

ACT I,
SCENE I

SETTING: The living room of Diane and her daughter Amanda. Front door is back left. Hallway leading to bedroom, den and bathroom is up right. Kitchen is down left. There is a couch, easy chair, dining room table and chairs and bar.

AT RISE: Amanda, a thirty one year old born again Christian, is sitting at dining room table working on her lap top.

AMANDA. *(to herself as she types her blog)* 'Salvation can only truly be gained by those willing to forgo the physical rewards of the flesh for the spiritual rewards of the soul!' There, that sounds about right!

DIANE. *(From bedroom)* Amanda honey...did you bring in the mail?

AMANDA. Yes mother, it's right here on the table. *(she grabs five letters and holds them up)*

DIANE. *(enters holding a glass of Vodka, she grabs the letters)* Thanks sweetie...what are you up to?

AMANDA. Just finishing up my daily blog.

DIANE. *(as she starts to look through letters)* Which one today? The 'Holy Rollers Society' or the 'Church of Latter Day Martyrs of the Bronx?'

AMANDA. I *like* living in the Bronx and you are not funny Mother. Make light of my religious beliefs if you like but don't come crying to me when the time comes for you to be called home and all the spiritual energy you have is gained from that vodka you are consuming at *(she looks at her watch)* eleven thirty A.M.

DIANE. ...*(coy)* it is not Vodka, it's water. You dumped out all the liquor, remember? *(perusing mail)* Gas bill, electric bill...

AMANDA. Sure! I know you mother! Just add lying onto the tab of sins you are committing!

DIANE. It's only a venial sin!

AMANDA. Venial sin?

DIANE. Oh, I forgot you weren't raised religious. It's a term for a less egregious sin(*back to mail*) Cable bill, telephone bill...

AMANDA. Less egregious? How many types of sins are there?

DIANE. Two, venial and mortal...sort of like a misdemeanor and felony for Catholics.

AMANDA. And what do you think God would say about you drinking spirits at all hours of the day?

DIANE. I don't know. What did he say about your father running off with a pole dancer from Newark?

AMANDA. God had nothing to do with that happening! Dad simply lost his way.

DIANE. No he didn't. He took the George Washington Bridge to The New Jersey Turnpike and got off at Exit Thirteen.

AMANDA. That's not what I'm talking about! Just because daddy succumbed to the 'sins of the flesh' is no reason you should have to follow. I suppose your lothario friend Harry will be over for his usual noontime liaison?

DIANE. He better be... Besides don't knock it till you've tried it.

AMANDA. Fornicating without the benefit of matrimony is not acceptable in the kingdom of heaven!

DIANE. Then I sure hope I'm going to the other place.

AMANDA. Besides, you know I've been saving myself for marriage mother.

DIANE. Suit yourself, but you're thirty one years old, you know if you don't let the train in the tunnel once in a while the tunnel might collapse.

AMANDA. That's disgusting mother! You've been hanging around with that trampy friend of yours again, haven't you?

DIANE. Which one?

AMANDA. You know perfectly well which one! Verna!

DIANE. Verna, trampy?

AMANDA. And that's an understatement.

DIANE. You're right, Verna is looser than a broken shingle in a Miami Hurricane! And by the way, she and my other friends are on their way over here for coffee as we speak.

AMANDA. Oh I see, first vodka then coffee.

DIANE. Well I have to sober up later on for Harry don't I?

(Verna fifty five, trying to look younger, enters, she is dressed provocatively in a low cut blouse)

VERNA. Hi all, the door was open.

AMANDA. Speak of the devil, look who's here! What's wrong, did Sodom and Gomorra close early today?

VERNA. *(To Amanda)* Good to see you too dear.

(Amanda Closes Lap top and notices a letter that was hidden beneath it. She rises and hands the letter to Diane)

AMANDA. This letter was under the lap top.

VERNA. Who's it from?

AMANDA. *(to Verna)* Oh, loose, crass and nosey.

DIANE. A Trifecta

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