

ACT III      LOVE, SEX, AND THE I.R.S.      57

JON. I promise I won't. Now, go help my mother before she squeezes your head like a melon. I'll get rid of our guest.

(KATE exits into the kitchen. JON opens the door and in walks CONNIE. She is attractive, blonde and a talker.)

JON. Connie!

CONNIE. Jon, I'm sorry I'm late.

JON. Connie . . .

CONNIE. Oh Jon, I don't know what to do. He doesn't see me for a week. He doesn't call me for a week. And why? Why? I was never anything but a joy to be around. You hear that? A joy! I shared the same interests that he did. We had wonderful times together. We laughed. We cried. Suddenly, for no reason—out of the blue—he says he's changed. He says, "things are different" for him. Well answer me this: What's changed? What's different for him? What is so different for him? Where is he? (LESLIE sneaks into the room to see if the coast is clear.)

LESLIE. Connie?

CONNIE. Leslie? Is that you?

LESLIE. Yes. Yes it is. Oh, Connie, I wish you didn't have to see me like this.

CONNIE. Where've you been?

LESLIE. I just came out of a closet.

CONNIE. You just came out of a what?

JON. Leslie . . .

LESLIE. Well, I have to go now. (LESLIE backs off, terrified of JON. CONNIE tries to sort out what is going on.)

CONNIE. He just came out of a closet?!

(FLOYD stirs on the couch. JON begins speaking before he even thinks about it.)

JON. Yes, Connie. It's true. Leslie likes to dress up in

women's clothing. He's wanted to come out of the closet for a while, but he didn't want to hurt you. He still cares for you Connie. Oh, it was a sad sight. I returned home from the supermarket one day and there was Leslie, in a black lingerie, dancing on the coffee table.

CONNIE. Omigod. What did I do to him? I'll admit that I've been domineering and bossy, but did I drive him to this?

JON. I'm afraid so. Your dominance must have forced it out. I knew he had these tendencies back in college. The panty-raids were always a little more of a pleasure to him than any of the other guys. We never knew what the reason was, until we realized he never returned the panties he raided.

CONNIE. Oh, Jon. I love him. I didn't mean to do this. What can I do?

JON. Nothing, Connie. Nothing. It'd probably be best if you just forget about him and let him die a natural death.

CONNIE. You don't die from it, do you?

JON. Only in a few rare cases. I'll do what I can for him. You just run along. (JON *notices FLOYD stir again.*)

CONNIE. No. I'm staying until he's well again.

JON. Look, Connie, you can't stay. See that man on the couch? I don't want him to see you.

CONNIE. Who is he?

JON. He's one of the men from the home.

CONNIE. The home?

JON. Yes. And there's another one in the kitchen who can't see you either.

CONNIE. Why not? What will they do to me?

JON. They'll arrest you for making Leslie go crazy. You'd better hide upstairs in my bedroom until they leave.

CONNIE. They'll arrest me? All right. Is he safe to be around? You know, up there?

JON. Don't worry about Leslie. I'm sure he'll just stay in his closet. But just to be safe hide your make-up kit.

CONNIE. Okay.