

(ELIZA retrieves the urn.)

LUCY. It's an anxiety disorder where people perceive their environments as both unsafe and—

MARIANNE. We got it, Doc.

LUCY. You must have noticed it.

MARTA. She went outside all the time. She was always dragging us on some adventure.

JANE. The Tour du Finger Lakes!

MARIANNE. Spelunking the Salt Caverns!

LUCY. But she never left home, and I don't think it was because she didn't want to. I think she couldn't.

ELIZA *(to the urn)*. Is that true, Emily?

(Awkward pause.)

LUCY. Marta, is there a coffeepot in the kitchen?

MARTA. Yes. I'll help you.

JANE. We brought some McNulty's. It's in one of the bags.

MARIANNE. Bring out some food, too. I'm starving.

JANE. Your wish is my command.

(LUCY, MARTA and JANE exit into the kitchen.)

MARIANNE. Guess it's just you and me.

→ ELIZA *(looking at the urn)*. And Emily.

MARIANNE. Of course, how could I forget. You two want another drink?

ELIZA. No, thanks.

MARIANNE. Look, kid. It's a crappy day. Have another drink and drown your sorrows.

ELIZA. There's a healthy solution.

MARIANNE. It always works for me.

ELIZA. What sorrows do you have? You're the town's rags-to-riches story.

MARIANNE. Ever heard the saying, "Money doesn't equal happiness"?

ELIZA. It's a hell of a lot better than being poor.

MARIANNE. Fair enough, but suffice it to say, writing porn for middle-aged women is not the plan I had for my life.

ELIZA. I read your books.

MARIANNE. Really?

ELIZA. *Love's Labors Linger, The Horny Wives of Windsor, All's Well That Ends Well: A Tale of Happy Endings.*

MARIANNE. It's a living.

ELIZA. At least you've done something with your life.

MARIANNE. More than was ever expected of me.

ELIZA. Not like Emily.

MARIANNE. She did more than you're giving her credit for.

ELIZA. Like what?

MARIANNE. She helped us see beyond our limits.

ELIZA. I wish I could have done that for her.

MARIANNE. I know you do, kid.

ELIZA. Oh, Marianne, I want to turn back time. I want—

→
end

(JANE enters from the kitchen.)

JANE. Coffee and snacks are here. Clear off the table.

(MARIANNE and ELIZA start to clear off the table. ELIZA knocks a photograph to the floor. She picks it up and studies it. LUCY and MARTA enter with coffee, half-moon cookies and a plate of sandwiches.)

LUCY. Here we go.

JANE. Fresh and strong.

MARTA. Here, Marianne. Grab a cup.

LUCY. Eliza? Coffee?

(ELIZA turns and faces the women still holding the photograph.)

LUCY *(cont'd)*. What's that?

(ELIZA holds the photograph out to LUCY, who takes it.)

LUCY *(cont'd, smiling)*. It's us.

(MARTA crosses to LUCY and looks at the photograph.)

MARIANNE. Guess we won't be skinny-dipping.

JANE. I've never seen it completely dry.

MARIANNE. So dry all the Methodists are converting to Catholics.

LUCY. How long has it been like this?

MARTA. Since yesterday. They're getting ready to dredge it. Thought they'd take advantage of the drought and do it while the water's low.

LUCY. It needs it. Silt and sediment and trash as far as the eye can see.

JANE. When will they fill it back up?

MARTA. Have to wait until the drought is over. Water's being rationed right now.

ELIZA. It looks sad, doesn't it?

(The women look at ELIZA, who holds Emily's urn close to her chest.)

LUCY *(nodding toward ELIZA)*. So does she.

MARIANNE *(softly)*. What are we going to do with her?

LUCY *(softly)*. Don't look at me.

MARIANNE *(softly)*. You're the professional.

LUCY *(softly)*. Some professional. Can't even keep my friends from killing themselves.

MARTA. Not this again. It was an—

LUCY. If you say accident, I'm going to throw you off this bridge!

MARIANNE. We can say that's an accident too.

MARTA. But—

LUCY. Drought, low water level, trashed house, reclusiveness. How many clues do you need?

