

SIMONE I don't know... like this morning. When they were leaving for the airport, Michaela was in the kitchen and had her compact out to pluck a super-quick eyebrow hair with a tweezer. One quick hair, you know how you do, real quick, when you don't think anyone's looking?

DEVON. Yeah.

SIMONE. And, he just made a comment. He said something like, "don't forget the one on your chin?"

(beat)

And... I think there's been other stuff like that. Like on a *much* larger scale.

(beat)

DEVON. What does she say when he says stuff like that?

SIMONE. Nothing. Or like, she'll say thank you. Like it was nice of him to bring a chin pube to her attention. That's the thing about her she just gives and gives. She's been so good to me this year.

DEVON. Yeah, you keep saying that; that she's so good to you. What does that mean, exactly?

SIMONE. I don't know, she's generous? And nice? We're sorta friends.

DEVON. You're sorta her *employee*, Simone.

SIMONE. See? This is why I don't tell you things. Devon. God! Because you become an interrogating freak and you get "crazy eyes" and everything's suspicious.

DEVON. I think it is suspicious that Jose calls her the wicked witch and you can't seem to give me one real, non-vague/example of how she's -

SIMONE. (lighting) She taught me how to play tennis. She read my five hundred and ninety page novel. She's been really cool about me dating Ethan. How are those?

DEVON. Why wouldn't she be cool with you dating *subpar*

Go down and to take?

SIMONE. I don't know - he's her husband's friend. It could be weird if she were less awesome. She also *read my five hundred and ninety page novel*, Devon, in case you didn't hear me say that just now.

DEVON. I read your novel Simone, I just haven't had a chance to tell you that I did.

SIMONE. Yeah? What's the title?

STARRT

DEVON. Well, ~~whatever~~. What does your new BFF pay you, huh? cuz that's the true test of friendship.

SIMONE. That's a very impolite quest -

DEVON. Look at you, all "that's a very impolite question." Girl, you are from Buffalo. I've seen you tailgating with a Boons fruit punch, rocking your puffy Bills starter jacket -

SIMONE. She pays me generously, okay?

DEVON. I want a figure. 20? 25? 30?...35? You can't make/ more than 35 -

SIMONE. Devon, there's a hostel in Oak Bluffs and I'll do it. I'll drop you there.

DEVON. Do it, bitch. I love hostels. 40? 45? Not 50. You do not make 50-fucking-k to babysit a rich lady with no kids and no job.

(beat)

Are you kidding me? 51? 52? 53 -

SIMONE. I make one hundred and four thousand dollars a year plus benefits, clothing allowance, room, board, and she paid off my student loans.

(beat)

DEVON. (genuinely alarmed) Simone, *what?* Why in God's name would anyone pay off your student loans? I'm gonna be paying off my MSW until 2065.

SIMONE. Maybe that's what I'm *worth*.

DEVON. That's your "worth"? According to who?

Simon; I'll tell you whom: My Placement Service, Ivy League degrees. Bilingual, I know HTML, cut wood, and quick

book. I type 120 words a minute with 90% accuracy. I'm attractive. I'm/ able to -

DEVON. You're *attractive*?! Did you just say that?

SIMONE. So? It's a fact that when you're paid to be someone's public representative - like an executive assistant - being attractive ups your base salary.

DEVON. Like being a filthy prostitute?

SIMONE. Ok, I'm done. This is done. I knew I shouldn't have/invited you out here -

DEVON. You're twenty-seven, Simone! You're supposed to be hitch-hiking and seeing the world and having fun and sleeping with people named Skip, not making "monies" because you're attractive.

SIMONE. I'm *twenty-nine*, Devon.

DEVON. Well, whatever. Why can't you even take a day off? All year you were like, this summer we're doing a sisters camping trip in the Berkshires and *all year* you put me off/untill finally I came to you -

SIMONE. Yes because I don't have any vacation days left, Devon! Because I used my *entire allotment of vacation time* to move you from New York to San Francisco, only to turn around three months later and fly out there to move you back!

DEVON. For which I've said *thank you* about three hundred times. But it's not like you gave me a kidney, Simone, you helped me move! Big whoop! I moved you to Boston!

SIMONE. You helped me move a *bed* to Boston, Devon. And you abandoned me halfway up the stairs because/you had Gellics tickets -

DEVON. That is revisionist history! Revisionist hist -

SIMONE. Look, I have *empathy and perspective* about everything you've been through, ok? I'm sorry that you screwed the pooch with California. I'm sorry that you quit your entire life to get engaged to some dude you didn't know. But that doesn't mean you *got to show up*.

here with your crazy eyes and poop all over my great gig, especially when I have been *so there for you this year*:

DEVON. There for me?! I'm back at Mom's house! I'm basically in a van down by the river here and I haven't seen you in six months! Don't you give a shit about what's going on with me?!

