

MY LIFE AS YOU

BY LAURA ROHRMAN

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MY LIFE AS YOU

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MY LIFE AS YOU

For all those former friends and lovers...

My Life As You was first staged at the Producers Club II in New York City by The Waverly Writers and Frenz Productions; Director Fritz Brekeller

MY LIFE AS YOU

Cast:

Stella.....Ashely Wren Collins*

Max.....Jeff Branson*

Diana.....Kellie Porterfield

Greg.....Stuart Lopoten

*Member of Actors Equity Association

MY LIFE AS YOU

My Life As You was produced in New York City at Shetler Studios/Theatre 54 by Double Down Productions; Director: Lawrence Frank

Cast:

Stella..... Erica Boozer

Max..... Will Rosenfelt

Diana..... Sabrina Zara

Greg..... Alex Haney

MY LIFE AS YOU

CAST: (4)

2M, 2W

Stella (F, 26, any ethnicity) Beautiful, slender, and quietly unraveling. A California native who didn't grow up in a big city, she's still learning how the world works—and how she fits into it. Restless and unsure, she might even turn to a psychic for answers.

Diana (F, 22, any ethnicity) Type A to the core—driven, organized, and baffled by anyone who isn't like her. She's a Midwestern girl with rock-solid Midwestern values, but also a streak of ambition that makes her both endearing and exasperating.

Greg (M, 23, any ethnicity)

Tall, dark, handsome, and brilliant. Greg is a future doctor, laser-focused on med school, but still effortlessly charming.

Max (M, 23, any ethnicity) - A ruggedly sexy scientist type working in the world of advertising. He's got an edge from growing up in the Bronx and carries himself with a mix of street smarts and quiet confidence.

MY LIFE AS YOU

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ACT 1 SCENE 1

TIME: Summer 1998

A San Francisco Ad Agency. A radio announcement of the beginnings of the Clinton/Lewinsky affair is booming on a radio announcement.

People start to jump on to an elevator; they look busy.

Stella gets on, she holds a file. Max gets on, he also holds files. At each stop, another person gets off, until it's just Stella and Max. Lights down, Lights come up on Stella and Max heavily making out.

MAX. What happened to everybody?

STELLA. *(Looking up at him)* Huh?

MAX. I think that we scared everyone away.

STELLA. *(She looks around)* No, Max. They're watching us. *(They grow tighter around each other, wrapped up, like they are melting into each other. Now Max looks around and smiles.)*

MAX. Not literally, but figuratively.

STELLA. Try not to look. I think it's because we move well together. And everyone tries to stop things that are perfect and in sync.

MAX. We...resonate.

STELLA. Resonators? *(She giggles)*

MAX. I love your laugh. It's so inquisitive and curious.

STELLA. Shut up. Really?

MAX. You really laugh. It's a deep, come from beneath, topple the world kind of laugh.

STELLA. Right.

MAX. We left for lunch at noon. It's...*(He looks at his watch)*. It's three o'clock.

STELLA. I hate lunch break. I feel like we're in school. *(They kiss.)* I'm feeling so good. Just here. Right now. I never want to leave.

MAX. We're in an elevator.

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STELLA. I LOVE this elevator. *(They kiss, ravage each other.)* I LOVE This elevator. I really do.

MAX. Aurora loves the elevator.

STELLA. Aurora does. *(There's a pause. They look at each other. They stare at each other intensely.)*

MAX. We didn't do our word of the day yet.

STELLA. Oh that's right. We got busy. *(Pause. He looks at her.)* I'm still thinking.

MAX. I've got it: Uxorious.

STELLA. I...don't know what that means.

MAX. I discovered it today and it made me think of you.

STELLA. Yeah. So what does it mean?

MAX. Having or showing excessive fondness for one's wife.

STELLA. Huh. Is that a future premonition?

MAX. You must mean prediction. Maybe.

STELLA. I love you. *(Beat. She waits for him to speak, he just stares at her.)* I meant, uh...

MAX. I heard you. You didn't mean it?

STELLA. No. I did. But you --

MAX. I'm not going to say it back...I can't.

STELLA. Oh. Okay.

MAX. Not yet. I just can't say it yet.

STELLA. Well I...

MAX. I've only said that to one person before.

STELLA. You're only 22.

MAX. Still. When I say it, I'll mean it.

STELLA. But you...you say a lot.

MAX. And I mean it.

STELLA. Oh. *(He stares at her in a sudden disbelief. She waits in baited anticipation for his response. The doors to the elevator and Max exits. The doors close, leaving Stella alone in the elevator. The radio announcement continues into the next scene...)*

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SCENE 2

Stella should look much worse than in the previous scene. If in the other scene her hair and outfit looked nice, here she should look unkempt and tired. Stella is seen at her desk at work. She looks around to see if anyone is looking, then makes a phone call. The phone rings and Diana picks up from the opposite side of the stage. Diana picks up with confidence.

STELLA. *(On the phone)* Sometimes you just can't be with your soulmate.

DIANA. Oh god.

STELLA. I'm serious. When you are that in love, how can you expect it to last?

STELLA. The word love is so meaningless, right? I mean, why do I need someone to say it? I know he feels it. It's the way he looks at me.

DIANA. Stella. You are twisting the facts, babe. He broke up with you. Just like I told you -- *(Max enters overhears a little of her conversation. Stella suddenly sees him and changes her tone; pretends she's talking to a client.)*

STELLA. What are those numbers?

DIANA. Is he there?

STELLA. How did you know?

DIANA. I'm psychic, duh!

STELLA. *(Puts her hand over her phone)* Excuse me. *(to Max)* Can I help you?

MAX. I like what you are wearing today. You look nice. *(Stella turns and ignores him. Goes back to her phone call.)*

DIANA. Duh. Pretend you are on a date -- *(Stella ignores him. Goes back to her phone call.)*

STELLA. Seven is a great time for you to pick me up -

DIANA. Say George. I'm George.

STELLA. *(Uncomfortably)* George.

MAX. Stella, I hate it when you ignore me. *(She continues to ignore him until he leaves.)*

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DIANA. Did he leave?

STELLA. Yes. But... Oh...Diana...I love him. I know it's stupid. You think I'm stupid. But really I...

DIANA. Stella. Get a grip. You aren't calling me every day all the way in Chicago for nothing. Quit that stupid job. C'mon -- move here with me. I miss you.

STELLA. To Chicago?

DIANA. Yes!!

