

MURIEL: He's got this part in a movie . . .

MIKE: That's, well, that's great for him.

MURIEL: It is, but . . . This kind of puts me in a spot for tonight. The sound is so important.

MIKE: You need a sound guy?

MURIEL: Looks like it.

MIKE: You know, if you're comfortable with it . . .

MURIEL: You could do it?

MIKE: Sure. I'm here again anyway. I'm going to see it.

MURIEL: Have you done anything like this before?

MIKE: Absolutely. We can go over it and I'll be ready for tonight.

MURIEL: He looked me right in the eyes and he told me that he believed in the piece, its transformative power and its nourishing essence.

MIKE: Possibly he's afraid of the depiction of a strong woman.

MURIEL: Yes, there were some signs of that.

MIKE: Like what?

MURIEL: Originally he wanted to use red gels on the lighting. When I asked why, he said, "Well, it is a period piece." Then he would snicker.

MIKE: Snickering?

MURIEL: And I don't consider it a period piece.

MIKE: No, it belongs outside of time, looking in.

MURIEL: And he suggested changing the title of the play from *The Opening of Revelation* to . . . *Vagina Pudding*.

MIKE: He's not worth thinking about. The play is what matters. And although you're the only one who speaks, I don't experience it as a mere monologue. I feel as if there is a genuine dialogue between vagina and audience.

MURIEL: A long overdue dialogue.

MIKE: But I was wondering . . . What if . . .

MURIEL: What is it?

MIKE: The last thing I would want to do is tell you what to put in your show. That would be like me telling you how to use your soul.

MURIEL: Anything to improve the work. My ego is small.

SCENE THREE

The apartment. Mike, Doug, and Sarah are planning.

MIKE: There are now two explosions: one at roughly fifty-one minutes-

SARAH: What is this, "roughly"?

MIKE: It's a one woman show, changes every night.

SARAH: Why does it change?

MIKE: Sometimes she works the crowd, has to wait out the laughs.