

**it's
not
about
my
mother**

by Lizzie Milanovich

it's not about my mother

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it's not about my mother

*To anyone who reads this play,
I want you to know that within this text I include a green bean casserole,
but in my household, in my life, in my heart and in my soul, it is a hotdish.*

it's not about my mother

it's not about my mother was originally produced at Boston Center for the Arts by Fresh Ink Theatre Company in Boston, MA. It was directed by Cassandra Lovering and the dramaturg was Dori Robinson. The production stage manager was Kelly Smith, scenic and properties design by Ben Lieberman, lighting design by Ian King, sound design by Andrew Duncan Will, costume design by Erica Desautels, and featured the following cast:

Midge..... Louise Hamill
Nancy.....Gianella Flores

it's not about my mother

CHARACTERS—

MIDGE, thirty-four-ish

NANCY, twenty-two-ish

TIME—

2015-ish

And also The Past

PLACE—

A basement

Mostly

NOTES—

Line breaks, internal capitalizations, spacing, and lack of punctuation are intended as guidelines to the characters' thought processes, in terms of emphasis, pattern, and rhythm; they should be honored, but should not feel caging.

Do not be afraid of silence. None of this is easy for these two people.

Do not be afraid of running each other over. None of this is easy.

Music rights are up to you. Songs mentioned are the intended ~vibe~ and the final scene should be long.

ON CASTING—

Midge and Nancy are half-sisters, and while they've lived together their whole lives and are very similar in a multitude of ways, there is no need for them to "look related." Differences in race, ethnicity, and body type are preferred.

As far as gender is concerned, I hope only for an understanding of and comfortability in sisterhood and daughterhood (which of course does not necessarily *only* mean womanhood.)

it's not about my mother

A basement. A sort-of-nice basement of a sort-of-nice house.

Boxes. Lots and lots of boxes. Some full and packed up tight. Some full and sprawling. Some half-full. Others are just boxes. They've been labeled and relabeled again and again to a point where the labels probably no longer mean anything.

At top: darkness. It is 2004. MIDGE is 24 years old and frantic and a bit unmanageable. NANCY is 50 years old and stoic and solid—their mother.

Something on the wavelength of The Chain by Fleetwood Mac floods in, loudly. NANCYMOM sits on the floor at a record player. She is listening to the music. She has been doing so for hours. She should be wearing at least one costume piece reminiscent of their hippy witch momma—a cape, a scarf, a poncho, a housecoat.

It's a long moment of her and the music.

Finally, Midge flies in. She doesn't get too close—she's careful, but absolutely on the edge.

MIDGE. Hey (*no response*)

HEY (*no response*)

Jesus Christ

Will you turn that shit off your daughter is asleep

NANCY. It's fine

She's not awake is she

MIDGE. Please turn it off

NANCY. I will turn it down (*She does.*) (*Midge stares at her.*)

MIDGE. Thanks

NANCY. What time is it

it's not about my mother

MIDGE. One

AM

One AM

NANCY. What are you doing at this time of night

MIDGE. Working

?

I take classes during the day now

So I have to work the night shift

I've been doing this

For months now

NANCY. Miserable

MIDGE. It's all right

I would like to go to bed

Are you going to go to bed

NANCY. I don't sleep anymore

MIDGE. At all

NANCY. At all

MIDGE. Of course

NANCY. I decided not to go to Nancy's thing

MIDGE. What

NANCY. Her dance recital Midge

We had a whole discussion about whether or not

MIDGE. No no I knew what Thing you meant

I just meant

What

NANCY. I decided not to go

MIDGE. Fuck

NANCY. What

MIDGE. I can't believe you

I don't believe this

NANCY. I'm telling you I didn't go

MIDGE. Why

NANCY. Nancy hasn't spoken to me in 6 days Midge

MIDGE. So

NANCY. So why would I want to do something nice

For someone like that

MIDGE. Um

Because (cont'd)

it's not about my mother

MIDGE. She's your daughter
And she is 12

NANCY. Honestly !
Why would I spend my time watching her fluff around in a pathetic tutu
She is the most ungraceful little girl I have ever seen
Can you imagine her trying to do a ballet number I did her a favor by not
being there and laughing at her
I did Everyone a favor by not being there

MIDGE. You don't Mean That

NANCY. I gave up Lying to the two of you years ago

MIDGE. Could you try ?

