

GEORGIE. You didn't have that problem, huh?

LYDIA. As a matter of fact—never mind.

GEORGIE. He wanted it.

LYDIA. Yes, dear, he always wants it. Well. If he wouldn't sleep with you, I think you must've really made an impression on him.

(THEY laugh a little.)

LYDIA. And I know you've made an impression on Andrew.

GEORGIE. *(Awkward.)* Oh, I don't know.

LYDIA. Please. Could we not—? *(Pause.)* I'd prefer not to pretend. I'd also prefer not to talk to you about it, but I just don't know who else to talk to.

GEORGIE. Hey—

LYDIA. I'm not crying! It's just, I can't talk to my family about this; they'll simply gloat. They never liked Andrew. He wasn't "good" enough. Is that unbelievable? He's the best man I've ever met, and he's not good enough for them. He doesn't make enough money. And they certainly don't like his politics. Edward was the one they liked. Well, you can imagine. You know what my father told me, when Andrew and I decided to get married? Never trust a man who thinks he can change the world. That's what he said! I don't care, really, I don't—but how can I tell them this? I always told him, he didn't understand, just didn't understand. Andrew saved me. He is my best self; he makes me my best self. How can I tell them they were right?

GEORGIE. They're not.

LYDIA. No, I know. They're not. I know. It's just—I'm confused.

GEORGIE. Yeah. Me too. *(Pause.)* You want to dance? *(SHE crosses to the boombox and puts in a tape. Romantic MUSIC comes up.)*

LYDIA. Excuse me?

GEORGIE. Come on. Dance with me.

LYDIA. What?

GEORGIE. It'll make you feel better. I'll lead and you can just dance—

LYDIA. Oh, no—

GEORGIE. Come on. Let me do this—*(SHE unites Lydia's bow and takes her in her arms.)*

LYDIA. I don't—aw, no—I don't dance—

GEORGIE. No, it's not silly. It's just nice. Haven't you ever danced with a girl before? It's nice. Come on.

(GEORGIE takes her by the arms and THEY begin to slow dance.)

GEORGIE. I love to dance. It's so fucking romantic. You know? It always makes me want to have sex. Men are so dumb, they're so busy trying to get you in bed they can't even figure that out. I mean—I'm not making a pass at you.

LYDIA. I understand.

(GEORGIE nods, and THEY begin to dance more freely. GEORGIE leading and coaxing Lydia into the moves. As THEY turn through the room their movements become looser, more hilariously erotic. THEY laugh for a moment, and end up slow dancing. Suddenly there are

END

could just wait it out and I'll drift away like a piece of paper, like nothing, right? 'Cause that's what I am. Nothing. Right? So why the fuck are you up here, taking me apart?

LYDIA. I don't think I have to justify myself to you.

GEORGIE. Oh, yeah? Well, I think you do. All of you. What an amazing fucking snow job you all are doing on the world. And I bought it! We all buy it. My family—they're like, all of a sudden I'm Mary Tyler Moore or something. I mean, they live in hell, right, and they spend their whole lives just wishing they were somewhere else, wishing they were rich, or sober, or clean; living on a street with trees, being on some fucking TV show. And I did it. I moved to Boston, I work in a law office. I'm the big success story. And they have no idea what that means. It means I get to hang out with a bunch of lunatics. It means I get to read books that make no sense. (*SHE pushes the law book off the table*) It means that instead of getting harassed by jerks at the local bar, now I get harassed by guys in suits. Guys with glasses. Guys who talk nice. Guys in suits. Well, you know what I have to say to all of you? Shame on you. Shame on you for thinking you're better than the rest of us. And shame on you for being mean to me. Shame on you, Lydia.

LYDIA. (*Pause*.) I'm sorry.

GEORGIE. I think you'd better go.

LYDIA. Yes. Of course. (*Pause*.) I am sorry. I just—Andrew postponed our wedding tonight, and I'm a little—my life is in a bit of a shambles, tonight, and I know that's no excuse, but I'm just not myself. Please. Forgive me. (*SHE goes to the door*.)

GEORGIE. Oh, God. Wait a minute.

LYDIA. No. You're right. I've been behaving very badly. You're right. I'm sorry. (*SHE turns and opens the door*.)

