

1. *(to the audience)* And for a moment I was transported back to the teeny breakfast nook at 111 McClellan. Mom and Dad still alive. All of us around the wooden table, arguing about politics. Mom was bustling around the kitchen, the smell of bacon, Dad was putting NutraSweet on his grapefruit. Mom was on her eighth cigarette and eighteenth cup of coffee since five in the morning, she was smoking and needlepointing a pillow that said *The Best is Yet to Come*. Two radios are on and two televisions, one with a football game and one with *Crossfire*. We've been having the same political argument for the past thirty years – the lamp over the table was the same – but now there are no parents to adjudicate. We're supposed to be the grown-ups now. We slept in our childhood beds that night.

*Music.**

The lights change.

2, 3, 4, and 5 exit.

Father enters with a trunk.

I opens the trunk.

She goes through it.

She sees vintage dresses which she holds to her.

One green satin dress.

One blue chiffon dress.

She remembers her mother.

Then she finds her old Peter Pan costume.

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