STELLA. I have another call. *(Beat. Stella becomes as business-like as possible.)* Stella Peters. Oh, hello Marsha. How's Dallas today? *(Max enters and overhears her.)* I will send you a completely updated spread sheet by end of day. *(To Max, but she's talking directly into the phone.)*

I can't talk now. Do you want to go to lunch? *(Into the phone)* Oh Marsha. I know. *(laughing)* I'm already talking to you. *(To Max, whispering now covering the phone)* Do you want to go to lunch?

MAX. You're too late. I've got a lunch date. You know there's a hold button on your phone, right? It's right - *(Moving to show her the hold button and she pulls away.)*

STELLA. What? *(Listens to the phone).* Not you, Masha. Of course. *(listens).* NO! I'm not stoned. *(very politely)* Excuse me for a minute. Can you hold on for one second? One second. One - *(She puts the phone down.)*

MAX. Marsha's gonna kill you. You better get back to your phone call. *He walks off.*

STELLA. *(Picks up the phone)* Hello Marsha. Uh huh. Okay, well where were we? Well, if you're not happy with the program...I'm just...Okay. Yes...how about I come up with some new promotional elements *(pause)*. There will be a booth with a big sign on it that says RINGS AND COWBOYS. You'll also get banners *(pause)* and radio. Yes, yes and a 30 second; No, a 60 second spot. It will be great! Lots of exposure...A new media plan? Uh...of course. One that incorporates a rodeo tour and a Basketball sponsorship. No football. Football has bigger guys, right? *(exacerbated)* yes, of course, yes. There will be Assholes there. Lots of them. No, I didn't say...did I say that? I said Mashmoles. It's a snack, like tacos. No, I said cowboys... So..do you like

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Clint Eastwood? You know he's supposed to be there. You'll be there, right? Maybe you can ride a bull (*listens*). Oh, of course, you wouldn't ride a bull, you broke your back the last time you rode the bull. (*As the conversation goes on, the lights change. Lights go down. Lights come up on Stella, it's later in the day and she's packing her stuff into a box.*)

MAX. We need to talk. What's with the boxes?

STELLA. I'm a little busy.

MAX. Why are you ignoring me?

STELLA. I'm not... You know there's cake in Bob's office, you should get some before everyone eats it all.

MAX. I don't want cake. I was thinking we could talk.

STELLA. (*Giving in*) About what?

MAX. What are we doing? Do you want to see other people?

STELLA. I knew it.

MAX. Stella — stop playing games. If we're not working out...

STELLA. I'm not..I love you.

MAX. Aurora. (beat) We're at work. You're so emotional.

STELLA. You're the one....who wanted to talk. Here. At work... (*under her breath*) around everyone. Everyone watching us. Who cares? I quit!

MAX. What? You quit?

STELLA. I just gave my notice. I think I was about to get fired, so I'd rather quit. I hate this place.

MAX. You quit? (*Pause*) Well...that's great, right? That must be what you want.

STELLA. (*Shocked he doesn't get it*). Yeah, it's GREAT.

MAX. What are you going to do?

STELLA. I'm moving to Chicago with Diana....I'm really excited about it.

MAX. What? Are you crazy? She's a psycho. I mean, that's great.

STELLA. Great.

STELLA. She's not a psycho. She makes a lot of sense, actually.

Maybe I just need to get away. I can't breathe here. Change will be good for me...

MAX. I don't think Diana's the answer...

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STELLA. And anyway, it will be easier for you to do whatever it is you want to be doing.

MAX. What I want to be doing? *(Max thinks about this for a second, hesitates doesn't say anything.)* You are making me crazy. You are always so over the top and dramatic. I just need more calm in my life; you are like these lightning bolts.

STELLA. I'm not that dramatic.

MAX. Not that dramatic? You're moving in with a psycho all the way in Chicago all because --

STELLA. Because you broke up with me. *(Stella forces a fake smile. Max doesn't say anything. She grabs her box and starts to walk away.)* Oh yeah, word of the day....

MAX. What's that?

STELLA. Unrequited. *(She leaves and Max is still standing there.)*

SCENE 3

Music and noises of a party or bar can be heard in the background. Stella looks sad. Max enters, sees Stella, thinks about what he's going to say, then speaks.

MAX. Hey! You're not going to leave your own going-away party, are you?

STELLA. Well, yeah. I said goodbye to you in there. Didn't you hear me?

MAX. No you didn't. I came in from my pool game and you were gone.

STELLA. Well sorry. I didn't think that you cared.

MAX. I do. I'm here, right?

MAX. When do you leave?

STELLA. Tomorrow?

MAX. That soon?

STELLA. Yeah. Well, you know the sooner the better. I need to get started. I'll need to get a job as soon as I get there.

MAX. What are you going to do?

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STELLA. I'm not sure yet. But I could pretty much do anything you know?

MAX. You couldn't be a rocket scientist.

STELLA. Within reason. I am opening a new door on my life. What is that they say the world is your oyster?

MAX. Yeah, dorks say that.

STELLA. Well...the world is my oyster. I am free of all constraints, and I can just go find out what it is that I want. I want to be a writer.

MAX. Writer...Whatever you do...

STELLA. Yeah?

MAX. Make sure you do something that helps you for when you come back.

STELLA. What's that supposed to mean?

“BOB”(O.S.). Hey Max! You're up.

STELLA. I guess you better go. You've got business to take care of.

MAX. *(Smiles)* It's just a game of pool. *(beat)*

STELLA. Go!

MAX. Good-bye Aurora.

STELLA. You can't call me that anymore. They stare at each other for a while. Then Max hugs her tightly. Goodbye. I'm going to start walking.

MAX. Goodbye. Be safe. Aurora of the morning dew. There's nothing like waking up next to Aurora. *(Stella walks off. Max stands there alone for a second. Lights dim enough to let Max walk off the stage. Lights down.)*

SCENE 4

Lights up. Diana is seen tidying up the apartment and obviously preparing for a guest. There is a knock on the door. Diana turns down the radio and walks to open the door.

DIANA. Who is it?

STELLA. Who else are you expecting?

DIANA. I can't believe it! It's you! For real!

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STELLA. What do you mean? (*Diana shows Stella in and helps her with her luggage.*)

DIANA. Well, I just wasn't sure if you would actually come. I mean, when a friend says that they are depressed and you say: "Come move to Chicago" - it's not likely that they will say "Yes." It's more likely that they would just read some good bits of Sylvia Plath, take a bath, get up and start over. But you just said, "I'm moving to Chicago," and you did it! And then... I just didn't know... It's just so... crazy. I wouldn't do it.

