

# The Indomitable Miss Grant: She got exactly what she wanted!

Amanda Hawkins

## THE INDOMITABLE MISS GRANT

I did what you said, Coach. I let the girls in the Cosmetology Department doll me up and make me as feminine as possible. They shaved me all over, gave me a full-body chemical peel, then glued me into the prosthetics you mentioned and dressed me up like a woman. They cut and styled my hair into a cute bob, then applied just enough makeup to make me look like a real girl. Sure turned out sweet, huh? They even gave me a mani/pedi and false nails. I was just freshing my lipstick when you came in. So now can I audition for the role of Ginger Grant in the school's production of Gilligan's Island? ... I'm such a big fan of hers, you know. And my last name is already Grant!

Holy jeezum crow! Alan, is that you? When I saw you there, I thought... uhhhh, never mind what I thought. I can not believe you're the same scrawny little dude I tried to get rid of yesterday because he couldn't act worth a damn, and also because the role of Gilligan was already taken. Are those puppies real?

Like I said, prosthetics... But they're perfectly sized for my body, so yeah they look real. I may not be much of an actor, but I know I can act like a woman... If you give me the chance?

Weeell... I suppose it wouldn't hurt to give it a go. Tell ya what. There's a Faculty Club dinner tonight and my recent divorce has left me unattached. You show up on my arm, dressed like that, and convince everybody you're a genuine female, and erm... I'll seriously consider giving you the part. You got a girl's name picked out?

I do. It's Jennifer. The girls who gave me the makeover said it would probably come down to this. They told me exactly what I have to do... Don't worry, Coach. I won't break character until you drive me home, whenever that might be. Today, tomorrow, sometime next week... treat me like a lady and I'll be the perfect date... You'll see.

Holy crap... uuuhm, yes... That sounds like a plan, Jennifer. You know what? I'm starting to think you might make a pretty damn convincing Ginger Grant after all. You're a much better actor than I gave you credit for. I guess ya just needed the right incentive, huh?

That's the secret, Coach. When you've found the right role, it's like you aren't really acting at all.

Amanda  
Hawkins

## Two months later, after a successful run of *Gilligan's Last Stand*...

~  
Jennifer Grant strolled up the front walk of Coach Zwicky's condo on Warburton Street, three blocks off-campus. "Nice place," she mused to herself, although it was far from her first visit. "I'm going to like living here." Her smile was brief and to the point.

She knocked and waited. Zwicky opened the door and gaped at her. "Izzat you, Alan? Oh, excuse me, it's 'Jennifer'." He grinned at his own cleverness, as he often did. "What're you still doing in that setup? The run ended last week, didn't it?"

"It did—but *I* didn't. Can we talk?" Not bothering to wait for his answer, she pushed past and sashayed into the living room.

"Talk? Yeah, sure. Whatever." He closed the door. "You sure all ya wanna do is 'talk'?" Again he smirked.

"I'm sure." She perched herself on the settee, dropped her purse on the coffee table and relaxed, one arm draped over the carved wooden rim of the couch. "Have a seat, coach," she said languidly.

He frowned and plopped into a nearby armchair. "Didn't think I'd be seeing you again this soon—or maybe ever," he added. "You got what you wanted. Leading lady in the play, lots of rave reviews... Credit where credit is due, kid: you did a great job."

"Thanks. But that's not what this is about." Briefly, her mind returned to closing night last Saturday. How the crowd had cheered when the castaways finally got off the island—after building a raft, strapping Gilligan to it and pushing it out to sea. After watching the hapless Gilligan thwart one rescue attempt after another through his overwhelming ineptitude, nine times in total, their sympathies were

solidly with the survivors. The Howells were able to return to their mansion in Rhode Island, the Skipper used his insurance money to buy a new boat, the Professor and Mary Ann declared their undying love and got engaged, and Ginger was literally swept off her feet by the handsome aviator who ultimately got them off the island. That's how the play ended: Ginger receiving a passionate kiss.

