

SCOOP. (*Surprised.*) 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  use foul language.

SCOOP. You don't?

HEIDI. My wife doesn't care for it.

SCOOP. Well, clearly she's quality goods. (*Pause.*)

HEIDI. You really don't understand, do you?

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 "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 it's all my fault.

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

HEIDI. Really? Like what? Self-determination. Self-exaggeration.

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

HEIDI. That's exactly what you want.

SCOOP. Right. Then you'd be competing with me. (*Pause.*)

HEIDI. (*Softly.*) Scoop . . .

SCOOP. What?

HEIDI. Forget it. (*He puts his arm around her tenderly.*)

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 try numbers.

HEIDI. I thought you don't use foul language.

SCOOP. I don't. Unless it's helpful. On a scale from one to ten, if you aim for six and get six, everything will work out nicely. But if you aim for ten in all things and get 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. (*She extends her hand.*) Bye, Scoop. Congratulations.

SCOOP. (*Holds her hand.*) I'm sorry I disappointed you.

HEIDI. I don't give grades.

SCOOP. I told 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. (*Averting eyes.*) 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.