

THE PLAYWRIGHTS NOTES:

This is a play.

This is a play that I wrote.

I am performing this play. I'm going to.

What is a play? Well, I'm here and you are here, and something will happen in front of you.

Is it true? What is the truth? Well, this is a play, sometimes playful, not always true. Not everything in this play happened to me, but everything probably happened to someone, and this character is not me... is not all of me. ...and even if something happened to me, and I remember that it happened to me, and I tell you, 'hey, this happened to me,' it doesn't mean that it happened. And that doesn't mean that I'm lying.

This is a play I wrote. I'm not an actor, I'm not not an actor. But I'm not an actor. I am a playwright. I guess - as much as anyone is a playwright. I'm a playwright performing a play, that's different from an actor performing a play, also different from a playwright reading a play. This is a decision.

All I want is to be here, and I do not want to be here. I cannot help but be here, and so thank you for being here.

Thank you for coming.

Right now, I'm Lee-Anne. Lee-Anne Poole. And that's not the play. Later is the play. It'll be clear when it's the play. These are the playwright's notes.

I'm going to perform the play. Me - Lee-Anne. You are going to watch the play. You - audience.

You might have a harder job than me.

There are parts of this play that are true. I remember them, and I'm telling you. Some of those parts I've told to other people, not as a play, just friends talking over coffee casually or on a car ride. Just quickly I'm reminded of something and so I say it or I joke about it or maybe I'm trying to get rid of it. Get rid of the thought by tossing it out there a little too casually.

You have a hard job because I've often realized that there is no right reaction to some of these thoughts tossed out there a little too casually.

There are a few really right reactions. On occasion, if you feel like laughing, I love it. I love it. It's one of my top favorite things. I realized over the last few years, like, I don't care about travel. I realized that if someone told me, 'You will never travel again,' I don't give a shit. Now that being said, if you won a bunch of money, you want to take me to Italy, all expenses paid - Maybe I'll work it out. Maybe I'll figure it out. And maybe I'd like to come, I'd like the option to say yes or no! But if you know the future and you know I will never leave this place again, I'm perfectly content. On the other hand, if you told me you know the future and you know I will never feel sexually desired again. Life is less worth living, if you know the future, and you know I will never plant a seed and one day wake up, look at that seed and see that it has sprouted. Life is less worth living. If you know the future, and you know that I will never again, say something and feel people laugh - you can kill me.

So on occasion, if you feel like you want to laugh, that is a very right reaction.

But sometimes, I've said some things that happened to me, that I remember, and I've told people, and they've looked at me like I've ruined their day, or like they're sorry for me, like I scared them, or like they really don't know what to say. I could go my whole life without feeling that feeling. On occasion, sometimes I've told people, and they look at me like, 'what's the big deal? Not so bad.' And then I want to kill them. I feel so

angry that they don't get it. I wonder, should I whisper in their ear the worst calls? How do I make them understand? It's kind of impossible - cause it's not just those worst calls, it's hearing someone's most private reactions to those worst....

So - there are things that happened, that I remember, that I will not be saying. This is a warning - I will not be saying anything near the worst parts and I will desperately be trying to make you laugh.

The fictional play is based on a blog I wrote while working as a phone sex operator and I did that job over 15 years ago. Even then friends thought phone sex was kind of light and fluffy - how can there be any money in that? It already seemed old fashioned. A friend told me, he assumed I must have been lying and just didn't want to admit that I was camming. I think that says more about what he was googling than where the money is in online sex work.

I wasn't lying and it wasn't light and fluffy. You might assume now - 15 years later - phone sex... NOW it must be old fashioned. It must be a thing of the past like your landline - the things that people wanted to talk about then they still want to talk about now. They are the things that often (hopefully) the closest you get to them are only in your mind.

The blog was bad, it was anonymous. My daily views were like zero to two. I sent it to a couple of friends who just expressed their concern for me and how they read some of it, but they weren't able to keep reading it.

One day, my phone was going a little berserk, and I was getting notification after notification. I freaked out. I went online and I saw that a more popular blog had found mine and reblogged it and in less than 24 hours it had been viewed like over 10K times. I logged on and I made it private so that no one could look at it. I know 10K doesn't seem viral by today's standards... I mean, I posted my mom on Tiktok and she got over 8 million - but it was different then and at the time, 10K in a day was way too much. Why put something online, if all you do once people look at it is hide it? I wrote quickly and badly. And I was writing honestly... and honestly... I...

