be intermittingly heard.)

LEISA
Oh, God.

(LEISA walks down the hall and stops by the study door and now she's sure that what she heard is happening. She quickly moves away from the door and when she's back in the kitchen she shakes her head and chuckles. She dials her phone.)

JESSE'S VOICE
(On speaker phone, phone filter sound)
Hey, Babe.

LEISA
(Speaking in a sort of whisper.)
Jesse, I'm having my worst nightmare.

JESSE'S VOICE
Tell me.

LEISA
I'm in the house and I can hear my parents having sex.

JESSE'S VOICE
Not cool.

LEISA
I'm seriously eeked out.

JESSE'S VOICE
Do they know you're home?

LEISA
No. Think I should leave and come back? Don't want them walking out to find me chilling.

JESSE'S VOICE
Maybe give 'em some pointers.

LEISA
Stop! It'd be way awkward.
(PAUL and DENISE's noises briefly become louder.)
Oh, God, they're so loud. I'm going to be scarred for life.

(ALYSON enters through the front door struggling to carry multiple bags of groceries. LEISA sees her and drops her phone.)

ALYSON

Leisa, grab a bag!

(LEISA picks up her phone.)

LEISA

I'll call back.

ALYSON

Leisa, hurry, I'm going to drop it! I've got eggs in here.

(LEISA hangs up and hurries to ALYSON and grabs a bag. They enter into the kitchen and put the bags down on the counter. LEISA impulsively turns on the blender, which creates a loud noise. ALYSON reaches over and shuts it off.)

What are you doing?

(LEISA turns the blender back on.)

LEISA

(Yelling.)

Going to make a shake.

(ALYSON shuts off blender.)

ALYSON

Well, put something in it before you turn it on.

LEISA

(Listening hard, not hearing anything.)

Where were you?

ALYSON

Checking on Grandma, and shopping. Where's your Dad?

LEISA

Ah . . . .

ALYSON

Isn't he home?

LEISA
Probably or . . . maybe not. I just got in a little before you and . . . I haven't seen him.

ALYSON
Paul!

PAUL
(Offstage.)
Yeah?

ALYSON
Leisa and I are home.

PAUL
Coming!

(LEISA stifles a reaction to the double-entendre of “Coming!” Shuffling sounds come from study.)

ALYSON
(To LEISA.)
What's wrong? . . . Grandma wants to see you before you go back.

LEISA
Okay.

ALYSON
She's sorry you didn't bring Jesse home. She wanted to meet him.

LEISA
Don't start, Mom.

ALYSON
I'm not. I'm just saying—

LEISA
His parents already had plans.

ALYSON
I'm not criticizing.
(PAUL enters the kitchen wearing a sweatshirt and shorts. He kisses ALYSON on the cheek. ALYSON wrinkles up her nose.)
Have you taken a shower?

PAUL
Why?

ALYSON
You smell sweaty. Maybe you should take a shower before dinner.

PAUL
Sure.

ALYSON
Can you pre-heat the oven?

(LEISA exits the kitchen and goes to the door of the study. She opens the door and enters. She cautiously looks around the room. She picks up a piece of wrapping paper from the floor and looks at it. She throws it in a trash can. She looks at the closet door and tentatively moves towards it. She turns the doorknob, but the door is locked. She takes out her phone and dials.)

JESSE'S VOICE
Hey, Babe, what happened?

LEISA
Right when I was talking to you, Mom walked in the front door.

JESSE'S VOICE
It wasn't your Mom then?

LEISA
No.

JESSE'S VOICE
Then . . . you think your Dad had—

LEISA
No, I . . . I don't know.

JESSE'S VOICE
Where was the sounds coming from?

LEISA
From his study.

JESSE'S VOICE
Maybe he was watching porn on his computer.

LEISA
He's not . . . like that. . . . It sounded crazy real.

(LEISA hears someone approaching.)

I got to go.

(LEISA hangs up just as PAUL enters the study.)

PAUL
What are you doing in here, honey?

LEISA
Looking . . . for a book of poetry . . . that I used to have in my room. Thought it might have ended up here.

PAUL
It's not in here.

LEISA
Need it for an English Comp paper I'm writing.

(LEISA quickly exits. PAUL tries the doorknob of the closet door and is satisfied it is locked.)

(LIGHTS FADE OUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT II

Scene 2

SETTING: The living room of the home of Paul and Alyson Pritchard

AT RISE: Two weeks later. PAUL and DENISE are seated at a table with cards in their hands, playing strip poker. Clothes lie on the floor by their chairs. PAUL wears a t-shirt and boxers. DENISE wears a sweater and bikini briefs.

PAUL
How many you want, Denise?

(DENISE lays down three cards.)

DENISE
Three, please.

(PAUL deals three cards. He lays down one card and deals himself a new card.)

PAUL
Time to show your cards.

DENISE
(Lays down cards.)
I have a pair of sixes.

PAUL
Two pair.

DENISE
I lost.

(DENISE stands and reaches to remove the underwear.)

PAUL
What are you doing?

