

AMERICAN WOMAN

A Play in Two Acts

by

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“What would happen if one woman told the truth about her life? The world would split open.”

— Muriel Rukeyser

CHARACTERS

HANNAH (17-47): A college-educated, middle-class, white woman living in and around New York City.

GORDON (19-47): Hannah's friend and occasional love interest whom she meets in college.

MOON (17-47): Hannah's friend from childhood. A provocateur. Mixed-race.

ELLIE (17-47): Hannah's friend from childhood. Marries her high school sweetheart and never leaves their hometown.

CLAIRE (20-47): A middle-class black woman who befriends Hannah in college.

ROBBY/ROBERT: (18/46): A guy at a party/The CEO of Hannah's company.

TAMMI (45): Moon's girlfriend.

SETTING & TIME

Thirty years in the life of Hannah and her friends, told in a variety of typical settings: house parties, apartments, bars and restaurants, etc. From 1987 through 2017. Each scene should be entered with popular music of the day to establish the timeframe.

ACT ONE
PROLOGUE

(HANNAH, late 40s, stands at a podium, manning a slideshow and delivering a presentation before an unseen audience. Depicted on a screen behind her is a photo of a woman hiking a steep hill.)

HANNAH

I was an athlete when I was a kid. Like many of you, I trust. And I was pretty good. Am I allowed to say that? Or would you like me better if I feigned a little modesty?

(The audience responds with laughter and applause.)

HANNAH – CON’T.

So I am allowed to say that? Good. I’m in the right place. ... I always liked sports, and although I still ski, play tennis and do yoga—excuse me, *practice* yoga—like every other self-respecting, middle-class woman in America, I never thought an athletic life was meant for me. That it was OK to even think of myself as an athlete. Know what I mean?

(More reaction from the audience. They agree. HANNAH changes the slide to a photo of the 1986 Mets celebrating their World Series win.)

HANNAH – CON’T.

Growing up, we were huge Mets fans, and my family used to go to games. At the old Shea Stadium. Does anyone know the fight song?

(playing audio of the song)

Meet the Mets

Meet the Mets

Step right up and greet the Mets

Bring your kiddies

Bring your wife

Guaranteed to have the time of your life

HANNAH – CON’T.

I will never forget those lyrics: *Bring your kiddies, bring your wife* ... I remember thinking, *What if I don’t have kiddies? Or a wife? Could I still meet the Mets?* I can’t tell you the anxiety it caused me. Sleepless nights. It’s ridiculous, I know. *Now* I know, but at the time ...

(HANNAH changes the slide to depict a photo of Ruth Roberts and Bill Katz circa the 1960s.)

HANNAH – CON’T.

Do you know who wrote that song? A gentleman named Bill Katz and his writing partner, one Ruth Roberts, a *lady* songwriter from Port Chester, New York, which isn’t that far from where we are today. In 1961, “Meet the Mets” beat 18 competitors to become the team’s official song, before they ever even played a game. The Mets, or *Metropolitans*, weren’t founded until 1963 to replace the dearly departed Brooklyn Dodgers and New York Giants. But I wonder how Ruth felt when, in 1984, a new version of the song replaced *bring your kiddies, bring your wife* with these lyrics ...

(clicking again to play the new verse)

Hot dogs, green grass

All out at Shea

Guaranteed to have a heck of a day

(HANNAH turns off the audio and changes the slide to show Ruth Roberts’s 2011 *Times* obituary.)

HANNAH – CON’T.

In Ruth’s obituary, *The New York Times* described the original lyrics as ‘arguably sexist.’ *Arguably?* But I digress, and we have come a long way, *babies*, don’t you think? Maybe? Somewhat?

(The crowd boos.)

HANNAH - CON’T.

I know, I know. There’s still a long, long, long way to go. But we’re going to get there, right? Wherever *there* is.

(More cheering from the audience as HANNAH changes the slide back to the hiker, now atop a mountain summit, beaming at the sun. She did it!)

HANNAH - CON’T.

And we are *never* going back.

(HANNAH turns to the slide, admires the woman, then clicks to ...)

(BLACKOUT)

End scene.

SCENE I: 1987

(It's Christmas time. An 18-year-old HANNAH and her friends, MOON and ELLIE, also 18, drink beer at a keg party in a parking lot. They are bundled up in winter clothes but freezing anyway. A period-appropriate song, perhaps "Who's That Girl" by Madonna, plays from a boombox in the background. HANNAH looks apart from her friends, only half-listening to their conversation.)

ELLIE

I'm just saying it's scary how psycho she was.

MOON

She wasn't psycho. She was cool.

ELLIE

She was insane.

MOON

She was passionate. In love.

(looking around)

Where the hell is Chad?

ELLIE

I can't imagine ever being that mad at someone. Can you, Hannah?

(But HANNAH isn't paying attention.)

MOON

I can. But acting on it is what makes you crazy. That's the difference.

ELLIE

There's a difference?

MOON

If you only think crazy thoughts but don't act on them, then you're not crazy. Is that Chad? Shit, where is he?

ELLIE

Hannah, what do you think?

HANNAH

Huh?

ELLIE
Fatal Attraction?

HANNAH
Hell hath no fury ...

ELLIE
 What does that mean?

MOON
 It means Glenn Close is super cool when she's pissed off.

ELLIE
 So not cool, Moon.

MOON
 She was willing to go as far as she had to to get what she wanted. That, my dear Ellie Bell, is cool.

ELLIE
 How is ruining a marriage, pretending to kill yourself and boiling a rabbit *cool*? And what about the wife? She was so pretty and sweet. Normal. How could he do that to her?

MOON
 Madonna. Whore. You go to church; you should know this by now. Those are your choices. I can't believe your mother let you see it.

ELLIE
 Jimmy took me. But I don't understand how Michael Douglas could do that. *Dirty Dancing* was so much better. And *The Lost Boys*? I love that movie. Even though they were vampires, they were really cute.

MOON
 Give me crazy hot passion over teenybopper bullshit any day. Or vampires ... *puh-leaze*.

ELLIE
Puh-leaze yourself. What do you know about passion?

MOON
 Plenty. Don't you worry.

ELLIE
 You're still a virgin, Moon. Just like the rest of us.

(MOON laughs to herself.)

What's so funny?
 ELLIE - CON'T.

I am so not a virgin, Ellie.
 MOON

Are, too. Right, Hannah?
 ELLIE

H, tell her.
 MOON

Broadcast News.
 HANNAH

Huh? What?
 ELLIE/MOON

Now that's a movie. Holly Hunter? She went up against some real nasty shit, and never had to get naked like all those women in other movies.
 HANNAH

What's wrong with getting naked?
 MOON

She battled corporate America. The absurd expectations society puts on women. Not some old married guy looking for a thrill. She used her brains for greatness.
 HANNAH

Here she goes ...
 MOON

Oh, and Moon is so not a virgin. Sorry, Ellie.
 HANNAH

(MOON gives ELLIE a "told you so" look.)

Shit.
 ELLIE

MOON

Why *shit*?

ELLIE

I'm the last one. In the whole world.

MOON

Oooh, that reminds me, I loved *The Last American Virgin*. Great movie.

ELLIE

That's old. And you're mean.

(whispering to Hannah)

Are you? Still a virgin?

(Hannah shrugs)

When were you gonna tell me?

MOON

Where the hell is Chad?

ELLIE

(dawning on her)

It's CHAD? You had sex with homeroom CHAD? Ew!!!

MOON

Shh! Would you keep it down?

ELLIE

He has a girlfriend! How could you?

(MOON lights a cigarette and HANNAH makes like she might leave.)

MOON

I could. And I did. Grow up, Ellie. You're 18. Act like it. And we're in high school. What does having a girlfriend even mean?

ELLIE

Hannah, please don't leave me here with her. I have to wait for Jimmy. He's gonna be here any minute.

(MOON makes a playful move toward ELLIE; a bear about to pounce.)

HANNAH

(to both of them)

One more beer?

MOON
(extending her cup)

Have you met me?

ELLIE
Thank you, Hannah. Jimmy won't be long. He just took his mother to mass.

(HANNAH takes their cups over to the keg. There she meets ROBBY, 18,
who fills his cup from the tap.)

ROBBY
It's slow. Almost kicked.

HANNAH
That's OK.

(HANNAH studies him a moment.)

HANNAH - CON'T.
Weren't you on the orange team?

ROBBY
Huh?

HANNAH
Farm league.

ROBBY
Oh yeah.

HANNAH
Me, too.

ROBBY
Really? I don't remember any girls.

HANNAH
There was one on every team. I was orange; Laurie McIntosh was yellow; Shari
Meyerson was blue ...

ROBBY
That was like 10 years ago. How do you remember?

HANNAH

I really liked baseball.

ROBBY

What position were you? Benchwarmer?

HANNAH

Ha ha. So funny. Shortstop.

ROBBY

Shortstop?

HANNAH

Yeah, with a 433 batting average.

ROBBY

How in the world ...?

HANNAH

The baseball cards. They put the stats on back of our picture. I still have mine. ...

(ROBBY looks at her a little more closely)

ROBBY

Wait. You had a good arm?

HANNAH

Still do.

ROBBY

You threw really hard. Not at all like a girl. What happened to you?

HANNAH

What do you mean *what happened?*

ROBBY

I don't remember you after farm team. Did you play Little League?

(ROBBY tops off his beer and offers to pour HANNAH's. They exchange cups.)

HANNAH

Thanks. My dad wouldn't let me. He was afraid I'd get hurt.

(ROBBY nods, which pisses HANNAH off a bit.)

HANNAH - CON'T.

Which is ridiculous, coz boys don't outgrow girls until puberty, so, considering we were seven, maybe eight, and puberty doesn't hit till 13—*at least*—there were about five years I could have played before any *differences* would have been any problem. For me, anyway. Maybe even more. So, conceivably, I could have played competitively for a long time rather than having to wait for softball, which was fine but kind of bullshit compared to baseball. And it didn't start till junior high, so all those years were just ... wasted.

(off Robby; catching herself)

But I'm not bitter.

ROBBY

I can see that.

HANNAH

I've barely thought about it until now ... for reals.

ROBBY

That's sweet, though. Your dad protected you.

(HANNAH doesn't look so sure.)

HANNAH

What happened to you? I don't remember seeing you after *all that*.

ROBBY

We moved, but we visit during the holidays. ... I just snuck in to *Fatal Attraction*. Holy shit! Have you seen it? It's crazy. That chick? She wasn't hot or anything, but still. I'd do her.

HANNAH

I'm sure she'd be happy to hear that.

ROBBY

What?

HANNAH

Nothing. Have you seen *Broadcast News*?

ROBBY

What's that?

(ROBBY finishes with the beers and hands her the last one. His GIRLFRIEND sneaks up and wraps her arms around his waist.)

ROBBY - CON'T.

Hey you, I was just talking to. This is ...

HANNAH

Hannah.

(HANNAH juggles the beers and extends her hand but Robby's GIRLFRIEND just looks at it.)

ROBBY

We were on the same farm team. Every time she threw to me I had to take off my mitt and rub my hand. She threw really hard. Not like a girl. At all.

(Robby's GIRLFRIEND couldn't care less. HANNAH backs away.)

HANNAH

Nice to meet you. See ya.

(HANNAH rejoins MOON and ELLIE. She hands them their beers and they all drink.)

MOON

Who's the hottie?

HANNAH

He was on my farm team.

ELLIE

Oooh. That must be the guy.

HANNAH

What guy?

ELLIE

He was drafted by the Mets. For the minors. I think it's Robby something?

MOON

Screw Chad. I should go talk to him.

HANNAH

He has a girlfriend.

MOON

How many times do I have to tell you *yo no hablo girlfriendo*?

ELLIE

(to Hannah)

Is he nice?

(HANNAH shrugs. The song “I’ve Had the Time of My Life” from the movie *Dirty Dancing* blares from the boombox, exciting ELLIE.)

ELLIE

I love this song!

HANNAH

And yet you hear it so rarely these days.

MOON

If I have to listen to this one more time I swear I’m going to hurl.

ELLIE

Dance with me, Moon!

MOON

Hurl right here. All over you, Ellie Bell.

(ELLIE grabs MOON, but MOON pushes her away. HANNAH holds up her hands to say ‘not me,’ so ELLIE twirls by herself and sings along.)

ELLIE

It’s OK. Jimmy will be here soon.

(MOON lights another cigarette. HANNAH sips her beer and sways a bit to the music.)

(BLACKOUT)

End scene.

SCENE II: 1989

(HANNAH, now 20, is in college. She wakes up to find herself in GORDON's bedroom, although he isn't in bed with her. The remnants of last night's fraternity party are strewn about. HANNAH is hungover and nervous about where she is and what's happened. There is another bed nearby that appears to be empty.)

(HANNAH is fully dressed from the night before—a fact she's relieved to discover—and she tiptoes to the bedroom door, which is slightly ajar. There she overhears GORDON, standing just outside and talking to one of his fraternity BROTHERS. She eavesdrops ...)

