

**THE OUT OF BODY TREATMENT
FOR MARITAL DYSFUNCTION**

by Tom Baum

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Characters

CLAIRE, 40s-50s. Hospital bookkeeper. Tightly wound. High soprano voice.

CALVIN, 40s-50s, Claire's husband. A middle-school math teacher. Even more tightly wound.

BRIANNA, 20s-30s. A yoga instructor. Very attractive, very comfortable with her body. Mellow contralto voice.

The setting is a room in a hotel spa. The time is the present.

(Lights up on a room in a spa facility used for yoga and other exercise classes. Various equipment piled against the wall—yoga mats, giant rubber balls, dumbbells, etc. CALVIN and CLAIRE are waiting for the yoga instructor to arrive.)

CALVIN: Why is there nobody here? Are we the only ones taking this stupid class?

CLAIRE: It certainly looks that way, doesn't it.

CALVIN: I don't know, Claire. This gives me a very bad feeling.

CLAIRE: When don't you get a bad feeling?

CALVIN: Hey. We go to a restaurant, we're the only people, doesn't the food always taste worse?

CLAIRE: Maybe that's why nobody eats there.

CALVIN: Claire, I'm making an analogy.

CLAIRE: When don't you make an analogy?

(Pause.)

CALVIN: You're really pissed about last night, aren't you?

CLAIRE: Oh, do you blame me?

CALVIN: Mainly I blame that bartender. You order martinis, they should warn you about the size. You know I can't perform up to standard when the room's going around.

CLAIRE: We could have shared a martini. But you're always afraid they'll guess you're a miser.

CALVIN: "Guess" I'm a miser? Would you care to rephrase that?

CLAIRE: No, I don't think I would. And what's this "standard" you're talking about?

CALVIN: The way we usually make love.

CLAIRE: You mean you ogle my breasts, I fellate you for 30 seconds, you pound away for two minutes, and then we watch TV.

(Pause.)

CALVIN: Whoa. What crawled up your butt?

CLAIRE: I don't know, but right now I'd settle for it.

CALVIN: Look. I'm sorry you weren't satisfied last night. You could have gotten yourself off, you know I wouldn't mind that.

CLAIRE: I know you wouldn't mind it. I just don't do that. Ever. Stop asking me to.

CALVIN: OK. I won't ask you to kiss me either.

CLAIRE: What are you talking about?

CALVIN: The way I like to be kissed.

CLAIRE: Which is what?

CALVIN: Properly. Slowly. Passionately. Instead of like a 40s Hollywood movie. *(pause)* Where is this yoga instructor anyway? She's already five minutes late. If we don't get a full hour, do we have to pay for it?

CLAIRE: Calvin, don't be ridiculous, the classes at these hotels are free. What do you mean "like a 40s Hollywood movie"?

CALVIN: Lips together, no tongue, and your jaw digging into my face for good measure. *(pause)* How good can these classes be if they're free? A room with a view of the parking lot costs \$600. I can remember when the basic rooms were affordable here. Now they're only for the 1%.

CLAIRE: Calvin, can you stop being a math person for just one weekend? You've turned into such a cold fish.

CALVIN: If I'm a cold fish, you're a clam that refuses to open.

(BRIANNA, the yoga instructor, has entered. She starts hauling yoga mats from the pile.)

CALVIN: Is that her? That's the instructor?

CLAIRE: She's gorgeous, isn't she.

CALVIN: She's OK.

CLAIRE: Oh please.

CALVIN: All right, she's gorgeous. I was just being considerate. You hate when I look at other women.

CLAIRE: I never said that. That's your stupid conscience talking.

CALVIN: Maybe you're the one who likes to ogle women.

CLAIRE: Calvin, do you want me to walk out that door?

CALVIN: Hey, that's up to you.

CLAIRE: Because if I leave here now, I'm leaving you.

(BRIANNA has finished laying out the yoga mats.)

