

ALL GROWN UP

By Leslie Mildiner, written with Lori Valleau, Ellen Kennedy, Bonnie Panych

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Running Time: 90 minutes

First produced at the Arts Club Theatre, Vancouver, 1993, with the following cast:

SANDY: Lori Valleau

CAROL: Ellen Kennedy

FRANCES: Bonnie Panych

Directed: Leslie Mildiner

Assistant director: Ted Cole

Musical Director: Dorothy Dittrich

Set Design: Ted Roberts

ACT ONE

Act I set up: musician(s) upstage centre on riser. There are two circular 'go-go' stands, one placed d.s. right, the other d.s. left. Three microphones are placed on stands in a row, left of centre, and three plain, backless barstools are placed in a row upstage of the mics. A large trunk is placed right of centre. The lid is open, facing the audience. The name "THE REFLECTIONS" is stencilled on the lid and visible to the audience.

In the blackout at the top of the show CAROL, SANDY and FRANCES enter. CAROL & SANDY climb into trunk and crouch down. FRANCES crouches behind the trunk. The piano plays slow blues chords. Lights up. FRANCES pops up in place behind trunk, poses and sings.

FRANCES

I Know Something about Love – You Gotta Want it Bad

CAROL pops up from inside trunk, poses and sings.

CAROL

If That Guy's Got into Your Blood, Go out and Get Him

SANDY pops up from inside trunk, poses and sings.

SANDY

If You Want Him to Be the Very Part of You

SANDY

(spoken) My mother told me my first sentence was: "I see a boy!"

CAROL & SANDY climb out of trunk, join hands-with FRANCES and cross to d.s. centre while singing.

ALL

Here's the thing to do—

They take "church choir" pose and sing in mock opera style, with exaggerated diction.

ALL

Tell him that you're never going to leave him
Tell him that you're always going to love him
Tell him, tell him, tell him, tell him right...

*The mood changes, song goes to tempo as THE REFLECTIONS cross to:
SONG "TELL HIM"*

ALL

I Know something about love, you gotta want it bad if that guy's got into your blood, go out and get him
if you want him to be the very part of you that makes you want to breathe
Here's the thing to do

Tell him that you're never gonna leave him tell him that you're always gonna love him tell him, tell him,
tell him, tell him right now

I know something about love, you gotta take him and make him see the moon up above, go out and get
him if you want him to make your heart ring out and if you want him to only think of you

Tell him that you're never gonna leave him tell him that you're always gonna love him tell him, tell him,
tell him, tell him right now

Ever since the world began it's been that way for man and women were created
To make love is their destiny
Then why should true love be
So complicated?

I know something about love,
You've gotta take him and show him what the world is made of
One kiss will prove it
If you want him to be always by your side
Take his hand tonight, swallow your foolish pride
Tell him

Tell him that you're never gonna leave him
Tell him that you're always gonna love him
Tell him, tell him, tell him, tell him right now

SANDY

Oh yeah – oh yeah – tell him, tell him right now

ALL

Tell him that you're never gonna leave him tell him that you're always gonna love him tell him, tell him, tell him, tell him right now

SANDY

Oh you've got to

ALL

Tell him, tell him, tell him, tell him right now

The stories in this next section should be told with a sort of pre-pubescent zeal – childlike, but not “child-ish”.

CAROL

(to audience, off mic, d.s. centre) My mother didn't want to talk about sex. So, when I was six she sat me down with this huge medical book. A couple of hours later she comes back and says: “Are there any questions?”—So my only source was my older sister, who told me that you got pregnant by touching bums—Well, My sister and I slept in the same bed, and we'd spend all night trying not to bump up against each other!

The Pajama Party

SANDY

I remember I went to this sleepover at Penny McColl's house, and in the middle of the night she whispered in the dark:

CAROL

(as Penny) Do you know what happens when you have sex?

SANDY

Nooooo—

CAROL

(as Penny) You lose your cherry!!

SANDY

Yeah, yeah—I knew that. *(to audience)* But really, I couldn't figure out what it had to do with fruit—

FRANCES

I was a late developer. I wore an undershirt 'til Grade 9. I remember my first padded bra. Everyone wore those bras that were pointed and rock hard, and if you leaned up against something it would squish in and make a little dent, and you'd have to pop it back out while no one was looking!

SANDY

When I first found out how you really “did it”, I was disgusted! And I thought – no way did my parents do that! And I told all my friends at school that my parents had 9 kids without having sex!

FRANCES

I used to write love notes for people – “You are my yellow rose–“, “Without you I’m nothing”– And people were paying me. And I got paid to write the response – so then I’d be writing to myself. But I got bored with the Romance schtick, and I’d write weird existentialist things, like: “You are the tears on the Kleenex of Life”–

CAROL

I was pretty naive as a kid, `cause once I was reading this book and someone referred to a woman as a tart, and I thought it sounded kinda neat. So one night after we finished dinner, Mom was tidying up and I said “Mom, you are such a tart!”, and she got really mad at me, and I couldn’t figure out why. I thought it was a compliment: A Tart. How sweet!

FRANCES

I remember the first boy who ever French Kissed me. His name was Bruce Findley. We were 16. And I think it was kinda – mooshy – It just didn’t – he just kinda went (*messy tongue stuff*) and I thought “What is this?”

CAROL

When I was 12, I got a hickey from Kenny McKay, and my older sister saw it and said “Ooooh, you got a hickey – who’d ya get it from?” And I didn’t want to tell her I got it from Kenny, `cause she hated him and thought he was greasy – So I said -without thinking – “Loretta gave it to me!”

FRANCES

(*As sister.*) Loretta!?

SANDY

When I was, like, 14, I went to visit my friend at her beach house in White Rock. It was summertime, and there were all these guys and stuff – .And we went to this dance that they had at the community centre and we got really drunk! And there was this one guy there, and he was really cute, and he had a really cute name, like On’ – or Con – or something like that – And we danced and stuff, and then he took me outside, and we were, like, lying on the grass, and we started necking, and I’m, like, “aaaahhhh” – `cause, like, I’d never necked with anyone before. Okay. So. He kissed me a couple of times and then: he rolled over and puked.

