

A CHEAP RED
a play by Tom Baum

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BREE, a wedding planner, 20s-40s, white

KEVIN, a Jewish lawyer, 30s-40s

TERRENCE, a cop, 30s, African-American

JAYNA, a massage therapist, 20s-30s, Asian

LORRAINE, a professor, 40s, white

AMY, a preschool teacher, 20s, ethnicity optional

The setting is a living room with an adjacent dining area, pared down to its essentials—couch, chairs, coffee table, liquor cabinet, dining table and chairs. There are two exits, one stage right to an unseen kitchen, the other stage left to an unseen front door. Minimal changes in décor between Scenes 3 and 4, and between Scenes 6 and 7, define whose dining room/living room it is.

Scenes 1-3 take place in Bree and Kevin's dining room/living room.

Scenes 4-6 take place in Lorraine and Amy's dining room/living room, a few months later.

Scenes 7-8 take place in Terrence and Jayna's dining room/living room, another few months later.

Scene 1

(KEVIN and BREE's dining room/living room. Yuppies live here. BREE is putting out dip on the coffee table. KEVIN is scrolling through his iPod.)

BREE: Well, what kind of music does he like?

KEVIN: I don't know. It hasn't come up. Wait. Yeah, he said he listened to Jay-Z in his patrol car.

BREE: That'll be restful. What about her?

KEVIN: No idea.

BREE: Panflute?

KEVIN: Yeah, probably.

BREE: Tell you what. Why don't we not have music tonight.

KEVIN: We always do.

BREE: I'm just not in the mood for noise.

KEVIN: What's the matter.

BREE: I don't even know why we're doing this.

KEVIN: Honey, it's an important case for me, OK? I win this, I have a real shot at partner. Plus there's a false arrest issue here, if I get this guy off. We can sue the complainant, we can sue the town. Major payday.

BREE: You never brought a client home before.

KEVIN: Sweetheart, he pushed for it. It's a trust-builder. He takes one look at you, he knows I'm not a flake.

BREE: What did he do? Allegedly do.

KEVIN: I don't want to color this.

BREE: That sounds ominous.

KEVIN: It's not ominous. The guy's totally innocent. And that's all I'm gonna say. Gimme a hug.

BREE: I'm still concerned about the food. It's kind of Family Hold Back.

KEVIN: You know what I don't get. How you can do what you do and not have the extravagance rub off.

BREE: I'm not known for my extravagance. I'm known for bringing my weddings in on budget.

KEVIN: That's your brand.

BREE: That's right. I'm a slave to my brand.

KEVIN: That's my girl. Just relax, OK? You're gonna love this guy. I guarantee.

(Doorbell rings.)

KEVIN: I'll get it.

(KEVIN exits to answer the front door. Ad-lib hellos, off. KEVIN re-enters, with JAYNA. JAYNA is wearing a winter coat and a scarf and is carrying a bottle of red wine.)

BREE: Hi. Welcome. I'm Bree.

JAYNA: Hi, Bree. I'm Jayna

BREE: Nice to meet you, Jayna.

(TERRENCE has entered, also in a winter coat. BREE is stunned to see him.)

KEVIN: And this is Terrence. Terrence, this is Bree.

TERRENCE: Hi, Bree.

BREE: Hi. Kevin, do you want to take their coats?

KEVIN: Sure. Let me have your coats.

(KEVIN takes the coats, exits.)

TERRENCE: Have we met?

BREE: No. We haven't met.

TERRENCE: You look so familiar.

BREE: I would've remembered.

TERRENCE: You're absolutely sure we've never—

BREE: I'm sure.

JAYNA: Terrence, she's sure. (*re wine*) This is for you.

BREE: Thank you. You didn't have to.

JAYNA: We love this wine. We give it to everybody. It's sulfite-free.

BREE: Is that a good thing?

JAYNA: Ohmigod, yes. Sulfites are what give you the headache. This wine's got special congers.

(KEVIN *has entered.*)

KEVIN: Congers?

TERRENCE: She means congeners. Congers are a kind of eel.

JAYNA: Anyway, it's got them.

BREE: So would you like some?

JAYNA: Later? With dinner?

BREE: What about you, Terrence?

TERRENCE: Just water, thank you.

JAYNA: For me too. Oh, and does it come in a plastic bottle?

KEVIN: Is that a problem?

JAYNA: OK. I'm sorry to be such a pest, do you have a filtration system under your sink?

BREE: Sorry, no, we don't.

JAYNA: Then bubbly water.

KEVIN: One water, one no-plastic bubbly.

BREE: I'll get them.

KEVIN: Are you sure?

BREE: I'll get them.

(BREE exits, pausing to steady herself.. JAYNA, TERRENCE, and KEVIN sit.)

JAYNA: This is great. This is so nice. *(re dip)* Can I ask what's in this dip?

KEVIN: Why, are you a vegetarian?

JAYNA: Ohmigod. Terrence, you didn't warn them?

TERRENCE: Yeah, sorry, I forgot to say. Jayna's a Buddhist.

KEVIN: Are all Buddhists vegetarians?

JAYNA: A bunch of us are.

KEVIN: "Whatever you're eating, that's what you're eating."
Wouldn't that be the Buddhist attitude toward dip?

JAYNA: Uh-huh. But I'm a vegetarian Buddhist. And not a vegan, by the way. That's too hard. You can never eat in a restaurant. They sneak eggs into everything. But I'm basically Green. On most things. Not all things. I like to take ten-minute showers.

KEVIN: Alone?

JAYNA: Yes. Otherwise, two minutes.

TERRENCE: She's kidding.

JAYNA: I wish. No. I am kidding. Totally kidding.

KEVIN: Well, the dip is meatless. So is the pasta we're having. *(to BREE, entering with the waters)* Thank you, Bree. *(toasting)*
So...good luck to all of us.

JAYNA: Good luck. It's so nice to be here.

(Pause. BREE is staring at TERRENCE.)

BREE: So...Terrence...whereabouts do you live?

JAYNA: You know those Sunrise Apartments? On Grove?

BREE: Both of you.

JAYNA: Yes, we live together.

BREE: For how long?

KEVIN: What she means is, if you need a wedding planner, she's your gal.

BREE: Jane, you're a physical therapist?

JAYNA: Jayn-a. Physi-o.

BREE: Physi-o. Does that mean massage?

JAYNA: Yes, it means massage.

KEVIN: So I guess the next question is—

JAYNA: No, I don't give happy endings. At the end I do an astral scan.

KEVIN: No hands.

JAYNA: No hands, no touching.

KEVIN: But the penis rises anyway.

JAYNA: Uh-huh, sometimes. But no orgasms. The men, I mean. Women, yes, sometimes. Women orgasm spontaneously. Totally unpredictable. Totally out of my control.

BREE: What about Terrence?

JAYNA: Do I give him massages? Oh yeah. All the time.

BREE: How nice for him.

JAYNA: Freebies, of course.

BREE: Of course.

JAYNA: He's been so tense lately. That crazy c-word, I could strangle her.

TERRENCE: Crazy drunk c-word. Blood alcohol one point eight.

JAYNA: I mean why would the jury ever believe her?

KEVIN: They won't. Don't worry.

JAYNA: White woman, black cop.

KEVIN: Those are the optics. We'll get beyond that.

JAYNA: (*to BREE*) The department's been really sucky about it. He's got his degree in criminology, trying for detective, before he can get a word out they suspend him. The only black cop in town. It's criminal.

KEVIN: It's called wrongful termination. And when we prove the bitch was lying, we'll have a defamation case. Town's gonna pay through the nose.

JAYNA: I mean, Terrence can't help it if women are attracted. The uniform, and everything else about him, right?

TERRENCE: Jayna? I don't think we should be talking about this.

JAYNA: Why? I'm sure Bree's heard all about it.

TERRENCE: Did you, Bree?

BREE: Did I what? Hear about it? No. Kevin didn't tell me anything. Except how crucial the case is.

JAYNA: I mean, it helps the case, doesn't it? A handsome guy, it could look like the woman's fantasizing.

BREE: And was she fantasizing?

JAYNA: Oh one hundred per cent. Sexual battery? No way. She made a pass and Terrence stiffed her. Oops. Bad choice of words. Ohmigod, a sexual predator, how crazy is that. I mean just look at him.

TERRENCE: Jayna, I don't think Bree needs to hear about this.

BREE: No, I'm fascinated. What does a predator look like?

JAYNA: Well, you know—a lot of bling...and product...tight pants...open shirt...

KEVIN: You mean a douchebag.

BREE: No.

KEVIN: What do you mean, no?

BREE: There's no way to tell a predator. You just take the hit, throw out a few internal organs like a sea cucumber and inch away to regrow new ones.

JAYNA: Yikes. That's so weird. That's beautiful.

KEVIN: I don't get it.

BREE: It's a metaphor, Kevin.

KEVIN: Yeah, I'm not a big fan of metaphors.

BREE: You don't need metaphors. You're a lawyer.

TERRENCE: Isn't douchebag a metaphor?

BREE: Douchebag is a metaphor.

KEVIN: Douchebag is not the issue.

BREE: So what is the issue?

TERRENCE: Tearing up a ticket in return for a sexual favor, which was never asked for, never granted, never happened, so can we please move on?

JAYNA: Sorry, babe, you're right. So... Bree...how did you get into your line of work?

BREE: I chose it.

JAYNA: Were your parents happily married?

BREE: They weren't happy and they weren't married.

KEVIN: They were hippies.

BREE: Angry hippies. They met during the Summer of Love and did nothing but fight.

JAYNA: Bummer. So are you doing any weddings now?

KEVIN: She's doing a lesbian wedding.

JAYNA: Awesome.

TERRENCE: Awesome?

BREE: Why, you don't approve of that, Terrence?

TERRENCE: No, fine with me, the more the merrier. From a business standpoint, anyhow.

JAYNA: Black guys aren't into lesbians. Which is why there's no black girl-on-girl porn. Terrence, isn't that right?

TERRENCE: Almost no girl-on-girl, that's right.

BREE: And how do you know this?

TERRENCE: It's my business to know. So these lesbians, is one the bride and the other the groom?

BREE: The older one teaches here at the college. The bride, I guess you could call her that, she was her student.

TERRENCE: Uh-oh.

BREE: Why uh-oh?

TERRENCE: Well, you see, that could be taken as abuse of power.

JAYNA: As opposed to Terrence's case, is what he's saying.

TERRENCE: What does she do now? The bride.

BREE: She teaches preschool. I suppose you disapprove of that too?

TERRENCE: Lesbians and toddlers? No, I don't see much harm.

BREE: You just wouldn't send your kids to that school.

TERRENCE: I don't have any kids, but yeah, probably not.

BREE: Then you'll probably hate this too. They're trying to get pregnant.

TERRENCE: OK. And that's why the wedding?

BREE: This is really freaking you out, isn't it?

TERRENCE: No, it's not freaking me out. Other times, other *mores*.

JAYNA: Exactly! But why are they called morays? Aren't morays poisonous?

TERRENCE: Counselor, you want to take this?

KEVIN: Different spelling. M,O,R,A,Y.

TERRENCE: Jayna's got eels on the brain tonight. So who's the sperm donor?

BREE: I don't think they've found a donor yet. They're looking.

TERRENCE: I couldn't do it.

BREE: Do what?

TERRENCE: Leave a kid fatherless.

JAYNA: What about you, Kevin?

KEVIN: Donate my sperm? Yeah, I could do that. If my wife didn't want children.

BREE: Kevin, hey, you promised.

KEVIN: A little family disagreement in this area.

BREE: They don't need to hear about it. Would you get the soup, darling?

KEVIN: I didn't hear the buzzer.