STELLA. It's 1998. People don't read Sylvia Plath anymore... (*looks around*) Do they?

DIANA. Some people do. Well-read people do.

STELLA. (*Calmly putting down her bag.*) No Di, well-read people just move to San Francisco without knowing anyone there and then move back to Chicago three months later. (*Beat*). Is that the bed you bought me?

DIANA. Okay, so I did one flighty thing. This is your bed. You may find it kind of hard. I slept on it the other night and it gave me a backache, but it will do for now. (*Stella sits on the bed.*) You know, you're right. We are both just modern women - willing to try out all of the adventures of life. I guess I am not very stable - am I? You know how many times I have moved since high school? I have had way too much coffee today, can you tell? You know my family makes a big joke about my mysterious three months in San Francisco. They always say - "Diana, what really made you leave San Francisco?"

STELLA. What did make you leave, exactly? People still talk about it.

DIANA. Wow - you are so skinny. I forgot to tell you when you first walked in, but you are horribly, horribly thin. I am going to do something about that.

STELLA. I told you that I'd lost some weight. I suppose depression is like that: you replace cigarettes and coffee for food; and then you think if nothing else, at least I look good. I was getting really delirious in the end. Not eating will definitely drive a person crazy.

DIANA. Wow! That's horrible, Stella. I had no idea that you were that sick -- and all over a guy. That's just crazy.

STELLA. By the way, Max says hi.

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DIANA. How's he taking your move?

STELLA. I don't think that he really cares - or at least he's feigning indifference. You know he's like Mr. Popular in the office. I'm sure he's acting like he's glad I'm gone.

DIANA. Does he know what all this has done to you? I mean look at how sick you are. Does he understand that you are never going back?

STELLA. Diana, would you just relax! I quit my job and moved nearly 3,000 miles away from him... I think it's obvious. I'll go back when I am good and ready. I know, I know... It's strange that I even tell people that I would want to move to Chicago. Most people move FROM Chicago. After all - if I want to go "Make It" - why don't I just go to New York? What's in Chicago?

DIANA. Does this mean that you don't want to really settle in and make Chicago your home?

STELLA. (*Stella has become very distraught by this*) My home? Bathroom?

DIANA. Yes, Right there. (*Stella heads offstage to the bathroom. And Diana talks to her towards the bathroom.*) Geez. Stella you are making me nervous. (*Yelling to her*) I mean Chicago is a really wonderful place - we've got the lake, which is right down the street...great shopping. You should see the Mac counter at Saks. And there is so much great theater here. (*Diana starts looking through Stella's bag and sees a photo. Looks at it closely, puts it back.*) New York is this huge, scary city. And San Francisco is just this big blah place where no one cares about their careers. All they care about is how cool everything is...All those hippies just freak me out. Anyway, anyone who knows anything, knows that Chicago is where all the real theater lives...and I know that you love theater. Maybe we can even audition for some plays. (*Stella exits the bathroom.*)

STELLA. Of course I want to like Chicago. I didn't come here to hate it. Let's just take one step at a time, okay? You look good, Di.

DIANA. I do? I've been working out. I swim 3 times a week -

STELLA. I brought you a photo of Bob - see. (*Pulls the photo out of her bag.*) I had to steal it when I was leaving.

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DIANA. Why did you have to get one with Max in it? Now everyone will know that you stole it.

STELLA. I don't care. I'm here and he's there, right?

DIANA. Well... *(thinks about it for a minute)* I am glad that you got scared off because now you are here with me. They don't want you, but I do. You are going to love it, love it, LOVE IT!

STELLA. All I could tell from the cab ride was that it is really damn flat here. And I saw a lot of signs for RIBS. You know, you would just never see that in California. By the way, are there any health food stores around here?

DIANA. Sure. This is a civilized village. Someone I did a play with once was a vegetarian. And she shopped at *(thinking)*. I'm sure there is a place you can get wheat bread and vegetarian re-friend beans or whatever.

STELLA. You're scaring me.

DIANA. This isn't the third world Stella. I'm sure we can find a place to get you your special food.

STELLA. Have you actually been to any of those stores? Eating low fat re-fried beans doesn't count. Do you know where I can buy soy milk?
(Diana grabs her purse.)

DIANA. Let's go. C'mon!

STELLA. Where are we going?

DIANA. OUT. Stella baby! We've got to get out and show you this wonderful, amazing city. There's an Olympic-size lap pool. We can swim. And after, just for fun we can eat hot dogs. We live right by the lake you know...

STELLA. Oh. I won't be eating a hot dog. Hot dogs are gross and full of fat. Only people who are trying to get fat eat those things.

DIANA. Stella you are crazy. You are all set. There is special store for swimmers, did I tell you that? Did you bring your swimsuit?

STELLA. No. I...

DIANA. We can buy you a new one. There is a great selection. I can't wait. You are going to LOVE IT.

STELLA. *(With much less enthusiasm)* Love it. *(Diana laughs. Blackout.)*

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SCENE 5

It's now a few days later. Lights up on Stella standing alone in her swimsuit. She's in a spotlight. A blue light shimmers and reflects against her as if she was standing next to a pool. The sounds of water and the noises of a children playing in the water can be heard in the background. Max appears. He is in swim trunks. This moment is a flashback.

STELLA. *(Noticing him)* Hey!

MAX. Hey yourself!

STELLA. Max! What are you doing here, are you crazy?

MAX. Not half as crazy as you are - swimming in a public pool is so whacky.

STELLA. What did you do, follow me here?

MAX. You invited me.

STELLA. When?

MAX. Today in the office - remember when you were showing off your suit and telling me to COME WATCH?

STELLA. I was kidding.

MAX. You said you'd come here at 5, right after work. You told me to come.

STELLA. Do you think I'd really want you to come see me in my swimsuit. It's kind of lame.

MAX. Oh. Okay. Do you want me to go?

STELLA. Oh. Okay. No, you can stay if you want. *(She smiles)* Are you going to get in?

MAX. I think you are flirting with me. *(Beat)* I just wanted to check out the pool. See what it's all about. I think I might test the waters.

STELLA. Yeah, pools are so wet. Do you think you'll take it up?

MAX. That depends on you.

STELLA. Ahh. *(Max walks off stage left. Diana comes on. Stella is talking to herself now, smiling...)* Are you trying to confuse me??

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DIANA. Woo-Hoo...Stella! Hey zombie head. Are you talking to yourself again? Why are you smiling like that?

STELLA. (*Realizing she's been in a daze*) No. I wasn't talking to myself. Uh, this pool, this water, it reminds me of something...I can't put my finger on it. Maybe it's the smell.

