

Adrienne

That's what he said in therapy just now -- *and I don't have postpartum depression.*
 Not that that's your business, but I don't. I have a psychiatrist who has *not* stamped my file with postpartum. In fact, there aren't any stamps on my file. Of any kind. I don't even need to take a *goddamn multi-vitamin.* *Don't you know what depression looks like?* My roommate at Brown had depression. She binge ate pizzas and cut herself. This isn't depression, you moron. / *This isn't depression.*

Jessie

Okay. I--

Adrienne

This is rage. What I have *is* rage. I am Enraged.
 It's 2017, and I make as much money as my husband and I work as hard as my husband and I'm as ambitious as my husband and I daresay those are the very traits he found so *goddamn irresistible* about me that he proposed on our third date. And we have spent fourteen years working side by side, our heads in our lap-tops side by side, working from morning to dusk side by side.... so I'm having *a little bit of trouble understanding why--* in the name of God-- there's something *wrong with me* that I don't suddenly want to close that laptop. That I don't want to sit around here in sweatpants singing Moosha Boom or whatever the fuck, staring at some baby monitor like it's a lava lamp. *Why does that mean there's something wrong with me?*
 You diagnosed me to my husband with the Big-Term terms, why don't you tell me. With your little Baby Sling and your little dainty Pearl Necklace and your goddamn Pinterest Page. (Yes, I looked you up. I saw your Pinterest Page with its goddamn doilie pinecone craft shits on there.) *My husband thinks you are God's Gift to Maternity.* He watches you out that telescope like some stalker and then complains to our therapist that *I've ruined his life* by not being more like you. That I'm some Cruel Woman just like his mother, because I'm not doing back-flips to wipe baby ass. *Like some alien has taken over his wife's body.* And I just want to punch him in the face because guess what, Mitchell, *an alien did take over my body.* I had to have four fucking IVF miscarriages to get this baby. ~~And if that wasn't enough, when she finally did show up, the goddamn c-section caused the cartilage in my wrist to develop some rare fucking tendon thing called DeQuervains' syndrome-- also known as "Mommy Thumb"-- so now I'm in my studio like a gimp, unable to hold my flame straight, and I can't hold her. I'm sure he didn't tell you that, did he. I can't hold her. I cannot physically bend my thumb more than 45 degrees. But that doesn't mean I don't touch her. Of course I touch her. I take breaks and come up and sing to her, and talk to her, and show her what mommy's working on but I don't do that when Mitchell's home because *Mitchell's home.* And the Old Mitchell *would've understood that,* by the way. The Old Mitchell *would've understood that I am trying to manage *the single most demanding professional time* of my life. It's Barney's. If this was Mitchell? If this was Mitchell's deal he was closing, no one would look twice at this. They'd just say-- Oh, he's working, what a big time this is for him, good thing there's an excellent nanny, good thing he'll have that baby's whole life to get to know her. But because it's me, because I dared to go back to my studio, I'm the Antichrist. Why are you calling me? Stop calling me. Stop talking to my husband about me. Stop looking at me-- I can feel you looking at me from down here. Stop sitting with my nanny at story-time. Stop touching my kid. Stop inviting me to things.*~~

~~Stop nursing your baby out here with your tits out in the open like you're a cow at pasture.
Stop doing what you're doing, lady, because you're making it incredibly hard for women like me to do
what we need to do and.... I fucking give up, on women like you.
(in real agony)~~

~~And now my wrist hurts.~~

*Adrienne turns and exits, leaving Jessie standing there,
breathing.*

~~*Lights.*~~