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SF PERUSALS

Samuel French Acting Edition

Dot

by Colman Domingo

SAMUEL FRENCH

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"Unchain My Heart" by Bobby Sharp; performed by Ray Charles

"Que Sera Sera" by Doris Day

"Sleigh Ride" by Leroy Anderson and Mitchell Parish

"The Happiest Christmas Tree" by Nat King Cole

"So Many Stars" by Alan and Marilyn Bergman; performed by Barbra Streisand

"Christmas Is" by Lou Rawls

"Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas" by Hugh Martin & Ralph Blane

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DOT was first produced by the Actors Theatre of Louisville (Les Waters, Artistic Director) in Kentucky as part of their 2015 Humana Festival. The performance was directed by Meredith McDonough, with sets by Dane Laffrey, costumes by Connie Furr Soloman, lights by Mark Barton, sound by Christian Frederickson, casting by Kelly Gillespie, dramaturgy by Kimberly Colburn, and assistant direction by Rachel Dart. The Production Stage Manager was Stephen Horton and the Assistant Stage Manager was Jason Pacella. The cast was as follows:

DOTTY . . . . . Marjorie Johnson
SHELLY . . . . . Sharon Washington
JACKIE . . . . . .Megan Byrne
DONNIE . . . . . Kevin R . Free
ADAM . . . . . .Sean Dugan
AVERIE . . . . . Adrienne C. Moore
FIDEL . . . . . .Vichet Chum

DOT received its New York premiere at the Vineyard Theater (Douglas Aibel and Sarah Stern, Artistic Directors; Jennifer Garvey-Blackwell, Executive Director) on February 23, 2016. The performance was directed by Susan Stroman, with associate direciton by Eric Santagata, sets by Allen Moyer, costumes by Kara Harmon, lights by Ben Stanton, sound by Tom Morse, and hair and makeup by Dave Bova. The Production Stage Manager was Roy Harris, and the production supervisor was Roy Harris. The cast was as follows:

DOTTY . . . . . Marjorie Johnson
SHELLY . . . . . Sharon Washington
JACKIE . . . . . Finnerty Steeves
DONNIE . . . . . .Stephen Conrad Moore
ADAM . . . . . Colin Hanlon
AVERIE . . . . . Libya V. Pugh
FIDEL . . . . . Michael Rosen

CHARACTERS

DOTTY – African American. Sixty-five years old.

SHELLY – African American. Forty-five years old.

JACKIE – Caucasian. Forty years old.

DONNIE – African American. Forty years old.

ADAM – Caucasian/Latin/Arab. Forty years old.

AVERIE – African American. Thirty-five years old.

FIDEL – Kazakh. Mid-to-late twenties.

SETTING

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

TIME

Two days before Christmas and Christmas Eve

AUTHOR'S NOTES

// Denotes overlaps. Silences are to be used as a silent opportunity. If you run into a few of them, give them the weight that they deserve. Don't rush them. They are as important as rests in music. These characters speak before they think. The people that I know in West Philly have the dryest delivery. Especially about difficult subjects or even saying I love you. Try not putting anything on a line first and read it for its rhythms, and then go deeper. No one in this play is deliberately mean or callous. The stakes are just too high and there is no need to mince words. And these people are lightning-quick with shifts of tone or intention. Brace yourselves. Welcome to *Dot*.

This play is for Stacey Thomas, Lisa Thompson, Anika Noni Rose, Chuck Schultz, Lorrie Sargent, and the amazing women that live on in their memory. This is for families that are coping and finding their way. And everything I do, I do in honor of my parents, Edith and Clarence Bowles; The Domingo, Hawkins, and Bowles families; and Raul Aktanov-Domingo. Thank you Les Waters, Meredith McDonough, Sean San Jose, Susan Stroman, Jen Garvey Blackwell, Doug Aibel, Sarah Stern, Jim Nicola, Linda Chapman, Sharon Washington, and Marjorie Johnson, and every generous actor and artisan that helped me in the stages of development to realize this play called Dot.

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

("MY FAVORITE THINGS" sung by Tony Bennett plays as we open on three women in a beautiful, upscale kitchen. Very Martha Stewart meets Claire Huxtable.* **DOTTY** *is a sixty-five-year-old African American woman.* **SHELLY** *is her forty-fiive-year-old daughter.* **JACKIE** *is forty years old, Caucasian.* **DOTTY** *is looking at a pill container with segments for each day of the week.* **SHELLY** *is by the fridge with a Watermelon Vodka bottle.* **JACKIE** *has just arrived. Everyone is a bit on edge.* **DOTTY** *is obsessive, almost compulsive about her thoughts this morning. She is not in a lovely mood and she thinks lighting-quick.)*

DOTTY. Today is Tuesday?

SHELLY. Yes, today is Tuesday.

DOTTY. Christmas is in two days.

SHELLY. I know Mom, I know.

DOTTY. You getting the tree today?

SHELLY. Yes, I told you ten times, I'm getting the tree today. Jackie you sure you don't want a drink?

JACKIE. It's almost ten o'clock in the morning.

SHELLY. Are you sure?

JACKIE. Yes.

SHELLY. I'm having one.

JACKIE. No, no thank you.

SHELLY. A.A. or something?

JACKIE. No, it's just –

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* A license to produce *Dot* does not include a performance license for "My Favorite Things." Please see Music Use Note on page 3 for further information.

DOTTY. I could swear I took 'em this morning when Fidel came by!

SHELLY. Fidel came by yesterday morning.

JACKIE. Mrs. Shealy, Shelly, I can come back later.

DOTTY. *(To* **SHELLY**.*)* You sure?

SHELLY. Yes, he comes on Monday and Wednesday and sometimes Friday.

JACKIE. Fidel?

SHELLY. Yes, Fidel.

JACKIE. Who's Fidel?

SHELLY. This boy that – Give me few minutes and we can have a proper visit. In the other room.

JACKIE. I just came to borrow some linen from your mom.

SHELLY. Mom, I need you to sign that! *(She lays a folder and a pen on the table.)* You didn't sign it.

DOTTY. Don't I need a lawyer to be present or something?

SHELLY. I am a lawyer, remember?

DOTTY. Eight years of school! And you failed the Pennsylvania bar three times, I remember.

SHELLY. Sign it. She's your witness.

JACKIE. Who?

DOTTY. Three times.

SHELLY. You.

JACKIE. For what?

SHELLY. Don't worry about it, it's all legal – Mom please sign!

DOTTY. Oh, okay I will. On the dotted line, on the dotted line. *(She picks up the pen, and then she gets distracted.)* Good ole Jackie! How you doing?

JACKIE. I'm fine, Mrs. Shealy.

DOTTY. Ain't seen you in awhile.

JACKIE. It's been a while.

DOTTY. You still living in New York?

