

# **SEXUAL PERVERSITY IN CONNECTICUT**

## **A Short Play**

Written by

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## **SEXUAL PERVERSITY IN CONNECTICUT**

### CHARACTERS:

CLARISSA - A wealthy suburban housewife, 40s.

DANIELLE - A young woman, early 20s

JESSICA - A neighbor of CLARISSA, mid-30s.

### SETTING:

CLARISSA's home in Connecticut..

### TIME:

The present.

# SEXUAL PERVERSITY IN CONNECTICUT

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The living room of the CLARISSA's expensive home in Connecticut. DANIELLE and CLARISSA.

CLARISSA

And this is the fucking living room.

DANIELLE

Oh, it's *you*, Clare, so very ....

CLARISSA

Very what?

DANIELLE

Very, very ...nice.

(Pause)

CLARISSA

You fucking bitch.

DANIELLE

What?

CLARISSA

Ten years ago, Dani -- think about this! -- ten years ago, when you were just this little piece of ass-twitching jail-bait, stoking the pathetic fantasies of every lame-dick husband on East 89th Street -- I trusted you with my fucking kids? Right? I trusted you with the two most precious things in my life. What could be more sacred than that?

DANIELLE

How are the kids?

CLARISSA

They're both such total fucking losers I want to slit my wrists.

DANIELLE

Well you could see that coming.

CLARISSA

But you turned out all right, didn't you, Sweetheart?

DANIELLE

I dunno. I'm sort of a whore.

CLARISSA

But you're an expensive whore, Dani. And that is why this thing with the "nice," ...

DANIELLE

"Nice" is, like -- what?! -- a four-letter word all of a sudden?!

CLARISSA

"Nice" can mean "dainty," "fastidious," "finicky," "fussy," -- "miminy-piminy!"

DANIELLE

Oh, fuck me! There's no such fucking word?

CLARISSA

You can look it up, Danielle. There are books and you can look that shit up.

DANIELLE

So have it your own way then! It's not nice!

CLARISSA

What it is, then?! It's not nice, what is it?

DANIELLE

It's ...it's impressive.

(Pause)

CLARISSA

That's right.

(Slight pause)

CLARISSA (CONT'D)

Good girl. Help yourself to a drink.

(DANIELLE jumps to make HERSELF a drink.)

CLARISSA (CONT'D)

And let me give you a little clue here, Sweetheart -- so that you have one to take home -- Impressive is the name of the game out here in Greenwich, Connecticut. Impressive is the *raison d'être*-fucking-etre.

DANIELLE

If it makes you happy, Clare, then you're happy.

CLARISSA

Because we are human beings here, Dani. Human beings. And do you know what that means?

DANIELLE

We have language?

CLARISSA

When I want that kind of bullshit I'll call up Noam Chomsky and have him come right over with his -- with his what? -- with his fucking books and his pipe and sweater.

DANIELLE

We can think.

CLARISSA

We WANT, Dani! That's what makes us human being. We want things.

DANIELLE

You want a drink?

CLARISSA

No. Yeah. Vodka.

Vodka and what?  
DANIELLE

And vodka, bitch.  
CLARISSA

Okay!  
DANIELLE

CLARISSA  
And what do human beings want more than anything else in the whole world, Dani? What is the one thing that all human being -- in every fucking corner of the world -- from here in the lush green hills of Connecticut all the way to the sorriest little poverty-wracked, shit-sore, piss-rot bog-hole of a village in some jungle crawling with fleas and dung beetles -- what do all human beings want?

Love?  
DANIELLE

Give me a fucking break.  
CLARISSA

Revenge!  
DANIELLE

CLARISSA  
No! Well ... yes! Revenge is good. But there's something else human beings always want more than anything else.

What?  
DANIELLE

CLARISSA  
We want other people to want what we have. That's what we all want, little Dani.

(Slight pause)

DANIELLE  
I want to know what the fuck I'm doing here.

CLARISSA

I want you to fuck someone for me.

DANIELLE

Huh?

CLARISSA

You are familiar with the act?

DANIELLE

Who?

CLARISSA

This woman who'll be here any minute -- Jessica. Jessie.

DANIELLE

That costs extra.

CLARISSA

Not her, numbnuts! Listen. Jessica ... Fucking Jessie, who should only die of some disfiguring fucking disease. I want you to fuck her husband.

DANIELLE

Why?