Lying ?

Could you try lying again

Once or twice maybe

For your little girl

Who doesn't need to understand the truth yet ?

NANCY. I can't do that

MIDGE. I won't tell anyone Mom

It can be Our Little Secret

NANCY. It's always secrets and lies with you

Why

MIDGE. I think this

I think This is a Lie

Like

All of this

My whole adult life

Being here

With you

Is a made-up piece of shit awful dream lie that you've been weaving and
making up for your own twisted bizarre Personal Enjoyment

NANCY. I don't like what you're saying Midge

MIDGE. Good Mom

I don't like what you're doing

I put up with you now for her

After Nancy was born you

Changed (cont'd)

it's not about my mother

MIDGE. You're not the same woman I knew for the first 12 years of my life And Nancy

Nancy doesn't know her

I'm staying because I think maybe I'll get you back

But Nancy (*beat*)

If you don't get some fucking shit together If you don't turn this fucking record off If you don't make an effort to go see her play the violin or talk to her goddamn English teacher when they want to give her an award well I don't know what Nancy's gonna do but I know what I'd do if I were her

NANCY. You want me to stick my head in the oven and get it over with

MIDGE. God don't I wish (*beat*)

I didn't mean

NANCY. You're better at all of this than I am Midge

MIDGE. Don't

When Pants leaves I'm leaving

NANCY. You won't leave Midge

You won't leave your mother

MIDGE. Won't I

NANCY. You don't know how to exist outside of this home

MIDGE. You don't know how to exist without me

NANCY. Then why haven't you left

MIDGE. Because Nancy needs

NANCY. You know that Nancy doesn't need anything Anyone

You know that and I know that (*a long beat*)

Nancy will leave once she's old enough

I don't have a doubt in my mind about that

But you won't

I give you purpose Midge

And I'd rather die than see you leave me

See you try to do anything other than this

MIDGE. I'll leave now

Don't say anything to Nancy for me all right

Not that you would

NANCY. You'll really leave Nancy here ?

(*This takes Midge a long moment to consider.*) (*Finally, like mom can tell she needs a push—*)

it's not about my mother

NANCY. Leave (*Midge starts to go, but she's stuck.*)

MIDGE. I lost my mom at age 12

And I've been looking for her ever since

NANCY. She has Always been Running

MIDGE. You're right

Maybe you're right

Maybe she has never been here to begin with

NANCY. She hasn't

I've never known your mother

I always thought something was going to change

Sometimes when I look at the two you of you

I think

MIDGE. Think what

Think What

NANCY. I do love you Midge

Always have

I knew you weren't happy

MIDGE. I was always happy with you

No matter what

NANCY. I wanted to give you something (*beat*)

So I gave you Nancy

I thought that might—

MIDGE. I'm going

NANCY. You'll come back (*beat*)

Here (*Nancy takes off the house coat and folds it up in her hands.*)

Something to remember me by (*She throws the sweater at Midge. The moment Midge catches it—*) (*A Shift.*)

(Nancy exits and the lights come up full on the stage, revealing the whole basement in The Present Day. Midge, now 34, moves a little aimlessly among the boxes. Finally, she picks one. She opens it. She sits there with the box and with the housecoat. It should very clearly be the only box that has been opened.)

(Enter Nancy, now 22 and totally herself, from upstairs. She is carrying two cans of Dr. Pepper and a bag of Funyuns.)