JACKIE. Yes, Mrs. Shealy.

DOTTY. You can call me Dotty now, honey, you a grown woman.

JACKIE. Yes, Mrs. Shealy, I am still living in New York. Maybe this is a bad time?

SHELLY. It's all the same.

DOTTY. Where?

JACKIE. Where what?

DOTTY. Where do you live in New York?

JACKIE. Oh! Um, Harlem.

DOTTY. Is it still dirty?

JACKIE. When is the last time you been there?

DOTTY. '83.

SHELLY. Mom, do you want eggs?

DOTTY. What time is it?

SHELLY. Ten o'clock. Mom you need to eat. Do you want eggs?

DOTTY. Yes I want eggs. I can make my own eggs.

(She gets up to make her eggs. **SHELLY** *stops her and makes the eggs.)*

SHELLY. Mom, I thought we agreed that I will make breakfast and you will make dinner.

DOTTY. Is that what we agreed on?

SHELLY. Yes, that's what we agreed on.

JACKIE. I can just come back –

SHELLY. *(Sotto voce.)* Just give me a minute –

DOTTY. Just don't put cheese in it. Richard always puts cheese in my eggs.

SHELLY. Richard? Mom? Dad? SHIT!

DOTTY. Language –

SHELLY. Never mind.

DOTTY. I told you I wanted to stop all that unnecessary cussin' in this house.

SHELLY. Look who's talking. Ms. Cuss-everybody-out-in-the-police-station!

DOTTY. No I didn't!

SHELLY. Yes you did!

DOTTY. No I didn't!

SHELLY. *(To* **JACKIE**.*)* Yes, she did.

DOTTY. We should be a good example to little Jason. He is very impressionable at his young age.

JACKIE. I *really* can come back later. I just needed to borrow a few things, Mrs. Shealy. I can come back later, I can come back later!

DOTTY. What do you need Jackie?

JACKIE. Well I just wanted to borrow a few things. Linen, lightbulbs, things like that.

DOTTY. That's not a problem.

JACKIE. Thank you.

DOTTY. I almost forgot what you looked like!

JACKIE. I changed my hair.

DOTTY. So did this one.

JACKIE. Blonde!

SHELLY. Something different.

DOTTY. You used to be down here all the time for a meal and our little talks.

SHELLY. Talks?

JACKIE. Yeah.

SHELLY. What talks?

DOTTY. None of yo business talks.

JACKIE. Nothing really.

DOTTY. Did you find my tape recorder Shelly?

SHELLY. *(Looking in the cabinet.)* What? Shit –

DOTTY. Language // my tape recorder.

SHELLY. // Mom did you move things around in these cabinets since yesterday?

DOTTY. What? No!

SHELLY. Yes you did!

DOTTY. No, I didn't.

SHELLY. Yes, she did.

JACKIE. *(Changing the subject.)* Um… Harlem has changed a lot probably since the last time you were there. It is pretty clean now. There's even a brand-new Whole Foods a couple of blocks away!

DOTTY. Our neighborhood has just gone down. Hmph, Democrats.

SHELLY. Mom, what are talking about? You're a Democrat!

DOTTY. I know, I know, but when I was coming up it was all turned around. Democrats were Republicans and Republicans were Democrats. *(To* **SHELLY**.*)* Move – I got it.

SHELLY. Mom –

DOTTY. I got it! I want mushrooms in mine.

*(***DOTTY** *gets up from the table and goes into the fridge and brings out some mushrooms.)*

SHELLY. Fine.

*(***SHELLY** *sits and pulls out her cell phone to make a call.* **DOTTY** *cooks her eggs. She is as serious as a heart attack about what she remembers.)*

DOTTY. The Republicans were the ones that ended slavery and looked after front stoops. I don't remember when it happened, but it looked like the only people that looked after one another were the Democrats. Jimmy Carter and them.

SHELLY. I know Mom, you campaigned for every primary since // 1960!

DOTTY. // 1960! People took care of the front steps and put out potted plants that would line the stoop. When we moved in here in the fifties, we were some of the first few blacks in this neighborhood! *(Continued to next speech.)*

SHELLY. *(To* **JACKIE**, *sarcastically.)* Does my brother pick up the phone for you?

JACKIE. Um, what? I haven't spoken to him in awhile.

SHELLY. Tell it to the Mayor! I know, I know. You told it to the Mayor. She told it to the Mayor. She was the

block captain remember? *(Beat.)* When she goes in on something these days she goes all the way in. Or completely OUT!

JACKIE. I don't understand. What do you mean by OUT? What's going on?

DOTTY. *(Leaving the eggs cooking on the stove.)* // Mayor Joseph Clark. One of them good white men. Even had a TV show, called *Tell it to the Mayor*! So the people could "tell it to the Mayor" on TV. And I "told it to the Mayor" a couple of times. Asked questions about sanitation and summer kids programs. I was the block captain and I was responsible for the summer lunch program. As working class people we depended on breakfast and lunch being served in school. Remember Shelly? I had you going in at seven a.m. to get that breakfast? Cock a doodle doo!

SHELLY. Yes. Powdered eggs.

DOTTY. Probably like how mine are right now.

JACKIE. I'm sorry?

DOTTY. Ain't nothing but powdered eggs down below, Marlo.

SHELLY. MOM!

DOTTY. What?

SHELLY. That's Jackie.

DOTTY. That's what I said, Jackie.

SHELLY. No, you didn't you called her Ms. Marlo!

DOTTY. What was I talking about?

JACKIE. Uh, well, *Tell it to the Mayor*?

DOTTY. Why?

SHELLY. *(Noticing the eggs left cooking on the stove.* **SHELLY** *dumps burnt eggs into garbage and proceeds with making a new plate of eggs.)* I have no idea! // Mom – shit –

DOTTY. // I loved that show. I was on there plenty of times. *Tell it to the Mayor.* I would wear my finest June Cleaver dress and pearls. //

SHELLY. // How many times are you going to tell this story? Oh, one more time? Okay.

DOTTY. // Well not real pearls, costume jewelry. The Mayor wasn't ready for me, with my keen insight on how to solve the problems of the inner city. I threw out rumination on how to get women involved in all forms of neighborhood associations because as I've always told you girls…

DOTTY, SHELLY, JACKIE. Women are the ones who really get things done.

JACKIE. At least we try. I'm trying.

DOTTY. I was a feminist before there was a word for it. Without women, there is no life. We are the titty of the world!

SHELLY. // OK, that's enough!

JACKIE. // Is that coffee in that cup, Mrs. Shealy?

DOTTY. All I'm saying is, I'm from people who struggled to get a little piece of something. Now that that little something is so easy to get, no one cares about stoops and potted plants. Sheila down the street drives a – what is that Shelly?

SHELLY. A Range Rover.