CLARISSA

Because she's a stone cold bitch and I hate her. And because she and I are the only two wives on this street got husbands who don't fuck around with other women.

(DANIELLE chokes on HER drink and coughs.)

CLARISSA (CONT'D)

You okay, Pretty Tits?

DANIELLE

Went down the wrong hole.

CLARISSA

As if you had one. I'd take care of it and fuck her fucking husband myself, but I can't. I'm too ...

Old?  
DANIELLE

No! I'm too ...  
CLARISSA

Ugly?  
DANIELLE

I'm too fucking principled.  
CLARISSA

Forget it, Clare! I may be a whore, but there's some things even I won't do.  
DANIELLE

Five thousand dollars.  
CLARISSA

Ten.  
DANIELLE

Okay.  
CLARISSA

Shit. Fifteen.  
DANIELLE

Fuck you. You blew it. Ten.  
CLARISSA

Let's have it.  
DANIELLE

Here. Count it.  
CLARISSA

How do I do it?  
DANIELLE

CLARISSA

I think you know how to do it, Dani.

DANIELLE

I mean, how do I get near the guy?

CLARISSA

For ten large you can figure that out for yourself.

(Sound of a doorbell.)

CLARISSA (CONT'D)

Here's Jessie now. She's looking for a nanny for her ugly kids. You take it from there.

(JESSIE enters.)

JESSIE

Fuck Neiman-Marcus, fuck Neiman-Marcus, fuck Neiman-Marcus, fuck Neiman Marcus!

CLARISSA

Hey.

JESSIE

Fuck Neiman-fucking-Marcus!

CLARISSA

What'd they do to you, Baby?

JESSIE

I go to return this silk blouse I only just bought last week ...

CLARISSA

You want a drink?

JESSIE

No. Yeah. Scotch.

CLARISSA

Get Jessie a scotch, Dani.

DANIELLE

Scotch and what?

JESSIE

And scotch, bitch.

CLARISSA

Which blouse, the blue?

JESSIE

The red. Wouldn't take it back. Said I'd worn it and spilled drinks on it and shit.

CLARISSA

And had you?

JESSIE

Oh, who the fuck knows?

(DANIELLE gives JESSIE HER drink.)

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Thanks, Honey. So she gives me all kinds of attitude, the sales girl. I'm in that store, what -- two, three times a week. Plunking down the plastic. I'm, like, a hundred and fifty-fucking percent of that store's revenues. I HONOR them by shopping in that store. I swear to God, Clare, I bring them honor with my custom!

CLARISSA

You honor all of us, Jess.

JESSIE

You know, I know what you're saying and I know what you mean by that and fuck you I don't give a flying fuck because it's the goddamn truth! A lot of the bitches in this burb look down their noses 'cause it's a fucking -- let's face it! -- it's just a fucking chain like fucking Macy's! I mean, who cares they're from Texas?! Bunch of oil-soaked, big-hair bleached blondes driving black fucking Mercedes SUV's in cowboy boots!? I say to them: "This is Connecticut, you whore, where they fucking invented money!"

CLARISSA

Damn straight.

JESSIE

People like that, you just gotta kill them.

(Pause)

JESSIE (CONT'D)

I honor them and they don't honor me. They should fucking die.

CLARISSA

I want you to meet someone, Jessie, this is ....

JESSIE

Yeah, yeah, I know her. Dani, right? Hi, Honey. Nice to see you again. So I say to this fucking excuse for a sales clerk, may her tits fall off, I say to her ...

CLARISSA

You know Dani?

JESSIE

Yeah. She's your niece, right. I met her in the lobby of the Hotel Carlyle with your husband last week.

(Pause)

CLARISSA

You fucking whore!

DANIELLE

Well ... Duh!

CLARISSA

You won't get away with this.

DANIELLE

Uh, I already did?

CLARISSA

And I thought we shared warmth.

DANIELLE

Nope. Just your husband.

(CLARISSA stomps off.)

JESSIE

What did we say, ten thousand?

DANIELLE

Fifteen.

JESSIE

Worth every penny.

(JESSIE pulls out a wad of bills and begins to count out money.)

DANIELLE

Clare said you're looking for a nanny.

JESSIE

Oh, I'll bet you're just wonderful with kids.

DANIELLE

I am.

JESSIE

Come anywhere near mine I'll slit your fucking throat.

(JESSIE continues counting out money. Blackout)

THE END