Zwicky frowned. "Okay, so what's it about? I got things—"

"What it's about, Coach, is me having video proof that you extorted sexual favors from one of your students." It was a serious charge: the man wasn't just a teacher in the Drama Department, but coach of the school's women's soccer team—hence 'Coach'.

"Huh? Are you nuts? The whole thing was your ide—"

She smiled. "You think the videos will show *that*? It's all there: you and I discussing how you'd cast me as 'Ginger' in exchange for me being your *female* date to various functions, what we did in your bedroom after that... It isn't just abusing your position of authority, although that's bad enough. Think how people will react to you boinking a man disguised as a woman. There's nothing wrong with me going around dressed up as girl; likewise having sex with a man. But as a public figure, it wouldn't look good on you."

He looked angry. "Yeah, I get it. I'd lose my job, you—"

"Before you get too excited, let me say this: I've placed the files on a private website, along with a description of our affair. I'll text you the link in a few minutes, so you can see for yourself. I also sent it to a friend of mine, with instructions to go to the police if anything were to happen to me. So just *back off*, okay?"

Zwicky sank back into his seat, looking defeated and muttering to no one in particular. “Christ, it weren’t even my *idea*. Okay, so I took advantage—is that so bad? I was just... I dunno. Lonely?”

Jennifer nodded. “I know, Coach. And you’re not a bad guy either. A far as I know, I’m the only student you ever messed around with, and if it was just up to *me* I’d let you go on coaching the girls and putting on plays for many years to come.”

He looked wary. “Okay... what do you want?”

A light laugh. “Now you’re talking my language. First of all, let me acknowledge what you’re no doubt thinking: if this ever came out, I’d suffer the consequences too. I’d be outed as a cross-dresser, I’d probably have to leave school and go somewhere else, and my family would be scandalized. That’s not as bad as you being fired and maybe arrested, but it’s no picnic in the park either. The way I see it, the two of us can either sink or swim—together.”

“You’ve made your point,” he said, tight-lipped. “The deal?”

“The deal is simple: for the next three years, you give me a starring role in all the plays the school puts on. Not just the ones *you* direct, mind you—all of them.” Zwicky was at present the only faculty member who produced and directed stage productions, but she wasn’t about to leave him an out. “It doesn’t always have to be the leading lady,” she added. “There are times when a secondary character—like a maid or somebody’s mother—steals the show, at least while they’re on-stage. That would be okay too.”

He grimaced. “Always a woman character though?”

“Definitely.” A smile crossed her lips. “Now that I’ve had a taste of being female, I want more—a *lot* more.”

“So I gather.” Zwicky sat back and crossed his arms. “Okay, I think that can be arranged. It’s not like anybody’s gonna say boo. You’re probably the best actor, or actress, in the group.”

“Perhaps.” She pursed her lips, then licked them. “One more thing: I’m going to move in here with you—into your spare bedroom.”

“Huh? You want to *live* here? With me?”

“Don’t get your hopes up. I’m doing this to save money. Food and rent are bigger expenses than tuition, and you’ll be covering all the costs of me living here. I’m willing to do my share of the cooking and cleaning, but that’s all. Bear in mind, my spending on women’s clothing and beauty products is gonna go through the roof.”

He blew out his breath. “Okay, I guess tha—”

“Not finished. What this is *not* about—is me being readily available whenever you might feel like reenacting our recent bedroom antics. I’m not a ‘kept woman’, I’m not your mistress, and I’m certainly not going to be at your beck and call. Is that understood?”

“Okay, okay! I get the picture. It’s hands off.”

“That’s right. If you want to arrange something, you have to *ask* me about it—like you would any other woman. You got that?”

His jaw dropped. “Yeah, sure. But—are you saying you’d actually *agree* to... socialize? And, erm... the stuff we did in bed?”

“Sure, why not?” She looked coy. “I enjoyed everything we did. You’re a good man, Coach—in more ways than one. If you treat me with respect, like a real lady, well... I plan to be the kind of woman men have wet dreams about. So—do we have a deal?”

His smile broadened. “Sure do. When can you move in?” ■