BROTHER (OFFSTAGE)

She still in there? Way to go, Bro.

GORDON

(trying to whisper)

Yeah, Man. Thanks.

BROTHER (OS)

Make sure to put her in the file. I've never seen her before. Good to have new blood. Height, weight, and most important: rack ... and, of course, good head, bad head. You know the drill. OK, Bro. Good job. High five!

(GORDON lifts his hand to receive a high five, then enters his room to find HANNAH by the door. She's heard every word, and glares at him.)

GORDON

Oh, hi. You're up.

HANNAH

Where's my bag?

(HANNAH frantically looks around the room.)

GORDON

Wait! Everything's OK. Nothing happened.

HANNAH

Where is my bag???

GORDON

I promise nothing happened. I slept on the couch. Downstairs. I just came up to see if you're awake. Do you drink coffee? I can make coffee.

(HANNAH stops looking for a moment.)

HANNAH

What did you do to me?

GORDON

Nothing. I promise. You were tired so I put you to bed then I went to sleep. Downstairs. Look, you're in your clothes from last night. I didn't touch ... do a thing. I swear.

HANNAH

I don't remember drinking that much. Did you drug me?

GORDON

No! NO! It was the punch. It was spiked.

HANNAH

What???

GORDON

You're fine. I promise. It was just really strong punch.

HANNAH

I'm not on acid, am I? This is how I imagine being on acid feels like.

GORDON

You're probably just really hungover. Haven't you been hungover before?

HANNAH

Not like this.

GORDON

Sorry.

HANNAH

If nothing happened then why are you sorry? Did someone else do something to me?

GORDON

No, they would never. These guys are great. They're my bros.

HANNAH

Your *bros* spike girls' punch.

GORDON

That's not to say they can't be dicks sometimes ... OK, a lot of the time. But nothing happened. We were just hanging out ... talking ... and then you kind of started to slur.

HANNAH

I was slurring???

GORDON

Just a little! So I asked around and found out someone put grain alcohol in the punch. Were you drinking out of that garbage can? With the fruit?

HANNAH

God, I'm so embarrassed.

GORDON

If anyone should be embarrassed, it's me. I should have kept you away from the garbage can.

HANNAH

What *file* were you talking about?

GORDON

Oh, that's ... it's nothing ...

HANNAH

You have a whole lot of nothings that sure sound like somethings. *Good head, bad head.*

GORDON

God, I'm so embarrassed.

HANNAH

You keep files? On girls? What are you, a bunch of Ted Bundys around here?

GORDON

Shhh. No, look ... some of the guys ... but I don't. I swear.

HANNAH

That's really fucked up.

GORDON

Most of the guys are cool.

HANNAH

I can see that.

GORDON

Seriously. Don't tell anyone. You can't tell anyone.

HANNAH

Why not?

GORDON

Are you kidding? If you tell anyone, they'll either deny it or brag about it. And then where will you be?

HANNAH

Where will *I* be? These are your friends. Your *bros*. You should do it.

GORDON

Yeah, right.

HANNAH

You'd be a hero to every girl on campus.

GORDON

I'd be the biggest pussy who ever lived. And then you know what happens? They get a slap on the wrist and continue doing the same old shit.

HANNAH

So boys will always be boys. Is that what you're saying?

GORDON

Look, this *frat* has been here a lot longer than you or me, and it will be here long after we're gone. I don't know about you; I bet you meet people pretty easily. But I'm not the most popular guy in the world—they call me *Gordo* and I'm not even fat—so ... the parties? Usually they're cool.

HANNAH

No they're not.

GORDON

OK ...

HANNAH

First and last *frat party* I ever attend.

GORDON

Got it.

(HANNAH looks around the room.)

HANNAH

Where is my bag?

GORDON

Huh?

HANNAH

My backpack. I had it last night.

(GORDON crosses the room, opens a closet door, finds her bag and brings it to her. HANNAH takes it and heads for the door.)

GORDON

I'm Gordon, by the way.

HANNAH

We are not *meeting cute*. This is not even remotely adorable.

GORDON

Got it. But what's your name?

HANNAH

I don't want to tell you.

GORDON

I'm not going to put you in the file. I would never put any girl in the file. I swear.

HANNAH

How will you explain that to your bros, *Gordo*?

GORDON

They don't care.

HANNAH

That's reassuring.

GORDON

No, I mean ... they're wrapped up in their own ... no one is going to remember or give a crap about whether I scored or not.

HANNAH

Glad we're all so memorable for you guys.

GORDON

That's not what I meant.

HANNAH

Yeah, well ... I gotta go.

GORDON

Will you tell me your name?

HANNAH

(exasperated)

Hannah.

(GORDON extends his hand and, after a moment, HANNAH shakes it.)

HANNAH - CON'T.

Charmed, I'm sure ...

(HANNAH starts to leave but GORDON holds onto her hand and tries to keep her there. He holds it a little too long then releases it.)

GORDON

You, too. Or me. I don't know how that works. Anyway ... I don't know if you know you're in my writing class? Professor Lewis? I wrote that story about the mummy. Do you remember? They unwrapped him and he was still alive, and you know what he said? Five-thousand years after he died? He said, and I quote, 'What can I possibly say that hasn't been said before.'

(HANNAH chuckles at this, in spite of herself.)

GORDON - CON'T.

You get it?

HANNAH

I'm hungover, not an idiot. I'm really into that class. I must have tunnel vision. Sorry I didn't recognize you.

GORDON

That's OK. I'm really into it, too. You want to be a writer?

HANNAH

Yeah. Like a serious one. Not a bullshit romance novelist or mystery hack or anything like that. But a real, serious writer.

GORDON

No hackery. Very serious. Got it. I like non-fiction. Biographies. About very serious people. Living, dead. Only occasionally mummified.

HANNAH

You say it like you know you can do it.

GORDON

I do. Don't you?

(off Hannah's non-response)

That's why I was glad you were here last night. So we could meet. Finally.

HANNAH

What an elegant introduction.

GORDON

I wish it had been different.

HANNAH

I, for one, could have done without the grain alcohol.

GORDON

I'm really sorry. But the truth? You probably should have realized that drinking an unknown liquid with saturated fruit out of a garbage can probably isn't the greatest decision a girl can make.

HANNAH

That's good advice. My hangover and I will remember it the next time we're trying to go with the flow and not be so serious and just have some age-appropriate, silly college fun.

GORDON

Glad to hear it.

HANNAH

We're glad you're glad to hear it, too.

(They both chuckle at this.)

GORDON

Can I make it up to you?

HANNAH

I don't know, *can you*, wannabe writer?

GORDON

Sorry. *May I?*

HANNAH

You say sorry more than a girl.

GORDON

Sorry, I know. I just ... I would like to know you. Can I ... may I know you? Wiseass?

HANNAH

That's better. And yes, you may. In the meantime, have fun with your *frat*.

(HANNAH turns to go, just as someone finally stirs from the other bed. It's one of the BROTHERS, who was sleeping there the entire time. The BROTHER pops up in his bed, definitely still drunk.)

BROTHER

Please tell me I did not just hear someone say *frat*! My *fraternity* is not a *frat*!

GORDON

Oh shit. Don't!

HANNAH

Who is that?

(GORDON tries to push her to the door. She resists.)

BROTHER

You wouldn't call your country a cunt, would you? It's so fucking demeaning!

(The BROTHER throws himself back down into bed, burying himself under the covers and laughing maniacally. GORDON shakes his head while HANNAH heads for the door.)

HANNAH

You guys are something else, *Gordo*.

GORDON

Sorry. See ya ... see ya soon, Hannah!

(GORDON closes the door shut behind her, chastises himself for a moment then turns to his BROTHER.)

GORDON - CON'T.

You're a real asshole, you know that?

(The BROTHER speaks from under the covers.)

BROTHER

Put her in the file, Gordo. In the file. God, I'm so hungover. That garbage punch was outstanding, Bro!

(BLACKOUT)

End scene.

SCENE III: 1992

(HANNAH, GORDON and CLAIRE enter an apartment, where MOON and ELLIE, all now 22, drink beer and listen to Pearl Jam. MOON is very polished—dressed for hitting the bars that night. HANNAH wears a tie-dye tee-shirt, and she, GORDON and CLAIRE carry clipboards and wear “Bill Clinton for President” paraphernalia a la hats and buttons. MOON and ELLIE cheer when they enter the room.)

ELLIE

All hail the conquering voter registrationers!

HANNAH

Forty-six new voters for William Jefferson Clinton!

CLAIRE

Sixty-three.

GORDON

Nineteen over here.

HANNAH

One-hundred twenty-eight in two hours. Not bad.

GORDON

They're clearly much better at this than I am.

MOON

Nah, they're just more persuasive. All those feminine wiles.

GORDON

They're definitely ...

MOON

More feminine?

GORDON

I was going to say cuter.

ELLIE

I wouldn't say that.

HANNAH/CLAIRE

Hey! Easy!

ELLIE

I just mean Gordon's cute, too!

GORDON

Thank you, Ellie Bell. I think you're cute, too. Maybe you should break up with Jimmy and fall madly in love with me already.

(GORDON sits next to ELLIE, wraps his arms around her and playfully sticks out his tongue at HANNAH, who heads to the fridge to get beers for herself, GORDON and CLAIRE.)

HANNAH

What a great day. Thanks for getting us involved, Claire. I feel so *alive*.

CLAIRE

Glad you've finally met your inner activist.

(to Moon and Ellie)

We'll get to you two soon enough.

MOON

I don't do *activism*. And Ellie can't.

CLAIRE

Why not? Are you a journalist?

MOON

Worse.

HANNAH

Republican.

(HANNAH hands beers to GORDON and to CLAIRE, who lifts it to ELLIE.)

CLAIRE

Condolences.

ELLIE

My *family* is Republican, and besides, it doesn't matter. I don't care about politics.

CLAIRE

How can you not care about politics?

ELLIE

It just makes people angry.

CLAIRE

Anger prompts change. But I guess you have nothing that needs changing. Or to be angry about.

MOON

Truthfully, Claire? It's not very sexy. I mean, look at you guys.

CLAIRE

You know what else isn't sexy? Discrimination, overturning Roe v. Wade, lack of healthcare ... but you just sit back and enjoy your privileged little lives ...

GORDON

Easy, girls ...

CLAIRE

Did you just *girl* me? You did not just girl me, Gordo.

GORDON

Sorry.

HANNAH

(to Claire re: Moon)

This from a child of hippies. Did you ever? Her mother actually gave birth to her *at* Woodstock.

MOON

She did indeed. My full name is Blue Moon, which Sha Na Na was performing when her water broke, right there in the middle of Yasgur's freaking farm.

HANNAH

She was *this close* to being Guinnevere ...

ELLIE

(mostly to herself)

My dad was in Vietnam.

(off everyone's silence)

It's OK. He survived. I'm here.

CLAIRE

(re: Moon's upscale appearance)

So, how did *this* all happen?

MOON

My parents grew up and got real is what happened. Became Yuppies, had another brat and moved to the 'burbs. Speaking of reinvention, are you a radical now, Hannah? I thought you were just a late-to-the-party, Grateful Dead-loving, bandwagon neo-hippie.

HANNAH

I don't know that paying attention and standing up for civil rights makes me a radical, but whatever, Moon. And besides, Bill and Al don't need radicals. They sell themselves. How could anyone *not* vote for them?

GORDON

It would be like voting for Nixon over Kennedy.

CLAIRE

Father of the Bride over *Thelma & Louise*.

ELLIE

I love *Father of the Bride* ...

MOON

Of course you do.

ELLIE

(thinking hard)

Murder, She Wrote over *Melrose Place*.

MOON

And it's not like I'm *not* going to vote. Of course I'm going to vote. I just wish I could get my hands on Hillary and give her a makeover. Poor thing has been in Arkansas way too long.

CLAIRE

That's not helpful. To the cause.

MOON

It should be clear to you by now, Claire, that I don't do *cause*.

(to Hannah)

Remind us how you found her again.

HANNAH

You love embarrassing me, don't you?

MOON

That's the pot calling the kettle African-American, isn't it, Claire?

(HANNAH groans. CLAIRE laughs.)

HANNAH

Come on. You know the story ...

ELLIE

I don't.

HANNAH

Claire was handing out anti-Apartheid flyers on campus and she landed on me.

CLAIRE

You landed on *me*.

GORDON

And me!

HANNAH

And she started asking me all these questions; what did I think about this and what did I know about that. FW de Klerk. I had no clue. Couldn't answer a single thing.

CLAIRE

That's not true ...

HANNAH

I felt really dumb, but Claire didn't make me feel dumb. She made me *curious*. And we've been friends ever since.

ELLIE

I like that story.

(CLAIRE raises her beer to thank ELLIE.)

CLAIRE

You just needed a little push. We all do sometimes.

GORDON

(to Hannah)

Hey, can I use your phone?