THE PLAY:

I haven't left my apartment - at all. Alone, in my home.

Not totally true. You have to leave your house. I mean, I would starve. I need some food every now and then. I needed smokes most of the time. But I don't leave for any more than an hour. I call a cab, get in, go to the grocery store while the cab waits outside, then to the corner store for smokes, and back home.

Cab – food.

Cab – smokes.

Cab – home.

Back to the smallest bachelor apartment in the world.

We got together to have a chat about our relationship - if we were both happy, neither of us were. The conversation kept going around in circles. I finally said, "You wanna end it," they start to cry (you know, from all of the pain of breaking up with me), and then - they asked me to spend the night. I was so pissed. I tried to break up three months before that. But we decided to keep going. To try and work things out. We didn't work things out - they just beat me to the god damn punch ending it. They break up with me - then ask me to spend the night - What the hell is that?!

I went to a bar, got more drunk than I've been since I was sixteen years old shooting stolen rum in my friends' basement, and went home with some straight guy. Couldn't tell you his name - can't remember what he looks like. Bad sex. But, finding some straight guy for a one night stand seemed like the simplest thing to do. You just have to stay at the bar long enough and lower your standards.

The next couple weeks were the worst I've ever felt. That's when I started not leaving my apartment. I called in sick to my shitty telemarketing job enough times that they fired me. They had a 3 strikes you're out, 'you'll get written up', we need a doctors note for minimum wage bullshit policy. I was so emotional, all I wanted to do was sleep. The thought of food made me wanna throw up. Breaking up is always horrible, but this was physical. A few more weeks went by like that. Then I realized, "It's been a long time since I bled." And then I remembered that night. My lowered standards, that straight guy. I panicked.

I had never bought a pregnancy test before, and suddenly I'm buying five of them while a cab driver waited in the parking lot for me. I bought five and sat guzzling water and chain smoking on the toilet watching each one after the other come up positive. I quit smoking after that. After that fifth test was positive, I quit smoking.

I went online and looked up all of the 'What to Expect' crap. I knew exactly how far along I was, I mean... it was pretty easy to do the math. Apparently what to expect when you're 6 weeks along is a lot of the same things I attribute to breaking up.

I should have gone to the doctor. But at the time I thought I better wait until I knew what I wanted the doctor to do for me.

So everyone already heard about the breakup. From them. They told everyone. Beat me to the punch again. Why tell people if maybe it's back and forth or not really gonna stick? I got texts saying if I needed anything at all to call. I told everyone I'm fine and really busy. They persisted, I resisted, and finally, they backed off - except for Adam. He won't leave me alone no matter what I say. He started calling. I avoided him, I texted saying how busy I was and that I would call him soon. Finally, my cell phone bill was so overdue that they cut it off. So I made sure I e-mailed him every couple days to tell him I was fine. See, I'm not a very good liar - so if you're not ready for people to know something yet the best thing to do is avoid them.

I am the last person any of my friends would think would have a baby. I imagine some of them would just assume right away that I was going to have an abortion. I would have thought that too. I smoked like a chimney, I live in this tiny place, and had no money. I had to get a job. If I decided to keep the baby, I would really need a job, but even if I didn't - I just needed money.

I tried to think of things I could do from home. There didn't seem to be many good options. Every job listing online that says 'work from home' is a total scam. I mean, I could have done my old job from home, but they won't do that, they want to monitor you too badly! I had no clue what I was going to do. Then I remembered that straight guy - my one night stand. He kept going on and on about my voice. At the time he was telling me this, I just took it as a line. What a sexy voice I had. I mean, it was super late at night, I had just eaten a pack of smokes, and I was pissed drunk, and pissed angry. Believe me, my voice was not sexy. But still, it gave me the idea. I consider myself to be:

- An incredibly sexually open-minded person
- I've got queer literature covered, so I've learned about all sorts of sex stuff
- And conversationally, I've always thought I was pretty good on my feet.

This could be a good job for me. I looked for some listings. All of the companies I found were US-based, but living in Canada didn't seem to be an issue.

