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Dancing Queen A Play in One Act

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Dancing Queen

by

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A Play in One Act
Carroll College
Department of Language and Literature
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This thesis for honors has been approved for the Department of Language and Literature by

Murphy Fox, Director of Honors Scholars

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4/18/2002 Date

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Cast of Characters

Gracie  The Mother, late forties
Abigail  The Younger Daughter, late teens
Victoria  The Older Daughter, mid twenties
Liz  Abigail's Friend, late teens

TIME: Early spring, two weeks before high school graduation

PLACE: A suburb of New York City

SETTING: A modest, middle-class home. The stage is a cut-away of the front section of the house. Visible to the audience is the outside front entrance, the living room, two bedrooms - Abigail's above Gracie's, a door to the kitchen and a door to Victoria's bedroom. The living room is clean and mostly picked up. It shows good taste on an average budget in decorations and furnishings. The colors are pale, yet happy and elegant. A stereo is set up with a few record albums and covers strewn about. Bookcases are full of books and music. Framed pictures, candles, and very few nick-nacks can be found on the bookcases. There are no recent family pictures. It is a lived-in home.
Dancing Queen

A Play in One Act

Scene One

(ABIGAIL and LIZ enter front door with bookbags. ABIGAIL is trendy yet conservative in dress. LIZ is trendy yet has her own style—not conservative but not eccentric. It is Friday and they are on their lunch break from public school.)

LIZ
Are you sure it’s okay for me to be here?

Yeah. It’s all good.

ABIGAIL

LIZ
Anyone home?

ABIGAIL

Probably. Let’s go upstairs.

VICTORIA

(ABIGAIL enters from kitchen. She is wearing an apron and a conservative, casual style of clothing which is impeccably ironed and worn.)

Liz. How are you?

Hi. Good.

LIZ

VICTORIA

Lunch break?

LIZ

Yes, thank you.

ABIGAIL

Why do you always have to harass my friends?
VICTORIA
I just took cookies out of the oven. Chocolate chip peanut butter, your favorite, Abigail.

ABIGAIL
We’ll be upstairs.

LIZ
Thank you.

VICTORIA
I put your mail up on your dresser. Julliard sent something. Fat envelopes can mean only good things.

ABIGAIL
Should I look for steam marks or just assume they’re there? Oh how I long for the day when I can have privacy.

VICTORIA
Sooner than you think. Until then, I want that room to shine. Maybe this time I’ll write down the color of the carpet. It’s seen so seldom.

Spic and span.

(LIZ and ABIGAIL exit to ABIGAIL’S bedroom. There are piles of clothing and papers and books strewn across the room. On the walls are framed pictures of ballet dancers, *Times Square, August 14, 1945*, and an old castle in Ireland. There are no pictures of friends, only one of her family. The room is modestly furnished with a dresser, nightstand, bookcase, bed and chair. There is a stuffed puppy dog on the bed, a picture of her family sitting about and a fat, sealed envelope on the dresser.)

(Lying) It isn’t that bad.

They don’t want me.
LIZ

Who's this cutie?

ABIGAIL

Put it down. This is serious.

LIZ

So am I. A little older, but you know me - no hair and false teeth. Grrr.

ABIGAIL

You're disgusting. Do you know how old my uncle is? I can't believe Victoria even sent that application in. I will not go to Julliard. Not even an option.

LIZ

Throw it away then, what's the big deal?

ABIGAIL

I want to go.

LIZ

Girl, you make my head hurt. Open the letter.

ABIGAIL

You don't understand.

VICTORIA

(From living room) How is that room coming?

ABIGAIL

A shade of blue seems to be coming through.

(ABIGAIL begins shoving clothes and clutter into piles on the floor.)

LIZ

How do we look together?

ABIGAIL

Soulmates.

LIZ

You know damn well you got in. Make the appointment to try out and don't forget to invite me to opening night.

ABIGAIL

I'm glad you can be so blasé about all of this.
LIZ
What? Jealousy doesn’t become me? Fine, you go to the U and I’ll go be all famous with my own bad self.

ABIGAIL
This is probably all just a joke or something. I’m going to wake up like they do in the movies. Auntie, Em, Auntie Em, I had the most horrible dream.

LIZ
There you go. List acting as another talent. New lipstick and you didn’t tell me? (pause) Come on. You know I love you, but you are a dancer.

ABIGAIL
No, I’m not. Dancing is not a career. It’s a bad thing. Name three famous dancers who didn’t all become Vegas showgirls or just plain wacked out.