NANCY. Hey motherfucker I didn't know you had already (*She sees the open box.*)

it's not about my mother

NANCY. Hey ! *(Midge freezes.)*
Did you start without me *(Midge knows what is coming.) (Fuck.)*
Shit Midge You started without me
The one thing I asked you NOT TO DO I only asked you one thing Midge
And you Started Without Me I was only upstairs for like 10 minutes
MAYBE 10 minutes and I said to you
I said:

MIDGE if you go downstairs please don't open the boxes without me
I know it's CRAZY and WEIRD of me to ask that but I feel a little
CRAZY and WEIRD today so if you could just wait that'd be totally cool
And you couldn't You didn't And
Shit shit shit fuck *(She drops/throws the Funyuns and the Dr. Pepper to the floor.)*

MIDGE. Pants careful

NANCY. OH YES GOD FORBID I DROP THE FUNYUNS

Never fucking mind my emotional wellbeing over here

God dammit Midge

You didn't think about me even a little bit ??

What box are you in DON'T ANSWER THAT never mind just pack it
back up ok I'm going upstairs I'll come back downstairs and just have it
packed up again OK Can you do that Midge

Midge can you do that I'll be right back

I don't know why I thought you'd be able to be totally cool

Totally totally UNcool of you

Just don't

Just pretend

Ok *(Midge nods.)*

Ok *(Nancy carefully picks up the Funyuns and the Dr. Pepper. She turns around and heads back upstairs quickly and sadly. Midge watches her go. Quietly.) (She hears a door slam. Quickly packs up the box she was in when Nancy entered. She sits alone with a packed box and waits.)*

(Beat beat beat.)

NANCY. *(from upstairs)* I AM COMING BACK

it's not about my mother

MIDGE. OH-KAY (*Nancy enters again, still with Funyuns and Dr. Pepper in hand, but this time also with a large casserole pan and forks.*)

MIDGE. Pants I didn't mean

NANCY. Whatever

Here

Funyuns (Nancy tosses a can of Dr. Pepper, a fork, and a bag of Funyuns to Midge who panics and catches only the Dr. Pepper and allows the fork and Funyuns to hit her and fall to floor. A delayed reaction as she puts a hand to the place they hit her and frowns.) (A moment—) (She looks at them.) (They both look at them.)

NANCY. Don't you want the Funyuns

MIDGE. I'm not really hungry

NANCY. Then get hungry there are like 18 bags of Funyuns in the upstairs pantry

MIDGE. Who gives 18 bags of Funyuns as funeral food

NANCY. No one Gross

I think Mom stocked the house

Like the cupboards are packed with this shit

The garage fridge is literally all Dr. Pepper

And ice cream

The freezer out there is all Neapolitan ice cream (Midge frowns again. Nancy kicks some shit around and sits on the floor. She sets the casserole pan in her lap and takes a big bite right from the middle. She looks up at Midge.) (Midge hesitates.) (Nancy shrugs, opens the bag of Funyuns and crumbles a few on top of the already crunchy onion covered casserole.)

MIDGE. I hate when you do that (*Nancy pointedly takes a bite from a completely different area of the casserole.*)

MIDGE. Stop that

NANCY. No (*Midge stares at Nancy and the casserole. Nancy stares at the casserole and continues to eat.*)

I didn't want to share with you anyway (Midge finds her fork on the floor, sits next to Nancy and takes a big bite of the casserole. She hates it, but has another bite.)

MIDGE. Do you really think we should do this today

NANCY. What

MIDGE. The basement

it's not about my mother

NANCY. Too late Midgie You Started Already

Besides

Didn't we do the whole "In Lieu of Flowers Please Donate Money to Blah Blah Blah" thing and the "In Lieu of Proper Mourning and Spending Any More Time With Us Than Necessary Please Get the Fuck Out of Our House" thing so we *could* do this today

MIDGE. Yeah but now that I've started it seems

Wrong

NANCY. That's because you started without me asshole

It's supposed to be a Thing We Do Together

(suddenly melodramatic) And you RUINED IT

MIDGE. When was the last time you were here

NANCY. Like here here Or

MIDGE. As opposed to

NANCY. Like

Sort of here

Like

Here To See You here

Like

Here To Get Shit Out of the Garage here

Like that kind of here

Or do you mean

With Mom Here ?

