

Clothesline: I Just Want to Say ...

SCENE 22

I just want to talk about what a nightmare it is to go to the bathroom in a jumpsuit. Can we for one second talk about what a nightmare it is to go to the bathroom in a jumpsuit?

I just want to say that I personally have a rule against sleeveless turtleneck sweaters. I don't understand them. Are you hot or are you cold? Make up your mind.

I just want to say when you start wearing Eileen Fisher you might as well say, "I give up."

NORA. I just want to say ...

SCENE 23

I Hate My Purse

NORA. I hate my purse. I absolutely hate it. If you're one of those women who think there's something great about purses, don't even bother listening because I have nothing to say to you. This is for women who hate their purses, who are bad at purses, who understand that their purses are reflections of negligent housekeeping, hopeless disorganization, a chronic inability to throw anything away, and an ongoing failure to handle the obligations of a demanding and difficult accessory — the obligation, for example, that it should in some way match what you're wearing. This is for women whose purses are a morass of loose Tic-Tacs, Advil, lip-sticks without tops, little bits of tobacco even though there have been no smoking going on for at least ten years, tampons that have come loose from their wrappings, boarding passes from long-gotten airplane trips, hotel keys from God-knows-what-hotel,

SCENE 21

Shoes

HEATHER. I look gorgeous in high heels. Everyone looks gorgeous in high heels. But my feet hurt. My little toe was always crushed. I had a bunion. I was in so much pain, I couldn't think. I had to choose — heels or think. *(Beat.)* So I bought some chic flat shoes. I made a lot of mistakes. I bought these turquoise blue Mark Jacobs baller flats that the salesman talked me into because he said they had toe cleavage. I'd never heard of toe cleavage. Anyway I realized that chic flat shoes are almost as uncomfortable as heels, and don't do that amazing thing for your legs. *(Beat.)* Fortunately, at just about that time, I met an unbelievably stylish woman who was wearing Birkenstocks. When I was in high school, I was a Doc Martens girl, and Birkenstocks symbolized everything I didn't want to be. They were incredibly uncool and the girls who wore them had big dirty toes that stuck out the ends. You absolutely could not be friends with a person who wore Birkenstocks. But this stylish woman wore her Birks with baggy cords and a *Comme de Garçons* sleeveless shirt. It was a revelation. The next day I went out and got a pedicure and a pair — dark brown, standard style. I realized that Birkenstocks were actually the coolest punk-est shoes a girl could wear. They were a statement, "Look, these are my feet, we all have them. Okay?" My husband had a slightly different opinion. He hated my Birkenstocks. He said they made me look like a troll from Middle-Earth. And once, when the Yankees were in the playoffs, he made me take them off before coming into the same room as the TV so I wouldn't hex the team. *(Beat.)* After we split up, you'd think I'd have stuck with my Birkenstocks, but no, I started wearing heels again. Oh the pain, I can't think. But I look gorgeous. I had to choose — heels or think. I chose heels.