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Judy Gray

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ALSO AVAILABLE FROM OWP

The Books

by Michael Edison Hayden

1 Male, 1 Female, plus two off stage voices.

No intermission

Synopsis: An offbeat dramatic love story with plenty of dark comedy, *THE BOOKS* chronicles the developing relationship of a professional dominatrix, Mistress Chimera, and her agoraphobic client, Mark. After Mark loans her a copy of James Joyce's *Dubliners*, their personal relationship deepens, complicating their sadomasochistic rituals. Before the couple can truly fall in love, they both must accept that some people may never fit into society.

The Metric System

by James Armstrong

2 Males, 2 Females

Synopsis: Mary Beth, who as a child was abused at school, strikes up an unlikely relationship with Alan, a former teacher who lost his job after being accused of beating a female student. They meet secretly once a week to re-enact their dark pasts. Matters are complicated when Alan's wife finds out about the meetings and suspects a sexual affair. In truth, the bond between them is much stronger than mere sex, and possibly much more dangerous. The Metric System proceeds with uncompromising logic as these three people search for the ability to connect with one another and try to work out a new system by which to live.

JUDY GRAY

**a play
by
Julianne Homokay**

Production History

Judy Gray was first presented by the UNLV Department of Theatre, April, 2001. It was directed by Joseph Megel. The dramaturg was Kim Moore. Sets were designed by John Santangelo, costumes by Reyna Lopez, and lights by Amber Coyne. The stage managers were Michelle Lombardo and Alexis Lundsford. The cast was as follows:

JUDYJannea Tribolet
FATHERJon Paul Raniola
BIRDMANJason Outlaw
FIRST GIRL IN GRAYJamie Carvelli/Rachel Shaftel
SECOND GIRL IN GRAYGinger Ann Lanier
THIRD GIRL IN GRAYErin Hegarty
FOURTH GIRL IN GRAYTracy Petrini
FIFTH GIRL IN GRAYJanaya Davis
SIXTH GIRL IN GRAYAntointette Duran
SEVENTH GIRL IN GRAYCarmel Javaher

Judy Gray was produced at Franklin & Marshall College, Lancaster, PA; April, 2005. Direction and sound design were by Eric Johnson. Sets and lights were designed by John Whiting, and costumes were designed by Virginia M. West. The Stage Managers were Caitlin Lippincott and Kerry Whiteman. The cast was as follows:

JUDYBridget McNulty
FATHER.....J. Ross Kite
BIRDMAN.....Justin B. Hopkins
FIRST GIRL IN GRAY.....Sarah Primak
SECOND GIRL IN GRAY.....Sarah Vinnacombe
THIRD GIRL IN GRAY.....Karen Horst
FOURTH GIRL IN GRAYAnnie Harrison
FIFTH GIRL IN GRAYStephanie Zimmering
SIXTH GIRL IN GRAYJulie Frey
SEVENTH GIRL IN GRAYRebecca Zahler

Cast of Characters

JUDY

FATHER, her father. Appears later as GENTLEMAN PATRON (we can't see his face) and GIANT BIRD (we can).

BIRDMAN, her pusher

seven **GIRLS IN GRAY**

Synopsis: Judy builds herself a suit of wings so she can fly away.

“And I feel like a newborn
Awake on my airplane
Awake on my airplane I feel so real.”

-Filter

*for Charles Gray,
soon to be awake on his airplane*

JUDY GRAY

Prelude

A sepia-toned photograph:

*JUDY in pigtails, an old-fashioned gray dress, patent leather shoes.
FATHER in a pilot's uniform. JUDY and FATHER are posed as if
they are in the middle of a conversation. As the lights brighten:*

FATHER: ...just when you think your craft will tear at the seams,
you pop out of the clouds into a pale gold, glittering sunshine under a
field of the truest blue you ever saw. The clouds look like snow and
make a blanket beneath you as far as you can see. You feel safe. It's
just you and your craft. And you're warm now. And you feel sorry
for everyone whose two feet are on the ground.

JUDY: That sounds fun.

FATHER: I'll take you up there.

JUDY: *(jumping up and down)* Now?

FATHER: No, sweetheart. Someday.

JUDY: When?

FATHER: You be a good girl, you be Daddy's perfect girl, I'll take
you when I get home.

JUDY: Why can't I go now?

FATHER: Sweetheart, I have to go.

JUDY: But your eyes look weird.

FATHER: I'll take you when I get back.

JUDY: When are you coming home, Daddy?