BRIANNA: Why don't we all introduce ourselves? I'm Brianna.

CALVIN: We know each other. We're married.

CLAIRE: He's Calvin. I'm Claire.

BRIANNA: Is this your first visit to the hotel?

CALVIN: Yes, and at this rate it's going to be our last.

BRIANNA: I hear what you're saying. A lot of couples come to this place to dialogue...to rediscover each other...and they put all kinds of impossible pressures on themselves. The pathways get totally blocked. I can try to help you with that.

(BRIANNA has started to feel CALVIN's neck.)

BRIANNA: Ooh, yes, you're all knotted up. What do you do for a living, Calvin?

CALVIN: Why do you need to know that?

CLAIRE: He's a middle-school math teacher.

CALVIN: You hear the contempt in her voice? And this from a hospital bookkeeper.

(BRIANNA has moved on to CLAIRE, and is testing her neck for tension.)

BRIANNA: Claire, you need to relax too. Is there any particular reason for the tension I'm feeling?

CALVIN: Can we just get on with this, please? We didn't come here to be massaged or psychoanalyzed.

CLAIRE: Brianna, don't bother. Calvin is anti-sharing.

BRIANNA: I'm sensing that, Claire. Listen, why don't we begin?

(BRIANNA activates a boombox.)

CALVIN: Here we go. Here comes the panflute.

(Panflute music begins. BRIANNA takes her position opposite CALVIN and CLAIRE.)

BRIANNA So let's start with our eyes closed... palms toward the ceiling if you're comfortable with that....and bring our attention to the fact that we're breathing....Now....let's imagine that with each outbreath....our minds, our thoughts, our worries and preoccupations, are floating up...up in the air...out of our bodies....

(CALVIN gives a groan.)

CALVIN: [contemptuous groan]

BRIANNA: I'm sorry, Calvin, is there a problem?

CALVIN: The mind is the body and the body is the mind.
Neuroscience has resolved all that.

CLAIRE: Oh Calvin, be quiet. She's trying to help us.

BRIANNA: No, Claire, I hear what Calvin's saying. That's very
Left Brain thinking. Very useful for some purposes. But Tantric
Buddhism regards the Left Brain as one of the seven Hindrances.

CALVIN: (*to CLAIRES*) I can't take much more of this.

CLAIRE: Calvin, shut up.

BRIANNA: Yes, try and stay with me, Calvin. Let your thoughts
drift up toward the ceiling.... You're looking down from the ceiling
at your body....and Claire's body....and my body....And now imagine
the ceiling is transparent....and your soul is passing through it....

(*CLAIRE'S body goes limp. A moment later, so do CALVIN's and
BRIANNA's. We hear their voices, but their mouths aren't
moving.*)

CALVIN: (*over*) What the hell is happening?

BRIANNA: (*over*) Just go with it, Calvin. Don't fight it. Claire,
what are you seeing?

CLAIRE (*over*) I see my body. I'm hovering above it. Oh, I look so
relaxed.

BRIANNA: (*over*) That's good, Claire. Good job. Calvin, what are
you seeing?

CALVIN: (*over; fading*) Nothing! I can't see a damn thing! Where
am I? Where's the spa? Where's the hotel? Jesus, I think I'm
above the clouds!...

(*CALVIN's voice has faded.*)

CLAIRE: (*over*) Hello? Calvin? Brianna? Can you hear me?
Where are you? I'm still here. Where have you two gone?

(*No answer. CALVIN's body has risen to its feet and is starting to wander the room like a narcotized, knuckle-dragging ape. On BRIANNA's face, a blissed-out smile.*)

CLAIRE: (*over*) Calvin, what are you doing? Stop that!

(*CALVIN's body has gone up to BRIANNA and is sniffing her.*)

CLAIRE: (*over*) Calvin, stop sniffing Brianna! Brianna, come back, Calvin's sniffing you! Calvin, look what your body's doing! Where are you two? Brianna, you have to protect yourself!