HANNAH

In the bedroom.

(GORDON disappears into a room offstage.)

ELLIE

(whispering, when he's gone)

He is so sweet.

HANNAH

I know, I know ...

CLAIRE

I know, *but* ...

ELLIE

But what?

MOON

There is definitely a but in there. But how come the college friend knows more than the childhood ones?

HANNAH

Can we please not?

ELLIE

Not what?

CLAIRE

(changing the subject; to Hannah)

How was your goodbye with the Brennans? Did they take good care of their nanny?

HANNAH

It was so nice. They gave me a gift certificate to Tower Records. Lots of new Dead CDs coming on the road, Blue Moon.

MOON

Ick, can we move on to the next iteration of you, please? I'm so over this one. And I swear, H, you must be the only babysitter in the world who didn't have to fight off a dad.

HANNAH

Not all men are pigs.

MOON

Not even a pube on a Coke? BO-RING.

CLAIRE

Please. The mere thought of Brother Clarence makes me want to barf.

ELLIE

You're so gross, Moon. The dad's like 40. Hannah, please tell me he never made a pass at you.

HANNAH

Never.

ELLIE

(to Moon)

See?

MOON

Grow up, Ellie. You're 22. Start acting like it and join us in the real world. Men are pigs!

CLAIRE

That's not a helpful argument, Moon.

MOON

I'm not arguing anything, *Claire*. And I'm not complaining. I actually prefer them that way. Can you imagine if they were all polite and respectful? It would be insufferable.

ELLIE

I live in the real world. I just see a world less gross than you.

MOON

Good luck with that. Let me know how it works out for you.

ELLIE

(sticking her tongue out at Moon, saying to Hannah)

So what about Gordon? Why don't you become his official girlfriend already and live happily ever after?

(HANNAH sticks her finger down her throat and pretends to gag.)

CLAIRE

(to Hannah)

You know you don't have to go.

ELLIE

On the trip? What are you talking about?

CLAIRE

She doesn't have to go just because he wants her to. Or because she said she would. She goes if she wants to go.

HANNAH

She knows that.

ELLIE

Are you considering not going? It would break his heart if you didn't go.

HANNAH

I'm going! I'm going! Jesus, people! I have to start having actual life experiences if I'm going to find anything to write about. And that is why I am going.

ELLIE

He's so sweet.

HANNAH

Yes, we've established that. Now can we please not talk about this when he's right there in the next room?

ELLIE

(whispering)

You know he's in love with you, right?

(to Moon and Claire)

She should be happy.

(to Hannah)

Why doesn't that make you happy? To have a guy—*a man*—love you!

HANNAH

Does a girl have to be in love with a guy just because he's in love with her?

CLAIRE

No way.

MOON

No fucking way.

ELLIE

Do you think I float when I'm with Jimmy? I don't. But he's a good guy. A great guy. And I'm lucky he wants to marry me. He could have any girl and he wants me.

HANNAH

What about you?

ELLIE

What about me? I love him, too. You don't think I do?

HANNAH

The fiancée doth protest too much, methinks.

ELLIE

Please don't talk Shakespeare. Talk English.

MOON

Has it occurred to you that you don't have to marry your first boyfriend just because he asked you to?

ELLIE

You really don't respect me, do you?

HANNAH

Ellie ...

ELLIE

Besides, my mom says the momentum of your life carries you along. That no matter who you marry ...

HANNAH

So it doesn't matter? You can kill time with just anyone?

ELLIE

I don't think that's what she means.

(GORDON returns from his phone call and everyone falls silent.)

GORDON

Sorry about that ...

ELLIE

Nothing to be sorry about, Gordon. You're a great guy.

GORDON

Thanks, Ellie Bell. You're a great girl.

(The women avoid eye contact with GORDON.)

GORDON - CON'T.

(concerned)

What'd I miss?

HANNAH

Nothing.

(Long pause as the women look guilty. HANNAH clears empty bottles.)

GORDON

And I should believe that *why*?

CLAIRE

So, Gordon? Excited for the big trip?

GORDON

Can't wait. I'm taking Bertha in tomorrow to make sure everything's good to go, and then we're off!

HANNAH

Bertha's the car ...

MOON

(rolling her eyes)

As in the Dead song *Bertha*? End this, Hannah. Now!

HANNAH

(to Gordon)

I still can't believe your company is holding your job for you.

GORDON

My boss knows how important this is.

HANNAH

(to the women)

Can you imagine? Entry level. That would never happen for us.

CLAIRE

Such bullshit.

GORDON

He also knows he'll own me after this, so there's that. ... Rocks and holes, ladies. The American West. I've only been to California—Disneyland, actually—when I was a kid. But that was by plane so it didn't count. But to really go out on the road, like Kerouac, Cassady and all those dudes? It's a dream.

HANNAH

(to Ellie and Moon)

And you know what happens when you give up your dream?

ELLIE/MOON

(in loud unison)

You die!

(HANNAH, ELLIE and MOON crack up over their inside joke.)

CLAIRE

What's that?

GORDON

Ugh. You've never heard them do *Flashdance*?

HANNAH

Big *Flashdance* fans over here.

ELLIE

The first movie we watched together.

(to Moon and Hannah)

Take your passion.

MOON/HANNAH

And make it happen!

ELLIE

Did you ever see it, Claire?

CLAIRE

Biracial Jennifer Beals *starring* in a movie? *Huge* to this little girl right here.

(to Moon)

Know what I'm saying?

(MOON ignores her.)

ELLIE

You guys promise you'll be back for the wedding, right?

GORDON

Of course.

CLAIRE

And the election?

HANNAH

Are you kidding?

(GORDON prepares to leave.)

GORDON

I have to go. The guys are throwing me a thing.

MOON

Are we not invited? No girls allowed?

GORDON

Sorry, I don't make the rules.

HANNAH

He just follows them.

CLAIRE

Not that we want to hang out with you and your geek friends, anyway, Gordo.

(GORDON moves to kiss HANNAH—awkwardly—and she offers him her cheek.)

GORDON

Bye, friends. Have a good night.

(to Hannah)

Check in with you tomorrow?

HANNAH

Yes, Dear.

(GORDON hugs MOON, CLAIRE and ELLIE and they all say goodbye.)

ELLIE

Have a wonderful, fabulous, terrific, *romantic* time.

(HANNAH sinks a little as ELLIE realizes her faux pas. GORDON, however, loves it.)

GORDON

We certainly will. Thanks, Ellie Bell. Bye.

(GORDON takes a last look and leaves them.)

MOON

(to Hannah)

You are so screwed. And not in a good way.

CLAIRE

He's waiting for you to come around. Hoping this trip will do it.

ELLIE

You still could. You never know. You still have plenty of time before you have to marry someone.

HANNAH

Jesus, Ellie. Don't you mean *decide* whether or not you even *want to* marry someone?

ELLIE

You don't want to get married?

HANNAH

I didn't say that.

ELLIE

Am I the only one who's gonna get married? You guys!

MOON

Oh god. Make it stop.

HANNAH

All I'm saying is, who knows? I have no idea.

CLAIRE

I'm just not married to the idea of I have to do this or that. It depends on who I meet and where I'm at. Where *we're* at, you know?

HANNAH

Exactly. If I met Gordon in five, ten years, maybe I'd see him differently. Or myself.

CLAIRE

Or your life.

HANNAH

Exactly!

MOON

Why are we even having this conversation?

ELLIE

What about Jimmy? You don't think I'd want him if I met him ten years from now?

HANNAH

Who's to say?

CLAIRE

Everything's a crapshoot.

MOON

It's about timing, people.

HANNAH

Choices.

ELLIE

You think I'm making a mistake. You all think marrying Jimmy is a mistake and I'm going to get a divorce.

HANNAH

We're not saying that. We're saying ... what Claire said: Life is a crapshoot. No guarantees. You do the best you can with where you are.

MOON

Who the hell knows what's going to happen? For example, I have no idea who I'm going to sleep with tonight. Could be anybody.

CLAIRE

Talk about a crapshoot. Look at poor Gordon. He's expecting to have this romantic trip with Hannah. ... his friends are probably laying bets this very moment that you're going to come back all in love and shit ...

ELLIE

Or engaged?

MOON

El pregadente!

HANNAH

Oh my god, please stop. Gordon knows how I feel about him. I've had how many boyfriends since we met?

MOON

And he's hated every single one.

ELLIE

But you're driving cross country together. In a car. Sleeping in a tent. With no one else. You are so coming back as his girlfriend.

HANNAH

Am not.

ELLIE

Are, too.

CLAIRE

Why don't you just go on your own?

HANNAH

Are you kidding?

CLAIRE

You want experience? What could be better than a cross country trip by yourself?

HANNAH

I'd get raped.

(They all subtly acknowledge that that's true.)

MOON

Maybe we should make a side bet, that they are so getting it on. Under the stars ...

CLAIRE

In the *blue moonlight* ...

MOON

Good one.

HANNAH

I knew you two would like each other. Eventually ...

ELLIE

You just better be back for my wedding, Hannah.

HANNAH

I wouldn't miss it. We'll all be there, right?

CLAIRE

Absolutely.

MOON

(teasing)

I'll think about it.

ELLIE

(to Moon)

What makes you think you're invited?

CLAIRE

Oh, snap!

HANNAH

Way to go, Ellie. Don't let *mean old Moon* push you around.

MOON

I'm not mean. I'm *direct*.

HANNAH

Oh, is that what we're calling it these days?

(CLAIRE and HANNAH crack up. ELLIE tries to laugh it off.)

ELLIE

You're so mean to me.

MOON

(to Hannah)

And who's *old*? I'm 22, goddammit. So are all of you. We're not old. Are we?

(No one responds.)

(BLACKOUT)

End scene.

SCENE V: 1995

(ELLIE sits alone in a booth in a restaurant, drinking solo from a bottle of wine, reading *The Bridges of Madison County*. We only know it's her when she lowers the book to reveal her sobbing face. She takes a huge swig from her glass then burrows back in the book until HANNAH shows up.)

HANNAH

Sorry I'm late. Orientation was endless.

ELLIE

I only have 90 minutes. Jimmy said I could come as long as I'm home by 10, which means I have to take the 9 o'clock train. And you're all late.

HANNAH

I'm sorry. I got out as soon as I could. And tell Jimmy to chill, would you please?

(HANNAH pours herself a glass of wine.)

ELLIE

How was it?

HANNAH

Four girls just like me. Interchangeable.

ELLIE

No cute guys?

HANNAH

Puh-leaze. They don't start as assistants.

(MOON arrives, looking very provocative, which makes ELLIE wince when MOON takes off her coat to reveal her plunging neckline. MOON takes a sip from ELLIE's glass. ELLIE pours MOON a glass of her own.)

MOON

If I have to suck up to one more stark-raving asshole in a suit just to get a decent tip ...

HANNAH

I wish you would get a real job.

MOON

And work in an *office*? Puh-leaze.

(re: her body/outfit)

This will not be put to waste in a cubicle. This needs to breathe free out in the world, where it can encounter anyone at any time. Talk to me when I'm ancient about dying in an office ...

ELLIE

Can we start? I only have till 9. Do you have the book?

MOON

You think I carry that thing around with me, *in the public*?

(ELLIE hands MOON her copy. MOON just looks at it.)

MOON - CON'T.

Remind me why we're wasting precious, invaluable time on an insipid love story that was written for old ladies in Indiana?

HANNAH

It's in the zeitgeist. It's our duty as Gen Xers to consider it.

MOON

You had to get a job in marketing? You just had to.

HANNAH

A girl's gotta eat.

MOON

(re: the book)

This dreck is for our mothers, not us.

ELLIE

It's not dreck. It's a movement.

MOON

When something becomes a *movement*, I lose interest.

ELLIE

Come on? Meryl in the truck when she sees him at the gas station? I loved it.

MOON

Of course you did.

HANNAH

We're supposed to be discussing the book. Not the movie.

MOON

I didn't read the book. And the only reason Ellie chose the book was the movie.

ELLIE

Moon! You never read the book. Ever, ever, ever.

HANNAH

I read it.

ELLIE

You did?!?

MOON

I'm so disappointed in you, Hannah.

HANNAH

Then you'll love this. I actually liked it. Nay, dare I say *loved* it?

(MOON snorts her disbelief and disapproval.)

ELLIE

Moon, you can choose next month, OK? So maybe you'll actually read one for a change.

MOON

It doesn't matter. I'm only here for the wine. I have to get lubed up for a date.

ELLIE

Hannah, what did you think? Really?

HANNAH

I know it's a cheesy love story, but it moved me.

MOON

Sell out.

ELLIE

(to Moon)

Human.

(to Hannah)

Why does that surprise you?

HANNAH

Because it's everything I hate. It's cheap, easy, manipulative ...

ELLIE

Don't talk about Moon like she's not even here ...

MOON

Ha ha. Look at you getting cheeky in your old age. I love it. Keep it up.