I applied to 7 different companies. Some just want you to leave them a voice mail with your name and contact info, others with an online application form including a request for a reference! In just a couple days I had a phone interview for a "hard-core, no taboos" phone sex line. I know. A phone interview for a phone sex line. I was scared shitless. But it's not what you would think. They didn't want a sample. It was just a straight-up interview. They

asked if there was anything I wouldn't talk to someone about. There are plenty of things I won't do, I guess, but, I couldn't think of anything I wouldn't talk to someone about. I thought I could talk to a stranger about - shitting on people. I thought that was the worst it would get. See they don't warn you before you start. They didn't warn me about everything that could come up.

I told them I thought I would be a great phone sex operator because I have a background in theatre that will serve me well in roleplays and improvisations. I thought high school drama classes and my JR High dinner theatre experience was gonna help me.

All they really wanted to know was:

- I had a feminine voice
- high-speed internet
- and a landline.

I got hired.

The company that I got hired with seemed pretty great. Women-owned and operated. By a woman who started as a phone sex operator working for someone else. I lucked out.

It all moved along so fast, I applied, did the interview, hooked up a landline, and before I knew it, I was picking out my first character. They sent me a link to one of their sites that

had tons of girls on it for the guys to choose from. They told me what ones were available, and to pick the one I wanted to play.

I went with a skinny, blond, big-titted woman. That seemed smart.

The skinny blond's name was Jennifer. Her page had photos of her on a bed with a phone to her ear and a bio listing all of the things she offered. I didn't understand most of them.

They told me to work on a voice. A fun voice, and to sound like the woman in the photo. A fun voice... like... hi! ...hello?

About me, hi!

Jennifer here and I'm ready to fulfill all your phone sex fantasy desires - don't be shy, I can keep all your secrets. I put the 'T' in 'Titillation' and my sweet voice will make your cock rock hard the moment I open my kinky little kisser. I'm a no-taboos whore who loves the darker side of sex, you wont get any judgment from me cause when I say darker, I mean extreme nasty filth.

They charged the guys two dollars a minute and when you start you get seventy-five cents of that. That's if you get calls and you can keep them on the line.

- They have a DISPATCHER working. That's who the guys call directly to ask for the girl they wanna talk to and who they pay.
- The DISPATCHER keeps a spreadsheet of who is playing what CHARACTER/GIRL and for what CALLER/GUY.

So I'm Jennifer, but if a CALLER wants to talk to Jennifer and I'm not working (and he's never talked to me before so doesn't know my voice or have any past calls to remember info from) they will get anyone who's on to play Jennifer and track that for CALLER, that person plays Jennifer.

Likewise, My first official CHARACTER was Jennifer, but if a CALLER wants to talk to Betty, and no one working that night is playing Betty, then I'm Betty for that GUY/CALLER that night and every other time he calls wanting Betty.

AND if the same CALLER has talked to me as Betty and then wants to call Jennifer, they wont get me to be his Jennifer (even though Jennifer is my CHARACTER and I'm working) cause it would get too confusing.

This was an intense spreadsheet.

But it means you are only one character per caller. Might not seem THAT important, but if he ends up being a regular you have lots to remember from the past phone calls that he might recall to chat about.

The butterflies in my stomach were ridiculously intense. I mean, these men are calling me! I don't know why, but for some reason, I'm scared that I won't do a good job. Even if they don't like me, it's not like I have to actually face the rejection, with this... I mean come on, at worst he'd just hang up on me.

The dispatcher puts me through to my first call. She tells me, "He's one of our regulars, Philip. If he likes you, he'll call a lot. But don't break character. He's always trying to get girls to break character." He orders 25 minutes. He didn't try to get me to break character once. I was stupid not to expect this topic... but I really didn't. When I thought phone sex I thought sex. And when I thought sex, I never thought about...

I had a few more calls that night. The next caller told me he was scared to call because he was from France and didn't speak much English. He wanted to make sure I would be okay with K9. I just said yes before I realized what K9 was. The call had started already, and I was still looking online to see what I was about to talk about. Okay, beastiality. And yes, K9 is specifically... with dogs.

I chose a German Shepherd. When I was growing up my family always had German Shepherds. He loved it. It's the first thing I thought of and instantly regretted it.

I couldn't get Rocky out of my head after that.

All he could say, or maybe all he was willing to say was, "Ohhhhh Oui, Magnifique!" In a bad Parisian accent. He didn't even sound like he was really French.

