

SIDE #1: JESSIE & LINA

JESSIE (*cont'd*). So you didn't think I was a freak, coming up to you in Stop 'n' Shop yesterday?

LINA. Are you kidding?! *I was a pig in shit*. I'd seen you around the nabe too-but it's not like you can run out into the snow to say hi when you have a baby on your boob.

JESSIE. Which is why I hurdle-jumped-over the cantaloupe to introduce myself.

LINA. Well, I'm real glad you did.

JESSIE. *Me, too. (Beat.)* Truly, it's impossible. Meeting people in Port. And Nate doesn't get home until almost eight most nights, and I don't like driving with the baby in the car unless the conditions are perfect ... so it's a lot of me and her alone in Room. (*Beat.*) Do you know that novel, *Room*? It won the Booker Prize? (*Off her blank expression.*) Anyway, it's a *beautiful* story about a woman who's held captive for years in a gardening shed with her child.

LINA. Oh, *Room*. The movie!

JESSIE. Exactly. And I keep telling my mom: that's what this is. It's Room. It's winter in Long Island, and I'm home with a newborn, and it's Room. I'm *in* Room.

LINA. That's why I thank God every day for Stop 'n' Shop. Sometimes it's the only time I get out in a forty-eight-hour period, I / swear to God.

JESSIE. I know! Me too!

LINA. And you'd think I'm going to the prom-I do like full face makeup, shave my legs. And usually I don't even need anything. I'll just go stand in the vitamin aisle being like: *ooooooo vitamins*.

JESSIE. I know-me too, with shampoo and conditioner. (*Beat.*) Oh! You'll appreciate this . . . guess what *my husband* did the other day? *He* went to Stop 'n' Shop on his way home from the train.

LINA.*No.*

JESSIE. Without checking with me. Just "thought he'd be nice" and stop for diapers and milk. And he took his time, too, Lina. Like *checked the ingredients of stuff*

LINA. That son of a bitch. Did you go ape shit?

JESSIE. I did. Honestly, I think I was pretty scary. He came in With the bags and I went down to my knees sobbing-just *a puddle on the floor*. And poor Nate is standing there *staring* at me, saying "You Usually Like It When I Get Groceries Jess, What's Wrong??" and I'm like YOU ARE IN THE CITY ALL DAY, YOU DON'T GET STOP 'n' SHOP!!!! *I GET STOP 'N' SHOP!!! I GET TO GO TO STOP 'N' SHOP YOU MOTHERFUCKER!!*

LINA. Shhhhhh, your baby.

JESSIE. Sorry. (*Beat.*) I didn't call him a motherfucker, by the way. I don't curse in real life. But I *wanted* to is my point.

LINA. Of course you did.

JESSIE. They don't get it.

LINA. Of course they don't. *They* get to go interact with humans all day and like, go to *Hale and Hearty* for lunch and eat chopped salads made by someone *whose job it is* to chop salad. I mean. What would you do for a fucking chopped salaa. right now??

JESSIE. I would murder someone.

LINA. *I know you would*. But we don't get chopped salad anymore.

SIDE #2: JESSIE & LINA

LINA. I'm kidding. So what's jn Montauk, anyway? Little cold for a beach weekend.

JESSIE. Oh, Lina. *(Beat.)* It was such a terrible weekend.

LINA. *Why?*

JESSIE. Just. Nate.

LINA. *Oh shit.* Did you tell him you're not going back to work?

JESSIE. No. I haven't done that yet. *(Beat.)* This was just...ugh, *it was so annoying* is what it was. He comes in Saturday morning when I'm getting dressed and says we have to go to Montauk for the day. And I'm like, *no. Allies just getting over a cold, what are you talking about?* And he says that his parents called and said we need to drop everything and come out to their place for the day (they have a beach house in Montauk). And again I was like, *no, I'm not moving the baby today, she's still getting better.* And he starts saying how his parents are *getting older now*, and *they do so much for us!* and can't we do this one little thing-

LINA. *Oh God*, come on, man.

JESSIE. So we pack the car up, get the sick baby in it, and drive all the way out there, and guess why, Lina. *Guess why Judy and Ken summoned us.* *(Beat.)* Because the cottage next door to theirs went on the market. And *a team* of people were waiting for us. A broker. An inspector. An architect.

LINA. No. No no no no no. What'd you say?

JESSIE. I said Nate, we need to speak about this privately, at home. We need to look at our finances-(and potential changes to our household income)-before we meet with *any* of these people. And then I got back in the car, in front of everyone.

LINA. YES. Good for you!

JESSIE. No, because I really embarrassed him? I guess? He was hurt, and didn't talk the whole way home. And he apparently *loves* that cottage? Which he's *never* mentioned before but all of a sudden it's his lifelong dream, to own the cottage next to his parents'??

LINA. Oh Fuck. Come on, dude.

JESSIE. Yeah. It was hard.

LINA. You need to tell him you're not going back to work. Before he buys that shit.

JESSIE. I know I do. *(Forced bright.)* Anyway! At least Allie's feeling better. That was the silver lining-the stupid trip gave her five extra hours of quality car napping, which, together with the vapor bath, cleared her right up. Thanks again for the tip!