(CLAIRE arrives like a whirlwind, late and full of apologies.)

CLAIRE

Sorry, Guys. I couldn't get out of Steve's office.

HANNAH

Jesus, Claire.

(CLAIRE takes a seat with them and motions to a waiter. MOON motions to the bottle of wine on the table.)

CLAIRE

I need something stronger.

MOON

Don't you mean stiffer?

CLAIRE

Please don't remind me.

ELLIE

Ew! You guys!

(The WAITER appears for CLAIRE's order.)

CLAIRE

Bombay Sapphire martini. Extra dry. Straight up. Olives. Thank you.

(The WAITER leaves.)

CLAIRE - CON'T.

It's exhausting. I feel like I'm auditioning for the Dolly Parton role in *9 to 5*.

ELLIE

I love that movie.

MOON

He chases you around the desk? That's pathetic.

HANNAH

What are you going to do?

CLAIRE

What can I do? I have to be careful. I'm the new kid on the block and ... lest we forget ...

(to Moon)

... a woman of color ...

(MOON sips her drink.)

CLAIRE — CON'T.

I'll figure something out. We always do.

HANNAH

Until we don't.

(They look at each other, acknowledging what was just said, then sip their drinks.)

ELLIE

(to Moon)

Whatever happened with that guy at the bar ...?

CLAIRE

Let's not talk about this, OK? I just want to get a drink and sit for a while. I'm so glad tonight's our night. What'd I miss?

ELLIE

Hannah read the book. Moon didn't.

CLAIRE

It's good to be able to rely on certain things.

MOON

You're welcome.

ELLIE

Did you read it, Claire?

CLAIRE

I saw the movie. What's the verdict?

HANNAH

I liked it. But maybe I'm just sentimental these days.

CLAIRE

Gordo?

(HANNAH nods.)

CLAIRE - CON'T.

Is he talking to you yet?

HANNAH

Barely.

MOON

Not your problem if he can't handle the truth.

ELLIE

You tried for *years* ...

CLAIRE

On again, off again ... I'm exhausted for the both of you and it's not even my relationship. But now it's over. Definitive. Right?

MOON

Next!

(The WAITER arrives with CLAIRE's drink.)

CLAIRE

(to the waiter)

Bless you.

(to her friends)

Onward!

(CLAIRE lifts her drink and the others do the same, clinking each others' glasses, in a particular, ritualistic way. Clearly, they've been doing this for years and they all know the drill without having to be told to toast.)

CLAIRE - CON'T.

(to Hannah)

I can't believe how fast he met someone.

MOON

(to Hannah)

You dodged a bullet.

ELLIE

She did not. Gordon's great.

MOON

(to Ellie)

You're not helping. These are the things we're supposed to say. Right, H?

HANNAH

Right.

CLAIRE

Look, she never felt like Meryl did about Clint. If she stayed with Gordon she'd be just like that sad woman in the farmhouse her whole life. Francesca. Not Meryl.

ELLIE

She would not. She loves Gordon.

MOON

But she's not in love with him. Never has been. Never will be.

ELLIE

I don't know that there's a difference.

MOON

Our mothers didn't march on Washington and burn their bras so we could settle for average men and lives of quiet desperation.

ELLIE

My mother didn't march on Washington.

MOON

And mine would never read this book. And here we are. Their daughters.

HANNAH

With choices. And I made mine. But Gordon's not average. He's more than that; he's just not for me. I've always known that and I should have listened to myself all along. Being with him would be like being with one of you ... a good friend ... but with sex.

MOON

We could have sex.

ELLIE

Moon!

MOON

What? It's true.

ELLIE

Why are you always so inappropriate?

MOON

What are you talking about? I've slept with women. And so have they.

ELLIE

Moon!!!

HANNAH

Moon ...

MOON

Highly recommended.

(to Claire and Hannah)

Am I right?

(CLAIRE and HANNAH share a look then hide in their drinks.)

ELLIE

Oh my god. You're kidding me?

MOON

Our mothers didn't march on Washington and burn their bras so we could only sleep with *half* the population.

(EVERYONE cracks up at this, except ELLIE. ELLIE looks at HANNAH, who shrugs. ELLIE is as angry as she was when she found out in high school that MOON had lost her virginity.)

ELLIE

Am I the only one who hasn't? Shit.

MOON

Shit what? You're married. You're done. Toast.

ELLIE

What do you mean? I'm not *done* ...

(remembering herself)

Right, yes. Three years in September.

HANNAH

(comforting her)

Happily ...

ELLIE

Right. I'm very happy with Jimmy. And we have a great sex life, thank you very much.

MOON

I'm sure you do.

ELLIE

What's that supposed to mean?

MOON

It means I'm just glad you're happy. Why are you so paranoid?

ELLIE

I'm not paranoid ... we're going to try to have a baby soon.

(HANNAH, MOON and CLAIRE look at ELLIE a moment, smile and nod, then turn their attention back to the previous conversation.)

CLAIRE

(to Hannah)

So what do you know about her? The girlfriend?

HANNAH

He wants us to meet.

MOON

What a blessed event.

CLAIRE

So he only starts talking to you again once he has a girlfriend?

HANNAH

Something like that.

CLAIRE

Coward.

HANNAH

Why am I dreading this?

MOON

Say the word, H, and I'll rent a white Bronco and bust you out of there so fast.

CLAIRE

Please don't go there. I cannot with Brother OJ right now.

ELLIE

It's not too late to change your mind, Hannah. Get him back.

HANNAH

I don't want that. It's just ... letting go. Once and for all. It's hard.

MOON

Just cut it off, cold, and in no time you'll rise again. Like a phoenix. That's what I do.

ELLIE

Leaving behind a trail of tears ...

MOON

Not on purpose. Never on purpose.

HANNAH

When did things get so fucking complicated?

CLAIRE

I think it means we're all grown up.

MOON

Speak for yourself.

ELLIE

I'm married. I guess that makes me a grown-up.

CLAIRE

Well, we are 25. If we're not grown up now ...

MOON

I will never grow up. I'm going to drink and screw and party for eternity. And fuck every hot photographer who rolls through town, every chance I get.

(re: the book)

You hear that, Brother Clint?

(MOON raises her glass but no one joins her in this particular toast.)

MOON - CON'T.

Come on! When you give up your dream?

ELLIE

You're so gross.

(MOON laughs in ELLIE's face and ELLIE can't help but laugh back.)

MOON

Oh, you love me. In spite of yourself.

ELLIE

Unfortunately.

MOON

I love you, too. But it might just be out of nostalgia at this point.

(to Claire)

And you, too.

CLAIRE

Me, too.

MOON

(to Hannah)

And love to you, you sorry ass grown-up.

HANNAH

Here's to Gordon's new girlfriend: *Lisa*.

MOON/ELLIE/CLAIRE

To *Lisa*!

MOON

Bless her heart.

(HANNAH sucks down the rest of her drink in one gulp.)

(BLACKOUT)

End scene.

SCENE VI: 1997

(HANNAH, MOON and a very pregnant ELLIE practically fall into a room off the reception/ballroom at GORDON's wedding. The song, "Bittersweet Symphony" by The Verve, can be heard playing in the distance.)

HANNAH

Oh my god, are we there yet?

MOON

Soon enough.

ELLIE

You're doing great!

HANNAH

I don't feel great. I feel sick.

MOON

It's OK. We're almost done.

HANNAH

Why do I feel sick? I shouldn't feel sick. I should feel happy. Relieved.

(There's a KNOCK at the door, and a tuxedo-clad GORDON appears in the doorway.)

GORDON

Hi, friends.

MOON/ELLIE

Hello, *Gordo*/So happy for you!

GORDON

Enjoying yourselves?

ELLIE

Yes. It's lovely.

GORDON

So glad you're here. Sorry Claire couldn't make it.

ELLIE

She said to say hello, and congratulations.

GORDON

Does she like Chicago? The new job?

MOON

Same job, different city. Long story.

GORDON

Had to bust out of Dodge, eh?

(MOON, HANNAH and ELLIE share a conspiratorial look.)

GORDON - CON'T.

Tell her I said hi, OK? So, um ... can I talk to Hannah a minute?

(Awkward ...)

ELLIE

Of course. It was a beautiful ceremony. Lisa looks beautiful. And so do you.

GORDON

Thanks, Ellie Bell. Tell Jimmy not to do that shot without me.

(MOON and ELLIE head for the door.)

MOON

H, we'll be right outside.

(MOON and ELLIE exit, leaving HANNAH and GORDON alone.)

GORDON

Are you OK?

HANNAH

Of course.

GORDON

Good. I wasn't sure.

HANNAH

I'm great. Having a great time. We all are.

GORDON

Because when I saw you running away when they announced the new bride and groom, needless to say, I became concerned.

HANNAH

I really had to ... um ... pee.

GORDON

You had to pee?

HANNAH

What do you want me to say?

GORDON

Nothing ... really.

(But clearly he's fishing for something.)

HANNAH

If you want to know the truth, I'm having a really bad period and that, on top of the fact that this isn't the most emotionally pleasant day of my life, makes this not the greatest time I've ever had. Does that make you happy?

(GORDON is silent.)

HANNAH - CON'T.

But I don't regret anything, if that's what you're after.

GORDON

I'm just relieved it's not the punch.

HANNAH

If only someone would spike it.

GORDON

My grandma's got the grain.

HANNAH

Oh, she's carrying?

GORDON

Always. ... So how are you? Seriously.

HANNAH

Seriously? I'm really happy for you. For both of you.

GORDON

Hannah ...

HANNAH

No ... I'm not doing this with you again. Especially on your wedding day.

GORDON

Look, I'm sorry ...

HANNAH

You just can't help yourself, can you? You have nothing to be sorry for.

GORDON

But I am.

HANNAH

You've done nothing wrong. You've done everything right. I'm the one ...

GORDON

Still. I feel bad.

HANNAH

This isn't anyone's fault. It's just life. I'm learning that more and more every day.

GORDON

I could have loved you my whole life. You know that. But you didn't want me to. And I didn't know what else to do.

HANNAH

This is right. You and Lisa are right. We never would have lasted. You should have more, and now you will.

GORDON

We'll never know.

HANNAH

We already do. We tried. ... Lisa loves you. Very much. You're so lucky. And I'm always here. I'll always be your friend. And that's not small.

GORDON

No ... but what about you?

HANNAH

What about me?

GORDON

You could have brought someone.

HANNAH

I did. I brought Moon and Ellie. I'm fine, Gordon. I'm great.

(Long beat as they try to think of what to say next.)

GORDON

Speaking of Moon. Is that her *girlfriend*? Not that there's anything wrong with that.

HANNAH

Three months now. Going strong. Not that there's anything wrong with that.

GORDON

Wow. Where have I been?

HANNAH

Getting married. And you know Moon. She's open to anything and everything.

GORDON

And everyone.

HANNAH

Just one of the many things I love about her. It's like Claire says: If we weren't socialized to only be attracted to certain races or the opposite gender, who knows how different things would be?

GORDON

Look at you, an anarchist hiding in plain sight.

HANNAH

Nah, that's Moon. "My mother didn't march on Washington and burn her bra ..."

GORDON

"And give me this hippie name for nothing."

HANNAH

Damn straight.

GORDON

So we're OK?

(off Hannah's nod)

Well, we're nothing if not resilient.

HANNAH

For a guy who apologizes a lot you sure are optimistic.

GORDON

You should be, too. Greatness not only awaits, it's already here.

HANNAH

I'll try to believe you. Gordon?

(lunging for and hugging him)

I'm so sorry.

GORDON

Hannah ...

(She kisses his cheek and runs out of the room. GORDON just watches after her as the song "Bittersweet Symphony" grows loud through the door she left open.)

(BLACKOUT)

End scene.

SCENE VII: NEW YEAR'S EVE 1999/Y2K

(HANNAH, ELLIE and MOON are at a party. MOON is with her girlfriend TAMMI, who is a bit older. ELLIE is with her husband and HANNAH is on her own. HANNAH chats with MOON and TAMMI.)

TAMMI

I've tried to get her to stop, but the money's too good.

MOON

It's not about money. It's the power, baby.

TAMMI

But it's much more than she can make in a straight job.

MOON

I don't want to have anything to do with anything *straight* for a long time. If ever again. Thank goddess I moved ... it's so freeing being somewhere *else*.

(MOON hangs on TAMMI.)

MOON — CON'T.

And Tammi knows I only love her, and want her, but these dot com fuckers *pay*. You can't imagine. They pay *bank* and can have anything they want, and you know what they all want? The straightest, vanilla-est, most milquetoast, missionary bullshit sex you can possibly imagine. It's like, isn't that what your wives are for? But it's fine by me. I barely have to lift a finger and they're so grateful.

HANNAH

To each his own, right?

TAMMI

You're so understanding.

HANNAH

You are. She's your girlfriend. I don't have to care about who Moon sleeps with.

MOON

That's the spirit.

TAMMI

Still. It's very enlightened for ...