(*Piano chord. CAROL immediately moves to microphone and sings. FRANCES and SANDY move to mics during CAROL's first line. CAROL sings lead on next song. FRANCES and SANDY sing lyrics in italics.*)

SONG “IT’S IN HIS KISS”

Does he love me, I wanna know
How can I tell if he loves me so?
Is it in his eyes?
No no, you’ll be deceived
Is it in his sighs?
Oh no, he’ll make believe
If you wanna know if he loves you so, it’s in his kiss
That’s where it is – oh yeah
Or is it in his face?
Oh no, that's just his charms
In his warm embrace?
Oh no, that’s just his arms

If you wanna know if he loves you so, it's in his kiss
That's where it is
Oh yeah, it's in his kiss
That's where it is
Oh oh oh, kiss him and squeeze him tight
And find out what you wanna know
If it's love, if it really is - it's there in his kiss
How 'bout the way he acts?
Oh no, that's not the way
And you're not listenin' to all I say
If you wanna know if he loves you so, it's in his kiss
That's where it is
Oh yeah, it's in his kiss
That's where it is

Instrumental break

It's in his kiss
Oh oh oh, kiss him and squeeze him tight
And find out what you wanna know
If it's love, if it really is – it's there in his kiss

How 'bout the way he acts?
Oh no, that's not the way
And you're not listenin' to all I say
If you wanna know if he loves you so, it's in his kiss
That's where it is
Oh yeah, it's in his kiss
That's where it is
Oh yeah, it's in his kiss
That's where it is
Uh-huh, it's in his kiss that's where it is!

Icons

The 3 girls rush d.s. and do a stylized cheer, with FRANCES trying awkwardly to keep up. As FRANCES begins this next monologue, CAROL and SANDY become 'The Guys on the Basketball Team'. They pick up a basketball out of the trunk and play Pig in the Middle d.s. with FRANCES, then they lose the basketball and go sit on the stools behind the mics, remaining in 'guy' character til FRANCES finishes her monologue.

FRANCES

I idolized the boys on the high school basketball team, and I would memorize their timetables, just so I could arrange to pass them in the hall. I would go out of my way just to look at them, because they were soooo wonderful. I never met any of them, but I knew all about them. I knew their timetables, their girlfriends, the buddies they hung out with –I even knew where they lived, and sometimes I would detour on my way home from school just so I could walk past their houses. And I'd imagine myself kissing them, slowly, with my eyes closed. I didn't know what came after kissing, but I knew it was the first step in

FRANCES

– something – I just wanted to kiss them, and hug them, and marry them, and be near them forever. I didn't know it would mean – washing their socks ...

SANDY

I was madly in love with Brad, this really hunky guy. But he asked my best friend out (*FRANCES becomes The Best Friend for a beat, then drops into the background*) instead of me, so I ran all the way home and I locked myself in the hall closet and I cried and cried – And as I was crying, my Dad opened the door and said: “What the hell's going on?” It was so hard to have any privacy...

CAROL

I dreamt about being married to Dieter Bierlake – Dieter was a boy in my Grade 7 class – , and I would sit all by myself in my bedroom and just – fantasize about being married to Dieter. And the fantasy was: Him and me sitting in these two, overstuffed armchairs in a living room somewhere in Suburbia, and being married. And we would just be sitting there, holding hands – and that was it. And I'd sit there and get all – tingly...

SANDY

I remember being 8 in 1964 when The Beatles hit big, and I can remember sitting around downstairs in Penny McColl's rumpus room (*CAROL & FRANCES join SANDY in “The Rumpus Room”, and mime flipping through magazines*). And we had all these teen magazines, y'know, and they were filled with pictures of The Beatles, which we would all oooh and aaahh over. And we'd each pick a Beatle and practice kissing with the pictures. (*FRANCES and CAROL go to pick a Beatle, but SANDY stops them*). There was one rule, however. You could not share a Beatle with another girl. Which meant, of course, that if you didn't nab one real quick (*CAROL, FRANCES and SANDY all make a grab at once - SANDY gets there last*) – you got stuck with Ringo – !

CAROL

I dreamt about the guys from “THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.”! Illya Kuryakin! It was his hair – that hair!—

FRANCES & SANDY

He was soooooo cute! ...

CAROL

Ah, but The Dream. Sometimes I'd try to make myself have this dream: I'd be tied by my wrists, hanging over a pool of sulphuric acid, –captured by evil T.H.R.U.S.H. agents –, and just be lowered, slowly, and then, just at the last minute – Illya Kuryakin would rush in and rescue me!

FRANCES

Yeah – I used to dream about movie stars – them being my husband or something like that. Steve McQueen was one – Clint Eastwood was another. But mostly I'd dream about: prominent politicians. Like, Bobby Kennedy. After he was dead – I used to dream about being his widow, and I'd be at the funeral, all dressed in black, and they'd hand me that flag folded into that little triangle – and the whole nation would weep for me—

SANDY

I was in love with Pierre Elliott Trudeau! I had this huge poster of him – it was on the ceiling, right above my bed. It was almost life size. I thought he was much, much sexier than – Robert Stanfield....

As they make their way to their microphones for the next song, CAROL and SANDY pose melodramatically with each of the piano chords of the song intro. FRANCES speaks the intro, off mic, then heads to her mic as the song goes to tempo. FRANCES sings lead on song.

SONG "HE'S SURE THE BOY I LOVE"

FRANCES

(Spoken intro) I always dreamed the boy I love would come along and he'd be tall and handsome, rich and strong. Now that boy I love has come to me, but he sure ain't the way I thought he'd be ...

(singing)

He doesn't look like a movie star

He doesn't drive a cadillac car

He sure ain't the boy I been dreamin' of, but he's sure the boy I love – lemme tell you now

He'll never be a big businessman

He always buys on the installment plan

He sure ain't the boy I been dreamin' of, but he's sure the boy I love

When he holds me tight, everything's right crazy as it seems

I'm his, whatever he is, and I forget all of my dreams everybody knows

He doesn't hang diamonds 'round my neck

He sure ain't the boy I been dreamin' of, but he's sure the boy I love

Instrumental break.

