

GLASS FEELINGS

Act 1, Scene 1

PAT (Playful, charismatic, absurd, dramatic, poetic) pokes out their head out and scans the audience.

PAT: *(Rolling eyes) Balls. (retracts their head, shuffles about)*

Enter PAT. *The deity of daydreams. Supreme power.*

(To audience, warm) Bonsoir brilliant bastards. Beasts waiting with baited breath, behold! *(gesturing to the stage)* I bring to you all, your favourite fairytale. Yes - *that one*. The one you always come back to. Again and again. Over and over. When playing make belief as a child. When lying awake in bed, bored of your ordinary life, wanting to believe in something more. You tell the story to your friends, infecting them with your fantasy. Sometimes, oh sometimes you even do a little demonstration. Oh yes, a little parade of peacocking, to show just how well you know your fictions. *(demonstrates peacocks)* And any infected fellow fowl following the same fantasies will grant you their fabulous display. *(peacock intimidation dance and calls)* An uninfected peahen might bristle past you, with bombastic side eye. But this is not for her. This is for you, you've earned this, and for any other folk yearning for the same satisfaction. And so I present to you your tantalising tale, told by none other than yours truly. Hello, you do remember my name don't you? After all you did name me yourself, though it was many moons ago now. No? Well, until you do, you can call me... *(thinking)* Pat. For now.

We return to the cuck of the catalogue, a blushing and bestial romance between the big boss Frank Powel and his mistress of mistresses - Wilhelmina Williamson. The man with it all yet still left wanting, and the desperate, down on her luck, deviant woman secretly desiring a true connection. What starts as an unlikely partnership blossoms into... - well you know the drill. We begin where many beginnings do. A place where dreams can be simultaneously dreamt and crushed. An Office, Frank's office at "Ottoman Empires - thinking inside the box". Antique mid-century decadent mahogany. A Desk with a name plaque "Mr. F Powel". Leather quilted desk chair. Rows and rows of gold embellished book spines on ornate shelving. A spinning globe atop an art deco display table. A lush tufted leather cigar arm chair with foot stool and - *(becoming statue)* A stunning, sultry, sexy, naked, lady statue.

WILL (audacious, sarcastic, goofy) enters and stands outside the office. She is an example of the "perfect" woman.

(WILL is psyching herself up) Enter WILL, a twenty something year-old gorgeous young lady. She is the leading example of a woman who knows her power and just how to use it.

WILL pops open a button on her blouse.