

The Heidi Chronicles

By: Wendy Wasserstein

SCOOP: Why did you let me do this?

HEIDI: Me! What do you mean, why did I let you? I had nothing to do with this.

SCOOP: Yes you did. Are you marrying this doctor?

HEIDI: Maybe.

SCOOP: Seems like a nice enough guy.

HEIDI: He's a wonderful guy. He's also gay. Anyway, I'm seeing someone. Sort of living with someone.

SCOOP: (with accent) So where is he? I want to have a look.

HEIDI: I didn't want you to meet him. I don't want you to have a look.

SCOOP: Is he quality goods?

HEIDI: He's an editor.

SCOOP: An editor?

HEIDI: I met him through work. I'm writing a book of essays.

SCOOP: Academic?

HEIDI: Sort of.

SCOOP: Art History?

HEIDI: Sort of.

SCOOP: Sounds like there's miniseries potential here.

HEIDI: It's called "And the Light Floods in From the Left and Other Over-Commitments." Essays on art and women.

SCOOP: Sort of Marcusian.

HEIDI: Well, actually, it's sort of humorous. Well, sort of social observation. I mean, sort of a point of view.

SCOOP: Heidella, don't shred the napkin.

HEIDI: I'm sorry.

SCOOP: Aunt Florence will never recover from who's been at the Pierre today. I didn't ask you to clean the room. I just told you not to shred. Maybe you should spend some time on that collective in Montana. Liberate yourself. So, who's this editor?

HEIDI: I don't have to answer these questions.

SCOOP: Heidi, I'm a lawyer and I'm about to be a journalist again. So, yes, actually it'll be easier if you do answer these questions.

HEIDI: What do you mean you're about to be a journalist again?

SCOOP: I'm starting a magazine.

HEIDI: What magazine?

SCOOP: I answered your question, now you have to answer mine. Who's this editor?

HEIDI: Christ...

SCOOP: I'm just trying to have a friendly conversation. I'm concerned about you. I care about you. Where did he go to school?

HEIDI: Trinity.

SCOOP: Trinity? Trinity what? Trinity, Cambridge? Trinity, Hartford? Trinity, the Lower School?

HEIDI: Trinity, Hartford.

SCOOP: You're sort of living with an editor who went to Trinity College, Hartford!

HEIDI: You've certainly come a long way since The Liberated Earth News.

SCOOP: Did I say anything? I didn't say anything. Where does he edit?

HEIDI: Hustler.

SCOOP: He should only be half as creative as an editor at Hustler and an eighth as well endowed.

HEIDI: You don't even know him.

SCOOP: Yes I do. Where does he edit, Knopf?

HEIDI: Do you interrogate Lisa like this?

SCOOP: No. I know who Lisa sort of lives with. Simon & Schuster?

HEIDI: No.

SCOOP: Harper and Row?

HEIDI: I don't know.

SCOOP: Harper and Row. It's Harper and Row. Way to go, Rosenbaum.

HEIDI: I hate this. I really hate this.

SCOOP: No you don't. Or you wouldn't have come.

HEIDI: Peter wanted to meet you. That's why we came. He said if I witnessed your ritual it would put an end to an era. And Susan, for some insane reason, Susan wanted to come too.

SCOOP: Maybe she's got a thing for Burt Lance.

HEIDI: No, Molly wanted to see New York. This is all irrelevant. I'm thinking of writing my book in England. I applied for a Fulbright.

SCOOP: Heidella, if you haven't won this particular round, it doesn't mean you have to drop completely out of the match.

HEIDI: You still use lousy construction.

SCOOP: Yes, I do. And that's what makes me so much more interesting than the editor.

HEIDI: Fuck you.

SCOOP: You still use foul language.

HEIDI: You don't.

SCOOP: My wife doesn't care for it.

HEIDI: Well, clearly she's quality goods.

SCOOP: You really don't understand, do you?

HEIDI: I think I do.

SCOOP: No, you don't. But I can explain. Let's say we married and I asked you to devote the, say, next ten years of your life to me. To making me a home and a family and a life so secure that I could with some confidence go out into the world each day and attempt to get an "A". You'd say "No." You'd say, "Why can't we be partners? Why can't we both go out into the world and get an "A?" And you'd be absolutely valid and correct.

HEIDI: But Lisa....

SCOOP: "Do I love her," as your nice friend asked me? She's the best that I can do. Is she an "A+" like you? No. But I don't want to come home to an "A+". "A-" maybe, but not an "A+."

HEIDI: SCOOP, we're out of school. We're in life. You don't need to grade everything.

SCOOP: I'm sorry, Heidella. But I couldn't dangle you anymore. And that's why I got married today. So.

HEIDI: So. So now this is all my fault.

SCOOP: Sure it is. You want other things in life than I do.

HEIDI: Really? Like what?

SCOOP: Self-fulfillment. Self-determination. Self-exaggeration.

HEIDI: That's exactly what you want.

SCOOP: Right. Then you'd be competing with me.

HEIDI: Scoop....

SCOOP: What?

HEIDI: Forget it.

SCOOP: What, baby?

HEIDI: I.

SCOOP: It's either/or.

HEIDI: That is simply not true.

SCOOP: You don't like the grades. Fuck the grades. Let's use numbers.

HEIDI: I thought you didn't use foul language.

SCOOP: I don't. Unless it's helpful. On a scale from one to ten, if you aim for a six and get a six, everything will work out nicely. But if you aim for a ten in all things and get a six, you're going to be very disappointed. And unfortunately, that's why you "quality time" girls are going to be one generation of disappointed women. Interesting, exemplary, even sexy, but basically unhappy. The ones who open doors usually are.

HEIDI: But you're willing to settle for a secure six.

SCOOP: I've got more important things to worry about.

HEIDI: Your magazine?

SCOOP: Just things. It's all home cooking in the crock-pot you bought us. By the way, I was hurt by that. It's not a very personal gift.

HEIDI: I'll send a Mister Coffee. Bye, SCOOP. Congratulations.

SCOOP: I'm sorry I disappointed you.

HEIDI: I don't give grades.

SCOOP: I don't' you in New Hampshire you'd be the one this would all make such a difference to.

HEIDI: I've yet to torch lingerie.

SCOOP: We're talking life choices.

HEIDI: I haven't made them yet.

SCOOP: Yes you have, or we'd be getting married today.

HEIDI: SCOOP, we'd never break a glass at the Pierre.

SCOOP: I didn't marry Lisa because she's Jewish.

HEIDI: No, you married her because she's blandish.

SCOOP: I never meant to hurt you.

HEIDI: I gotta go or Peter will abandon me for a waiter. He's into waiters.

SCOOP: Really, but he's a well-educated man. He went to Williams.

HEIDI: Williams men like to come home to a well-set table, too.

SCOOP: Vicious Dumpling. (There is a drum roll and then the voice of the master of ceremonies next door is heard.)

Voiceover: Ladies and gentlemen, Lisa and SCOOP have requested this recording of their favorite song. ("You Send Me" begins to play.)

SCOOP: Are you guarding the chips? (They kiss then slow dance.) The editor of Hustler?

HEIDI: Sam Cooke.

SCOOP: "A+" content.

HEIDI: "A+" from.

SCOOP: I love you Heidi. I'll always love you.

HEIDI: Oh, Please.... (He holds her and sings.)

SCOOP: "Darling, you send me. Honest you do. Honest you do."