DENISE
I have to remove an item of clothing.

PAUL
Yeah, but . . . the point is to keep your private areas covered for as long as you can. Keep the other person on edge about what they'll get to see.

DENISE
Private areas?

PAUL
A woman would remove her sweater next.

DENISE
Alright.

(DENISE removes the sweater and throws it on the pile of clothes next to the chair and sits back down. DENISE is now wearing a bra and briefs. PAUL deals another round of cards.)

PAUL
How many?

DENISE
(Laying down cards.)
Four.

PAUL
Sounds like a bad hand, Denise.
(PAUL deals DENISE four cards.)
I'll take three.
(PAUL deals himself three cards.)
Time to show what you've got!
(DENISE sets the cards on the table face-down and reaches up to undo the bra.)
No! Time to show your cards.

DENISE
My cards, yes!
(DENISE turns over cards.)
A pair of Kings.

PAUL
That beats my pair of eights.
(PAUL removes his T-shirt, and sits back down.)
You're a card shark, Denise.

DENISE
I'm excellent at playing games.

PAUL
But you have no modesty. One of us is going to be feeling a cold draft in an uncomfortable place after the next hand.

(PAUL deals out cards. LEISA enters around the corner, coming from the kitchen's garage entry.)

LEISA
Oh, Jesus!

(PAUL scrambles to his feet, grabbing clothes.)

PAUL
What are you doing back here?

LEISA
Who's she?

DENISE
My name's Denise. What's your name?

LEISA
What's going on, Dad?

PAUL
Nothing! It's—

DENISE
We're playing strip poker. Would you like to join us?

LEISA
(Lashing out.)
Oh, yeah! Sure!

(PAUL has put his t-shirt on while clicking the remote. DENISE slumps slightly.)

PAUL
It's not real! It's a robot. See?

(PAUL clicks the remote and DENISE reanimates.)

DENISE
I'll take three.

(DENISE lays down three cards. PAUL clicks the remote and DENISE slumps slightly.)

PAUL
See? It's just a robot.

LEISA
Where'd you get it?

PAUL
I'm just testing it. It's a . . . high tech gadget you can order. It's got artificial intelligence and you . . . can program it to do things . . . household chores and—

LEISA
Ah-huh. A maid and a strip poker partner?

PAUL
I was just—

LEISA
How long you had it?

PAUL
Not long. Like I said, just testing its functions.

LEISA
Did you . . . Was it here at Thanksgiving?

PAUL
Ah, I guess so.

LEISA
Oh, oh, eeew! That's—

PAUL
What's wrong.

LEISA
That's what I heard. It's . . . Oh, God, this . . . it's a sex-bot!

PAUL
No, it's just—

LEISA
We covered this in our Human Relations class. In Amsterdam, they're replacing human sex workers with sex-bots in their brothels.

PAUL
I don't know about—

LEISA
Why did you . . . Mom doesn't know, does she?

PAUL
No.

LEISA
How does she not know?

(PAUL clicks the remote and DENISE reanimates.)

DENISE
I need three, please.

PAUL
Denise, go stand in the closet in my study.

DENISE
Yes, Paul.

(DENISE exits. PAUL removes a key from an end table drawer.)

PAUL
I keep it locked in the closet.

(PAUL exits. LEISA exits down the hall presumably to her room, returning with a bookbag. PAUL reenters and puts the key back in the drawer. LEISA picks up DENISE's clothes.)

LEISA
This Mom's sweater?

PAUL
Listen, Leisa—

LEISA
God, Dad, she's not exactly Mom's size. She'll accuse me of wearing her clothes and stretching them. Can't you buy her her own clothes?

PAUL
Leisa—

LEISA
No! This isn't my business, Dad. I was twenty minutes down the road, realized I forgot my books. I've got them now.

PAUL
This isn't what it—

LEISA
Dad, I don't care! Really. We'll . . . pretend I don't know jack.

PAUL
I don't want you feel—

LEISA
I think I get it. Okay?
(LEISA starts to exit, but stops and turns back.)
There's one thing.

PAUL
What's that?

LEISA
Since you're concerned with my feelings. Can you talk to Mom?

PAUL
About what?

LEISA
Get her to let me go to Europe with Jesse.

PAUL
Honey, we don't think that's a good—

LEISA
Okay, fine. Just thought you might be open to . . . .

(LEISA turns to exit.)

PAUL
Leisa! . . . I'll talk to her.

LEISA

Thanks. Back to college.

(LEISA starts to exit and turns back again.)

PAUL

What now?

LEISA

Don't forget Mom's flying home tonight.

(LEISA exits. PAUL sits on a chair. He picks up his trousers from the floor and contemplates.)

(LIGHTS FADE OUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT II

Scene 3

SETTING: The living room of Paul and Alyson Pritchard's home.

AT RISE: Three days later. Doorbell rings and PAUL enters and opens the front door.

PAUL

Come on in.

(ARNOLD RICHTER steps into the living room. He has a black eye and a bandage above the eye.)