DOTTY. And keeps her porch filled with garbage cans and niggas.

JACKIE. Oh, wow –

SHELLY. MOM!

DOTTY. You know what they are –

SHELLY. MOM, eat your eggs!

*(***SHELLY** *puts the eggs down in front of* **DOTTY**.*)*

DOTTY. She don't like it when I talk about these niggas!

SHELLY. MOM, I'm not playing with you! Eat your eggs!

DOTTY. I'm eating them, I'm eating them!

*(***DOTTY** *eats the eggs.)*

SHELLY. Oh my God! *(To* **JACKIE**.*)* So what do you need?

DOTTY. They are niggas! That is what niggas do! Ride around in Range Rovers and don't take care of their front stoops!

SHELLY. Eat Mom! I don't have time for this! I have to go back to the hairdresser and then pick up the tree if you want a real tree.

DOTTY. I was wondering what was going on with your hair. You look like a mean pineapple.

SHELLY. Don't mess with me. I will go to the basement and pull out Daddy's hot pink artificial tree like I want to.

DOTTY. No, no, no, I want a Spruce!

SHELLY. Then let's get the jokes in check!

DOTTY. A Blue Spruce! I got to have a Blue Spruce. Like my daddy used to get! Used to cut it down with his own two hands. Like Paul Bunyan! Jackie, chile, I ain't had a real tree in years!

JACKIE. Neither have I, Mrs. Shealy.

SHELLY. Then let's leave the hair alone.

DOTTY. I'll leave it alone, I'll leave it alone. It's just brassy, is all I'm sayin'.

SHELLY. I know, I know, I know. It's too brassy.

JACKIE. You always wore your hair long with a perm. Why did you cut it so short?

SHELLY. When I am stressed out, I tell Andre to give me something different.

DOTTY. Why are all hairdressers named Andre?

SHELLY. If you ask me one more question I'm gonna light myself on fire.

DOTTY. *(Laughs.)* It's brassy. She looks like a mean pineapple.

SHELLY. You said that! Wasn't funny a minute ago. EAT! They must have made this Watermelon Vodka just for me.

DOTTY. Why you drinkin' so early in the day?

SHELLY. I am grown! I can drink when the rooster crows if I feel like it.

DOTTY. What a mouth! I don't know where you got a mouth like that.

SHELLY. Apple doesn't fall far from the tree.

DOTTY. And what you talking bout roosters crowing? This is the city. Ain't no roosters –

SHELLY. MOM! *(Referring to a cocktail.)* You sure you don't want one?

JACKIE. No, Shelly, I'm fine. I *really* should –

DOTTY. Jackie, do you talk to your mother this way?

JACKIE. No.

SHELLY. Well, that would be a miracle! Being as though Ms. Marlo has been dead for years.

DOTTY. That's not what I meant. Shelly can you get Jackie some sheets and things from the linen closet? I'm going to the market.

*(***DOTTY** *looks for her keys.)*

SHELLY. No you're not, Mom.

JACKIE. And can I borrow some sweats?

DOTTY. Shelly, don't you got somewhere to go and leave me the hell alone?

SHELLY. Well I do, but I don't and I won't. I have stuff to do around here.

DOTTY. So bossy.

SHELLY. Mom, you haven't finished your breakfast.

DOTTY. Food don't get in that fridge by itself.

SHELLY. I'll go with you later.

DOTTY. I can't find my keys.

SHELLY. Talk to her while I get you some linen. *(To* **DOTTY**.*)* Remember Ms. Marlo died?

*(***SHELLY** *goes upstairs to retrieve the linen and sweats.)*

DOTTY. Yes I remember! I remember. We sent all of those white roses.

JACKIE. Yes you did. Donnie picked them out.

DOTTY. Picked what out?

*(***DOTTY** *continues to search for her keys.)*

JACKIE. The roses. He knew that she loved those.

DOTTY. Yeah, he knew. Donnie knows. *(Beat.)* You got a cigarette?

JACKIE. A cigarette?

DOTTY. She hid mine. She hides everything.

JACKIE. I never knew you smoked.

DOTTY. There's a lot of things that you don't know about me. You got any weed?

JACKIE. Weed?

DOTTY. Yeah, weed.

JACKIE. Um…no. Mrs. Shealy. When did you start smoking weed?

DOTTY. Weed?

JACKIE. Yes, weed.

DOTTY. Where you been?

JACKIE. New York. Don't change the subject Mrs. Shealy. Since when do you smoke weed?

DOTTY. Everybody's doing it. Tiny, Boo, Dawn.

JACKIE. Who is Tiny, Boo and Dawn?

DOTTY. Where you been? Why haven't I seen you in so long.

JACKIE. No, Mrs. Shealy don't change the subject.

DOTTY. You changing the subject.

JACKIE. No, you are.

DOTTY. Am I?

JACKIE. Yes.

DOTTY. Where you been?

JACKIE. Um. Well, I – I – I just needed to get a little distance. Well, not from you, but, yes from the family. If I was ever going to expect to get a family of my own, I had to get a little distance, you know? Now back to Tiny, Boo and Dawn –

DOTTY. Just because Donnie is gay // doesn't mean that you are not a part of this family.

JACKIE. // I don't think me hanging around here was very healthy for me –

*(***SHELLY** *returns with the linen and sweats.)*

SHELLY. Sheets, blanket and the only sweats I could find were some of Donnie's old sweats from his track and field days.

JACKIE. Okay, thank you. Thank you.

SHELLY. Not a problem. If you are not going to rent out that old house, when are you going to let it go?

JACKIE. Um…never! Only child. Dead parents. Something to hold on to.

SHELLY. It's empty.

JACKIE. It's home.

DOTTY. What time is it?

SHELLY. Mom? It's ten o'clock. Eat please. And take your medication.

JACKIE. What's going on. You asked that a few times now, Mrs. Shealy. Shelly what's going on?

SHELLY. Ask her.

DOTTY. Ask me what?

JACKIE. Are you alright, Mrs. Shealy?

DOTTY. I just need salt. *(She gets up to go search the cabinet.)*

SHELLY. Mom, you can't have salt!

DOTTY. It needs something. You can't expect me to give up everything? I need salt.

SHELLY. Go ahead then. Have salt! Kill yourself!

DOTTY. I just need salt!

*(***DOTTY** *searches the cabinets.)*

SHELLY. She apparently NEEDS salt.

JACKIE. Shelly, I should go. I don't know what is going on and it's probably not my business so I will let you guys work out whatever you need to work out. I have to pick up a few things.

SHELLY. Just give me a minute. How long you staying?

JACKIE. I'm not really sure.

SHELLY. What do you have to pick up?

JACKIE. I came down here in the spur of the moment.

SHELLY. I knew it! Spill the tea.