SIMONE. Of course I do, Devon! Of course I do! That's why I invited you out here for a *REALLY FUN BDAY WEEKEND!*

DEVON. WELL MY FUCKING BDAY WAS THREE MONTHS AGO AND YOU DIDN'T BOTHER TO SHOW! AND YOU LOOK LIKE A RETARDED EASTER EGG IN THAT GETUP!

SIMONE. WELL EXCUSE ME FOR WANTING TO SHARE MY BEACHFRONT SUCCESS WITH YOUR BASEMENT-DWELLING FRAGGLE ROCK ASS -

DEVON. SIMONE.

I CANNOT BELIEVE YOU YOU IMMATURE,

LET SOME DUMB UNGRACIOUS

BITCH GET HER PERSON! GOD! YOU

BLACK AM EX OUT ARE JEALOUS OF

AND PAY FOR ME EVERYTHING I DO!

TO COME TO HERE! IT'S DISGUSTING! TO

I WOULD RATHER THINK I WAS *ACTUALLY*

INHERIT AUNT LOOKING FORWARD

TERRY'S GLANDS TO YOU COMING! I

THAN DO THAT TO WANTED TO IMPRESS

YOU, YOU MONKEY'S YOUR JUDGMENTAL,

BUTT WHORE FACE ALMOST-FORRY

J.CREW WANNABE YEAR-OLD

SELL OUT - ASS!

(The sound of frantic knocking. They turn.)

(A woman is coming across the glass doors, waving at them. She is strikingly beautiful and impeccably groomed, even if she is windblown and red-faced.)

SIMONE. *Oh my God. It's Michaela.*

(urgent!)

Devon, if you're not polite to Michaela, / I will never forgive you.

DEVON. Why's she smiling? Didn't she hear me call her a black / amex shut whore -

SIMONE. It's soundproof glass! Do not / embarrass me, Devon!

DEVON. I thought you said she was / gone?!

SIMONE. I mean it, I will kill you dead - do *not * embarrass me, Devon!!!! **END**

(SIMONE states open the soundproof door. During the following, MICHAELA is panting, out of breath, drinking water.)

Michaela! What a surprise, yay! / thought you -

MICHAELA. Simone, could you grab me some water please???

SIMONE. Of course... hey, are you okay? / Why are you all red? -

MICHAELA. No, I ran here.

SIMONE. What do you mean you "ran" here? From where?

MICHAELA. From West Tisbury.

SIMONE. What? That's like six miles from here, Michaela - why did you do that?

MICHAELA. *(laughs strangely)* Yes.... why did I do that?

(SIMONE has never seen her like this; getting alarmed...)

SIMONE. Michaela, where's Peter? Should I give him a call? *(more laughter)*

Michaela, why aren't you on the jet to New York / with Peter? -

MICHAELA. Because something happened, Simone. Something happened. WHY ARE THESE WHITE?

MICHAELA *(see flowers)* I said Blue. Blue Hydrangea. Labor's

Day over! I said to the florist on the phone, I said, No White. If you give me white... if you fucking give me white... and did she listen Simone?

SIMONE. No. Let's take a deep breath -

MICHAELA. I obviously should've done the flowers myself but for some asinine reason, I thought it was more important to accompany my husband back to New York because for some asinine reason, I actually thought I... I thought we...

(breaking)

...And he just....

SIMONE. He just what? What happened?

MICHAELA. Why don't I have any shoes on? I'm losing / my mind now -

SIMONE. Your shoes are by the door, / you took them off when you came in -

MICHAELA. And my makeup's a mess now and I don't have my make up bag; I don't have my Laura Mercier primer -

SIMONE. Michaela, why were you in West Tisbury instead of on the jet with Peter???

MICHAELA. Because Phil would not take the jet out until the fog cleared. And Peter got all Peter about it and said he would therefore drive himself back to the city in his stupid Jaguar. So we left the airport and headed to the ferry station. But then we passed the Ice Cream Smuggler, and Peter said he wanted a sugar cone. So we pulled over, and he went in, but when he came out, he was empty-handed. So I said, "What happened honey? Did you lose interest in ice cream?" And he said "There were too many kids in there." And I said, "Well okay - I'll go in for you. What do you want?" And he said, "What I want is for you to get the fuck out of my car." And he pulled over in the middle of traffic