HANNAH

A straight person?

MOON

She doesn't mean it like that. It's just ...

(leaning into whisper)

Ellie ... she doesn't need to know. It would be too much, and she's mired in babyland anyway ...

HANNAH

Not my story to tell.

TAMMI

(to Moon)

I like her.

MOON

Told you. H is my nearest and dearest. Since we're what, 12?

HANNAH

Since just before puberty, yes.

MOON

Puh-leaze, I never went through puberty. Just arrived, fully formed and ready to bang.

(to Hannah)

Any questions, I'm happy to answer.

HANNAH

No questions.

MOON

No judgment. That's my Hannah!

TAMMI

Aren't you a writer? Where's your curiosity?

HANNAH

Moon told you I'm a writer?

MOON

You are.

HANNAH

A writer who hasn't written anything.

MOON

You're gestating.

HANNAH

Is that what we're calling it these days?

TAMMI

What do you do?

HANNAH

Drift ...

MOON

Bullshit. She's a big up-and-comer in advertising—made *Adweek's* 30 Under 30.

HANNAH

By the skin of my teeth, even though I have absolutely no interest in advertising. But don't tell anyone.

TAMMI

Nobody's where they want to be. If we were, I'd be opening for Melissa Etheridge in P-Town.

MOON

I'd be starring in a remake of *Basic Instinct*.

HANNAH

And I'd be a controversial-yet-commercially successful Nobel Prize-winning novelist. Instead, I work for an ad agency, hawking product placement for various and sundry corporate monopolies.

TAMMI

Happens all the time.

HANNAH

Yeah. I just fell into it. Got a job as a group assistant, which is a euphemism for *girl*.

TAMMI

And for thousands less than your male counterparts, no doubt.

HANNAH

However did you know that?

TAMMI

My first job was in sales. All the guys started selling right out of school but girls had to be *secretaries* first. Some for forever. It took me three years to start selling, and I was already 20 grand behind the guys I started with.

MOON

Such. Fucking. Bullshit. That's why I work for myself.

HANNAH

What do you do now?

TAMMI

When I'm not raging against the patriarchy? I teach. Elementary school. I like it. And I can't wait to spend my unemployed summer with this one.

(MOON and TAMMI kiss. HANNAH watches them.)

MOON

So, H. What did you decide to do about you-know-who?

(HANNAH gives her a look: not here!)

TAMMI

What's this little mystery?

MOON

Hannah's been playing a bit of *will we, won't we* with some hot guy she met.

HANNAH

Moon ... please.

MOON

Oh, stop being so shy. Tammi understands these things.

TAMMI

What's the problem?

HANNAH

(to Tammi)

What Moon fails to mention is he's a hot *married* guy *at work* ...

MOON

For whom she has warm, wet, dewy feelings ...

HANNAH

Is nothing sacred?

MOON

And an enormous boner. ... My Hannah, always so careful. Why wouldn't you seize that attraction? Grab it. OWN IT. It doesn't come around every day, and you're not getting any younger.

HANNAH

I'm thinking about it. Against my better judgment. But there are consequences to consider...

MOON

Stop thinking and just fucking do it. Always thinking yourself out of things ...

(to Tammi)

What's that quote I like?

TAMMI

The Rumi? 'Run from what's comfortable. Forget safety. Live where you fear to live. Destroy your reputation. Be notorious.'

MOON

I love that! That's what I'm talking about.

(to Hannah)

Ya gotsta listen to Rumi, H. Hot guy's the one who's married. Not you. You're free to do as you please.

HANNAH

Have to say, you present a strong argument for colossal selfishness.

MOON

Whatever it is, this is going to be your year, H. Your millennium. I can feel it.

HANNAH

I'm glad someone can.

MOON

You just have to choose it. Choose happiness. Choose positivity. Choose *love* in 2000. In all and any of its forms. If it's complicated, revel in the complexity.

HANNAH

If you say so.

MOON

We're all gonna be great. We'll be freaking 30. But we'll be great.

HANNAH

OK, *I choose* to believe you.

(MOON hugs HANNAH and TAMMI and brings them into a group hug.)

(The lights go down; it's close to midnight. The Lenny Kravitz remake of the song "American Woman" begins to play as the countdown begins. ELLIE, who is very, very pregnant, joins her friends to count down to the new year and joins in the hug.)

CROWD

10 .. 9 ... 8 ...

ELLIE

I love you guys so much. Thanks for being my friends all these years.

HANNAH

Right back at ya, sister.

MOON

Hella happy new year, Ellie Bell.

ELLIE

It's so nice to meet you, Tammi. Glad you and Moon could be here.

TAMMI

Likewise ...

CROWD

5 ... 4 ... 3 ...

ELLIE

I have to find Jimmy for our midnight kiss. Happy Y2K! I hope we all survive!

(ELLIE runs off, MOON and TAMMI kiss, and HANNAH stares into the future as the chorus from "American Woman" dovetails with the noisemakers, confetti and final countdown. A BRIGHT LIGHT shines only on HANNAH as the party falls away and the music BLARES.)

CROWD

2 ... 1 ...

SONG

*American woman, stay away from me
American woman, mama let me be
Don't come hangin' around my door
I don't wanna see your face no more
I got more important things to do
Than spend my time growin' old with you
Now woman, I said stay away,
American woman, listen what I say.*

(BLACKOUT)

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO
SCENE 1: 2004

(HANNAH runs into the kitchen inside the home where MOON is enjoying her bridal shower celebration. HANNAH helps herself to a glass of water from the kitchen sink and rests against the counter for a moment as if catching her breath. In a moment, CLAIRE joins her.)

CLAIRE

Are you actually having a panic attack?

HANNAH

Maybe a tiny one.

CLAIRE

Jesus, Hannah.

HANNAH

I'm OK. But can you blame me?

CLAIRE

No, but still.

HANNAH

That's our Moon.

CLAIRE

Why are we friends with her again? Oh, wait. You are. I just inherited her. Thanks for that, by the way.

HANNAH

Everyone's on their own journey, right?

CLAIRE

Yes, but perhaps there are some situations that warrant a little judgment? If only to prevent panic attacks?

HANNAH

You know my motto: Not my circus. Not my monkeys.

CLAIRE

You didn't coin that, Hannah. So stop adhering to it.

HANNAH

People are getting killed. We're at war. And yet we're all so *frivolous*.

CLAIRE

Do you want to take a stand on *this*? On Moon? Aren't there better places you can put your energy?

HANNAH

You're here, too, you know.

CLAIRE

Yes, and I've been wrestling with that decision for weeks. But I'm really here to see you. I'm worried about you.

HANNAH

You should be worried about Moon. We all should be worried about Moon.

(CLAIRE helps herself to a glass of water, too.)

CLAIRE

So let me get this straight. He's the father of a kid in Tammi's school?

HANNAH

Twins. In her class.

CLAIRE

Ouch.

HANNAH

Let's face it: Moon has never been *respectful* of other people's relationships.

Or her own. CLAIRE

No ... Tammi called me. HANNAH

No! CLAIRE

She's so angry and sad and confused ... HANNAH

Can you blame her? CLAIRE

What can I do? Moon's my friend. HANNAH

And a fucking bomb-thrower. CLAIRE

Who is also my friend. HANNAH

(A beat.)

Twins? Really? Jesus. CLAIRE

Boys. Jagger and Jomax. HANNAH

So he's a musician *and* a Scientologist? CLAIRE

Skateboarder. HANNAH

CLAIRE

A 40-year-old skateboarder? And she's marrying him? After six weeks?

HANNAH

I guess Moon wanted to be a mommy after all. She's already talking about having one of her own. Moving out of the city ...

CLAIRE

Moon? Our Moon.

HANNAH

Way up north. God's country, she says.

CLAIRE

Back to the earth. From the hippies she came ...

HANNAH

And to them she shall freaking return.

CLAIRE

So ... to each his own. Even when they're batshit crazy?

HANNAH

Something like that.

CLAIRE

I wish Ellie could have made it. I miss her *innocence*.

HANNAH

She's really struggling. The third kid was definitely not the charm.

CLAIRE

I can't imagine. One is hard enough, and I have a husband who helps. A ton. And understands that I'm killing myself at the center plus functioning as the primary caretaker because, let's face it, there's only so much he can really handle by himself. But no one tells you the truth, Hannah. No one. You'll find out one day for yourself ... sorry, didn't mean to go on a tear.

HANNAH

Tear away. I have plenty of my own these days ...

CLAIRE

I'm afraid to ask.

HANNAH

Do I really not seem OK?

CLAIRE

You seem like you're carrying something.

HANNAH

Aren't we all?

CLAIRE

Yes, but ... do you want this? I mean, not Moon's situation, but *this* ...

HANNAH

Domestic bliss? What makes you think I don't?

CLAIRE

I think that if you did you'd have it by now.

HANNAH

It's not that simple.

CLAIRE

It's a choice, isn't it? And I think you're choosing to be on your own, for reasons I wonder if you even know.

(They look at each other a moment, wondering if they should continue this line of conversation.)

HANNAH

Can I tell you something? Between us? I'm not saying it to bitch, but ... Ellie and Jimmy came in for dinner a few weeks ago. They hired a babysitter, which is a big deal for them ... they really can't ... but when we got out of the restaurant, it was pouring. Like, crazy

sideways rain. I was going to take a cab so they could scoot to the tunnel and go right home, but he insisted on driving me ... which was great and sweet and all. You know how eerie those nights can be? When there's no one on the street and everyone is hovering in doorways, waiting for it to stop? Jimmy was frantic about having to pay the sitter overtime. I was going to offer to help, but you know how he is about money ... *and us* ... and then nothing's moving, there's an accident, and the tunnel is right there so I offer to get out and walk the rest of the way. It's only 10 blocks or so, but still? I'm used to doing things on my own, but I was sure he'd insist on driving me, and making sure I got home OK. But he didn't. He let me go, and I assured them both I'd be fine. And safe. Because that's what I do, you know? But I was terrified I was going to get mugged or worse ... which isn't something I normally think about, although I know it's still, *well* ... And then I thought, if I were married, or somebody's mother, or if I had a boyfriend fighting in Iraq right now, would they have let me out of the car? Alone on that horrible night?

CLAIRE

What did Ellie do?

(off Hannah's shrug)

I've been there. Many, many, many times. We all have. And as a woman of color ...

HANNAH

But I'm still there, Claire. I'm here. And I might live here. Forever.

CLAIRE

I wish things were different ...

(A long beat as they think about what to say next)

HANNAH

Maybe you're right. Maybe this is what I want.

CLAIRE

Is it?

HANNAH

Maybe?

CLAIRE

For you or to prove some kind of point?

HANNAH

You know, you used to share this point.

CLAIRE

What's that supposed to mean? Do you think I betrayed you?

HANNAH

Maybe.

CLAIRE

I thought marriage and kids were what we wanted? We're still women ... at the end of the day. Aren't we?

(HANNAH shrugs and MOON joins them in the kitchen, interrupting their conversation. She is happy and flush from the excitement of her party. She's also a bit drunk.)

MOON

There you are. You just missed my very own personal wardrobe malfunction. My tit literally popped out of my dress. Totally unintentional, I swear. It's a good thing I don't have a career like Ms. Jackson if you're nasty or it would be over ... Why are my two best friends hiding in here? I want you mingling and meeting all my friends. You're finally visiting me in California, H. It's like I'm living in *Valley Girl*. Remember?

(quoting the movie)

To his favorite val girl Julie, like, come back soon, you know?

HANNAH

You're in San Francisco, Moon. The Valley is in L.A.

MOON

Right, right. So, what are you doing in here? Don't you like my friends?

CLAIRE

All the best parties wind up in the kitchen. You know that.

(MOON hugs CLAIRE.)

MOON

Thank you for saying that! I'm so glad you're having fun. And I'm so happy you're here. I would have been devastated if you weren't here. I'm pissed at Ellie, though. You have to tell her, H. She's on my shit list. But it doesn't matter. I'm so happy today. Don't you just love Cesar?

CLAIRE

Is he actually Mexican? He seems rather *white*.

MOON

His parents were really into labor unions back in the day. We have so much in common. And his boys? They're so great. We're working on getting full custody.

(to Claire)

Did H tell you?

(sort of whispers)

The mother has a huge drug problem. I mean, huge.

CLAIRE

That's too bad.

MOON

Totally agree ... so how's your little guy?

CLAIRE

Perfect. To me, anyway.

MOON

Right? I can't wait to have one of my own. I mean, I love Jagger and Jomax, don't get me wrong. But I want one, too, you know? A little girl! Wouldn't that be awesome? There's nothing like having kids around to make you realize how fulfilling they are.

(off Hannah)

How are you, my dear Hannah?

HANNAH

Just great, Moon.