*(***DOTTY** *returns from the cabinets with Oreo cookies.)*

DOTTY. Good ole Jackie! How you doing? You still living in New York?

JACKIE. Um… Yes! Mrs. Shealy. I am still living in New York.

SHELLY. Mom, you left the cabinets open again.

DOTTY. Where?

JACKIE. I told you, Harlem.

DOTTY. Is it still dirty?

SHELLY. Mom, you asked her that.

DOTTY. Asked her what?

SHELLY. Is New York still dirty.

DOTTY. I did?

SHELLY. Yes, you did. Why you got Oreos? Where's the salt?

DOTTY. The salt?

SHELLY. The salt.

DOTTY. The salt?

SHELLY. Mom, you wanted salt and you got Oreos.

JACKIE. It's okay Shelly.

SHELLY. *(Emotionally cracks.)* NO, IT'S NOT OKAY! THESE ARE OREOS AND SHE WANTED SALT!

(Dead silence.)

JACKIE. *(Soberly.)* What the fuck is going on?

(Silence.)

(Silence.)

(Silence.)

Mrs. Shealy? *(Beat.)* Shelly?

SHELLY. You gonna tell her?

DOTTY. Tell her what?

JACKIE. Tell me what?

SHELLY. About… Don't make me do this. It's something that your doctor said // that YOU should share.

JACKIE. // Doctor? Oh my God. What is it? What is it?

DOTTY. I'm fine, I'm fine, my daughter is being overly dramatic.

SHELLY. Mom?

DOTTY. I got some memory problems.

SHELLY. Mom?

DOTTY. Just forgetful. Getting old.

SHELLY. MOM?

DOTTY. I get confused sometimes.

SHELLY. Mom tell her.

JACKIE. Tell me what? What? What is it?

DOTTY. What day is this?

JACKIE. Tuesday.

DOTTY. Tuesday.

SHELLY. See?

DOTTY. See what?

JACKIE. What?

DOTTY. Two days 'til Christmas. Tuesday. I got to find my tape recorder. I gotta tape some things for little Jason. What time is –

SHELLY. Mom, please, ten, ten, TEN!

DOTTY. Can I use the bathroom officer?

SHELLY. You don't have to ask me to use the bathroom.

DOTTY. My daughter is like a Marine. She got it from her father.

SHELLY. Mom. Grandad was in the Marines.

DOTTY. You know who I'm talking about!

SHELLY. Just go, Mom.

DOTTY. *(She salutes.)* YES SIR!

*(***DOTTY** *exits into the bathroom.)*

(Silence.)

JACKIE. Shelly what's going on –

SHELLY. Ssh. Just give me a…minute.

*(***SHELLY** *picks up the rotary phone on the wall to call* **DONNIE**. *He doesn't answer. She bangs the receiver several times like a mad woman.)*

(Silence.)

(Silence.)

(Silence.)

JACKIE. Shelly, you guys still have a rotary –

SHELLY. *(She takes a quick drink of vodka.)* Okay. I'm good. *(Beat.)* It's dementia.

JACKIE. Oh my God!

SHELLY. Yeah. Alzheimer's. It's a bitch.

JACKIE. Oh my God, Oh my God. Oh my God!

SHELLY. Yeah.

JACKIE. How long has this been going on?

SHELLY. She was diagnosed, what, about a year ago?

JACKIE. A year ago?

SHELLY. A year ago!

JACKIE. Oh Shelly, I am so sorry.

SHELLY. We think that she was hiding it from us for a while. Probably hiding it from herself.

JACKIE. I am so sorry.

SHELLY. It's alright. You didn't do it. Last fall I got a call from the cops that she got pulled over for driving ninety-five miles an hour –

JACKIE. // Ninety-five miles an hour?

SHELLY. Yup. On Wissahickon Drive.

JACKIE. Around all those curves and bends?

SHELLY. Right where Teddy Pendergrass crashed his car with that transsexual –

JACKIE. I know the spot –

SHELLY. And when the cop asked why she was driving so fast, she said that "the wind felt good on her" –

JACKIE. Oh, Shelly.

SHELLY. The cop asked where she was going and she didn't know. She had no idea where she was going. Found my number as one of the last numbers dialed in her phone and called me –

JACKIE. Thank God for cell phone recall –

SHELLY. I came and picked her up from the police station down on Girard Avenue. Now you know, I do not go down on Girard Avenue. Chile… It was such a scene. I'm trying to verify that she is my mother and then she freaked out and cussed EVERYBODY out and they had the paramedics take her to the hospital and deal with all THAT and then they kept her for a few days and did all of these tests and then the questions about her health and sanity and well, you know…

JACKIE. Shelly, I'm so sorry.

SHELLY. I can't let her be in this house alone.

JACKIE. You can't leave her alone?

SHELLY. Hell NO! Not unless I put her to bed. I am afraid of what she will get into or forget to do. Give her a mild sleeping aid and I'm good.

JACKIE. Perhaps you should look into other alternatives.

SHELLY. I'm doing what I can. I take one too. It's over the counter, something I got in Paris a few years ago. It's all good.

JACKIE. Okay. As long as you are keeping that in check.

SHELLY. For the past few weeks, I've had to take her with me to work. On Friday, she drove me so crazy trying to organize my files at my office. Said she was trying to help. I come in from a staff meeting and she is pointing to a crazy looking file, telling me to take a hard look at it.

JACKIE. What was it?

SHELLY. Something she made with newspaper articles and a whole lot of random chaos. One minute she is so lucid, remembering names of mayors of the 1950s and the next, she doesn't remember what she asked one

minute ago. On Halloween I think she told me that she planned on killing herself.

JACKIE. No, oh my God!

SHELLY. Well not in those words. She said, "I don't ever want to be a burden to anyone. I will go when I am in control of it! I won't linger and be a burden."

JACKIE. Oh my God!

SHELLY. The way her mind works, she probably forgot she said that. But you can't be too sure. So I'm watching. *(Beat.)* It has been me and her locked in my office on the days when Fidel // is not here to be with her.

JACKIE. // Who is Fidel?

SHELLY. This boy that I hired off of Craigslist. He is not a certified nurse but he has a lot of experience taking care of the elderly. He is from Kazakhstan.

JACKIE. Kazakhstan? What is that?

SHELLY. Former Soviet Union. He and my mother seem to have a little bond going. Looking like they are plotting at times. Communicating in their own crazy way with nods and stares. He comes in cleans, cooks, does laundry, makes sure that the house is not burned down two to three times a week and I pay him fifty dollars a day.

JACKIE. That's good. Can he be here full time?

SHELLY. With all my own expenses that is the best that I can do until I get my hands on my brother and sister. It is long overdue for them to take over some responsibility. She's going to need full time care, like, YESTERDAY.

JACKIE. Funny thing is that she looks fine.

SHELLY. And I look like a mean pineapple.