(*CALVIN's body tips BRIANNA over and tries to remove her clothes and mount her. On BRIANNA's face, the same blissed-out smile. On CLAIRE's face, a grim, pinched expression.*)

CLAIRE: (*over*) No! Ohmigod! I can't let this happen! I'm coming back! Ohmigod...Stop it, Calvin...Stop it...Stop it...

BRIANNA: (*CLAIRE's voice*) Stop it, Calvin!

(*BRIANNA has leaped to her feet. Her voice is now in a different register—Claire's starchy, high-pitched voice, rather than Brianna's mellower tones. And her body language is Claire's—tense, rigid. Claire's soul has entered BRIANNA's body.*)

(*CALVIN's body, meanwhile, is still trying to mount BRIANNA's body. BRIANNA pushes him away. CALVIN chases her like a crazed ape.*)

BRIANNA: (*to CALVIN's body; CLAIRE'S voice*) Stop it! Get away! Ohmigod, you're not listening, you're not here, you can't hear me...I said stop it!

(*BRIANNA belts CALVIN on the nose. CALVIN backs off, temporarily nursing his wound.*)

BRIANNA: (CLAIRE's *voice*): Brianna? Wherever you are, you have to get back here! I'm in your body, I don't know what to do!...Brianna, help!....

(CALVIN's *body, regrouping, lunges at BRIANNA and is about to throw her onto the floor—*

BRIANNA: (CLAIRE's *voice*) [screams]

(—and suddenly CALVIN's *body undergoes a total change. The ape behavior ceases. CALVIN's body goes all fluid and languid.*)

BRIANNA: (CLAIRE's *voice*) What just happened? Calvin? No. You're not Calvin. Who are you?

CALVIN: (BRIANNA's *voice*) Claire, it's me. Brianna.

(CALVIN'S *voice has sweetened and gone up half an octave. BRIANNA's soul has entered CALVIN's body. CALVIN circles BRIANNA with a confident female strut.*)

CALVIN: (BRIANNA'S *voice*) I'm in your husband's body and you're in mine.

BRIANNA: (CLAIRE's *voice*) What about Calvin?

CALVIN: (BRIANNA'S *voice*) He's still out there somewhere. When the soul's away, the body will play.

BRIANNA: (CLAIRE's *voice*) Play? His body was about to rape you.

CALVIN: (BRIANNA'S *voice*) Yes, and I really have to thank you for taking such quick action. He was going to take me from behind, and that's one of my body's least favorite positions.

BRIANNA: (CLAIRE's *voice*) No. Stop. This is a dream. You've hypnotized us, we're behaving like idiots, there's a whole roomful of people laughing at us—

CALVIN: (BRIANNA'S *voice*) Shh, nobody hypnotized anybody. You're here, you're in my body, everything's OK.

(CALVIN *is gently stroking* BRIANNA.)

BRIANNA: (CLAIRE's *voice*) Wait. This is crazy. I have no right to your body.

CALVIN: (BRIANNA'S *voice*) Don't you like my body, Claire?

BRIANNA: (CLAIRE's *voice*) Well, yes, I do. I mean it's sensational, isn't it? If I had this body, I'd never wear any clothes. Look at my skin...Do you mind if I call it my skin? It's so soft, so smooth...no wrinkles... no liver spots...God, I used to take all that for granted....Not that I was ever beautiful like this....I mean, if I'd been this gorgeous....

CALVIN: (BRIANNA's *voice*) What, Claire? What would you have done? Say it.

BRIANNA: (CLAIRE's *voice*) I might have married someone else.

CALVIN: (BRIANNA's *voice*) Who, for example?

BRIANNA: (CLAIRE's *voice*) I didn't mean anybody in particular. Back then I didn't really have much choice.

CALVIN: (BRIANNA's *voice*) Claire, we always have choices.