FATHER: In two shakes of a dove's tail.

JUDY: That's not how the saying goes.

(FATHER pats her head, turns to leave)

Wait!

(bringing him his hat)

You forgot this.

FATHER: Daddy's perfect girl.

(Lights out on JUDY. FATHER pulls a feather from his pocket, then gently blows it into the air. The lights fade to black as:)

Interlude

FATHER/VOICE ONE: Ladies and gentlemen

VOICE TWO: Please fasten your seat belts

FATHER/VOICE ONE: This is your captain speaking

(VOICES THREE, FOUR, and FIVE stomp their feet to create a rumbling that underscores the following:)

VOICE SEVEN: *(baby crying in a repetitive pattern)* Waah waah waaaaah, etc.

VOICE SIX: Sssshh. It'll be okay.

VOICE TWO: Return your seat backs to their up right position.

FATHER/VOICE ONE: Thank you for flying Trans Air Flight 137.

VOICE TWO: Cross check.

FATHER/VOICE ONE: Flight attendants please be seated.

(VOICES ONE, TWO, SIX, and SEVEN join in the stomping.)

FATHER/VOICE ONE: Ladies and gentlemen

VOICE THREE: What's happening?

FATHER/VOICE ONE: This is your Captain speaking

VOICE FOUR: Oh God

FATHER/VOICE ONE: We're experiencing some turbulence

VOICE TWO: Please remain calm

VOICE FIVE: *(screams)*

VOICE SEVEN: *(still crying)* WAAH
Waah Waaaaah (etc.)

VOICE SIX: Sssshh. It'll be okay, precious.

FATHER/VOICE ONE: Tower, this is Trans Air 137

VOICE FOUR: Jesus Mary and Joseph

(VOICES THREE, FIVE, and SIX make a falling sound through the following.)

FATHER/VOICE ONE: Tower come in

VOICE TWO: In the event of depressurization

VOICE FOUR: Our father who art in heaven

FATHER/VOICE ONE: Tower do you read?

VOICE TWO: oxygen masks will be released

VOICE FOUR: Our father who art in heaven

VOICE FIVE: *(screams)*

VOICE FOUR: Our father who
art in heaven

(The falling sounds stops as the stomping culminates in one simultaneous CRASH.)

(Silence, then:)

VOICE SIX: Oh my God my baby

FATHER/VOICE ONE: Mayday mayday

VOICE SIX: Wake up, precious. You must wake
up.

FATHER/VOICE ONE: mayday mayday

VOICES TWO and THREE: *(siren; continuous)*

VOICE SIX: *(sobbing, moaning)* Oh God my baby, etc.

FATHER: mayday mayday, etc.

(the sounds halt suddenly as:)

sc. 1

Lights up on the 18th tee. FATHER trudges on wearing a Payne Stewart outfit in wild plaids and clashing colors. FATHER sets up his drive with and oversized plastic golf club. JUDY shuffles on behind him, caddying. JUDY reads a book when she thinks FATHER isn't looking. FATHER has just played seventeen holes of bad golf.

JUDY: Total lift depends on the combined effects of airspeed and angle of attack. I think—

FATHER: You think you might want to pay attention?

JUDY: I.

(FATHER swings.) (WHACK.)

FATHER: Hook. God damn it.

JUDY: I was gonna say.

FATHER: Then why didn't you say.

JUDY: Maybe. Try.

FATHER: I'm not giving you an allowance to stand there and read.

JUDY: Your five wood.

FATHER: I always hit my three iron off this tee.

(FATHER sets up another drive.)

JUDY: It's just that. *(FATHER's not listening.)* Well.

(FATHER swings.) (WHACK.)

FATHER: Slice. God damn it.

JUDY: You're. You're pushing your irons today, Dad. *(pause in which FATHER rubs his eyes.)* Well. With 1/14,000th of a second to make contact with the ball, you're skewing the angle of attack. Give yourself a little more club, swing easy, you'll balance your lift and thrust. Especially given this southwesterly that's retarding the ball's forward momentum.

(pause in which FATHER may destroy JUDY.)

That's all.

FATHER: Give me the God-damned five wood.

JUDY: Dad, the pro said to watch your language.

FATHER: *(overlapping)* Give me my God-damned five wood.

(JUDY does.)

(FATHER swings.)

(WHACK.)

JUDY: See, Dad? Look at that lift.

FATHER: I think it's headed toward the trees.

JUDY: It says right here that—

FATHER: Did you see where my ball went?

JUDY: Uh, no.

