

BOOGIE NIGHTS

Amber – I was going to take a pottery class at Everywoman’s Village.

Rollergirl – I want to do that.

Amber – We’ll do that. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 3:00.

Rollergirl – I was thinking something.

Amber – What?

Rollergirl – I was going to see about taking the G.E.D. Do you know what that is?

Amber – Mmhmm. For high school. To graduate.

Rollergirl – See, I never got my diploma. I feel bad that...I think you were right about that.

Amber – You should do it; you should do it, Rollergirl. Because, because you know what – If you wanted to, you could do anything.

I miss my two sons. I miss my little Andrew and...and my Dirk. You know, I always felt like Dirk was my baby...my new baby. Don’t you miss Dirk?

Rollergirl – Yeah.

Amber – He’s so fuckin’ talented, the bastard. You know, I just...I love him Rollergirl. I mean I really love the stupid jerk.

Rollergirl – I love you, Mom. I want you to be my mom, Amber. Are you my mom? I’ll ask you if you’re my mom, OK? And you say yes, OK? Are you my mom?

Amber – Yes, honey.

(Hugging, crying. Amber rises and begins to pace)

I don't want to do this anymore, honey. I can't. Let's have fun now. Let's just go and go and go, because it's over. There's too many things, too many things, too many things.

Rollergirl – OK.

Amber – Let's go walk.

Rollergirl – I don't want to leave this room.

Amber – Me either. (Laughing hysterically) I love you, honey.

Rollergirl – I love you, Mom.