MARTA. She—

JANE. No, Marta. She's right. Emily didn't want to be here anymore. We have to face it.

LUCY. I don't know how I missed it.

MARIANNE. We all did.

LUCY. But I'm trained in this.

MARIANNE. It's harder when it's someone you love.

LUCY. I feel like such a failure.

MARIANNE. Oh, please. You'll always be the girl most likely to succeed.

LUCY. But I haven't succeeded!

MARTA. Your practice is booming. You told me that.

10lic LUCY. I told you I had to hire another therapist.

JANE. That's good.

lge i LUCY. Because I can't handle the practice on my own. I feel like a
whil ball of yarn unraveling in a million different directions.

MARTA. You're doing too much.

an se LUCY. Exactly! So, I had to give something up. What could it be?
Work? Husband? Sons? No, it was friends.

bein JANE. Everyone has to make sacrifices.

LUCY. But I sacrificed all of you, and it didn't even help. I'm still
drowning. *(Realizing what she has just said.)* Oh, Eliza. I'm sorry.

ELIZA *(still looking out at the canal)*. It was the fall that killed her.

to he MARIANNE. I thought she drowned.

ELIZA. Do you think it was wrong I brought Emily here? Maybe
it's upsetting her.

MARIANNE. I don't think Emily gives two shits about any of this
anymore.

ELIZA. I thought maybe since this is where it happened—

MARIANNE. Wait. You mean—

riend MARTA. This is where Emily went over. Right off the Bridge Street
Bridge. The fall broke her neck.

MARIANNE. Jesus.

ridge JANE. The water wasn't drained then, was it?

MARTA. No, but it was shallower than usual because of the drought.

ELIZA. Maybe I should take her somewhere else.

. Ho LUCY. I'm sure Emily's fine.

MARIANNE *(whispering)*. It's Eliza that's got a screw loose.

JANE *(whispering)*. Can't you stop for one minute?

mor MARIANNE *(whispering)*. Come on. This keeps getting weirder
and weirder. Why did Eliza come here? Why didn't she just go
to the station?

JANE *(whispering)*. Because she's grieving.

MARIANNE *(whispering)*. Couldn't she do it like a normal person?
Drink a lot and have sex with a stranger.

JANE *(whispering)*. What are we going to do about her?

ely ELIZA. Do you think it hurt ... when she died?

LUCY. I hope not.

JANE. Because you didn't answer the phone?

ELIZA. Because I left here.

LUCY. We all left.

MARTA. Not all—

ELIZA. But I'm her sister. I shouldn't have left her.

LUCY. You had every right to live your life.

ELIZA. I never got to say goodbye.

LUCY. None of us did.

ELIZA. Why didn't I answer the phone? Maybe I could have helped her.

MARIANNE. Get over yourself.

ELIZA. Excuse me.

JANE *(to MARIANNE)*. Don't start.

MARIANNE *(to ELIZA)*. Maybe you are narcissistic. You think you had the power to save Emily? To make her happy? To keep her from jumping off that bridge?

MARTA. It was an accident!

MARIANNE. Shit, Marta. Even you can't believe that anymore.

MARTA. Emily wouldn't kill herself. She just wouldn't.

MARIANNE. Why? Because you can't face it?

MARTA. Because I can't stand the thought of her not being in heaven.

MARIANNE. Why wouldn't she be in heaven?

MARTA. Suicide is a sin.

MARIANNE. Hell, if sinning keeps you out, we're all screwed.

JANE. Especially me.

MARTA. I'm sure God will forgive you.

JANE. Forgive me?

MARIANNE *(to MARTA)*. You haven't changed at all.

MARTA. I didn't mean anything. Just that God loves Jane, too.

JANE *(sarcastically)*. Whew. What a relief. I can die happy now knowing that I'll have to deal with the same shit in heaven that I have to deal with on Earth.

MARTA. It won't be like that.

JANE. How do you know?

MARTA. Because heaven is a state of supreme, definitive happiness.

MARIANNE. Someone's been reading her catechism.

JANE *(to MARTA)*. I'm not sure there's a place for me in your heaven.

MARTA. There's room for all God's children.