JACKIE. You just need to soften it. Is there anything I can –

SHELLY. I look like a dyke, don't I?

JACKIE. No, you don't look like a dyke. Shelly –

SHELLY. My son said I looked like his teacher's partner, Ms. Woods.

JACKIE. His teacher is a lesbian?

SHELLY. It's a Quaker school. Ms. Woods is a big old knuckle dragging bull dagger.

JACKIE. Really?

SHELLY. Now you know I ain't got no problem with lesbians. I was one for a few months in college.

JACKIE. Weren't we all?

SHELLY. But Ms. Woods is a man! When I asked Jason, how did my haircut look and he said like Ms. Woods, my knees buckled, my eyes rolled to the back of my head and I almost passed out, right here in the kitchen with *Spongebob* playing in the background.

JACKIE. It actually looks more like Spongebob's cut.

SHELLY. *(Sotto voce.)* Whatchu doin' here?

JACKIE. For a visit. I just decided to come home for a while.

SHELLY. Girl, no one comes to this neighborhood for a visit. A funeral maybe, but not a visit.

JACKIE. Why can't I just visit? I haven't been here in what?

SHELLY. Let's see…two years ago. Since you popped over here and ran into Donnie and Adam cuddled up on the couch?

JACKIE. Really?

SHELLY. Mmm-hmm.

JACKIE. Don't people just drop in to say hello to the old neighborhood?

SHELLY. NO.

JACKIE. Sometimes!

SHELLY. No they don't.

JACKIE. Yes, they do!

SHELLY. Get to it!

JACKIE. I'm pregnant!

SHELLY. Shut up!

JACKIE. Eight weeks.

SHELLY. Shut up!

JACKIE. By a man that ain't mine.

SHELLY. SHUT. UP.

JACKIE. He's got a wife and kids –

SHELLY. And a chick that is knocked up!

JACKIE. I know. Ssh, be quiet. I feel terrible. I don't know how I got in this situation. I feel awful.

SHELLY. You should… Huzzy.

JACKIE. I QUIT! QUIT! I think I quit my JOB and NEW YORK, as I did leave right in the middle of a wedding that we were catering at the Waldorf Astoria. Watching these two people who looked so in love and so happy. They looked right out of those magazines like *Brides*! I HATED them. I wanted to EXPLODE! I was a Molotov cocktail ready to be thrown into the fray of bliss! They suddenly shoved my life in my face. The YEARS of living in the BIG CITY with BIG DREAMS and thinking I was Carrie Bradshaw or Samantha or some shit. Dating what available men there were in New York and FAILING miserably and hoping HOPING and BELIEVING that my prince charming would come, like every little girl, but then the YEARS tick tock and then you look up and you're FORTY and the only men trying to holler at you are married or fucked up or a creep, because a bunch of BITCHES already got dibs on the good men that you let slip through your fingers because you hated the way they chewed their food or something else insignificant and just that morning you went to the doctor and found out that you were eight weeks pregnant a couple of days after the white stick turned blue and you look over in the middle of the wedding and see the smug married asshole whose side piece you have been for a year and a half, and turn back to the happy bride in Vera Wang and her Don Draper-looking husband and you just decide to GIDDYAPP and leave in the middle of the "I do's" and hightail it through the Lincoln Tunnel as if you have a SCARLET LETTER tattooed on your forehead – I just had to come home – that is all I could think about – to get my head together and re-evaluate my so-called

LIFE! I got a MESS of a life. A MESS OF A LIFE! Just gimme a sip of that Watermelon Vodka.

SHELLY. A sip.

(**JACKIE** *downs a few sips.)*

A sip! All you need is for that baby to come out with three heads.

JACKIE. New York can just be TOO MUCH. You know what I mean? The pace of it all. And I got caught up in the pace. Caught up with Gilberto. That's his name.

SHELLY. Of course it is.

JACKIE. Gilberto San Jose. He owns the event company that I manage. You know me, I am always so busy and he was just… THERE. It's good to be home. Home.

SHELLY. You're a smart girl. You will figure it out. MOM WHATCHU DOING IN THERE?

JACKIE. Life was so easy before we became adults! If your brother just kept his promise, I wouldn't be in this mess.

SHELLY. No, you'd be in ANOTHER mess! He's as gay as giftwrap.

JACKIE. True, true. How is Donnie?

SHELLY. Getting on my nerves. The Golden Boy // will be here tomorrow with his husband.

JACKIE. // You still call him that? Adam right?

SHELLY. Yes, Adam. They got married.

JACKIE. This summer. I know.

SHELLY. I know you know. You didn't show. MOM YOU DONE?

JACKIE. I was out of the country.

SHELLY. You suddenly had to go to Mexico. I watch your Twitter feed girl. You planned that trip in twenty-four hours.

JACKIE. Shelly, I couldn't.

SHELLY. I wasn't going to bring it up. He was hurt but I thought that was your business. MOM?

DOTTY. *(Offstage.)* I'm doing my business!

SHELLY. *(To* **DOTTY**.*)* GOOD! DON'T FALL IN! *(To* **JACKIE**.*)* We got a few more minutes.

JACKIE. I just didn't want to make Adam uncomfortable. Donnie and I were a couple. I didn't want to be a threat.

SHELLY. You were not going to be a threat to anybody! It was FIRE ISLAND! Gay Disney with booze! Wasn't nobody thinking about you! He and Adam got married on the beach and everybody wore white. Jason is nine and he loved it. Kids these days benefit from exposure.

JACKIE. That's nice. That's really good for them. I wish them the best.

SHELLY. You still carrying that flame.

JACKIE. Of course not. We were teenagers. *(Tsk.)* Flame.

SHELLY. You turned him gay.

JACKIE. No I didn't and you don't turn anyone gay.

SHELLY. You did!

JACKIE. I didn't.

SHELLY. You were his last girlfriend and then POOF!

JACKIE. You really think you are funny.

SHELLY. You still need to work things through with him. It's been what? Twenty years now.

JACKIE. I don't need to work ANYTHING out! I've worked it out! *(Tsk.)* Flame.

SHELLY. I don't even want to talk about him right now because his ass is on my last. He hasn't returned my calls in about three weeks. *(***SHELLY** *removes the trash from the bin.)* All he does is text. I got too much to say that requires picking up a phone instead of texting. He and Averie both! Donnie needs to give up on that newspaper career and get a real job and Averie needs to do a little better than working BACK down at the "PRICERIGHT"! Because they both have to help out in a big way and that requires adult strategies. Am I right?

JACKIE. Preach!

SHELLY. Who am I talking to? You are on the run with a bun in the oven.

*(***SHELLY** *takes the trash outside.)*

JACKIE. You got me. Guilty as charged. But wait, doesn't Donnie make a good income? He writes for newspapers and magazines.