MOON

Still heartbroken? That's the best kind of pain, you know. You threw yourself out there and got hurt. Good for you. And about time. ... There's plenty of time for you. We're only thirtysomething. But what does it matter? Women are having kids in their forties these days. And beyond. No problemo. Just save your shekels, H. It's a good thing you have that high-powered job so you can stash all that cash. Maybe freeze your eggs while you're at it. I totally should have done that, but we're optimistic we'll be able to conceive. Cesar is very fertile and I'm, well ... I've always been very sensual.

HANNAH

So, Blue Moon, how's Tammi doing?

MOON

Oh, you know ... it's over. Kaput. Long gone.

HANNAH

Aren't you worried about her? Like, her mental health, perhaps?

MOON

I'm getting married, Hannah. I have a family now. I'm sorry if I hurt her, but this is life. I don't mean to sound cruel, but when I met Cesar, that was it. We fell in love. Instantly. There are always casualties when that happens.

HANNAH

Too bad it had to happen at parent-teacher night in Tammi's classroom.

MOON

That was unfortunate timing. But as you said yourself, life is a crapshoot. Remember?

HANNAH

That was Claire.

(CLAIRE holds up her hands: don't look at me!)

MOON

Yeah, but you agreed to it. No one knows what's going to happen, or with who ... *whom* or whatever it is ... and with all that we experience and internalize. ... Is Tammi my responsibility? At the end of the day?

HANNAH

How convenient for you.

MOON

And you.

HANNAH

What's that supposed to mean?

MOON

You know what that means.

(long beat; Moon takes a little too much pleasure in this)

You know something, Hannah? You are no longer a paragon of good behavior, my friend. And I'm no longer the asshole. Isn't that really what we're talking about here? You walked into a fire ... eyes wide open ... willingly ... and I'm glad you did. Honestly. You went for it. About time, if you ask me.

(to Claire)

Am I right?

(CLAIRE is non-committal. HANNAH glares at MOON and MOON softens a little.)

MOON — CON'T.

Look, Tammi should have known I wasn't going to stay with her. I mean, come on? It was a time and place. It wasn't the real world.

HANNAH

And this is?

MOON

What the fuck has gotten into you? Is it because I'm getting married? The last one? This is everything we've come to expect, right? It's what we're meant to do. And be. *Take your passion and make it happen.* Claire, you know what I'm saying, right?

(CLAIRE again holds up her hands: leave me out of this.)

HANNAH

I know what you're saying. You don't have to be a fiancée, stepmother, or former lesbian ...

MOON

Pansexual!

HANNAH

... to understand. I'm single, not an infant. I have to go. My flight leaves in two hours.

(HANNAH puts her glass in the sink and exits the kitchen.)

MOON

Hannah, stop being so sensitive ... I didn't mean anything! I'm sorry things didn't work out for you and that married guy. But we're getting older; it's time to get serious. You should, too!

(CLAIRE stands in front of MOON and blocks and distracts her.)

CLAIRE

Moon? I'm glad you're happy.

(CLAIRE pecks MOON on the cheek and follows HANNAH.)

MOON

Hannah, please don't go like this. H???

(But they're gone.)

(BLACKOUT)

End scene.

SCENE II: 2008

(GORDON sits at a table in a restaurant, staring at his Blackberry, intensely texting with someone. He smiles to himself, engrossed, when HANNAH arrives. She clears her throat to get his attention.)

HANNAH

Wow! What's going on there?

(GORDON hides his Blackberry.)

GORDON

Oh, just some work stuff.

HANNAH

Since when is copywriting so exciting?

GORDON

It's nothing ...

(GORDON gets up and gives HANNAH a kiss before she takes a seat.)

HANNAH

Once again, Gordo, one of your nothings sounds like a whole lot of something.

GORDON

You just surprised me. It's great to see you. Hey, didn't you just see Claire?

HANNAH

You mean the newly minted CEO of Planned Parenthood in the great state of Illinois?

GORDON

She's incredible. I take it she's excited for her junior senator?

HANNAH

Aren't we all? He's going to win, right? I mean, how can he not? Voting for McCain would be like ... voting for Miley over Madonna ...

GORDON

The iPhone over the Blackberry.

HANNAH

(pulling her brand new iPhone out of her bag)

Yeah, I think you're going to want to rethink that one.

GORDON

Since when are you an early adopter?

HANNAH

I'm big-time now, remember? Gotta walk the walk.

GORDON

Look at you, Madame Marketress.

HANNAH

Who'd a thunk it?

GORDON

I would.

HANNAH

Thanks. Still not writing, though.

GORDON

Me neither. Work, life, *wife* ...

HANNAH

How is Lisa?

GORDON

Um ... she's ... we're not great.

HANNAH

Sorry to hear that.

GORDON

That's why I wanted to talk ... Sophie's good, though.

(A WAITER approaches for their order. GORDON waves him away.)

GORDON - CON'T.

Give us a second, would you?

(to Hannah)

It's just ... when you're married, or when you're with someone a long time ...

HANNAH

I'm single, Gordon. Not a shut-in.

GORDON

Sorry. It's just ... when you have a *kid* ... I thought once we finally had Sophie, everything would be great. Lisa had the daughter she always wanted and our lives would just hum along, you know? Turns out there are a million problems you can have after getting everything you think you want.

HANNAH

Hence the excitement on your Blackberry?

(GORDON looks at HANNAH for a long moment.)

GORDON

Well, if I can't have you ...

(Another long beat ... HANNAH is annoyed.)

GORDON - CON'T.

You should have been with me. You know that? If you had, we wouldn't be in this mess.

HANNAH

What mess are *we* in?

GORDON

For starters, you're alone. Still.

HANNAH

By choice.

GORDON

That is such bullshit. Are there really no decent men anywhere in the world? At least the continental United States?

HANNAH

What are you insinuating?

(The WAITER tries again but, judging by the looks on their faces, knows to stay away.)

GORDON

What person, what *woman*, wants to be alone her whole life?

HANNAH

Is that why married men have girlfriends? To stop them, *you*, from feeling alone?

GORDON

You misunderstand ...

HANNAH

You said you needed a friend tonight, yet you're attacking me. Or is this your idea of propositioning me?

GORDON

Look, I'm sorry. Please. ... You know something? Everything would have been better if we had just stayed on the road and never came back. Just kept driving. Good old Bertha. Live out of the car. Write. Be free. Fuck everything else.

HANNAH

Nice dream.

GORDON

You of all people know what happens when you give up your dream.

HANNAH

I'm not your dream, Gordon. You can keep telling yourself I am, and blame me for whatever's going on with you ... or for not being with you, but ...

GORDON

What do you want, Hannah? What would make you happy?

(HANNAH pauses a few moments.)

HANNAH

You know what I thought of the other day?

GORDON

Here we go ...

HANNAH

You probably don't remember: *The code*? I think we were in Vegas. With Bertha. There was a couple next to us in the parking lot and you looked at the guy. He nodded, you nodded, then you checked out his wife or girlfriend or whatever she was. Do you remember? You told me that's what men do. They get permission to ogle ...

GORDON

Appreciate ...

HANNAH

Appreciate the woman he's with.

GORDON

Are men not allowed to flirt anymore? Or appreciate a good-looking woman? Is that what you're saying?

HANNAH

That's not what I'm saying.

GORDON

It's harmless.

HANNAH

I agree. In theory. It didn't bother me then; I thought it was funny. And I've seen the *code* play out many times in many ways since. You're right; it's not a big deal, but it is something. *It's not nothing*. And combined with so many other things we're excluded from, and made to endure.

GORDON

What are you talking about?

HANNAH

The countless hours women spend *enduring* men.

GORDON

What is this? Battle of the sexes? Can't we just have dinner?

HANNAH

The inane and painful compliments about our appearance. The catcalls and exhortations to smile ...

GORDON

Is this because Obama beat Hillary?

HANNAH

The endless blah, blah, blah blowhard blather bullshit about yourselves. Your egomania.

GORDON

Are you actually talking about me? Do you even like me?

HANNAH

Countless, precious hours listening to men, enduring men, and pretending to give a shit so that we can appear nice and sweet and—the real reason? So we don't tick you off. Because god knows what could happen if we tick you off. And then? After we've endured all this, and we marry you and have your babies and support you and your careers and neglect our own, or give up our own, you go and get a fucking girlfriend.

GORDON

Men endure women, too, you know.

HANNAH

I'm sure they do. But you know what? I believe ... I think women everywhere have internalized all the trauma we've been forced to endure since the beginning of time. Time immemorial. At the hands of men. That's a real thing, you know that? An actual disorder. And I have self-diagnosed myself as suffering from it. *Inherited trauma*.

GORDON

It's sad to see you so angry. You're wearing rage-colored glasses.

HANNAH

Welcome to the real me, Gordon. Once and for all. It only took 38 years.

GORDON

This is not the real you. The real you is afraid, terrified of being with someone for fear that you might have to actually compromise or give a little and not get to be so selfish and picky and judgmental all the time ...

HANNAH

You are absolutely right. Although I would argue the judgmental part is new. But you want to know why?

GORDON

Not fucking really.

HANNAH

Well I'm going to tell you. Because I don't know who out there is worth it. Honestly. Haven't met them yet. And I'm the only one I know—who I know for sure—is worth it. So until there's that somebody else, it's me. Not *just* me. But me.

GORDON

You're not in the world if you believe that. You're hiding from the world. You're not in it.

HANNAH

I am never gonna hurt me.

GORDON

But that's exactly what you're doing. You've taken yourself out.

HANNAH

I am never gonna cheat on me, lie to me, betray me, *rape* me.

GORDON

Jesus. What's happened to you?

HANNAH

I, and I alone, am responsible for me. And I like it that way. I LOVE it that way. No one can tell me what to do or be and, let me tell you something, you try being a woman and then tell me you would willingly forfeit any of that tiny shred, that infinitesimal power you've managed to gain for yourself over the course of a lifetime. I hoard it, and I will never cede it to you. And you can't stand that, can you? But you will never know what it's like—and that's great for you; congratulations!—but you also ignore what it's like to be me. So don't you dare tell me about my life, and what you perceive as *my mess*, and anything else you think you've learned about me, or any other woman on this planet, after all these years. Don't you fucking dare. And don't you dare tell me that as a father of a daughter you have any better clue than you ever had before. That you *understand*.

GORDON

Are all women this angry?

HANNAH

Damn straight! Some of us just don't know it yet. And you're all too self-obsessed to notice or care. But you will. I promise you will. You all will.

(The poor WAITER tries one more time, but HANNAH flies out of there, leaving GORDON at the table alone. Bewildered.)

(BLACKOUT)

End scene.

SCENE III: 2012

(HANNAH moves into a new apartment. There are holiday lights and decorations denoting it's December. HANNAH unpacks a box, listening to some of the more egregious lyrics of a recent cover of "Baby, It's Cold Outside," clearly dismayed at what she's hearing, when her doorbell rings. She excitedly races to the door and reveals MOON and ELLIE.)

HANNAH

Finally!

(MOON and ELLIE practically fall inside HANNAH's apartment in their excitement to see her. The trio hugs for an extended period of time. It's solemn. After a few moments, they finally separate.)

ELLIE

Old friends are the best friends.

MOON

This is true.

(HANNAH turns off the music.)

HANNAH

I had no idea how rapey that song was until just now.

ELLIE

It's not rapey. It's romantic.

MOON

Get a grip, Ellie. You're 44. When are you going to join us in the real, rapey world?

ELLIE

Why are you still so mean?

(MOON and ELLIE check out HANNAH's new digs.)

ELLIE - CON'T.

Wow, this place is fancy.

HANNAH

It's not *fancy* ...

MOON

Maybe not compared to your fancy life in London ...

HANNAH

Puh-leaze.

ELLIE

Where's Claire?

HANNAH

She went to get some wine.

MOON

'atta girl, Claire. So, how does it feel to be home?

ELLIE

Do you have an English accent now? Say something!

HANNAH

I was only there two years.

ELLIE

Madonna had an accent after five minutes.

HANNAH

Yeah, well, I'm not Madonna.

MOON

Sadly.

HANNAH

Ellie Bell, how are the girls?

ELLIE

Great! They can't wait to visit you in your new, cool apartment. Jimmy says hi.

HANNAH

Hi, Jimmy.

MOON

Cesar says hi, too. Sorry he couldn't be here, but he's flying with the boys and we're all meeting in Addis Ababa.

ELLIE

That sounds so exotic.

MOON

I can't wait to meet her.

ELLIE

Did you decide on a name?

MOON

Well, as you know, she was born *Satan* ...

HANNAH

How perfect for you.

MOON

Ha ha. Over there it means 'strong in spiritual life.' That's not going to work here, obviously, even if we do live in California, so we're going to call her Aida, which is common there, too.

ELLIE

So pretty. What does it mean?

MOON

'Gift,' which is what she is. I was so sad for so long that we couldn't conceive, but this is better, don't you think?

ELLIE

Everyone needs a family.

MOON

Maybe you should adopt one, too, Hannah?

(HANNAH just smiles as CLAIRE arrives, carrying a bag full of wine bottles. She greets MOON and ELLIE like the old friends they are.)

