SCENE 2

(HALEY is in her robe, with a towel on her head. She is eating a pretzel and on the phone, on her bed.)

No I am not wearing that. B.J.—I look like a slut in that dress. Yes, you were the one who told me at Sue Jane's wedding, it was the first time I wore it and you said I was the only one who wasn't dressed like a chicken, AND I looked like a slut. (Laughing.) What, the one with the little sleeves? I hate those sleeves. B.J., that has polka dots. You're no help at all. I have to go, I have to figure out how to look sexy without looking like a slut. I can too. Can too. Can too. Tell Frank I said hi. I don't know why he likes you. Bye bye, brother.

(She hangs up the phone and starts to lay outfits out on the bed, this time trying tops and skirts and shoes together, like Barbie outfit sets.)

(To audience.) All right, that first date was not what you would call a success. It was a bad date. I'm obviously out of practice, and having decided to date again as a matter of necessity, I went out with the first guy who asked and it was just a matter of getting my feet wet. What's that terrible thing they used to say, about kissing, you have to kiss a lot of frogs before you find a prince. What a thing to teach girls. Not that I kissed this guy. Okay, I did kiss him, and he was an ass-hole, but by that point I was just trying to get out of the entire predicament and just go home and get to bed, so one kiss seemed a small price to pay. Regardless of the fact that there was tongue involved.

(She rolls her eyes and tosses all the clothes together, shoves them)
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into a laundry basket, and kicks it.)

Oh for heaven’s sake, it’s not like I don’t do this every day anyway. You know, dress?

But that is where things went off, right at the beginning, after all that messing around I did with my clothes, the first thing out of that guy’s mouth, the very first thing he says to me was, “What are you wearing?” Can you believe that? My mother used to do that to me. And I say to him, why? What’s wrong with it? And he says, “It just makes you look kind of old.” That was the beginning. Now, I know I’ve been out of the game for a while, and I’m not in my twenties anymore but you have got to be kidding me, men are out there, running around, thinking that shit’s okay. I’m not even—this guy is over forty, of course men at forty are considered the hottest thing going. And I’m like—what difference does it make how old I am. The point is, I am not as old as him.

(End)

(She sighs, and starts to dress, still eating pretzels. The outfit she chooses this time is considerably sexier.)

So after that spectacular opening we go to—I picked the restaurant, trust me, I know, I mean, right? You go out on a date with me, the thing to do is let me pick the restaurant and this place is nice, a high end bistro so it’s not outrageous, but the food is delicious—there’s only two things on the menu that are not worth trying, the calf’s liver, and okay, they actually do a cow’s head, which, I’m sorry, but this is America, nobody is going to order that. Anyway, so there we are, bad start but the restaurant could not be lovelier, candlelight, flowers—Beautiful.

The service is excellent, the wine, a ninety-five Bordeaux, I pick it because I know this stuff and it’s just a lovely bottle with so many colors, berries and chocolate and just the right hint of smokiness