FATHER: Why weren't you watching my ball?

JUDY: Well, I.

FATHER: Because you're not paying attention. What is that you're reading?

JUDY: Nothing.

FATHER: Don't lie to me.

JUDY: Your old aviation manuals.

FATHER: Did you find my flight log?

JUDY: What's the big deal?

FATHER: DID YOU LOOK AT MY FLIGHT LOG?

JUDY: No.

FATHER: But you went in my office without permission.

JUDY: You were asleep in your chair.

FATHER: That's five demerits. Looks like the air show's off.

JUDY: But.

FATHER: Put my five wood back.

JUDY: You promised.

FATHER: Let's go.

JUDY: You said if I made an A on my English test and caddied today we could go to the—

FATHER: Come on.

(FATHER starts off.)

JUDY: I've been looking forward to this all year.

FATHER: Let's go, Judy. There's a foursome teeing off.

JUDY: (*the dam breaks*) I hate golf. I hate coming out here every Saturday and I hate English class and I did everything you said and you promised we could go to the air show.

FATHER: That was before you had demerits.

JUDY: Demerits are stupid.

FATHER: Then don't get them.

JUDY: Dad.

FATHER: Give me my golf bag. (*FATHER takes his bag.*) And give me that book. You've no need for it.

(*FATHER takes his manual and storms off.*)

JUDY: But. I'm gonna fly. You'll see. I'M GONNA FLY AWAY. (*still looking after him*) Dad? DAD! (*pause*) I'm sorry.

OFFSTAGE VOICES: FORE!

(*The golf ball returns and bonks JUDY on the head.*)

(*JUDY passes out.*)

(*GIRLS IN GRAY TWO through SEVEN appear at the edge of the light on JUDY. The GIRLS wear old-fashioned gray dresses and patent leather shoes, much like JUDY's costume in the Prelude, and their heads are too big for their bodies.*)

THIRD GIRL: (*nudging JUDY*) Wake up.

SECOND GIRL: Wake up.

SECOND/THIRD/FOURTH/FIFTH/SIXTH/SEVENTH: You must wake up.

FOURTH GIRL: You're too old to be treated that way.

THIRD GIRL: Wake up.

FIFTH GIRL: You must wake up.

SIXTH GIRL: Wake up.

SEVENTH GIRL: Wake up.

(*JUDY wakes up.*)

SECOND GIRL: Don't cry.

JUDY: I won't cry.

FOURTH GIRL/FIFTH GIRL: You're gonna fly.

JUDY: I'm gonna fly away.

SECOND GIRL: You'll build a suit of wings.

THIRD GIRL: It'll be so much fun!

FOURTH GIRL: You'll show him.

FIFTH GIRL: You'll be so high up there in the sky.

SIXTH GIRL: It'll be so easy!

SEVENTH GIRL: Spread your wings and fly away.

(FIRST GIRL IN GRAY emerges from where JUDY is lying. FIRST GIRL is dressed in a costume and glasses similar to JUDY'S in this scene.)

FIRST GIRL: Eyes on the sky.

JUDY: Eyes on the sky.

FIRST GIRL: Let's get to work.

(The GIRLS IN GRAY drag JUDY to her bedroom, where she begins to build a pair of wings out of household items handed to her by SECOND GIRL.)

FIRST GIRL: That's it.

FIFTH GIRL: You're feeling better.

FIRST GIRL: Gaining strength.

SECOND GIRL: More pots.

JUDY: Egg beater.

SECOND GIRL: More pans.

FOURTH GIRL: Butcher knife.

FIRST GIRL: No.

FIFTH GIRL: More wing span.

THIRD GIRL: More than a condor.

(JUDY bangs her thumb with a hammer.)

JUDY: Ow.

FOURTH GIRL: Dammit.
(FOURTH GIRL throws the hammer.)
SECOND GIRL: Stop whining.
FIRST GIRL: Stay focused.
THIRD GIRL: More than Icarus.
JUDY: Something's wrong.
THIRD GIRL: More than there ever was.
JUDY: Something's not right.
FIFTH GIRL: They're not fat.
SEVENTH GIRL: They're not fluffy.
SECOND GIRL: They don't look functional.
SIXTH GIRL: Effortless.
SEVENTH GIRL: They must draw attention to your eyes.
SIXTH GIRL: Effortless flight.
SEVENTH GIRL: Your eyes are your best feature.
FIRST GIRL: We need them to work.
JUDY: I'll try them on.
(JUDY tries on the wings, but they are so heavy she can barely move.)
SEVENTH GIRL: They're not very attractive.
SIXTH GIRL: They're too much effort.
FIRST GIRL: You can do better.
SECOND GIRL: *(attempting to take the wings apart)* I'll fix them.
FIRST GIRL: Stop that.
SECOND GIRL: I wanna see how they work.
FIRST GIRL: Let Judy think.
(JUDY paces.)