DIANA. Oh please. Does baby shit and chlorine remind you of something nostalgic?

STELLA. No, seriously. I feel like I've been here before. Well, I don't know. Maybe I'm just being crazy.

DIANA. Well, crazy girl, how was your day? Did you get any little job thing going yet?

STELLA. I've only been here a week. And, yes, I did get a job in a restaurant. I guess that will do for now.

DIANA. How exciting. Which one?

STELLA. It's a new Italian place on Clark. I start tomorrow. I think I am going to like this bohemian thing - you know restaurant work and writing. At least the schedule is good. Anything is better than advertising, I suppose. Starting tomorrow I will only apply for writing jobs.

DIANA. Yes, that's right. That's what you said you wanted to do. What kind of writing jobs?

STELLA. Reporting jobs. I was a reporter for the newspaper in college.

DIANA. College doesn't really count in the real world. How long do you think we are going to stand here?

STELLA. I think I will just sit in the hot tub.

DIANA. You mean you're not going to swim? After all that noise about wanting to be healthy?

STELLA. I drink soy and eat veggie burritos. Plus, I walked all the way here in the heat, oh my god.

DIANA. Don't gross me out. Burritos without meat are like a car without tires. Give me a break. Anyway, did I tell you that Bob e-mailed me again?

STELLA. I thought you two decided it was over - you're little e-mail thing.

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DIANA. Well, it's becoming more complicated, but he says now that he might come to Chicago.

STELLA. And you think you would meet with him?

DIANA. I don't know...Stella Baby...am I crazy?

STELLA. Yes!

DIANA. That's what Bob and I always say to each other - but we play the best games. The latest one was the 10 best places to touch each other... it's so exciting.

STELLA. That just sounds gross. Does it ever seem weird to you? Do you ever wonder - maybe he's just bored. I mean, his wife and baby and his job don't take up enough time. He's got to spoil your life too?

DIANA. No, I never thought about it that way - exactly. Oh look, there's a lane. I'm gonna jump in.

STELLA. Well, I don't want to swim unless I can get a lane of my own.
(Stella stands alone looking out - she puts her hands over her face. Blackout.)

SCENE 6

Two weeks have passed, and Stella arrives still wearing her outfit from her job at the Italian restaurant. Diana, who is typing away on a laptop computer barely looks up.

STELLA. Are you still e-mailing Bob?

DIANA. *(Sighs, then laughs)* I'll be done in a minute. Can't you just read or something? I can't spend every second with you.

STELLA. Diana, I don't mind. It's your house.

DIANA. I've been meaning to talk to you about that.

STELLA. About what?

DIANA. About moving. Bob thinks we should get our own space, but I'm not sure. What do you think? *(Diana turns back to her computer.)* Bob is so funny. I told him that you were here and he said "So what?" *(Laughs hysterically.)* He said to tell you that Max is dating someone else in the office.

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STELLA. Great. Tell Bob to wish them well. (*Stella changes into her pajamas.*) Did I tell you that my mom ran over our cat in the driveway the other day? She calls and says "Stella I have some bad news..." and I'm waiting, thinking the worst, you know like something awful..and then she says she ran over the cat -- she says it in this completely dead pan way...so I'm still waiting. Then I say, Mom is the cat okay. I mean she makes it sound like maybe it's at the hospital. Then she says it's dead.

DIANA. Stella, it's so uncivilized in California.

STELLA. I miss Max's cat, Le Simon.

DIANA. Oh, Stella, you don't miss Max's cat. Wait. He had a cat named Le Simon?

STELLA. Yeah, isn't that cool?

DIANA. It's so pretentious. It's so Max to name his cat like a French poet or something.

STELLA. Did any mail come for me?

DIANA. No. Don't you want to hear what he said about Max?

STELLA. No. Why would I? (*Hands Diana a glass. Pause.*)

STELLA. Of course I do. Okay. Fine. Tell me. Who is he dating? I can't believe it. Wait, I knew it...is it...Katherine?

DIANA. Psycho! Bob doesn't really know, but he said if I told you that he knew you would be DYING for the information. I told you that you weren't over Max yet. Bob says he thinks you are just obsessed with boys. He thinks that I tell you way too much about our e-mailing thing. He says your opinion means nothing. Come to think of it, I don't think that he likes you much and I don't really know why....

STELLA. It could be that I know him - and his wife.

DIANA. Don't you think I'm prettier; I mean, come on?

STELLA. He loves her and he loves his child. What can you possibly think this will lead to?

DIANA. You don't know what he says to me. He might come here, to Chicago.

STELLA. I say bullshit.

DIANA. He adores me.

STELLA. He adores himself.

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DIANA. He thinks I'm smart and wonderful. He doesn't seem to like you much. This jealousy you have with him must be about me. It seems to be a rivalry between the two of you. Did you do something to him?

STELLA. I always thought we were friendly.

DIANA. Well, he doesn't think you are very smart. He even talks about your IQ.

STELLA. Excuse me?

DIANA. I didn't mean to hurt you. I just want to be honest. Maybe you can change.

STELLA. If he thought I was so stupid then why did he want to hang out with me? It was his idea. I never cared either way. I still don't.

Sometimes, Diana...

DIANA. What?

STELLA. Do you have Tourette syndrome or something?

DIANA. What?

STELLA. I can't think of a good reason in the world to tell me what some fucking asshole ex-boss of yours, a million miles away, who has a wife and a baby -- and is so fucking bored out of his mind that he's talking to you about ME. Who cares about me? This lame relationship is about the two of you. *(Stella starts rummaging around in the garbage can.)*

DIANA. Well. I trust Bob. And if he thinks that you are a bad influence on me... I want to know what you could've done to --What are you looking for?

STELLA. Don't you get it? He's bored. I'm looking for my phone bill from home; my mom said I didn't pay it... If you want to continue on with this affair with Bob, fine. But don't include me. I don't want to hear about it. And let's not talk about Max. Let's just not bring it up. It's over, right? I thought we agreed. Anyway, I'm no better off, right?

DIANA. You're right. I just won't bring you up anymore. I've got to go to bed.

STELLA. Diana? What's this? *(She holds up a ripped piece of mail.)*
I thought that you said no mail came for me.

MY LIFE AS YOU

DIANA. Oh a piece of mail did come for you. It was a rejection letter from that editor job you applied for. I knew it was a rejection letter, so I just threw it out. I am sorry. Are you okay?