GEORGIE. No, I'm the one. Come on, I'm being a jerk. He postponed the wedding? Fuck me. I'm sorry, you said that before and it went right by me. I'm sorry. I got a bad temper, and—whatever. Just sit down, okay?

(*GEORGIE brings her back into the room. LYDIA pulls away*.)

LYDIA. Really. I think I'd best go. Please. Please don't be nice to me. I don't want to be friends with you.

GEORGIE. Yeah, I don't want to be friends with you either. I'm just saying. I didn't mean to, like, yell at you. I think you better finish your drink.

(*SHE hands her scotch to her. LYDIA looks at it for a moment then sits and drinks*.)

GEORGIE. He's probably just nervous. Weddings make boys nervous.

LYDIA. I think it's worse than that. He—we haven't had sex in quite a while.

GEORGIE. You mean none of us are getting laid? No wonder we're all so uptight.

LYDIA. You mean you and Edward didn't—

GEORGIE. No.

LYDIA. No?

GEORGIE. No. I swear to God, I worked on him for four hours and I couldn't get him near the bedroom.

LYDIA. Edward? You couldn't—Edward?

or two, are above it, but that just doesn't seem to be the case. All of them, they're like Pavlov's dogs; you provide the right stimulus and the next thing you know, they're salivating all over you. Don't those shoes hurt?

GEORGIE. Yeah, as a matter of fact, they kind of do.

LYDIA. But I guess you don't wear them for comfort, do you? You wear them for other reasons. You wear them because they make your legs look amazing. (SHE puts the second pair of heels on and walks around the room for a moment and picks up a large book under the table.) And I see you're also studying law.

GEORGIE. (Crosses and takes the book from her.) No, I am not "studying law." I stole that from the library at work so I could figure out what the fuck was going on down there.

LYDIA. Really. How remarkable.

GEORGIE. Look—

LYDIA. Could I have another?

GEORGIE. Another?

LYDIA. Please.

(GEORGIE takes Lydia's glass from her and pours scotch into it, looks at her, and then continues to pour an enormous amount of scotch into the glass. SHE gives it back to her. LYDIA looks at it, and knocks back a solid drink. GEORGIE stares.)

LYDIA. God, I wish I still smoked.

GEORGIE. You used to smoke?

LYDIA. Two packs a day. It was disgusting.

GEORGIE. You know—you're very different from what I thought. It's weird, meeting you. It's just—weird.

LYDIA. Oh, really? Well, what did you think I'd be like?

GEORGIE. I don't know. I mean, you're very—forceful. I guess I thought you would be kind of formal and polite. Maybe like Dracula, or something.

LYDIA. Oh. Edward told you that, that's where you got that. He is so awful. Ever since I dumped him he's been telling everybody I'm some kind of vampire. He thinks it's witty.

GEORGIE. Wait a minute. You went out with him, too?

LYDIA. Didn't you know that?

GEORGIE. Man, what do those two do, trade off girlfriends once a year or something?

LYDIA. It's certainly starting to look that way.

GEORGIE. Wait a minute, that's not what I—

LYDIA. (Overlap.) Really, there's no need to explain. In fact, I would prefer not to know the details.

GEORGIE. I'm just trying to tell you—

LYDIA. And I'm trying to tell you: What I've had with both of them is substantially more real than whatever this is, and I don't want to know about it. All right? I just want it to stop. All right?

GEORGIE. Right.

LYDIA. As long as we understand each other.

GEORGIE. Oh, I understand you all right. This part, I think I got down solid.

LYDIA. Good.

GEORGIE. (Finally angry.) But what I don't have, you know—what I want to know is—if you're so fucking real, Lydia, then what the hell are you doing here? I mean, if you're so much better than me, then why even bother? You

(Bar the is gone—GEORGIE turns and looks at LYDIA, who is very steady indeed.)

GEORGIE. Look. It's been great meeting you, but you know, I am having one ripper of a day, you know, so—

LYDIA. Don't talk to me about bad days.

GEORGIE. Listen—

LYDIA. No. No. You listen. *(SHE puts down her purse decisively, crosses to the door and shuts it.)*

GEORGIE. HEY—

LYDIA. I don't know you. You and I have never met. And you are wreaking havoc on my life.