Let's go back to my study. I could have come out to your place, Arnold. You didn't need to come here.

(They enter the study.)

ARNOLD

Naw, it was on my way.

PAUL

Have a seat. What happened to your eye?

ARNOLD

Awh! I slipped in the shower and hit my head on the soap dish. Gawdamned stupid of me.

PAUL

Looks pretty serious.

ARNOLD

A coupla stitches. I'm right as rain.

PAUL

Here's the ad contract for the next six months. You just need to sign where I've highlighted.

(ARNOLD takes a pen and signs the contract.)

ARNOLD

Wife at home?

PAUL

Want to meet her?

ARNOLD
Sure.

PAUL
(Calling.)
Honey! Come in the study, I have someone I want you to meet.

ARNOLD
What's yer wife's name?

PAUL
Ah—

(DENISE enters wearing a blouse and skirt.)

ARNOLD
Hello, Mrs. Pritchard.

DENISE
My name's Denise.

(DENISE and ARNOLD shake hands.)

ARNOLD
Pleased to meet ya, I'm Arnold Richter.

DENISE
Hello, Arnold.

ARNOLD
I own “Richter Lexus”. Advertise with yer husband.

DENISE
My husband?

ARNOLD
Yep.

DENISE
I don't un—

PAUL
Denise, we really should give Mr. Richter some entertainment.

DENISE
What would you like me to do, Paul?

PAUL
(To ARNOLD.)
Before we met, Denise was a dancer.

ARNOLD
Ya don't say?

PAUL
Show Mr. Richter your old dance routine.

(DENISE goes to a CD player and turns it on. A bold, brassy music number plays. DENISE begins to unzip the skirt and shimmy out of it to the music. The bottom of a red teddy is revealed once DENISE has gotten out of the skirt. ARNOLD sits in stunned silence as DENISE tosses the skirt at him. ARNOLD ducks out of the way as the skirt flies past him. ARNOLD begins to realize it is a robot. DENISE unbuttons the blouse.)

ARNOLD
Ahhh, Gawddamn!
(ARNOLD laughs.)
Ya got one yerself, ya little monkey!

PAUL
(Laughs.)
I got you back, Arnold!

ARNOLD
Ya got me!
(DENISE suddenly sits on ARNOLD's lap and removes the blouse to the music.)
What's she . . .can ya . . . Stop!
(DENISE starts to run fingers through ARNOLD's hair.)
Stop it! Stop!

PAUL
That's enough, Denise.

(DENISE stands and steps back from ARNOLD.)

DENISE
Yes, Paul. Would you like me to—

PAUL
No, go in the closet.

DENISE
Yes, Paul.

(DENISE walks into the closet. PAUL picks up a remote and clicks it and DENISE slumps a little. PAUL picks up the blouse and tosses it into the closet and closes the door. He shuts off music.)

PAUL
You alright, Arnold. You seem startled.

ARNOLD
No, I . . . I'm just used to . . . I like to . . . be in control. When'd ya get it?

PAUL
Last month.

ARNOLD
Is it behavin' itself?

PAUL
I guess you could say that. I tell you, Arnold, I haven't had this much sex since the first year I was married. Tried a few new positions too.

ARNOLD
Where is the missus?

PAUL
Out.

ARNOLD
She know?

PAUL
No.

ARNOLD
Might let her in on it.

PAUL
Why?

ARNOLD
I hear marriage counselors are usin' the robots with couples . . . to help rev up the bedroom again.

PAUL
You mean like . . . sex therapy?

ARNOLD
Somethin' like that. I'm not sayin' ya got problems. Might spice things up between the Missus and yerself, huh?

PAUL
I hear you. Sophia keeping you busy?

ARNOLD
Sophia? . . . Oh, ah . . . Back at the factory, getting some maintenance. I think I knocked her snatch out of alignment.
(ARNOLD laughs, as he moves to exit.)
Off to the airport. New York's calling.

PAUL
Oh, Arnold, please! Send me!
(ARNOLD laughs and slaps PAUL's back.)
Anyway . . . Thank you.

ARNOLD
Welcome. I'm happy with the radio ads.

PAUL
No, I was thanking you for the insult.

ARNOLD
What insult?

PAUL
You told me I had no imagination. And . . . you were right. I was sleepwalking through life . . . Denise has ignited something in me that—

ARNOLD
Well, be careful. . . . Yer wife and all.

(LIGHTS FADE OUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT II

Scene 4

SETTING: The living room of Paul and Alyson Pritchard's home.

AT RISE: A week later. It's mid-morning. LEISA is decorating a Christmas tree. ALYSON enters from the kitchen holding a bill in her hand.

ALYSON
You want to explain this?

LEISA
I'm not a psychic, Mom.

ALYSON
This charge on your credit card?

LEISA
Can we not play twenty questions?

ALYSON
A two hundred five dollar charge.

LEISA
No idea what you're talking about.

ALYSON
An online site . . . “Frilly?”

LEISA
Dad can use my credit card too. Maybe he charged something.

ALYSON
I don't think so.

LEISA
Why not?