When he holds me tight, everything's right crazy as it seems

I'm his, whatever he is, and I forget all of my dreams everybody knows

He's sure the boy I love

He doesn't hang diamonds 'round my neck and all he's got are unemployment cheques he sure ain't the boy I been dreamin' of, but he's sure the boy I love – uh-huh he's sure the boy I love – whoa-oh-oh he's sure the boy I love – yeah, yeah he's sure the boy I love.

There is a dramatic lighting and mood change, and strong piano chords, segueing immediately into next song. It's almost as if the women have become 'possessed'. CAROL steps away from FRANCES and SANDY, and is isolated in spotlight d.s.c., with hand held mic. The song should be sent up in a slightly melodramatic way. CAROL sings lead.

SONG "YOU DONT OWN ME"

CAROL

You don't own me

I'm not just one of your many toys you don't own me

Don't say I can't go with other boys

And don't tell me what to do

And don't tell me what to say

And please when I go out with you don't put me on display, 'cause

You don't own me

Don't try to change me in any way you don't own me

Don't tie me down 'cause I'd never stay

You don't own me
I don't tell you what to say I don't tell you what to do so just let me be myself that's all I ask of you

I'm young, and I love to be young I'm free, and I love to be free to live my life the way I want
To say and do whatever I please ...

As the song ends, CAROL raises her fist in triumph, then returns to join the other two, replacing her mic on its stand. CAROL and SANDY share a 'knowing' glance, then they turn expectantly to FRANCES. YOU DON'T OWN ME piano chords quietly underscore FRANCES' next monologue, fading just before she finishes. FRANCES is on mic for this monologue.

FRANCES

I went out with this one guy, who showed up to our date wearing moccasins, which were more like – bedroom slippers – We went for a coffee and then for a walk around the sea wall – well, I walked – he shuffled. And he started saying things like “You know, you'd be really attractive – if you wore makeup”, and “You should wear tighter fitting clothes” – Basically, he was telling me I was a dog ...

There is a piano chord and they're into the song immediately. A note about the choreography for this song: it should be robotic, like puppets being manipulated. SANDY sings lead.

SONG “HE'S GOT THE POWER”

SANDY

Yeah yeah yeah yeah

He makes me do things I don't wanna do he makes me say things I don't wanna say and even though I
wanna break away I can't stop sayin' I adore him

Can't stop doin' things for him

He's got the power, the power of love over me me, me, me, me, me, me, me, me, me, me

He makes me go when I don't wanna go

He makes me stay when I don't wanna stay and though I try to break the spell I know I can't stop sayin' I
adore him

Can't stop doin' things for him

He's got the power, the power of love over me

Can't stop the way I need him it's got me crazy as can be oh, but I love him

He's got a certain something

And that's the one thing that has got a hold on me

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

He makes me do things I don't wanna do he makes me say things I don't wanna say and even though I
wanna break away I can't stop sayin' I adore him

Can't stop doin' things for him

He's got the power, the power of love over me yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

He's got the power, the power of love over me.

*THE REFLECTIONS strike final pose "Hear No Evil, See No Evil, Speak No Evil". As they break the
tableau, SANDY moves d.s.c. to speak to the audience. FRANCES and CAROL sit on bar stools.*

Dating

SANDY

I was on a break from school, so I went to visit my sister in Wainwright Alberta. My brother-in-law was in the army, so they lived on the base there. When I arrived, my sister was afraid I might be bored, so she dragged me off to the weekend social at The Mess. And when we got there she introduced me to my “date” for the evening – “Corporal Owen”. I started by trying to make conversation, but I didn’t find him very engaging. Turns out he had just broken up with his girlfriend and he was pretty depressed – Well, as the evening progressed, Corporal Owen became completely inebriated, and all the while I was, like, subtly trying to avoid him, when suddenly he grabbed me and dragged me out onto the dance floor! (*Tennessee Waltz* is heard quietly. CAROL and FRANCES become the ‘wallflowers’ at the dance.) It was a slow dance – and I was practically holding him up as we danced, when all of a sudden Corporal Owen farted - as loud as is humanly possible – (*piano fades*) And I had no choice but to move away from him – but he was so drunk he fell on top of me, so I flung him off me and he landed on a table, where he puked into my sister’s purse – Well, my sister didn’t arrange any more blind dates for me after that!

CAROL

On my first real date, we went into Town to to see Diana Ross & The Supremes! People were all dressed up. And I had my very first drink. It had an umbrella in it. And The Supremes came on (*FRANCES and SANDY become "The Supremes", d.s.l. and sing "ooh-ooh", then sway together as the piano quietly plays a few bars of "BABY LOVE" under CAROL's monologue.*) They had these huge hairdos, and beautiful sequined dresses. They sang “BABY LOVE”, and I got tingles up my spine. (*Piano fades. SANDY and FRANCES drop into background.*) After the show, we drove to Stanley Park, and we necked. And I remember looking out at the lights of the city, and it was all sparkly, and I remember thinking – “Oooh, it looks just like one of the Supremes dresses!”

FRANCES

My first formal date was my high school grad, and I went with the biggest nerd in the entire school. He asked me to grad on the very first day of school – like, in September! My mom made my grad dress (*SANDY becomes ‘The Mom’, measures FRANCES with tape then drops into background*), and all the other girls were wearing these beautiful gowns that showed off their figures (*CAROL becomes ‘Popular Girl’, posing for best effect*), and there I was in this – blouse – salmon-pink dress with a boat neck. I looked like a 65 year old woman!! People were coming up to me all night and saying—

CAROL

(*as ‘Popular Girl’*) Do you ever look – old –

FRANCES

So off we go to grad, and before the dinner I took my date to a couple of parties first, and he’d never had a drink before in his life and he got soooo drunk! Then we go to dinner, and we’re sitting with our parents and friends and stuff, and he’s eating his food and showing it to people – thinking this is hysterical – and to my Mom he goes: “Hey, Betty!” (*show food in mouth*) – So after dinner we continued to party and drink, until he got so drunk I had to take him home. And on the way home he was all over me, and he was trying to undress me..”But I love you – I’ve loved you since – Grade 8! Will you marry me?” so I had to throw him in our shed and lock him in there ...