SHELLY. That is a thing of the past! You know nobody is reading those things anymore. I don't remember the last time I read a newspaper, period. *(***SHELLY** *re-enters, shuts door.)* I get my news online.

JACKIE. Same here.

SHELLY. And his husband is working for some Rainbow Alliance or something or other. NON-PROFIT which equals NO MONEY!

JACKIE. Oh okay. I see. But what about Averie? Didn't she make a lot of money from being a YouTube sensation?

SHELLY. GONE! I told her to put all that money away that she got from all those interviews and appearances at clubs. But you know that term "Nigga Rich"? Hmph! That's what I'm saying. She's living in my basement.

JACKIE. Oh, I thought you were living here again.

SHELLY. No, but I am here most of the time. It's a good thing because Averie is a lot!

JACKIE. She had those commercials running –

SHELLY. I don't consider a 1-800-Bad-Credit or a 555-We-Do-Hair, legitimate commercials. She had the nerve to get herself an agent and a manager. Actually – they came after her! Agents and managers! Agenting and managing WHAT?! She was suddenly a celebrity! Ain't that some shit? Hmph, these bootleg people that she had running her newfound career took most of her money and now she is back at the "PRICERIGHT," cashiering.

JACKIE. Well that's good. She's got a job!

*(***SHELLY** *shoots* **JACKIE** *a look of death.)*

Don't hate me, but I played that YouTube clip of her chasing down that pick pocket and getting that old lady's purse back like a hundred times.

SHELLY. Caught on a cell phone.

SHELLY & JACKIE. "You would rather run through hell in kerosene-soaked draws than to raise your hand at me!"

SHELLY. She is a walking lexicon of street slang. Well, she ain't got a thin dime now. But she and my brother are going to have to get some money together so we can get Mom some permanent care because I am going berserk! *(Beat.)* I sound like such a bitch. Girl, I don't feel like myself. This isn't me. I'm fun. Fun! Right?

(Silence.)

JACKIE. It's the holidays. Everyone is just a bit more wound up. *(Sincerely.)* You're fun.

SHELLY. I'm a bitch.

JACKIE. No, you're not.

SHELLY. Yes I am. I feel TIGHT. TIGHT ALL OVER. All the time. Which is why I'm drinking in the morning.

JACKIE. You just have a lot going on. Hey, I'll join you.

SHELLY. Join what?

JACKIE. Can you make me a Watermelon Vodka drink thing?

SHELLY. You want a cigarette, too? What is this, the 1950s? You're pregnant! NO!

JACKIE. But, wait, I don't know if I'm keeping it.

SHELLY. Well then, NO, until you figure it out!

JACKIE. Fine. Fine. *(Beat.)* I just need a moment to regroup and think about what this single, forty-year-old Jewish woman is going to do. Oy vey.

SHELLY. Who's Jewish?

JACKIE. Me!

SHELLY. Since when?

JACKIE. Um, FOREVER.

SHELLY. And you think you know somebody. JEWISH! I just always thought you were the white girl whose family didn't run out of this neighborhood in the white flight of the seventies.

JACKIE. Not my Jewish hippie parents. Unh unh!

SHELLY. Back when we were Afro-American! You still trying to pass?

JACKIE. I had those cornrows once!

SHELLY. I don't care how many white girls come back from Jamaica with their hair cornrowed! You ain't fooling nobody girl!

JACKIE. *(Laughing.)* I wasn't trying to pass, I just wanted to have black hair. You can do so much with it!

Watching Roland Chambers part and grease your hair!

SHELLY. Roland played me like he played those drums for Philly International. Banged the –

*(***DOTTY** *comes out of the bathroom.* **SHELLY** *and* **JACKIE** *do not see her. She just stands there looking confused about whether she went to the bathroom or not.)*

JACKIE. When I am in that house I can put my hand on my old bedroom wall and feel all that history. That music. If am going to have a child, I would want that child to have all that soul. Right here.

SHELLY. *(Lost in a sexual memory.)* Hmph. Roland.

*(***DOTTY** *exits back into the bathroom.)*

JACKIE. Listen, I know. I wasn't smart.

SHELLY. Nope! But, I'm not going to judge you.

JACKIE. Sounds like judgment but okay, thank you.

SHELLY. You're welcome.

JACKIE. I told you too much. Please don't tell anybody. Oh my God, I hope your mom hasn't heard any of this.

SHELLY. If she did, she won't remember.

JACKIE. Really?

SHELLY. It's Alzheimer's. Mom? You alright? I'mma have to go in there in a minute if she doesn't come out.

JACKIE. I'm sorry for dumping my shit on you. My problems seem so insignificant compared to Alzhei… *(Beat.)* These are things I can at least control in one way or another. Although I have no idea what I am doing.

SHELLY. Honestly, neither do I. I'm just trying to keep us afloat.

*(***SHELLY** *shows* **JACKIE** *a very nice brochure.)*

(Sotto voce.) I found a pretty good assisted living community out on City Line Avenue. *(She checks on the folder that she asked* **DOTTY** *to sign earlier.)* And thankfully I got her to sign for me to get power of attorney so I can make this shit happen if she slips into a more deteriorated state. I can't wait for any other plan. Fidel is all I can afford right now – *(She realizes.)* SHIT! She didn't sign!

*(***DOTTY** *enters.)*

DOTTY. Fidel is from Kazahkastan! Always on the SKYPES to call his mother since he doesn't have the internet where he lives.

SHELLY. MOM! You didn't sign! The power of attorney –

DOTTY. Oh really? What time is it?

SHELLY. Ten something! Okay! BEDTIME! Sign later!

DOTTY. At ten a.m.?

SHELLY. P.M.!

DOTTY. But it's still light out.

JACKIE. Shelly…

SHELLY. AURORA BOREALIS!

DOTTY. What?

SHELLY. THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

DOTTY. In West Philly?

SHELLY. GLOBAL WARMING.

DOTTY. But I'm about to have my breakfast!

SHELLY. You already had it for dessert! Let's get you to bed.

DOTTY. Well…goodnight everybody!

SHELLY. Goodnight.

DOTTY. I'm not even tired.

SHELLY. I am.

DOTTY. When are you going to take care of that brassy hair?

SHELLY. Tomorrow. Come on, MOM, BRUSH YOUR TEETH AND TUCK YOURSELF IN!

DOTTY. SHELLY! STOP TREATING ME LIKE A CHILD! I AM YOUR MOTHER!

(Silence.)

(Silence.)

(Silence.)

It's Christmas in a few days.

SHELLY. I know, I'm picking up your tree.

DOTTY. What do you want for Christmas?

SHELLY. Nothing Mom, I don't want anything.

DOTTY. Everybody wants something.

SHELLY. Mom, I don't need anything.

DOTTY. What do you want Jackie?