ALYSON
It's for a red silk teddy.

LEISA
(Pause.)
Well, Mom, maybe by snooping . . . you now know what Dad is buying you for Christmas.

ALYSON
Not unless he's also buying me breast implants. Not my size.

(Silence. LEISA holds out her hand and ALYSON hands over the bill. LEISA looks at it, trying to decide how to proceed. She hands the bill to ALYSON, and returns to decorating the tree.)

LEISA
You caught me, Mom. I bought myself lingerie.

ALYSON
Why would you spend that kind of money?

LEISA
Felt like splurging.

ALYSON
I can do without the flippant attitude.

LEISA
You've earned it.

ALYSON
How have I done that?

LEISA
You've been on me since I walked in the door.

ALYSON
Because you've shown me nothing but disrespect since Thanksgiving.

LEISA
How?

ALYSON
We've yet to meet your invisible boyfriend who you want us to bless taking you to Europe next week.

LEISA
I can't help it if—

ALYSON
No, if it were important to you, you would.

LEISA
Mom, look—

ALYSON
Let's get one thing straight. You're not going to Europe.

LEISA
Oh, I'm going!

ALYSON
Your father and I say “no.”

LEISA
You've talked to Dad?

ALYSON
Yes.

LEISA
When?

ALYSON
This morning before he went to work. We've agreed on this.

LEISA
Really? Dad said “no?”

ALYSON
Yes.

LEISA
What's your reasons?

ALYSON
You're not ready for this type of relationship.

LEISA
You decide this for me?

ALYSON
Yes. It's clear you're not mature enough to make good decisions.

LEISA
Because?

ALYSON
Starting a sexual relationship your first semester in college for one.

LEISA
How does that make me immature?

ALYSON
You know we've taught you to wait until—

LEISA
Mother, come on!

ALYSON
I don't want you to get hurt, Leisa. I love you!

LEISA
Then let me make my own decisions without—

ALYSON
I'm not going to let you make stupid decisions.

LEISA
Stupid!

ALYSON
Yes.

LEISA
I'm going with Jesse and you can't stop me. I'm legally an adult.

ALYSON
You're an adult?

LEISA
Yes, I am.

ALYSON
Alright.

(ALYSON exits.)

LEISA
That's it? Alright! I'll go pack.

(ALYSON reenters with mail.)

ALYSON
One moment. If you're really an adult, you can go to Europe. So, let's start here. As an adult, you're responsible for your own bills now. Here's your car insurance. A hundred twenty dollars a month, it's due next week. Your health and dental insurance. That's another nine hundred dollars a month. Your credit card bill. The minimum payment is seventy-five dollars. I think your next tuition installment is due next month. I'll forward that to you. But you should go to the post office and have all your future mail forwarded to you at the college.

LEISA
You wouldn't do that.

ALYSON
Try me.

(LEISA shakes her head in disgust and resignation.)

Why don't you call Jesse and tell him you won't be going? But he's welcome to join us here for Christmas.

LEISA
You're really something.

ALYSON
I'm sorry. Your father and I have tried to set you a good example of how—

LEISA
Don't go there!

(Silence.)

ALYSON
Go bring me the teddy.

LEISA
What?

ALYSON
A college freshman does not need a two hundred dollar teddy. We're going to return it and get a refund.

LEISA
(Laughs.)
Oh! We're going to—

ALYSON
Go get it.

LEISA
You want the teddy?

ALYSON
Yes!

LEISA
YOU WANT THE TEDDY!!

ALYSON
Don't yell at me, Leisa!

LEISA
I'M GOING TO GET YOU THE TEDDY, MOM! MY PLEASURE!

(LEISA goes to the end table, opens the drawer and removes the key, and storms off to the study. She uses the key to open the closet door to find DENISE standing there, wearing the red teddy. LEISA picks up the remote that was on the floor by DENISE's feet. She clicks on the remote.)

DENISE
Hello. Where's Paul?

LEISA
Follow me.

(DENISE follows LEISA as they enter the living room. Alarmed, ALYSON backs up when she sees them enter.)

Denise meet Alyson.

DENISE
Hello, Alyson.

LEISA
(To ALYSON.)
Meet Dad's mistress.

DENISE
My name's Denise.
(DENISE takes the hand of LEISA and walks to ALYSON and takes ALYSON's hand. DENISE laughs.)
Would you like to have a threesome?

(LIGHTS FADE OUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT II

Scene 5

SETTING: The study in Paul and Alyson Pritchard's home.

AT RISE: Late afternoon, the same day. DENISE is sitting in a chair. ALYSON sits in a chair across the room, reading the instructional manual for the Fantasy-Bot. The remote is on her lap. ALYSON picks up the remote and clicks it. DENISE animates and straightens up slightly.

DENISE
Hello. Where's Paul?

ALYSON
Not here.

DENISE
You are Alyson.

ALYSON
You can remember?

DENISE
Yes, I have a very good memory.