MOON - CON'T.

Our dear Claire.

CLAIRE

Hello! It's soooooo good to see you guys.

ELLIE

I've missed you so much!

CLAIRE

Me, too. When are you ever going to come visit me in Chicago? I can hook your girls up with some really stellar birth control.

ELLIE

Oh goodness, not yet! And you know I'd love to, but Jimmy says we can't travel until Janey finishes high school. Only nine more years!

CLAIRE

I'm going to hold you to that. Here, help me with this?

(CLAIRE leads ELLIE into the kitchen, leaving MOON and HANNAH alone in the living room.)

MOON

I'm so glad you're back in the States, even if you're still 3,000 miles away.

HANNAH

Feels like *terra firma* for a change.

MOON

Maybe we'll get to see each other more?

HANNAH

I hope so.

(MOON looks around.)

MOON

You know, this isn't much different from our place on 95th Street. Swankier, sure, but there's something about it ...

HANNAH

Would you believe I had the same thought? I think that's why I bought it.

MOON

Those were good days. Would you go back? If you could?

HANNAH

I like now.

MOON

Me, too. Can you believe I'm getting a little girl? Hannah! I'm so excited and nervous and thrilled and freaked out.

HANNAH

The feelings reserved for only the best things in life.

MOON

How is it I'm still surprised by my own life?

HANNAH

That's good. Keeps it interesting.

MOON

H, I want ... I've thought about that day ... the shower? No one needed to attend yet another bridal shower at that point in their lives. It was a mistake.

HANNAH

Let's just have a nice ...

MOON

I'm sorry. That's all I want to say. I've wanted to say it for a long time. And ask your forgiveness. I feel like our friendship changed that day.

HANNAH

Maybe it was time for a change?

MOON

Do you think it was?

HANNAH

Maybe. Or maybe I was.

(MOON thinks about this for a moment.)

MOON

Are we OK? I want you to tell me the truth. I can't function if you're mad at me. Deep down. Or think I'm a horrible person.

(Now it's HANNAH's turn to think.)

HANNAH

I've thought about it a lot, too. I think it was a kind of tipping point ... in some way ... but what should I have done? When you were a *prostitute—for fun*—should I have waltzed in like Jennifer Beals in that strip joint and dragged you out of there? *You call that dancing, rolling on the floor on your back?* Or when you dumped Tammi, who was fucking suicidal, should I have screamed at you, and made you face what you'd done? Should I have called Ellie and Claire and hosted an intervention? Even though we all knew that you knew exactly what you were doing and didn't care? Should you have done the same for me when I went headlong into an affair and got torn apart? Which is what I deserved for putting myself in the middle of a marriage, even if I couldn't help myself. And didn't even try? Who's to say anything about any of it? I honestly don't know. Never did.

(There's a long pause as they just look at each other.)

MOON

You think I'm horrible.

HANNAH

Not horrible. Careless, maybe. I've been careless, too.

(mostly to herself)

Human. Like all the poor slobs in this rich freaking tapestry called modern life. But I'm trying to come to terms with my place in all of it ... with everything.

MOON

Me too. I'm trying to be better.

HANNAH

How's that working out for you?

MOON

It's a slog.

HANNAH

For me, too.

MOON

Are we going to be OK?

HANNAH

We'll always be OK. At least I hope so. I think so?

MOON

I don't know where I'd be ...

HANNAH

Me, too.

MOON

If I don't have you ... you're my conscience, H. Have been my whole life.

HANNAH

No, I'm not. I'm your permission. Your pass. Ellie's the conscience. But you ignore her and I just take her under advisement.

(MOON wanders, letting the moment settle. She waits a while before speaking again.)

MOON

Is it alright if I ask ... what happened with the Brit?

HANNAH

He didn't want to come here and I didn't want to stay there. So here we are.

(CLAIRE and ELLIE re-enter the room, carrying glasses of wine for all.)

CLAIRE

Cheers, my dears! To Hannah's triumphant return to her homeland, the holidays and four more years of O-BAM-A!

(They all clink, except ELLIE, who kind of looks at the ground.)

MOON

Please don't tell me you voted for Mittens ...

HANNAH

(raising her glass to Ellie)

Forget all that. To us. To friends. I'm so very happy to be with you once again.

(They all clink this time, and do their ritual toast. Everyone takes a seat except HANNAH, who continues unpacking.)

MOON

Look at us. Who'd a thunk it?

HANNAH

None of it surprises me.

MOON

You're not surprised Ellie is still with Jimmy, and the mother of three beautiful daughters?

HANNAH

Nope.

MOON

Or that Claire is knocking 'em dead in Chicago, *running* Planned Parenthood and with a brilliant husband and son to boot?

HANNAH

Not one whit.

MOON

And you just back from two years in bloody London?

HANNAH

Uh-uh.

MOON

What about me, about to adopt a baby from freaking Ethiopia? Holy shit, Hannah!

HANNAH

(teasing)

Well, maybe that is a surprise ...

ELLIE

There's nothing surprising about me. I never left.

HANNAH

But you never wanted to.

ELLIE

That's true. Still ... are you guys, like, proud of me?

HANNAH/CLAIRE

Of course! What are you even talking about?

ELLIE
(to Moon)

Are you?

(MOON and HANNAH share a look. HANNAH nods at her.)

MOON
Very much so.

ELLIE
Why?

MOON
What do you mean *why*? You're one of my oldest and dearest friends. Even if you are a nerd.

ELLIE
What are you proud of?

MOON
You're really going to make me do this? OK. I'm proud of how you always knew exactly what you wanted, and you went and got it. You wanted to marry Jimmy and have a family and stay near your parents and that maniac brother of yours—and you did. And you've made it work. That's huge, and more than a lot of people can ever say or accomplish.

ELLIE
Thanks, Moon. This is a nice moment for me.

MOON
It's true. I was hoping I could get away with a lifetime of not having to admit this, but I admire you. It took me years to get to where you've always been.

ELLIE
But I missed so much.

MOON

You didn't miss a thing.

ELLIE

And here I thought you looked down on me.

MOON

How could you think that? And, honestly, Ellie. Why in the world would you ever care what I think? All I've been good for is a couple of STDs and an abortion here and there. A few date rapes ...

(There's a long beat between them.)

MOON - CON'T.

Chalk it up to experience.

(MOON holds up her glass to her friends, who silently cheer her.)

ELLIE

I'm going to find something. Soon. The girls are getting older ... I want something for me for a change. I'm tired of everyone else's stuff.

HANNAH

We all have our *stuff*, whether it's true or not is a whole other issue.

CLAIRE

(to Hannah)

What's your stuff?

HANNAH

Ah, *now is the winter of our discontent* ...

ELLIE

English, Hannah. Please ... you know I hate that.

(HANNAH finally sits down and truly joins in the conversation.)

HANNAH

Sorry, El. Truth be told? I'm sad.

(Everyone is quiet for a moment.)

MOON

Situationally? Or terminally?

CLAIRE

Huh?

MOON

Like an asshole? There are situational and terminal assholes. Which are you?

HANNAH

Sign me up for situational.

ELLIE

Why are you sad, Hannah?

HANNAH

For all the reasons you think I am and then some more you wouldn't know about.

(HANNAH pauses.)

MOON

Do you plan to share them?

HANNAH

I'm sad things didn't work out with the Brit. I thought they would—hoped they would—and it's been really hard to take that they haven't.

ELLIE

Why didn't you stay?

HANNAH

Because he wouldn't leave. We were together a year, a very happy year as far as I was concerned, but when this job came up he didn't even think of coming with me. Didn't even consider it. And that told me everything I needed to know.

ELLIE

Well he has a good job, right? Responsibilities ...

HANNAH

He can work from anywhere. He could live anywhere. Things could have fallen a certain way, I suppose, but they didn't.

CLAIRE

Sorry, Hannah.

HANNAH

Me, too. I'm so damn tired ... tired of trying so hard and feeling I'm not getting anywhere. Poor me, I know. Bust out the violins ...

ELLIE

But you're so successful!

HANNAH

I'm not *successful* in the ways I want to be successful. I'm supposed to be all sorts of other things. Look, I know this is all existential bullshit and I'm very fortunate and blah, blah, blah ... I'm already tired of listening to myself.

CLAIRE

We all feel that way sometimes. It comes with the territory.

HANNAH

I have never tested myself. Or even tried. Risked. We are so *lucky* ... we were born so lucky. I know that.

CLAIRE

Speak for yourself, Sister.

HANNAH

You know what I mean ...

CLAIRE

Yeah, and you know I have a different take. You live half the battle I do ...

(re: Moon)

We do.

(MOON shakes her head no.)

HANNAH

I know that's true. You know I do.

CLAIRE

When are you ever going to face your own reality, Moon?

(MOON just looks at CLAIRE.)

CLAIRE - CON'T.

You know what I'm saying. And you're adopting an African child for Christ's sake. Face it already. If not for yourself then for her.

MOON

(solemnly)

I'm not there yet. That's next. I know that has to be next.

(ELLIE tries to break the tension.)

ELLIE

There's only so much you can do ... or address ...

(to Hannah)

But I don't know that I understand what you're saying. You are so privileged. All of you. Look at how you live.

HANNAH

I guess that's what I'm trying to say. You're right, El. I can do whatever I want, but I don't. I put all my effort into things that don't matter. My job? *Career*? I don't give a

single shit about it. I did care about the Brit, but he clearly didn't feel the same way. And now? I'm 44, starting over yet again and with nothing that matters to show for it.

MOON

That's not true. You have your writing.

HANNAH

I haven't written anything, Moon. I have never written anything. ... Do you know who you are? What you're made of? What does it take? Violence? Trauma? A war?

CLAIRE

You want that? You don't fucking want that.

HANNAH

I want to be tested.

MOON

What do you call being a woman?

CLAIRE

Try a black woman.

HANNAH

Very good points. Yes. But, Claire? Just once. You know I love you. But can I vent, just once, as a woman? A person? Me? I know I don't know ... and I don't mean to take anything away ... at all. But, please?

(CLAIRE is hit by a ton of bricks. But she nods. MOON reaches for CLAIRE's hand. HANNAH takes a deep breath and continues.)

HANNAH - CON'T.

I am well aware of the fact that part of the reason I get to be ... a *bystander* ... is because I'm white. Middle class and all that. I completely understand that and it sucks. Totally. And I can't be a bystander, or wait on the sidelines, my whole life. I don't want to. And I can't just continue to let things happen, or let them go. Without judgment. Without action. Or fight. At some point, I need to earn my keep.

MOON

You're gestating.

HANNAH

I appreciate that you keep saying that, Moon, but it's bullshit. I'm coasting, too afraid to make any real changes and risk whatever *this* is. And I'm tired of always pretending that everything's OK.

CLAIRE

What do you think we're all doing? What everyone's doing? Hanging on by a thread, doing the best we can, whether we're in the one percent or an orphanage in Addis Ababa. You should see some of the women ... *girls* ... I see at work. The desperation. And my home life? As much as things are *fine* ... it isn't everything I sometimes make it out to be.

ELLIE

Jimmy and I have our struggles ...

MOON

Satan has definitely been hanging on by a thread.

ELLIE

Not anymore. Now she has you.

(MOON and ELLIE share a smile.)

ELLIE - CON'T.

(mostly to herself)

Jimmy can be a real asshole sometimes.

(MOON, HANNAH and CLAIRE look at ELLIE, surprised. She's never said a negative word about her husband.)

ELLIE - CON'T.

I know you think I don't know that, but I do. I've known it since the seventh grade ... or that people, *men*, like me because I go along to get along. I never rock a boat. I know that, too. What I don't know is if I understand all this, but I love you, Hannah. And I'm

honored to be your friend. All of you. And I will always do whatever I can to support whatever you want. No matter what.

(There's a long beat between them.)

HANNAH

Thanks, Ellie Bell. You'll all be the first to know if and when I ever figure this out. The dream ... whatever it is. Coz when you give up your dream? Once you finally have one?

ELLIE/MOON/CLAIRE

(solemnly)

You die.

(Everyone is silent.)

ELLIE

And for the record, and just so you know? I didn't last time but this time ... I voted for Obama. So there.

(They all crack up and cheer and smother ELLIE with hugs and laughter.)

(BLACKOUT)

End scene.

SCENE IV: 2015

(HANNAH mingles at a cocktail party, making small talk with the other ATTENDEES while sipping a glass of wine. A pianist plays some easy listening before HANNAH is joined by ROBERT, her company's CEO.)

ROBERT

Are we having fun yet?

HANNAH

Always.

ROBERT

You were great up there. You should present more often.

HANNAH

Thank you, Mr. Hunter.

ROBERT

Robert. Please. Sorry we haven't had a chance to talk before.

HANNAH

You should come to New York more often.

ROBERT

I think I will. I hear great things about you; Stewart is very pleased.

HANNAH

Stewart's a pleasure to work with.

