

GEORGEANNE

I was walking down the aisle, first thing I saw was the back of his head. It just jumped right out at me. I recognized that little hari pattern on the back of his neck, where his hair starts> you know where it comes to those two little points, and it's darker than the rest? I always thought that was so sexy. Then I looked at him during the ceremony, and something about the way the light hit his face ... I swear, it just broke my heart. And then outside, I saw him talking to this total bitch in a navy blue linen dress with absolutely no back, I mean you could almost see her butt. And he was smiling at her with that smile, that same smile that used to mae me feel like I really meant something to him. And then it all came back, just bang, all those times I sat waiting for his phone call, me going out of my way to make things convenient for him. Having to take a fucking taxi cab to the Women's Health Center that day because It was so cold my car wouldn't start. And later that awful, awful night I sat out in front of his apartment building staring at Tracy's burgundy Cutlass in the driveway, just wishing I was dead. You know, I started smoking cigarettes that night. And if I ever die of cancer I swear it's going to be Tommy Valentine's fault. (*She lights a cigarette, stands and wanders around listlessly.*) God! I feel like I am going crazy! My cousin George, he's a nurse, he says I am the perfect type to get some weird disease because I'm so emotional.

TRISHA

You're not going crazy. You're just being really dramatic and self-indulgent.

GEORGEANNE

Self-indulgent! You think I want to fee like this?

TRISHA

Nobody's making you. (*Pause Georgeanne stares at her, then takes a swig from the champagne bottle*).

GEORGEANNE

All right. Enough about me, more about my dress.

Can you believe Tracy made us wear these things?

TRISHA

Yes.

GEORGEANNE

Of course, I can't believe she asked me to be in her wedding –

TRISHA

I can't believe you accepted.

GEORGEANNE

Well, I didn't have any choice, Trisha. What was I supposed to say? Tracy, I don't think I can be in your wedding, because you remember when I had that nervous breakdown my junior year of college? That was because your boyfriend knocked me up and I had to have an abortion all by myself while he was taking you to the Kappa Sig Luau, and things have been just a little, well, *strained* between you and me ever since.

TRISHA

Have you ever talked to her about that?

GEORGEANNE

Oh. No, neither one of us has ever mentioned it. (*Looking out window*). And now here she is, getting married to Scott McClure, the biggest piece of wet toast I ever saw in my life. 'Course I married Chuck Darby, the *second* biggest piece of wet toast that I ever saw, because I thought I wanted some *stability*. And there's Tommy Valentine, getting ready to rip that little bitch's backless linen dress off her scrawny little body and fuck her brains out. God, I wish I was her.

TRISHA

(*Exasperated.*) Oh please. You do not.

GEORGEANNE

Oh yes I do. I am wearing over a hundred dollars worth of extremely uncomfortable lingerie from Victoria's Secret that I bought specifically for him to rip off of *me*.

TRISHA

(*staring at her*). You honestly thought you were going to sleep with Tommy Valentine today?

GEORGEANNE

Well. Yeah, I mean, why not? Remember page 67 of *The Godfather*?

TRISHA

Excuse me? (*Georgeanne nods guiltily.*)

Georgeanne, you better spill your guts to me right now.

GEORGEANNE

I ran into him at this sleazy bar that only plays fifties and sixties music? I hate those places but at least I'm not the oldest one there. He seemed really happy to see me, and then we started flirting, but it wasn't gross, it was real sweet –

*(Trisha laughs)* I'm serious, it was.

TRISHA

I'm so sure.

GEORGEANNE

You weren't there!

TRISHA

I've been there. So then what happened?

GEORGEANNE

Well, we closed that bar, and he asked me if I wanted to go somewhere where we could be alone. I said, look, this is not a good idea, I'm married, I have a little boy. And once I said that? Its like I didn't have to worry about it. I had said it, so it was out of the way. And I just went nuts, we ended up doing it in the parking lot, on the concrete, right behind a Dempsey Dumpster *(pause)*.

TRISHA

*(Impressed.)* Wow. That's pretty good.

GEORGEANNE

Trisha, it was the best sex I ever had in my entire life. I will never, ever be able to smell garbage again without thinking about it. So my memories of Tommy are pretty recent and pretty accurate, I think.

TRISHA

Yeah, but Georgeanne. Did he call you after that?

GEORGEANNE

No.

TRISHA

Okay, so here's this guy who totally bagged out on his responsibility to you, left you to go through an abortion all by yourself. Ten years later, he fucks you in a parking lot and then he ignores you. And you still want him.

GEORGEANNE

I can't help it. I love him.

TRISHA

That's not love, that's addiction.

GEORGEANNE

Well, I'm sorry, but I hadn't had sex in over a year.

And I wouldn't mind making a habit of it.

TRISHA

What? *(Pause)*.

GEORGEANNE

Chuck and I don't even sleep in the same bed anymore.

He sleeps in the guest room.

TRISHA

Why?

GEORGEANNE

I don't know.

TRISHA

You have some idea. You have to.

GEORGEANNE

He doesn't talk to me, Trisha. It's like I'm not even there. I told Chuck about Tommy, the next day. He looked at me with this fish face, and then he said, "You don't have to tell me everything you do." *(She starts to cry)*

TRISHA

*(Irritated)* Georgeanne!

GEORGEANNE

What can I do?

TRISHA

*Make* Chuck talk to you. Make him go to a counselor.

GEORGEANNE

No

TRISHA

Do you want to save your marriage?

GEORGEANNE

No! I *don't!* I never should have married him in the first place, just like you said.

I don't love him. I don't even like him!