*(***JACKIE** *bursts into tears.)*

You alright?

JACKIE. I'm fine Mrs. Shealy. My emotions are just all over the place. Christmas coming and all.

DOTTY. You look pregnant.

JACKIE. I'm just a little overwhelmed that's all.

DOTTY. And pregnant. Mark my words. You might wanna get one of them little box tests. Shelly you got any?

SHELLY. What?

DOTTY. You and Averie used to keep a whole case of 'em under your bed.

SHELLY. Goodnight!

DOTTY. Your sense of humor must have been burned out with that hair color!

SHELLY. I'm about to be on the news tonight Jackie!

DOTTY. *(She sees the tape recorder on the fridge and takes it.)* The boys are coming in tonight, right?

SHELLY. Yes. Tonight. LATE. Your boys are coming in late tonight. Donnie said that he and Adam can't come in until about midnight. You will see them in the morning. Them and the Blue Spruce!

DOTTY. I'll wake up to a Blue Spruce on Christmas Eve morning.

Goodnight.

SHELLY. Goodnight.

DOTTY. Love you, Pookie.

SHELLEY. I love you more.

DOTTY. *(To* **JACKIE**.*)* Goodnight.

JACKIE. Uh. Goodnight?

*(***DOTTY** *goes up the stairs.)*

Aurora Borealis?

SHELLY. AURORA BOREALIS! You're lucky! Your mother's gone already! Mine is here and gone at the same time! AURORA BOREALIS! I gotta go pick up a Blue Spruce, take care of this brassy ass hair and get ready for Christmas!

("I'LL LET YOU KNOW" by David Hazeltine plays. Jazz.* **SHELLY** *exits.* **JACKIE** *collects her belongings and exits. Snow falls. The kitchen light goes dim. Lights shift. Late at night.)*

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* A license to produce *Dot* does not include a performance license for "I'll Let You Know." Please see Music Use Note on page 3 for further information.

A DETOX

*(***DONNIE***, forty, African American, handsome, masculine, and fit, is sneaking into the kitchen. He wears J.Crew loungewear. Opens a cabinet. Reaches to the far back. Retrieves oatmeal cookies. Gorges. Goes to fridge. Pulls out lemonade from the fridge. Drinks heartily. Pulls fried chicken from the fridge. Closes fridge. Footsteps. He shoves everything in the fridge. Pulls out a glass and fills with water.* **ADAM***, forty, Caucasian, buff specimen of a man, suddenly appears.* **DONNIE** *is almost caught in the act! AHA!)*

ADAM. What are you doing?

DONNIE. Water.

ADAM. There were a lot of cabinet openings and closings for water.

DONNIE. I was looking for an Advil.

ADAM. Come here.

(They begin to circle the kitchen table.)

DONNIE. Why?

ADAM. I wanna kiss.

DONNIE. No.

ADAM. Why?

DONNIE. I don't feel like it. It's late. My breath stinks.

ADAM. Like what?

DONNIE. I don't know, like stink.

ADAM. Like food of some sort. I swear –

(They stop circling.)

DONNIE. No.

No! Really. No.

ADAM. Because we are on day four of the juice cleanse, *(They start circling the kitchen table again.)* it would be a shame if you didn't follow through.

DONNIE. That shit is expensive, of course I'm following through.

ADAM. We have just one more day and then we need transitional raw and vegan meals.

DONNIE. Whose idea was it to do a juice cleanse before the holidays.

ADAM. Yours.

DONNIE. I just put it on the calendar. I forgot what day it was.

ADAM. How can you forget five days before Christmas?

DONNIE. People forget. I forgot.

ADAM. You forgot?

DONNIE. Anyway, I know, we are going to feel so much better. Right? This is great! Yesterday was rough but today I… I feel good. How do you feel? *(They stop circling.)*

ADAM. I feel good.

*(***ADAM** *looks at* **DONNIE***'s stomach.)*

DONNIE. What?

ADAM. Nothing.

DONNIE. Am I too fat for you?

ADAM. What?

DONNIE. This "fast"?

ADAM. Come on! It's about staying healthy.

DONNIE. Oh really? Tell Molly.

ADAM. I TRIED IT ONCE!

DONNIE. YEAH, ON OUR WEDDING NIGHT!

ADAM. I haven't done it since. Get over it. What the fuck?

DONNIE. Really? What about Vann and George?

ADAM. I don't know if they do? OK, yeah, I'm sure they do.

DONNIE. Right.

ADAM. But this is me. Come on, I'm tired of this, give me a kiss.

DONNIE. Oh. What? Is it gonna lead to sex? I forgot what that was.

ADAM. OK. I think this fast is getting the better of you. What the fuck are you talking about? We had sex LAST MONTH!

DONNIE. Make-up sex.

ADAM. I guess NOT!

DONNIE. Well…somebody was a little too drunk to –

ADAM. Hey, not here.

DONNIE. Well, we don't talk at home.

ADAM. Well, you know what? It's hard to have sex with someone who is always so fucking angry and negative.

DONNIE. I'm negative?

ADAM. You are just so angry all of the time!

DONNIE. Do you read the news? This is America. I have EVERY FUCKING RIGHT TO BE ANGRY ALL OF THE TIME.

ADAM. I know. I know. We all do. I'm angry. But remember? We have to find the light. Remember the light?

DONNIE. Yeah, I remember the light. I'm trying. I'm trying.

(Silence.)

ADAM. Okay. *(Beat.)* I'm going back up. Come on.

*(***ADAM** *starts to exit.)*

DONNIE. Why didn't you hold my hand?

ADAM. What?

DONNIE. When we were at your "*friend*" Robert's Christmas party last night?

ADAM. Why do you say it like that? "*Friend*."

DONNIE. I hate those guys. Those circuit boy queens that live from one party to the next.

ADAM. They like to have FUN. So what? Is it a crime to have FUN?

DONNIE. Dressing alike in those high top sneakers and tank tops, backwards baseball caps // and look down

on gays that are not clones just like them and have no idea of the history of who stonewalled for them! Cackling like little girls who think life is just one big sex, Andrew Christian, and Molly buffet. //

ADAM. // You know, I'm not going to listen to you bitch about my friends. *(Beat.)* Maybe if you got your head out of your writing and got some "friends" of your own you'd feel a little better. And stop being so insecure. Acting like an OLD MAN! Is that why you are still wound up? // The Molly? I tried it once! ONCE!

DONNIE. All you did was criticize the way I did things or the way I was dressed.

ADAM. You were way too dressed up!

DONNIE. We shouldn't have come.

(Silence.)

(Silence.)

(Silence.)

ADAM. Mom's not –

…We need to be here with our family. It's Christmas. Christmas at the Shealy's.

*(***ADAM** *tries to reach out to* **DONNIE**. **DONNIE** *retreats.)*

You know I don't like going to sleep mad. Kiss me.

