

**SHEILA/ZACH Scene:**

SHEILA: Right. What do you want to know about me first?

ZACH: Try, ah, why are you in this business?

SHEILA: Well...I wanted to be a prima ballerina. (*Grimaces at the spotlight*). That light....What color is that? Do you have anything softer?

ZACH: Don't worry about the lights...Just talk.

SHEILA: Well...Like I said, I wanted to be a ballerina. Because my mother was a ballerina- until my father made her give it up.

ZACH: Sheila, come downstage.

(*Sheila walks downstage seductively, one step*).

ZACH: (*continued*) Closer.

SHEILA: (*walks further downstage*) Can I sit on your lap?

ZACH: Do you always come on like this?

SHEILA: No. Sometimes I'm aggressive. Actually, I'm a leo.

ZACH: What's that supposed to mean?

SHEILA: It means the other eleven months of the year have to watch out...I'm very strong.

ZACH: Maybe too strong.

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: (*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 the 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? 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 say "The Red Shoes" 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, and I said, "But I've got to dance." I mean, anything to get out of the house.

ZACH: What?

SHEILA: Nothing.

ZACH: What did you say?

SHEILA: That I wanted to get out of my house.

ZACH: Why?

SHEILA: The truth?

ZACH: Sure, you're strong enough..