LIZ
Three? What’s up with that? You’re supposed to say, “Name one.”

ABIGAIL
Victoria is probably just waiting for me to graduate so she doesn’t have to deal with me anymore. Two more weeks and no more Abigail.

LIZ
That’s not true.

ABIGAIL
Ohio accepted me. Psychology has always been interesting. Freud could be my hero.

LIZ
Yes he could. We wouldn’t be friends anymore. But since we’re friends now, I guess I can tell you. I didn’t get any fat mail from Julliard but I did get Cosmo.

ABIGAIL
Victoria would crap if I ever started reading that.

LIZ
Seriously, how old are you? She’s not your mother.

I know.
Besides, you can’t read it if you’re cleaning. What do you want to know – Spicy Secrets in the Sack, Killer Hair for Spring, or Finding Your Birth Mother?

Maybe I was adopted.

Most people aren’t so happy about that.

Think about how romantic it is. Two young teenagers so full of love they come together for one night of unbridled passion. He leaves the next morning for the Marines and she finds out weeks later she’s pregnant. Not a soul can know, so she runs off to a convent and has the baby.

More like two junkies high on dope were too stupid to use a condom.

Thanks.

No problem. But if you’re adopted then my mom is queen of Turkey.

Gracie was queen of the stage. You should really ask her about it sometime. Let’s hear about Spicy Secrets in the Sack.

It would be totally wasted on you. Let’s go eat cookies. I’m starving. I didn’t know if I was going to make it through Miss B’s lecture on the benefits of saving your document every three minutes.

We have to finish cleaning first.

We? Dude, this is going to take you hours. I can’t miss class.

You act like you’ve never cleaned your room before. Or missed class.
I put things away.

Grab an armful.

What did I say? Spic and span.

And you call me disgusting.

You are disgusting.

I hear laughing. Is it inspection time?

I dare you to find a speck of dirt.

Record time even.

We do quality work.

I don’t trust it, but it’ll do. So, what are you two gigglebots going to do now?

Liz just got a new magazine.

Which one?

Cosmo.
VICTORIA
Trash. Nightline had a segment on the other night exposing women's magazines. Did you know that fifty percent of those stories and quizzes are fabricated? And not just by some two-bit writer, you're getting love advice, which you are too young for, from prison inmates.

ABIGAIL
From what I hear, they're getting about as much action as I'm getting. We relate.

VICTORIA
Be proud of that. More girls your age should be abstaining. Nothing in a man's pants is as important as what's in a woman's mind. I saw that on a bumper sticker.

ABIGAIL
Victoria.

VICTORIA
Sex is a good way to ruin your life. Three and a half out of ten high school teens don't go to college because of unwanted pregnancy. Think of all those dreams shattered.

ABIGAIL
Three and a half out of ten isn't even a real statistic.

VICTORIA
It was something out of ten and it was staggering.

ABIGAIL
Chances are we won't get pregnant reading it.

VICTORIA
I'm holding you to that. Momma's still sleeping. Maybe you should stay up here since it's clean now.

We'll be quiet.

ABIGAIL
I don't want her to wake up.

VICTORIA
Quiet as mice.

ABIGAIL
Think silent mice and you have a deal.

(VICTORIA exits to kitchen, LIZ and ABIGAIL exit to living room with Cosmo.)
ABIGAIL
He is so hot. Why can’t normal guys look like this?

LIZ
I think that’s the whole point. If normal guys looked like that then ugly guys would be hot.

ABIGAIL
What a shame. Here's a hottie. How do we look together?

LIZ
Soulmates.

ABIGAIL
We should probably get going. Biology can’t begin without us you know. Victoria, we’re leaving. I’m going to Liz’s after school so I’ll be home late. (to LIZ) Why don’t you go ahead. I have to make a stop first.

LIZ
Whatever. Don’t be late.

(ABIGAIL and LIZ exit front door. VICTORIA enters living room from kitchen.)

Abigail? Abbie?

(VICTORIA enters from bedroom. She is dressed as if she is going to an aerobic class - loose pants, layered shirts, and hair in a tight bun. It’s messy yet elegant.)

GRACIE
Really, Victoria, must you shout?

Abbie just ran off.

(VICTORIA)

GRACIE
Come sit. I’ll show you how famous I was.

(VICTORIA)

I’ve seen the pictures. I know how -

GRACIE

Wasn’t I beautiful?
VICTORIA

You still are.