MIDGE. Sure

When was the last time you were here With Mom Here

NANCY. Hell Uh

Christmas Two years ago

MIDGE. Shit

Nancy

NANCY. *(mocking)* Nancy

MIDGE. Isn't it

MIDGE. Weird

Now that she's

NANCY. No

It's the fucking same

MIDGE. Ok *(beat)*

Is this a new thing for you

it's not about my mother

NANCY. What

My mom being dead

?

Yeah

Recent development thank you for noticing

MIDGE. Your language

NANCY. What about my language

MIDGE. Nancy

NANCY. What

MIDGE. I don't know maybe it's a thing I don't understand

NANCY. Oh my god Midge

What thing do *you* possibly not understand

MIDGE. I mean the swearing

Every sentence

NANCY. WHAT

MIDGE. You

NANCY. I'm twenty-two Midge

MIDGE. I'm just saying You swear a lot

NANCY. You swear

MIDGE. I'm not saying I don't

NANCY. Ok so your point

MIDGE. It's just

It might be

Easier to take you seriously if you

NANCY. Ok MOM I get it (*Midge looks like she's been slapped. Nancy tries to recover.*)

Sorry Uh

No it's a new

Thing

I guess

I don't really fucking think about it

MIDGE. Ok (*Nancy is still aware of her fuck up. She is still really trying to fucking recover.*) (*Maybe a joke! She'll try a joke!—*)

NANCY. I'm in private I'm in my private home I can say all the swears if that's what I want

Bitch

Shit

Fuck

MIDGE. Ok

NANCY. That's the fucking stupidest fucking thing I have ever had to fucking say actually fucking ever

Am I fucking right

??? Haha

!

Fuck

it's not about my mother

MIDGE. You made your point *jesus (beat) (an effort:)*

Fuck Fuck Fuck whatever

Can I have the Funyuns

NANCY. Can you fucking have what ?

MIDGE. The fucking FUNYUNS

CAN I HAVE THE FUCKING FUNYUNS

NANCY. SAY FUCK ONE MORE TIME

MIDGE. *Fuck you (Midge eats more casserole unhappily. Nancy eyes her with suspect.)* You're exactly the same

NANCY. Are you gonna drink your Dr or

MIDGE. I don't *(Nancy rolls her eyes dramatically. Midge throws a Funyun at Nancy—as hard as one can throw a Funyun. Nancy gasps in faux-offense. She eats the Funyun with deliberate intention and then—) (She pelts Midge with a barrage of Funyuns. Midge gasps/laughs in genuine offense and a little fear.)*

NANCY. YOUR ASS IS GRASS BIG SISTER

MIDGE. **NANCY** oh my god *(Nancy tackles Midge and force-feeds her Funyuns. They're both giggling. This is funny.) (!)*

MIDGE. THIS IS CRUEL AND UNUSUAL *(They wrestle with each other and the Funyuns for a moment. Nancy should mostly have the upper hand as Midge fights for control.)*

NANCY. How do these Funyuns taste now ??

MIDGE. Fine

NANCY. FINE ?????

MIDGE. Nancy

NANCY. You never did know how to fight back *(This hits Midge just right. She fumbles still for control, but powerfully gets it, suddenly quite serious. It takes Nancy a minute to register this shift in temperament as they continue to wrestle. It scares her a little when she does. Eventually, Midge has Nancy pinned underneath her, wielding the can of Dr. Pepper as a weapon she may very well use.)*

NANCY. Midge *(beat)* Midge *(beat)* MIDGE

Get OFF me *(Midge snaps back and immediately flings herself off of Nancy, skittering far, far away from her and tossing the soda can across the room. Nancy stays on the floor and stares at her sister.)*

it's not about my mother

(Midge turns her back to Nancy as she stands and gathers herself. A moment. Nancy picks some Funyuns up off the floor and eats them.)

NANCY. Christ if you hated Dr. Pepper so much you coulda just said so
(Midge doesn't respond. Nancy tosses a Funyun at her and probably misses. She continues tossing until one hits her, even if just barely. Midge finally turns around.)

