

PETER. It's too bad she didn't let me march. I know the curator.

HEIDI. Really. What team does he play on?

PETER. Guess.

HEIDI. Oh, Christ.

PETER. Heidi, I know that somewhere you think my world view is small and personal and that yours resonates for generations to come.

HEIDI. I'm going to hit you.

PETER. Oh, c'mon, I dare you. Put up your dukes. *(He takes her hand and punches it against his arm.)* That's for my having distorted sexual politics.

HEIDI. Correct. *(Peter punches himself with her hand again.)*

PETER. And that's because your liberation is better than mine.

HEIDI. Correct again. *(He punches himself with her hand again.)*

PETER. And that's for my decision to treat sick children rather than shepherd radical sheep. *(He hits himself.)* And that's for being paternal. And caustic.

HEIDI. Correct. *(She begins hitting him on her own.)* And that's for being so Goddamned . . .

PETER. Narcissistic? Supercilious?

HEIDI. No. Um . . .

PETER. Sounds like.

HEIDI. Oh, I give up. *(Suddenly she hits him again.)* And that's for liking to sleep with men more than women. *(She hits him again.)* And that's for not being desperately and hopelessly in love with me.

PETER. That hurts!

HEIDI. Suffer.

PETER. *(Pushes her.)* And that's for making me feel guilty.

HEIDI. I did?

PETER. Yes. *(Heidi sighs as if it's all over. Pushes her again.)*

And that's for not remembering our tenth anniversary?

HEIDI. We've known each other for ten years?

PETER. Well, nine, but we don't look it. *(He puts his arm around Heidi.)* Heidi, for the first time in my life, I'm optimistic. We just might have very happy lives with enough women's art for everybody. Judy Chicago in the morning.

Judy Chicago in the evening. Judy Chicago at dinnertime. Just don't lose your sense of humor or marry that Poop.

HEIDI. Scoop. *(Pause as she looks at him.)* Peter, I'd like to meet Stanley Zinc, doctor-dancer. *(They embrace. However, Peter pulls away as he looks out.)*

PETER. But not imminently, I hope. I left out one thing. Heidi I invited the waiter to meet me here for lunch, and take a deep breath, he's actually shown up.

HEIDI. *(Looking out.)* He's cute.

PETER. He's adorable.

HEIDI. He's okay. *(Mark comes up to them.)*

MARK. Hi.

PETER. Hi. Mark, this is Heidi.

MARK. Hi.

HEIDI. Hi.

PETER. Heidi, Mark. So, what happened?

MARK. It was sad in a way. He was sweating and everything. I wonder if I'll ever want something as much as he wanted to be president.

PETER. Sure you will.

MARK. What?

PETER. Me. You'll want me. *(Peter embraces Mark.)* Everything went great here. I antagonized Debbie and the entire Women in Art delegation, and subsequently Heidi inflicted me with brutal beatings.

MARK. Really?

HEIDI. It's true. But Mark, you can make it up to me.

MARK. I can?

HEIDI. We can still march on the curator's office.

PETER. But what about Debbie? I thought this is a woman's march.

HEIDI. Mark, I am demanding your equal time and consideration. *(She hands him a pocket sign.)* Women in Art!

HEIDI and MARK. *(Chanting as they march off.)* Women in Art! Women in Art!

PETER. *(Runs after them.)* Women in Art!

END SCENE