BREE: The bowls are on the counter. Jayna, do you mind spotting him? He tends to slop it on the rim. And you need to purée it. Kevin, show her where the Cuisinart is.

KEVIN: She's not too bossy, is she.

JAYNA: Back soon, guys.

(KEVIN and JAYNA exit. After a moment, the sound of the Cuisinart, off.)

BREE: You don't even remember, do you.

TERRENCE: Shh. Come on. I've just got a better poker face than you.

BREE: "Have we met?" Why would you even bring it up?

TERRENCE: Exposing my hole card.

BREE: I have no idea what that means.

TERRENCE: Listen, you know how many offers I get a month?

BREE: Oh, I'm sure you tear up tons of tickets.

TERRENCE: Only yours. You rocked my world.

BREE: I loathe that expression. Were you living with Jayna then?

TERRENCE: Matter of fact, I wasn't. Were you with Kevin?

BREE: That's not the point. Yes.

TERRENCE: So who's the sinner here? I'm falsely accused, I'm twisting in the wind, this case, man, it could screw up my whole life—

BREE: Are you in love with Jayna?

TERRENCE: You know what, Bree? We shouldn't be playing this game.

BREE: Because she seems kind of—

TERRENCE: What? Seems like what?

BREE: Inappropriate. Did she pick the wine?

TERRENCE: The wine? Yeah, she picked the wine. What about it?

BREE: We can't serve it. It's for winos. It's worse than Wal-Mart wine.

TERRENCE: Yeah, fine, whatever.

BREE: No, not whatever. You let me think it was completely special, a once in a lifetime thing, and I didn't even know your name—

TERRENCE: Hey—

BREE: —and then I find out it's you, Kevin's client, I never suspected it was you, not for one solitary second—

TERRENCE: Heads up, Bree—

BREE: I was never so shocked in my life—

TERRENCE: Heads up!

(KEVIN enters from the kitchen, with JAYNA, each bearing two bowls of soup.)

KEVIN: What's wrong? Why are you hectoring our guest? He's entitled to his opinions.

BREE: I wasn't hectoring.

TERRENCE: She wasn't hectoring.

KEVIN: Not everyone has to love lesbians.

TERRENCE: Yeah, exactly.

KEVIN: OK? Are we all good?

TERRENCE: We're all good.

KEVIN: Then soup's on.

(Blackout.)

Scene 2

(BREE, KEVIN, JAYNA, and TERRENCE at the dining table.
Dinner is ending.)

JAYNA: —OK, another example. We're at a movie theater. If there's a woman sitting on the other side of Terrence, and this happens every time, I swear, if the movie's a comedy, like a half second after he laughs, the woman sitting next to him will laugh. And if he doesn't laugh, she doesn't laugh. Happens every time, I swear. Complete strangers. It's weird.

BREE: Does it make you jealous?

JAYNA: Of what? The woman? Ohmigod, no. I mean nothing ever comes of it.

KEVIN: Just another innocent orgasm.

JAYNA: I know! Laughing, sneezing, crying, coughing, orgasms...they all come from the same chakra.

BREE: Fascinating. Did everybody get enough to eat?

TERRENCE: It was delicious, Bree.

KEVIN: More wine, anybody?

JAYNA: I'll have. Thank you. Ohmigod, I just realized, this isn't our wine.

BREE: Why, did you want yours?

JAYNA: No, that's OK. It's a really fantastic wine, but this is good too. (to BREE) So, um, we never asked you, how did you meet your husband?

BREE: Kevin's not my husband.

JAYNA: Oh. Eesh. Sorry. I thought he was.

KEVIN: We met on the Internet.

JAYNA: That's awesome. What lies did you tell? In your profile.

KEVIN: I said I was taller. She said she wanted kids.

BREE: Kevin, darling, please let's not go there.

TERRENCE: Why don't you want kids?

JAYNA: Terrence, she doesn't want to talk about it. Listen,
I understand. Nobody's having babies. Not in this economy.

BREE: It's not the economy. Not everything's the economy.

JAYNA: That's true. I hear orders for adorable goods are up.

BREE: Adorable goods? What are those?

JAYNA: I don't know...baby clothes?

BREE: I think you mean durable goods. First of all, out of wedlock
is not my idea of motherhood.

TERRENCE: Amen.

JAYNA: And marriage isn't an option?

BREE: Of course it's an option. But right now, children aren't.

KEVIN: She's thinking of having her eggs frozen.

JAYNA: Hey. A lot of career women are into that. For when
Mr. Right comes along.

BREE: Exactly. Did you know, humans are the only species with a
biological clock?

(KEVIN *takes out his phone.*)

JAYNA: But haven't you met him already?

TERRENCE: No, Kevin's Mr. Wrong. He wants a baby now.

JAYNA: So what do you tell him?

BREE: I tell him to be patient.

TERRENCE: Easier said than done.

JAYNA: Mentor some needy kid.

TERRENCE: I've done that.

JAYNA: Or coach soccer.

BREE: Yes, all kinds of avenues, and meanwhile try and see my side of it, but being a lawyer, he only sees the side he advocates.

TERRENCE: Thank God for that.

KEVIN: (*re phone*) Possums.

TERRENCE: What about them?

KEVIN: Possums and parakeets. They go through menopause. Rhesus monkeys, too. They all have biological clocks. Here, take a look.

BREE: That's OK, I don't need to look. So what about you, Jayna? How do you feel about children?

JAYNA: Oh, I love kids. So does Terrence.

KEVIN: Yours and Terrence's...they'd be beautiful.

BREE: Not necessarily. Look at Sharon Stone's parents. Totally ordinary.

KEVIN: OK, but we're talking the opposite case.

BREE: It's the same case. Hottie genes are recessive. Otherwise, the world would be full of beautiful people. Kevin, sweetheart, I asked you to stop Googling.

KEVIN: You'll have to forgive our hostess. She's being frosty tonight, and I don't know why.

JAYNA: It's OK. Terrence? We should go.

TERRENCE: Why?

JAYNA: I have a client at eight tomorrow.

KEVIN: On a Sunday?

TERRENCE: Jayna...you don't have clients on Sunday.

JAYNA: Yes I do, it's a special situation.

KEVIN: The woman who orgasms?

JAYNA: Yeah, as a matter of fact. Listen, thank you guys, dinner was amazing. Thank you so much for having us.

TERRENCE: Jayna? Not so fast.

BREE: It's all right. She can leave if she wants to.

JAYNA: I just can't stand all this bickering. It's one of my unfavorable things in life.

TERRENCE: Finish your coffee. Have a biscotti.

KEVIN: We'll stop bickering. Why don't we channel all this aggressive energy.

BREE: How?

KEVIN: A game?

JAYNA: Terrence hates games. Really, we should go.

TERRENCE: I don't hate games.

JAYNA: Yes, you do. You know you do.

BREE: Kevin, she wants to leave.

KEVIN: Terrence doesn't want to go.

BREE: Why are you speaking for him?

KEVIN: Because I'm his lawyer. He's having a good time.

BREE: I didn't hear him say that.

TERRENCE: Well, I'll say it. I'm enjoying the evening.

KEVIN: He's enjoying the evening.

BREE: I'm glad someone is.

KEVIN: Bree.

TERRENCE: Yeah, Bree, take it easy.

JAYNA: All right! If you'll all calm down, I'll stay!

(Pause.)

KEVIN: Excellent. How about an after-dinner drink? Anybody?
Nobody?

(Blackout.)

Scene 3

(Charades in the living room. KEVIN and JAYNA vs. TERRENCE and BREE. JAYNA's up. Her scarf is off.)

KEVIN: Book....two words.... First word. Me. Jayna. Girl.
Woman. Pretty. Pretty Woman. That's not a book. Me. I. Second
word. Sounds like. Sounds like nothing. First word again. Me. No.
Mine. Mine something. Second word. *(Bree mimes Nazi salute.)*
Hitler. Mein Kampf!

(JAYNA and KEVIN hug.)

BREE: That's not fair. You can't do the author.

KEVIN: Who says. That's the way we've always played it.

BREE: Never.

KEVIN: Don't you remember? You shook a spear for Shakespeare.

BREE: You're making that up.

KEVIN: For A Midsummer Night's Dream.

BREE: That never happened.

JAYNA: Hey, guys. You promised not to argue.

KEVIN: She doesn't remember Shakespeare and we're counting it.
How much time did we take?

TERRENCE: Twenty-nine seconds.

KEVIN: Outstanding. Bree, you're up. What round is this before we
change teams?

JAYNA: Last round.

KEVIN: Are you sure?

JAYNA: Yes, I'm sure.

KEVIN: OK. Bree, you've got to get this in less than...twenty-two
seconds. No pressure though.

(BREE opens the piece of paper. Tightens.)

TERRENCE: What's the matter?

BREE: Wow.

KEVIN: Whenever you're ready.

TERRENCE: Bree? You OK?

(BREE starts miming.)

TERRENCE: Movie. Five words....First word. Wonder. Puzzled.
No. Third word. Ecstasy. Orgasm. You're having an orgasm.
You're coming. Coming. Third word is coming. Second word.
Bird. Kind of bird. Robin. Bluejay. Crow. Owl. Sound of an owl.
Hoo. Hoo-z. Whose. With an apostrophe. Fifth word. Eat. Dish.
Food. Table. Dining table. Dinner table. Something who's coming
...Guess Who's Coming to Dinner!

JAYNA: That's a movie?

BREE: Yes, it's a movie.

JAYNA: Oh wait. Is that with that guy, what's his name, Sidney Po-
teer?

TERRENCE: Sidney Poitier.

JAYNA: That's him. He's marrying a white girl and she brings him
home to meet the parents. Ohmigod, that's such an old movie! So
how did they do?

KEVIN: Nineteen seconds.

TERRENCE: The good guys win!

(TERRENCE goes to hug BREE. BREE draws back.)

KEVIN: You know what? We want a rematch.

JAYNA: I don't think so.

KEVIN: Come on. We can take them.

JAYNA: Really. It's late.

TERRENCE: It's not that late.

JAYNA: I really have to go.

TERRENCE: You need help with the dishes?

JAYNA: Terrence, no.

BREE: We've got Kevin for that. He likes to wash up. It's the way he powers down.

TERRENCE: Well, OK, if it's a ritual. Kevin? This was great.

KEVIN: See you Monday, dude. We'll strategize.

TERRENCE: Yeah, it's getting close.

KEVIN: Cheer up. We're gonna beat this thing. If it kills me. Bye, Jayna.

JAYNA: Bye, Kevin. I feel so much better, knowing he's in such good hands.

TERRENCE: Bye, Bree. It was good to meet you finally.

(TERRENCE goes to hug her. Again she resists.)

TERRENCE: OK. We're outa here.

(TERRENCE and JAYNA exit. KEVIN starts to clear.)

BREE: Wow.

KEVIN: Yeah, wow. You said it.

BREE: What a dumb thing to put in the hat.

KEVIN: What do you mean, dumb.

BREE: "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner"?

KEVIN: I thought it was apt.

BREE: What do you mean, apt.

KEVIN: Yeah. You didn't see how your jaw dropped.

BREE: That's ridiculous.

KEVIN: The minute he walked in. And what was that thing at the end?

BREE: What thing?

KEVIN: When he went to hug you and you flinched.

BREE: So what are you saying? I'm a racist?

KEVIN: Maybe. You couldn't bring yourself to admit he's good-looking.

BREE: Will that make it harder or won't it?

KEVIN: Make what harder?

BREE: For him to get off.

KEVIN: Bree, you sound like you're talking in code.

BREE: Is she going to testify?

KEVIN: Jayna? Why would she testify?

BREE: I don't know. As a character witness.

KEVIN: No.

BREE: Good.

KEVIN: Why? You didn't like her.

BREE: I didn't say I didn't like her.

