

*From Anna and August*

ANNA'S MOTHER, 40s

*ANNA'S MOTHER is giving her daughter advice on prom night.*

ANNA'S MOTHER

Nonsense. Where were we? Boys.

*(she sighs deeply)*

Do you remember when you were six and little Joey from next door kicked you in the back of the head and you lost a tooth? Boys will do that to you your entire life. But instead of chipping your tooth, they're going to chip your heart. I remember when I was young, I was in love with this boy who lived down the block. I thought he was keen. That was slang we used back then. Everything was keen. Well he was keen. His name was Armando. He was from Guatemala. Oh... Armando. What a ripe specimen of young manhood he was. He used to mow the lawn with his shirt off, his tanned, sinewy body glistening in the summer sun. His taught, rippling abs—

<ANNA

*Mom, why is everyone around here wildly inappropriate?!>*

ANNA'S MOTHER

Sorry. My fondest memories of Armando were hiding in the bushes outside his window at night while he slept. He was so peaceful. Like a muscular Guatemalan angel. I used to take pictures of him when he wasn't looking and then I'd cut out his little head and glue it onto the covers of Men's Health magazine. But he was afraid of my love. He didn't understand me. But no restraining order was going to keep us apart, so one night he left the door of his car unlocked, he drove a Volvo Station Wagon, and I snuck in and... sometimes life isn't fair, honey. Sometimes even when you go through all the effort of faking an appendicitis in the back of someone's car in the vain hope that they'll fall in love with you on the way to the hospital, it doesn't work out. Anyway, we weren't meant to be. So, in the immortal words of Stephen Stills: "If you can't be with the one you love, honey, love the one you're with. Do do do do do." So I settled for your father and that's how you came into the world.

And Armando lives at 1441 Walker Street and drives a silver Toyota Camry with ninety-four thousand miles on it, but it's not like I'm still stalking him or anything.

*(she gathers herself)*

But darling, if you get your heart broken tonight, remember: you can always settle for another guy who isn't quite as good. And that's how you go through life and end up not going crazy. I'm glad we had this talk.