STELLA. Stop asking me if I am okay. I don't need your pity. Diana, you read my mail?

DIANA. To protect you.

STELLA. I don't need you to protect me. I can take care of myself.

DIANA. But you needed a place to go to...right...to get away. And I was here for you. *(beating herself up)* I'm too protective. I'm too giving. I'm sorry. You will get a job soon. And anyway, I love the schedule you have now -- it allows us so much girl time to chat and relax at the end of the day. I love it and I am so glad that you are here. Do you want to swim with me tomorrow?

STELLA. No.

DIANA. C'mon...you love to swim. It will make you feel better.

STELLA. I feel fine. I said No.

DIANA. Okay. Whatever. *(She storms off stage, like a winner. Stella stands alone. Walks off stage. Lights down.)*

SCENE 7

Spotlight on. This is another flashback. Max enters, then Stella enters.

MAX. Hey!

STELLA. Hey!

MAX. What?

STELLA. I'm supposed to tell you something, but...

MAX. But?

STELLA. Do you like anyone at work?

MAX. Stella...*(laughs)*. You're asking me this -- after the swimming pool...

STELLA. Yeah, I know...

MAX. I like you.

STELLA. Is there anyone else you could like? Do you like Diana?

MAX. Diana?

MY LIFE AS YOU

STELLA. Yeah. Do you find her attractive? You are similar. You both went to good schools.

MAX. So.

STELLA. Well...you are both here in San Francisco from the East Coast...

MAX. What -- does she like me? *(Stella doesn't say. Max looks unhappy about this.)* Diana? Why? Stella, this is a story about me and you. There is only one ending.

STELLA. What's that?

MAX. Read your favorite fairy tale. *(Stella smiles.)*

SCENE 8

We see Stella sitting alone with some papers...looking at the phone. She dials a number. Max appears across the stage; his phone rings, he answers.

MAX. Hello. *(Stella hangs up. Stares at the phone. Diana appears.)*

DIANA. Who were you calling?

MAX. Stella! Is this you?! *(He considers re-dialing)*

STELLA. No one.

DIANA. No one?

STELLA. No one.

DIANA. Stella?

STELLA. What? *(Getting teary)*

DIANA. Come here. If he really thought about you as much as you think about him...he'd be calling you. You need to face facts. *(She hugs her.)*

STELLA. Why doesn't he call me? *(Max dials. Phone rings. Stella runs to the phone to answer it.)*

DIANA. Stella! Have some self-control. It's not him.

MAX. Pick up.

DIANA. It's not.

STELLA. We're just going to let it ring?

DIANA. I'll get it. Hello.

MAX. Is Stella there?

MY LIFE AS YOU

DIANA. Excuse me, who?

MAX. Stella. You heard me.

DIANA. Wrong number. *(She hangs up.)*

MAX. Bitch.

DIANA. It wasn't him. It was a phone salesman. You need to get some self-control. Get some hand.

STELLA. Some hand?

DIANA. Like in Seinfeld. Some hand. Power baby. You need to get the power. Even if you like someone and they're going to play that game. Then you've got to play it even harder. Stella baby...don't you get it....In order to get some hand you can't call him.

STELLA. Ever? But what if he wants to call me. But he can't.

DIANA. What do you mean he can't? He doesn't want to. For whatever reason...he's afraid to -- uh, I don't know...

STELLA. But I feel him.

DIANA. Excuse me?

STELLA. I feel it. I know, I know...you think I'm crazy, right? *(We see Max on the opposite side of the stage thinking about Stella.)*

DIANA. Uh. So now you're feeling his vibes?

STELLA. Vibes? Yes. It's like he knows and I know. We just resonate like that. Never mind. That's something he would say...you wouldn't believe it.

DIANA. NO. I wouldn't.

STELLA. But I know he thinks about me. *(Max leaves the stage and Stella feels this and changes. Diana moves to the bedroom. As the days go by, we see Stella bored. She goes outside (somehow off stage) where the audience can see and picks up a newspaper and bumps into Greg, a very cute young man, she doesn't say anything.)*

SCENE 9

GREG. Uh, hi.

STELLA. Oh hi - sorry did I hit you?

GREG. Um, yeah. You hit me right here and it hurts. *(He pulls up his shirt. He's got a six pack. She doesn't really think it's funny.)*

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GREG. I'm fine really.

STELLA. Oh Good. I thought I hurt you, but I guess that would be impossible. You are a man of steel.

GREG. You live in the building?

STELLA. Sort of.

GREG. Sort of?

STELLA. For the summer -- maybe longer. I'm not sure yet.

GREG. Me too. I mean my parents live in this building and I'm just here for the summer.

STELLA. Oh...you grew up here?

GREG. Born and raised. What -- you don't love it here? Hey, do you want to get a coffee with me, I was just heading out to Starbucks.

STELLA. Uh, I don't know. I was...I'm supposed to be looking for a job today...and my roommate....she will wonder where I went....

GREG. It's just coffee. And it's Greg btw. *(He reaches out his hand.)*

STELLA. Oh, yeah, of course. Hi Greg. I'm Stella. *(They shake hands. She smiles.)* Let me just get my wallet.

GREG. Hey Stella - it's my treat.

STELLA. Oh, okay. *(They start to walk O.S.)*

STELLA. So what are you doing after the summer?

GREG. Med school. *(Lights lower as they walk off stage. Lights come up to music. We see her reading magazine, watching television, rummaging through the fridge and her Monica file. Lights lower.)*

SCENE 10

Stella is seen with her head lying down on her computer. Diana appears and turns on the radio. The radio comes up loud.

RADIO ANNOUNCER: Kenneth Star is going to continue an inquiring into the President's testimony regarding Monica Lewinsky *(Diana appears from SL. Stella sits straight up and her Monica files fall all over.)*

STELLA. Oh my God.

DIANA. Were you supposed to be writing or something?

MY LIFE AS YOU

STELLA. I think that I should go home -- just for a visit.

DIANA. Home to California? What about the writing jobs?

STELLA. Oh, I don't know. It's hard, because I don't really have any contacts in Chicago.

DIANA. Stella, you haven't even tried.

STELLA. Yes, I have. I've been making some phone calls, but it's hard work.

DIANA. The only person I've seen you call is Max. *(Stella ignores this and starts running around getting ready -- cleaning herself.)* What are you doing?

STELLA. Shit. What time is it? I fell asleep.

DIANA. It's 7.

STELLA. Shit. I'm late.

DIANA. Late for what?

STELLA. I have a date. It's no big deal.