JUDY: Basic principles of aerodynamics. Increase velocity, decrease pressure. Think. Think. A titanium alloy! (*All GIRLS IN GRAY sit down except FOURTH GIRL, who scurries out.*) Titanium. (*no one moves.*) I need titanium!

(*FOURTH GIRL returns, dragging in the golf bag.*)

FIRST GIRL: Wait.

FOURTH GIRL: This'll show him.

FIRST GIRL: We shouldn't use these.

THIRD GIRL: He can get more.

FIRST GIRL: Well...

FOURTH GIRL: WHAT?

FIRST GIRL: ...They better work.

JUDY: They will. "Top Flight." *The GIRLS IN GRAY giggle. FOURTH GIRL smashes the frame JUDY built out of utensils.* Ready?

GIRLS IN GRAY: Yes.

JUDY: (salaciously) Hand me the driver. (*FOURTH GIRL does, giggling in a frenzy. JUDY dismembers the clubs and builds her wings out of them.*) Bernoulli's Principle: the wing must have a curved upper surface while maintaining a flat lower one. Nine iron. The air traveling over the surface of the wing will increase velocity to meet the air traveling under the wing on the other side. Three wood. Thus I will remain aloft. Sand wedge.

FIRST GIRL: The basic principles of aerodynamics.

JUDY: Ta da! (*THE GIRLS IN GRAY applaud.*) Now all I need is feathers.

FIRST GIRL: You don't need feathers.

FIFTH GIRL/SEVENTH GIRL: I know where to go.

FIRST GIRL: You have the science.

FIFTH GIRL: Feathers would be awesome.

SEVENTH GIRL: Feathers would be sexy.

THIRD GIRL: Let's cover them in feathers.

FIRST GIRL: Judy! He's coming!

(JUDY scurries to clean up. FATHER comes in. The GIRLS IN GRAY sit on the golf bag, hiding it.)

FATHER: Judy.

(JUDY starts, emitting a whimper.)

FIRST GIRL/FOURTH GIRL: You are unafraid.

FATHER: I heard noises.

FOURTH GIRL: This is your room.

FATHER: What are you working on?

FOURTH GIRL: He has no right to barge in.

JUDY: A project.

FATHER: For school?

THIRD GIRL: Lie to him.

FOURTH GIRL: No.

FIRST GIRL: Ask him for his help.

FOURTH GIRL: *(to FIRST GIRL)* What are you, nuts?

THIRD GIRL/SIXTH GIRL: Lie to him.

FIRST GIRL: You've never lied to him your whole life.

FOURTH GIRL: You're not afraid of him. Tell him.

SEVENTH GIRL: *(to FOURTH GIRL)* Hey! You're supposed to be on our side.

FOURTH GIRL: Oh, all right, whatever.

SECOND/THIRD/FOURTH/FIFTH/SIXTH/SEVENTH: Lie to him.

FATHER: I said, is this a project for school?

(pause)

JUDY: Yes.

(A collective sigh from the GIRLS, except for FIRST and FOURTH GIRL.)

FIRST GIRL: You've never lied before, Judy.

JUDY: Um, is it time for dinner?

FATHER: Yes.

(Dinner. Lights change.)

(Dinner music.)

(A blow-up doll sits where one might expect the mother to. JUDY and FATHER serve her food as if she were alive.)

Geometry.

JUDY: Aerodynamics.

FATHER: I don't understand this current fascination of yours.

JUDY: You were a pilot.

FATHER: A long time ago.

JUDY: Bernoulli's Principle. Newton's Second Law.

FATHER: Pure mathematics is a much nobler pursuit.

JUDY: You loved to fly.

FATHER: It was a job.

JUDY: You lived to fly.

FATHER: You're remembering it wrong.

JUDY: I have a photographic memory. You said so yourself.

FATHER: Pilots are bus drivers, air jockeys. Blue collar, really. Your mind is sharp. Your mind is clear. Your mind will need to be challenged for life. You need to provide it an elegant discipline. Geometry, FOR EXAMPLE, is an elegant discipline.

JUDY: I already know geometry.

FATHER: It never hurts to solidify the basics.

