

tian haze when you're thirty-five and picking your daughter up from The Ethical Culture School to escort her to cello class before dinner with Dad, the noted psychiatrist and Miro poster collector.

HEIDI. No. I'll be busy torching lingerie.

SCOOP. Maybe I'll remember it one day when I'm thirty-five and watching my son's performance as Johnny Appleseed. Maybe I'll look at my wife who puts up with me and flash on when I was editor of a crackpot liberal newspaper and thought I could fall in love with Heidi Holland, the canvassing art historian, that first snowy night in Manchester, New Hampshire, 1968.

HEIDI. Are you guarding the chips?

SCOOP. No. I trust them. *(He kisses her passionately as a song like "White Rabbit" begins playing. * Scoop then looks at his watch and gathers his coat. He begins to leave the room and turns back to Heidi. She looks at her watch and follows him.)*

END SCENE

SCENE 3

*1970, a church basement in Ann Arbor, Michigan. Jill, 40, immaculate in a whale turtleneck and pleated skirt, and Fran, 30, in army fatigues, are setting out Danish and coffee while Aretha Franklin's "Respect" blares in the background. ** Fran dances and sings along, "Sock it to me. sock it to me."*

JILL. *(Tasting a cookie.)* Fran, I think it would be much cozier if we met next time in one of our homes.

FRAN. Jill, we're not the fuckin' Junior League.

JILL. I just hope that everyone is comfortable here. *(She begins moving the chairs.)* Maybe we should rearrange things and make a conversation nook.

FRAN. You sound like my fuckin' mother. She decorates with sheets. *(Fran begins to arrange chairs. Becky, 17, in blue*

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jeans and a poncho, has entered while they are moving and singing. Fran looks up, notices her.) Hi there.

JILL. Hi.

FRAN. We're just getting into the mood. *(She shuts off the music.)* All right, A-RE-THAI

JILL. Can we help you?

BECKY. Sure. I'm Becky Groves. I saw your poster upstairs. *(Jill and Fran immediately go over to Becky and embrace her.)*

JILL. Becky, I'm Jill and I'm so glad you came.

FRAN. Becky, I'm Fran and I'm so glad you came. *(Jill brings a plate of cookies over to Becky.)*

JILL. Becky, how 'bout a peanut butter granola cookie? We each take turns providing the goodies.

FRAN. "Goodies"? Jill, we're also not the fuckin' Brownies. BECKY. I sometimes call sweets and cookies "goodies."

JILL. Thank you, Becky.

FRAN. Becky, please tell me if I come on a little strong. I'm trying to work through that.

JILL. I love you, Fran. *(Heidi and Susan enter. Both wear blue jeans, hiking boots, and down jackets.)*

SUSAN. Sorry. Sorry. I'm sorry we're late. Those snow drifts are mammoth.

FRAN. Bigger than Aphrodite's tits. *(Fran and Jill go to embrace Susan and Heidi.)*

JILL. Hello, Susan. It's so good to see you.

FRAN. Hello, Susan. It's so good to see you.

SUSAN. This is my friend Heidi. She's visiting for the week.

JILL. Hello, Heidi. It's so good to see you.

FRAN. This is Becky, who is joining us this week.

SUSAN. *(Embracing Becky.)* Hello, Becky. It's so good to see you.

FRAN. All right! Let the good times roll *(They all sit down. Heidi moves her chair and sits slightly outside of the circle behind Fran.)*

JILL. I'd like to call to order this meeting of the Huron Street Ann Arbor Consciousness Raising Rap Group. Heidi, Becky, since you're new I want you to know that everything here is very free, very easy. I've been a member of the group for about five months, now. I'm a mother of four daughters and when I first came I was, as Fran would say, "a fuckin'

Hostess cupcake." Everybody in my life — my husband Bill, my daughters, my friends — could lean on perfect Jill. The only problem was there was one person I had completely forgotten to take care of.

BECKY. Who was that?

JILL. Jill.

BECKY. I feel that way sometimes.

SUSAN. We all feel that way sometimes.

BECKY. You do?

FRAN. No, we grow up on fuckin' "Father Knows Best" and we think we have rights! You think Jane Wyatt demanded clitoral stimulation from Robert Young? No fuckin' way. *(Heidi moves her chair further away from the circle.)*

SUSAN. I love you, Fran.

JILL. I love you, too, Fran.

FRAN. *(Primping.)* Maybe I should dress for combat more often.

SUSAN. Fran, sometimes I think you let your defensiveness overwhelm your tremendous vulnerability.

JILL. Heidi, Becky, you should know that Fran is a gifted physicist, and a lesbian, and we support her choice to sleep with women.

BECKY. Sure.

FRAN. Do you support my choice, Heidi?

HEIDI. I'm just visiting.

FRAN. I have to say right now that I don't feel comfortable with a "just visiting" in the room. I need to be able to come here and reach out to you as my sisters. Okay, Heidi-ho?

HEIDI. Okay.

FRAN. Just don't judge us. Christ, we spend our lives having men judge us. All right, let the good times roll!

SUSAN. I'll start. This week I think I made a little headway, but I'm also afraid I fell back a few paces.

JILL. Susie, what did you decide to do about *The Law Review*?

SUSAN. I accepted the position!

JILL. Good.