KEVIN: Then how come you didn't look at her.

BREE: What do you mean? I looked at her.

KEVIN: Like maybe twice the whole night. Whenever we have people over you never look at the women. I'm sitting there doing Body English. The only time you looked at her is when you were locking horns.

BREE: Locking horns? When did we lock horns? I talk to women all day, OK? In my work. Maybe that's why, if there's any basis for what you're saying, which there definitely isn't.

KEVIN: If I didn't know better, I'd say you were fighting over Terrence.

BREE: That is totally insane.

KEVIN: Maybe that's why you flinched.

BREE: I didn't flinch!

KEVIN: Bree. Come on.

BREE: Could we please stop talking about this? Kevin, look out—

(A dish falls and breaks.)

BREE: You did that deliberately.

KEVIN: Oh here we go.

BREE: You carried more than you could handle.

KEVIN: No. Not true. That wasn't deliberate. *(He smashes a dish.)*
That was deliberate.

BREE: Ohmigod. What is the matter with you? Kevin? Where are you going?

*(KEVIN exits toward the kitchen. A knock on the door, and then
TERRENCE enters.)*

BREE: What are you doing here?

TERRENCE: Jayna forgot her scarf.

BREE: It's there in the closet.

TERRENCE: It was great to see you again.

BREE: Well, it wasn't great for me, all right? It was agonizing.

TERRENCE: I had an even better time tonight. Especially when you had that orgasm.

BREE: Please go.

TERRENCE: I'll call you.

BREE: No! Don't call me! We can't see each other again!

TERRENCE: Don't say that. I'm going through hell, I'm dying inside, I need your support.

BREE: Terrence, how can I? It's Kevin you need, if he ever found out, ohmigod, he's coming, please just go!

(TERRENCE exits. BREE sinks numbly into a chair. KEVIN enters with a Dustbuster and a trash basket.)

KEVIN: Bree? I'm sorry I lost it.

(BREE sits staring.)

KEVIN: Bree? What happened?

BREE: Nothing. Jayna forgot her scarf. It's all right. Everything's fine. I'll pick up the big pieces.

(BREE remains sitting. KEVIN works the Dustbuster. Blackout.)

Scene 4

(LORRAINE and AMY's living room. An academic lives here. AMY is setting the table. It's some months later. AMY is visibly pregnant.)

LORRAINE: (off) Shit!!

AMY: What? What happened? Lorraine?

(LORRAINE enters, with a drink.)

AMY: What happened?

LORRAINE: It's dealt with. We only lost a couple of pieces.

AMY: Ohmigod. I left the burner on, didn't I.

LORRAINE: You're forgiven.

AMY: I'm just not here in person.

LORRAINE: I know.

AMY: I just don't know why we're doing this. What's wrong with a coffee date?

LORRAINE: I thought she should see us *in vivo*. Get a sense of who we are before she goes off half-cocked.

AMY: This isn't who we are. We never entertain like this.

LORRAINE: Aren't you curious to meet the boyfriend?

AMY: Why? Why should I be curious?

LORRAINE: No particular reason, I just thought it might be interesting.

AMY: Why should he be interesting? She's not interesting.

LORRAINE: Come on, she's not so bad. A little tightly wrapped, that's all. You can't blame her, really. Her first gay wedding?

AMY: That's no excuse.

LORRAINE: Shh, sit down, I'll finish setting the table. I've never seen you so jumpy, darling.

AMY: Because you won't let me drink, and I can't function in the kitchen without a drink, and this is costing all too much, I added it up, it came to more than 200 dollars.

LORRAINE: Counting the wine?

AMY: Counting the wine, that I don't even get to taste. And the arugula, I don't know why you insisted on arugula.

LORRAINE: It's cheap now, darling. Ever since the spinach scare. Please try to calm down.

(Doorbell.)

LORRAINE: Sit. I'll get it.

(LORRAINE exits. AMY takes several deep breaths, steeling herself against something.)

(LORRAINE enters, with BREE and KEVIN. KEVIN's carrying the bottle of wine JAYNA and TERRENCE brought to their dinner party.)

KEVIN: —Are we too early? Bree wanted us to drive around the block.

BREE: He's always too early.

LORRAINE: Actually, you're right on time.

KEVIN: That's what I was aiming for.

LORRAINE: If you're early you're anxious, late you're hostile, on time you're compulsive.

KEVIN: Can't win, can we? *(to AMY)* Hello. I'm Kevin.

AMY: Hello, Kevin. I'm Amy. Hi, Bree.

BREE: Hello, Amy.

KEVIN: *(re wine; to AMY)* Um, this is for you.

LORRAINE: I'll take it. I don't know this wine.

BREE: Which wine did he pick? Oh Kevin.

LORRAINE: Problem?

BREE: No, it's fine. If you happen to like lighter fluid.

LORRAINE: Don't worry, we won't judge you by it. Come, sit down.

KEVIN: Your place is lovely.

LORRAINE: Thank you.

KEVIN: (to AMY) And um... congratulations.

AMY: Thank you.

KEVIN: Bree told me you were....trying.

AMY: Yes, and...here I am.

KEVIN: You look great.

LORRAINE: Doesn't she? What can I get you to drink? I gather we don't want to open this wine?

BREE: Absolutely not.

LORRAINE: What then?

KEVIN: Nothing, thanks.

LORRAINE: You sure?

KEVIN: I'm good.

LORRAINE: Ah, I bet you're like me. You drink before a party.

KEVIN: That's it. Guilty as charged.

LORRAINE: No reason to feel guilty. Primitives are the only people who don't get party nerves, do you know why that is?

KEVIN: They don't give parties?

LORRAINE: Exactly. Bree, what can we get you?

BREE: Just water for me. It's so weird, Kevin's party nerves. He gets up in court, in front of strangers, doesn't faze him in the slightest.

LORRAINE: In court he's supposed to be aggressive. Grind them into dust. And here he's supposed to be pleasant, which from all appearances he is. Amy, why don't you get Bree her drink?

AMY: I'm sorry, what was your husband having again?

BREE: We're not married and he's already had.

AMY: You're not married.

BREE: Not yet.

AMY: Not yet.

LORRAINE: Amy, you're not a Mynah bird, darling, go get the drinks.

AMY: Would you do your own wedding?

LORRAINE: Amy, dear, these questions can wait.

AMY: So that was....

BREE: Just water for me. Flat over ice.

AMY: *(to KEVIN)* And nothing for you?

KEVIN: You know, maybe I will have a drink. Irish whiskey, if you have any. Or Scotch. Or anything. Surprise me.

LORRAINE: And Amy? Top off this tequila, would you?

(AMY exits toward the kitchen.)

LORRAINE: Hormones.

BREE: Actually, the answer's no. I wouldn't do my own wedding.

LORRAINE: Of course you wouldn't. Any more than a lawyer would represent himself in court.

BREE: Although in Kevin's case I'm not so sure.

KEVIN: Of course I wouldn't. What are you saying?

BREE: Kevin has a tendency to cross the line. It's one of his strengths.

KEVIN: When did I cross the line? No, really, when?

BREE: We had one of his clients to dinner. With his girlfriend.

LORRAINE: And?

KEVIN: Yes, and?

BREE: Nothing. It was fine. Well, it got a little...hairy.

(AMY enters.)

AMY: I'm sorry, what was that ice or no ice?

LORRAINE: Whisky for Kevin, flat water over ice for Bree, and refresh my tequila. Do you want to say that back to me?

AMY: No. I've got it.

LORRAINE: And a low flame under the soup. Low flame.

(AMY exits.)

LORRAINE: Absolutely hopeless. So...what got hairy about it?

BREE: Nothing. Sorry I brought it up. We shouldn't be discussing it.

KEVIN: I don't mind talking about it. The case is so ridiculous, publicity can only help us. It's a cop. He's accused of having sex with a traffic offender.

LORRAINE: A predatory cop?

KEVIN: No. Absolutely not. Not a word of truth in anything this bimbo says. Now, new gambit, they send me a list of women may testify they had similar encounters.

BREE: A list?

KEVIN: Yes, a list.

BREE: And who's on the list?

KEVIN: I just said. Women who say they've had sex with this guy.
When he was on duty.

BREE: Not names he gave you?

KEVIN: Why would he give me names? No. Other women. Liars
and opportunists. I happen to know one of them used to strip at
Bare Essentials.

BREE: Terrence had sex with a stripper?

KEVIN: Bree. Focus. I said she was lying.

BREE: How do you know she was lying?

KEVIN: Whose side are you on? Why are you getting so upset?

LORRAINE: It's Clinton Redux.

KEVIN: Whoa, no way. Clinton was guilty.

LORRAINE: Ah, but when the bimbo eruptions happened? His staff
called all the women in his black book, to see if they were going to
pull a Paula Jones. My Berkeley roommate was one of them.
Clinton jumped her in Golden Gate Park.

BREE: What did the woman do? Your roommate.

LORRAINE: I gather she enjoyed it.

BREE: No, I mean did she come forward?

LORRAINE: Supposedly none of them came forward.

BREE: Does Terrence have a black book?

KEVIN: No. What if he does? It's not relevant.

BREE: To check against the list.

KEVIN: Bree, for the last time, there are no other women. Not a single one. The list is totally bogus.

LORRAINE: Predators sometimes keep diaries.

KEVIN: Hey. Can that be the last time I hear the word “predator”?

LORRAINE: You’re bound to hear it in the courtroom.

KEVIN: Yeah, and I’ll object then too.

LORRAINE: Consider this a rehearsal. Will he be a sympathetic witness in his own behalf? Bree, what do you think?

BREE: What do I think about what?

LORRAINE: Did you like him? Was he charming?

KEVIN: Bree, she asked you a question.

BREE: I liked him OK. I don’t care what Kevin says, we shouldn’t be talking about the case. *(to AMY, who has entered with the drinks)* Thank you, Amy.

KEVIN: *(drinks)* Hmm. What is this?

AMY: Retsina. You said to surprise you.

KEVIN: Red semen?

LORRAINE: Retsina. Amy, that’s wine, not spirits.

KEVIN: Never mind, it’s good.

LORRAINE: And my tequila?

AMY: Did you ask for tequila?

LORRAINE: Yes, dear, I asked for tequila. Why are you sniffing?

AMY: Somebody’s wearing new pants.

LORRAINE: This is bizarre even for you.

AMY: I can definitely smell it...that new-pants smell....

BREE: I don't smell anything.

AMY: You will when you get pregnant.

(Pause.)

KEVIN: Um, so Amy, when are you due?

(Pause.)

LORRAINE: Amy, he asked when we're due.

AMY: September.

BREE: What about your students? Now that you're showing.

AMY: What about them?

BREE: Do they ask who the father is?

AMY: They haven't yet. I'll cross that bridge when I come to it.

BREE: And how did you decide on a donor?

LORRAINE: We did the usual research on the Net. The clinic we chose, it's actually local. Fortunately they were open to it. A lot of doctors won't inseminate single women—never mind lesbian women.

KEVIN: It's my pants.

LORRAINE: Sorry?

KEVIN: My pants are new. I just remembered.

LORRAINE: I'm glad we cleared that up.

BREE: So who is he?

LORRAINE: Who is who? The sperm donor?

BREE: I mean, what's he like?

LORRAINE: Well, I've never met him, so I'm not your best authority. Amy, on the other hand, knows all about him. He insisted on meeting her.

BREE: Why?

AMY: I'll get your tequila.

(AMY *exits*.)

BREE: Didn't that strike you as odd? That he had to meet her?

LORRAINE: Yes, I have to admit it did.

KEVIN: After all, he has a right.

LORRAINE: A legal right? I don't think so.

KEVIN: OK, let's look at it another way. If a woman wants to abort a child, don't you believe the father should be consulted?

