

ANI/SASHA

suddenly like I didn't recognize anything — or anyone — including myself — I didn't recognize the person I'd been for the last however many years and I didn't know the person sitting on that couch next to my husband watching TV though I knew that that was the real me. It was like some spell had broken and I still can't tell if it was good or bad. But it's totally changed me. I feel changed. *(Beat.)*

SASHA. Nan! Where did that just come from? **START**

NAN. What?

SASHA. This story! How have you never considered turning this into something?

NAN. Into what?

SASHA. Uh, a book?

NAN. Oh come on, I thought you said everyone was sick of books about Gloria —

SASHA. Well, yes, for a bunch of twenty-somethings talking about her. I mean, for them, you know — and my heart really does go out to all of them; I mean, no one should have to go through this — but this is like the only real thing that's ever happened to them. No wonder they're all scrambling to get it down on paper. But you've got experience. You've witnessed things and, unlike them, Gloria is not the defining center of your being. She's the backdrop to a very real, very human realization about motherhood and time passing and mortality. That's something that people — real people — can connect to. *(Beat.)*

NAN. Do you really think there's something there?

SASHA. Yes.

NAN. You know, I had actually been wondering ... *(Beat.)* What do you think I could get? *(Blackout. Bach's Mass in B Minor continues.)*

END