Choreography note re: BOYS. This is a major "pony" number, very active, using the whole stage. CAROL sings lead on hand held mic, SANDY and FRANCES sing backup off mic. (in italics).

SONG "BOYS"

I've been told when a boy kissed a gull
He takes a trip around the world
Yeah yeah, hey hey – hey hey, please say you do
Mama says when you kiss my lips
I'll get a thrill to my fingertips
Yeah yeah, hey hey - hey hey, please say you do
Well, I'm talkin' 'bout boys
Yeah yeah boys
Dontcha know t mfan rnvv rvpah vpah hnvcl
Well I'm talkin' 'bout boys now
Yeah yeah boys
Dontcha know I mean boys
Yeah yeah boys
Well I'm talkin' 'bout boys
Yeah yeah boys
Whatta bundle of joy
Yeah yeah boys

Instrumental break.

Well I'm talkin' 'bout boys
Yeah yeah boys
Dontcha know I mean boys
Yeah yeah boys

Well I'm talkin' 'bout boys now
Yeah yeah boys
Dontcha know I mean boys
Yeah yeah boys
Well I'm talkin' 'bout boys
Yeah yeah boys
Whatta bundle of joy
Yeah yeah boys
Well I'm talkin' 'bout boys
Yeah yeah boys
What a bundle of joy
Yeah yeah boys!

CAROL passes FRANCES her hand held mic. CAROL and SANDY move upstage to stools. FRANCES is d.s.c. during next monologue, which she does on mic.

FRANCES

I had my first orgasm while writing a math exam. I had no idea what it was. I went to the doctor to find out. I described it to her as this – squeezing, kinda, tingling, kinda – tension-release thing between my legs – And she looked at me as if I'd lost my mind, and she said "Well – I don't know what that was ... "

Big piano chord. Lighting and mood change. FRANCES is isolated in spot d.s.c. A choreography note: again it is on the melodramatic side; very silly, sending up the seriousness of the song. CAROL and SANDY are upstage at the mic stands singing lyrics in italics, FRANCES sings lead.

SONG “(REMEMBER) WALKIN’ IN THE SAND”

FRANCES

Seems like the other day, my baby went away he went away ‘cross the sea
It’s been two years or so since I saw my baby go and then this letter came for me

It said that we were through
He'd found somebody new
Oh, lemme think, lemme think, what should I do? oh no, oh no, oh no no no no no

Remember

Walkin’ in the sand

Remember

Walkin’ hand in hand

Remember

The night was so exciting

Remember

His smile was so inviting

Remember

Then he touched my cheek

Remember

With his fingertips

Remember

Softly, softly we’d meet with our lips

Remember

Walkin’ in the sand

Whatever happened to the boy that I once knew the boy who said he’d be true

Oh what will happen to the life I gave to you what will I do with it now?

Remember

Walkin’ in the sand

Remember

Walkin’ hand in hand

Remember

The night was so exciting

Remember

His smile was so inviting

Remember

Then he touched my cheek (*and fade out*)

Virginity

CAROL

He didn’t know this, but I intended to sleep with him – I wanted to get it over with, you know? Lose my virginity and be really practiced for when my “Prince Charming” kinda guy came along. I wanted to know exactly what to do when the time came, and this guy had quite the reputation. I knew I’d chosen the

right guy for the job when I'm finally alone with him in his room and he takes out this cassette marked "MAKE OUT TAPE, NUMBER TWO" – Next thing I know, I'm listening to Leonard Cohen, and we're on the floor ...

FRANCES

I lost my virginity when I was 19 and a half, to my brother's friend's older brother, who was in third year at university. He spoke French, he played the guitar, he was a folksinger, and he was very intellectual. He wasn't like all the other guys I'd dated before – you know, like, Basic Primates – low man on the food chain, sorta thing – He wasn't very big, or handsome, and he wore glasses. He had that typical intellectual look which I just popped onto, and I thought "THIS is something else. THIS is interesting. THIS is exotic. I'm gonna go to bed with this guy" – And I remember my friend Linda turning to me and saying—

CAROL

(as Linda) Are you SERIOUS? He carries a briefcase!

SANDY

I lost my virginity when I was 15. I was dating the head of the track team. He was in Grade 12 and I was in Grade 10. We were madly in love, and I thought this was it. You know, "forever and ever"? – And one time, when my parents were out of town, I had this huge party at my house And when everybody left, my boyfriend and I went to bed. And we were making love, and I guess I was pretty noisy – but anyway, I heard this sound outside my bedroom window, so I looked out and saw all these guys standing there, like, all his friends – and they'd been listening to us – And he didn't even say anything to them. It was like this big show of macho manliness or something – *(pause)* Anyway – after that, every time I saw his friends in the hallway at school, they would – imitate me ...

CAROL, FRANCES and SANDY use eight-count intro of next song to move to their mics. SANDY sings lead.

SONG: "MAMA SAID"

Mama said there'll be days like this
There'll be days like this, my mama said
mama said, mama said
Mama said there'll be days like this
There'll be days like this, my mama said
mama said, mama said

I went walking the other day and everything was goin' fine I met a little boy named Billy Joe and then I almost lost my mind mama said

Mama said there'll be days like this
There'll be days like this, my mama said
mama said, mama said
Mama said there'll be days like this there'll be days like this, my mama said

My eyes were wide open, but all that I could see is chapel bell s were tolling for everyone but me but I don't worry 'cause
Mama said there'll be days like this
There'll be days like this, my mama said
mama said, mama said

Mama said there'll be days like this
There'll be days like this, my mama said

And then she said, someone will look at me like I'm lookin' at you, one day
And then I might find I don't want him any old way so I don't worry 'cause

Mama said there'll be days like this
There'll be days like this, my mama said
mama said, mama said
mama said there'll be days like this
There'll be days like this, my mama said

Mama said, mama said, hey hey mama said, mama said
hey hey
Don't you worry now
mama said, mama said, hey hey
My mama said
mama said, mama said, hey hey
My mama said
mama said, mama said, hey hey hey
My mama said.