GRACIE

Men sent me flowers every night. Roses of every shade and hue, lilies, daisies, lilacs. And candy. Here's me and Fred, Me and Frank. Dean was so jealous. Those boys.

VICTORIA

I haven't seen these. Who's this?

GRACIE

Why, Darling, don't you recognize Uncle Les? My brother was a handsome man, wasn't he? My Teddy Bear was always there for me. And this was my favorite costume. Les said I looked like a queen. Everyone called me Queen Rosalinda while the show ran - ballet, tap, jazz and some Gracie originals. I did it all in that show. My, I haven't worn that costume in years. I just had the most fabulous thought.

(GRACIE exits to her bedroom and re-enters with a worn hatbox. Inside the hatbox is her old costume, which had been carefully folded and placed in the box. The costume is regal and lush, but not overbearing and heavy. It a beautiful dancing dress tailored to GRACIE.)

GRACIE

You are just about my size. I had a great butt. Men loved my body. They were constantly petting and drooling over my breasts. Pathetic. They didn't know it, of course, but there was only one man for me. This boa was my signature. My dress! Still dazzling and beautiful. Just like me. You're a little pudgier than I was, but it will work.

VICTORIA

I have my clothes on.

GRACIE

We're both girls. I'm not afraid of a little tit. I've got 'em too.

Momma!

VICTORIA

Rosalinda.

GRACIE
VICTORIA

I have things to do. I can't.

GRACIE

They're counting on you. (Begins undressing Victoria down to undershirt and slips the dress on her) Every queen needs her crown. I love to watch the light release the rainbows. Real diamonds and sapphires. I told the director that the prop master had already taken it. He had just found out this was going to be my last performance. He was so shaken up he didn't even think about the crown. Beg he did. I just can't do it. Any longer and they'll notice. The dress is already getting snug. I am the star of one of the best-loved shows in the history of this theatre. They'll never forget me.

(GRACIE grasps VICTORIA'S arms from behind like an instructor guides a student.)

GRACIE (Cont'd.)

I can't believe I still get nervous. Use the energy, the desperation. They're hungry for something - someone - beautiful, gorgeous, amazing. Me. Position yourself, Gracie. It's your last night ever as a star. They're all here for you. Lights up. Graceful, slowly. Feel the music.

(GRACIE begins humming, moving VICTORIA through a graceful, slow dance. The movements are one. VICTORIA half-heartedly resists. The phone rings. VICTORIA breaks away, but GRACIE continues.)

VICTORIA

Hello. No, um, sorry, she's um busy right now. May I ask who's calling? Hi Mr. Matthews. This is Victoria. Is there a problem with Abigail? No, she's not sick. She left a little late, but she should be there by now. Okay. Okay. Thanks for calling. Yes, I'll let you know. Have a good day.

(VICTORIA hangs up the phone and begins undressing herself of the costume. GRACIE slowly dances her way back to the couch.)
GRACIE
I lived in the slums of New York City for years with only the cockroaches and rats for company. Not to mention birthing two babies from my tiny body. They say a dancer's body just isn't made for babies.

VICTORIA
The kitchen needs to be straightened. Let me know if you need anything.

Yes, Darling.

(VICTORIA hesitates before heading toward kitchen. ABIGAIL enters.)

I forgot my bag.

(ABIGAIL exits to her bedroom.)

VICTORIA
Mr. Matthews called. You should have been at school by now.

(ABIGAIL exits bedroom with bookbag.)

Are you okay? Abbie?

Nothing. I forgot my bag.

(VICTORIA)

Maybe you should stay home today.

I'm fine. Just tired.

(VICTORIA)

Don't stay too long at Liz's then. I want you well rested for tomorrow.

ABIGAIL
Tomorrow?

(VICTORIA)

Saturday. Who comes over every other Saturday?
(ABIGAIL looks sharply to GRACIE.)

GRACIE
(Without looking up) Les and I had picnics on top of the Empire State Building every May 15th. The wind was always so horrible. "Are you cold, Peaches?" He'd wrap me up in his coat and we'd shiver together. That's My Teddy Bear. Always ready with a hug.

ABIGAIL
Umm... Liz is having a birthday party tomorrow.

VICTORIA
You went to her birthday party a couple months ago.

ABIGAIL
Right. This one is for her dog. Dusty.

VICTORIA
Sounds a little ridiculous to me.

ABIGAIL
I already accepted.

VICTORIA
Then un-accept. You missed Uncle Les's last visit for some such reason.

ABIGAIL
Victoria!