DONNIE. *(He tries to subtly check his breath.)* I don't feel like it.

ADAM. Do you not want to make things better? Kiss me. Kiss me gatdamnit!

*(***DOTTY** *enters.)*

DOTTY. Kiss him!

ADAM. Momma Dotty!

DONNIE. Mom!

DOTTY. Momma's sweet thangs! Give me a kiss!

*(***ADAM** *does.)*

ADAM. Give mommy a kiss! *(Whispers.)* Smell his breath.

DONNIE. NO.

DOTTY. Been in the cookie jar, hunh?

DONNIE. No!

DOTTY. You puttin' on a little weight!

DONNIE. I haven't seen you in months and this is the first thing out of your mouth?

DOTTY. Adam, what are you feeding my boy?

ADAM. I'm not feeding him anything.

DONNIE. I'm on a cleanse.

DOTTY. A what?

ADAM. A juice cleanse.

DOTTY. What in the world are you gays doing now? Why can't you just put on chaps and call it a day?

ADAM. *(Laughs.)* Chaps? Mommy Dotty, you crazy.

DOTTY. I told you, that's the way I like my gays! Handlebar mustaches and chaps. I think that's sexy.

ADAM. I do too. Tell Donnie.

DOTTY. Y'all are way too conservative for my taste. Whatchu wearing, J.Crew or something? Come on now, if you gonna be gay, BE GAY! I think I got an old boa in the basement.

*(***DOTTY** *goes to the cabinets in search of a snack or tea or something. Pulls many things out and leaves them in disarray. She eventually settles for a bowl of nuts and takes them with her to the table.)*

ADAM. We only do that on Fire Island!

DOTTY. Fire Island! I love it! Are you getting that house in the Pines again next year?

ADAM. We are not going to get the house ever, EVER, again.

DOTTY. Why?

ADAM. Donnie –

DONNIE. Doesn't want to! What are you doing up Mom?

DOTTY. My sleep is all over the place. I don't know. Wait, wait, wait, I'm focused. Why aren't you gonna get the

house? You get it every year. It's become your tradition. You gotta hold up your traditions.

DONNIE. I'm not doing it anymore! I don't need that tradition. Case closed!

DOTTY. Donnie what's wrong?

DONNIE. Nothing Mom, I'm just tired. It's late, we should all get some sleep.

DOTTY. I felt like I slept all night and day yesterday. That "Aurora Borealis."

*(***DOTTY** *cracks the nuts.)*

ADAM. Aurora Borealis?

DOTTY. The Northern Lights.

DONNIE. The Northern Lights?

ADAM. The Northern Lights?

DOTTY. Shelly told me that –

ADAM. Here?

DONNIE. In West Philly?

DOTTY. The Northern Lights are now in West Philly. Global warming.

DONNIE. *(Sotto voce.)* Fuck. *(Shrieks.)* Shelly!

ADAM. Donnie.

DOTTY. Son, why are you yelling at three o'clock in the morning?

DONNIE. *(Whispering to* **ADAM**.*)* I'm gonna kill her. She had her sleeping all day again.

ADAM. *(Whispering.)* What's that smell on your breath? Smells like chicken and cookies.

DONNIE. What?

ADAM. Chicken and cookies.

DONNIE. *(Yelling.)* SHELLY?!

*(***SHELLY** *comes into the kitchen. Her hair color is now red.)*

SHELLY. What's wrong with you? Why are you shrieking my name?

DOTTY. Don't y'all get started. It's almost Christmas Eve. Why is your hair red?

SHELLY. Leave it alone. Why is all this stuff out here?

DOTTY. It seems like, every time I go to sleep, I wake up and you have another hair color!

SHELLY. It was too brassy, remember?

DONNIE. You got her sleeping all day again?

SHELLY. Yes I do. I'm stressed! I got my hair colored but the queen fucked it up. I ain't going to him no more.

DONNIE. *(Sotto voce.)* Answer me! Why you got Mom sleeping all day?

SHELLY. *(Sotto voce.)* Why you worried about it? You ain't here! Hey Adam. You looking buffed up. You been working out?

ADAM. I have. Thank you for noticing. I like the red! Very Jessica Rabbit.

SHELLY. Thank you! I had a do-over.

ADAM. Looks good. I'm sorry, are we too loud? Where's Jason?

SHELLY. Sleepover.

DOTTY. Who was sleeping all day?

SHELLY. NOBODY!

DONNIE. *(Sotto voce.)* I thought you said that it was only for emergencies.

SHELLY. *(Sotto voce.)* Everyday is an emergency.

DONNIE. She's fine.

DOTTY. Shelly did you get the tree?

SHELLY. I got it mom, I got it! I "Paul Bunyan-ed" it. It's in there.

DOTTY. Yes Lord!

*(***DOTTY** *goes into the living room with* **ADAM** *on her heels.)*

SHELLY. *(Yelling into the living room.)* It's a Blue Spruce. Nine feet, just like you asked for!

DOTTY. *(***DOTTY** *screams at the top of her lungs as if she is being stabbed.)* Look at it! Shelly you *did* THAT! Donnie look at what my daughter did!

*(***DONNIE** *begins to go and* **SHELLY** *stops him.)*

SHELLY. Look! It's getting worse every day and before I take a bullet to her head and mine, I thought I'd cheat the clock gatdamnit!

ADAM. *(Offstage.)* Wow, that's ginormous! How did you get it in here?

DONNIE. She's not that bad. She just forgets.

SHELLY. And forgets and forgets. Wake up "Golden Boy" –

DOTTY. *(Offstage.)* Let's break out the decorations!

DONNIE. Golden Boy?

ADAM. *(Offstage.)* It's kinda late, Momma Dotty.

SHELLY. Daddy's Golden Boy. Fingers made out of gold.

DONNIE. Stop calling me that, I don't want to be called that –

SHELLY. Why? What's wrong with that? Why you so touchy?

DONNIE. Robert Frost, "Nothing Gold Can Stay."

SHELLY. Why the fuck are you quoting Robert Frost?

DOTTY. *(Offstage.)* Don't tell me you gays aren't into decorating anymore?

DONNIE. I just don't –

SHELLY. Donnie, she's getting worse every single day.

ADAM. *(Offstage.)* Oh no we still decorate. Butch, leather or flaming queen! We still decorate. Let's decorate! I'm not sleepy anyway!

DOTTY. *(Offstage.)* Neither am I! That Aurora Borealis!

ADAM. *(Offstage.)* Did you smell something on Donnie's breath, Mom?

SHELLY. What kind of money you got?

*(***DOTTY** *and* **ADAM** *re-enter.)*

DONNIE. What kind of money I got? How about… HI? Good to see you little brother! Merry Fucking Christmas.

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