LINA. Right? The vapor shit works.

JESSIE. Oh and you know what else I tried? The NoseFrida! Do you know about this thing?

LINA. Is that the tube you use to suck the snot out of a baby's face?

JESSIE. Yes! It's a miracle! Do you have one?

LINA. No. I was going to get one, but then I found out it's a *tube you use to suck snot out of a baby's face.*

SIDE #3: MITCHELL, JESSIE, & LINA

LINA. Is that Nate?

JESSIE. It can't be ... I don't know who it could be ...

LINA. Maybe FedEx heard I have a friend next door? ...

(JESSIE hands LINA her monitor, and stands, as if to exit, but MITCHELL enters. Dressed sharply for work. He jangles his keys in his hand, nervously.)

MITCHELL. I'm sorry, excuse me, ladies, I don't mean to interrupt ... I'm late for work but I ... I'm Mitchell.

JESSIE. Can I help you, Mitchell?

MITCHELL. I'm your neighbor. Well, sort of, I live up there, in Sands Point- *(Pointing up.)* -we're that house, we look down on you. Sorry-forgive me for barging in on you like this, you must think I'm crazy. I'm not ... I just...turned in here. Why did I turn in here? *(Beat.)*

LINA. Is there something we can do for you?

MITCHELL. I've seen you two out walking with your babies and I've seen you drinking your coffee together, and I turned into your driveway, I don't know why. *(To JESSIE.)*...You live here, correct?

JESSIE. Yes. Please state your business.

MITCHELL. Sorry. I . . . *(Beat.)* This was a bad idea. I'm sorry. I'll go. *(He exits.)*

LINA *(to JESSIE)*. What the hell was that?

JESSIE. I don't know. I think he was drunk.

LINA. No, that's not a drunk man. Here, hold my monitor—

(LINA hands JESSIE the monitor and goes around the side of the house, to watch him.)

LINA *(cont'd)*. Now he's just sitting in his car in your driveway.

JESSIE. What?

LINA. I can't tell what he's doing-he's just sitting there in his Cayenne, staring at me.

JESSIE *(getting her phone out)*. Oh my God, I'm calling Nate.

LINA. Wait—he's coming back-shhh!—Now he's coming back.

JESSIE. I'm texting Nate.

(MITCHELL enters, a surge of confidence.)

MITCHELL. I'm sorry-that's not how I wanted to go about this, let me start again. Hi, I'm Mitchell. Danow. I live on Middle Neck Road. That house up there. I can see you from our veranda. I see you out here with your babies, going for walks together, having your coffee together. You look happy. And long story short: I wondered if it would be possible for my wife to join you today. *(Beat.)* We have a baby too, and my wife Adrienne- she's ... having a hard time. I think it would do her a lot of good to get out and talk to some moms like you. *(Beat.)* Would that be OK? If she came down when you do your second coffee meeting at 2:30?

JESSIE Uh.

MITCHELL. I'll have some food and drinks delivered. Anything, really. I could have anything delivered. You name it.

SIDE #4: ADRIENNE & JESSIE

JESSIE (*whispers*). Adrienne. (*Louder.*) Adrienne.

ADRIENNE (*looking up*). Yes. I'm Adrienne.

JESSIE. Hi! How are you? I'm Jessie. This is my house. Thanks so much for coming down.

ADRIENNE. I'm so terribly sorry about this.

JESSIE. You're sorry?? For what?

ADRIENNE. For being here. You and your little buddy have a whole routine—one I'm surely imposing upon—because I have a husband who's a bullheaded prick.

JESSIE. No! No, you're not imposing! We thought it was a great idea, to meet a new friend, from the nabe! You're not imposing at all. (*Beat.*) I saw your assistant outside in the car? Did you want me to invite her / in to join—

ADRIENNE. No. Thank you.

JESSIE. OK. Well...do you think you could you make yourself at home for a second? — (*Pointing down to the sling.*) She's asleep in here, and I just / have to transfer...

ADRIENNE (*like its a snake*). Your baby's *in there*?

JESSIE. Yeah. She loves being in the sling. You don't have one of these? They're fabulous.

(*ADRIENNE is back on her tablet, done with this.*)

JESSIE (*cont'd*). Anyway ... I just have to transfer her to the crib, but I'll be back out in two seconds? (*Beat.*) OK?

ADRIENNE (*eyes on tablet*). Yep, fine.

JESSIE. It'll just take two seconds. And um...Lina will be right over; so why don't you have some of the lovely charcuterie your husband/ sent over-

ADRIENNE (*eyes on tablet*). He knows I don't eat that garbage.

JESSIE. Okey-doke. Be right back ...

SIDE #5: ADRIENNE & LINA

LINA. Hey there. I'm Lina.

ADRIENNE. Adrienne.

LINA. How's it going?

ADRIENNE. Good. Fine. *(Beat.)* You?

LINA. Yeah. Good. Real good. Nice day. Baby went down easily. Boom.

(Beat.)

LINA *(cont'd)*. Where's Jess? Putting Allie down?