VICTORIA
No. You'll be here and you'll like it. You owe that man everything.

ABIGAIL
I know all too well how much I owe him.

(ABIGAIL exits toward door.)

VICTORIA
We wouldn't be here today if not for his graciousness. More families -

ABIGAIL
I'll pencil it in.

Permanent ink.

VICTORIA

(ABIGAIL exits front door.)
Blackout
(End Scene)

Scene Two

(One spotlight on center stage gradually comes up to reveal GRACIE dressed in the costume she put on VICTORIA complete with crown. Soft music accompanies the slow dance she guided VICTORIA through earlier.)

Blackout
(End Scene)

Scene Three

(ABIGAIL and LIZ approach ABIGAIL'S front door. It is evening and they have just come back from shopping. ABIGAIL has her bookbag yet.)

ABIGAIL

Thanks for letting me tag along.

LIZ

It was fun. I can’t believe Mom was so cool. Believe me, she’s not normally like that.

ABIGAIL

Your mom is always awesome. Wanna come in for dinner? Torie is like a master chef or something.

LIZ

Is it just you and Torie?

ABIGAIL

And Gracie.

LIZ

Actually, I think it’s my turn for dishes tonight. Some other time.
Definitely. Some other time.

See ya.

See ya.

(ABIGAIL enters, slams door. The couch and other living room furniture has been cleared to the edges of the room and the stereo is playing. GRACIE is in the middle of the cleared furniture dancing a vigorous dance.)

Abbie, darling, come help Mommy.

I'm busy.

Hello to you too.

I have homework. What?

I'm almost to the Can-Can. Be a dear and let me borrow your legs.

Ask Torie.

Your sister is making dinner.

What's cooking?

Just a few kicks. You used to beg me to dance with you.

Smells delicious.
GRACIE

Grab my arm.

ABIGAIL

I’ll see if Torie needs any help.

(ABIGAIL exits to kitchen. VICTORIA enters from Gracie’s bedroom, carrying a laundry basket full of dirty laundry.)

VICTORIA

Abigail? Momma you can’t do the Can-Can by yourself.

GRACIE

Higher, Victoria, higher.

VICTORIA

Like this?

GRACIE

Beautiful, beautiful. Smile. Smile for the audience. See that fabulous man in the first row? He’s watching you.

VICTORIA

I really should go back into the kitchen.

GRACIE

You’re falling behind. Five, six, seven, eight, switch.

VICTORIA

I need to finish dinner.

GRACIE

Since when do we eat?

VICTORIA

It’s going to burn.

GRACIE

Let it burn. Listen to that applause.

(ABIGAIL enters from kitchen.)

ABIGAIL

There’s something funky going on in the oven.

VICTORIA

Come kick with Momma. I need to make the gravy. You didn’t touch anything did you?
(VICTORIA exits to kitchen. ABIGAIL watches GRACIE.)

ABIGAIL
You’re such a klutz. You are so going to hurt yourself.

GRACIE
I was picked out of two hundred other young women before I even finished high school. Dancers - we - are very graceful.

We’re not dancers anymore.

ABIGAIL
Darling, I’m getting warm. Grab me a spring water.

I’ve got homework.

GRACIE
Excuse me. I asked you to do something.

And?

ABIGAIL
And I am your mother.

GRACIE
Whatever.

Whatever.

ABIGAIL
Apologize, you little brat. I did not raise my daughters to be so disrespectful and rude.

GRACIE
That’s right. You didn’t raise your daughters, you’ve never been honest with your daughters, so I guess you’re not my mother. Glad that’s finally resolved after eighteen years.

GRACIE
Twenty-two hours of labor says I am your mother.

ABIGAIL
Let’s consult Daddy. Father, oh Father!

GRACIE
Don’t speak ill of the dead.

ABIGAIL
Dead? Changes every time, doesn’t it?
That is not fair.

Yes it is. I am so sick of hearing about how unfair life is. Generally, life gives you a fair break. It’s people like you that fuck it up for the rest of us.

Do not speak to me like -

Do you know where I’ve been? Did you know that Liz and her mom went shopping today? No? Oh, that’s right, if it isn’t on Days of Our Lives or on the cover of Dance America you wouldn’t know Jack Shit. You will listen to me. They went shopping for graduation dresses. Pretty ones with flowers and lace. Jackie, Liz’s mom, asked if picked mine out yet. I said, oh yes, it’s lovely. Graduation is less than two weeks away. Mr. Huber made last call for all invitation orders this morning. I told everyone at school that I was making mine on our computer at home. (pause) Hello. Do you see a computer? Look at me. You want to dance? Isn’t this how it goes, the routine you debuted for Queen Elizabeth? Wow. This is fun. Are you just loving it, Darling?

