

(John takes off his shirt and hands it back to Rhonda)

RHONDA: Thank you.

(She throws it on the ground)

RHONDA: Now your shoes and socks.

JOHN: I am going to have to sit on the ground.

RHONDA: Do it.

(John sits. He takes off his shoes and socks)

JOHN: This is a rather unique situation you've put me in. I am sure there are men who wouldn't mind being forced to take off their clothes for a woman.

(He pushes his shoes and socks behind him)

JOHN: I am not one of them, mind you.

RHONDA: So?

JOHN: I just wanted you to know. It's cold out. I'm getting a chill. *(he coughs)* See there... a cough.

RHONDA: There's a real good viewing here of that living room. I know you're taken with it, but it doesn't make it right.

(A beat. John stands)

JOHN: You're the woman who dances.

RHONDA: That's me.

JOHN: You're... how did you get outside without-

RHONDA: My scarf that's going up and down behind the screen-

(John looks at window)

JOHN: Yes?

RHONDA: I hooked it next to a fan. It flaps up and down.

JOHN: Well now, the Lord praises those that dance. You'll find that in the hundred and forty-ninth Psalm. May I turn around?

RHONDA: Slow-like.

(John turns around)

JOHN: I've always wanted to know what you looked like up close.

RHONDA: Here I am.

(She blows on him)

RHONDA: You can even smell me... asshole.