

terrific! I'd love to get her into a series. But until Meryl does a series, none of them will do a series.

HEIDI. Susie, I can't do it either.

DENISE. Why not?

HEIDI. Because I don't think we made such big mistakes.

And I don't want to see three gals on the town who do.

DENISE. (*Denise opens her Filofax.*) Listen, if you don't like this, let's come up with something else. How about a performance artist married to a Korean grocer and living with his entire family in Queens?

SUSAN. I don't think so. Honey, all we know is sitcom is big, art is big, and women are big. Like your friend Lily Perry.

HEIDI. (*Slowly.*) Her name is Lilla and she's not my friend. Her dates are 1848 to 1933.

SUSAN. Always the historian. You know, I miss "The Heidi Chronicles." In L.A., everyone creates their own history. Honey, I would love to work with you. I think we could have a lot of fun. And that's not so terrible.

DENISE. Definitely.

SUSAN. Denise, I think Diane is leaving.

DENISE. Oh, I'll go catch her.

SUSAN. Lunch is on me.

DENISE. Heidi, I hope we didn't offend you.

SUSAN. Heidi's not offended. She just doesn't want to do it.

DENISE. (*Extends her hand.*) Goodbye, Heidi.

HEIDI. Goodbye, Denise. I'm sorry I didn't have a creative slot for you.

DENISE. (*Rushes out.*) Diane!

SUSAN. (*She kisses Heidi.*) Bye, honey. Don't forget we have a date for hormones in Brazil. Wish me luck. (*She waves as she did at the high school dance.*)

HEIDI. (*Looking after her.*) Keep the faith.

END SCENE

SCENE 4

1986, *The Plaza Hotel. Over loudspeaker we hear the voiceover of Sandra Zucker-Hall. "Good afternoon. I'm*

Sandra Zucker-Hall, President of the Miss Crain's School East Coast Alumnae Association. The topic for today's luncheon is "Women, Where Are We Going," and we are very pleased to have as our speaker a distinguished alumna, Dr. Heidi Holland." Heidi, very well-dressed and uncomfortable, approaches a podium.

Q HEIDI. Hello. Hello. I graduated from Miss Crain's in 1965, and I look back on my education in Chicago very fondly. One of the far-reaching habits I developed at Miss Crain's was waiting until the desperation point to complete, or rather, start my homework. Keeping that noble academic tradition alive, I appear before you today with no formal speech. I have no outline, no pink notecards, no hieroglyphics scribbled on my palm. Nothing.

Well, you might be thinking, this is a women's meeting, so let's give her the benefit of the doubt. After teaching at Columbia yesterday, Miss Holland probably attended a low-impact aerobics class *with weights*, picked up her children from school, brought the older one to drawing with computers at the Metropolitan, and the younger one to swimming for gifted children. On returning home, she immediately prepared grilled mesquite free-range chicken with balsamic vinegar and sun-dried tomatoes, advised her investment banker/well-rounded husband on the future finances for the City Ballet, put the children to bed, recited their favorite Greek myths and sex education legends, dashed into the library to call the 22-year-old squash player who is passionately in love with her to say that they can only be friends, finished writing ten pages of a new book, brought the remains of the mesquite free-range dinner to a Church that feeds the homeless, massaged her husband's feet, and relieved any fears that he "might" be getting old by "doing it" in the kitchen, read forty pages of the *Inferno* in Italian, took a deep breath, and put out the light. So after all this, we forgive Miss Holland for not preparing a speech today. She's exemplary and exhausted.

Thank you, but you forgive too easily. And I respect my fellow alumnae enough to know that I should attempt to tell