It was basically a monologue on my part. It's hard to come up with things to say about something when you don't know anything about it --dog ...intimacy-- It's even harder if you aren't getting anything back. He seemed to really like it when I talked about how 'wet and sloppy' the dog's tongue was. Once I found something that worked I just kept repeating those words over and over and over again. I didn't know what else to do.

Wet and sloppy

wet and sloppy

wet and sloppy

...until he came.

One of the callers just wanted to call me names for 5 minutes. Slut, bitch, gutter whore, and everything you could think of. One caller said to me, while he was coming, "I wanna bend you over in front of everyone at Walmart."

I chatted with some of the other PSOs - phone sex operators. Everyone was pretty friendly, we would DM most of the night while we weren't on calls. You could split them up into two groups. The single mothers, and the man-hating dykes. I might have been on my way to becoming both.

Morning sickness sucks. So I was nine weeks at this point, and it was bad. I was scared that I would have to drop the phone and run to the bathroom during a call. But this guy wanted it! Puke!

He was my first caller on my second day, and he wanted me to be sucking his cock, and it is just SO BIG, and he is shoving his dick in my mouth SO HARD that it causes me to gag and gag and gag until I throw up all over that big, hard dick of his. Who wants vomit all over their junk? You hear horror stories about people who don't listen to their gag reflex and end up throwing up all over someone, how embarrassed they were - but this guy was requesting it! He really wanted to hear it too - he was so excited that I said I would puke for him. He asked, "REALLY, REALLY, like could you do it in the toilet so I can actually hear the vomit hitting the bowel."

Once I got off the phone with him, I asked one of the other PSOs, if she had ever done that before, -- She told me all the time -- that there is constantly a jug of water kept by her toilet to make the sound of throwing up. See, this is why they should do some training! They just

hire you and throw you to the wolves. A jug of water by the toilet. That's a tip I could have used before I actually made myself throw up for that guy!

I thought, 'what am I doing? I'm gonna get a real job. I'm calling Adam. I'm scheduling an abortion.' I picked up the phone, called my doctor and hung up on the first ring. I couldn't face it. It was like - if I didn't think about it, the baby would magically disappear or something.

Philip called me again. He really liked me. 'I love you, I love you.' That's what he told me on the first call. This call lasted for three hours. Three hours at two dollars a minute. That man spent \$360 to talk to me. I got \$135 of that.

I didn't know if I could keep talking to him, but this time he didn't even... he just told me a lot of things about himself. He lived in New Jersey. Super smart. Really articulate. An IT Specialist. All of my callers so far sounded like creepy guys whispering on the phone down in the rec room so their wives won't hear. Philip sounds like someone you might know. He said he's been calling for years. When he first started calling it was all moans and wet pussy talk, but now nothing shocks him. I imagined him with glasses and probably a nice smile - he has a good laugh.

He did exactly what the dispatcher told me he would - he asked me to just talk to him normally. I did the whole, "What do you mean? This is my voice," thing. He would give it up

for a bit and then - ask again. After the second hour, my voice slowly faded back to its normal pitch. It's hard to keep the happy, bubbly voice going for that long, especially when you're just talking about normal things. Old girlfriends, movies, funny web pages, what we liked to do...

He told me he knew that the pictures online aren't real and that we don't use our real names. That kind of made me feel better about it. I mean, he knows it's all fantasy.

My poor Mom. I never wanted her to know, so I spent a long time thinking up the perfect lie for her. I hate lying - it's not a moral thing - it's just that I always get caught. She was the one person I gave my new number to, and she wanted to know what I was doing for work.

I told her that I got a fundraising position with The Diabetes Association and I was calling past donors to see if they would like to contribute again. I thought that job was close enough... working from home, on the phone. It's close enough to the truth that it made a good lie.

I don't know why I did it. But my Mom and I were talking on the phone one night and, we were talking very honestly, and I told her. I told her that I lied and that what I was really doing was phone sex. Jesus Christ.

What the hell did I think would happen, how did I think she would react. I knew how she would react, that is why I made up the diabetes lie! I could tell as soon as I said the words that I made completely the wrong decision. Stupid! Sometimes a lie is the kindest thing you can give someone. I lied about quitting as soon as it seemed believable.