LORRAINE: No, I don't. And nobody's talking about abortion.

KEVIN: It's the same principle. I had a case just like it. Man sued his wife to keep her from terminating her pregnancy.

LORRAINE: And whom did you represent?

KEVIN: That's irrelevant.

LORRAINE: The woman?

KEVIN: Yes. That's not the point.

LORRAINE: Not if you want to be consistent.

KEVIN: The point is, a guy values his DNA, and he should be allowed to see what it's being combined with.

BREE: So what's the donor's profile?

(AMY *enters with LORRAINE'S drink*.)

AMY: He's Jewish.

BREE: They say Jews make the best fathers.

KEVIN: And the best husbands.

LORRAINE: No, dykes make the best husbands. *(to AMY, re drink)*
Thank you, darling. *(timer bell rings, off)* There's the soup. I'll
get it.

BREE: Can I help?

LORRAINE: *(to AMY)* Did you slice the bread?

AMY: Oh, no, I forgot.

BREE: I'll do it.

LORRAINE: That will spare us a bleeding thumb. Listen, by the
way, I hope you both like games.

KEVIN: We love games.

LORRAINE: Because I'm in the mood for Celebrity. Come, dear.

(LORRAINE and BREE exit toward the kitchen. Silence.)

KEVIN: Sorry about this.

AMY: No, you're not. You're not sorry at all.

KEVIN: Why haven't you answered my calls?

AMY: Oh, did you call me?

KEVIN: How can you forget ten calls? Wait, you were joking.

AMY: I can't deal with you, Kevin. You're freaking me out. You
never told me you were living with someone!

KEVIN: That's ridiculous. You're living with someone. You're
marrying someone.

AMY: Because I can't do this alone!

KEVIN: Bradley or Lamaze?

AMY: None of your business. I haven't decided.

KEVIN: If you need a birthing coach, I'm your man.

AMY: Please stop.

KEVIN: Because frankly, I can't picture Lorraine in that role. I see her getting very squeamish.

AMY: Probably, yes.

KEVIN: She doesn't even want this baby.

AMY: Don't say that.

KEVIN: Yeah? Whose idea was it?

AMY: Hers, OK? It was her idea. She thought it would humanize her.

KEVIN: Hasn't worked, has it?

AMY: Stop it. You don't know her. She's wonderful. Ow.

KEVIN: What's the matter?

AMY: Every time I get upset, he kicks me.

KEVIN: (*feeling her belly*) Whoa. Yes. I feel him. Hello in there! Calm down!

AMY: Kevin, you're making it worse—

KEVIN: Look, it took two, OK? And I'm not sorry what happened. I'm glad it did. I'm glad and I'm proud and—

AMY: Will you please be quiet?! Ohmigod—

(LORRAINE *enters. Hasty rearrangement. LORRAINE takes this in.*)

KEVIN: Fetus was kicking.

LORRAINE: The fetus. Uh-huh.

AMY: He wanted to feel it. Sorry.

LORRAINE: Sorry about what, darling?

KEVIN: She let me. I'm crazy about babies.

LORRAINE: Evidently.

KEVIN: No harm no foul.

LORRAINE: No harm at all.

(BREE enters with the bread.)

BREE: Bread's ready. Is something wrong here?

KEVIN: Nothing's wrong.

LORRAINE: The baby was kicking. Kevin wanted to feel it.

BREE: Oh I see. Boundaries, darling.

KEVIN: Yeah, OK. Boundaries.

LORRAINE: Is he still kicking?

AMY: No. He's calmed down now.

LORRAINE: Lovely. Then why don't we eat?

(Blackout.)

Scene 5

(LORRAINE, AMY, BREE, KEVIN *are at the dinner table, having dessert.*)

BREE: (to AMY) —Believe me, this seamstress is fabulous. I just know we can make your mother's dress work for you. By the way, have you decided on a honeymoon yet? The travel agent's been asking why you haven't called her. Amy, I think you mentioned Bora Bora?

KEVIN: You don't want to go to Bora Bora.

AMY: Why not?

KEVIN: First of all, the long flight. Risky for the fetus.

BREE: Kevin, don't be silly. She won't be in her eighth month.

KEVIN: There's nothing to do. It's Boring Boring. They spray for insects every afternoon. You're sitting there by the pool and bugs are falling into the water by the hundreds. Huge bugs. Prehistoric. You're sitting there covered in DDT dust. Very toxic for the fetus.

LORRAINE: Would you please stop calling it a fetus?

KEVIN: Sorry, of course. The baby.

BREE: And Lorraine, didn't you say you wanted to show Amy Florence?

KEVIN: Nine hours on a plane.

BREE: Kevin, why are you being so negative?

LORRAINE: We appreciate your concern. It's unnecessary. I've been rethinking the honeymoon thing.

BREE: Your hotel should be your destination. The rest is gravy.

LORRAINE: Honeymoons are stress traps.

BREE: Stress traps?

LORRAINE: An invitation to despair.

BREE: I'm shocked to hear you say that.

LORRAINE: Why? You thought gay women were romantics? I love Amy, I'm loyal to Amy, but I'm not romantically obsessed with her.

KEVIN: You're not?

LORRAINE: (to BREE) Are you?

BREE: Obsessed with who?

LORRAINE: With Kevin. Who did you think I meant?

KEVIN: What's wrong with being obsessed?

LORRAINE: There's nothing wrong with it. There's nothing wrong with yogurt either, but it has an expiration date. Lover's Lane is no different. It has a trailhead and a predictable destination. Gay or straight, we're really not meant to be paired up indefinitely.

BREE: I don't believe that.

AMY: Neither does Lorraine. She's working on a book proposal.

LORRAINE: We're not pigeons. We're not voles. We're human. We have a more tangled physiology.

KEVIN: What's the book?

LORRAINE: *The Chemistry of Heartbreak: Why Americans Are Turning Their Backs on Romance.*

BREE: But look at Amy though. She's obviously in love.

LORRAINE: Amy's infatuated. But not with me.

KEVIN: What do you mean?

LORRAINE: No penis has ever come between us. Until now.

AMY: Kevin, I think she means the baby.

KEVIN: No, the baby, right. (*hiding alarm*) When did you have the amnio?

AMY: I haven't had an amnio.

KEVIN: Then how do you know it's a boy?

AMY: We don't.

LORRAINE: Amy wants a boy. Desperately.

AMY: And Lorraine wants a girl.

LORRAINE: (to KEVIN) That's all I meant. What did you think I meant?

KEVIN: Nothing. Boy or girl. Either one.

BREE: Can we at least agree it's a mystery?

LORRAINE: Is what a mystery?

BREE: Love. Romance.

LORRAINE: Love isn't a mystery.

KEVIN: Maybe not for you. For you it's a science.

LORRAINE: Yes, there's a science of love, and it explains why in the end most people run from it. With commitment comes jealousy. Jealousy and envy are the hardest emotions to bear. They're what make people resent their fellow creatures. Envy is the mother of contempt.

KEVIN: I guess that's why.

LORRAINE: Why what?

KEVIN: Never mind. Withdrawn.

LORRAINE: No, please.

KEVIN: Why you seem so contemptuous of everything.

BREE: Kevin! I'm sorry, Lorraine.

LORRAINE: Don't apologize. I get that from my students all the time. You think it's a gay thing?

KEVIN: No, I think it's a you thing. Talk about envy, you envy romantics. We're still around, whether you like it or not.

BREE: It's like you're playing hide and seek.

LORRAINE: I'm sorry?

BREE: You can't find the person but then you do find the person and it's like they've suddenly sprung to life that instant.

LORRAINE: That's lovely, Bree. What does it mean?

AMY: She's talking about love at first sight.

LORRAINE: Oh I see. I've never had that experience. And I've had tons of experience.

KEVIN: I've had that experience.

LORRAINE: Did you hear a choir of angels? Were there bluebirds twittering around your heads?

KEVIN: No. No bluebirds.

LORRAINE: What about you, Amy?

AMY: It was scarier than that. That's what you meant, wasn't it, Bree?

BREE: Scary, yes, love at first sight is scary.

(Pause.)

LORRAINE: So Kevin, what are your marriage plans?

KEVIN: Our plans...are on hold.

LORRAINE: Careers come first?

KEVIN: In Bree's case, yes.

BREE: Don't put it all on me. Kevin's thinking of running for City Council.

LORRAINE: Then you will want to get married. If only to allay the usual suspicions.

BREE: The gay issue? I don't think Kevin has to worry about that.

LORRAINE: Plus if you get this predator off...won't that hurt your chances of election?

BREE: Lorraine: Kevin asked you not to use that word.

LORRAINE: Of course in the end, it's all pretty much up for grabs, isn't it?

KEVIN: All what's up for grabs?

LORRAINE: Justice. The law. It's all helter-skelter. Nothing to do with the truth. At the end of the day, the law is really a branch of theology.

KEVIN: What do you mean, theology?

LORRAINE: Well, it's certainly not a science. Imagine if we had twelve randomly selected people deciding whether string theory was valid or not. I mean look at the 2000 election. All that arcane nonsense beforehand, how many precedents can dance on the head of a pin, and all it came down to was five Republicans for Bush and four Democrats for Gore. The odds of that were what? 511 to 1.

KEVIN: You know what? I'm sick of listening to this crap.

LORRAINE: And then you have the Constitution, treated like Holy Writ.

AMY: Lorraine, he asked you to stop.

LORRAINE: No, but you're not an Originalist, are you?

KEVIN: No, I'm not an Originalist. The Constitution bores the hell out of me, OK? Almost as much as this conversation.

LORRAINE: You'd better not say that when you run for office.

KEVIN: Thanks for the advice. The hell with this. Smartest person in the room. Well, you can have the room.

BREE: Kevin, where are you going? Come back. (*to the others*) This case is making him crazy. Up for grabs, that's exactly what he's afraid of.

LORRAINE: Kevin, please sit down. That was totally insensitive of me.

KEVIN: You know what? I'm amazed you have any students at all.

LORRAINE: You're perfectly right. My classes are dwindling. I don't have tenure, I'm hanging by a thread. I take it out on my friends. It's an occupational hazard.

KEVIN: Occupational bullshit.

LORRAINE: I'll tell you what it is. Nothing to do with you, or the law, or honeymoon destinations. It's my fiancée.

AMY: What about me?

LORRAINE: My fiancée is pregnant. That's my only excuse. I'm hormonal by osmosis. Please accept my apology. Don't go. Stay.

BREE: Kevin? Lorraine's sorry.

LORRAINE: We'll play Celebrity. I'm terrible at it, you'll have your revenge.

KEVIN: All right. For Bree's sake.

LORRAINE: So we're OK?

KEVIN: Apology accepted. Pregnancy is tough on dads.

LORRAINE: You're very empathetic. You really should run for office.

KEVIN: I'll expect your vote.

LORRAINE: You've got it. *(to AMY)* So how do you want to work this, darling? Us against Them? Or maybe you and Kevin?

(Blackout.)

Scene 6

(A game of Celebrity in the living room. AMY and LORRAINE vs. KEVIN and BREE. Amy is up.)

AMY: Singer who shaved her head.

LORRAINE: Britney Spears. No.

AMY: Irish.

LORRAINE: Oh right. Who is that.

AMY: She insulted the Pope.

LORRAINE: What's her name...Sinead O'Connor.

AMY: Bisexual actress.

LORRAINE: Angelina Jolie.

AMY: Older.

LORRAINE: Katherine Hepburn.

AMY: Younger. Ellen's old squeeze.

LORRAINE: Anne Heche.

AMY: German scientist?

LORRAINE: Einstein?

AMY: Maybe not a scientist.

LORRAINE: Well, which is it?

AMY: Same first name as Beethoven.

