

(Musical accent.)

(Offstage voice: "Thank you Caitlin. Nice to see you again." Caitlin nods and smiles).

~~(SIGN change: THE VENUE)~~

Scene 2  
The Venue

CAIT

How many of you out there tonight have a mother? (she searches...). No one? (nobody in the house) Oh literally no one! Well then. (relaxes. Time to practice her material). Don't worry I have enough mom for all of us. She's about 4 foot 10, and not even a hundred pounds with rocks in her pockets. "Skeeta." Like Skeeter, but with a New England accent. Skeeta. And her sister's name is Sheiler. Skeeta calls her Sheiler. Skeeta and Sheiler. "Sheiler, can you pass the butta?" "Skeeta can you pak the cah and don't forget my pack of Lahks". My mom comes from a town near Hyannis. Yes, that Hyannis. A born and bred democrat, who has a little crush on Rush Limbaugh. Ok, a big crush. The fuck? Who does that? She's a little like Democracy actually. You know how they say the only thing worse than a democracy is no democracy at all? (pantomimes phone)  
~~"Honey, I'm very down today."~~

~~Oh, really mom?~~

~~"Yes, Honey, I'm just hanging on by my fing-a-tips".~~

~~"Well actually, mom, I was just about to go and live my life. Can I stop by later?"~~

~~"Well, I'm very down honey. I just don't know if I can hang on till your life or whatever."~~

~~(to Audience:) at this point my legs are like stuck in cement. Can't...move...at all..."Well Mom I was just about to go out, actually. I was about to go to New York City."~~

~~"Ok, fine honey. Sounds wondaful. OK. I just wanted you to know that I started the note."~~

~~"What note's that mom?"~~

~~"What note? THE note! But I don't want to bother you, honey. You've got things on your mind. Don't worry about me. I guess a fingatip is enough."~~

~~"OK, mom, let me just unpack my future here really quickly and I'll be there in a jiffy."~~

My mom ...Rush Limbaugh could use my mom. She's be a great poster child for him: (doing her best Rush) "Skeeter is like Big Government. She promises independence and, but it's just not possible, folks. You're never going to get rid of the big Democratic anvil in your trunk. The car won't move. You'll never make it out of the garage."

SKEETER

"My fatha drove a cahh for the first time in his life when he took the drivers test, Cait.

CAIT

But I love her, you know? Can't live without your mom, can you? Can you?

SKEETER

Applied for a job with the gas company, selling stoves.

CAIT

"They said all my *faatha* needed to be a salesman was just his talent, and charm, and little BS. Oh, and a driva's license.

CHARLIE

Well...a man in town had a brand new car, and said I could practice in his car parked in the garage. I says ok, sure.

CAIT

"Papa says...'okay, sure' --Honey go to the store and pick me up 12 cartons of cigarettes. I'm almost out. And stop at Savon and pick up my valium since you're out. May as well get the dog groomed and my tuned up since you're going out.

SKEETER

Oh and donuts. Don't forget donuts. Old fashion, glazed. - Anyway (coughs) he says, I says,

CAIT

"he says... (coughs -- ) he says."

SKEETER

(coughs overlapping) He says 'After several days of practicing in this man's car, I had to take the test.'

CHARLIE

I've still never driven a moving car. I never had to. I grew up in Brooklyn, and when Mama and I toured, we were always on trains.