NANCY. Hey

MIDGE. Hi

NANCY. Are you (ok)

MIDGE. Yeah

NANCY. Yeah ?

MIDGE. Yeah

NANCY. Didn't realize you'd gotten so rough and tough over the years

MIDGE. I'm not tough

You said it I'm Not Tough

NANCY. Yeah well that was before you had me pinned to the ground with the flames of hell in your eyeballs like I killed your hamster or something

MIDGE. To be fair

You did kill my hamster *(beat)*

NANCY. ...not the point *(Midge finally cracks a smile. Nancy then, too.) (They laugh. It peters out. A weird silence. They remember what they're doing.) (Midge takes a big breath and holds it. They stand there for a moment. Then—) (Midge moves to grab a box, the box that was opened at the top of the show.)*

MIDGE. Can we ? *(A moment.) (Nancy nods and helps Midge pull open the box. Midge sits and begins to take things out. It becomes apparent it is a box of their mother's things from the 70s. She pulls out a long lace dress or a black fringe vest or some gold iridescent poncho and holds it up. Nancy immediately snatches it in complete and utter glee.)*

NANCY. Shit check this shit OUT *(She pulls it on over her clothes and starts spinning, careful not to trip, fall, spill Dr. Pepper.)*

MIDGE. Ok gold dust woman Come back here

NANCY. ROCK ON GOLD DUST WOMAN

MIDGE. Maybe we should've put her in something like that

You know *(beat)*

NANCY. I wish I knew this version of mom

it's not about my mother

MIDGE. I don't

NANCY. Not even a little

MIDGE. No

I don't think that version of mom would have liked us very much.

NANCY. Doesn't seem much different than Last Week version of mom that way

MIDGE. Nancy

NANCY. Nah

Hippy witch chain smoking mom and I would have gotten along way better I Am Sure Of It (*Midge goes back to the pile of clothes and finds herself in the house coat Nancy wore in the very first scene. She maybe hums "Gold Dust Woman." She twirls. Nancy watches her. They laugh. They both twirl. And—*)

(*1977. Midge is a 20s something version of their mother. She gets a cigarette from somewhere. Lights it. Takes a drag. Hands it off to Nancy. Takes another, lights it, takes a drag. She sits down and exhales to the sky. Nancy stands and stares, cigarette in hand.*)

MIDGE. Jesus Christ just Smoke It (*Nancy smokes. Midge smokes.*)

Sit (*Nancy sits. Midge pulls Nancy's head into her lap and pets her hair. They smoke.*) You're so pretty

NANCY. Thank you

MIDGE. Such a pretty girl

If someone woulda told me I'd wind up having a kid like you I never woulda believed 'em

NANCY. Really

I'm the kid you can't believe

MIDGE. If someone woulda told me I'd wind up having a kid like Midge I never woulda had kids in the first place

NANCY. Holy shit

MIDGE. I'm kidding !

NANCY. How many years 'til Midge

MIDGE. Three

I'll have Midge in three years

NANCY. Do you know dad yet (*beat*)

Midge's dad I mean

Do you know Midge's dad

it's not about my mother

MIDGE. Nope

NANCY. How long until you meet him

MIDGE. Two years three months

NANCY. Oh Shit Right (*beat*)

You go mom

MIDGE. Midge is just the first I kept you know

Midge is just the first I actually had

NANCY. Does Midge know that

MIDGE. Absolutely not

Do not tell her

NANCY. Like she'd believe me

And

She probably knows

MIDGE. What do you mean

NANCY. Midge knows everything

MIDGE. Does Midge have psychic ability

NANCY. Yes mom you birthed a true genuine honest to god witch

Congratulations The 70s paid off

MIDGE. You're so pretty

NANCY. You said that already

MIDGE. Did I

NANCY. Yes

MIDGE. I don't remember much these days

NANCY. Tell me a secret

MIDGE. I just did

NANCY. Well

Tell Me Another One

MIDGE. Like what

NANCY. I don't know

Anything

Tell Me Something

MIDGE. I do a lot of cocaine

NANCY. WOW SURPRISE MOM

These secrets suck (*beat*) Do you have any cocaine right now

MIDGE. Yes

Do you want some (*beat*) (*Nancy seriously considers. It is not every day you can do cocaine with your mother in the 70s.*)

it's not about my mother

NANCY. No

MIDGE. My turn for questions

NANCY. O-kay

MIDGE. What did you say at my funeral (*beat*) (*holy shit?*)

NANCY. I didn't speak

MIDGE. You didn't ??

