

From That's Not How I Remember It by Don Zolidis

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LOLA, 17
LOLA'S MOM, 40s
LOLA'S DAD, 40s

(1986. LOLA is in the bathroom, getting ready for a date. She is teasing her hair and hairspraying it. She's hairspraying it a lot. LOLA'S MOM enters.)

LOLA'S MOM *(knocking on an imaginary door)*
Honey? Can I come in?

LOLA
Sure, Mom.

LOLA'S MOM
I feel like we never talk anymore.

LOLA
I'm kinda busy right now.

LOLA'S MOM
Can I do that for you? Let me do that. I always used to do your hair for you.
(LOLA reluctantly hands over the hairspray.)
Oh sweetheart, you're going to be a woman soon. A real woman. Look at you.
(They look into the imaginary mirror together.)
You've got a really nice figure.

LOLA
Okay Mom I need some privacy.

LOLA'S MOM
Let me see your teeth. Smile.
(LOLA smiles. LOLA'S MOM examines her teeth like she's looking at a horse.)
These are just great. Oh to be young. And have healthy gums and teeth. You're flossing, right?

LOLA
Yeah I'm flossing.

LOLA'S MOM
That makes my heart smile.

LOLA
Do you mind?

LOLA'S MOM

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Oh sure. Mom's embarrassing me in my own bathroom. I can't be seen with my own mother in the mirror. Just give birth to me and raise me and get out of the way. I get it. Mom's a loser. Mom looks like roadkill. Mom should just go lurk in the basement like a troll farmer.

LOLA

I'm not saying you have to lurk in the basement – I just – I have a date tonight.

LOLA'S MOM (*super excited*)

A WHAT?!

LOLA

I have a fake date.

LOLA'S MOM

A DATE?!

LOLA

A fake date.

LOLA'S MOM

And you didn't tell me about it? I would tell you about my fake dates! Tell me about him tell me about him tell me about him!

LOLA

I don't know um –

LOLA'S MOM

What's-he-look-like-what's-his-name-how-tall-is-he-who-are-his-parents?

LOLA

He's um – I think his name's Barry.

LOLA'S MOM

He sounds amazing! Oh my gosh oh my gosh my little girl has a date!

(She screams a little.)

This is the happiest day of my life! All of the days before this were pale and meaningless and now, suddenly, my life has meaning! YES! Oh honey! You truly are a woman today!

LOLA

It's just a fake date.

LOLA'S MOM

No – you are at the threshold. Say goodbye to girlhood. Goodbye barbies! Goodbye dollhouse! Goodbye My Little Pony! Hello – womanhood. Now listen to me – this boy is going to try to pressure you – he's going to try to kiss you – your job is defense. A little bit of this, a little bit of

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that – and if things look like they're getting interested, fall asleep – just pretend – take these cookies, if there's a chance he might kiss you, pop one in your mouth. Under no circumstances does this boy get a kiss tonight! You need him desperate, you need to break his spirit, you need him to –

LOLA

Mom! I'm not interested in him at all! I'm just going to a party!

(LOLA'S DAD appears.)

LOLA'S DAD

Knock knock can I come in!

LOLA

This is the bathroom Dad.

LOLA'S DAD

What's all that squealing I heard?

LOLA'S MOM

Our daughter is becoming a woman.

LOLA'S DAD

Oh no. I feared this day would come.

LOLA

Dad, it's –

LOLA'S DAD

You're grounded. You are not to leave the house.

LOLA'S MOM

David – she has a date tonight.

LOLA

Fake date.

LOLA'S DAD

A date? Already? You're seventeen! What are you doing dating?! Why on earth would you do something like that! What is wrong with you?! No! No this can't be happening! Call him and tell him you fell down a flight of stairs and are paralyzed and in a coma!

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LOLA

Dad! Dad! Get a hold of yourself!

LOLA'S MOM

David. You can't stop time. She's in love.

LOLA

I'm not in love.

LOLA'S MOM

And if you fight this thing, it will only drive her into his muscular arms. She's grown now – she's free to escape into the night and feel the stars above her and his warm breath on her neck, his fingers –

LOLA

Ohmygosh Mom no!

LOLA'S DAD

Stop talking! Stop talking!

LOLA'S MOM

What's that? It's the sound of nature. It's knocking at our door. His eyes are like coal. The rough stubble on his chin like the faintest embrace of sandpaper – and yet his strong arms, his masculine odor, they're overpowering –

LOLA

No! No! Mom stop!

To read more of this play, contact me at donzolidis@yahoo.com