Foolish child. You know nothing. Get away from me. Go to your room.

Tell me one more time, what isn’t fair?

I ought to slap your mouth.

I dare you.

(DRACIE cocks hand back and begins swinging down, but it blends into a pirouette and GRACIE exits into her bedroom.)

VICTORIA
(O.S.)

Dinner.

(VICTORIA enters from kitchen.)
I'm not hungry.

ABIGAIL

(ABIGAIL exits up the stairs to bedroom. She turns on stereo and stands in front of a mirror, preening. It leads ABIGAIL into a beautiful yet aggressive dance of passion and skill.)

Blackout
(End of Scene)

Scene Four

(Next morning - Saturday - VICTORIA is in the living room cleaning and dusting. The furniture has been put back in place.)

ABIGAIL

Morning.

VICTORIA

Good morning. How did you sleep?

ABIGAIL

Fine.

VICTORIA

You don't look fine now and you didn't look too happy last night. What did you and Momma talk about?

ABIGAIL

Nothing. I was thinking of inviting Grandma and Grandpa to graduation.

VICTORIA

If that's what you two were talking about I understand why I ate dinner alone.

ABIGAIL

Forget her. That's not what we talked about.

VICTORIA

Do not talk about Momma like that.

ABIGAIL

Lay off, Torie. Like it even matters.
VICTORIA
She deserves respect. And so do I.

ABIGAIL
Maybe she should earn it.

VICTORIA
And so should I?

ABIGAIL
I'm sorry I'm such a horrible daughter. Just kick me out now.

VICTORIA
That's not what I want. I never said that.

ABIGAIL
What dreams have I shattered for you?

VICTORIA
My dreams have nothing -

ABIGAIL
Gracie will always be here.

VICTORIA
I'm happy.

ABIGAIL
How can it not bother you?

VICTORIA
It's okay. Don't worry about it. You'll be graduating soon and off to Julliard. I'll have to ask Uncle Les about finding a car for you. You'll be coming home for holidays.

ABIGAIL
I will not be a dancer and I don't want a car.

VICTORIA
Right. We'll discuss it when he gets here in about three hours.

ABIGAIL
Can I invite them?

VICTORIA
What?

ABIGAIL
Grandparents. Graduation.
VICTORIA
It is less than two weeks away. I’m not even sure what
t heir address is anymore. You’d think it had been a month
rather than a week since I last dusted. Hold this for me.
It truly is amazing how fast the dust -

ABIGAIL
So?

VICTORIA
So I was watching the Discovery Channel the other week and
they had a staggering statistic. Did you know that dust is
mainly composed of microscopic mites and dead skin cells?
Fascinating, yet really gross.

ABIGAIL
So what if it is less than two weeks away.

VICTORIA
So they won’t have enough notice. Move aside unless you
want dusting too. Although I’m probably dusting a miniature
you right now. Get it?

We’ve never even met them.

ABIGAIL
You just don’t remember.

VICTORIA
I was a baby. Refresh my memory.

ABIGAIL
It wasn’t a good visit.

VICTORIA
People change.

ABIGAIL
We’ve been over this. I don’t even remember most of their
visit. You need to get ready for school.

VICTORIA
It’s Saturday. You’ve barely told me anything, but you at
least have images, faces in your mind. I don’t even have
real names. Think of it as a graduation present.

ABIGAIL
No.

VICTORIA
Why would she -

ABIGAIL
I'm in a hurry.                     VICTORIA

I think it would be great. We wouldn't even have to tell Gracie.        ABIGAIL

Not a good idea. Respect. Remember? We'll have a small party here with you, Me, Uncle Les, and Momma. What's Liz doing?     VICTORIA

A bunch of family is coming.                                  ABIGAIL

We'll figure something out.                              VICTORIA

Where's your mother?                                      ABIGAIL

Watch yourself. We had this discussion. I don't need this and I won't get into it. It will be a pleasant day.     VICTORIA

Then maybe I better leave.                                 ABIGAIL

Think again. As soon as I finish this I'm leaving. Stay here with Momma.     VICTORIA

No.                                                            ABIGAIL

You know she can't stay here alone.                           VICTORIA

She better just stay in her room.                              ABIGAIL

You've lived with her long enough to know that she is a special, sensitive woman.       VICTORIA

She does not belong in normal society.                      ABIGAIL

Maybe you should stay in your room for a while too.       VICTORIA
ABIGAIL

No.