NANCY. Isn't that like

A Thing you should Know

Isn't that a Perk of being dead

Front row seats to your own funeral

I think about that constantly actually like

Seeing who comes and who doesn't come and

Seeing who cries And who doesn't cry

Does that not happen

Holy shit it doesn't happen ???

MIDGE. What did Midge say then

NANCY. Midge didn't speak either (*beat*)

Shit you really didn't know that

You really weren't watching over it from the afterlife

You swear ?

MIDGE. Midge didn't say a word ? (*Nancy just shakes her head.*

Midge is truly surprised.) Wow

NANCY. Yeah

MIDGE. And you

NANCY. I didn't have anything to say

MIDGE. What the fuck kind of funeral was it

NANCY. You don't have to tell me

I wanted to cremate you and spread your ashes like

Singing Songbird or whatever

MIDGE. Well shit

NANCY. Yeah

Shit

Can I have another

MIDGE. Cigarette ?

NANCY. No

Sister Life Mother (*cont'd*)

it's not about my mother

NANCY. Yes cigarette Jesus (*Midge gets another cigarette, lights it, and hands it to Nancy. She smokes in silence. Midge just watches.*)

MIDGE. Can I ask another question (*Nancy takes a big inhale. A moment before she answers—*)

NANCY. Sure

MIDGE. Why did you leave

NANCY. Why did I leave

MIDGE. Yes

NANCY. I went to college Mom

People frequently do that

MIDGE. Midge didn't

NANCY. Uh Midge has her college degree actually

MIDGE. But she didn't leave

Why did you leave

NANCY. Why did I leave

MIDGE. Yes

When you went to college

NANCY. Mom

I left long before I went to college

MIDGE. What do you mean by that

NANCY. It's ok It just means

Um (*beat*)

MIDGE. I think this is the longest conversation we have ever had

NANCY. Maybe not Ever but

MIDGE. But maybe Ever

NANCY. But maybe Ever (*Midge looks as though she might say she's sorry, but she doesn't.*) (*Silence.*)

MIDGE. Oh my baby girl (*Midge takes the cigarette from Nancy. She kisses her forehead and then her lips.*) (*A moment.*) (*Midge crosses back to the box of clothes and removes the sixties hippy witch outfit. She packs it back in the box and starts working to move it across the room—the "done" side, maybe. Nancy replaces the cigarette with a funyun. And—*) (*The present.*)

MIDGE. Hey

Funyun

Can you help me with this over here (*It takes Nancy a moment.*)

it's not about my mother

MIDGE. Pants hello a hand (*Nancy finally registers what's happening, eats her Funyun, and runs to Midge to help her move the box. They're silent for a minute. Like— really.*)

NANCY. Are you thinking about the funeral

MIDGE. Yeah

NANCY. Stop it

MIDGE. Wow thanks that really worked

NANCY. Really

MIDGE. No

I can't stop thinking about it

I can't stop thinking about all the ways we should have done it

All the ways we could have done it Better for mom

NANCY. Well we can't Do It Over or anything

MIDGE. We could

NANCY. Do it over ?

MIDGE. Yeah why not

NANCY. Midge we buried her

MIDGE. Yeah but I mean we could do the ceremony over

Just us

NANCY. That seems exceptionally sad

Even for you

MIDGE. I'm not sad

I mean I am Sad

But

NANCY. Never mind

You're always sad

You know what *I* can't stop thinking about

MIDGE. What

NANCY. When you introduced me to your girlfriend

But you didn't call her Your Girlfriend

MIDGE. Well that's because

She's Not My Girlfriend

NANCY. BOOOOOOOOO

MIDGE. What !!!

