

YVONNE

Your father got you a present. Won't tell me what it is. Too busy getting worked up over Colin Powel.

LISA

Weapons of Mass Distraction?

YVONNE

You've talked to him?

LISA

This afternoon.

(Yvonne dumps the party favors on the table.)

YVONNE

Haven't even started...

LISA

Mom, you don't have to...

YVONNE

...They got rid of our doorman. That's what everyone in the building thinks. (Stage whisper:) *Pakistani*. What's next? Taxi drivers? Can you imagine this town without Islamic taxi drivers? They're up to something.

LISA

Who?

YVONNE

We've elected a bunch of lying sons of bitches who know the power of fear. See *something? Say something!* I guess suicide bombers are surprisingly easy to spot. *Homeland Security*. Is it just me, or does that have a faintly fascist ring to it? *Homeland*. *Vaterland*. (Singing:) *Deutschland, Deutschland über alles*. (Referring to the party supplies:) I got these online. Bet you didn't think your stupid old mother could do that.... (Holding up a napkin:) Personalized.

(She rips open a bag of balloons and begins to blow one up.)

LISA

You don't have to...

YVONNE

Nonsense.

LISA

I'm turning forty not ten.

YVONNE

It's deliberately ironic.

(She blows more on the balloon.)

LISA

I wanted a low key party... Relaxed... (Under her breath:) Where you don't drink too much.

YVONNE

(Laughing:) Help me, honey. I'm getting lightheaded.

LISA

Mom...

YVONNE

It's a party, Lisa. It's what people expect.

LISA

People?

YVONNE

From the list I gave you?

YVONNE

It's only family.

YVONNE

Only family? I saw Tina... Terry... Tallulah... the... bucktoothed flautist in your ensemble this morning and said I'd see her tonight. She must think I'm insane.

LISA

I wanted it to be ... the people who matter the most to me. I should have told you. My fault.

(Yvonne let's go of the balloon. It flies around the room. Then falls to the floor.)

YVONNE

I'm hideously overdressed.

LISA

You can save it for a more important occasion.

(Yvonne crosses to Lisa and holds her face.)

YVONNE

What's more important than my daughter's birthday? Of course you can have your own party. Without any interference from your meddling hag of a mother.

(She kisses her forehead.)

Remember that pony in the park on your 10<sup>th</sup>?

LISA

Oh, god.

YVONNE

(Laughing:) I've never seen such a terrified look on a child's face.

LISA

(Laughing:) It tried to bite me!

(She reaches out and smooths a strand of Lisa's hair back into place.)

YVONNE

Of all the things in my life, I'm proudest of you.

(Lisa smiles.)

Where's the food?

LISA

The kitchen?