CAROL crosses to s.r. to trunk and sits. FRANCES and SANDY sit on bar stools behind mics as CAROL tells the audience this story.

CAROL

I had this friend, Judy, who came from a beautiful, "Father Knows Best" kind of home. Everyone envied her because her life seemed so perfect. But then, when we were 16 she got pregnant. And she was terrified to tell her parents. She kept saying "They'll kill me-they'll just kill me!". And she made up her mind that they were never going to find out – that there was no way she was going to keep the baby. So me and our other two friends, we kind of teamed up to help her out.

First, we went to the library and looked up "abortion" in the catalogue. There wasn't much information, and mostly what we found were horror stories. Finally, our friends' older sister gave us the name of this doctor who might be able to help us out. It was going to cost money, so we pooled ours – and it was decided I was to call and make the arrangements.

The doctor gave us a list of all the things he'd need – and said we had to rent a motel room right next to the hospital, in case anything went wrong. He also said he'd need an assistant so – I volunteered. The day of the operation was the longest day of my life. I had no idea what I was in for. And our other friend, Linda, kept phoning the motel room "How's it going? How's she doing?" I could hardly speak. I thought I was going to pass out—Anyway, later Judy had to go off to the hospital for a D&C, and we decided she'd tell them she'd had a miscarriage. Later we all came back to to meet her. I remember, she looked white as a ghost, and kept shivering. I took her arm and lead her out the door, and all of a sudden this Intern came up to her and said "I know what you've done. Don't thinking you're fooling anybody."

Choreography note re: WILL YOU LOVE ME TOMORROW. This song should be extremely simple and sincere. FRANCES sings lead.

SONG: "WILL YOU LOVE ME TOMORROW"

Tonight you're mine completely

You give your love so sweetly
Tonight the light of love is in your eyes but will you love me tomorrow

Is this a lasting treasure
Or just a moment's pleasure
Should I believe the magic of your sighs will you still love me tomorrow

Tonight with words unspoken
You say that I'm the only one but will my heart be broken
When the night meets the morning sun

I'd like to know that your love
Is love I can be sure of
So tell me now and I won't ask again will you still love me tomorrow will you still love me tomorrow
will you still love me tomorrow

SANDY crosses to d.s.c. for next monologue. CAROL sits on bar stool. FRANCES sits on s.l. go-go stand.

Dumped

SANDY

I used to go out with guys who were attracted to me, who I wasn't particularly attracted to. And then, somehow or other, I'd end up with them for – like – a year! And then, just when I'd get used to them hanging around, and they'd start to grow on me – they would dump me! And I'm like "but – but – excuse me? I care now. Like – okay – I didn't give a shit before – but now I care!"

SANDY shrugs, shakes her head, and goes to sit on edge of u.s.c. riser. FRANCES stands on s.l. go-go stand, holding 60's style Princess telephone, which she uses during next monologue to indicate "he speaks/she speaks"

FRANCES

I went out with this one guy, who would show up for our date three hours late. And I wasn't sure enough of myself to just say "This won't do", so I'd just sort of. – go along with it. Then, one night, when I hadn't heard from him for about a week or so, he finally phones me and complains to me how he thinks I'm not putting enough effort into our relationship! How I never phone him, and stuff. So – I hang up the phone and I think, "Okay – tomorrow. Tomorrow I will phone him." So I do. And he answers and says, "uuuuuhhhhh I was gonna call you—can you call back in an hour?" So I do. No answer. Another hour. No answer. All day long – No Answer!

FRANCES hangs up the phone in frustration, then sits again on the go-go stand. CAROL moves d.s. of the mic stands.

CAROL

I was with this guy for two years. God knows why I stayed with him. He used to tell me all the time "Look, I really like you, but I don't love you". Well – I didn't believe him. I believed he was in love with me but just couldn't admit it. And I beat my head against that wall for two years! Finally, one night I was so frustrated with myself for staying in the situation, and I was just at the point where I wanted to scream at the top of my lungs, and I think he said something like, "Do you want me to tell you to go? 'Cause I'll never do that. I want it to be your decision" – Well, I'd heard that from him many times before, but this

time I decided I was going to call his bluff, and I said “Yes. I want you to tell me to go!!”. And he said, “Okay, go. Get out of here and never come back”.

Piano chord is heard. SANDY and FRANCES step up to outside microphones and sing the lines in italics. CAROL moves to centre mic as they sing, then sings lead throughout the song.

SONG: “SWEET TALKIN' GUY”

*Sweet talkin' guy, talkin' sweet kinda lies
Don't you believe in him, if you do he'll make you cry he'll send you flowers
And paint the town with another girl he's a sweet talkin' guy
sweet talkin' guy
but he's my kinda guy
sweet talkin' guy*

Sweeter than sugar
oooh-oooh
Kisses like wine
oh he's so fine
Don't let him under your skin
'Cause you'll never win
no you'll never win
Don't give him love today
Tomorrow he's on his way he's a sweet talkin' guy
sweet talkin' guy
But he's my kinda guy
sweet talkin' guy
Why do I love him like I do?
Sweet talkin' guy

Stay away from him, stay away from him
Don't believe his lyin'
stay away from him
No you'll never win, no you'll never win you'll just end up cryin'
no no no, you'll never win

Don't give him love today
Tomorrow he's on his way
He's a sweet talkin'
sweet talkin'
Sweet talkin'
sweet talkin'
Sweet talkin'
sweet talkin'
Sweet talkin'
sweet talkin'
Guy
sweet sweet, sweet talkin' guy sweet sweet, sweet talkin' guy

FRANCES and SANDY back away from mics and return to their seats.

Stay away from him, stay away from him don't believe his lyin'
No you'll never win, no you'll never win you'll just end up cryin'
Don't give him love today, tomorrow he's on his way ...

CAROL finishes song alone at the mics, then goes to sit on barstool. FRANCES picks up Princess phone again, stands up on go-go stand and continues her monologue.

