**Characters**

Lauren - A black woman in her early-mid 30s

Elliot - A white man in his early-mid 30s Stuart - A white man in his early-mid 30s

Nate - A white man in his early-mid 30s

Chris - A white woman in her early-mid 30s

 Nicholas - A black man originally from Trinidad in his mid-late 30s

Leif - A white man in his late 20s-early 30s

 Sophie - A half-asian/half caucasian woman in her mid 30s

**CHRIS**

So when Elliot talked to you guys about having me join for this lovely weekend--

If you didn’t know already, you naturally would have asked, what does she do? To which Elliot would have replied:

She’s the Deputy Director for one of the major Women’s right’s groups in New York.

Which I’m sure he did. And because you enjoy a good debate -- like I said, Elliot told me about you too -- you thought this would be a good chance to get into a heated conversation about a very controversial topic with someone who knows what she’s talking about. So, in your mind, somehow, it would be a fair fight.

And I truly believe that you are interested in what I have to say about this topic, and if you would like me to talk more about the work I do, and how I do it, I’d be happy to talk about it. But I’m not going to get into a debate/ about women’s rights --

Well, let me put it this way. Men have no part to play in the conversation. It’s not your bodies, not your lives. If Lauren wants to discuss the moral issues surrounding abortion, I’m sure we could have a very lively chat. But I’m not going to engage with a man on the topic.

I’d be more than happy to talk about a myriad of other topics - some that we probably disagree rather vehemently about. Fiscal responsibility. Health care. Marriage equality.

But not a woman’s right to choose. The terms of a conversation are controlled by who is invited to the table. And you’re not invited to that particular table.

**STUART**

 I didn’t say anything! What did I say? You know what. Fuck you all. I’m so sick of this narrative of me as the jerk of the group -

And all of you are just innocent bystanders, scandalized even by the slightest sense of what you *think* I’m thinking.

When in reality, the fact that you’re thinking these thoughts means that *you’re* thinking the thoughts which makes you all the assholes.

Seriously. I’ll bet you each fifty bucks that Nate was thinking exact same thing I was.

**ELLIOT**

I’m not crazy, by the way. I mean ... I’m really a happy person. I think.

(*Beat*)

 I mean. Who’s happy, really, right?  Who our age at least? I mean, all life is is a series of... ways in which we’ve disappointed - well, ourselves really. All we do is follow our passions. Follow our - I don’t know - a path. Follow a path. Not even following. Being driven down. Being driven down a path. And not even backseat drivers. We just end up places. And it’s like - you know, it’s like - when we’re little... When we’re little. When we’re little, anything can happen. I could... I mean, I wanted to be my parents, right? Have a - well when I was really little - a wife. And, you know, family. And you know - my parents were twenty-three when they got married. They were twenty-six when I was born. Twenty-six. And you can, like, catch up in your career. You can’t catch up in life. You can’t... I don’t know. And I’m happy. I think. I, you know, I love my friends. You can’t see it today, I know. I don’t know - I can’t see it today I guess. But I love my friends - they’re the best, aren’t they? They’re the best. I think. I don’t know. Maybe they’re not. Maybe I’m just friends with because we’re friends. Like, maybe that’s just... It’s just, like, again - am I just like friends with them cause they’re in the car? I don’t know. Maybe our lives are just, like, already, like - the road is already there. Like, fate. But I don’t believe in fate. I don’t think. I, like, believe that you have to, you know, make the life you want to happen... happen. But then I just, you know, follow the path.  So who is me? Which one is essentially me, you know?

I don’t know who I essentially am. I don’t. Yeah. I don’t know.

(*Beat*)

 But I think I’m happy.

**NICHOLAS**

This isn’t the you I became friends with - that I am friends with.

You can’t stop taking care of these white people –

Cleaning for them and, and making them food and doing their dishes, and coaching them through their love lives, and, I’m sorry, nannying them – You’re their Mammy. Not their friend. Certainly not a girlfriend.

I mean - Is this really the guy you want to spend your life with? This guy who wears his privilege as a badge of honor? Who thinks his whiteness and male-ness entitles him to, to be the center of every room he’s in? Who has never given a second thought to the fact that maybe people aren’t interested in what he has to say about a subject? You deserve better than that.

I hate to tell you, Lauren, but whether you like it or not, you’re sitting at a much, much, much bigger table that you and Stuart. And at this table, we are figuring out how to literally survive. How to not get shot at. And how to love ourselves in the midst of a whole lot of hatred being served our way. And when *you*

*(he takes a breath to control his emotions)*

When you degrade and debase yourself for these white men... You make it harder for all of us. And that includes you, because you are at that table, girl.

And you will be there for the rest of your life, as much as you try running away from it. It will catch up to you.

**NATE**

 Well - I forgot the addendum to the rule -

My daughters. When it has to do with my daughters.

You are really lucky we’re taking bets on what you’re thinking. You’d lose that one in a second.

