

SHEILA (with Zach) — Side #1

SHEILA. Am I doing something you don't like, I mean, you told me to be myself.

ZACH. Just bring it down.

SHEILA. Bring what down?

ZACH. Your attitude. Tell me about your parents.

SHEILA. My parents?

ZACH. Your father.

SHEILA. Him?

ZACH. Your mother.

SHEILA. My mother ... My mother was raised like a little nun. She couldn't go out—she couldn't even babysit.

ZACH. Sheila, don't perform ... Just talk.

SHEILA. {in monotone} But she wanted to be a dancer and she had all these scholarships and all that. And when she got married, my father made her give it up ... (breaking monotone, to THE LINE) ... Isn't this exciting? And then she had this daughter —me —and she made her what she wanted to be. And she was fabulous the way she did it... Do you want to know how she did it?

ZACH.' Yes ... But first, your hair ...

SHEILA. What? You don't like it.

ZACH. No ... Let it down.

SHEILA. (taking the pins out) That's what I've been trying to do.

(SHEILA shakes her hair down.) Better ... ?

ZACH. Better ... go on.

SHEILA. Oh, how she did it ... Well, first, she took me to see all the ballets. And then, she gave me her old toe shoes —which I used to run down the sidewalk in —on my toes —at five. And then I saw "The red Shoes" —

SHEILA. (continued) —and I wanted to be that lady, that redhead.

And then, when she saw I really had to dance, she said, "You can't do it until you're eight." Well, by then, I was only six...

SHEILA — Side #2

SHEILA. Right. Then you're twenty—five and you say just a couple of years more — well, hell, I'm thirty. I mean, how many years do I have left to be a chorus cutie? Three? Four? If I have my eyes done ... Well, I don't want to deal on that level any longer. So, just lately, I've been thinking about opening a dance studio. I don't know ... Am I copping out? Am I growing up? I don't know ...