This one night Phil called me the dispatcher put him through to me she said, "Your pay cheque's on the line." He makes up for most of what I make. He told me that he liked to call when he couldn't get to sleep. He'd come, and then we would chat. So we agreed that once I hear him start snoring, that's when I would hang up and stop charging him. It often takes over two hours of talking while he lays in bed. It's like the over the phone version of holding someone to sleep. He falls asleep in my voice.

A man from Texas called me. He told me he wanted to experience the darker side of sex, things he would never get to do in his normal life. He told me that he was a good guy, that he had a wife and children. He knew there were lots of things out there that he should never get to do and that's what he wanted to talk about.

He gets real quiet, "you know... men loving men ...homosexual stuff."

So dark, I know.

He asked me if I had a boyfriend. I said yes. The answer is always yes in phone sex. I mean, no one is gonna take the time to ask you, "Do you like stockings?" - or, "Are you attracted to dogs?" If they want the answer to be no.

He asked me, "Does your boyfriend ever rape you?"

I thought he wanted to talk about sucking cock? I told myself to just keep going and to stop thinking about what's being said, stop trying to make sense of anything - Until he finally got around to saying, "If I were there for you I would let him take me instead. I would let him violate me for you. And I would feel dirty and humiliated," like he was my knight in shining armour. I'll save you. I'm not gay at all but don't worry, I'll offer up my ass for this man to plow. So sweet.

Adam popped by. Unannounced - obviously. He looked at me, said, "Good. You're alive." I remembered that I had forgotten to e-mail him in almost a week. I started to cry. He can't stay mad at me once I start crying. I wanted him to know that I wasn't shutting him out of my life for no reason. I told him everything. I told him about getting drunk and sleeping with that straight guy. I told him about realizing I was pregnant - that I didn't know what I wanted to do yet, and I told him that I started doing phone sex.

He was shocked. He tried not to look shocked, but he wasn't very good at hiding it. He was supportive. And tried to be way more helpful than I could handle. He had so many questions

that I just couldn't take. Who was the guy? Who have you told? Have you seen a doctor?

Why?! I passed off all of those questions with 'it's fine,' or 'I just can't talk about it.'

I told him about some of the calls. I wanted to show him that I was okay...

So I told him about this call I thought he would think was funny. About this guy that wanted me to pretend I was an alien scientist who had a giant cock. I was a scientist who had recently developed a drug that made sperm so mighty it could make ANYONE pregnant, probably with magic science from outer space or whatever. So in the fantasy, I - the alien scientist with the giant cock - has to test this drug to see if it will really work to make my sperm able to make anyone pregnant. So, the guy wants me to talk about going to an old folks home, to capture and rape these elderly women and hold them in my basement for my scientist colleges from outer space to...

That's when I looked up at him. Come on, scientist - this drug - outer space! I thought he would think it was so out there - funny. I looked up at him, and his face looked like I just sucked all of the love from the world. I told him I had to get back to work. He made me give him my new number, and I made him leave.

Then Phil called. The floodgates were open. I told him about how the conversation went with Adam. And in that, told him about how I've been avoiding everyone and lying to them, and that I was pregnant. I don't know what I was thinking.

After a couple moments of silence, he pipes up and said that if I wanted to keep it that he thought I would make a great mom. He said, "I bet you'll have a little girl."

So far I've talked about:

- cuckolding, -cross-dressing,
- K9, -beastiality,
- age-play, -barely legal,
- forced bisexuality, -abduction, -rape,
- eating shit, -shitting on people, -cooking with shit,
- being peed on, -peeing on people,
- bondage
- walks on the beach
- spanking
- drugs
- stockings, -pantyhose, -what I am wearing,
- getting come on
 - (on my face, tits, ass, in my mouth, up my pussy and ass; the shitty come squirting back out of my ass),
- Mommy/Son play, -Daddy/Daughter, -Catholic School Girl, -gang bangs,
- financial domination,
- incest,

- blow jobs, -cunnilingus, -analingus,
- punishment,
- Racism,
- humiliation, tiny dick,
- ass fucking, eating shit - did I say eating shit?
- Flogging, -breast/nipple torture,

...and all those are about half of the calls. The rest are like Philip's calls.

My first ever call. The dispatcher puts me through to this guy, Philip. She tells me, "He's one of our regulars. If he likes you, he'll call a lot. But don't break character. He's always trying to get girls to break character."

