

Emily

(A bar. EMILY and HALLIE are at a table, drinking. They have been for quite a while.)

Emily. (Toasting) To burnt bridges!

Hallie. (without enthusiasm) Mmm.

Emily. The hell with love, Hallie. I have a job, a career. My father is buying me a company to run into the ground for him. I'm supposed to give all that up to marry some man? No way.

Hallie. Some people get married and continue to work, Emily.

Emily. Hah! Some people? Men people. Women people get pregnant.

Hallie. And take maternity leaves.

Emily. Hallie, once you're out of the rotation, you never make it back into the starting line up. (toasting) To independence from egotistical, overly competitive, insensitive men!

Hallie. (a sigh) Emily, sometimes I think we're not beatin' those men, we're joinin 'em You can't fight nature, Emily. You can't fight the nesting instinct.

Emily. Great. First we're women, now we're ducks.

Hallie. Me, me, me. It's all we think about. We all have to have the best marks, go to the best schools, get the most blue ribbons. We're all so damn busy provin' how wonderful we are, we don't leave ourselves time to think or doubt.

Emily. You have to prove yourself if you want any kind of a career.

Hallie. Emily, don't get mad but...know what a career is? It's some dumb, fancy name for havin' to work for a living. And where this idea that workin' for a living is fun came from, I'll never know. The hell with it! **(A moment. Emily takes something from her purse.)**

Emily. Look at this.

Hallie. What is it?

Emily. A flyer. It was taped in the window of the restaurant.

Hallie. Oooh! "A Streetcar Named Desire."

Emily. It's an Off-off-off-off-off-off Broadway showcase production. John's in it. With Bonnie.

Hallie. Who's Bonnie? **(Emily cups her hands in front of her breasts.)**

Emily. Homina-homina-homina.

Hallie. Tonight. You gotta go!

Emily. Absolutely not. I don't want him back.

Hallie. You don't want him back?

Emily. I don't want him back.

Hallie. You sure you don't want him back?

Emily. Maybe I want him back. **(a moment)** Hallie, help me!!

Hallie. You've got to get his attention.

Emily. How?

Hallie. Feminine wiles.

Emily. To feminine wiles! What do I do once I've gotten his attention with my feminine wiles?

Hallie. You do what women have done since the beginning of time. Break into hysterical tears and cry till he begs you to stop. **(They laugh. And then suddenly, they begin to cry. They sob, their hearts broken. Suddenly they laugh again.)**

Emily. What a ya think?

Hallie. S'wonderful.

Emily. To feminine wiles? **(They toast.)**

Emily and Hallie. To Feminine wiles!