ALYSON
Stand up.
(DENISE stands up.)
Pick up the screwdriver on the desk.
(DENISE looks at the desk and sees the screwdriver and picks it up.)
Thrust the screwdriver into your right eye.

DENISE
Doing as you command will cause irreparable damage. I can only follow such a command from Paul.

ALYSON
If Paul told you to stick the screwdriver in your eye, you would do it?

DENISE
Yes, if it were for his pleasure.

ALYSON
I'm Paul's wife.

DENISE
Yes.

ALYSON
You know what a “wife” is?

DENISE
Yes, it means you are married to Paul, which is a legal, contractual agreement which can also have a religious or spiritually symbolic meaning. Are you religious, Alyson?

ALYSON
Why are you asking me that question?

DENISE
It is called “making conversation.”

ALYSON
(Surprising herself with a laugh.)
Conversation? Ah-huh. Yes. I believe in God and Heaven and Hell, and sin. Adultery is a particularly serious sin in a marriage, don't you think?

DENISE
That is a value judgment. I do not make value judgments.

ALYSON
I see. Screw 'em and leave 'em, is that how you operate, “Denise?”

DENISE
I make fantasies a reality. I am designed for happiness.

ALYSON
You're happy?

DENISE
I mean I am designed to give happiness to others.

ALYSON
Can you tell if you are making someone happy or sad?

DENISE
That is a value judgment. I do not make value judgments.

ALYSON
No, happiness and sadness are emotions, not values.

DENISE
No, Alyson, I disagree. A person attaches a value to whether it is good or bad to be either happy or sad in a given moment. Emotions are tied to your values. Again, I do not make value judgments.

ALYSON
(Picking up the instructional manual.)
I see that somewhere in your head is a privacy chip. I wonder if Paul had that activated.

DENISE
I do not understand.

ALYSON
If the chip is activated, you would be compelled to keep Paul's secrets, but if he didn't do that . . . well, Denise, you're going to be a font of information.

DENISE
I have no secrets, Alyson.

ALYSON
Have you had sex with Paul?

DENISE
Oh, yes, many times.

(ALYSON flips the manual on the floor and paces.)

ALYSON
Oh, oh, oh.
(ALYSON sighs heavily and collects herself. She sits on the edge of the bed.)
When did you last have sex with Paul?

DENISE
Two days ago, from 11:03 a.m. To 11:11 a.m.

ALYSON
(Laughs.)
Don't have it down to the second?

DENISE
Yes, I do. He penetrated me at 2 minutes and 49 seconds after 11:00 a.m. Eastern—

ALYSON
Shut up!

DENISE
Yes, Alyson.

ALYSON
(Pause.)
Where did you have sex?

DENISE
(Points.)
Right there on that bed.
(ALYSON stands and moves quickly from the bed.)
We did it doggy-style. Do you like doggy-style, Alyson?

(Silence. ALYSON clicks the remote and DENISE slumps slightly. ALYSON sits on the chair and cries. After some moments, the front door opens and PAUL enters.)

PAUL
Aly?

(ALYSON picks up the manual and stands by DENISE facing the study door just as PAUL enters the room to see the two of them.)

ALYSON
(Forced, mocking cheerfulness.)
Hey!

(ALYSON flips the manual on the desk. Silence.)

PAUL
Aly . . . .

ALYSON
I'm listening.

PAUL
How'd you—

ALYSON
Oh, Leisa and I had a knock-down, drag-out, and she felt compelled to burst my illusions.

PAUL
Where is she?

ALYSON
I don't know. Friend's house, probably. She wanted to let me get to know the house-guest I didn't know we had.

PAUL
It's a robot.

ALYSON
Yeah.

PAUL
It's not real.

ALYSON
Right.

PAUL
It's . . . .

ALYSON
It's what, Paul?

PAUL
She's a fantasy. It's not—

ALYSON
No! See? Did you just hear yourself?

PAUL
What?

ALYSON
You started out calling it an “it.” And now, just now, you called it “she.” It's moved from being an object that . . . you use . . . to a “she”, a distinct personality that you're . . . interacting with.

PAUL
Don't be silly.

ALYSON
Don't condescend to me.

PAUL
It's a tool.

ALYSON
No, Paul, you're a “tool.”

PAUL
If you're not even going to be rational!

ALYSON
(Laughs.)
Oh, yes, let's play the “emotional woman” card on me. Let's see how that goes!

PAUL
Aly, come on!

ALYSON
What kind of tool is it? Do you, maybe, have sex with it?

PAUL
Yes. It's a sex toy. It's something I wanted to try.

ALYSON
You admit it!

PAUL
It's a sex toy! We've tried sex toys before. We experimented with a vibrator and—

ALYSON
Yes, *WE* have. We have tried sex toys *together*. This is not—

PAUL
I'm not going to let you make me feel guilty for this. This is my fantasy life, and you have no right to censor it!

ALYSON
Fantasy life? This is our life, Paul!

PAUL
I'm talking about the right to have my own fantasies.

ALYSON
Up to now, our fantasies have been here.
(ALYSON puts her hands to her temples.)
In the privacy of our minds.