FRANCES

So, anyway – Finally he calls me back a week later “Oh hi. Howzit goin'?” And I'm like “Excuse me, but you were supposed to call me a week ago!”

“Oh, yeah, well – I took the phone off the hook” “For a whole week?”

“Well, don't take it so personally” – And he starts to imply that I'm the one with the problem. And he says, “Look, I don't wanna talk right now. I'm really bummed out.” “Bummed out? About what?” “You know. Cindy.” CINDY was his last girlfriend, and apparently it was two years ago that week since they broke up. So I said to him: “It's two years since you broke up with Cindy!” “Yeah – but – Emotional time is different from Physical time. I thought you'd understand that.” And at that point I just said, “You know, I've heard all this before, and I'm really not interested in listening to it any more.” And he said “Oh yeah?”, and he kept on talking, and I said “No. No, really. I'm not interested.” And I hung up the phone!

FRANCES hangs up phone in triumph and returns to her seat on the go-go stand. SANDY acknowledges the Win, then moves d.s.c.

Finding Mr. Right

SANDY

My parents told me all my life that the only option for me was to find a man, find a husband. And they said I had to go to university to do that. Because “that's where the good husbands are”!(*as mother*) “You take the easiest courses you can, and you find yourself a man”. (*as father*) “Yeah, yeah – and if it takes more than a semester, you're wasting my money”– So I did what they said. I went to university. And then, I married a guy I knew they'd hate! He was short. He was French. And, he did drugs!

SANDY moves u.s. to trunk. CAROL crosses to d.s.c. FRANCES joins SANDY at the trunk.

CAROL

When I finally found my “Mr. Right”, Patrick and I spent about a year planning the wedding. And I remember, when the Big Day finally arrived, my Mom was helping me get all dressed, and she turned to me and said, “Now, just try to remember, dear – The first 13 years are the worst”

As CAROL begins to sing, FRANCES and SANDY reach into the trunk and pull out: 2 bridesmaids baskets full of fat confetti; a 60's instamatic cub flash camera; a headband with a veil attached to it; and a bouquet of flowers. They march toward CAROL, flinging confetti as they go. During the song, CAROL becomes “The Bride”, wearing the veil and carrying the bouquet. SANDY and FRANCES carry the baskets. The flash camera is inside one of the baskets until it is used later, near the end of the medley.

SONG: MARRIAGE MEDLEY

CAROL

(singing)

Today I met the boy I'm gonna marry
He's all I wanted all my life and even more
He smiled at me and gee the music started playing "here comes the bride"
As he walked through the door
When we kissed I felt the sweet sensation this time it wasn't just my imagination

Today I met the boy I'm gonna marry
He's just what I've been waiting for, oh yeah
With every kiss "oh this is it" my heart keeps saying today I met the boy I'm going to marry because
we're

SANDY

(singing)

Not too young, young to get married
Not too young, young to get married
What kind of difference can a few years make I gotta have you now or my heart will break not too young,
young to get married not too young, young to get married I couldn't love you more than I do today
I remember when I brought him home I remember what my mama said when I told her that I loved him so
she told me I was out of my head

Oh no we're not too young, young to get married not too young, young to get married what kind of
difference can a few years make I gotta have you now or my heart will break not too young, young to get
married not too young, young to get married I couldn't love you more than I do today!

ALL

Goin' to the chapel and we're gonna get married goin' to the chapel and we're gonna get married gee I
really love you and we're gonna get married goin' to the chapel of love
Yeah yeah yeah yeah
Goin' to the chapel of love
Whoa whoa whoa whoa
Goin' to the chapel of love.

During CHAPEL OF LOVE, CAROL says "Okay, Girls! Let's see who's next!", and tosses the bouquet. SANDY and FRANCES fight over bouquet. SANDY comes up with it. FRANCES snaps photo of CAROL and "The Lucky Guy" – some guy in the audience, if the actor is able to get out into the house. Then the 3 form a final tableau centre stage. Big Smiles. Freeze. Lights out.

ACT TWO

ALL

You'll never get to heaven if you break my heart
So be very careful not to make us part
You won't get to heaven if you break my heart – oh no –

Instrumental break.

If you break my heart (*key change*) – if you break my heart

I can hardly wait for the day when we say “i do”

It’s a day I’ve dreamed of so long – now it’s coming true you will promise to cherish me

If you break your promise the angels will see

You’ll never get to heaven if you break my heart

So be very careful not to make us part

You won’t get to heaven if you break my heart – oh no

La la la la la la, (*etc. – to end*)

Newlyweds

CAROL

It was the perfect honeymoon. The hotel had left champagne and chocolates – So Patrick ran the bath and we started to get undressed, when I suddenly realized – I didn’t have my Birth Control Pills with me! I’d left them in a bag that had gone back to New Westminster. So I had to phone home to see if my sister, Maureen, could find them. Well, she found them alright, but my sister, being the way she is, said—

FRANCES

(*as Maureen*) I hope you don’t expect me to drive all the way to Vancouver—

CAROL

But – you’re my Maid of Honour!

FRANCES

(*as Maureen*) That’s right – not Federal Express – Oh alright – I’ll meet you halfway—

CAROL

So, there we are, on our wedding night, freezing our butts off on the back of a motorcycle at this intersection, waiting for my sister to drive up in her nightgown and slip me some Birth Control pills! (*FRANCES, as Maureen, pissed off and tired, passes of mimed pills, then fades into background.*) Talk about “kill the passion”.

SANDY

I couldn’t believe the wedding gifts we got! There was this weird china hummingbird – and an ‘ornamental’ wooden cannon. Oh, and a music box with a picture of Paris, France on it that played the love theme from Dr. Zhivago! (*All 3 women are removing their negligees and placing them in the trunk, u.s.l.*) I really should have registered ...

And it seemed the uglier the present was, the more someone had paid for it. (*mimes writing thank-you note*) "Got your vase – .Weighs a ton – "

SANDY and CAROL sit on trunk. FRANCES crosses to c.s.

FRANCES

He phoned me when he got back from Europe, and he said “I’ve been thinking. We should either get married, or break it off completely.” And I said, “So – what do you want to do?” And he said, "Welllll – . I don’t want to get married ..."

