

"Closer"

Sheet

ANNA. I love him.
(Pause.)
LARRY. You're seeing him now ...
ANNA. Yes.
LARRY. Since when?
ANNA. Since my opening, last year. I'm disgusting.
(Beat.)
LARRY. You're phenomenal ... you're so ... clever.
Why did you marry me?
ANNA. I stopped seeing him, I wanted us to work.
LARRY. (Tough.) Why did you tell me you wanted children?
ANNA. Because I did.
LARRY. And now you want children with him?
ANNA. Yes — I don't know — I'm so sorry.
(Pause.)
LARRY. Why?
(Beat.)
ANNA. I need him.
(Silence.)
LARRY. But ... we're happy ... aren't we?
ANNA. Yes.
(Beat.)
LARRY. Are you going to live with him?
ANNA. Yes. You stay here, if you want to.
LARRY. I don't give a FUCK about "the spoils." (Alice exits with her rucksack.) You did this the day we met; let me hang myself for your amusement.
Why didn't you tell me the second I walked in the door?
ANNA. I was scared.
LARRY. Because you're a coward. You spoil bitch. (Dan enters with two cups of tea, he sees Alice has gone. He exits after her.)
Are you dressed because you thought I might hit you? (Larry moves towards Anna, slowly. Close.) What do you think I am?
ANNA. I've been hit before.
LARRY. Not by me. (Larry stands over Anna.) Is he a good fuck?
ANNA. Don't do this.
LARRY. Just answer the question. Is he good?
(Beat.)

ANNA. Yes.
LARRY. Better than me?
ANNA. Different.
LARRY. Better?
ANNA. Gentler.
LARRY. What does that mean?
ANNA. You know what it means.
LARRY. Tell me.
ANNA. No.
LARRY. I treat you like a whore?
ANNA. Sometimes.
LARRY. Why would that be?
(Silence.)
ANNA. I'm sorry, you're —
LARRY. Don't say it, don't fucking say, "You're too good for me." I am — but don't say it.
(Larry kneels to her. Gently.) Anna, you're making the mistake of your life.
You're leaving me because you think you don't deserve happiness, but you do Anna, you do ... (Larry looks at her.)
Did you have a bath because you had sex with him? (Anna looks at him. He moves away from her.)
So you didn't smell of him? So you'd feel less guilty?
And how do you feel?
ANNA. Guilty.
(Beat.)
LARRY. Did you ever love me?
ANNA. Yes.
LARRY. Big fucking deal.
(Silence. Larry breaks down.)
Anna ... please, don't leave me ... please. (Anna holds Larry. On the other side of the stage Dan reenters and sits on the sofa.)
Did you do it here?
ANNA. No.
LARRY. Why not? (Larry breaks from her. Hard.) Just tell me the truth.
(Beat.)
ANNA. Yes, we did it here.

LARRY. Where?

(Beat.)

ANNA. Here.

LARRY. On this? (He gestures to the chaise longue.)

We had our first fuck on this.

Think of me?
When?

When did you do it here?

ANSWER THE FUCKING QUESTION.

(Beat.)

ANNA. (Scared.) This evening.

(Pause.)

LARRY. Did you come?

ANNA. Why are you doing this?

LARRY. Because I want to know.

(Beat.)

ANNA. (Softly.) Yes ... I came.

LARRY. How many times?

ANNA. Twice.

LARRY. How?

ANNA. First he went down on me and then we fucked.

(Beat.)

LARRY. Who was where?

ANNA. (Tough.) I was on top and then he fucked me from behind.

LARRY. And that's when you came the second time?

ANNA. Why is the sex so important?

LARRY. BECAUSE I'M A FUCKING CAVEMAN.

Did you touch yourself while he fucked you?

ANNA. Yes.

LARRY. You wank for him?

ANNA. Sometimes.

LARRY. And he does?

ANNA. We do everything that people who have sex do.

LARRY. You enjoy sucking him off?

ANNA. Yes.

LARRY. You like his cock?

ANNA. I love it.

LARRY. You like him coming in your face?

ANNA. Yes.

LARRY. What does it taste like?

ANNA. It tastes like you but sweeter.

LARRY. THAT's the spirit. Thank you. Thank you for your honesty.

Now fuck off and die. You fucked-up slag.

BLACKOUT

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