DIANA. Who? How? Who did you meet already?

STELLA. Already? It's been three weeks! *(Diana just looks irritated. Stella just puts on her make-up and Diana watches while she picks up Stella's Monica files...)* Hey! Those are my private files.

DIANA. Your Monica files? *(She pulls them away and Stella reaches for them.)*

STELLA. Di! I'm serious.

DIANA. Why are you so obsessed with Monica Lewinsky?

STELLA. I don't know yet.

DIANA. What -- do you think this is going to make you a reporter? Or what, do you want to learn how to have a fling with a politician?

Stella gets the file and puts it in her bag and tries to change the subject.

STELLA. What do you want to do? You never really say....I mean you like acting, but you don't do it, really. You keep talking about that and Chicago -- you know, all the great actors get their start in Chicago or something. Don't you always say that?

DIANA. Theater was my major, but I just didn't want to spoil it and pursue acting.

STELLA. So, you went into advertising?

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DIANA. I guess that's what happens to people who don't know what they want to do -- they do advertising. Anyway, Stella, you can't go home. You are not ready to go home. So, who are you going out with?

STELLA. Our cute neighbor...the one from Harvard.

DIANA. We have a neighbor from Harvard? Why haven't I...

STELLA. The one we keep bumping into...

DIANA. Oh...him, he's not that cute. (*Thinking about it*) He doesn't seem like he's from...

STELLA. He's from Harvard. Do you want to see his records? He's studying to be a doctor. You want to go with us? It's no big deal. I think he said something about bowling with his high school friends that live in Chicago. I'm sure he's got some cute, smart friends...

DIANA. No... I'm, uh... (*she stammers*). Oh I can't help it, I've got to tell you... Bob is in Chicago.

STELLA. What?

DIANA. Well, I might go over to his hotel. I'm waiting for his call.
(*There's a knock at the door.*)

STELLA. Are you crazy? You can't go meet him. (*To Greg*) Coming.

DIANA. Why not?

STELLA. He's married. How do I look?

DIANA. I shouldn't tell you anything. Beautiful. (*Stella opens the door.*)

GREG. Hey Stella. Hi Diana.

STELLA. Hey...let me just put my sweater on. (*Runs into the bedroom.*)

DIANA. Stella invited me to go with you, but I told her no. So no. I won't be going on your little date.

GREG. Great! Well, uh... (*Stella re-enters.*)

STELLA. Okay. I'm ready. Let's go.

GREG. Bye Diana.

STELLA. (*To Diana*) Don't go. Don't. I mean don't you think that you're better off.

DIANA. What? You think I should just stay here and be all by myself?
(*Hugs her.*)

STELLA. Di, I didn't mean that. You could go with us.

DIANA. Just go on your date. Don't worry about me.

GREG. Stella...You ready? Wow. You look great.

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STELLA. Ok. Umm. Yes, let's go. *(Stella and Greg leave.)*

SCENE 10

Diana is alone... getting ready, anxiously looking at the phone. Picks it up to make sure it's working. Trying to get her mind off of it, she jumps up puts on some music and dances around, acting sexy and talks to herself, pretends she's talking to Bob. After a moment there is a knock at the door, and she goes running to open it.

DIANA. You were supposed to call first, silly. *(Diana swings the door open and sees Max.)*

MAX. Hi Diana.

DIANA. What are you doing here?

MAX. Can I come in?

DIANA. Uh, yes.

MAX. The agency is here pitching Playboy. I thought I'd surprise Stella.

DIANA. How did you get our address?

MAX. On the back of one of Stella's letters...

DIANA. She's written to you?

MAX. A few times...

DIANA. Look, I'd offer you a drink or something, but I need to get ready... I'm about to go out. *(The phone rings.)*

MAX. So where is she?

DIANA. Stella?

MAX. Yeah, Stella... will she be back soon?

DIANA. Sorry. I need to get this. *(She picks up the phone.)* Hello. Oh great. I was just.....*(she listens)* Why?....uh Huh.....well that's terrible. She must have gotten it on the plane....*(sounding angry)* of course I understand....I'm not mad. I don't sound mad. Don't be ridiculous. Okay....bye. *(She hangs up.)* She's out with her boyfriend. Stella is out with her boyfriend.

MAX. She has a boyfriend? Diana, who was that on the phone?

DIANA. No one.

MAX. No one? You seemed pretty upset.

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DIANA. Well...I'm not. Actually, I have to get going.

MAX. Do you think she'll come back tonight?

DIANA. How the hell do I know? Would you just go!

MAX. Was that Bob?

DIANA. What? No.

MAX. I know about your little thing.

DIANA. Max you should just leave.

MAX. Stella told me about it.

DIANA. Stella told you about it?

MAX. He's here with his whole family. His wife is really pissed off about the Playboy thing, so she came along and I think they are with her mother. I don't know what he told you or promised you...but whatever it is, he's full of shit.

DIANA. So...playboy showering you boys with hookers or something?

MAX. Why....?

DIANA. So you and Bob are meeting up tonight later on...at a club or something? Is that why he can't meet me? *(Beat. They look at each other. Max gets uncomfortable.)* I knew it.

MAX. No. It's not that.

DIANA. Don't lie to me! You think I'm so useless -- you can just lie to me? *(She pushes him to the phone with force)* Call him!

MAX. Why would I do that? *(She starts chasing him around the room, like a total psycho.)*

DIANA. What is it you want from Stella?

MAX. I--

DIANA. Why are you here?

MAX. I don't know.

DIANA. Why don't you figure it out? She'll be back soon. She'll be happy to see you.

MAX. I--

DIANA. Tell me what club you were going to. I need to talk to him.

MAX. Di -- he....it's not a big deal. I don't even know if you could get in. We have passes.

DIANA. Oh, I'll get in.

MAX. I don't even know if he's going.

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DIANA. What hotel, Max. Where are you staying? I assume you are all at the same hotel, right? *(She begins to frisk him. He pushes her away. She comes at him again, grabbing all over, finally throwing him on the floor --pulling his card out of his back pocket.)*

MAX. Hey- you're a freak. Knock it off. Get off me.

DIANA. *(Holding the card and out of breath)* The Sheraton, huh?

MAX. No.

DIANA. No?

MAX. Give me my card.

DIANA. Thanks. You can stay here *(Laughing to herself)*. Stay right here, Stella will be back in an hour.