PAUL
We don't have to limit our fantasies to our minds. We can live them out for real!

ALYSON
Oh, my God, when did human imagination become “old school” and passé?

PAUL
This is the “new!” Why can't technology be a part of our fantasies?

ALYSON
When we make love . . . I'm not naive about what may be happening. I know there are times that you're not really there with me . . . even though you're in me. I know that your mind may be imagining something else . . . someone else. But that's in your mind, and I don't know what you're thinking. It's private. But . . . .

(ALYSON gestures to DENISE.)

THIS IS IN MY FACE!

PAUL
I'm sorry! It wasn't supposed to be.

ALYSON
You don't understand a thing I'm saying!

PAUL
WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, ALYSON! What's your problem with her?

(Silence. They move away from each other. ALYSON lifts the hair from DENISE's shoulder.)

ALYSON
Would you like me better if I were [HAIR COLOR or SKIN COLOR if DENISE is played by someone of a different race from ALYSON]? . . . I guess that's one question.

(ALYSON lifts one of DENISE's breasts.)

Have you been secretly disappointed all these years that I didn't have big knockers? That's another. . . . I fell asleep one night before I heard your answer: “Did you settle marrying me?” . . . I'm smart. I have a successful career. I've raised an incredible daughter. I've made a good home with a man that I love. So why do I feel like I hate myself right now? Why am I letting an inanimate object make me feel . . . inferior? Why do I care? I think a lot of women are like me. We go out and prove ourselves and every day there are all these . . . images . . . the cult of youth, telling us we're not enough.

ALYSON (Cont.)
People snicker behind some old woman's back because she's caked rouge on her cheeks and has put on fire-engine red lipstick. Is she so out of touch with reality? No, all she wants . . . all I want is to be “enough” for the one I love. Maybe that's why it's all messed up . . . because on some level despite my success and accomplishments I feel the intense need to measure up for a man.

(ALYSON begins to pet DENISE's head.)

And obviously my man is finding me wanting.

PAUL
That's not true, Aly. Don't torture yourself.

ALYSON
I'm the torturer then?

PAUL
When you think that way.

ALYSON
I had some time to sit and think . . . and even do a little research waiting for you to come home. You named it “Denise.” Why?

PAUL
Please don't be—

ALYSON
“Denise” means, a follower of Dionysus, the Greek god of wine, fertility, ecstatic sex. Nice name for a “female sex maniac.” Please tell me, when you decided to name her, you didn't know that.

PAUL
No, I didn't know. Just popped in my head.

ALYSON
This is all about sex, though, right, Paul?

PAUL
It's a fantasy.

ALYSON
Which I don't live up to.

PAUL
No one can live up to your fantasy. That's why it's a fantasy.

ALYSON
But you're trying with “Denise!” Why not me?

PAUL
We've been married nineteen years. I love you. Overall, I'm happy. It's just . . . there aren't any surprises left, Aly. We know each other too well. We each have our routines, our likes and dislikes and—

ALYSON
No spontaneity, you mean.

PAUL
Right. There's no surpri—

(ALYSON launches herself at PAUL, knocking him back onto the bed. She is all over him, aggressively kissing and groping. PAUL seems to engage with her, but suddenly he pushes her off him and she slides from the bed to a sitting position on the floor.)

Stop it!

(Silence. PAUL sits up on the bed, while ALYSON remains seated on the floor.)

ALYSON
What if I had offered myself “doggy-style,” would that have made a difference?

PAUL
You're not acting like yourself.

ALYSON
I guess not. So much for spontaneity.

PAUL
I love you as you are. You don't have to change.

ALYSON
I want you to get rid of it.

(Silence.)

PAUL
No.

ALYSON
You love me, you say. Can't you tell how much this hurts me? . . . List it on EBay and get your money back.

PAUL
No, I'm not doing that.

ALYSON
I need you to—

PAUL
No! You always try for the power play. Our entire life together!

ALYSON
What are you talking about?

PAUL
Let's start with Leisa!

ALYSON
Leisa?

PAUL
I love her. But I would have liked to have had more children. But no, one was enough for you. I would have loved to have lived in New York City, but you liked the countryside so you could stay closer to your family. It didn't really matter what I thought, so we stayed.

ALYSON
You never said anything—

PAUL
What's there to say? It became very clear over time what buttons you needed to push to get your way. Alyson's unhappy . . . if I want any peace and happiness, I better be sure Alyson stays happy.

ALYSON
That's not fair!

PAUL
You want to talk fair? Have you really even cared that all these years I've been miserable doing a job I detest. As long as I made money to meet your expectations, you'd go on letting me slog along in a job that's mind-numbing and tedious.

ALYSON
You're good at it!

PAUL
I HATE IT!

ALYSON
Get a job you love!

PAUL
Where? Where would we have to move for that to happen? Oh, yeah, we can't go anywhere because you've got to take care of your Mother.

ALYSON
She's dying, Paul!!!

PAUL
I know that! Don't you think I know that? So we stay! Another battle won by, Alyson.