BRIANNA: (CLAIRE's *voice*) No. We don't. It was always going to be Calvin and Claire. We weren't the Smartest in the yearbook, and God knows weren't the Cutest, but we were the Most Likely to Marry Each Other. There's no way around it, water seeks its own level. I bet all the men you date are 10s like yourself. With a few fugly guys tossed in.

CALVIN: (BRIANNA's *voice*) Let's not talk about me, Claire. Tell me, what went wrong last night? Between you and Calvin.

BRIANNA: (CLAIRE's *voice*) What didn't go wrong. Calvin got drunk. He couldn't get it up and he blamed the martini. OK, the drink was huge, but we could have asked for two glasses. We could have shared an entrée too, but Calvin's too embarrassed to do that. Finally, after an eternity of fellatio, he managed to get it up, hammered away at me for a minute or two, and rolled off.

CALVIN: (BRIANNA's voice) I think you're saying he doesn't respect your body.

BRIANNA: (CLAIRE's voice) Respect it? He doesn't know the first thing about it. My body's a total mystery to him. He once compared my vagina to a monkey's ear. And now he has the nerve to tell me our sex life is all my fault.

CALVIN: (BRIANNA'S voice) How is it your fault?

BRIANNA: (CLAIRE's voice) He said I don't know how to kiss. Married 27 years, he never breathed a word. Suddenly he says I don't open my mouth. I don't give him enough tongue. I dig my jaw into his face.

CALVIN: (BRIANNA'S voice) Do you, Claire?

BRIANNA: (CLAIRE's voice) I don't know, Brianna. Not that I'm aware of.

CALVIN: (BRIANNA'S voice) Let's try it.

BRIANNA: (CLAIRE's voice) No. I can't do that.

CALVIN: (BRIANNA's voice) Claire, if you won't kiss me, how can I help you and Calvin?

(They kiss softly.)

CALVIN: (BRIANNA'S voice) See, Claire? Wasn't that nice?

BRIANNA: (CLAIRE's voice) But this isn't my mouth. This is your mouth. And you're not my husband. You don't sound like Calvin, you don't move like Calvin, you don't shove your tongue down my throat...

CALVIN: (BRIANNA'S voice) Let's try it again.

(They kiss again, more deeply. Unnoticed by either of them, CLAIRE's body has come awake and is staring at CALVIN and BRIANNA kissing. And now, as the kiss deepens, CLAIRE's body starts to stroke itself. CALVIN's soul has entered CLAIRE's body. CALVIN and BRIANNA come up for air.)

BRIANNA: (CLAIRE's *voice*) Wow. Calvin doesn't kiss like that. He's much more...aggressive.

CALVIN: (BRIANNA's *voice*) Well, he does have quite a long tongue. He's probably not aware of it.

BRIANNA: (CLAIRE's *voice*) Oh he's aware of it, all right. He can touch the tip of his nose with his tongue. (*wryly*) He's very proud of that.

CALVIN: (BRIANNA's *voice*) You sound angry with him, Claire.

BRIANNA: (CLAIRE's *voice*) Well, of course I'm angry with him. And Calvin's angry with me. All the time. It's like he's looking for an excuse to cheat on me.

CALVIN: (BRIANNA's *voice*) Has he cheated on you?

BRIANNA: (CLAIRE's *voice*) No. We've been faithful to each other ever since high school. That's not the problem. The problem is...I don't know what the problem is!

CALVIN: (BRIANNA's *voice*) The problem is, you both think you've settled for second best. Let's try another kiss. But watch your jaw, OK? And try to open up a little more?

(They kiss again, and really get into it. CLAIRE—or rather CALVIN in Claire's body—is watching all this, and starting to get very turned on.)

BRIANNA: (CLAIRE's *voice*) Oh...ohmigod...Brianna, your body is so responsive...I remember how this used to feel...

CALVIN: (BRIANNA's *voice*) ...before you started to resent each other....Look at me...Look at the face of your husband....Does it matter that Calvin doesn't rate the cover of GQ?