He asked me if I was okay with incest. He wanted to do an incest fantasy. Honestly, I was so relieved. Incest, I thought, that, that was nothing! "Oh, I LOVE incest." So we started with the call. If that was what he needed to warn me about... I mean, I can handle a little incest role-play! I was thinking we would be brother and sister... or maybe he would be my, "Daddy." Easy! I've got it covered. I asked him, "Like, are we brother and sister?" Nope. He didn't even want to be related. How are we going to do an incest fantasy call if we're not related?

he framed it up for me,
explaining what I would do
what he would do
who we were doing it to
how hot it was going to be,
how perfect it was.

In the fantasy
we were
boyfriend
girlfriend
and we had a little girl.

“Don’t worry.
I would never ever actually do this
in real life,
I don’t have any kids
I promise
I don’t have kids.”

I could recognize his voice
like a grandparent
not speaking for years

he described everything
what he was doing to her
how far he could get inside of her
how small she was

then he wanted to switch
begged me to take over
If anyone heard the things I say
I don't think I could look them in the eye anymore.

When he finished

he kept saying,

"I love you

I love you

I love you

I wish I had a girlfriend like you

I can't wait to call you again

I love you

I love you."

I know

he had an amazing time

I know

I did a really good job

I did a good job.

I'm good at it.

THE END.

THE END:

I remember being in my early 20s and I was watching the news, and they are covering someone who sexually assaulted a child. And I said it, and I felt it. I didn't question it. "Kill'em." As simple as that, he should be killed. And I thought, 'What a monster.' Monster. I hate it when I hear us call people monsters or inhumane, even when they're doing the most inhumane things. I think I understand what we're trying to say, but we are humans and humans are the only ones doing the things monsters do... But we get this little treat, we get this little treat by separating ourselves.

I've talked to a therapist about this - obviously, don't worry. You're far from my first shot at working out these thoughts. I told the therapist all about these thoughts that I still have over 15 years later. About how I wish those thoughts would stop. I didn't detail the exact content of the call or the thoughts cause... What's the point but the therapist mentioned something that made me think, 'oh you think I was the victim' Not like me 22 year old Lee-Anne the victim of this situation but like on the calls you think I was playing the role of the victim. It doesn't matter what voice I put on - that's not believable enough for what they wanted. They wanted a collaborator. They wanted someone else who had the same desires. They wanted someone who would want it and love it and describe it. And I felt like I was on stage. I felt trapped. And I thought of the words. I came up with the words all by myself and they slipped out of my mouth

like I was in a movie. The therapist's face barely changed but I saw the moment of realization. It's a different thing.

As you might imagine... I'm sensitive to the recent rise in 'groomer' talk. Fuck you. From my experience... From my stupidly specific experience, my thesis statement here is that there are no queer pedophiles. There are no queer pedophiles because I spent too much time talking on the phone to pedophiles, and making them come, and none of them was queer, it had not one goddamn thing to do with queerness. It had nothing to do with gender. It was all about small. It was all about fear. It was all about power.

Straight culture is disgusting, all this fear around grooming and bathrooms and banned books and then turning a blind eye when your kid confides in you about a step parent or priest or a Grandfather or you put your goddamn daughter in a beauty pageant or your baby boy in a onesie that says future heartbreaker or sloppy kisser. It's gross and it's normal. And it's a distraction.

Here's the thing. At the end of a play, the actor comes out and they bow, and you go, woo. Or maybe you don't go woo. But even if you hated it you clap. Sometimes when I clap the most is if I hated it.

But either way, at the end of a play, the performer comes out and bows. And I do not want to bow, not in one of those self deprecating like, Oh no not the attention on me, but I just, I don't want to smile at you and bow. I don't want to be here, but I won't leave.

Anyway, so that was a play. And you don't have to clap. It might even be special if you didn't clap? We won't clap. Together.

So, agree, you won't clap. We won't clap. And the show will end. And I'll stay here. This could be exciting. We're here together. And I really am thankful you came.

Look at us - not clapping.

If you didn't get to look around before I started talking, at what's on the walls or in the other room, you can do that now. And I'm gonna stay here. And you see that phone over there, if you want to, that phone is connected to this phone, the ones I've put up to my ear, and I'll be here. If you have anything you want to talk about, or any questions you want to ask, I'm here and happy to have one on one private conversations for as long as anyone would like to talk on that phone. Thank you for coming.

Thank you for coming.