JUDY: *(with defeat)* Mom says pass the butter.

FATHER: Side-angle-side.

JUDY: *(sigh)* If the vertices of two triangles can be paired so that two sides and the included angle of one triangle are congruent to the corresponding parts of the second triangle, then the two triangles are congruent.

FATHER: Angle-side-angle.

JUDY: If the vertices of two triangles can be paired so that two angles and the included side of one triangle are congruent to the corresponding parts of the second triangle, then the two triangles are congruent.

FATHER: Hmmmm. Angle-angle-side.

JUDY: IF THE VERTICES OF TWO TRIANGLES CAN BE PAIRED SO THAT TWO ANGLES AND THE SIDE OPPOSITE ONE OF THEM IN ONE TRIANGLE ARE CONGRUENT TO THE CORRESPONDING PARTS OF THE SECOND TRIANGLE, THEN THE TWO TRIANGLES ARE CONGRUENT.

FATHER: Perfect. I don't understand why your grades are so average.

JUDY: Chess after dinner, Dad?

FATHER: No, I'm too tired. Let me know if you need some advice on your project. What class is that for?

(The GIRLS IN GRAY appear at the edge of the light.)

JUDY: Science.

(Dinner is eaten. JUDY begins clearing the table.)

FATHER: I'll do the dishes tonight when I wake up at three in the morning.

JUDY: Your neck will be stiff from the chair.

FATHER: I know.

(FATHER trudges off. JUDY watches.)

(urban music.)

(cross-fade to Downtown. BIRDMAN is on his corner.)

BIRDMAN: Hey. All right.

I'm talkin fine quality shit.

You know what I'm sayin? You know what I mean?

What do you mean, can't afford no fine quality?

Consider me a outlet then. Filene's fuckin basement.

Jesus. Bunch a cheap motherfuckers.

(JUDY enters with FIRST GIRL, FIFTH GIRL, and SEVENTH GIRL.)

I gotta get out a this town.

SEVENTH GIRL: There he is.

FIFTH GIRL: Well. Go on.

JUDY: I don't know what to say.

FIFTH GIRL: You'll think of something.

SEVENTH GIRL: Just look at him. Mmmmm.

JUDY: Birdman.

FIRST GIRL: Judy.

BIRDMAN: Who wants to know?

JUDY: I need to fly.

FIRST GIRL: You don't need to be here.

BIRDMAN: Shouldn't you be home in bed?

FIRST GIRL: Yes.

JUDY: As long as I'm back before three in the morning.

BIRDMAN: Run along home, little girl. Get off my corner.

JUDY: I'm going to fly away.

BIRDMAN: Out of here?

JUDY: Yes.

BIRDMAN: Where you gonna fly to, little girl?

JUDY: Far and away.

BIRDMAN: You wanna fly far and away.

JUDY: I don't know if you have what I need.

SEVENTH GIRL: But he's got what you want.

BIRDMAN: Who gave you my name?

JUDY: A little bird.

(BIRDMAN flashes a melting smile.)

SEVENTH GIRL: Weak in the knees.

BIRDMAN: All right, girl.

FIRST GIRL: It's time to go, Judy.

SEVENTH GIRL: It's time to lose it, baby.

BIRDMAN: So you want to fly.

JUDY/FIFTH GIRL: I need to fly.

BIRDMAN: Then I got what you need.

(BIRDMAN opens his trench coat. Like a New York City watch salesman, the feathers, rows of them, are attached inside.)

FIFTH GIRL: Score!

BIRDMAN: I'll have you flyin high.

JUDY: They're beautiful.

BIRDMAN: Only the finest North American.

FIFTH GIRL: Let's cut to the chase.

JUDY: Basic wing component.

BIRDMAN: *(pulling out a feather)* Imported Canada Goose. Water-resistant, withstands cold temperatures.

JUDY: Outer wing.

BIRDMAN: Great Blue Heron. Silky slate blue in the moonlight, flies with a slow, regular beat.

JUDY: For glide?

BIRDMAN: Red-tail Hawk.

JUDY: What if I want a bit of flutter?

BIRDMAN: No problem. Chimney Swift for a bat-like flutter. Got Ruby-throated Hummingbird for fine-tuned flutter, but—

JUDY: The hummingbird won't go the distance.

BIRDMAN: Right. Belly?

JUDY: Standard.

BIRDMAN: Sapsucker.

JUDY: Upgrade?

BIRDMAN: Indigo Bunting.

JUDY: What are those orange and black ones?

