

*Jessie*

~~That is so true. Disgusting and very very true.~~

*Beat. They smile at each other. This is going \*well.\**

*Jessie*

So you didn't think I was a freak, coming up to you in Stop n' Shop yesterday?

*Lina*

Are you kidding?! *I was a pig in shit.* I'd seen you around the nabe too-- but it's not like you can run out into the snow to say hi when you have a baby on your boob.

*Jessie*

Which is why I hurdle-jumped over the cantaloupe to introduce myself.

*Lina*

Well, I'm real glad you did.

*Jessie*

*Me, too.*

*(beat)*

Truly, it's impossible. Meeting people in Port. And Nate doesn't get home until almost 8 most nights, and I don't like driving with the baby in the car unless the conditions are perfect....so it's a lot of me and her alone in Room.

*(beat)*

Do you know that novel, *Room*? It won the Booker Prize?

*(off her blank expression)*

Anyway, it's a *beautiful* story about a woman who's held captive for years in a gardening shed with her child.

*Lina*

Oh, *Room*. The movie!

*Jessie*

Exactly. And I keep telling my Mom: that's what this is. It's Room. It's winter in Long Island, and I'm home with a newborn, and it's Room. I'm *in* Room.

*Lina*

That's why I thank God everyday for Stop n' Shop. Sometimes it's the only time I get out in a 48 hour period, I / swear to God.

*Jessie*

I know! Me too!

*Lina*

And you'd think I'm going to the prom-- I do like full face makeup, shave my legs.

And usually I don't even need anything. I'll just go stand in the vitamin aisle being like:  
*oooooo vitamins.*

*Jessie*

I know - me too, with shampoo and conditioner.

(beat)

Oh! You'll appreciate this.....guess what *my husband* did the other day?

*He* went to Stop n' Shop on his way home from the train.

*Lina*

*No.*

*Jessie*

Without checking with me. Just "thought he'd be nice" and stop for diapers and milk. And he took his time, too, Lina. Like *checked the ingredients of stuff.*

*Lina*

That son of a bitch. Did you go ape shit?

*Jessie*

I did. Honestly, I think I was pretty scary. He came in with the bags and I went down to my knees sobbing-- just *a puddle on the floor*. And poor Nate is standing there *staring* at me, saying You Usually Like It When I Get Groceries Jess, What's Wrong?? and I'm like YOU ARE IN THE CITY ALL DAY, YOU DON'T GET STOP N' SHOP!!!! *I GET STOP N' SHOP!!! I GET TO GO TO STOP N' SHOP YOU MOTHERFUCKER!!*

*Lina*

Shhhhh, your baby.

*Jessie*

Sorry.

(beat)

I didn't call him a motherfucker, by the way. I don't curse in real life. But I *wanted* to is my point.

*Lina*

Of course you did.

*Jessie*

They don't get it.

*Lina*

~~Of course they don't. They get to go interact with humans all day and go to Hale & Hearty for lunch and eat chopped salads made by someone whose job it is to chop salad. I mean. What would you do for a fucking chopped salad right now??~~