

Characters

MRS DARLING:	Thirty-eight. Pretty, with a palpable sexuality.
GEORGE:	Forty-two. Her husband. Economic criminal, charismatic and ambitious.
DOG/NANA:	George's shaggy confidant and a shrewd observer of human nature.
McCOOL/COP:	Thirty-four. Man on the make, publicity hound.
MOTHER:	Sixties. Mrs. Darling's ogre of a mother.
PORTICA:	Fifties. Decorator to the rich and upwardly mobile.
SWAMI:	Thirty-four. Phony mystic with a fold up turban.
JETHRO:	Thirty-four. New age founder of Parents Without Children.
PROSPERA:	Fifties. Former mother and co-founder of Parents Without Children.

TIME AND PLACE

The present, New York City.

Notes: All male parts may be played by the same actor with the exception of George. All female parts may be played by the same actress with the exception of Mrs. Darling.

SCENE 1

A very chic parlor and a very chic couple. Décor is Phillippe Stark. It has all the warmth of the lobby of the Royalton Hotel. Formal photo of three babies on the wall. GEORGE sits, engrossed, reading the Wall Street Journal. MRS DARLING completes her toilette at the hall mirror. Her back is to her husband as she speaks.

MRS DARLING

(Leaning forward, looking in mirror and propping up her breasts in a bustier)

Thank God I didn't nurse! I think it's just the right tight. George?

You aren't looking. You aren't even pretending to look. Well, at least I don't have one of those revolting little tummy rolls. They always show, even if you wear a girdle.

GEORGE

(Behind the paper)

Three perfect C-section babies-- Wendy, John, Michael-- and only a teeny-weeny bikini scar to show for it.

MRS DARLING

Thank you, George. I'm going to pretend that you mean it.

(Looking in mirror applying lip liner)

Every woman, at a certain age, needs liner to keep the lipstick from making those invisible lines visible. Your mother taught me that.

GEORGE

Really? She hated you.

MRS DARLING

Yes, but this was a grooming secret.

(SHE clicks her evening bag shut, crosses to GEORGE and pulls the paper away)

GEORGE

What?

MRS DARLING

You're not ready. Not in the least ready. The car will be here in five minutes.

GEORGE

I'm not going.

MRS DARLING

That's ridiculous. Just change your shirt. Put on a blue one--there'll probably be photographers.

GEORGE

As long as they're not from the business section.

MRS DARLING

Why? Have you done something special?

GEORGE

Former Chairman and CEO George Darling indicted. Failure to disclose. Securities fraud.

MRS DARLING

Oh, George, you're such a nervous Nelly. You've done well, that's all.

GEORGE

Unusually well.

MRS DARLING

You deserve it. You're brilliant, aggressive, with the thick neck of a rutting boar.

GEORGE

A boar?

MRS DARLING

Well something full of testosterone. A bull. So, blue shirt, darling, and put on your red- striped power tie.

GEORGE

I'm not going.

MRS DARLING

Look, George, this isn't a matter of choice. It's my day, and I'm not going to walk in there without my husband.

GEORGE

Nobody's going to miss me.

MRS DARLING

That's not the point. It wouldn't look right. And besides, I want you there. I'm being honored for my hard work on behalf of the Guatemalan orphans. I've raised a lot of money, George. I've made impassioned speeches. After all, we made the war, we made the orphans. And you should see the pictures. All those children, so skinny, with those melting, brown eyes. No one else had the nerve to choose brownish children.

GEORGE

Shrewd, very shrewd, Honey.

MRS DARLING

They're presenting me with a book of the children's thank you letters, scribbled in their broken English...

GEORGE

Babe, what do you think about living in Switzerland?

MRS DARLING

Switzerland?

GEORGE

Sure, chalet in the mountains, flat in Geneva. The kids'll be bilingual, trilingual in no time. College admissions'll be a snap!

MRS DARLING

Moving?

GEORGE

Look, I can't promise you there isn't going to be a scandal. There could be some rough sledding, but in Switzerland, at least everybody's polite!

