

GEORGEANNE. Hey, Frances.

FRANCES. Hi there.

GEORGEANNE. Look. I know we don't know each other at

all, but I am sorry you have to see me like this

FRANCES. It's okay. Jesus wept. *(Mereditlh emerges from the closet carrying a pair of men's athletic shoes, sits on the bed and puts them on.)*

GEORGEANNE. One of those bartenders, the bald-headed

one? If you flirt with him, he'll give you a bottle of champagne.

MEREDITH. I can't do that.

FRANCES. I can. You'll have to drink the champagne, though, because —

MEREDITH. You're a Christian. I know. How do I look?

(Checks herself in the mirror.) Hideous.

TRISHA. You look fine.

MEREDITH. Yeah, right. *(Grabs Frances.)* Come on, Frances.

FRANCES. *(Sneakily.)* Bye-bye now!

MEREDITH. *(Mimicking Frances.)* Bye-bye, now! *(Mereditlh and Frances exit. Trisha shuts the door behind them but remains standing.)*

TRISHA. Please do not tell me this is about Tommy Valentine. *(Georgianne nods, ashamed.)*

GEORGEANNE.

~~Trisha's head. It just jumped right out at me. I recognized that little hair pattern on the back of his neck. Where his hair starts? You know what comes to the surface? Well, I looked at him during the ceremony and something about the way the light hit his face ... I swear it just broke my heart. And then outside, I saw him talking to this total bitch in a navy blue linen dress with absolutely nothing at her with that smile, that same smile that used to make me feel like I really meant something to him. And then it all came back, just bang, all those times I sat waiting for his phone call, me going out of my way to make things convenient for him.~~

~~STAY~~

~~KEEP~~



~~... And later, I saw Tracy's burgundy outlasts smoking cigarettes that night. And if I ever did, she lights a cigarette, stands, and wanders around listlessly. God! I feel like I am going crazy! My cousin George, he's a nurse, he says I am the perfect type to get some weird disease because I'm so emotional.~~

TRISHA. You're not going crazy. You're just being really dramatic and self-indulgent.

GEORGEANNE. Self-indulgent! You think I want to feel like this?

TRISHA. Nobody's making you. *(Pause. Georgianne stares at her, then takes a swing from the champagne bottle.)*

GEORGEANNE. All right. Enough about me, more about my dress. Can you believe Tracy made us wear these things?

TRISHA. Yes.

GEORGEANNE. Of course, I can't believe she asked me to be in her wedding —

TRISHA. I can't believe you accepted.

GEORGEANNE. Well, I didn't have any choice, Trisha. What was I supposed to say? Tracy, I don't think I can be in your wedding, because you remember when I had that nervous breakdown my junior year of college? That was because your boyfriend knocked me up and I had to have an abortion all by myself while he was taking you to the Kappa Sig Luau, and things have been just a little, well, *strained* between you and me ever since.

TRISHA. Have you ever talked to her about that?

GEORGEANNE. Oh, No, neither one of us has ever mentioned it. *(Looking out window.)* And now here she is, getting married to Scott McClure, the biggest piece of wet toast I ever saw in my life. Course I married Chuck Darby, the second biggest piece of wet toast I ever saw, because I thought I wanted some stability. And there's Tommy Valentine, getting ready to rip that little bitch's backless linen dress off of her scrawny

little body and fuck her brains out. God, I wish I was her.

TRISHA. (*Exasperated.*) Oh, please. You do not.

GEORGEANNE. Oh, yes I do. I am wearing over a hundred dollars worth of extremely uncomfortable lingerie from Victoria's Secret that I bought specifically for him to rip off of me.

TRISHA. (*Staring at her.*) You honestly thought you were going to sleep with Tommy Valentine today?

GEORGEANNE. Well, Yeah, I mean, why not? Remember page 67 of *The Godfather*?

TRISHA. I think your memories of him might be just a little rosy, I mean it has been almost, what, ten years?

GEORGEANNE. Three months.

TRISHA. Excuse me? (*Georganne nods guiltily.*) Georganne, you better spill your guts to me right now.

GEORGEANNE. I ran into him at this sleazy bar ~~that only plays files and saxes music. I hate those places but at least it's not the oldest one there.~~ He seemed really happy to see me, and then we started flitting, but it wasn't gross, it was real sweet — (*Trisha laughs.*) I'm serious, it was.

TRISHA. I'm so sure.

GEORGEANNE. You weren't there!