KEVIN: Bzzzt! Foul! Round over!

LORRAINE: Ludwig Wittgenstein.

KEVIN: You can't do that.

LORRAINE: In the first round you can.

KEVIN: (*takes out phone*) Can't use names. Illegal clue. End of round.

LORRAINE: House rules.

KEVIN: Hold on. Here it is, Wikipedia. "No direct reference to the name is permitted....Round ends immediately."

LORRAINE: Let me see that...."Deduct one point for each illegal clue...alternatively, the round ends immediately." You left out "alternatively." Nice try, counselor. Deduct one point, and we claim an extra 30 seconds next round.

KEVIN: Thirty! It wasn't 30 seconds.

LORRAINE: Fifteen. Bree, you're up.

BREE: Kevin, are you all right with fifteen seconds?

KEVIN: Yeah yeah, whatever. Go ahead. Go.

BREE: Um...Blonde...She went to jail...pretty...

KEVIN: Lindsay Lohan.

BREE: She writes cookbooks.

KEVIN: Rachel Ray?

BREE: Blonde. Older. Stock fraud.

KEVIN: Martha Stewart.

AMY: How do you know Rachel Ray? Do you cook?

LORRAINE: Amy, shh, no crosstalk.

BREE: Cop who murdered his wife.

KEVIN: No idea.

BREE: What am I saying. Not cop, football player.

KEVIN: O.J. Simpson.

BREE: Rock singer. Big glasses.

KEVIN: Elton John.

(Pause.)

BREE: I don't know who this is.

KEVIN: Are you sure?

BREE: Yes. Pass.

LORRAINE: She's not allowed to pass.

KEVIN: What, she's supposed to stand there looking puzzled?

LORRAINE: That's not the way we play. No passing.

KEVIN: Yeah, well obviously your rules are completely made up.
Time out.

LORRAINE: You can't call time out either.

KEVIN: The actual rule is, half the players have to know who it is or
it's thrown out.

LORRAINE: I never heard that rule.

(KEVIN is Googling.)

BREE: *(re paper)* This was yours, Lorraine, wasn't it?

LORRAINE: Don't show it to me.

BREE: What do you mean? I know it's yours. Whose else would it be.

KEVIN: Here we go. "Expected to be familiar to half the players."

LORRAINE: I expected half the players to know him. Amy? You
know who this is.

AMY: Robert Muggaby? Never heard of him.

LORRAINE: Kevin?

KEVIN: No idea.

LORRAINE: You're lying.

KEVIN: Is he a singer?

LORRAINE: You know he's not a singer.

KEVIN: No, I don't know.

BREE: He says he doesn't know.

LORRAINE: He's the President of Botswana. A corrupt despot.

KEVIN: No he's not.

LORRAINE: Bet?

KEVIN: How much?

LORRAINE: Twenty bucks. Who is he?

KEVIN: Robert Moo-gabby is President of Zimbabwe.

LORRAINE: Ha! Gotcha.

KEVIN: I was blanking. You reminded me.

LORRAINE: That is such a lie.

KEVIN: Twenty dollars please.

LORRAINE: And it's pronounced Mugahbe.

KEVIN: Yeah, well this is pronounced "Go fuck yourself."

BREE: Kevin!

KEVIN: How can you work for this woman?

BREE: I wasn't working for her. I was working for both of them.

KEVIN: Amy, I'm really sorry. Seems Bree wants no part of this wedding.

LORRAINE: Why don't you let Bree speak for herself?

BREE: He's right. I shouldn't have taken you on.

LORRAINE: You meaning what? You dykes?

BREE: No, I don't mean you dykes. I mean people who think love is a fiction and weddings the invention of the devil.

LORRAINE: Then you're in the wrong profession.

KEVIN: Come on, Bree. Let's go before I hit somebody.

LORRAINE: We're really sorry to lose you!

KEVIN: If you were the last couple on earth, she wouldn't do your wedding. Nobody should.

LORRAINE: Nobody should? You mind telling me why?

KEVIN: Never mind. We're done.

LORRAINE: I want to know what you meant!

KEVIN: Kiss my ass!

(KEVIN and BREE exit. Door slams. Pause.)

AMY: What in the world is the matter with you?

LORRAINE: Me? What about him? Believe me, we're better off.

AMY: Yeah, great.

LORRAINE: What, you want that buttoned-up boojie [*boozhee*] bothering you on your day of days? Not to mention her shyster boyfriend.

AMY: He's not a shyster. And she's not a boojie.

LORRAINE: Oh please. She's the Boojie of Life.

AMY: Her parents were hippies. Not even married.

LORRAINE: Really. Well, that might explain it.

AMY: Explain what?

LORRAINE: She's at war with herself. Hates what she does. She's always calling us and hanging up.

AMY: How do you know it's her?

LORRAINE: Hello...we have Caller ID. And she knows we have Caller I.D., which makes it even crazier. Oh, and that photographer she recommended? I checked her last job. She took nothing but pictures of the food, so she could put them on her website. We're better off doing our own wedding.

AMY: Yes, and there I'll be...carrying a dandelion bouquet.

LORRAINE: You know, I always wondered why dandelions are considered a weed. Because they're so common? Because you don't have to plant them?

AMY: I may scream.

LORRAINE: Then what about wildflowers? I guess it's the leaves...they're so jagged....*Dent de lion*... Tooth of the lion....I'll bet there are countries where dandelions are considered beautiful...

AMY: [screams]

LORRAINE: Amy? You've made your point.

AMY: You're just too smart for your own good, aren't you?

LORRAINE: I think he started it, don't you remember?

AMY: No, I don't remember. Ow.

LORRAINE: What's the matter?

AMY: The baby's getting so upset. You're upsetting him.

LORRAINE: That's totally absurd.

AMY: And I'm getting a horrible headache. Ow. There he goes again.

LORRAINE: All right. Enough. Easy does it. (*to the baby*) You too.

AMY: He's very agitated. Feel.

(LORRAINE *feels*.)

LORRAINE: I don't feel him.

AMY: No, I guess you don't.

LORRAINE: But Kevin did, didn't he?

(AMY bursts into tears.)

LORRAINE: Oh God. Come here.

AMY: You don't feel anything! And that's the whole truth!

LORRAINE: Shh. Lie back.

AMY: He's smart. He's good-looking. He does a lot of pro bono work.

LORRAINE: I have no problem with his DNA.

AMY: Don't tell Bree.

LORRAINE: You don't think she knows?

AMY: Not a chance. She's so clueless.

LORRAINE: Don't worry, I don't plan to talk to her again.
But why keep him a secret from me?

AMY: He made me promise. He thought you'd say no, or blurt it out
to Bree. He's desperate to, you know—

LORRAINE: Perpetuate. I understand. So how was it for you?

AMY: I don't want to talk about it! Ow!

LORRAINE: Calm down, darling.

AMY: It doesn't mean I'm—

LORRAINE: Doesn't mean you're what?

AMY: Nothing. I don't know what I mean. I'm so confused.

LORRAINE: Hey. I always knew you were...flexible.

AMY: You did?

LORRAINE: All women are, darling. We're all bi. Our first love was our mothers.

(LORRAINE *starts to massage her.*)

LORRAINE: Is that better?

AMY: A little better. (*pause*) So why aren't there more lesbians than gay men?

LORRAINE: But there are, dear. What men did you know who were gay till graduation?

AMY: None.

LORRAINE: Exactly.

AMY: Yeah. I never thought of it that way.

LORRAINE: Mm. I like the sound of that.

AMY: Why?

LORRAINE: Means you're still interested in what I have to say.

AMY: Oh. Yeah. Of course I am.

LORRAINE: And it's natural you should feel some...pity for the donor....Whoa, whoa, you're tensing up again....Relax, darling...I just want you to be happy, that's all...

AMY: Oh who's happy. Do you see any happy people anywhere?

LORRAINE: Shh... just go limp... That's better....

AMY: Ohmigod...

LORRAINE: There you go...

AMY: Oh wow...

(AMY *shivers orgasmically. And keeps shivering.*)

AMY: Ohmigod. That was amazing. Did what's-her-name teach you that?

LORRAINE: Yes, Jayna taught me that.

AMY: Should I be jealous?

LORRAINE: That's up to you, dear.

AMY: (*more shivers*) Oo. Oo. That's so good.

LORRAINE: Better now? Still kicking?

AMY: No. He's quiet now.

LORRAINE: Good. That's good. I'm sorry, darling.

AMY: No. For what?

LORRAINE: For being a pompous, patronizing bitch.

AMY: Wow. If only your students could hear you say that.

LORRAINE: They'd be so relieved. No, don't get up. Just lie quiet. Put Kevin out of your mind. That's where he belongs...

(AMY *curls up in LORRAINE'S lap. LORRAINE rocks her softly as the lights fade to black.*)

Scene 7

(JAYNA and TERRENCE'S dining room/living room. A New Age person lives here. Panflute music playing on the stereo.

JAYNA is setting the table. TERRENCE is brooding, drink in hand. Several more months have passed.)

JAYNA: —So this couple comes in together. The woman's already naked and in comes the guy. He goes, um, can you do us both together? I told him I don't work that way, and he isn't listening and what it turns out to be, he wants to watch. That's all he wants to do. He wants to watch me do his wife.

TERRENCE: Yeah, so what did you say?

JAYNA: I said no way, buster.

TERRENCE: So when are we having them over?

JAYNA: God no, are you kidding?

TERRENCE: Yeah, I'm kidding. Pass me that bottle?

JAYNA: Terrence. Wait till they get here at least. Did you drain the penne?

TERRENCE: Yeah yeah, it's in the sink. What's that sauce I smelled?

JAYNA: It's a mock bolognese.

TERRENCE: Meaning what, no meat?

JAYNA: Uh-huh. Tofu. I checked it out, they're both cool with meatless. (*re stereo*) What are you putting on?

TERRENCE: Something else than this.

(TERRENCE changes the music to Jay-Z's "99 Problems.")

JAY-Z: (*on stereo*) You got girl problems, I feel bad for you son
I got 99 problems but a bitch ain't one

JAYNA: Oo. Terrence? That's like dictator-torture music.

TERRENCE: Fine. Whatever. Fuck it.

(TERRENCE turns off the stereo. Refills his drink.)

JAYNA: Terrence, seriously, are you OK?

TERRENCE: No. Why should I be?

JAYNA: The trial?

TERRENCE: Yeah, what else. It's going sideways.

JAYNA: No. Why?

TERRENCE: I've been watching the jury. Usually fat chicks dig me but this one hates my guts. Takes a shitload of notes. I don't how she survived the voir dire.

JAYNA: What does Kevin think?

TERRENCE: Who knows. He never tells me. He's like in another world.

JAYNA: What world? What's wrong?

TERRENCE: I don't know. Marital problems.

JAYNA: They're not married.

TERRENCE: Yeah, and they shouldn't be. That's the problem.

JAYNA: You don't think Bree loves him?

TERRENCE: Frankly, I don't know what she sees in him. He's all this way and that. I'm paying him to stay focused, and he's ruining my life.

(Doorbell.)

JAYNA: I'll get it. Take some breaths. Nine in, twelve out.

(JAYNA exits. Ad-lib hellos, off. TERRENCE knocks back his drink, pours another. JAYNA enters with LORRAINE.)

LORRAINE: Hello.

TERRENCE: Hello. I'm Terrence.

LORRAINE: I'm Lorraine.

TERRENCE: Nice to meet you, Lorraine.

LORRAINE: Nice to meet you. And this is Amy.

(AMY enters, carrying the same bottle of red wine. She's hugely pregnant.)

JAYNA: *(re wine)* Oh thank you. We love this wine. We give this wine to everybody.