MAX. Diana-

DIANA. Stay! Mother Fucker! *(She exits.)*

SCENE 11

Hours have passed. Max is in the apartment alone -- sitting on the sofa writing a letter to Stella. He seals it. Looks at his watch. Gets up to exit, when all of a sudden Stella is coming home with Greg. She's drunk. Max considers how he will get out as Stella is fumbling with her keys outside. As Stella and Greg come through the door, Max hides behind the sofa.

GREG. *(Kissing her and rubbing up and down...)* You are so sexy.

STELLA. Shhh. I don't know if Diana is home or not.

GREG. Here let me take this off for you.

Max pops his head out from behind the sofa to watch.

STELLA. Hold on. *(Stella goes to the kitchen and gets a candle and bottle of wine with two glasses.)* We're not going to sleep together.

(Stella lights a candle. Greg follows her bringing a bottle of wine.)

GREG. Why not? I'm up for the sexual revolution. *(He takes off his shirt, so show off a six pack. Stella's impressed.)*

STELLA. Uh, well... I would never sleep with someone on the first date. *(They come to each other and start making out furiously.)*

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GREG. If anyone was ever excited it's you - you seem to be in the mood for love. *(They throw themselves on the sofa.)*

STELLA. Well, I'm just...

GREG. I'm all about feeling good baby. *(Max pops his head out to show disgust.)*

STELLA. You're drunk. Hey! Watch your hand!

GREG. You're wet baby. Come on let me in. We'll do it one step at a time.

STELLA. No, don't. Let me get up. *(Long pause... meanwhile Greg is moaning. Meanwhile Max's head pop's up from behind the couch, he's disgusted. Stella and Greg still don't see him.)*

STELLA. Greg... *(Beat.)* Greg! Greg!

GREG. Let's just keep doing what feels good. Why do you want to stop? *(Max runs in the bedroom, Stella gets up.)*

STELLA. Because...I don't want to hate myself in the morning. *(Starts putting her clothes back on.)*

GREG. Oh my God. I can't believe this. I mean I thought since you were older...

STELLA. What, you've heard that older women are easy? Greg, you're thinking of someone much older than you, like 45. I'm 26. *(He jumps up.)*

GREG. I'm just so ready for you. I'm really hard. *(Sighs loudly. They kiss. She still resists him. He tries to take off her blouse, she moves his hand away.)* Whoa. What's with you?

STELLA. I don't know.

GREG. You want me to go?

STELLA. Uh. Yes. Maybe.

GREG. You don't want to have sex?

STELLA. Well...I...it's just....

GREG. Well, you said it -- you don't want to hate yourself in the morning. I bet you've never just done something crazy -- you know -- so what if you hate yourself in the morning?

STELLA. Well, I just like to like myself and know that I did the right thing. And I'm not in any place to start anything you know...or...

GREG. Fine.

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STELLA. Yeah, I know fine.

GREG. Well, maybe I should get going. *(Long pause. Stella is looking at Greg.)*

STELLA. *(Suddenly)* No. Greg, I want to do something crazy. I think you're right. Gosh, I feel like having fun -- you know, so what if I hate myself tomorrow! *(She starts kissing him and rubbing against him, takes her clothes off, pulls his pants off --)* So take these mother fucking pants off!

GREG. Wait.

STELLA. What?

GREG. I'm not...

STELLA. Oh, okay. I'll wait. I'm ready now.

GREG. Well, wait a minute. *(Greg takes deep breaths.)*

STELLA. Is there a problem?

GREG. Uh, well...I think it was when you started talking about hating yourself. *(Greg is taking deep breaths and looking away.)* I've never...

STELLA. It's okay. Is there anything that I can do? I can use my hands as a fan. *(Greg motions no.)*

GREG. This doesn't usually happen.

STELLA. It's never happened to me either. I'm sorry, I don't know what to do, Greg.

GREG. We could talk.

STELLA. Yeah. *(Uncomfortable silence. Stella pours two drinks, one for herself one for him. She brings it to him.)* Drink up. *(He drinks. He's still not hard. She puts the glasses away. She comes up with an idea.)* Okay, I'm going to do a little show. You sit there, and

GREG. What are you doing?

STELLA. It's a show. You sit there. Shh. *(Stella starts to strip and lays down on the sofa in front him. She fans herself dramatically.)* I'm ready for my exam, Doctor. *(He gets up and starts to take his pants off and comes to her.)*

GREG. Oh, Nurse. *(Diana opens the door.)*

DIANA. Stella baby. Are you home? *(Stella and Greg fumble around - when the lights are up they are under the covers without clothes (or not much). Diana has white frosting in her hair and on her arms, she looks*

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winded.) Oh my. Excuse me. I thought maybe...Oh it's you Greg. You look different with your clothes off. I'll just make myself scarce. *She goes into the bedroom and shuts the door. Once in the room Diana screams loudly.*

STELLA. Shit! Di, are you okay?

GREG. You worried about her? Why?

STELLA. Judgement... you wouldn't understand.

GREG. Go on...I can be a good listener... talk. *(Slurs)* What's on your ma-a-a-h-nd? *(From the room there is a fumbling sound.)*

DIANA *(Off stage in a hushed voice).* Would you shut up! You are going to be in a world of pain. Shhh.

GREG. Voices?? We study people like her.

STELLA. Oh god, oh god. *(She runs over to the couch and looks distraught.)*

GREG. Okay. Now what did I do?

STELLA. *(In her own self-absorbed world).* I just met you. I don't know what I'm doing. You are my neighbor. What if I can never feel anything again?

GREG. What? You girls are both nuts. *(He starts to put his clothes on to go, then realizes Stella is really upset. He slowly comes over to her and puts his arm around her.)*

STELLA. I can't feel anything...and I'm just -- fuck. I'm just stuck here -- and I don't know what I'm doing. Sorry, sorry. I shouldn't be telling you this. I don't even know if you are really a medical student. You probably just tell women that so you can sleep with them...I mean try to sleep with them. And now...now I'm unfurled. I'm unfurling..

GREG. *(Laughing)* Is that the right word?

STELLA. I like words. I'm good at that. Believe me, I know what unfurling is...

GREG. Right you are.

STELLA. What?

GREG. Continue. You were saying...

STELLA. Nothing, nothing. Do you ever feel like. I don't know. Like you're wasting your time? Being here -- looking at those long, hot miserable streets. I want there to be an oasis of trees, of shelter -- but

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nothing. I just imagine those streets, with all those swelter bars and drunk baseball fans to go on and on into infinity out into the plains. I keep walking and nothing. And that's me here in Chicago. It's like a symbol for everything that's messed up in my life. I'm just here looking for something I'm never going to find. It's not here. *(Beat. A long pause, she looks up at Greg wanting a counselor and Greg looks at her like he's taking it all in. Finally, he starts laughing.)*

GREG. You really don't believe that I am a pre-med genius? *(Laughs loudly.)* How 'bout I recite the periodic table of elements? Would you know the difference?

