

HEIDI. I have valuables. I'm very late. *(She exits.)*

SCOOP. *(Calling after her.)* Come to the house and see us. We miss you. *(To Peter.)* I didn't mean to upset her. We were once very close.

PETER. Yup.

SCOOP. You and she are still very close.

PETER. Yup.

SCOOP. That's nice. You know, I'm sorry we never really got to know each other. You seem like a very nice man.

PETER. Are you having a sentimental spasm? You seem to be sorry, moved and touched at the drop of a hat. It's sort of manic.

SCOOP. Fatherhood changes people.

PETER. Oh, please . . .

SCOOP. Heidi says that. "Oh, please." You and Heidi have managed to maintain your friendship. I envy you that. How do you do it?

PETER. Scoop, I'd like to leave before April gets back.

SCOOP. Peter, do people like you ever wonder what it's all for?

PETER. People like you run the world. You decide what it's all for.

SCOOP. You know what genuinely surprises me? You're a far more arrogant man than I am.

PETER. Scoop, I'm just a simple man of medicine. And now I leave you to await the rebirth of wonder. *(He exits. Scoop stares out.)*

END SCENE

SCENE 3

1984, Heidi is sitting at the table in a trendy N.Y. restaurant. She looks around and waits. Susan enters waiting at other people in the restaurant.

SUSAN. *(On the phone so long. But we have four shows shooting. (She waves.)* I just know everybody in this restaurant. There must be no one in L.A. Everybody's here. Honey, I'm so glad you called me. It's so nice to see you. HEIDI. It's nice to see you too.

SUSAN. I'm famished. Are you famished? Why hasn't lunch come yet? The service here is very slow. So where were we? I want to know everything. What did you say you've been doing recently?

HEIDI. I've been working. I got a grant to put together a small show of Lilla Cabot Perry. She was an American painter from the Cabot Lowell family who spent ten years living next door to Monet.

SUSAN. Are you writing?

HEIDI. A little. "Women and Art." "Women and Madness." "Women and Bran." The usual.

SUSAN. Jesus, I miss talking to real people. Waiter, where is our lunch? We've been sitting here for at least an hour. So, Heidi, dear. Sex and violence. Are you seeing anyone?

HEIDI. Well, there's this lawyer. He calls me "darling" and says he loves me but he doesn't like me to call him after ten o'clock.

SUSAN. Oh, I hate curfews.

HEIDI. So, no, there's no one important.

SUSAN. I just broke up with my boyfriend. He's fabulous! But he's 56, and he doesn't want to start another family. And I at least want to keep my options open. I tell you Heidi, it's rough. Every other woman I know is either pregnant or just miscarried. Honestly, I've been to more fertility lunches.

HEIDI. I'm planning to start my family at sixty. I hear there's a hormone in Brazil.

SUSAN. Honey, we'll shoot a movie there and take treatments.

HEIDI. Susie, do you ever feel . . .

SUSAN. Heidi, if we've reached the part of the conversation when I tell you what I did alone for my thirty-fifth birthday, I am frankly not interested.

HEIDI. It's not that. It's just . . .

SUSAN. You know, you've developed this bizarre habit of not finishing sentences. Good thing in your business you don't have to take too many meetings.

HEIDI. Susie, do you ever think what makes you a person is also what keeps you from being a person?

SUSAN. I'm sorry, honey. But you're too deep for me. By now I've been so many people, I don't know who I am. And I

don't care. *(She laughs.)* Honey, I've been thinking a lot about you and how much I love you and I promise I have the answer for both of us. I'm just waiting to tell you when Denise gets here.

HEIDI. Denise!

SUSAN. Yes, Lisa's sister Denise. I hired her as my assistant. She's so quick. She's already a story editor. She's just adorable.

HEIDI. But, Susie, I called you because I was hoping we could talk . . .

SUSAN. Honey, of course we're going to talk. Nobody goes to lunch to eat. Oh, good, there's Denise. *(Denise comes over to the table, followed by the waiter.)* So what did you tell him?

DENISE. I said we respect him and his talents, and that's why we bought the property. But we have no creative slot for him. Period. *(Denise kisses Heidi.)* Hi, Heidi. It's great to see you again.

HEIDI. You too. Congratulations on your job.

DENISE. Thanks. I'm very lucky. I work for a pretty incredible lady.

SUSAN. So, you hungry?

DENISE. No, I'll just have coffee.

SUSAN. Waiter, one coffee. And I'll have my swordfish dry. No butter at all. *(Waiter leaves.)* Heidi, when I told Denise you called me yesterday we were both very excited. Besides for the obvious reason that we love you and miss you and you're one of our favorite people in the world. These bread sticks are fabulous! For a while now I've been wanting to put together a half hour show about three women turning thirty in a large urban center. It can be New York, Chicago, Houston. There are at least ten other single women series currently being developed. But your history with women and art could make us a little different.

DENISE. They've already done doctors, lawyers, nurses, and detectives. But when you called, we realized that no one has touched the art world.

SUSAN. What we're interested in is, say, a way-out painter, an uptight curator, and a dilettante heiress in a loft.

HEIDI. In Houston?

SUSAN. Wherever. You don't have to write. We'll hire a

writer. It's a package and we want you as our consultant.

HEIDI. Susie, I'm an art historian and essayist . . . I'm very flattered but . . .

SUSAN. Maybe some network executive who actually read a book five years ago will recognize your name and buy the pilot . . . *(The waiter arrives.)*

WAITER. Salmon and the Swordfish.

SUSAN. *(She looks at her plate and calls to the Waiter.)* I'm sorry. I see butter on this. I can't eat butter.

WAITER. I told them no butter.

SUSAN. Well, they didn't listen. Don't bring it back. I don't have the time. Heidi, you and I are people who need to commit. I'm not political anymore. I mean, equal rights is one thing; equal pay is one thing, but blaming everything on being a woman is just passé.

DENISE. Really.

SUSAN. Okay, three gals on the town in an apartment. Curators, painters, sculptors, what have you.

DENISE. All we need is three pages. Who these people are.

Why they're funny.

HEIDI. But I have no idea who these people are. Or why they're funny.

DENISE. They're ambitious, they're professional, and they're on their way to being successful.

SUSAN. And they don't want to make the same mistakes we did.

HEIDI. I don't want to make the same mistakes we did. What exactly were they?

DENISE. Well, like, a lot of women your age are very unhappy. Unfulfilled, frightened of growing old alone.

HEIDI. It's a good thing we're not doing a sitcom about them.

DENISE. Oh, I know. I can't imagine my life without my husband or my baby Max. My friends want to get married in their twenties, have their first baby by thirty, and make a pot of money. It's just much more together than your generation.

SUSAN. *(Looking out.)* Is that Diane Keaton? I think that's Diane Keaton. Heidi, you'll come to L.A. next week. We'll meet with the network and get going on this. Diane looks