TERRENCE: *(to LORRAINE)* It's good to meet you finally.

LORRAINE: Finally? I haven't been Jayna's client that long.

TERRENCE: No, we heard about you, um, last winter. My lawyer's girlfriend. She's your wedding planner.

LORRAINE: Not anymore.

AMY: Lorraine fired her. Months ago.

TERRENCE: Is that right. Kevin never told me. *(to JAYNA)* See what I meant? His mind's in the clouds. I'm definitely toast.

LORRAINE: I didn't fire Bree. She fired herself.

AMY: Over my dead bloated body. What do you have to drink?

JAYNA: OK, well, let's see. We have Perrier, we have Schweppe's Tonic—which contains quinine, by the way, in case you've been cramping—Pellegrino, which has lithium in it, if you're feeling bipolar—

AMY: Any non-medical choices?

JAYNA: You mean juices? We have pomegranate, cranberry, prune, low-sugar O.J.—

AMY: I'll have a beer.

JAYNA: Are you sure?

AMY: Yes, I'm sure. Any beer will do.

JAYNA: Lorraine?

AMY: Why are you asking her? She's not the boss of me.

LORRAINE: *(to JAYNA)* Don't argue, dear, is my advice.

AMY: One beer is not going to kill anybody.

TERRENCE: How about you, Lorraine?

AMY: Hard liquor. A double. She really needs to unwind.

LORRAINE: Thanks largely to you, my darling. *(to JAYNA)* Do you have any Bailey's Irish Cream?

TERRENCE: Before dinner?

LORRAINE: Doctor's orders.

JAYNA: She means me. I recommend milk to all my clients. The best natural sedative in the world.

TERRENCE: I think we have some Bailey's in the back. Jayna?

JAYNA: Water no ice for me.

AMY: And my beer.

JAYNA: You know what? I'm not really comfortable with that.

AMY: Ohmigod, I'm surrounded by nannies. Never mind, just point me toward the fridge. In here?

TERRENCE: Keep going. Opener's on the wall.

(AMY exits toward the kitchen. TERRENCE follows.)

LORRAINE: It's been like this the last two months. We do nothing but fight.

JAYNA: I'm sorry.

LORRAINE: No you're not. *(pause)* I miss you.

JAYNA: Then why do you keep canceling?

LORRAINE: Because I miss you.

JAYNA: I know! What do you hear from the sperm donor?

LORRAINE: Not a thing. Not since the amnio.

JAYNA: I thought you didn't go to the amnio.

LORRAINE: I didn't. He did. If I see him passing out cigars at the hospital I'll wring his neck.

JAYNA: But you won't know who he is.

LORRAINE: Oh yes I will.

JAYNA: Wow. So tell me.

LORRAINE: I promised Amy I'd keep my big mouth shut. Oh God, I hate my life.

JAYNA: Shh. Baby. Take it easy.

(JAYNA goes to touch LORRAINE.)

LORRAINE: Don't.

JAYNA: You're a big tease, you know that?

LORRAINE: I'm a tease? Look at how you're dressed.

JAYNA: I dress this way for everybody.

LORRAINE: But you know pink is my favorite color.

(TERRENCE enters with LORRAINE's Bailey's Irish Cream, JAYNA's water, and an empty glass. AMY enters behind him with a bottle of beer.)

LORRAINE: Thank you, Terrence. Not a moment too soon.

(TERRENCE pours wine for himself. JAYNA raises her glass.)

JAYNA: To....to Amy. And the courage it took to take this step, and...well.... we're just proud of you.

(Glasses are clinked.)

LORRAINE: Amy, you're not supposed to drink—

AMY: Ohmigod, do I have to go through this all over again?

LORRAINE: The person being toasted doesn't drink. That's the rule.

AMY: Oh where is that the rule. You just like stopping me from doing things.

LORRAINE: Forget I said anything. Everybody, bottoms up.

(LORRAINE drinks and spits it out.)

LORRAINE: What the fuck—!

AMY: Hey. No cursing in front of Archibald.

LORRAINE: This is Bailey's?

TERRENCE: Yeah, it's Bailey's.

LORRAINE: It's gone over.

TERRENCE: Gimme. *(tastes)* Tastes OK to me. Amy?

AMY: Everything tastes funny to me.

TERRENCE: *(to LORRAINE)* Yeah, see? Maybe you're competing with Amy.

JAYNA: Archibald? Is that his name?

LORRAINE: I was outvoted. Two to one.

TERRENCE: The baby daddy gets a vote?

LORRAINE: You have no idea. So how's the case going, Terrence?

TERRENCE: *(to JAYNA)* I guess you two talk a lot.

JAYNA: Um, just the general outlines.

TERRENCE: Well, the general outlines are, the case is fucked.

JAYNA: Archie, hold your ears.

AMY: Archibald! Not Archie!

LORRAINE: See? This is how it's been.

JAYNA: It's a fun name either way.

LORRAINE: He'll see how much fun it is. When he comes home from school with two black eyes and a bloody lip.

JAYNA: What name did you want?

AMY: Lorraine likes months.

JAYNA: What kind of name is Muntz?

TERRENCE: Months. Not Muntz.

JAYNA: Oh. Like April.

AMY: April, May, June, January. Also herbs.

JAYNA: Rosemary?

AMY: Or Pepper. Or Sage.

TERRENCE: Nobody's named Sage.

AMY: Exactly, so it's Archibald, and that's final. My body, my choice.

LORRAINE: Yes, darling. Your body and his sperm. So who do I have to fuck to get a proper drink?

(Blackout.)

Scene 8

(Dinner is over. Everyone has drunk too much. LORRAINE is holding forth at the dining table, AMY is yawning and TERRENCE is checking his watch. Only JAYNA is paying attention.)

LORRAINE: For example, take the word “into.” Check out how invasive this simple little word is. It's part of 60s *interphysicality*, acid consciousness, group mind, and then, starting oh two decades ago, the linguistic ground begins to shift. The sexes start to grow apart again—

TERRENCE: *(shows JAYNA his watch)* Is that the right time?

JAYNA: Quiet, I want to hear this.

LORRAINE: By the time we get to the 80s we have the yuppie marriage contract. He subscribes to the *New York Times*, she subscribes to the *Wall Street Journal*, she buys the baguette, he brings home the dry-cleaning—

TERRENCE: Anybody want more cobbler?

LORRAINE: I'm fine.

AMY: I'm fine.

JAYNA: We're all fine. Go on, Lorraine. This is so fascinating.

LORRAINE: Then comes the 90s, the Internet, and the disappearance of privacy. From total secrecy to total transparency in half a century. FDR's polio, the death of six million Jews, the Gulag, JFK's philandering, Rock Hudson's homosexuality— all kept completely in the dark.

JAYNA: And God too.

LORRAINE: God?

JAYNA: God used to be a fairly private person. Now half the population is walking and talking with Jesus.

LORRAINE: That's good, dear. I'm going to use that.

JAYNA: Ohmigod, that's so flattering!

LORRAINE: All the parameters have changed. Instead of the right to privacy we have the right to pry.

JAYNA: And we still think we're invisible.

LORRAINE: In what way, dear?

JAYNA: We're like people in cars, picking their noses...thinking nobody sees them.

LORRAINE: That's brilliant. I'm going to use that too.

TERRENCE: We are invisible.

LORRAINE: To the extent that we're strangers to each other. All the gaps are widening. Rich and poor, blue states and red—smart and dumb, ironic and sincere—

AMY: People who want kids and who don't.

TERRENCE: I'm not talking about blue states and red states. I'm talking about a drunk white bitch who thinks she can ruin the career of an honest black cop. I'm talking about juries making snap judgments that could end a man's career.

LORRAINE: I'm all for snap judgments myself.

JAYNA: Oh me too. That's how we know we've found our soulmate.

AMY: Careful, Jayna. Lorraine doesn't believe in soulmates.

JAYNA: But it's such a great concept. Divided bodies reunited in love.

(Pause.)

AMY: *(to LORRAINE)* Well...you've put Archibald to sleep anyway. Pass the wine, please.

LORRAINE: No, it's the alcohol that's put him to sleep. Why don't you not drink any more.

AMY: And why don't you stop writing your book at everybody's expense? You haven't stopped talking since we sat down to eat.

JAYNA: Well, I thought it was riveting.

AMY: You don't have to hear it all the time. Never mind, it's vile, anyway, this wine.

JAYNA: No it isn't! Why did you bring it, if it's vile?

AMY: To get rid of it. It's a regift.

JAYNA: Oh. (*realizes*) Oh.

TERRENCE: I believe in soulmates.

LORRAINE: Do you, Terrence?

TERRENCE: Yeah, I do. And soul killers. Before they open their mouths I can tell how honest a person is, whether they're sweet-natured or a raging asshole. Case in point, that bitch I pulled over. First of all, it's a red car. Second, she's wearing a jungle-print halter with no bra. Third, she's waving her knees back and forth. I make her walk the line and she falls up against me and starts rubbing her tits on my arm.

JAYNA: You never told me that.

TERRENCE: Point is, I wasn't surprised. Even when she grabbed my dick.

AMY: Is that even legal?

LORRAINE: No, but it takes courage.

TERRENCE: And that never happened before. Not once. Not ever.

LORRAINE: That's what we should play. Not Pictionary.

JAYNA: Thank God. I'm terrible at that.

AMY: Play what?

LORRAINE: Never Have I Ever.

JAYNA: Eesh.

LORRAINE: Problem?

JAYNA: Truth games are my pet *noire*.

TERRENCE: Your what?

LORRAINE: I think you mean *bête noire*, darling.

TERRENCE: *Bête noire* means black beast.

JAYNA: Well, pet peeve is what I meant to say.

LORRAINE: I like your version better.

JAYNA: Thank you, Lorraine.

LORRAINE: But if you don't want to play...it's your house.

TERRENCE: We're playing, and that's final. I'll get pencil and paper.

(TERRENCE *exits*. AMY *reaches for the wine bottle*.)

JAYNA: Amy, no. Archibald's had enough.

LORRAINE: Give me the bottle. Give it to me.

(LORRAINE *grabs the bottle, pours for herself*. TERRENCE *enters with paper and a pen*.)

TERRENCE: Who's going first?

LORRAINE: I'll go first. (*thinks*) OK. Never have I ever....ridden on a subway. So...let's see hands. How many people have ridden on a subway?

(*Everybody else's hand goes up*.)

LORRAINE: That's three points for me, plus five for a clean sweep.

AMY: She's making things up again.

LORRAINE: It's the same rule for everybody.

TERRENCE: You never rode a subway?

LORRAINE: That's right, I never did.

TERRENCE: Are you so rich you can always take taxis?

LORRAINE: I'm not rich. I just don't like to be under the ground.

TERRENCE: At least you're afraid of something.

JAYNA: Terrence, that's rude.

LORRAINE: I'll take it as a compliment. Terrence, you go.

TERRENCE: All right. (*thinks*) OK. Never have I ever....been to a costume party.

JAYNA: Does Burning Man count?

LORRAINE: Did you wear a costume?

JAYNA: Um, not exactly? I was naked. But with snakeskin boots.

LORRAINE: Mmmmm. Definitely counts.

TERRENCE: Let's see hands.

(Everybody's hand goes up.)

AMY: (*to LORRAINE*) When? When did you ever go to a costume party?

TERRENCE: In her Marlene Dietrich period. Am I right?

LORRAINE: Close enough. How do you know about Marlene Dietrich?

TERRENCE: See there? This is exactly what I mean. You think a black cop doesn't watch black-and-white movies?

JAYNA: Terrence, she wasn't being racist.

TERRENCE: Of course she was being racist. Everywhere I go.

JAYNA: Shh, baby, take it easy.

LORRAINE: That's eight points for Terrence, tie game.