TRISHA. I've been there. So then what happened?

GEORGEANNE. Well, we closed that bar, and he asked me if I wanted to go somewhere where we could be alone. I said, look, this is not a good idea, I'm married, I have a little boy, and ~~he said that he like I didn't have to worry about it. I had said it was out of the way. And I just said that we ended up doing it in the parking lot, on the concrete, right behind a Dempsey Dumpster. (Pause.)~~

TRISHA. (*Impressed.*) Wow. That's pretty good.

GEORGEANNE. Trisha, it was the best sex I ever had in my entire life. I will never, ever be able to smell garbage again without thinking about it. So my memories of Tommy are pretty recent and pretty accurate, I think.

TRISHA. Yeah, but Georganne. Did he call you after that?

GEORGEANNE. No.

TRISHA. Okay, so here's this guy who totally bagged out on

his responsibility to you, left you to go through an abortion all by yourself. Ten years later, the fucks you in a parking lot and then he ignores you. And you still want him.

GEORGEANNE. I can't help it. I love him.

TRISHA. That's not love, that's addiction.

GEORGEANNE. Well, I'm sorry, but I hadn't had sex in over a year. And I wouldn't mind making a habit of it.

TRISHA. What? (*Pause.*)

GEORGEANNE. Chuck and I don't even sleep in the same bed anymore. He sleeps in the guest room.

TRISHA. Why?

GEORGEANNE. I don't know.

TRISHA. You have some idea. You have to.

GEORGEANNE. He doesn't talk to me, Trisha. It's like I'm not even there. I told Chuck about Tommy, the next day. He just looked at me with this fish face, and then he said, "You don't have to tell me everything you do." (*She starts to cry.*)

TRISHA. (*Irritated.*) Georganne!

GEORGEANNE. What can I do?

TRISHA. Make Chuck talk to you. Make him go to a counselor.

GEORGEANNE. No.

TRISHA. Do you want to save your marriage?

GEORGEANNE. No! I don't! I never should have married him in the first place, just like you said. I don't love him. I don't even like him!

~~Attractive, slender woman in her mid-to-late 30s dressed exactly like the others.)~~

TRISHA. Yeah, am I bleeding?

MINDY. (*Georganne is running into things? Do you ever have those moments where you see a graceful woman, but something goes wrong and she's not graceful anymore? I like Bigfoot. I dab into a cabinet in the kitchen. I like Bigfoot. I dab into it. Like there was a big magnet on the cabinet and I had a steel plate in my head. Ka-BOOM. I will*

W.I.C

(turns to them.) I am terrified. Terrified I am going
 something to ruin this wedding, and Scott will never
 me. Just like that time I rapped right in the middle of
 eagle Scott's induction ceremony. My therapist says I was
 jealous that I couldn't be an eagle scout, but I don't think
 that was it. I mean, I was nineteen. I think I had just had
 had tuna salad sandwich. (Notices Georgianne looks.) Oh, this
 bad time, isn't it? I'm so sorry. I'll let you go. (She exits, knocking
 something over in the process.) See what I mean? (Pause.)
 GEORGIANNE. Are they all like that?
 TRISHA. Who?
 GEORGIANNE. You know...
 TRISHA. What, clumsy?
 GEORGIANNE. She's... so, I don't know. Blunt. Are they
 I like that?
 TRISHA. Why are you asking me?
 GEORGIANNE. (Placatingly.) Well, you know...
 TRISHA. No... what?
 GEORGIANNE. Well, haven't... I mean, I just remember
 hearing something about you and... oh, forget it.
 TRISHA. (Smiling.) All the lesbians I have known have no
 sense of humor. As a matter of fact, Mindy is the first
 GEORGIANNE.

