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**SHE FORGOT HER PURSE (First performance, 1995)**

This original play about dreams in which angels forget their purses, wedding dresses have a life of their own, and women come to know everything, has been performed at the Davis Discovery Center's Shedd Theatre. Original music by WOMEN AT PLAY regular, Daniel Rogers.

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Act I

Scene 1

Setting: A bed, center stage, suggested by about five stairs, bleacher style.

AT RISE: It is night. ANGEL, holding a large egg is on top stair of bed in flight, surveying all she sees. Flying music may be heard. MOTHER enters from USL.

MOTHER

(Shouting and waving a purse at ANGEL)  
Angel, darling, you forgot your purse!

ANGEL

Oh, Mother, for heaven's sake!

MOTHER

You're always forgetting your purse.  
(To members of the audience)  
She's always forgetting her purse. If her head weren't attached to her body, she would forget it.

ANGEL

I'm flying, I'm floating, I'm soaring, Ma. I don't need it.

MOTHER

Soaring, schmoring, you should never be without money. You never know. And your driver's license for identification.  
(to audience)

It's the latest thing, you know. They don't take a purse. The comb, the lipstick, right in a pocket. But look at her. Do you see any pockets?

ANGEL

I'm almost over twenty-one, Ma. I'll be fine. Don't wait up.

MOTHER

How can I not wait up? I wake up. I come in and look in your bed. There's a bump, maybe two. I come closer. I poke. It's not you.

(to audience)

I'm supposed to go back to sleep?

ANGEL

Yes, Ma, just go back to sleep. Pleasant dreams.

MOTHER

(Looking in purse)

Your key is in here.

ANGEL

I'll use the window.

MOTHER

Angel, look at yourself. Look at your appearance! Is that a way to go flying about? What would your father say?

ANGEL

He won't know unless you tell him. Look, Ma, I can fly!  
(turning as if floating to look at her mother)

MOTHER

(Looking through the purse, desperate)

Angel, your glasses are in your purse. How can you see where you're going?

ANGEL

I can see by the light of the moon. And I'm wearing my contacts.

MOTHER

Oh, go to the moon!

(To the audience)

She'll never make it.

(to ANGEL)

I never heard of going anywhere without a purse.

ANGEL

An encumbrance, Ma. Chill.

MOTHER

What time will you be home?

ANGEL

(Begins to speak in Spanish or any other language)

Mother

I can't understand a word you're saying.

ANGEL

(Continues to talk about the beauties of her flight in Spanish)

MOTHER

(To the audience)

That child is beyond me. We don't even talk the same language.

(To member of audience)

Can you make it out? I need a translator yet!

(Examining the purse)

Good grief, what's this?

(Shows audience)

Green lipstick? Orange rouge? Purple eyeliner?

(To an audience member)

I bet your daughter doesn't wear green lipstick!

(She decides to try the green lipstick and as she applies it, she begins to feel that she can fly)

Hey, Angel, darling, wait for me!

(She drops ANGEL's purse and takes off, flapping her arms as she flies to join her daughter, climbing to a step below her)

Good grief, I forgot my purse!

(BLACKOUT)

End of Scene 1

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