BRIANNA: (CLAIRE's *voice*) No. You're right.

CALVIN: (CLAIRE's *voice*) It matters that Calvin's your high-school sweetheart...the absolute love of your life....

BRIANNA: (CLAIRE's voice) That's what he was...yes...

CALVIN: (BRIANNA's voice) Do you remember your first kiss?

BRIANNA: (CLAIRE's voice) At the Dairy Queen. He was having chocolate and I was having vanilla...

(They start to kiss again. BRIANNA suddenly pulls away.)

CALVIN: (BRIANNA's voice) What's the matter, Claire?

BRIANNA: (CLAIRE's voice) Look. My body.

CALVIN: (BRIANNA's voice) What about it?...Oh wow.

BRIANNA (CLAIRE's voice) It's come alive.

(CALVIN and BRIANNA break apart. When CLAIRE speaks, it's in a deeper register.)

CLAIRE: (CALVIN's voice) What's the matter, ladies? Don't stop.

(CLAIRE starts toward them—with CALVIN's stiff swagger.)

CALVIN: (BRIANNA's voice) Calvin, were you listening to Claire? She was reliving your first kiss.

CLAIRE: (CALVIN's voice) Yeah, that was sweet. How about we make this a three-way?

BRIANNA: (CLAIRE's voice) Calvin, stop. You're turning into an ape again.

CLAIRE (CALVIN's voice): What do you mean, again?

CALVIN: (BRIANNA's voice) Apparently, Calvin, you have a very healthy id. Tell me, do you like having a woman's body?

CLAIRE: (CALVIN's voice) I don't know. It's confusing. So many things going on at once. Listen, if a threesome's not in the cards, I'd like my body back now.

BRIANNA: (CLAIRE's *voice*) Calvin, don't be in such a rush.
Brianna's getting to the root of our problem.

CLAIRE: (CALVIN's *voice*) (to CALVIN) Oh I bet you are. You like messing with us, don't you? That's how you get off.

CALVIN: (BRIANNA's *voice*) Calvin, why are you getting so hostile?

BRIANNA (CLAIRE's *voice*) See, that's how he always sounds.
Like he wants to murder me.

CLAIRE: (CALVIN's *voice*) All men want to murder their wives.

CALVIN: (BRIANNA's *voice*) Oh Calvin, how can you say that?

CLAIRE: (CALVIN's *voice*) It's baked into our DNA. When prehistoric women passed childbearing age, they were killed and eaten by the tribe. It's all there in the fossil record.

BRIANNA: (CLAIRE's *voice*) You hear that? Everything's the cave man's fault. Calvin won't take responsibility for anything.

CALVIN: (BRIANNA's *voice*) Calvin, Claire's still perfectly capable of bearing children.

CLAIRE: (CALVIN'S *voice*) Yeah well, we don't want any children. We decided that long ago. Why bring more mediocre people into the world?

CALVIN: (BRIANNA's *voice*) Calvin, you both have to stop thinking of yourselves as mediocre! You're like two people on a desert island who've given up all hope of rescue. You need to start wanting each other again.

CLAIRE: (CALVIN's *voice*) Easy for you to say. You're a beauty.

CALVIN: (BRIANNA's *voice*) Oh that's such a typical male fantasy. "When I die, I want to come back as a beautiful woman." You think it's such a treat being beautiful? It's a curse! Women resent me, ninety per cent of the men are afraid of me, and the ones that aren't afraid of me are so stuck on themselves I might as well be a hologram!

BRIANNA: (CLAIRE's *voice*) Brianna, I'm sure you're exaggerating.

CALVIN: (BRIANNA's *voice*) Stay in that body, you'll find out. When I die, I want to come back as a man. Preferably an ugly one.

CLAIRE: (CALVIN's *voice*) Whoa. Is that a dig at me?

CALVIN: (BRIANNA's *voice*) I was speaking generally. And you're far from ugly.

CLAIRE: (CALVIN's *voice*) Now say that like you mean it.