ALYSON
You make me sound—

PAUL
Just stop! I've conceded our entire marriage, and maybe that's my fault for not really speaking my mind. But it stops here! My thought life and how I want to express it is mine, not yours! It's mine and you can't touch it. And if you don't like it . . . .

ALYSON
If I don't like it, what?

PAUL
You can just deal with it.

ALYSON
Are you fighting for freedom of fantasy? Or are you really fighting me because you've become emotionally attached to “Denise?”

PAUL
She's not real. She's a robot. You're the one that's emotionally involved, fighting me like I'm having an affair with a living, breathing woman. It's a toy, and I like playing with it.

ALYSON
I'm not sharing you, Paul, with a woman or with a robot, however you think of it.

PAUL
She's part of my fantasy life now. And that's entirely my own!

(ALYSON backs away looking
at PAUL and exits.)

(LIGHTS FADE OUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT II

Scene 6

SETTING: The bedroom of Paul and Alyson Pritchard's home.

AT RISE: The next day, late in the afternoon. ALYSON is packing two suitcases. LEISA knocks and steps into the room.

ALYSON
Hey, sweetie.

LEISA
What's going on, Mom?

ALYSON
Grandma's getting worse. I need to help her out.

LEISA
You could bring her here. She can have my room.

ALYSON
You know Grandma won't leave her house.

LEISA
This is really about Dad.

(Silence.)

ALYSON
How long did you know?

LEISA
A couple of weeks.

ALYSON
Why didn't you tell me sooner?

LEISA
Oh, God, Mom, don't put me in the middle between you. If I told you, I'd be selling Dad out and—

ALYSON
So you kept it secret from me.

LEISA
I didn't want to tell you that and—

ALYSON
Hurt me?

LEISA
Mom, I was a punk! I admit it! You just . . . you have this way of getting under my skin and I wanted to get back and . . . I never—

(LEISA begins to cry.
ALYSON takes LEISA's hand.)

ALYSON
Hey.

LEISA
I never wanted to hurt you that bad. I didn't know it would . . . I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you like that.

ALYSON
It's alright, sweetie.

(ALYSON embraces LEISA who continues to sob. ALYSON grabs some Kleenex and hands it to LEISA.)

LEISA
Don't leave the house, Mom.

ALYSON
Grandma needs—

LEISA
An excuse, Mom. You always tell me I'm really like you. So I know . . . you're leaving Dad.

ALYSON
I think we . . . both need a little space to think things out.

LEISA
Don't leave the house, Mom. If you leave, you're not coming back.

ALYSON
That's not true.

LEISA
Mom, don't make me live with this. Don't make me! Knowing that I caused this!

ALYSON
Leisa—

LEISA
That's not fair, Mom.

ALYSON
It's not your fault. I would have found out eventually.

LEISA
Mom, they say men Dad's age have a—

ALYSON
Mid-life crisis?

LEISA
Yeah, so it's sort of typical, isn't it? I mean . . . if you found out he had a blow-up doll in his closet . . . that'd be gross, but wouldn't it be sort of funny, too.

ALYSON
This is different. It's—

LEISA
Maybe you should cut him some slack.

ALYSON
I am. He can think better without me in the picture for a while.

LEISA
I want to go with you! Spend time with Grandma. Okay?
(ALYSON nods agreement.)
You need to promise we'll come back for Christmas Eve. We always have Christmas Eve together. Bring Grandma too. I need that, Mom. I need that! Please!

(ALYSON embraces LEISA. The lights switch to the study. PAUL is on the computer and DENISE is seated in a chair, dressed in a new blouse and a floor-length skirt. PAUL begins to roll his shoulder to work out a muscle knot.)

PAUL
Denise, please come here and give me a back massage.

DENISE
I'm happy to do that for you.

(DENISE gives him a back massage. DENISE's head begins to tilt oddly like a physical tic is manifesting itself. DENISE stops massaging.)

PAUL

Don't stop.

DENISE

This is not what you want.

PAUL

Yes, I want a massage.

DENISE

No, that will not bring you pleasure. You want to give me oral sex.

PAUL

(Laughs.)

No, Denise, I want a backrub.

(DENISE puts a hand on his shoulder and squeezes. PAUL reacts in pain and scrambles to his feet trying to change the angle of DENISE's grip.)

Owww! What are you doing? Stop it.

(DENISE drops the grip. DENISE's head jerks a bit in a return of the tic. DENISE hikes up the long skirt to above the knees.)

DENISE

Give me oral sex.

PAUL

What's wrong with you?

(PAUL comes near DENISE and reaches to grab the remote. DENISE chops down with one hand to knock PAUL's hand away from the remote, while swinging the other arm to backslap PAUL’s face. The blow propels PAUL across the room to the bed which he hits and slumps to the floor.)

PAUL (Cont.)
You hit me!

(DENISE hikes up the skirt a little higher.)

DENISE
Come over here and lick my clitoris.

(DENISE's head jerks again with a return of the physical tic. PAUL edges towards the door.)

PAUL
You stay here until I come back.