MRS DARLING

Moving, George?

GEORGE

Yeah, Switzerland! Skiing, and schlag. Happy little children, and that fountain gushing out of the middle of Lake Geneva! Think about it babe, this whopper chalet with a separate children's wing.

MRS DARLING

Moving?

GEORGE

Alright, so maybe not Geneva. What's your favorite city?

MRS DARLING

Rome. I have always loved those fried zucchini blossoms, and those fountains with the dolphins and putti. Now, can we go, George?

GEORGE

I think Italy's got extradition. Let's see.

(HE pulls a crumpled piece of paper out of his pocket)

MRS DARLING

Extradition as in reciprocal legal procedures?

GEORGE

They can't get a hand on you in Switzerland.

MRS DARLING

What's going on?

GEORGE

Take a look at this one. Lucerene. Eighteen thousand square feet, nine bathrooms, primo security system

MRS DARLING

We aren't moving, George. I am about to be appointed Treasusre of the Junior League. Our children are in highly competitive and presitious schools, and you're president of the Young President's Society. Now, are you ready?

GEORGE

It's a no- go.

MRS DARLING

Please I'll say please and afterwards we can have torrid sex for hours.

GEORGE

Jesus woman. I don't have a choice. I have a meeting at the U.S. Attorney's office.

MRS DARLING

It's eight o'clock on a Wednesday night. No one but the Klan has Wednesday night meetings!

GEORGE

It's either meet tonight, or walk up those steps tomorrow with a raincoat pulled over my head.

MRS DARLING

Oh, George, every time your accountant looks at you cross-eyed you think you're going to jail.

(Looking at watch)

Where is that car?

GEORGE

Maybe I'll get Allenwood. It's got golf and I've got friends there.

MRS DARLING

Stop it, George! You know you're not going to jail. And I know you're going to give in and come.

GEORGE

God, listen to me! You never listen!

(LOUD KNOCKING AT DOOR, CHAUFFEUR)

MRS DARLING

Just a minute, Monroe! So rude!

Get up George. Now.

GEORGE

(Checks watch)

I'm leaving in five minutes.

MRS DARLING

O.k. Just walk me in, stay a few minutes, and exit discreetly.

GEORGE

Forget it.

MRS DARLING

Is this about needing more attention?

(No response)

I admit between Michael's school applications and the brownish children I have been a bit preoccupied.

(LOUD KNOCKING AT DOOR)

MRS DARLING

JUST A MINUTE, MONROE!

(SHE holds out her hand. HE doesn't move.)

What? What is it? Cut the crap, George!

GEORGE

Who's staying with the kids? Isn't it the nanny's day off?

MRS DARLING

Oh Christ, I completely forgot! You didn't call anyone, did you? No, of course not.

GEORGE

You got to stay.

MRS DARLING

I have an event.

GEORGE

Forget it, Babe. You're not going to just traipse out of here to some Guatemalan orphan society.

MRS DARLING

It's the Junior League. And I'm going. And you, well, you do what you want. It's not as if it's the first time they've been on their own.

(LOUD KNOCKING AT DOOR)

MRS DARLING

ALRIGHT!

(SHE starts to walk out)

MRS DARLING

Oh Christ! I forgot to say goodnight to the kids!

(Crossing to the intercom)

Wendy, it's Mom. Listen honey, you're in charge. Read to the boys. Remember your retainer. And sweet dreams, think of cashmere cardigans. Give yourself a kiss, sweetie. See you in the morning, I love you.

(She turns on her heel. Over her shoulder.)

The least you can do is wish me luck.

GEORGE

Good luck.

MRS DARLING(Starting to exit)

Thanks, George. You too. Chin up, and don't say anything I wouldn't say.

MRS DARLING EXITS

(GEORGE waits a minute, then puts down the paper, and opens the door and whistles.)

GEORGE

Don't worry Babe. I'm going to be fine. No problemma. (Getting on his coat)