STELLA. No. Probably not. I think I got an F in science. When I took it in high school. I had a crush on my lab partner.

GREG. See --guys are always causing your problems.

STELLA. Go. Recite them... what's the one that creates an explosion?

GREG. You. *(Stella leans in and kisses him under the covers. They get more and more passionate. Erotic noises (a woman's moan) is heard from the other room. Greg and Stella look at each other... the moans go on and on...)* So she's in there alone, right?

STELLA. I don't know. Shhh. *(They listen as the moaning gets louder and more out of control. They start laughing and then, in a moment Greg grabs Stella and attacks her with passion.)*

SCENE 12

It's the next morning. Max is sneaking out of Diana's room. He has his jacket in one hand and a sealed letter in the other. He sees the disarray that the room is in. There are two wine glasses and a condom wrapper. Max takes note of all this. He puts the letter under Stella's pillow. He watches her sleep. As he moves to the front door, Diana enters with a paper and two Starbucks coffees in her hands. Max glares at Diana and moves out. Diana pockets Max's letter to Stella. She puts a latte under Stella's nose.

DIANA. Wake up sleepy head! Rise and shine! *(Stella doesn't move. Diana moves over to the radio and blasts it loud.)*

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FEMALE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)...And the world is being taken a back by the Internet, the Henry Hyde story is broken by that sly San Francisco magazine, Salon.com. I guess the Internet is finally taking hold of the country. I never thought I'd see the day when an Internet magazine could break a story like that. And I didn't think we'd live in a day when our President would be having relations with a young intern.

DIANA. Can you believe this is still going on! What is the world coming to...our President is a cad!

STELLA. *(Waking up)* Oh my god. I'm so hung over. What happened?

DIANA. *(Looking directly at the condom wrapper).* Stella?

STELLA. *(Stella tries to hide it).* What?

DIANA. So you and Greg, naughty - naughty.

STELLA. Oh no. It's not what you think.

DIANA. Naughty girl *(waits)* really?

STELLA. He was hoping. So he ripped a condom open. I guess. I don't know. I'm too tired to live.

DIANA. It's noon. Get up.

STELLA. *(Starts to rise, clean up too.* What were you doing last night? Was Bob here? There was this moan... *(Stella does the moan.)* I didn't hear a man's voice...who was in there with you?

DIANA. None of your business.

STELLA. Was it Bob?

DIANA. Was it Bob?

STELLA. Well, you said he was coming here... *(She just starts reading the paper, ignoring her.)* Who was it?

DIANA. He never called.

STELLA. What?

DIANA. *(Thinking of something)* I was masturbating. *(Pauses, looks at Stella.)*

STELLA. Masturbating?

DIANA. Yeah. I do it all the time.

STELLA. You do?

DIANA. You don't?

STELLA. No. Should I? Is it always that great? I mean you seemed to be really enjoying yourself. *(Diana thinks about her answer as she reads*

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the paper, then starts moaning and laughing. Both the girls laugh hysterically.) Stop it!

DIANA. Yes. It's always that good! If you learned how to masturbate you wouldn't get stuck with jerks like that Greg guy.

STELLA. I know. *(Beat)*. He's young. Did you know that he couldn't even get it up. 22 and he couldn't even get a hard on.

DIANA. He's so full of himself. Serves him right.

STELLA. It never happened. He had to go home. But we might...*(Beat)*

DIANA. Stella, it's Sunday at noon and you aren't even up yet. You need to be looking for a job and what are you doing...

STELLA. I was just going to get up.

DIANA. You need to get up earlier. *(Beat.)* Speaking of work-related issues. I found all these great writer jobs in the paper - editor of Chicago Magazine, writer for this, writer for that...

STELLA. Did you circle them for me?

DIANA. No, Stella baby, I circled them for me. I decided that I want to be a writer - - just like you.

STELLA. What?

DIANA. I'm a good writer. Why can't I apply for writing jobs too?
(Stella reaches for the paper playfully at first, and Diana pulls it away.)

STELLA. Because you already have a job.

DIANA. I can be a freelance writer on the side.

STELLA. What?

DIANA. Oh come on, it's just a little friendly competition. What's the problem?

STELLA. What's the problem? Are you crazy? I'm here to be a reporter.

DIANA. Do you think everything has something to do with you?

STELLA. Why would you quit your job to be a writer... unless it had something to do with me?

DIANA. Maybe I heard you talking about being a writer so much without doing anything about it that I got inspired. And who said I quit my job. I said, I can be a writer on the side. My mom was a journalist and I know a lot about it.

STELLA. You are making me miserable.

MY LIFE AS YOU

DIANA. I am not the one making YOU miserable, Stella. A little competition never hurt anyone - don't you agree? Writer, writer... oh you think you're a writer. You never even applied for the jobs. You just talked about it. I do things, Stella. I get more done than most people - and it's because I'm worried. I don't want to be 30 and have done nothing with my twenties. You are the most indolent - oh Stella, a little competition will be good for you. You like to live off of IDEAS. I did this, I traveled here or there... What have you done lately, Stella. Do you ever ask yourself that? Have you ever noticed that this way you are - this depression thing that you are going through - have you ever thought for a minute about how you are affecting those around you? Did you ever think that your self-serving behavior is making me miserable? I worry every day... just look at the way that you lay around this place. I even worry that you might kill yourself. If you want to do something, then do it. I don't know if you are a good writer or not, but I know that I am... I can't make Chicago a happy place for you. I can't make your life happy. I'm not going to not apply for jobs just because somebody does not get off her ass and apply for them. You need some competition, Stella. You need someone to push you. *(Stella jumps up starts grabbing her stuff.)*

STELLA. Great. I'm so glad that I inspired you.

DIANA. You haven't even done anything in Chicago yet. Don't you think you should accomplish something before you run away? What are you doing?

STELLA. I'm going.

DIANA. Going...where?

STELLA. Home.

DIANA. You mean California?

STELLA. *(Very pre-occupied)* That's the plan.

DIANA. But you're coming back of course. *(Stella just gives her a questionable look and walks away.)* Stella Baby? You are coming back. You can't move home a loser, you know that right? *(Lights Down.)*

***THE PLAY IS NOT OVER!! TO FIND OUT HOW IT ENDS--
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