

MID ACT I, SCENE 1

ALEXIS

That's so stupid. It's just for research.

ROBYN

The Princeton professors are on a tear.

(ALEXIS types on ROBYN's
laptop. IM beep)

ALEXIS

Oh, good. Peter.

(SHE clicks to look at the
IM)

Wait, this isn't him. I don't know who this is. It's for
you. "Were you born in Ginger County, Arkansas, on
September 17, 1995?"

ROBYN

(startled)

What?

ALEXIS

That's a weird thing for someone to ask.

ROBYN

(looking at the laptop)

Millie Flowers. I don't even know who she is. I mean, the
birth date is right but...

(Trails off. Decidedly)

I was born in New Jersey.

ALEXIS

She probably just saw your birthday on your profile and
thought you were someone else.

ROBYN

(typing)

Sorry. Wrong person. I was born in New Jersey.

ALEXIS

Millie. She sounds like she's seventy years old.

ROBYN

Maybe I could Tweet about the article. Someone has to know.
(IM beep)

"Are your parents Beverly and Eli?"

ALEXIS

Woa, that's weird.

(beat)

Is that on your profile?

ROBYN

No.

(beat)

Oh! Justin probably has it on his. I've told him to adjust his privacy settings. He never listens!

(SHE starts typing)

ALEXIS

How is Justin on Facebook? Don't you have to be thirteen to be on Facebook?

ROBYN

You do?

ALEXIS

Yeah. And look, he said he's thirteen.

ROBYN

Oh, man! He knew that!

ALEXIS

And he has you listed as his sister. His settings are just wide open! This is why twelve year olds shouldn't be on Facebook. They just don't know how to do all the privacy stuff. That's why they have age limits.

ROBYN

(typing)

Can we see her profile at all?

(beat)

Nothing.

ALEXIS

There's no information at all?

ROBYN

Just her name.

ALEXIS

Try Googling her. Maybe her name will pop up somewhere else.

ROBYN

(typing)

Millie Flowers. Hmm. Some florist shops. Maybe Millicent? Or Mildred?

ALEXIS

Yeah, maybe.

ROBYN

(typing)

Nothing. Just her Facebook page.

ALEXIS

(beat)

This is weird. I would stop talking to her.

ROBYN

I'm just going to tell her that she has the wrong person.

ALEXIS

But she can see who your family is right there on Justin's page. She'll know you're lying.

ROBYN

So...maybe I ask her what she wants?

ALEXIS

Or you could just ignore her.

ROBYN

I could. But it just seems like a lot of weird personal information.

(typing)

Is there...something...I can...help you with?

ALEXIS

Sure. That sounds good. A little do you want fries with that but still okay.

ROBYN

(presses "send")

Okay.

(beat)

I have got to get Justin to get off Facebook. Ugh! Look! He put up more pictures of me from when we were little!

ALEXIS

Just de-tag.

ROBYN

I have been but he puts up more all the time. Maybe I'll de-friend him, too.

ALEXIS

Really? De-friend your own brother?

ROBYN

He's got all this information about me out there for..

(IM beep. ALEXIS peers over her shoulder)

ALEXIS

"I might be your birth mother"?

ROBYN

(long beat)

But I wasn't born in Arkansas. I was born in New Jersey. They adopted me in New Jersey.

ALEXIS

Is it possible that you were born in Arkansas, even if they adopted you in New Jersey?

ROBYN

I was born in New Jersey. We have to drive past the hospital to get to my grandparents' house.

ALEXIS

Do you know anything about your birth mom?

ROBYN

No.

(typing)

I was born in New Jersey, not Arkansas.

ALEXIS

Did you ever try to find her?

ROBYN

Oh, sure. When I'd get sent to my room for something, I'd get all mad and start clicking around, Googling to see if I could find my real mom who would never send me to my room.

ALEXIS

Or who would let you stay out past ten o'clock.

ROBYN

Or who would know who Pink is. And maybe she'd take me to Rome or Africa to make up for all the missed birthdays.

ALEXIS

Yeah. Sometimes I wish I was adopted. Then I could have real parents to go to when mine are in all these stupid fights about alimony checks.

(beat)

What do you think she looks like?

ROBYN

(looking at the computer)

I don't know. There's no picture.

ALEXIS

I bet she has your hair.

ROBYN

It could be. I mean, we don't know who my birth dad was, either. So it could be his.

(beat)

I've always thought that maybe they were just really young, in college or something, and they were dating but decided to finish school and couldn't have a family. I don't know. Maybe they became senators or something.

(beat)

It sounds silly. It could be a lot of other really horrible things, too.

ALEXIS

I think I'd be mad. Aren't you mad?

ROBYN

Sometimes. But, if they really are doing some cool thing like changing laws or helping the world, maybe that was okay.

ALEXIS

So maybe she's done some saving of the world and now she wants to meet you. I mean, Arkansas. That's where Hillary Clinton was.

ROBYN

Yeah, Hillary Clinton is my mom. That's likely. Her name is Millie Flowers.

ALEXIS

Oh, that has to be a fake name, don't you think? I mean, if it's a senator, don't you think they'd use a fake name if they're trying to find a kid they gave up for adoption?

ROBYN

Okay. So maybe they're not senators. Maybe just doctors or lawyers.

ALEXIS

Or humanitarians. Maybe they've been over in third world countries, feeding poor people.

ROBYN

Yeah. Maybe.

ALEXIS

(beat)

Why don't you ask her?

ROBYN

What? No. I'm sure there's some other Robyn out there that she's looking for.

(there is a knock on the door. ROBYN shuts the computer quickly)

Come in!