(*indicates phone*) They’re fine. Ellie - the seven year old - Ellie is sick. And her mom’s having trouble getting her to sleep.

She doesn’t remember which medicine she likes, or whether it’s carrots or onions she doesn’t like in the soup. You know. Parent stuff.

(*conversation here. CHRIS is impressed NATE knows things beyond the usual “Dad stuff”*)

They live with me. So I’m the, um, the primary caregiver. Their Mom’s not living in the house. And I make their dinner eleven out of every fourteen days. So I better remember what they like to eat and what medicine they take or I’d be an idiot.

(*Joking.*)

Look who’s at the women’s rights table now, bitch.

**LEIF**

 Oh, just, yeah. It’s important to Jewish culture to marry within the faith. That’s how the faith keeps on. And particularly that generation of Germans, I mean - you know, it’s important - When your people are threatened, when there’s literally the threat of being extinct, like, providing the world with more Jewish children is important. It can be. That’s why I’m, you know, happy to be in a relationship with a man.

Well, I don’t have to worry about whether he’s Jewish, since our kids won’t be biological.

You know, they actually think that my great-great-great grandfather on my mother’s side might have been Asian. Chinese actually. Yeah. My great-grandmother felt a really strong connection to Chinese culture. She figured it was either because of true family connections or because she was a Chinese princess in a past life.

**LAUREN**

No, it’s just, you know, we like to be like “yay, we’re this, like, diverse group.” Well, and, you know, we’re not that diverse. Not really. I mean, it’s just, do you have any idea what the world actually looks like? Any of you.

It’s like, yay, we have, what, one Black woman and one Asian woman - sorry, half-Asian. Right? Half- asian. And half, you know, white. So, you know - I’m sorry, having the two of us as part of your - no, it does not make you a diverse group, us a diverse group. I’m sorry. Not to be - and, like, look. We still have more men than women. Right? Don’t we? And oh yeah - we have a feminist. Yay! But is that diversity? Really? Is that a different - no, I mean all of us here believe that women - no, that’s not really a different, but I guess it’s like, I mean - yeah, we have more men, right?

Actually we have four white men, one of whom happens to, like, have a thing for dating women of color, so, like, hooray, that’s why we have two of those around thanks to whatever that’s about. And yes, two of the white men are gay, or identify as gay - cause I guess that’s an identity you can just - but they’re both rich and white - not as rich and white as the two straight white men, but that’s - but they’re rich and white and so, basically, like, are still in, like, a privileged class, the privileged class. Might as well be. We can praise ourselves all we want for, like, hanging out with people who aren’t like us. And, you know, having conversations about important topics like, I don’t know, abortion and, like, Gold Star Gays, and all with a diversity of perspectives!

Except we’re all like each other. Ultimately.

And that’s not bad. I’m not saying that’s - we’re not bad people - it’s like, we are what we are, right, we can’t be everyone, so I’m not - but like, we’re not *different.* I mean, sure. We’re diff - I certainly have a different perspective. Than white, or half- white - I mean we all have our - But, I mean. Diverse? Do I count as a-Not really. I mean-I’m not really black. Not here.. Cause really I grew up just like you - I’m the kind of black you can hang out with. The safe kind. The kind you know what to say to and who doesn’t threaten your points of view or, like, your, well I’ll just say it, your whiteness. Because I don’t really care about my blackness. I try not to let it, you know, define me. I don’t want it to. Or, like, haven’t wanted - but, I mean, I am. I mean-out there I am. Right? The world sees me as, defines me as - or maybe not. Maybe that’s just in my - I don’t know.

But, you know, it’s just like - last year we bring, like, a real black person, whatever that - but we bring a real black person up here - someone who cares about his blackness- that’s what I mean, someone who cares about his - and, you know, he can’t even last through the weekend! He can’t even make it to Sunday. And now this year we have yet another white man with us - I mean, I love you, Leif, so I don’t mean to - but, like - Nicholas wasn’t even that different from us. Not really. He just cared about the ways in which he was - but can we imagine if we had someone, like anyone, who was *actually* different than us. Like, *actually* had a different perspective on life? A real different perspective. Can we even imagine that? Not to, like, it’s just. You think about these things. Right? You think about - and, like, no. I don’t know. It just seems like - I just don’t know, I don’t know. I don’t know. I don’t know. I don’t know. I don’t know. I don’t know. I don’t know. I don’t - I don’t know. I don’t. I. Don’t know. I.

**SOPHIE**

You know, I don’t want to... but I...I get it. Or I think I do. The things you were - I just, yeah. And, like, what it means to tell people I’m half-white. No. I mean. I get it. I question it too. And, you know, I’d love to talk more, if you -

And just, you know, what it means to constantly have to explain where I’m from. Cause no one really knows the difference. You know?

And, just, what *does* it mean to be a person of color in this world, right? A woman of color. In *this* world. *This* - (Indicating the house) This world. Right?