

Hello. Prudence

Hello. Bruce

Are you the white male 30-35, 5'10", blue eyes, who's into rock music, movies, jogging and quiet evenings at home? Prudence

Yes, I am. Bruce

Hi, I'm Prudence. Prudence

I'm Bruce. Bruce

Nice to meet you. Prudence

Won't you sit down? Bruce

Thank you. As I said in my letter, I've never answered one of these ads before. Prudence

Me neither. I mean, I haven't put one in before. Bruce

But this time I figured, why not? Prudence

Right me too. I hope I'm not too macho for you. Bruce

No, so far you seem wonderful. Prudence

You have lovely breasts. That's the first thing I notice in a woman. Bruce

Thank You. Prudence

Bruce

You have beautiful contact lenses.

Prudence

Thank you. I like the timber of your voice. Soft but firm.

Bruce

Thanks. I like *your* voice.

Prudence

Thank you. I love the smell of Brut you're wearing.

Bruce

Thank you. My male lover Bob gave it to me.

Prudence

What?

Bruce

You remind me of him in a certain light.

Prudence

What?

Bruce

I swing both ways actually, do you?

Prudence

I don't know. I always insist on the lights being out.

Bruce

I'm afraid I've upset you now.

Prudence

No, it's nothing really. It's just that I hate gay people.

Bruce

I'm not gay, I'm bisexual. There's a difference.

Prudence

I don't really know any bisexuals.

Bruce

Children are all innately bisexual, you know. If you took a child to Plato's Retreat, he'd be attracted to both sexes.

Prudence

I should imagine he'd be terrified.

Bruce

Well, he might be, of course. I've never taken a child to Plato's Retreat.

Prudence

I don't think they let you.

Bruce

I don't really know any children. *(Pause.)* You have wonderful eyes. They're so deep.

Prudence

Thank you.

Bruce

I feel like I want to take care of you.

Prudence

I would like that. My favorite song is "Someone to Watch Over Me."

Bruce

"There's a somebody I'm longing duh duh..."

Prudence

Yes, thank you.

Bruce

In some ways you're just like a little girl. And in some ways you're like a woman.

Prudence

How am I like a woman?

Bruce

You...dress like a woman. You wear eye shadow like a woman.

Prudence

You're like a man. You're tall, you have to shave. I feel you could protect me.

Bruce

I'm deeply emotional, I like to cry.

Prudence

Oh I wouldn't like that.

Bruce

But I *like* to cry.

Prudence

I don't think men should cry unless something falls on them.

Bruce

That's a kind of sexism. Men have been programmed not to show feeling.

Prudence

Don't talk to me about sexism. You're the one who mentioned my breasts the minute I sat down.

Bruce

I feel like I'm going to cry now.

Prudence

Why do you want to cry?

Bruce

I feel like you don't like me enough. I think you're making eyes at the waiter.

Prudence

I haven't even seen the waiter. (*Bruce Cries.*) Please don't cry, please.

Bruce

(*Stops crying after a bit.*) I feel better after that. You have a lovely mouth.

Prudence

Thank you.

Bruce

I can tell you're very sensitive. I want you to have my children.

Prudence

Thank you.

Bruce

Do you feel ready to make a commitment?

Prudence

I feel I need to get to know you better.

Bruce

I feel we agree on all the issues. You like rock music, movies, jogging and quiet evenings at home. I think you hate shallowness. I bet you never read "People" magazine.

Prudence

I do read it. I write for it

Bruce

I write for it too. Free lance actually. They printed one of them.

Prudence

Oh, what was it about?

Bruce

I wanted to see Gary Gilmore executed on Television.

Prudence

Oh, yes, I remember that one.

Bruce

Did you identify with Jill Clayburgh in “An Unmarried Woman”?

Prudence

Uh, yes, I did.

Bruce

Me too! We agree on everything. I want to cry again.

Prudence

I don't like men to cry. I like them to be strong.

Bruce

You'd quite like Bob then.

Prudence

Who?

Bruce

You know.

Prudence

Oh.

Bruce

I feel I'm irritating you.

Prudence

No. It's just that it's hard to get to know someone. And the waiter never comes, and I'd like to order.

Bruce

Let's start over again. Hello. My name is Bruce.

Prudence

Hello.

Bruce

Prudence. That's a lovely name.

Prudence

Thank you.

Bruce

That's a lovely dress.

Prudence

Thank You. I like you necklace. It goes nicely with your freckles.

Bruce

Thank you. I like your nail polish

Prudence

I have it on my toes too.

Bruce

Let me see. *(She takes her shoe off, puts her foot on the table)* I think it's wonderful you feel free enough with me to put your feet on the table.

Prudence

I didn't put my feet on the table. I put one foot. Besides I was hoping it would get the waiter's attention.

Bruce

We agree on everything. It's amazing. I'm going to cry again. *(Weeps.)*

Prudence

*Please,* You're annoying me. *(He continues to cry).* What is the matter?

Bruce

I feel you're too dependent. I feel you want me to put up the storm windows. I feel you should do that.

Prudence

I didn't say anything about storm windows.

Bruce

You're right. I'm wrong. We agree.

Prudence

What kind of childhood did you have?

Bruce

Nuns. I was taught by nuns. They really ruined me. I don't believe in God anymore. I believe in bran cereal. It helps prevent rectal cancer.

Prudence

Yes, I like Bran cereal.

Bruce

I want to marry you. I feel ready in my life to make a long-term commitment. We'll live in Connecticut. We'll have two cars. Bob will live over the garage. Everything will be wonderful.

Prudence

I don't feel ready to make a long term commitment to you. I think you're insane. I'm going to go now. (*Stands.*)

Bruce

Please don't go.

Prudence

I don't think I should stay.

Bruce

Don't go. They have a salad bar here.

Prudence

Well maybe for a little longer. (*She sits down again.*)

Bruce

You're afraid of life aren't you?

Prudence

Well...

Bruce

Your instinct is to run away. You're afraid of feelings of emotion. That's wrong, Prudence, because then you have no passion. Did you see "Equus"? The Doctor felt it was better to blind eight horses in a stable with a metal spike than to feel no passion. In my life I'm not going to be afraid to blind the horses, Prudence.

Prudence

You should become a veterinarian.

Bruce

You've missed the metaphor.

Prudence

I haven't missed the metaphor. I made a joke.

Bruce

You just totally missed the metaphor. I could never love anyone who missed the metaphor.

Prudence

Someone should have you committed.

Bruce

I'm not the one afraid of commitment. You are.

Prudence

Oh, dry up.

Bruce

I was going to give you a fine dinner then take you to see "The Tree of Wooden Clogs" and then home to my place for sexual intercourse, but now I think you should leave.

Prudence

You're not rejecting me buddy. I'm rejecting you. You're a real first-class idiot.

Bruce

You're a castrating, frigid bitch!

*(She throws water in his face, He throws it back.)*

Prudence

Absolutely nothing seems to get that waiter's attention, does it?