

Stuart Gentling
Short Story
Outline

Characters:

cf. Jack, My Jack
A prostitute from New Orleans

Three old maids at St. Francisville, La.

A Farm hand who works for the three virtuous ladies on the plantation which their father left them and which they have never left.

The madame at the prostitutes house of ill repute.

Setting:

Partially in New Orleans for the opening scenes, and possibly for a closing scene. Most of the action takes place in the small town of St. Francisville, Louisiana, a few miles above Baton Rouge, and a hundred miles from New Orleans. Just outside of this town is a rundown but still working plantation on which live the three old maids.

Time: Probably in the nineteen thirties.

Viewpoint: Possibly first person, but more probably omniscient third person with some first person narration, either through later conversation or through letters, which the prostitute writes back to the madam.

Story:

A prostitute working in a house of ill repute in New Orleans decides one day that she is fed up with her life, not disgusted with her life but merely bored with making love all of the time. There is no moral decision behind her desires to leave. Her ulcer was kicking up again which aggravated her desires to leave. Besides this, she was getting older. Now that she was in her late thirties, she was beginning to feel her age, though she still had all of the customers that she could handle. The madame knew that the prostitute was still a valuable asset to her house, but decided to follow the prostitutes whim and let her leave for a vacation. There would

(outlind cont.)

have been no desire for a vacation or even any real discontent if it had not been for a Norther that blew in one night unexpectedly making to whole next day quite sunney and quite cold for the unprepared house of ill repute. The prostitutue was awakened by the cold that morning, the first morning in years which she had been awake to see. She couldn't beleive the beauty of the day. It was just too much for her. She went to the park instead of going back to sleep and sat all day in the park just looking up at the sky. Brother Charles was preaching in the park, damning the Catholics at St Louis Cathedral accross the street and warning all of the other sinners that they would go to hell. She was tired when she got back to the house. She could hardley see because she had been staring at the light so much. She wanted to go to bed because she was tired at not having gotten any sleep. The madame would not let her go to sleep. She was not very responsive for the rest of the night. Her first lovers were disappointed with her performance and told the madame about her lack of enthusiasm which was always a trait with her. The madame came in and talked to the prostitute about it then decides to send the " first timers " in to her so that the house would not get a bad reputation among the connesuers. There was only one man left anyway which she would have to lay for, said the madame. If she showed him a good time then she could go to bed and she and the mdame would discuss the matter in the morning. The first timer was a thin, shy young professor. She tried her best to rid him of his shyness but her frank and rather bored tone was amarked contrats to the professors shyness and lack of ardor. (show that there is no communion to this kind of love, that both are strangers and will remain strangers) She finally is able to break down the greater part of his modesty barrier and both of them go to bed. While they are in the very act of making love she, evidently displaying the fact that her mind is not at all on love making asks the professor certain, though crudely worded, questions, concerning the nature of life and the possibility of there being a hereafter at which the professor replies that there can't possibly be a life in the hereafter. She is not convinced but she does trust his wisdom as compared with her. Her speculation is at all times a crude, fumbling one of a fumbling mind trying to grasp her essence. She pushes him off her and rolls over to her side of the bed in deep speculation, not very profound but nevertheless overpowering at the monent. The professor doesn't know what to do. He just sits there nand answers her questions. He realizes that lovemaking really isn't as