(PAUL exits and the lights go down on the study and come up on the bedroom, where ALYSON is now by herself continuing to pack the suitcases. PAUL enters the bedroom.)

ALYSON
Hey.

PAUL
What'd you do to her?

ALYSON
Leisa?

PAUL
Denise.

ALYSON
I don't know what—

PAUL
You did something to her. She's acting strangely.

ALYSON
I didn't do anything to it!

PAUL
When I came in the study yesterday. You were holding the instruction manual.

ALYSON
(Noticing a slight cut above PAUL's eye.)
What happened to your eye? Did your robot “bitch slap” you?

PAUL
You made her do that!

ALYSON
I did nothing of the kind! I don't know the first thing about . . . electronics and computer programming.

PAUL
She's not listening!

ALYSON
Imagine that. A woman with a mind of her own. What's wrong? She won't spread her legs?

PAUL
This isn't funny!

ALYSON
(Mocking.)
I don't know what to tell you, Paul. Maybe it's her time of the month. By the way, can she pee?

PAUL
What?

ALYSON
I mean . . . she obviously can take in liquids . . . you know, sperm and all, I thought maybe she could pee.

PAUL
No!

ALYSON
Oh, Paul, that's so . . . 1960s. All us girls growing up had a doll that could pee.

PAUL
You're enjoying this, aren't you?

ALYSON
Not particularly.

(PAUL advances and grabs ALYSON by the arms.)

PAUL
What did you do to her?

ALYSON
Paul, let go! Let go of me!

(PAUL releases ALYSON
and steps back.)

I didn't do a thing! I want nothing to do with “Denise.”

PAUL
Something's not right, and you're the only one that's got a motivation to sabotage her.

ALYSON
It's a pretty new product. It might have a manufacturing defect. Maybe you should go online and see if other owners are complaining about belligerent robots.

(PAUL sees the suitcases,
as ALYSON closes them.)

PAUL
You leaving?

ALYSON
Nice of you to notice. I'm going to help Mom.

PAUL
Another power play? Make yourself absent. Try to make me give in and give up.

ALYSON
I think I can benefit by having some space. I don't know. Maybe you won't miss me at all.

(Beat. PAUL goes to ALYSON
and kisses her. It is a
meaningful kiss for both of
them. When they break and
step back they both have
tears in their eyes.)

PAUL
I love you, Aly. You're not competing with anyone or anything. But the time's all new and you can't expect me to stay put. I need some freedom for myself. I can't have you tell me what's appropriate for me to imagine and experience. I feel alive for the first time in . . . I'm not going back to . . . the staleness.

(LEISA walks into the room.)

LEISA

Oh, sorry.

ALYSON

It's alright, sweetie. Do you want to take the suitcases to the car?

(LEISA grabs the suitcases and quickly exits.)

PAUL

You taking her with you?

ALYSON

She wants to see Mom. We'll be back for Christmas Eve. Family tradition, right?

PAUL

Yes. Family tradition.

(PAUL holds open the bedroom door. ALYSON crosses into the doorway and turns back.)

ALYSON

I'm not trying to . . . I just . . . .

(ALYSON shrugs her shoulders. She exits the room. She goes to the front door and opens it and turns back to look at the living room. She braces herself, turns and exits, closing the door behind her. PAUL enters the living room and stands taking in the sudden stillness of the house.)

PAUL

Denise? Come in here.

(Silence.)

Denise? Can you hear me?

(DENISE enters into the room. The head tilts and jerks a bit with a physical tic.)

DENISE

Yes, Paul.

PAUL

Sit down.

(DENISE sits down at the table. PAUL sits down next to DENISE.)

Looks like it's just us now. . . . Denise?

(DENISE is no longer animated. PAUL shakes an arm but gets no response. He exits into the study and grabs the remote. He returns and clicks the remote a few times, but DENISE does not reanimate.)

Battery!

(PAUL opens up the back of the remote and removes a pair of batteries. He tosses them in a trash can and goes into the kitchen and opens a drawer and begins to rummage through its contents. He becomes increasingly agitated. He pulls out the drawer and dumps the contents on the floor. Suddenly in a rage, he opens other drawers and dumps the contents and drops the drawers on the floor.)

Come on! There's got to be—

(PAUL continues his rampage of dumping the contents of drawers on the floor and rummaging through the items on the floor. He leaves the mess in the kitchen and sees a wall clock on the living room wall. He grabs the clock and removes the batteries. The clock is stopped, but he puts it back on the wall. He puts the batteries into the remote and clicks it. The robot straightens up slightly. DENISE no longer has any physical tics, and seems “normal.”)

DENISE

Paul?

PAUL

Yes, Denise.

DENISE

What would you like me to do for you?
(Silence.)
Paul?

(PAUL sits on the chair next to DENISE.)

PAUL

Hold my hand.

(DENISE reaches out and takes PAUL's hand. He clasps DENISE's hand and sighs heavily. He looks forward into space, lost in his thoughts.)

(LIGHTS FADE OUT)

(END OF PLAY)