many guys tell me they loved me, and not a single one of
 them has made any difference in my life.
 GEORGIANNE. Maybe you haven't met the right one.
 TRISHA. Oh, please. I've met him more times than I'd care
 to admit.
 GEORGIANNE. Well, maybe you just haven't given him a
 chance.
 TRISHA. I have given him too many chances.
 GEORGIANNE. Oh, come on. What's the longest relation-
 ship you ever had, how many hours did that last?
 TRISHA. Well, why drag it out? He'll just start trying to run
 my life or else he'll want me to be his mother.
 GEORGIANNE. Not all men are like that.
 TRISHA. I have yet to meet one who isn't. And I seriously
 doubt if I ever will.
 GEORGIANNE. Really?
 TRISHA. Yeah.
 GEORGIANNE. How can you live like that?
 TRISHA. (A laugh.) Well, in the first place, it's not a major
 tragedy, I'm just being honest. (Pause.)
 GEORGIANNE. Maybe you're right. I'm probably just a
 hopeless romantic, doomed to go through my life being dis-
 appointed. (At window.) There he goes. Sniffing after little Miss
 Navy Blue Linen. God. Look at the way he walks... he sure
 can wear a pair of pants.
 TRISHA. I mean, what's the payoff? For having had that
 many women? Does it make him feel accomplished? Wisser? Or
 has it just become this drug he has to have?
 GEORGIANNE. Well, you've slept with just as many guys.
 What's the payoff for you?
 TRISHA. I have not slept with as many guys!
 GEORGIANNE. How many guys have you slept with?
 TRISHA. I don't know. A hundred.
 GEORGIANNE. A hundred!
 TRISHA. I haven't kept count.
 GEORGIANNE. Trish! That's a lot.
 TRISHA. Yeah, but Tommy Valentine is like Wilt Chamber-
 lain, he's probably had sex with a thousand women.

KEEP

GEORGEANNE. God, I wonder if he's ever had an AIDS test.

TRISHA. You better hope so. Did he use a condom in the parking lot?

GEORGEANNE. No.

TRISHA. Georgeanne.

GEORGEANNE. I know. (Pause.) You think he's ever done it with another man?

TRISHA. A guy like Tommy, as good looking as he is? I'm sure he's had opportunities.

GEORGEANNE. Yeah, but he's way too good in bed to be a queer.

TRISHA. That doesn't mean a thing. I knew this lifeguard once, talk about good in bed, ~~he was a total animal, he~~

~~loved sex. Loved it. Then one day I showed up at his apartment and found him in bed with the telephone repairman, which is obviously why I hadn't been able to call to tell him I was on my way.~~

GEORGEANNE. Oh my God. What did you do?

TRISHA. I went to happy hour at Bennigan's and picked up a busboy. (Pause.)

GEORGEANNE. Have you ever had an AIDS test?

TRISHA. Yep.

GEORGEANNE. I'm too scared to take it. I mean, I know the chances are slim, but with *my* luck. Weren't you scared?

TRISHA. Yeah, I was.

GEORGEANNE. What made you go through with it?

TRISHA. Well, it seemed like the responsible thing to do, and ... that lifeguard died.

GEORGEANNE. Shit, Trisha. He died of AIDS? (Trisha nods.) You're okay, aren't you?

TRISHA. Yes, Georgeanne. I'm fine.

GEORGEANNE. Oh my God. I never knew anybody who actually had it.

TRISHA. You will. (Pause.)

GEORGEANNE. Well, I certainly don't want Tommy Valentine to have AIDS. But I tell you one thing: I can't wait for

him to lose his looks.

TRISHA. And he will. It's bound to catch up with him. He's going to end up one of those hatchet-faced old men that really handsome guys turn into.

GEORGEANNE. Yes. He'll have one of those big noses from drinking so much his nose bleeds.

TRISHA. And a beer gut.

TRISHA. He'll wear his hair.

GEORGEANNE. Green golf pants. That's too tight.

TRISHA. Yes! And he'll unbutton his shirts a couple of buttons.

GEORGEANNE. No. He won't. He'll just get better looking as he gets older.

~~He'll just get better looking as he gets older, I, on the other hand, will be as big as a house, I'll wear too much makeup, I won't have any hair left from a lifetime of bad perms, and I'll get skin cancer from going to the lake too much when I was in high school and I'll just wake up one morning and I'll be dead.~~

~~Even though I know I'm not really any older than you are, I'll be a wrinkled old man.~~

~~(She bursts out laughing.)~~

TRISHA. You were right. You are crazy.

GEORGEANNE. I am one sick ticket. Well, I guess I should give up my fantasy of getting laid by Sonny Corleone today.

TRISHA. Not necessarily. There are lots of cute guys here.

GEORGEANNE. Yeah, I dare you to find one who is straight, single and who has a job.

TRISHA. Maybe you need to lower your expectations.

GEORGEANNE. ~~Maybe I need to have a big, loud, nasty, smelly nervous breakdown right when Dr. Anderson goes to the bathroom.~~

~~And when I'm in the middle of the shower.~~

TRISHA. I'll give you twenty bucks if you do.

GEORGEANNE. Do not tempt me, Trisha. I just might.

TRISHA