

## SCENE 1 SIDES

(The lights come up on Emma's room. It is still somewhat the room of a teenager. EMMA is eighteen, pleasant-looking in a kind of offbeat way that borders on dumpiness. She wears a flannel robe and is trying on her wedding veil as she shares a joint with her girlfriend PATSY, in many ways the opposite of EMMA in terms of looks and clothes. She is beautiful and well-kept. In the background, Ethel Merman singing "Anything Goes" is playing on the radio)

PATSY

I swear, Emma, you must be the only teenager in Texas that smokes dope while listening to Mary Martin.

EMMA

It's not Mary Martin, it's Ethel Merman.

PATSY

Not exactly psychedelic

(The two of them giggle a bit)

EMMA

Patsy, I can't believe it. After tonight I'm going to be Mrs. Flap Horton...

PATSY

...and I'll never see you again...ever. This is the last time we'll be like this...

EMMA

That's not true. We'll always love each other, Patsy. We'll always be best friends, and our babies will be best friends.

PATSY

It's always meant so much to me that someone as nice as you loved me, not a lot of people do.

Oh, Patsy, give me a break.

EMMA

(AURORA is hear calling. Light comes up softly on AURORA's side. AURORA stands on the other side of the door. She knows something is up.)

Emma...

AURORA

(Instantly, the two girls grab four aerosol cans and spray the room, a can in each hand while EMMA opens a window.)

Uhhhh, just a minute, Mama.

EMMA

I need to talk to you.

AURORA

In a second.

EMMA

I need to talk to you right now!

AURORA

All right, all right!

EMMA

(EMMA thinks a beat.)

EMMA

What the hell am I afraid of, I'm getting married.

AURORA

Would you meet me in my room please?

EMMA

(In an overly dramatic way, mimicking her mother's tone:)

Yes, I would.

PATSY

Maybe she wants to tell you how to have sex.

EMMA

No, she only knows how to avoid it.

(She takes a deep breath and enters Aurora's bedroom. As she does, the lights go down and out on EMMA's side. AURORA looks at her daughter standing before her in her wedding veil. She is not pleased. The Renoir is hanging on the wall above her bed. She wears her robe. EMMA stands before her as lights come up full in the bedroom.)

AURORA

What have you two been doing?

EMMA

Nothing.

(The two stare at each other a beat)

EMMA

What is it, Mama? I really would like to get some sleep, so I can look halfway decent for tomorrow...come on, what is it?

AURORA

It hasn't been easy, being a single parent since your father died.

EMMA

I know that, Mama.

AURORA

You wouldn't want me to be silent about something that's for your own good, even if it might hurt a little, would you?

EMMA

Yes, ma'am, I surely would.

AURORA

I've been in here all night. I've been trying to decide what to get you for a wedding gift.  
(EMMA seems genuinely touched)

AURORA

I thought of the Renoir my mother gave me, but I couldn't reach a conclusion. And then I came to grips with the reason that I couldn't think of a wedding gift for you.

EMMA

Oh, Mama, it's all right. I need dishes of any kind, a mixer. A rotisserie, a car, a house--  
(AURORA cuts her off)

AURORA

Emma, I am totally convinced that your getting married to Thomas Horton tomorrow is a mistake of such gigantic proportions that it will ruin your life and make wretched your destiny.

(EMMA is floored)

EMMA

Why are you doing this to me?

AURORA

Because I am your mother. Emma, you are not special enough to overcome a bad marriage.

EMMA

I don't believe you.

AURORA

Emma, will you stop taking what I'm saying personally? Use your brain. I'm telling you the truth. Thomas is limited, he has no imagination...even at his age, all he wants is a secure teaching job. His manners are atrocious, and his teeth...

EMMA

Mother, I'm marrying Flap Horton, tomorrow. And I thank God for Flap, for getting me out of here.

(The two of them stare at each other)

EMMA

And if this is your attitude, I don't think you should bother showing up at my wedding.

AURORA

Hmm...yes, I think you're right...The hypocrisy was bothering me, too. I'm glad you understand.

(EMMA starts to exit in disbelief.)

EMMA

My own mother's not coming to my wedding.

(EMMA exits. AURORA looks out  
toward the audience.)

AURORA

Well, now I suppose she's mad at me.