(LYDIA crosses back to her purse, reaches in and pulls out Georgie's jacket, blouse, slip, skirt, pantyhose and shoes from the previous day. SHE folds these items and stacks them neatly as she speaks. GEORGIE watches, amazed.)

LYDIA. At first, I admired Andrew's interest in your welfare. He cares about people; he truly cares and I think that's wonderful. But these past few months, I must admit, I have become less interested in his interest. Not only do I listen to him talk about you incessantly, any time I come over to have dinner or spend the night here, I am bombarded by you. When you come home at night, we hear your little heels clicking on the ceiling. When you leave in the morning, we hear your little heels. When you go to bed we hear you brush your teeth, and talk on the phone, and listen to the radio and on certain evenings I could swear that we can even hear you undress. I am not enjoying this. For the past two months, I have been under

the distinct impression that any time I spend the night here, I am actually sleeping with two people—Andrew, and yourself. In fact, when you came home with Edward tonight my first thought was, my God, the bed is already crowded enough; now we have to fit Edward in too? Now, I don't know what went on between you and Andrew.

GEORGIE. Nothing. Nothing at all.

LYDIA. Excuse me, but that clearly is not the case.

And I want you out of my life! Is that understood?

GEORGIE. Where am I supposed to go?

LYDIA. I don't care! I'll find you a better apartment! It will be my pleasure!

(THEY glare at each other for a moment.)

GEORGIE. Listen, I am really sorry but I am just not up to this right now, okay? I mean, if I get mad one more time tonight I might just die from it. So, can we chill out for a minute? You want a cup of tea or something?

LYDIA. Do you have anything stronger? Scotch? Is that scotch?

GEORGIE. Yes. It is.

LYDIA. I'll have scotch.

GEORGIE. Fine. *(SHE exits to the kitchen and reenters a second later with a glass. SHE pours Lydia a shot of scotch.)* Here. You knock that back, you'll feel much better.

LYDIA. Thank you. *(SHE drinks and studies Georgie.)* That's an interesting outfit you have on.

GEORGIE. Excuse me?

LYDIA. I guess men really do like that sort of thing, don't they? You'd like to think some of them, at least one,

EDWARD. Georgie—

GEORGIE. Come on. I wouldn't ask except you've been nice for about two minutes or something and I'm afraid if I wait any longer, you'll, like, turn into yourself again.

EDWARD. You're not still doing this to get back at him?

GEORGIE. For heaven's sake. It's just a hug.

(HE brushes her hair back from her face, and puts his arm around her. SHE hangs onto him for a moment, then pulls away a little. THEY sit, for a moment, with their arms around each other. SHE puts her head on his shoulder.)

GEORGIE. This is nice.

(POUNING on the door. GEORGIE jumps then clings to Edward for a second.)

EDWARD. Well. I wonder who that is.

GEORGIE. Oh, God. I can't handle this anymore.

EDWARD. Chin up. You can't give up now, sweetheart.

(The KNOCKING becomes violent.)

GEORGIE. Edward—

EDWARD. You're fine. If he gets out of line, just throw a pencil at him.

(HE opens the door. LYDIA is there.)

EDWARD. Oh, no.

LYDIA. *(Biting.)* Hello, Edward. How lovely to see you again. *(SHE crosses into the apartment and glares at Georgie.)*

EDWARD. Lydia. What a charming coincidence. We were just talking about you.

LYDIA. That is charming.

EDWARD. Where's Andrew?

LYDIA. Who cares?

EDWARD. Oh, I think several of us, at least ... *(HE looks out in the hallway but Andrew is nowhere in sight.)*

LYDIA. How about you? Do you care?

GEORGIE. Well, I don't—

LYDIA. Oh, please. I have a little trouble believing that! **KNOCK** -

GEORGIE. Listen. I don't know who you are or what you think you're doing here, but—

LYDIA. Oh, I think you know who I am.

GEORGIE. Well, of course I know who you are! What are you doing here?

LYDIA. No. What are you doing here?

GEORGIE. I live here!

LYDIA. You know what I mean!

~~EDWARD. Excuse me, but where's Andrew?~~

LYDIA. Oh, where do you think he is? He's downstairs, shrouded in the shattered wreckage of his book, our marriage and my life.

EDWARD. Oh, Christ. *(HE exits.)*

GEORGIE. Edward, hey! Hey, where are you going? Don't leave me here with her! Edward!

Spork