(ABIGAIL exits to bedroom and slams bedroom door.)

VICTORIA

You’re not acting like a high school graduate.

ABIGAIL

Go away.

(GRACIE runs out of bedroom with a blanket draped over her shoulder and a feather duster in her hand.)

GRACIE

Quiet, quiet, I’m coming.

VICTORIA

Momma, what are you doing?

GRACIE

What does it look like? Taking care of your children. You just come sauntering in like nothing is the matter and two children are screaming their heads off. I’m coming. Hush.

VICTORIA

There are no babies.

GRACIE

Maybe you should get started on the dishes or the laundry. They won’t do themselves. Mom and Dad will be here any time now and look at this place.

VICTORIA

I cleaned yesterday. Maybe you should lay down for a bit.

(ABIGAIL opens bedroom door and watches from top of steps.)

GRACIE

The girls need to be fed. The baby’s been balling her head off for hours.

VICTORIA

What baby?
GRACIE
Abigail. Do you have more than one?

VICTORIA
Let’s go lay down. I’ll take care of everything. Put the duster down.

ABIGAIL
It’s about goddamn time you did something. These legs weren’t created for running after bottles and squishy diapers.

VICTORIA
Don’t worry about it. Just lay down.

GRACIE
These hands glittered with rubies and pearls.

VICTORIA
I know Momma. Get your legs under the covers.

GRACIE
Am I a good mommy? Were we wrong?

About what?

GRACIE
Oh, don’t be stupid.

VICTORIA
I’m sorry. I’m closing the door now. Sleep. When you wake up we’ll have a visitor. Close your eyes.

(VICTORIA backs out and closes the door.)

VICTORIA (Cont’d.)

Abbie, I need you.

(ABIGAIL enters living room.)

VICTORIA (Cont’d.)

Momma’s not feeling well. Check on her. Please.

I’m sorry.

ABIGAIL

I am too. Behave. Love you.

VICTORIA
(VICTORIA exits front door in a hurry. ABIGAIL waits before approaching GRACIE’S bedroom.)

Can I talk to you?

Who is it?

Abbie.

My baby, quiet now, Momma’s tired.

Can I come in? (pause) Momma?

Hush, little baby.

Sorry for upsetting you yesterday. I would really like to know about my father. Momma, please.

Momma, Momma, Momma. Stop calling me that. I am a dancer.

Don’t get upset. Just stop hiding under those covers and look at me.

Queen Rosalinda needs her beauty sleep. Hush now.

No, I will not. You owe me an explanation.

Les, Honey, make the baby shush. I’m resting.

I’m sorry I yelled. I’ll be quiet when you tell me the truth.

Mom and Dad are here.
Who is my dad?

Do you want to hold the baby? She's pretty like me. Maybe you and Dad want to watch the two girls for a while. They normally don't cry this loud.

Am I the baby that cries too loud?

Nevermind. Of course I didn't mean it. It was a bad idea. I said no. I changed my mind. You can't have her. She'll come to New York with me. The other girls will love her.

I won't love them. Love isn't just a word you can throw around. It means everything. Read a book, listen to a song - people die for love. It's a lot like respect.

Don't go.

I haven't gone anywhere.

Les? Les, come back? Mom and Dad left. The baby's crying again. Hush, little baby. Les, you said you'd help me. We are a team you said. Fine, Momma will hold you. Quiet down. Dancers like music, not noise. I said quiet, hush. Do you want to see my gypsy dance? Would Abbie like that?

Who is my father?

Please, don't cry. Daddy isn't here. Daddy is never here. You're stuck with me. What more do you want?

I want - Nothing, Momma. Sleep. I'll take care of the baby until Daddy gets back. Victoria will be home soon.

She likes to be burped with her pink blankie. Don't feed her too fast. It's hard on her little tummy.
Sleep.

ABIGAIL

ABIGAIL exits GRACIE’S bedroom to her own bedroom. ABIGAIL picks up the envelope from Julliard and opens it. After reading it she calls LIZ on the phone.)

ABIGAIL

Hey. What’s up? Not much. Thinking about going into the City next week. Yeah, I did.

(Lights slowly dim to a small beam on ABIGAIL and curtain slowly closes as ABIGAIL continues to talk and laugh about non-essential things.)

Blackout

The End