

ALEX. Two hundred dollars.

MITCHELL. My.

ALEX. Can you afford it?

MITCHELL. Handily, my good man, handily. (*Pulls money out and counts it.*) So alleged nephew Bryan, what do you do for a living?

ALEX. Guess.

MITCHELL. I'm obnoxious, aren't I?

ALEX. You're fine. So what do you do for a living ... Uncle Steve?

MITCHELL. I - uhm - who cares? You're cute. Do you think I'm cute? People say I look like a movie star.

ALEX. Sure, you could be. You're a great-looking guy.

MITCHELL. What was your question again?

ALEX. What kind of work do you do?

MITCHELL. My family owns a blah blah blah and I represent them on the eastern blah blah and blah blah blah blah blah. Blah blah. I'm someone's son. That's what I do for a living. Two hundred. (*He hands it to Alex.*) You must be very good. At sex.

ALEX. That's not what people pay you for.

MITCHELL. What do people pay you for?

ALEX. To leave afterwards.

MITCHELL. That makes little or no sense. (*He takes a swig of scotch.*) That makes all the sense in the world.

ALEX. Let's get started.

MITCHELL. OK. I'll get aroused.

ALEX. No scene? You don't wanna do any role-play?

MITCHELL. You know? I just don't think so. I nearly ruined my senior class production of *You Can't Take It With You*.

ALEX. OK. Stay there. I'll get undressed. You get undressed. We'll get busy.

MITCHELL. Busy. I like that. The prostitute work ethic.

ALEX. You like music?

MITCHELL. Dear God, you aren't going to sing, are you?

ALEX. No.

MITCHELL. That's nice. (*Alex turns his back and starts to get undressed. Mitchell curls up on the bed and closes his eyes.*) Alleged nephew Bryan?

ALEX. (*Without turning around.*) Yeah?

MITCHELL. I'm sorry I'm drunk.

ALEX. That's OK.