TERRENCE: I could do five years behind this profiling bullshit.

LORRAINE: Amy? Your turn.

TERRENCE: I'm sick to death of it, you hear me?

AMY: We hear you, Terrence. Aren't these supposed to be sexual?

LORRAINE: It will certainly help.

AMY: OK... Never have I ever....gone skinny-dipping.

(Only one hand goes up—TERRENCE'S.)

LORRAINE: OK, only one point for Amy.

JAYNA: *(to TERRENCE)* When did you go skinny-dipping?

TERRENCE: Before your time.

LORRAINE: Let me guess. You caught some hippies in the river, instead of arresting them, you joined them.

TERRENCE: You know what? Fuck you.

LORRAINE: Joking.

TERRENCE: Bullshit you were joking. That does it, I'm out of here.

LORRAINE: Terrence, you're in your own house.

TERRENCE: It's not my house. It's her house. This look like my shit on the wall? No fucking way.

LORRAINE: We never thought it was your shit. We're all rooting for your acquittal, so stop insulting the décor.

AMY: Ohmigod. You're the one who's being insulting.

LORRAINE: Can we please move on? Whose turn is it?

AMY: You're the one who's hammered, not me.

LORRAINE: I am not hammered. I don't get hammered.

AMY: You think you don't get hammered.

JAYNA: Amy, why are you picking on Lorraine?

AMY: Better question: Why are you always defending her? Never mind. I know why. You think she walks on water. I used to think so too. Well, she doesn't. She can't even swim.

(Doorbell rings.)

JAYNA: Who can that be?

TERRENCE: *(looking at watch)* I'll get it.

JAYNA: *(to the others)* I can't imagine who that is.

(Doorbell rings again.)

TERRENCE: Yeah yeah, I'm coming.

(TERRENCE exits toward the front door.)

TERRENCE: *(off)* Well, you're just in time. I'm surrounded by prosecutors here.

(TERRENCE enters, with KEVIN and BREE.)

KEVIN: Hey, everybody.

LORRAINE: Well well, look who's here. Hello, Kevin. Hello, Bree.

BREE: Hi, Lorraine.

JAYNA: Hi. What a...nice surprise.

KEVIN: Terrence didn't warn you? We were invited for dessert.

JAYNA: No, he didn't warn me.

LORRAINE: No.

AMY: No. No warning.

BREE: *(to TERRENCE)* Why didn't you say something?

TERRENCE: *(to BREE)* I...didn't know if you'd actually show up. I didn't want to get anybody's hopes up.

LORRAINE: Who was hoping? *(to AMY)* Were you hoping?

AMY: Just give it a rest, OK?

KEVIN: Why wouldn't we show up?

JAYNA: Yes, why wouldn't they?

BREE: It doesn't matter. We're here.

JAYNA: And I think there's some cobbler left.

LORRAINE: Jayna made it, it's delicious.

BREE: No thank you.

KEVIN: None for me. Hi, Amy.

AMY: Hello, Kevin.

KEVIN: You look...amazing.

BREE: Has it been difficult?

AMY: Well...I've had a lot of support.

LORRAINE: (to BREE) You have no idea. How's business, Bree?

BREE: Business is fine, thank you.

KEVIN: Bree's not doing their wedding.

TERRENCE: So I heard.

BREE: Because I didn't know who Robert Mugabe was.

TERRENCE: Why, is he coming to the wedding?

BREE: You see there? Terrence doesn't even know him.

LORRAINE: Ooo. Careful, Bree.

TERRENCE: He's that crazy-ass African dictator. No reason to fire you.

LORRAINE: Nobody fired her. You said you couldn't stand me and you both walked out.

KEVIN: Come on, that's bullshit. You set her up. You know you did. You wanted us out of your lives.

LORRAINE: Now why would I want that?

KEVIN: Never mind why. (*sees AMY sneaking a drink*) Hey, Amy, no, what are you doing? You shouldn't be drinking.

LORRAINE: And I wouldn't go there either.

JAYNA: Can we please all try to mellow out?

KEVIN: Ah, the magic words. Well, this should help.

(*KEVIN takes out a joint.*)

LORRAINE: Um, Kevin, I think I saw a cop around here someplace.

TERRENCE: Man, take that out of my sight.

KEVIN: Come on. You telling me you never smoke dope? In your own home?

TERRENCE: That's right, I never do. Lawyers can, cops can't. It's not justice, but that's the way it is.

KEVIN: Anybody buying this?

AMY: No, but I'll take some of that.

KEVIN: (*lights joint*) No, you won't. Lorraine?

LORRAINE: Thank you, I'm sufficiently paranoid as it is.

TERRENCE: Dude, put it out.

BREE: Kevin, do what he says.

KEVIN: (*ignoring them*) So what game are we playing tonight?

TERRENCE: Never Have I Ever. Gimme that joint.

KEVIN: Never Have I Ever played Never Have I Ever.

LORRAINE: Then it's your turn.

KEVIN: Didn't I just take my turn? (*TERRENCE grabs KEVIN's wrist, stubs out the joint.*) Easy, bro. Am I under arrest? Can I at least have the joint back?

TERRENCE: (*pocketing the joint*) Take your turn, dude.

KEVIN: All right. If that's how it is. Everybody ready? Never
Have I Ever...lost a case.

TERRENCE: Is that true?

KEVIN: That's right.

BREE: All right, so you get no points. None of us has ever lost a case either.

KEVIN: Oh, I get it. You pick something other people have done.

BREE: Yes, Kevin, that's the point.

TERRENCE: Wait. When you say never lost a case....

KEVIN: I meant exactly what I said.

TERRENCE: All-inclusive.

KEVIN: Uh-huh.

TERRENCE: Meaning we're OK.

KEVIN: We're more than OK. We're golden.

JAYNA: Terrence! That's fantastic!

BREE: Kevin, why didn't you tell me?

KEVIN: Cause I wanted to tell him first.

JAYNA: Ohmigod. I'm so happy for you, Terrence.

TERRENCE: We're really done? Seriously?

KEVIN: A few t's to cross, that's all.

TERRENCE: Well. That's all right. What happened? I was sure we were toast.

KEVIN: We were. We were dead in the water. But that stripper on their
witness list? Who said you fucked her in the Bare Essentials bathroom?
Turns out she was paid to come forward. By the plaintiff, by her lawyer, it's
not clear yet who suborned the witness, but somebody's ass is headed for
jail. Bottom line for us, the judge dismissed the case. We've won.

TERRENCE: On a technical foul.

KEVIN: I got you off. That's what you hired me for.

LORRAINE: The law's a game of lies, Terrence. Who can tell the better one.

BREE: Terrence, really, you should be thrilled.

TERRENCE: What about my reputation?

KEVIN: At the moment, you have a reputation for good luck and that's about it.

TERRENCE: What's that supposed to mean?

BREE: Terrence, leave it alone.

JAYNA: Time out, guys—

TERRENCE: No, I'm not gonna leave it alone. You said we could sue the department.

KEVIN: Dude? Don't push it, OK? Let O.J. be your guide.

TERRENCE: O.J.? What's fucking O.J. got to do with it? I want my day in court.

KEVIN: You had your day in court. You want to sue? Find yourself another lawyer.

TERRENCE: I'll find one. And he won't be a drunken motherfucker.

JAYNA: Can we stop? Please? TIME OUT!

(Pause.)

JAYNA: Let's take a minute to listen to the silence.

BREE: Oh do we have to?

LORRAINE: Yes. Everybody quiet. It's Jayna's house.

JAYNA: Thank you, Lorraine.

LORRAINE: You're welcome, darling.

JAYNA: Just ride the waves of your breath.

(Silence. LORRAINE mirrors JAYNA's yoga posture and breathes in unison with her.)

JAYNA: Everybody calm again?

LORRAINE: Lovely, yes.

TERRENCE: O.J.!??

JAYNA: Terrence, honey, he was just offering his advice. Are we ready to play? It's my turn.

AMY: OK, so go.

JAYNA: These are supposed to be sexual?

LORRAINE: Yes, please.

(Silence.)

JAYNA: OK. Never have I ever...had a non-genital orgasm.

KEVIN: As opposed to giving one.

JAYNA: Yes. Let's see hands.

(LORRAINE's hand goes up. So does AMY's.)

JAYNA: OK, so that's two points for me.

TERRENCE: *(to AMY)* So how was it? Compared to the usual.

KEVIN: Yes, Amy, how was it?

AMY: Who wants to know?

KEVIN: I want to know.

AMY: It calmed the baby, OK?

JAYNA: And for you, Lorraine?

LORRAINE: It was wonderful. A life-changer, actually. I renounced every one of my theories.

AMY: The one about soulmates? Commitment? The toxicity of love?

LORRAINE: All of the above.

AMY: I see. Welcome to the human race, Lorraine.

LORRAINE: Don't be bitchy, dear.

AMY: I wasn't being bitchy. I meant it.

LORRAINE: In that case, I'm going to take my turn now.

AMY: It's not your turn. It's Bree's turn.

BREE: That's OK. I yield my turn to Lorraine.

KEVIN: Why? What are you afraid of?

TERRENCE: She's not afraid. She wants to hear what Lorraine's got up her sleeve. Go ahead, Lorraine.

(Pause.)

JAYNA: Lorraine?

LORRAINE: *(to AMY)* Never Have I Ever...had a one-night stand.

(No hands go up. Then JAYNA's does.)

JAYNA: I guess I make up for the rest of you.

TERRENCE: I knew it. I knew you were cheating on me. I just never guessed who it was.

JAYNA: I didn't cheat on you! And I'm not talking about Lorraine! It was that summer in Amsterdam. A long time ago.

LORRAINE: Dear, you're not that old.

JAYNA: Yes, but did you know, Amsterdam has more psychopaths than any other city in the world?

BREE: I think you mean cycle paths.

JAYNA: Cycle paths?

BREE: They have a lot of bicycles in Amsterdam. Not psychopaths.

JAYNA: Well, they have a lot of those too. And I slept with all of them. (to
TERRENCE) Male and female.

TERRENCE: Is that right.

JAYNA: That's right. I'm sorry.

TERRENCE: Sorry for what? You think I didn't know? I knew.

JAYNA: Really? Then why were you always dissing lesbians?

TERRENCE: Hey, I didn't dis them. I said I wasn't into them. From a
voyeuristic standpoint.

LORRAINE: So that's only one point from me? I'm surprised. Amy,
are you sure you've never had a one-night stand? Maybe you need a
definition?

AMY: No, I don't need a definition.

LORRAINE: I think turkey-baster might count.

AMY: It might, but it doesn't apply to me.

LORRAINE: Ah. That's what I wanted to know.

JAYNA: What do you mean, it doesn't apply to you?

AMY: Ohmigod, do I have to spell it out?

JAYNA: You had sex with the baby daddy?

AMY: Yes, I had sex with the baby daddy.

JAYNA: He volunteered?

AMY: He did more than volunteer. He insisted.

LORRAINE: So you do need a definition.

AMY: No, I don't.

LORRAINE: I get it. It didn't stop there.

AMY: No, it hasn't.

LORRAINE: Really. Hasn't stopped. Perfect tense. Well. I hear intercourse is supposed to be good for the baby.

JAYNA: Where did you meet him?

AMY: On the phone.

LORRAINE: He called you?

AMY: That's right, he called me.

LORRAINE: He knew you were in the market for a donor.

AMY: He said he had connections at the clinic.

LORRAINE: Not true, was it.

AMY: No, it wasn't true.

LORRAINE: So then what? You got together.

AMY: I agreed to meet for coffee.

LORRAINE: Yes, and?

AMY: We kind of hit it off.

LORRAINE: Of course you did.

AMY: What do you mean, of course? Are you calling me a slut?