CALVIN: (BRIANNA's *voice*) Calvin, shh, let's all try and believe in ourselves. Come here.

CLAIRE: (CALVIN's *voice*) Why? What are you gonna do?

CALVIN: (BRIANNA's *voice*) Calvin, just relax. I'm not going to hurt you.

(CALVIN *kisses* CLAIRE...*a long deep kiss.*)

CLAIRE: (CALVIN's *voice*) Whoa. That was kinda trippy.

BRIANNA: (CLAIRE's *voice*) It was a good kiss, wasn't it, Calvin?

CLAIRE: (CALVIN's *voice*) Yeah. Gentle but passionate.

CALVIN: (BRIANNA's *voice*) You need to learn to honor a woman's body, instead of just invading it. That goes for lovemaking in general. Deep thrusting doesn't always hit the G spot. It's the rare woman who shoves her vibrator up to the hilt. You don't have to punish Claire for loving you.

BRIANNA: (CLAIRE's *voice*) Brianna's right. That's exactly what we've been doing to each other!

CLAIRE: (CALVIN's *voice*) Speak for yourself. I never stopped loving you.

BRIANNA: (CLAIRE's *voice*) Do you mean that, Calvin?

CLAIRE: (CALVIN's *voice*) With all my heart. You and I, we just got lazy. (to CALVIN) Now can we have our bodies back?

(CALVIN and BRIANNA are looking at each other.)

CLAIRE: (CALVIN's *voice*) Brianna? I asked you a question. Oh Jesus, don't tell me.

BRIANNA: (CLAIRE's *voice*) (to CALVIN) You said "stay in this body." I heard you say that. And you said you wanted to be a man.

CALVIN: (BRIANNA's *voice*) (*realizing*) Yeah. A few weeks in the gym, I could make this body into something really awesome.

BRIANNA: (CLAIRE's *voice*): Calvin, wouldn't you rather be married to this body?

CLAIRE: (CALVIN's *voice*) No. I want to be married to my wife. Henceforth I will honor and adore Claire's body. But there's no way you're leaving me inside it. Nosiree. I have a long-standing, affectionate relation with my penis, which I intend to employ with more sensitivity in the future.

CALVIN: (BRIANNA's *voice*) Then let me show you how.

CLAIRE: (CALVIN's *voice*) No. Hey. Get away.

CALVIN: (BRIANNA's *voice*) You're not gonna let me try out your penis? Calvin, that's so selfish.

(CALVIN starts to unzip.)

CLAIRE: (CALVIN's *voice*) Stop. Stop right there.

(CLAIRE snatches up a large dumbbell, brandishing it at CALVIN.)

BRIANNA: (CLAIRE's *voice*) Calvin, what are you doing?

CLAIRE: (CALVIN's *voice*) I'm threatening to bash her skull in, that's what I'm doing.

BRIANNA: (CLAIRE's *voice*) Calvin, that's your skull. Try and get a grip. She was only teasing, weren't you, Brianna?

CALVIN: (BRIANNA's *voice*) I don't know...was I?

CLAIRE: (CALVIN's *voice*) Put your pants back on, Brianna, or I'll be forced to use this dumbbell. I'm serious.

CALVIN: (BRIANNA's *voice*) Oh well. Are you both willing to give your marriage another chance? Will you try and accept each other as you are? And stop comparing yourself with other people? What would the world be like if all men and women were perfect 10s? I'll tell you what the world would be like. It would be an ugly world.

BRIANNA: (CLAIRE's *voice*) Can't I be beautiful just a little while longer?

CLAIRE: (CALVIN's *voice*) Claire, you're backsliding! Go on, Brianna. Get us back in our rightful bodies.

CALVIN: (BRIANNA's *voice*) But there's so much more to cover...and the hour isn't up yet...

CLAIRE: (CALVIN's *voice*; to CALVIN) Quit stalling! Ohmigod. You don't know if you can do it, do you? Oh Jesus.

