

MOTHER

Dear, it's no good feeling sorry for yourself. You're gonna have to overcome these difficulties. And you might as well do it with some style. You know you could easily make an enormous amount of money, if you would only sing. You have a God given talent and you just throw it away. You could be a much bigger star than that Madonna. She hasn't got half your voice. You'd have to give up smoking again. You could make an album. I could produce it. You can make one of those videos.

DAUGHTER

I'm not gonna sing Mom. I'm getting out of the business. If I don't I'll never have any kind of a chance to have a normal life.

MOTHER

Let's take this one thing at a time. First, everyone is always getting out of the business. And B: You are just like me. Some days I wake up and feel like I'm...

DAUGHTER

Please stop telling me how to run my life for a couple of minutes. Isn't it enough that you were right?

MOTHER

You feel sorry for yourself half the time for having a monster of a mother like me. Everything about you says, Look what you've done to me.

DAUGHTER

I never said you were a "Monster".

MOTHER

You don't say it but you feel it.

Somehow you lay the entire blame for
your drug taking on me.

DAUGHTER

I do not. I do not, Mother. I took
the drugs. Nobody made me.

MOTHER

Go ahead and say it. You think I'm
an alcoholic.

2.

DAUGHTER

Okay. I think you're an alcoholic.

MOTHER

Well maybe I was an alcoholic when
you were a teenager but I had a
nervous breakdown when my marriage
failed and I lost all my money.

DAUGHTER

That's when I started taking drugs.

MOTHER

I got over it.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

Now I just drink like an Irish person.

DAUGHTER

I know you just drink to relax. You
just enjoy your wine. I know, you've
told me. Mother, you don't want me
to be a singer. You're the singer.
You're the performer. I can't
possibly compete with you. What if
somebody won? You want me to do
well. Just not better than you.

Mother annoyed goes upstairs but turns to speak.

MOTHER

You're just jealous because I can drink and you can't take drugs anymore because I can handle it and you can't.

DAUGHTER

You can handle it? How do you handle it?

MOTHER

My drinking does not interfere with my work. I wish that my mother had been as concerned about me when I was a little girl!

(Daughter rises to

leave.)

Would you please tell me what is this awful thing I did to you when you were a child?!

DAUGHTER

Okay. You wanna know?

MOTHER

I wanna know. Tell me!

3.

DAUGHTER

Okay, fine! From the time I was nine years old, you gave me sleeping pills.

MOTHER

That was over the counter medication! And I gave it to you because you couldn't sleep!

DAUGHTER

You don't give a child sleeping pills.

MOTHER

They were not sleeping pills. They were store bought and it was perfectly safe! Now don't blame me for your drug-taking! I do not blame my mother for my misfortunes or my drinking!

DAUGHTER

Well you don't even acknowledge that you drink. How can you possibly blame your mother for something you don't even do! Remember my 17th birthday party when you lifted your skirt up?...in front of all those people including that guy Michael.

MOTHER

I did not lift my skirt up! It twirled up! You only remember the bad stuff, don't ya. What about the big band that I got to play at your party. Do you remember that? No. You only remember that my skirt accidentally twirled up!

DAUGHTER

What band?

MOTHER

No. You only remember that my dress accidentally twirled up!

DAUGHTER

And you weren't wearing any underwear.

MOTHER

Well.

The daughter moves toward the door to leave.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Dear, I am sorry if you think I hurt you.

(MORE)

4.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Everything I did, I did out of love
for you. I might've done wrong

sometimes. How can you do everything
right?

DAUGHTER

Can we just please...Let's just stop.

MOTHER

I made some mistakes but I'm human.
Where are you going?

(Daughter opens the
door to leave.)
I'm talking to you.

DAUGHTER

I'm gonna go cut an album. I'm gonna
go have some fibroid tumors removed.
Okay. I'm going to fucking loop.