MARIANNE. As long as they repent before they die?

MARTA. You can't repent after you die.

MARIANNE. Jane doesn't have anything to repent for.

JANE. Shut up. This isn't your battle.

MARIANNE. No, it's yours. Are you gonna do something?

MARTA (to JANE). I didn't mean to start anything.

JANE. I know.

LUCY. Come on. I'm tired.

(LUCY starts to cross from the bridge to the canal bank.)

MARTA. Do you think we should go back?

MARIANNE (muttering). I'll tell you where you can go.

JANE. Let's stay a little longer.

(JANE, MARIANNE and MARTA follow LUCY across the bridge. The women sit or stretch out on the bank.)

LUCY. Eliza?

ELIZA. Give me a sec.

(ELIZA continues to look over the bridge to the canal bed below.)

LUCY (nodding toward ELIZA). Any ideas what we should do?

MARIANNE. Let her be. She'll come around when she's ready.

MARTA. Like Emily did?

JANE. None of us knew Emily was in trouble.

LUCY. But we know Eliza is.

MARIANNE. Emily sure screwed us.

MARTA. What do you mean?

MARIANNE. Eliza's here, blaming all of us, but Emily's the one who really deserted her.

MARTA. Don't speak ill of the dead.

LUCY. I'm beginning to think Emily will never be laid to rest.

JANE. She'll haunt us for the rest of our lives.

MARIANNE. Doomed to walk the earth because she can't get into heaven.

MARTA. Shut up!

Marianne / Jane

MARTA. I'll probably just be buried at Canoga Cemetery.

JANE. Marianne?

MARIANNE. Don't look at me. I'm not going.

MARTA. Ever?

MARIANNE. I figure with a reputation like mine, I will live on in infamy, so who cares what they do with my physical trappings.

JANE. Still can't commit, huh?

MARIANNE. I thought I could once, but I was young and a fool.

LUCY. You weren't the fool.

MARIANNE. Thanks for that.

JANE. Maybe it's time to grow up.

MARIANNE. It doesn't seem to work that way. I look in the mirror and still see my high-school self.

MARTA. That's not a bad thing.

MARIANNE. It is when all you were known for was being Coach Watson's piece on the side.

LUCY. You deserved better.

MARIANNE. That's what Emily said.

LUCY. She was right.

MARIANNE. I was hoping to see him today.

JANE. Why in the hell would you want to see him?

MARIANNE. It's stupid. I know.

JANE. You're damn right it is.

MARTA. I thought you came back for Emily.

MARIANNE. I came back *because* of Emily. I came back *for* him.

JANE. You're an idiot.

MARIANNE. It's not what you think.

JANE. I think you're an idiot!

LUCY. Jane, calm down.

JANE. How can I calm down when Marianne is determined to spend the rest of her life chasing after people who don't give a shit about her.

MARIANNE. I'm not chasing after him.

JANE. But you came back for him. The man who took advantage of you when you were sixteen years old. The man who screwed you in the girls' locker room after basketball practice and then went home to his wife.

MARIANNE. I thought I knew what I was doing.

JANE. You were sixteen years old!

LUCY. You were a child, Marianne. He took advantage of you.

JANE. He manipulated you. Told you exactly what you needed to hear. Convinced you that you were loved.

MARIANNE. I know that now.

JANE. Then why did you come back for him?

MARIANNE. To tell him I know what he did to me. To tell him he changed my life forever. To tell him he ruined any chance I had for real love.

JANE *(softly)*. Because you wouldn't recognize real love if it was standing right in front of you.

(JANE and MARIANNE stare at each other in a moment of recognition.)

MARIANNE. Finally.

(Pause.)

JANE. We should go back.

MARIANNE. Too late for that.

(JANE starts to cross back to the bridge.)

JANE. I have to go.

MARIANNE. Jane, don't.

JANE. It was great to see you all again. Let's not let another decade go by.

MARIANNE. You can't leave like this.

JANE. I'm sorry I can't make the memorial.

(MARIANNE grabs JANE's arm.)

MARIANNE. Stop!

(JANE turns and looks at MARIANNE.)

JANE. How long have you known?

MARIANNE. Forever.