ROBERT

Seems you're on track for great things. Keep it up.

HANNAH

Thank you.

ROBERT

I will say, you're a testament to all the hard-working, driven and focused women out there. I've had the pleasure of working with a few in my day; nothing beats a great woman in the workplace.

(ROBERT raises his glass to HANNAH's, and she clinks it, albeit not all that comfortably. ROBERT notices something and laughs to himself.)

ROBERT - CON'T.

You have a sense of humor, right? I can show you something?

HANNAH

(not so sure)

Sure ...

ROBERT

Look at that piano. You'd think there'd be a sleek baby grand in a place like this, not a dinosaur. But doesn't it remind you of someone?

HANNAH

The piano?

ROBERT

Look at the legs. Thick ankles. You know who that is?

HANNAH

I can't say I do.

ROBERT

(cracking up)

It's *Mrs. Clinton*, as my wife likes to call her. Don't you see the resemblance? It's remarkable.

(off Hannah's stoneface)

Oh, I'm just kidding. It's OK she's going to run *again*. I have a daughter, so ... it will be good for her to see this. Even though they're going to tear her apart. Seriously, you look really, really familiar. Are you sure we haven't met?

HANNAH

I'm sure I would remember.

ROBERT

I have a distinctive look, don't I? And I'm just teasing. You know that, right? You have a sense of humor?

HANNAH

Of course.

ROBERT

Just a little harmless banter. It's nothing ... nothing. Seriously, though, I would like you to present more, at conferences and panels. I'll talk to Stewart. You have a nice style. *Easy.*

HANNAH

Thank you.

ROBERT

I wish women had greater opportunities in the workplace. I really do. And I believe in giving them those opportunities. Especially women like you, who have stayed *unencumbered* all these years and focused on their careers. I want to support you and your choices.

HANNAH

I appreciate that.

ROBERT

You may not know this; I don't make a big deal of it. Well, maybe with the guys, but, before I became a *Mad Man* I played baseball. Just the minors; too many injuries to make the pros. But when I started, as a kid, there was a girl on every team. One girl. And you know what? Some of 'em were pretty good. But by the time we started to play for real, they all quit or lost interest or left to play softball, I guess. They couldn't compete, or *play ball*, as the saying goes. But my point is, if they had hung in there and stuck around, they would have learned about teamwork, commitment, dedication ... *friendship*, and there would be more women today in positions like yours. It's a shame, really. But it's good you're ahead of the game. And I'm glad you're on our team.

(HANNAH starts to say something but stops. ROBERT doesn't notice or care.)

ROBERT - CON'T.

All this to say, you have a champion in me. Know that. And I will do everything I can to help you become a success. OK, gotta mingle.

(winking at her)

See you around.

(ROBERT walks away as the piano version of the song "Roar" by Katy Perry is heard playing in the background. HANNAH stands there, stoically, as the lights dim and the real song starts to play its chorus and grows louder.)

SONG

I got the eye of the tiger, a fighter

Dancing through the fire

'Cause I am the champion, and you're gonna hear me roar

Louder, louder than a lion

'Cause I am a champion, and you're gonna hear me roar!

(BLACKOUT)

End scene.

SCENE V: 2016

(HANNAH is onstage at her presentation—from the prologue in Act One—continuing her slideshow. Behind her on the screen is a picture of man on skis.)

HANNAH

Product creation is based on the average male, so prototypes are built on, let's say, a five-foot, nine-inch man—that's the average height in the U.S.—weighing around 195 pounds and then, once that prototype is final, they'll scale it to fit men of other sizes. And then you know what they do for women?

(HANNAH changes the slide to depict a woman on skis, only now the skis—and the woman's outfit—are pink.)

HANNAH - CON'T.

It's a time-honored marketing strategy known as 'Shrink it and Pink It.' Don't you just love this?

(HANNAH flips the slides to depict pink boxing gloves, a pink surfboard and a pink sports bra with matching panties. The audience boos.)

HANNAH - CON'T.

Who's gotta have it? OK, time to get serious. All my life I've been chastised for being too serious. And maybe I have been. But you know what? It's prepared me for the power that women now possess, if only we would exercise it. Do you know that 91 percent of women say advertisers don't understand them? Ninety-one percent!

(re: the current slide)

Gee, I wonder why ...

(HANNAH now changes the slide to depict a woman carrying a briefcase standing next to a smaller man, also carrying a briefcase.)

HANNAH - CON'T.

According to a recent Harvard study, women control \$20 trillion in annual spending, and are the buying group that drives the economy. *Drives* it. And this number is only growing. Can you imagine what would happen if we truly exerted our power? Who books

the family vacation each year? You do. Who organizes ski school, the golf pro and spa appointments? You do. Who decides where the kids go to camp? And buys the gear? Now, I'm not saying that I want *this* to happen ...

(HANNAH changes the slide to depict the man, currently on screen, now dressed all in pink and even smaller than he was before.)

HANNAH - CON'T.

Although I know a lot of men out there, and even some of you, I suppose, might disagree and call me dirty words like *feminist* and other epithets that I would have, at other times in my life, felt conflicted about confirming or denying. It's time to stop all that nonsense and embrace who and what we are—what we have become—and that is *powerful*. After all, the future is female, which is why, today, I am presenting a new way to work, think and be ...

(HANNAH changes the slide to depict her new company's logo: The Holland Group.)

HANNAH - CON'T.

I am Hannah Holland, and I am here to introduce you to my new company, which is my best effort to serve your best efforts in the sports and recreation marketplace, which has been traditionally—and wrongly—marketed by and to men, for these many years. Together, we will turn that marketplace on its head. How does that sound?

(The AUDIENCE claps and cheers.)

HANNAH - CON'T.

I have a former boss to thank for the inspiration and impetus to strike out on my own. Robby Hunter from the orange team—thanks for giving me that push, the motivation, to finally take that chance.

(BLACKOUT)

End scene.

SCENE VI: JANUARY 20, 2017

(It's late afternoon in HANNAH's apartment; some luggage waits by the door. The TV news is on in the living room—it's Inauguration Day. Someone knocks on her door and HANNAH emerges from her bedroom. She's only half-dressed as she answers the door.)

HANNAH

You're early!

(But it's GORDON. HANNAH is surprised; she was expecting someone else.)

GORDON

Oh good. You're alive.

HANNAH

Barely.

(GORDON kisses HANNAH and hands her a bottle of vodka).

GORDON

Your neighbor let me in. That creepy guy on the second floor? You sure he's harmless?

HANNAH

So far.

GORDON

(re: hearing the TV)

I figured shots were in order. You may want to stick this in the freezer for a minute.

HANNAH

Thanks. I think.

(HANNAH turns off the TV and heads to the kitchen with the bottle. GORDON notices the luggage but doesn't say anything.)

GORDON

I can't fathom any of this.

HANNAH

It's definitely not great.

GORDON

Now there's an understatement for the ages.

(HANNAH returns.)

GORDON - CON'T.

How are you even functioning?

HANNAH

I'm sanguine, I guess.

GORDON

What does that mean?

HANNAH

Really, English major?

GORDON

Never mind ...

HANNAH

I'm kidding. There are two meanings, but really they're the same. I'm paraphrasing, of course, but number one is cheerful in the face of a difficult situation.

GORDON

And the other?

HANNAH

Blood red.

GORDON

More like *blood orange*, don't you think? But what in holy hell are you cheerful about?

HANNAH

Well, we'll survive, like we always do, and if anything good is to come of this, it's art and activism. And I like both. Also, Ellie Bell and the great caravan is arriving soon.

GORDON

You're going?

HANNAH

Yep. All of us.

GORDON

Jimmy's OK with that?

HANNAH

Ellie didn't say. And, frankly, I don't think she cares at this point.

(gesturing to the TV)

Blood Orange put her over the edge.

GORDON

Well, she does have a heart, a mind, and a soul ... So, it's true, isn't it? A certain someone in this room—and who isn't me—is thinking of running for office?

(off Hannah's coy shrug)

How successful is that company of yours, anyway?

HANNAH

Don't you mean *was*?

GORDON

You didn't?

HANNAH

I did. Final as of last week.

GORDON

That was fast.

HANNAH

Well, one thing led to another ...

GORDON

And a bit of recruitment by the Democratic party of New York?

HANNAH

The very one. So I sold the company.

GORDON

And you're going to do it?

HANNAH

I'm thinking about it very seriously, but I'm not going to lie. I am terrified ... single women ... no kids ... *heretic*.

GORDON

Fuck 'em. You can take 'em. And besides, Sophie tells me spinsters are very chic these days. And that she's never going to marry. A man, anyway.

HANNAH

Buckle up, Gordo.

GORDON

I'm so buckled I'm practically in a straightjacket. So ... need any help? I have some experience in the realm of voter registration.

HANNAH

I may take you up on that. If I decide to run. Which I likely will. I'm actually dying to. As for offering assistance, you can get in line ... I've been blessed with the best of friends. And that's not small.

GORDON

I'm happy for you.

HANNAH

Me, too.

GORDON

You're on the verge of becoming a heroine—a heroine for the 21st century.

HANNAH

That's wonderful to contemplate. Now, how are you? Seriously.

GORDON

Seriously? I'm good. The divorce remains amicable.

HANNAH

Very glad to hear that.

GORDON

Sophie's a trooper. Well adjusted and all that.

HANNAH

Very, very glad to hear that. She's a really special kid.

GORDON

She is. And I'll always love Lisa, but she'll never be the love of my life.

(They share a quiet moment.)

GORDON - CON'T.

What about you?

HANNAH

What about me?

GORDON

Who's the love of your life?

HANNAH

I think the question for me really is *what*.

GORDON

OK, *what* is the love of your life?

HANNAH

What I'm doing now. Finally. And who knows? This life is long ... there's still a long way to go. And I think I'm just getting started.

GORDON

We should celebrate that. Want to get the vodka?

HANNAH

A most excellent idea.

(HANNAH goes to the kitchen and returns with the bottle and a couple of shot glasses.)

HANNAH - CON'T.

Too bad there's no fruit to soak in here. To really fuck us up.

GORDON

I feel fucked up plenty at the moment.

(HANNAH pours them each a shot and raises her glass to GORDON'S.)

GORDON - CON'T.

So, we just keep going? Doing what we're doing?

HANNAH

And try to do more, I suppose. And be better. All hands on deck. March! March! March!

GORDON

I'll drink to that.

(They drink.)

HANNAH

God, that hit the spot.

GORDON

One more for the road?

HANNAH

To D.C.!

(HANNAH pours another shot but doesn't yet drink.)

HANNAH - CON'T.

You know something? I believed them.

GORDON

Who?

HANNAH

Growing up in this country? They tell you you can do anything. Be anything. No matter who you are or where you come from. Even if you're a girl ... they told us there wasn't anything we couldn't do, and I believed them.

GORDON

Do you still?

HANNAH

Now more than ever.

(They drink the shot, then GORDON puts down his glass and gives HANNAH a quick peck on the cheek.)

GORDON

I should go. I have a daughter to console.

HANNAH

I'm really glad you stopped by, Gordon. Really, really glad.

GORDON

Me, too.

HANNAH

You know, you and Sophie can come with us. Ellie has an enormous fucking SUV so there's plenty of room.

GORDON

She and Lisa are going to march here. I'm thinking of joining them.

HANNAH

Let's not wait too long to see each other again, OK?

GORDON

Deal. Be careful.

HANNAH

You, too.

(GORDON heads for the door but thinks of something and stops.)

GORDON

Hannah, aren't you lonely?

HANNAH

I may be alone, but I'm not lonely. Too much to do.

GORDON

Always friends, right?

HANNAH

No matter what.

GORDON

Through thick and thin?

HANNAH

And everywhere in between.

GORDON

You know where to find me if you ever want something more ...

HANNAH

Never gonna happen ... but thanks all the same.

(GORDON cracks up and exits as ELLIE, MOON and CLAIRE arrive and enter HANNAH's apartment. They all exchange quick but heartfelt hugs and pleasantries, but ELLIE, MOON and CLAIRE move quickly, forcing GORDON out of the way.)

ELLIE

The girls are in the car and I'm double-parked. Let's go! Let's move!

HANNAH

(to Gordon)

She's auditioning for campaign manager.

GORDON

I'll fight her for it.

(HANNAH laughs, closes the door behind GORDON and rests against it for a moment. She looks at her friends, who grab her bags, look around her apartment for other luggage, and form a semi-circle around HANNAH, who smiles to herself.)

MOON

Is this everything?

HANNAH

Uh-huh.

MOON

You sure?

HANNAH

Yep.

ELLIE

Always traveling light. That's our Hannah.

CLAIRE

There's nothing in the bedroom? Want to take a last look?

HANNAH

Nope. I have everything I need. Right here. You ready?

(HANNAH smiles at her friends and they all stop moving for a moment and smile back. And nod. HANNAH breathes in and exhales ...)

HANNAH - CON'T.

Me, too.

(BLACKOUT)

THE END