

JANET 2

SUSAN:

I always thought Frank was gay—

ELAINE:

Oh he's completely gay, but it's about the companionship.

JANET:

The bar is low, Sue...

ELAINE:

It's so low it's underground...

SUSAN:

So my question for the class is, if I gift my husband to one of you, to whom should it be?

START *They stare at her...* **START**

SUSAN:

It's a toughie, right? Which is why I invited you here to play poker! *Spoils go to the victor!*

Sue claps her hands; giddy like a schoolgirl!

ELAINE:

(aghast) You want us to play poker for your husband!?

JANET:

Sue's lost it!

ELAINE:

Your husband is not a bequest either one of us could accept.

JANET:

We have never, ever, ever thought of Robert...

(on second thought, maybe...)

In that way.

Susan waits for her class to educate themselves.

ELAINE:

(reconsidering) He does always picks up the check—

JANET:

And holds the door—

ELAINE:

And your chair—

JANET:

And wears a pocket square, so classy—

ELAINE:

And pays you a compliment, whether it's your dress or your blouse.

JANET:

And he's got a great ass!

Oops, too far.

In walks, ROBBIE dressed for the pool. He flashes a dazzling smile. The women are putty in his presence.

ROBBIE:

Afternoon, ladies. And mi amor...

He kisses Susan deeply, still very much in love...

ROBBIE:

What'cha gals doing?

SUSAN:

We're playing cards—

ROBBIE:

High stakes—?

ELAINE:

Not at all—

JANET:

Who's to say, I barely know the rules of this game—

ROBBIE:

Janet, your outfit shows off your tan! And Elaine, there's something different with your hair, looks sensational.

ELAINE:

(totally befuddled) Um, oh, heheheee...

ROBBIE:

Did Sue tell you her big plans?

ELAINE:

You *told* him?

SUSAN:

That I'm running to be President of the Condo Board, yes. I can't stand idly by while Deann Lazarescu pumps toxins into the ground—

JANET:

She calls the grass "Boca green."

ELAINE:

It's like fifty shades of green!

JANET:

How does Marty stay married to her?

ROBBIE:

(confiding) I hear it's a spite marriage.

All nod knowingly.

Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to take a quick dip.

Robbie peels off his shirt and the women remember the cause at hand. His body isn't perfect, but who cares? He has a body! He exits.

Susan pulls them back to attention.

SUSAN:

Elaine and Janet, you are free to walk out that door right now. Or, if you play your cards right, you leave with the promise of my husband.

JANET:

...I do have an eensy weensy question; you mentioned "flatulence—" how "chronic" is chronic?

SUSAN:

Just don't stand downwind after Taco Tuesday—

JANET:

And in the bedroom, oh heh heh, is he able to...

SUSAN:

He's always gives it a college try.

JANET:

That's so nice, how exactly?

ELAINE:

Janet!?

SUSAN:

He goes the extra mile...

JANET:

By...?

SUSAN:

Giving an A for effort—

JANET:

Cut the cliches, Sue—!

SUSAN:

He's a sensation at oral sex! Lip service. Going downtown. Robbie can do it all night long—

Beat as they take this in, then a fast decision.

ELAINE:

(slapping the table) Well, I'm in!

JANET:

Me too—

Sue places Robbie's photo in the center of the table. Like a dealer in Vegas, she expertly shuffles the cards.

SUSAN:

The game is Texas Hold 'Em, No Limits, blinds double every 20 minutes in this winner-take-all.

Janet slips on her dark sunglasses, Elaine lowers her visor—poker face on!

SUSAN:

Shake hands, girls, let's keep it friendly. Cards are in the air, let the games begin.

LIGHTS FADE...

STOP

SCENE 3: THREE INCHES

LIGHTS RISE ON BRUCE'S CONDO, EVENING.

BRUCE puts on a makeshift green in his living room. A corporate lawyer and widower, he's the most styling and eligible man on and off the golf course.

He putts, yes, nailed it! He lines up the next shot (and does throughout the scene as appropriate), until we hear a DING DONG from his laptop and then...

JANET (OFF STAGE):

Bruce, Bruce, CAN YOU HEAR ME—

BRUCE:

(speaking into the camera) You're coming in loud and clear, Janet, but all I see is your photo—

JANET (OFF STAGE):

Oh sugar, how do I—

BRUCE:

Press "start video"—

JANET (OFF STAGE):

Where is that?