LORRAINE: No, dear, I'm not calling you a slut. Calm down.

AMY: You never really wanted a child. It was just an experiment. Try anything once. An intellectual exercise.

LORRAINE: We're talking about you, dear. You were tired of me, and you had this coffee date—

AMY: I didn't say I was tired of you—

LORRAINE: Well, tired of being my protégé, anyway—

AMY: I'm not your protégé. I'm a kindergarten teacher. OK, so maybe I could be a mother, something you could actually be proud of, two birds with one stone—

LORRAINE: Amy, you're starting to babble—

KEVIN: She's not babbling. She's making total sense.

LORRAINE: Kevin, you'll get your turn. *(to AMY)* So what happened? Did you sleep with him on the first date?

AMY: The second date.

LORRAINE: But you didn't get pregnant.

AMY: Not right away.

LORRAINE: You kept trying.

AMY: And then I did.

LORRAINE: But he kept calling.

AMY: Yes, he kept calling.

LORRAINE: If a woman answers, hang up. *(to BREE)* Bree, I owe you an apology.

AMY: Lorraine!

BREE: What do you mean, you—ohmigod.

LORRAINE: I always assumed that was you. Well, Kevin. Congratulations.

AMY: Lorraine, you promised.

LORRAINE: You turned her. You really should run for office.

BREE: Yeah, as a Republican.

LORRAINE: On second thought, an ex-dyke wife, that might be tough to spin.

BREE: At least he won't be childless. Wow.

TERRENCE: What the fuck is going on—oh Jesus.

BREE: Kind of takes me off the hook, doesn't it.

KEVIN: What do you mean, takes you off the hook?

LORRAINE: She didn't want to be a mother. You wanted to be a father. End of story.

BREE: No, Lorraine. It's not the end of the story.

LORRAINE: Oh no?

BREE: I think I need a definition.

TERRENCE: (*eyeing* BREE) Yeah, maybe I need one too.

KEVIN: Oh fuck.

TERRENCE: Daytime counts?

LORRAINE: Daytime counts.

TERRENCE: Then yes. Twice.

JAYNA: Ohmigod.

BREE: Twice!?! What do you mean, twice?!?

JAYNA: I don't think I want to hear this.

LORRAINE: Darling, it's OK, I'm here. Officer, please take the stand.

TERRENCE: Bree?

BREE: Kevin? Are you OK with this?

KEVIN: Start at the beginning. Don't leave anything out.

LORRAINE: Where did this happen?

TERRENCE: Where did we meet? At a gas station.

LORRAINE: Interesting. Has anyone ever seen a cop car in a gas station? I don't believe I have.

KEVIN: Lorraine? My witness.

TERRENCE: She ran a stop sign. I never even saw that. I was there to get gas. She saw me pull up behind her and she freaked. She's like, I'm sorry, officer, I didn't see the stop sign, it was covered up by foliage. She's confessing something I didn't even see, and I'm trying to get a word in edgewise, and when I finally tell her I just pulled in for gas she starts to laugh, and I'm laughing too, and she's blushing all over and one thing is leading to another—

KEVIN: No no. Specifics.

TERRENCE: Bree?

BREE: Go ahead. I'm OK.

TERRENCE: So there's a No-Tell Motel across the street, I guess one of us had that in mind eventually or maybe both of us. And that's all the specifics I'm gonna provide except afterwards, Bree, you remember what you said? You said, "I'm sorry if you were disappointed." Disappointed? It was the greatest thing that ever happened, and you were apologizing, which made it all the sweeter. All my life I never heard a woman apologize for something that was my fault, which in my case, full disclosure, on some occasions I tend to be a nervous ejaculator.

LORRAINE: (*to KEVIN*) Every cloud has a silver lining.

TERRENCE: (*to BREE*) So you melted my heart with that apology. I said to myself, this is a woman I want to spend a lot of time with. But all I had to go on was your license plate.

KEVIN: Not a problem for you, was it?

TERRENCE: No problem at all. So I started cruising past your house, hoping to see you, and one day who do I see but you, counselor.

KEVIN: So what did you do then?

TERRENCE: You know what I did. I asked you for a dinner invitation.

KEVIN: You were taking a big chance.

TERRENCE: You bet I was taking a chance. If you scoped us out, you were liable to drop the case, which could easily prejudice the jury. But I took that risk, and I guess things worked out, and Bree, if you never want children that's OK with me, with or without I'm committed to you if you'll have me.

JAYNA: Wow. (to LORRAINE) And you thought romance was dead.

TERRENCE: (to JAYNA) I'm sorry, babe.

LORRAINE: No apology necessary, you're dismissed.

KEVIN: Not so fast. You said "twice." What about the other time?

BREE: Yes, Terrence, we'd like a full confession.

KEVIN: And remember, you're under oath. Who was your other one-night stand?

(Pause.)

TERRENCE: The plaintiff.

BREE: The plaintiff?!

TERRENCE: That's right.

KEVIN: You had sex with the plaintiff?!

TERRENCE: I had sex with the plaintiff.

KEVIN: She was telling the truth.

TERRENCE: And that's all I have to say.

KEVIN: So you lied to your lawyer.

TERRENCE: You can call it a lie if you want.

KEVIN: You put my whole career in jeopardy.

TERRENCE: You got paid for your trouble.

KEVIN: Not enough, as it turns out. Not nearly enough. Fucking ingrate.

TERRENCE: What did you call me?

JAYNA: Whoa. Time out, guys.

KEVIN: Oh stop with the time-outs.

LORRAINE: Kevin, lay off her.

KEVIN: You lay off. Stay out of this. Go have an orgasm. *(to TERRENCE)* All those days you sat in my office with a straight face, I can't believe how blind I was—

TERRENCE: What do you mean, blind? You knew I was holding back something.

LORRAINE: Is that true, Kevin?

KEVIN: You always wonder. You always suspect. But not that you were coveting my girlfriend. You know what I oughta do? I oughta call up that poor woman, that poor desperate woman you tore up her ticket and fucked her at a rest stop, so terrified she was going to lose the case and come out looking like a lying slut she actually paid a stripper to say she fucked you during a raid, which for all I know you did that too, I wouldn't put anything past you, you lying motherfucker—

(TERRENCE climbs over furniture to grab KEVIN. They wrestle, with TERRENCE getting the best of it. Ad lib cries of "Stop!" BREE manages to separate them.)

BREE: Stop it! Get up! You're ridiculous! Both of you!
If you think I'm enjoying this, you're wrong.

KEVIN: Don't flatter yourself. Not everything's about you.

TERRENCE: Hey. Don't talk to her like that.

KEVIN: Fuck you. I'll talk any way I want.

(TERRENCE and KEVIN go at it again. BREE tries to get between them, and then:)

AMY: [groans]

KEVIN: What? What is it?

AMY: Oh. Oh. Oh.

LORRAINE: Amy? What's wrong?

AMY: I'm having contractions.

KEVIN: Ohmigod. Amy.

LORRAINE: Can't be. It's too early. Those are Braxton-Hicks.

AMY: No! I know what those feel like! Why are you always denying stuff?

LORRAINE: All right, calm down—

AMY: These are real. Ohmigod. Ohmigod.

LORRAINE: *(takes out phone)* Shh. Take it easy.

AMY: What are you doing? Who are you calling?

LORRAINE: Your doctor, who do you think?

KEVIN: Call him on the way. *(to AMY)* Come on.

LORRAINE: What do you think you're doing?

KEVIN: I'm taking her to the hospital.

LORRAINE: You're in no condition to drive.

KEVIN: Sure I am.

LORRAINE: No you're not.

BREE: Kevin, she's right. You're trashed.

KEVIN: I am not trashed. My mind is crystal clear.

LORRAINE: You're not driving her, Kevin.

KEVIN: Well, you're not either.

AMY: Will you stop arguing, for God's sake!

JAYNA: I'll drive you.

LORRAINE: The voice of sobriety. You are a godsend, darling. Do we need a police escort?

JAYNA: No, I don't need an escort.

KEVIN: Come on, if you're coming. Amy, take my arm.

LORRAINE: Wait, I forgot your suitcase.

KEVIN: Forget it. I've got it in my car.

LORRAINE: You had us both pack suitcases?

AMY: Yes! Could we please get going? You can fight it out at the hospital.

JAYNA: Bye, Terrence. Don't wait up, OK? I don't know when I'll be coming back.

TERRENCE: Hey, look. I always figured you'd leave me for a woman.

LORRAINE: And if my luck holds, she'll leave me for another man.

AMY: Lorraine, they're coming faster!

LORRAINE: Yes, dear. We're both here.

TERRENCE: Hang in there, Archibald!

KEVIN: (to TERRENCE) Sorry, I got hot with you. Bree? I'm sorry.

BREE: I'm not. Just go. Don't forget the cigars.

(KEVIN and LORRAINE help AMY out the door. JAYNA exits with them.)

BREE: Well.

TERRENCE: Yeah.

BREE: So who's gonna clean up this mess?

TERRENCE: What mess? Oh you mean this mess. I can handle it. You don't have to.

BREE: I wasn't volunteering.

TERRENCE: Yeah, I didn't expect you to.

BREE: So how was it?

TERRENCE: How was what?

BREE: Rest-stop woman.

TERRENCE: It was what it was. Nothing special.

BREE: No apologies necessary.

TERRENCE: She didn't apologize. She was loaded.

BREE: Right, she was loaded. What happened to that joint?

TERRENCE: Here.

BREE: Can I see it?

TERRENCE: Really?

(TERRENCE hands her the joint. BREE lights it, passes it.)

BREE: It's been a while. Not since that day.

TERRENCE: Didn't help me much, did it.

BREE: You were fine. Stop beating yourself up.

TERRENCE: Right. You're right.

BREE: Or I'll take back my apology.

TERRENCE: Don't do that.

(Pause. BREE pours wine for them both.)

TERRENCE: So, you gonna do Kevin's wedding?

BREE: Why not? It's money. *(pause)* You want to know the real reason I'm a wedding planner?

TERRENCE: Your hippie mom.

BREE: Weddings were over. That's what she told me. A bourgeois relic. That's why they never tied the knot. Not because they hated each other. No. Had to be something "cultural." Bras were over. Lipstick was over. Shaving body hair was over. And dances would never have names again. But mainly weddings.

TERRENCE: So you had to prove her wrong.

BREE: Now tell me something else. Did you have sex with that stripper in the Bare Essentials bathroom?

TERRENCE: And hey, what about the Macarena?

BREE: Terrence? Yes or no? Or I'm leaving.

TERRENCE: I pretended she was you.

BREE: You are such a liar.

TERRENCE: Takes one to love one. Where you going? Don't go. Bree. Hey. I was kidding. I've never been to Bare Essentials, I swear to God. Whatever lies I ever told, everything I said to you I meant.

(Pause. BREE tenses.)

BREE: You hear that?

TERRENCE: I didn't hear anything.

BREE: I thought I heard a baby cry.

TERRENCE: Must have been a bird or something.

BREE: Or a cat.

TERRENCE: I didn't hear a cat.

(Pause.)

BREE: I guess that means I want one.

TERRENCE: Yeah, that's probably what it indicates.

BREE: No frozen eggs.

TERRENCE: OK.

BREE: I'm off that.

TERRENCE: Clock's ticking.

BREE: And not out of wedlock.

TERRENCE: No, I'm with you there.

BREE: There, did you hear it?

TERRENCE: Yes. Yes, that time I heard it.

(BREE drains her glass. So does TERRENCE.)

BREE: You know what I'm thinking, Terrence?

TERRENCE: Yeah, what?

BREE: This isn't such a bad wine after all.

(Music rises: Suzi Quatro singing "Stumblin' In." The lights slowly fade. END OF PLAY.)