CALVIN: (BRIANNA's *voice*) I can try. But not with you waving that weapon around.

BRIANNA: (CLAIRE's *voice*) Calvin, put the dumbbell down.

CLAIRE: (CALVIN's *voice*) Not until I have my penis back.

(One eye on the dumbbell, CALVIN rearranges the yoga mats.)

CALVIN: (BRIANNA's *voice*) OK....let's all get comfortable again....Calvin, you can put the dumbbell aside, please.

(CLAIRE defiantly grips the dumbbell, holding it between her legs, pointing it at CALVIN.)

CALVIN: (*BRIANNA's voice*) Right...OK, let's close our eyes... and imagine that with each outbreath our minds are floating up and out of our bodies....Imagine you're looking down from the ceiling at your body....and the body of your spouse...who deserves every ounce of your love...

(All their bodies go limp. The dumbbell rolls onto the floor.)

CALVIN: (*over*) OK, nobody leaves this room. Claire, are you here?

CLAIRE: (*over*) Yes, Calvin, I'm here.

CALVIN: (*over*) Can you see your body?

CLAIRE: (*over*) Yes, I can see my body.

CALVIN: (*over*) Brianna?

(No answer.)

CALVIN: (*over*) Brianna, are you here? Where are you?

CLAIRE: (*over*) Brianna?

CALVIN: (*over*) I knew it. She's playing possum. She wants to be a man. She wants to keep my body. She can't have my body. Claire, you ready? I'm homing in. I'm zeroing in on my body. Claire?

CLAIRE: (*over*) Yes, Calvin, I'm with you.

CALVIN: (*over*) Here we go. Banzai!

(CALVIN's body jerks violently to life. He leaps up.)

CALVIN: I'm here! I'm here in my body! (*BRIANNA's voice*) Welcome back, Calvin. (*CALVIN's voice*) Oh Jesus, you're still here? (*BRIANNA's voice*) Please let me stay! We can have so much fun together! (*CALVIN's voice, as he grabs his dick*) Brianna, that dick belongs to me! Get your hands off my dick!

(CALVIN *grabs the dumbbell with his free hand, raises it as if to bash his own skull.*)

CALVIN: Get out before I kill us both! (BRIANNA's *voice*) Well, if you feel that strongly about it, Calvin...I'll be leaving you now!

(*Pause.*)

CALVIN: Brianna? Hello? Where are you? (*pause*) She's gone. I'm in sole possession. Claire, are you here? Claire!

(CLAIRE's *body twitches to life. BRIANNA's body stays limp, blissed-out.*)

CLAIRE: I'm here, Calvin. (*hint of disappointment*) I'm back in my own body.

CALVIN: You sound disappointed. Please don't be disappointed. I swear I love you just the way you are.

CLAIRE: Oh, Calvin, so do I.

CALVIN: From the day I first laid eyes on you.

CLAIRE: So what do you want to do now? Maybe take a little swimble? We've got our choice of pools.

CALVIN: Great idea. Can't wait to see you in your new bikini.

CLAIRE: Really? (*uneasily*) Maybe we can find a pool that isn't too crowded?

CALVIN: Hell no, are you kidding? I want to show you off.

CLAIRE: Calvin, that's so sweet.

CALVIN: Hey, don't you remember, how proud we were to be a couple? When all those dateless jerks were getting wasted on Saturday night? Give us a kiss.

(CLAIRE *kisses him lightly. The kiss deepens.*)

CLAIRE: Mmm. That was lovely.

CALVIN: Just a preview of coming attractions. So what do you say, should we get an early lunch? We'll order a split of champagne and let nature take its course.

CLAIRE: Darling, that sounds like a beautiful plan....

(CALVIN and CLAIRE exit, hand in hand. BRIANNA's eyes open. She gives a sad little sigh of resignation.)

BRIANNA: You're welcome.

(Blackout. END OF PLAY.)