

Courtney, Melanie, & PB

MELANIE. Why does everybody think I was out having fun?

P.B. You usually are.

MELANIE. Courtney, you need a drink.

COURTNEY. *(Comes to the sofa and sits.)* What a splendid idea, Melanie. Pour me a scotch. Make it a double. Let's celebrate!

P.B. What about me? *(Melanie pours two drinks.)*

COURTNEY. You keep a clear head about you. You don't want to end up like us.

P.B. Yes, I do.

COURTNEY. *(She grabs P.B.)* Oh, P.B., I love you. *(Melanie crosses to the sofa with two drinks. Hands one to Courtney and hugs P.B.)*

MELANIE. That makes two of us. *(P.B. tries to grab a drink.)*

P.B. I'd rather have a drink.

COURTNEY. *(Grabbing drink from P.B.)* That's all Mom needs to see is you drinking.

P.B. Mom's the reason I want to start. She's driving me crazy! You'd think she was getting married.

MELANIE. She is ...

P.B. That's what Dad said. *(Imitating Doc.)* "Your mother's had only one dream. When she could finally plan a real wedding day like she never had."

MELANIE. Mom's nuts.

COURTNEY. But she's never wrong.

MELANIE. What?!

COURTNEY. Mothers never are.

P.B. Why is that?

COURTNEY. It's a biological fact.

P.B. You're not making any sense.

COURTNEY. I don't have to make sense. I'm the bride.

MELANIE. Marrying Harper certainly doesn't make any sense. Now marrying Ryan ... *(P.B. shoots a look at Melanie.)*

COURTNEY. Will you forget about him? He doesn't belong in this conversation.

MELANIE. Yeah, but —

COURTNEY. It all seemed so romantic at the time. I was his muse, and for a time he was mine.

MELANIE. Exactly.

COURTNEY. Then I realized I was the only adult in our relationship.

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Two writers living in a filthy city full of bugs and bitchy waiters ...
(*She goes to the mantle and opens a book pretending to ignore them.*)

P.B. But you wrote a lot of good stories then.

COURTNEY. Harper will inspire me to write new ones.

MELANIE. I can see that. "The Eagle Scout's Passion." Or "The Lover wore Seersucker." (*Melanie and P.B. laugh.*) Stick with Ryan, Court.

COURTNEY. Impossible. Ryan is incapable of making plans.

MELANIE. Ahhh. So the perfect husband is one who can plan well.

COURTNEY. Plans are important.

MELANIE. Does Harper plan well in the sack? (*P.B. giggles.*)

COURTNEY. Melanie! Harper and I have goals ...

MELANIE. That are completely different.

P.B. But aren't opposites supposed to attract? Like magnets?

COURTNEY. Precisely.

MELANIE. That's physics. This is love. How did someone as anal as Harper sweep you, the unsweepable, off your feet?

COURTNEY. You don't really want to know.

P.B. I do.

COURTNEY. You're not going to believe it.

MELANIE. Try me.

P.B. Me too!

COURTNEY. I never thought this could happen to me. (*Romantically, wandering across to the window seat.*) It was like every girl's dream come true. I was in London for my book tour. Harper was there, presenting a paper for some prestigious body or another. We met in a bookstore. We had a drink. And as we parted, he turned to me and said, "I hope you realize that you just met the man you're going to marry."

P.B. and MELANIE. NO!

COURTNEY. Yes. (*Both P.B. and Melanie are disgusted.*)

MELANIE. Nooo!!

P.B. Ewww!

COURTNEY. That's what he said. I couldn't make that up.

MELANIE. No one says that.

COURTNEY. He did.

P.B. Wow. That's like out of a bad movie.

MELANIE. I could almost gag.

P.B. I could almost puke.

COURTNEY. It left me breathless. And he was such a romantic. The flowers. The notes. The attentiveness. It was just so ...

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MELANIE. Queer?

COURTNEY. Romantic.

MELANIE. That's bullshit. You can't marry him, Court.

P.B. Why shouldn't she?

MELANIE. Because he's not right.

COURTNEY. You don't get it, Melanie. There's more to life than one night stands. More to life than the freedom and independence women are always talking about, but are never able to achieve. Because all that talk boils down to is one lonely pint of yogurt sitting in an empty fridge.

MELANIE. Then maybe you should buy more when you shop, but you shouldn't get married. Do you really want to be stuck in Ohio?

P.B. Wait. We're stuck in Ohio.

MELANIE. Don't remind me. *(Melanie drinks.)*

COURTNEY. What do you think, P.B.?

P.B. You should marry Harper?

MELANIE. Why?

P.B. 'Cause Mom will kill you. *(Laughter.)*

MELANIE. I'll drink to that! *(She downs her drink and crosses to the bar for a refill.)*

COURTNEY. You'll drink to anything.

MELANIE. Anytime. Anywhere. I don't need an occasion.

P.B. Then what makes New Year's special?

MELANIE. I drink with a hat on!