

**THE REUNION**

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**HANNAH IS IN HER LATE 20's AND IS EXTREMELY CORPORATE AND COMPETENT. SHE IS PREPARING TO FILM A VIDEO MESSAGE FOR HER 10 YEAR HIGH SCHOOL REUNION.**

**HANNAH:** Sorry I'm late. You would not believe the traffic from the airport. You're probably wondering why I was at the airport. Whirlwind trip. London, Frankfurt...All in 5 days. All business no pleasure. Thank god for Skybed and Veuve Clicquot. I have to fly 'First' otherwise I can't function. I'm the CFO for a major cosmetics company. You'd know them...If I said the name.... But then.....Maybe I'd better save that for the video...I don't want to use my best material before you start rolling....

It'd probably be best if you just press your button there without telling me. I'll start talking and you just press your button and ease me into it. I'm not nervous. Not at all but I'd like to appear natural. I haven't seen these people for 10 years, I don't want to intimidate them. I'm very used to public speaking ....I'm a natural....On camera... I'm a CFO and you wouldn't believe some of the people I make presentations to. I don't like to talk about it because...Quite frankly, I don't feel comfortable talking about myself. I'm all about the work.

I would've loved to have been at the reunion in person but literally didn't have the space in my calendar. Literally not a space. I made a space for this, obviously, but it's not like setting aside a whole evening. And that makes me sad because my high school memories are precious and I would've loved nothing better than sitting down with the old gang for a chin wag..... But what can I do? If the Chairman of the board says "Hannah, we need you in Paris pronto"....When it comes down to it....I'm just a wage slave like everyone else....A very well paid wage slave. A six figure salary slave to be more accurate. But it's not about the money... Because I'm all about the work.

And I just can't believe its been 10 years.....Because it seems like only yesterday ....And we were all so close...Lifelong friends....I'll never forget my first boyfriend....Jamie..... No....Not Jamie...Jack?...It was definitely a 'J' name....Jason?.....Anyway whatever it was....We were like a modern day Romeo and Juliet. Couldn't stay away from each other. My parents were beside themselves. My father still says that my whole Jamie, Jason, Jack period was the worst 2 weeks of his life. It was brief but incredibly intense. I often wonder what he's doing now. If you see him on the night....Tell him I said 'hi'

because he still means a lot to me. Maybe it was Joseph? Quite honestly with all the figures in my head – and none of them under 6 digits, I can hardly remember my own mother’s name.

And you might want to mention....Although they’ll see this in the video...But it might be worth saying....When you see them...That my skin’s really clear now...No blackheads or blocked pores...I’ve also had my teeth straightened, zoom whitened and laser eye surgery....So no more humorous good natured ribbing about the ‘four eyed pizza’....

As I said it breaks my heart that I can’t be there. Catching up. Talking over the old times...I’m thinking specifically of the time I came out of the toilet at the school formal with the back of my dress caught in my underwear. Nobody mentioned it for three hours. I spent the whole night like that...Even danced the hokey pokey at the end. And they all just ignored it...For my sake....True friends.

The next day someone stuck a photograph up on the blackboard... Of me dancing - putting my left leg in, right arm out.... With my dress still tucked up in my knickers.... You can’t fake that kind of camaraderie. Those memories are golden.

But it hasn’t all been easy...I was engaged....To a man who adored me. Actually he was almost obsessed with me....But the travel was a problem. He couldn’t cope with the responsibilities hanging over his head every time I went away. My plants, my tropical fish. One night he phoned to tell me that he definitely still loved me but we had to break up. He’d just found one of my most expensive fish floating in the tank and couldn’t face the pressure of being with me. My job, my lifestyle. He also said he’d been seeing someone secretly and realized he was commitment phobic. I’d thought he meant a counselor but it turned out he’d been seeing his boss’ admin officer. I think they’re married now.

I wasn’t completely heartbroken. If a man wants to dump me, run off with a glorified secretary and kill one of my fish through irresponsible neglect, I don’t sit around feeling crushed. I went right out, bought a box of 12 Krispy Kremes and ate them in 10 minutes and I felt much better for it.

I’ve moved on. Because life’s like the hokey pokey....You get shaken up and turn yourself around and move on. I’m a CFO for Christ’s sake. I’m all about the work. That’s the way I like it. That’s the choice I’ve chosen. And there’s nothing wrong with that.

Is there? Doesn't mean I'm not fun...Doesn't mean I'm not lovable...Doesn't mean I'll die alone...Does it?

*(PAUSE)*

Actually...Just between us....I'm not sure that last part was entirely appropriate...Not as "on message" as I'd like....Could we do a little cut and paste?....For the reunion?