ADRIENNE. Yes, she said she's just transferring her to the nursery and then she'll be out.

LINA. OK, cool. Excellent.

(LINA crosses to the table, sets up her monitor and sees the food.)

LINA *(cont'd)*. Oh my shit, is all this for us?

ADRIENNE. Yes. Please help yourself. Mitchell has very good taste, I'm sure the cheese is artisanal.

LINA. Well yeah, it better be, lady. It better be fucking *highly* artisanal.

ADRIENNE. Excuse me?

LINA. I'm kidding. I'm a kidder. I honestly don't even know what artisanal means. I don't think anybody does. I think waiters just add it to their spiel so things sound nicer. "Your chilean sea bass, madame, prepared with an artisanal blah blah artisanal artisanal."

ADRIENNE. It means made by artisans.

SIDE #6: ADRIENNE (call-back side)

ADRIENNE. That's what he said in therapy just now—and *I don't have postpartum depression*. Not that that's your business, but I don't. I have a psychiatrist who has not stamped my file with postpartum. In fact, there aren't any stamps on my file. Of any kind. I don't even need to take a *goddamn multivitamin*. *Don't you know what depression looks like?* My roommate at Brown had depression. She binge ate pizzas and cut herself. This isn't depression, you moron. / *This isn't depression*. This is rage. What I have is *rage*. I am Enraged. It's 2017, and I make as much money as my husband and I work as hard as my husband and I'm as ambitious as my husband and I daresay those are the very traits he found so *goddamn irresistible* about me that he proposed on our third date. And we have spent fourteen years working side by side, our heads in our laptops side by side, working from morning to dusk side by side...so I'm having a *little bit of trouble understanding why*—in the name of God—there's something wrong with me that I don't suddenly want to close that laptop. That I don't want to sit around here in sweatpants singing Moosha Boom or whatever the fuck, staring at some baby monitor like it's a lava lamp. *Why does that mean there's something wrong with me?* You diagnosed me to my husband with the Big-Term terms, why don't you tell me. With your little Baby Sling and your little dainty Pearl Necklace and your goddamn Pinterest Page. (Yes, I looked you up. I saw your Pinterest Page with its goddamn doilie pinecone craft shits on there.) *My husband thinks you are God's Gift to Maternity*. He watches you out that telescope like some stalker and then complains to our therapist that *I've ruined his life* by not being more like you. That I'm some Cruel Woman just like his mother, because I'm not doing back-flips to wipe baby ass. *Like some alien has taken over his wife's body*. And I just want to punch him in the face because guess what, Mitchell, *an alien did take over my body*. I had to have four fucking IVF miscarriages to get this baby. And if that wasn't enough, when she finally did show up, the goddamn c-section caused the cartilage in my wrist to develop some rare fucking tendon thing called DeQuervains' syndrome—also known as "Mommy Thumb"—so now I'm in my studio like a gimp, unable to hold my flame straight, and I can't hold her. I'm sure he didn't tell you that, did he. I can't hold her. (Beat.) I cannot physically bend my thumb more than forty-five degrees. But that doesn't mean I don't touch her. *Of course I touch her*. I take breaks and come up and sing to her, and talk to her, and show her what mommy's working on but I don't do that when Mitchell's home because *Mitchell's home*. I need to maximize my time in the studio when he has the baby. And the Old Mitchell *would've understood that*, by the way. The Old Mitchell would've understood that I am trying to manage **the single most demanding professional time** of my life. It's Barney's. If this was Mitchell? If this was Mitchell's deal he was closing, no one would look twice at this. They'd just say—*Oh, he's working, what a big time this is for him, good thing there's an excellent nanny, good thing he'll have that baby's whole life to get to know her*. But because it's me, because I dared to go back to my studio, I'm the Antichrist. *Why are you calling me?* Stop calling me. Stop talking to my husband about me. Stop looking at me—I can feel you looking at me from down here. Stop sitting with my nanny at story-time. Stop touching my kid. Stop inviting me to things. Stop nursing your baby out here with your tits out in the open like you're a cow at pasture. *Stop doing what you're doing, lady, because you're making it incredibly hard for women like me to do what we need to do and...I fucking give up, on women like you*. (In real agony.) And now my wrist hurts.

SIDE #7: JESSIE (call-back side)

JESSIE (*a burst*). Well I don't know what the fuck you want me to tell you, okay, Mitchell? *I asked for an extended leave, and I didn't get one.* I asked for six months, four months, two months—*any months unpaid*—and they said no. THEY SAID NO. Because *I *don't* own the firm*, Mitchell, so *I *don't* hold the cards*. And if I quit, we lose our health insurance, and yes, we *could* go on Nate's, but I didn't realize until he showed me the chart just how prohibitive *his insurance is*. And I want to have more children, and this duplex isn't big enough for that—we need a house. And we need retirement plans. And we need 529s so they can go to great schools. And if I quit now all my sweat equity goes up in flames when I'm *months away* from making partner, and *for what*? So I can have *a resume with big holes in it*, and a husband who resents me because **I didn't even try** to honor my education and see our vision through? *Is that what you want me to do?*