NANCY. That's a lie and you know it

If *I* had a girlfriend *I'd* tell you

it's not about my mother

MIDGE. Ok

Then why didn't you bring yours

NANCY. I said I'd tell you If I Had One

But I don't

Because you KNOW I am decidedly and consciously celibate lately

MIDGE. Didn't know that

What does that mean

NANCY. Sex is off the table for me at the moment because it just ends up screwing me over every time

MIDGE. That is the point isn't it

NANCY. (*ugh*) I gave you that one

MIDGE. Well I took it

NANCY. Whatever

I was forthcoming I was honest

If I had a girlfriend Because yes I have girlfriends

I would tell you about her

I would tell you about my totally awesome girlfriend

If I had one

Your turn ☺

MIDGE. I told you

She's not my girlfriend

NANCY. Midgie

I'm a grown-up now too

You don't have to keep pretending like you don't do grown-up things with other grown-ups

MIDGE. It has nothing to do with you not being a Grown-Up

NANCY. So she's not

MIDGE. No She's not

NANCY. Then what (*A beat. Midge doesn't know how to say any of this.*)

MIDGE. We don't talk about this stuff Nancy

NANCY. What do you mean

MIDGE. You and me we don't talk about

I'm not the person you ever talked to about

Uh This

it's not about my mother

NANCY. Obviously I didn't talk to you about this when I was in high school I didn't talk to anyone when I was in high school that was sort of my Thing

MIDGE. So Exactly

NANCY. Exactly what

We didn't talk about it but that doesn't mean we can't talk about it like what the fuck let's fucking talk about it

MIDGE. I can't talk to you like you're not in high school if you keep acting like you're in high school

NANCY. I'm not !!

MIDGE. (*mocking*) Hey motherfucker I eat junk food for every meal because I think that makes me seem fun my mom fucking sucks and my sister is a wet blanket but I am sooooo coooooool ha ha ha fuck fuck fuckity fuck

NANCY. I don't sound like that !

MIDGE. You kind of do

NANCY. This is the Role I Know How To Play with you Midge I don't know what else you want

Maybe if you stopped treating me like I'm still in high school

MIDGE. I've barely spoken to you since then I don't know how else to talk to you

NANCY. Well I hated myself then and I especially hated being here then so if we could just officially put that behind us for at least the rest of this goddamn day I would really appreciate it

MIDGE. I'll do it if you can (*This pleases Nancy. She's gonna go for it. She's genuine, if maybe a little too earnest—*)

NANCY. Ok

Midge

I see you have an important woman in your life

I am interested in learning more about/her and

MIDGE. Stop I don't wanna talk about this right now

NANCY. I'm trying here Midge you're the one who's not trying !!
Just Talk to me

Talk to me about something other than (*she motions around her*)

All Of This (*Midge is silent.*)

Ok Oh-Kay (*beat*) (*cont'd*)

it's not about my mother

NANCY. Do you think mom knew

MIDGE. Knew what

NANCY. That she raised two big ol' lesbians

MIDGE. I am not a B i g O l' L e s b i a n

NANCY. Don't tell your girlfriend that

MIDGE. Stop calling her that

NANCY. Fine

I'd still say a committed platonic relationship with another woman is pretty Fucking Queer (*Midge is silent again. That is totally what she is in right now. She is totally queer. God dammit.*)

Do you think it's because mom was with so many dudes

MIDGE. Are you psychoanalyzing our sexualities right now

NANCY. I like

Practically had a psych minor Midge

MIDGE. Oh then by all means

NANCY. Seriously though

Do you think That's

MIDGE. I don't know

Maybe I guess

NANCY. Do you think it's because we didn't have any dudes in our life

MIDGE. I really don't know Nancy

I don't know if it's anything other than just what it is

NANCY. I think that's probably it

MIDGE. Sure

NANCY. Or god did it

God made us this way !!

MIDGE. Do you believe in God ?

***THE PLAY IS NOT OVER!! TO FIND OUT HOW IT ENDS—
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