

## EXCERPT 5 Connie

Dory: Aw, come on girls we can't play the rest of the round like this. We're playing for Cathy. She wouldn't like this one bit. She'd be very disappointed. (*Connie hits her ball. She picks up her tee.*) Nice shot. Really, come on. You girls have been friends forever and I think it would be foolish to throw that away just because Connie can't keep it in her pants. (*The other three look at Dory.*) You know what I mean. (*Tate tees up her ball.*) Tate, you seem like the sensible one of the group—which isn't saying much—so put a stop to this now before it goes too far. (*Tate hits her ball and picks up her tee.*) Aw, come on you three. This is ridiculous.

Connie: Margot, I'm sorry.

Dory: That's better.

Connie: Shut up, Doris. (*To Margot.*) I'm sorry that I slept with Garrett. If I had it to do all over again, I wouldn't, of course. I know I've slept with a lot of men. Some would say too many. (*Tate raises her hand.*) I'm not taking a poll. (*Tate lowers her hand.*) The problem is, I had the love of my life, and I lost him. Vic was it for me. I knew we'd be together for the rest of lives. We'd have a family, a home, a life that those princesses always wind up with. It was going to be that perfect. I just knew it. I should have said let's go home and get that life started right away, today, but we were still young and doing what we thought was important work as journalists. Covering a war. Being in the centre of the action. We'd only been married for a year. There was plenty of time for the family and the home. But for right now, being on the front line as journalists was what mattered most. I didn't see the woman. She came out of a house behind me as I was doing a report. It was Vic who saw her and stopped filming and went to her. He didn't know she was a bomber because the device was under her coat. He just wanted her out of the shot. And that was how I lost the love of my life. To a stranger, on a dirty street, six thousand miles from home. It's a sad story, right? Oh, yeah it's a doozie. But sad stories come 66 out of a war every day, and I didn't wallow in self-pity. At least not outwardly. No, my way of doing it was to have brief liaisons with men. Nothing with any depth. Some talk, some sex and we move on. You see, I know I'm never going to find another love of my life. That's impossible. The love of your life is just that. The love of your life. Singular. So, now I just try and find moments with men, because I love them too much to be without them, and I loved one too much to stay with any of them. And I'll probably keep doing it— no, I will keep doing it--but I'll make sure I stay away from your men from now on. Doris, what's your husband's name?

Dory: Richard.

Connie: I'd better jot that down