FRANCES crosses to s.r. go-go stand. CAROL and SANDY share a look – they don't know whether to laugh or cry – SANDY changes the subject.

SANDY

We were newlyweds and we were still, y'know – experimenting. I guess we were trying to figure out the relationship between sex and food, or something – because we decided to cover ourselves with chocolate pudding. Oh, you know – you put chocolate pudding on various body parts and lick it off. And we were just in the process of doing that when my parents dropped by! They “just happened to be in the neighbourhood”! So, we got dressed really fast, and we sat there, having tea with my parents, with our clothes sticking to this chocolate pudding!

CAROL

You know what they say about being married – “You've gotta keep the sparks flying”. Well, Patrick had always bought me lots of sexy lingerie, but what he really liked me wearing was what I call “Hooker clothes” – like – the black leather shorts and the high heeled boots that come up to your thighs – . So one night, just to keep him happy, I decided to surprise him, and I put on all this black lingerie, and stiletto heels, and vicious red lipstick. He'd been working late, and this was really gonna turn him on – Sort of the “saran wrap at the door” kinda thing – I was going to be this – “Dominatrix”, standing there – Well, I didn't have a whip, but that was sort of the idea ... And it would have worked great, too, because I was looking hot! And as he walked in – I'd been crouching on top of this chest so I could stand up, put my hands on my hips and kinda growl at him or something – it was really gonna make him “throb with desire”. And as he opened the door, I stood up – and I hit my head on the cove ceiling of our attic apartment! Well – I hit myself so hard I knocked myself out! And he had to rush me to the hospital!

Choreography note re: WELCOME HOME BABY. The choreography is very literal, using props for various forms of housework, i.e. dusting, polishing, mopping, etc. Each woman has an area which becomes her 'home'. They wave goodbye to their 'men' at the front door, and put in time until his return at the end of the day – very tongue in cheek. They don aprons at the top of the song. Also, near the end of the song FRANCES begins to use a plunger in her 'home', and it gets stuck. SANDY and CAROL come to her aid and all 3 pull the plunger free on the button of the song. CAROL sings lead.

SONG “WELCOME HOME BABY” (“SINGLE GIRL FANTASY”)

FRANCES

It wasn't so bad. Some people aren't cut out for long term relationships. Some people are so intense, it's enough just to have a brief affair with them. I'd decided that three months with me was like – thirty years with other women – I'd resigned myself to being a free spirit. I could come and go as I pleased. Who'd care if I came home at night? Who'd care where I was? Attached women were held down by responsibilities, and they were jealous of my – unfettered lifestyle. And they'd say things like—

SANDY

(as Housewife) Skiing again this weekend?

FRANCES

Uh-huh!

CAROL

(as Housewife) Another date tonight??

FRANCES

Yup! – and every morning I would skip from my architecturally designed studio apartment into my drop-top Italian sports car, and speed off to whatever adventure lay ahead!

SANDY

Alright for some.

CAROL

I'll say ...

CAROL and SANDY stow their props under their go-go stands, then sit down. FRANCES continues to 'drive' her sports car.

FRANCES

I'd always been the 'brain' – You know, the classic "Girl With The Glasses"? Until I really discovered Sex. (*FRANCES' sports car screeches to a halt and she climbs out.*) Then it was like, you know, the librarian letting her hair down. But I always went for men who were – different.

SANDY

The artistic ones.

FRANCES

Yeah ...

CAROL

The musicians.

FRANCES

The poets.

SANDY

The Bohemians.

FRANCES

The ones who never had cars because they were philosophically opposed to them.

SANDY

Yeah, but they were always getting you to drive them somewhere ...

CAROL

Oh, there were a lot of those.

SANDY

Yeah.

FRANCES

See? Jealous!

SONG: "DEDICATED TO THE ONE I LOVE"

SANDY

It was difficult being friends – especially after he'd taken up with someone else – because I was really mad at them both. And because I saw a lot of me in her. I mean, she had the same hair colour, and the same kind of look – and I kept thinking, well, why would he trade a me in, for a lesser me? Like – someone not as bright, or – as pretty, or – as good a person as I am ...

CAROL

All that fall I knew there was something wrong. Somehow communication had broken down between Patrick and me. We just stopped talking ...

SANDY

For a long time after that I couldn't date anyone. Oh, I semi fell in love with a married man, but – I couldn't do to another woman what had been done to me.

SANDY crosses to s.l. go-go stand and prepares to sing lead on ANYONE WHO HAD A HEART.

CAROL

I've heard the same thing happens to other people – that somehow along the way you just stop talking – and you drift apart.

SONG "ANYONE WHO HAD A HEART"

All three step d. s., into separate lighting areas, facing the audience. They are at their makeup mirrors. Throughout the following they mime applying makeup, fixing hair, etc., and talking into the mirrors, as if to someone standing slightly behind them, who they can see in the mirror.

FRANCES

My parents had begun to lose all hope for me. I took this one guy to their place for dinner, and he told them how he'd recently broken his back when he jumped out of his third floor window on an acid trip. My parents were shocked! "Yeah", he said, "it was like falling in slow motion. And through the second floor window I could see "All in the Family" on t.v. And I remember thinking, just before I hit the pavement, "Shit. I haven't seen that episode yet".

SANDY After my divorce, I remember I was working with this guy, and I remember the first time I saw him I said to my friend, "God help anyone who ends up with him!" Of course, three weeks later I was sleeping with him ...

CAROL

I'd decided it was finally time to do something for myself, so I took a French course during the summer session. And on the last day of the term, my 75 year old teacher propositioned me! Well, he was from France, so I thought – maybe they do this over there. I didn't know – And he said, "Look, my wife's going into the hospital for an operation, so I'd like you to come and sleep with me while she's away." Well, it was ridiculous. Besides – at least with my husband I knew he was going to wake up in the morning...

SANDY

A month after that, I was completely obsessed with the guy. Oh, I knew he was bad for me, but I couldn't stay away from him! (*Intro to WALK ON BY begins quietly. FRANCES and CAROL move to mic stands.*) And I was following him everywhere, and spying on him—
I went completely insane! I couldn't stop myself!

