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GEORGINA:

Listen . . . we don't have to go back into the party if you don't want to . . . or we could just sit out here for a while . . . whatever you want. I'm sorry I upset you.

RACHEL:

It's not you.

GEORGINA:

Well, I'm sorry I opened my big mouth. I wasn't supposed to tell you, but . . .

RACHEL:

No, it's not your fault. (PAUSE) She always finds some way to hurt me or exclude me ever since we were born. I'm her sister for god's sake. Why wouldn't she tell me something that important?

GEORGINA:

Because she's confused. She doesn't even know what she's going to do yet.

RACHEL:

What do you mean, what she's going to do?

GEORGINA:

She's just got Noah signed up for pre-school and she wants to go back to school herself. You know that.

RACHEL:

She's not thinking of having an abortion?

GEORGINA:

Well, I don't know what she's thinking, you know. She hasn't even talked to Don yet.

RACHEL:

She is so selfish to even consider that. . . just for her own convenience.

GEORGINA:

You know, that's why she didn't want to tell you.

RACHEL:

I'm sorry. I can't understand how anybody can do that.
(PAUSE) You know what it's like to be my age and just watch it all walking away from you. I want a baby more than anything.

GEORGINA:

It will be okay but Jill's life is still her's. What makes you think I don't understand? I want to have a baby, too.

RACHEL:

How could you?

GEORGINA:

Rachel . . . give me a break. Haven't you ever heard of a turkey baster, for god's sake?

RACHEL:

How does Chris feel?

GEORGINA:

Who knows. I don't even know how I feel about Chris right now. I'm very confused about all that.

RACHEL:

About what?

GEORGINA:

Everything. I just don't know what I really want right now. You know, there's this guy at work that I really like.

RACHEL:

No . . . really?

GEORGINA:

Yeah, and I find myself thinking all kinds of stupid things, you know, like how much easier my life would be if I were straight, you know? How happy my mother would be.

RACHEL:

Oh, your mother . . . well, she wasn't exactly a model mother herself, was she? What do you care what she thinks?

GEORGINA:

Yeah, well, it's okay . . . but you know I might like to get married someday and have kids. Shit. I am just too old to be this mixed up.

RACHEL:

Oh, you poor thing. I always think of you as so calm and capable. I forget that you have problems too.

GEORGINA:

Oh, I'm okay. Hey . . . let's go back in and join the party, okay? Come on. Come on.

RACHEL:

Oh, alright.

GEORGINA:

I promise I'll keep my big mouth shut.

RACHEL:

Too late.