SUSAN. Becky, I was seriously considering beginning a law journal devoted solely to women's legal issues. But after some pretty heavy deliberation, I've decided to work within the male establishment power base to change the system.

JILL. Susan, I'm so proud of you for making a choice.

SUSAN. Do you know my mother would have married me because I have this position?

FRAN. What are you bullshitting about? "You're going to work from within the male establishment power base." And I'm going to date fuckin' Tricia Nixon. Susan, either you shave your legs or you don't.

SUSAN. I love you, Fran.

FRAN. I scare the shit out of you, Susan.

BECKY. Why are you yelling at her?

SUSAN. Becky, Fran is one of the most honest people I've ever met. She's a great friend.

BECKY. Well, she sounds kinda like Bobby.

JILL. Who's Bobby?

BECKY. Well, Bobby's my boyfriend. Well, we kinda live together. Well, my father and mother split up last year. My father is in the film department here and last year he made this documentary called "Flower Children of Ypsilanti." It won a whole bunch of awards and stuff.

HEIDI. Is your father Ed Groves? That's a great documentary.

BECKY. You saw it?

HEIDI. I'm a graduate student. That means I go to a lot of movies.

BECKY. Well, remember that blonde girl with all the rope bracelets who wanted to go to San Francisco so she could sleep with Donovan? Well, she's my father's other wife.

FRAN. Fuckin' mellow yellow.

SUSAN. That's illegal.

BECKY. They're not really married. She just kinda wears his ring. Anyway, when he left, my mom flipped out. So she went to Esalen in California. I think she's talking to a tree or something. She was only going for a week, but it's been six months. So I asked Bobby to move in, at least until I finished high school, but it's kinda not working. But I don't know.

JILL. You don't know what?

BECKY. I mean, I try to be super nice to him. I make all his meals, and I never disagree with him. But then he just gets angry or stoned. So when I need to think things through, I lock the bathroom door and cry. But I try not to make any

sounds. *(Pause.)* Now you're all going to hate me, right?

FRAN. Lamb, no one here is ever going to hate you.

JILL. Becky, would you like to stay with me and my family for a while?

FRAN. I love you, Jill.

SUSAN. I love you, Jill.

BECKY. But I thought you had to learn to take care of Jill.

JILL. Women like us have to learn to give to those who appreciate it instead of to those who expect it.

FRAN. And those cocksucker assholes have been expecting it for centuries.

BECKY. I think you're all fantastic. You are the best women I have ever met. I am so glad I came. *(She embraces each of them.)*

FRAN. Thank you, Becky. All right! Now I would like to hear from our "visitor" what she thinks of our rap group so far.

HEIDI. I thought you don't want to be judged.

FRAN. I'm asking you to share. Not to judge.

HEIDI. I think Jill is very generous and I think the girl with the rope bracelet would have been much happier with Donovan.

JILL. *(Laughs.)* Heidi, where do you go to school?

HEIDI. New Haven.

FRAN. Becky, "New Haven" means "Yale" in Eastern egalitarian circles.

HEIDI. I'm in the Art History Graduate Program there. My interest is in images of women from the Renaissance Madonna to the present.

FRAN. A feminist interpretation?

HEIDI. Humanist.

FRAN. Heidi, either you shave your legs or you don't.

HEIDI. I'm afraid I think body hair is in the realm of the personal.

FRAN. What is your problem, woman?

HEIDI. I don't really want to share that with you. I'm stingy that way.

SUSAN. My friend Heidi is obsessed with an asshole.

HEIDI. Susie, that's personal.

JILL. "Personal" has kept us apart for so many years.

"Personal" means I know what I'm doing is wrong, but I have so little faith in myself, I'm going to keep it a secret and go right on doing it.

BECKY. Heidi, can I rub your back? Sometimes that helps my mother.

JILL. We shouldn't force her. Maybe Heidi isn't at the same place we are.

HEIDI. I am at the same place you are.

FRAN. How are you at the same place we are?

FRAN. Yeah. Except for you.

HEIDI. What?

FRAN. Heidi, every woman in this room has been taught that the desires and dreams of her husband, her son, or her boss are much more important than her own. Now the only way to turn that around, is for us, right here, to try to make what we want, what we desire, to be as vital to us as it would undoubtedly be to any man. And then we can go out there and really make a difference!

SUSAN. I'm so happy I'm living at this time.

FRAN. Heidi, nothing's going to change until we really start talking to each other.

HEIDI. *(Pause.)* Okay, Fran. I met a guy three years ago at a Eugene McCarthy mixer.

FRAN. Jesus. "Neat and clean for Eugene."

HEIDI. Anyway, we've been seeing each other off and on ever since. He dates a lot of other women, and, uh, I get to see him maybe once every few weeks. He's a teaching fellow

at the law school. *(Pause as she catches herself.)* Becky, "The Law School" means "Yale Law School." I'm an Eastern

egalitarian asshole from Chicago.

JILL. So big deal.

HEIDI. Thanks.

SUSAN. The point is that Heidi will drop anything, work, a date, even a chance to see me, just to be around this creep.

FRAN. He is a creep. But he's a charismatic creep.

HEIDI. I fuckin' hate charisma.

FRAN. When I need him, he's aloof. But if I decide to get better and leave him, he's unbelievably attentive.

BECKY. Your asshole sounds just like my asshole.