SONG: "WALK ON BY"

On The Beach

We find the three of them hung-over, with cocktails in hand, shades – scanning the beach for 'prey', as the talk.

FRANCES

I've had 24 love affairs in my life—

SANDY

That's not bad. I know one woman slept with 50 different men – Well – not all at once.

FRANCES

I'm not talking about sleeping with them all. I'm talking about being in love. A whole relationship. I'm interested in psychological adventures—

CAROL

Is that like sleeping with your psychiatrist?

FRANCES

24 different men –. that's a lot of romantic energy.

SANDY

That's a lot of sparks, anyway ...

FRANCES

I'm a veteran of 24 combats in the Field of Love. No wonder I'm ready to retire.

CAROL

Or at least take a long nap ...

FRANCES

I did a statistical analysis – How much pleasure given out, how much pain received. It worked out sort of even. In the pursuit of passion it's Kill or Be Killed.

SANDY

I just wonder – is it worth it? I mean, it's kinda like a drug addiction—24? I wouldn't mind just half a dozen ...

FRANCES

I'm not talking carnal appetites here. I'm talking "PsychoRomanticism" – Think: That's an amazing amount of wear and tear on the heart. (*struggles to her feet*) It's a miracle I'm still standing!

SONG: "TOO MANY FISH IN THE SEA"

SANDY

For once in my life I made the decision to spend time on my own – No involvements. So – I went out and found the smallest apartment I could. It was just for me. There was my little living room, and my little kitchen – For the first time, everything was mine. It was perfect.

CAROL

I think he liked to keep me on edge. You know, not knowing exactly where I stood? Oh, he was a great cook, and he had interesting friends, and we'd spent time with them, but – he didn't like the idea of me having my own life. And I'd just go along with it. So what he said I was – that's what I was. He said I liked white wine, so – I liked white wine. He said I liked hiking, so – I liked hiking. I hated hiking! What was I doing? When I finally figured out what was going on, I got really pissed off. That's when things started to change ...

SONG: DON'T MAKE ME OVER

FRANCES

I remember, for a while, radical Socialist men were in fashion. And this was in Alberta, and they weren't that easy to find – But they were just really hip, and at university all the girls just flocked to them. And there was this one guy, this Mark Serant. He looked just like a cross between Bob Dylan and a wharf rat. He was brilliant. A genius. And I could tell that because I couldn't understand a word he said – And he'd come into the cafeteria in this little leather jacket, and long greasy hair, and he'd kinda snarl out of the side of his mouth, and he'd say things like “How ya doin', babe?” – and a tingle would just run right through you — Well, he never paid any attention to me at school, but a few years later, a friend called me up and said “Guess who's coming to lunch??? Mark Serant! !” And I thought “Now I'm ready for him!” So I put on my hottest outfit, and I sashayed down to this little cafe – blew my friend's mind! “Whoa! Big City stuff!”. And I'm sitting there, drinking large glasses of red wine, waiting for this – Legend. And in walks this – squat little man, with this big, bushy moustache and this little chipmunk face – and he sits down with us – And I'm thinking “What happened to the wharf rat?” And he spends the entire afternoon bitching about university politics. I mean, this was a guy women were threatening to kill themselves over – this little – chipmunk – who drove some compact car – I mean – I'm looking for the wharf rat here – and he's gone.

SONG: “SEEMS LIKE A MIGHTY LONG TIME”

The women step downstage, into different spots.

CAROL

Patrick and I were walking along the beach one day—

FRANCES

I'd been seeing Lyle for quite some time, and I was always saying “I love you”, and waiting for the response—

CAROL

Things hadn't been going too well lately. We hadn't been talking much—

FRANCES

And he said “You know I love you. You don't need me to tell you”, and I said “Yes I do. You've never said it”—

CAROL

Then suddenly he just did that thing that a man can do that's so wonderful – he just grabbed me and turned me to him—

FRANCES

And he said “Cause when you say “I love you”, you mean “I love you”. That's scary. That's a big commitment.

CAROL

I mean, he just grabbed me and turned me to him – and it was that beautiful moment, right before the sun went down...

FRANCES

And he said “I know the minute I say I love you, you're gonna get old and haggly on me, and then I'll be stuck with you forever...” But later one, out of the blue, he said it “I love you”. Just like that.

CAROL

And we kissed, and he said “It's been so hard for me to tell you what I'm feeling – .but I think I can do that now. I don't want to lose you ...

FRANCES

And the next morning, I woke up with these huge puffy eyes, because I'd had a reaction to an antibiotic – And he took one look at me, and he smiled, and he said – ‘I knew it’.

SANDY

I was at this friend's wedding, and it still felt strange going to those kinda things on my own, but – well, after dinner people started to mingle, and I heard some music coming from a back room (*piano quietly plays “YOU GO TO MY HEAD”*), so I wandered down the hall and I stood in the doorway, and I saw this man playing the piano. And I couldn't see his face, but from the back there was just this incredible – aura – Then I remembered that I'd seen him earlier. I'd noticed this tall figure moving through the crowd – and the way he'd bent down to kiss some woman who was in the wedding party, there was just something so – gentle about him. And then, seeing him again at the piano – and he was playing this wonderful music – and I was so touched by it, and I was thinking “Uh-oh – get out of here” – and I was just about to leave, when he finished the piece and he turned around and he looked right at me. (*pause*). “That was wonderful”, I said. And he smiled, and said “So – come and tell me what you want to hear”, and he moved over so I could sit next to him on the piano bench. And we just sat there, shoulder to shoulder, while he played ...

CAROL

I know the time that I was happiest. It was a beautiful day – One of those perfect West Coast summer days – And I was in my garden. I'd been reading – and a warm breeze came up, and suddenly I felt as if I'd been wrapped in the scent of flowers. And I thought “I am perfectly happy – just being alone here in my garden, with my flowers” – And there was nothing else to think about. Nothing – but the yellow flowers – me – and the blue, blue sky....

SONG: “ALL GROWN UP”

Encore “ONE FINE DAY”

The End.