BIRDMAN: Stay away from Oriole unless you're goin ta Baltimore.
You know what I'm sayin? You know what I mean?

JUDY: Dig.

BIRDMAN: No one says "dig" anymore, little girl.

JUDY: Oh. How about a crest?

BIRDMAN: You sure you know what you're doin'?

JUDY: Basic principles of aerodynamics.

BIRDMAN: All right. You're all right.
(BIRDMAN pulls a fluffy gray tuft from a secret pocket.)
The tuft off a titmouse.
(BIRDMAN blows the feather gently into the air.)
Try it.

JUDY: Really?

BIRDMAN: Really.

(JUDY takes the feather out of the air, hesitating. FIFTH GIRL watches the feather intently.)

FIFTH GIRL: C'mon, Judy.

FIRST GIRL: No, Judy.

BIRDMAN: You've never done this before.

JUDY: I can do what it takes.

(JUDY blows the feather gently into the air, rolls her head back, sighs.)

FIFTH GIRL: More.
(JUDY repeats the process.)
Again.
(JUDY repeats the process.)
Again.
(JUDY repeats the process.)
Again.

(BIRDMAN grabs the feather out of the air.)

BIRDMAN: That's enough.

(JUDY is high.)

FIFTH GIRL: I want more.

JUDY: *(to FIFTH GIRL)* No.

BIRDMAN: Yes. No one's gettin jacked on my clock. *(JUDY is very high.)* All right, little girl. You a little rich girl? You look it. You know what I'm sayin? Palm me the green, baby, the stash is yours.

JUDY: I. Here.

(JUDY gives BIRDMAN her change purse.)

BIRDMAN: Fuck me. Get the fuck out a here, stop wastin my time.

JUDY: But.

BIRDMAN: Tell Daddy you need a new pair a shoes and come back when you got the cash. Little bitch.

JUDY: But.

SEVENTH GIRL: Do it.

JUDY: Do what?

(SEVENTH GIRL whispers in JUDY'S ear.)

BIRDMAN: Do what? Get out a here I said.

FIRST GIRL: Judy, how could you even consider that?

SEVENTH GIRL: You know you want to.

FIFTH GIRL: Whatever it takes.

BIRDMAN: Get off my corner.

SEVENTH GIRL: Just look at him.

(JUDY drops to her knees and goes for BIRDMAN'S belt buckle.)

BIRDMAN: Hey. Hey. Hey.

(BIRDMAN takes JUDY's face in his hands.)

Don't do that. You're a sweet thing.

You know what I'm sayin? You know what I mean?

You're in over your head, baby. Go on home now.

SEVENTH GIRL: You're in. He's noticed you.

(JUDY falters.)

BIRDMAN: Christ. Just what I need.

(BIRDMAN carries JUDY out of sight of his corner.)

SEVENTH GIRL: The damsel-in distress. Very good.

FIRST GIRL: Yeah, great. *(BIRDMAN sets JUDY down. JUDY vomits.)* Oh. Even better.

BIRDMAN: Shit.

SEVENTH GIRL: You blew it, Judy.

BIRDMAN: *(holding her hair back)* You'll be all right.

(JUDY convulses.)

Shit. Shit. Shit. Jesus.

(BIRDMAN slaps at her face)

C'mon, girl. C'mon, little girl.

(BIRDMAN picks JUDY up. SECOND GIRL, THIRD GIRL, FOURTH GIRL, and SIXTH GIRL run on. SIXTH GIRL takes one look at the situation and sits down on the stage. SECOND GIRL, THIRD GIRL, and FOURTH GIRL push BIRDMAN toward JUDY'S bedroom window.)

(BIRDMAN manages to crawl through the window and set JUDY down. FIRST GIRL follows him in.)

THIRD GIRL: Wake up.

SECOND GIRL: Wake up.

FOURTH GIRL: You must wake up.

(GIRLS TWO through SEVEN erupt into a trippy cacophony of "wake up"s.)

FIRST GIRL: Be quiet!

(GIRLS TWO through SEVEN scatter.)

Get it together, Judy. Listen to the sound of your own voice.

(JUDY comes around.)

BIRDMAN: Hey there. You all right?

JUDY: Am I awake?

FIRST GIRL: You're in your own room.

BIRDMAN: That's it. No one gets jacked on my clock.

(JUDY touches his beak.)

JUDY: You're so beautiful.

BIRDMAN: You don't know what you're sayin.

JUDY: Look at my wings.

(BIRDMAN touches the wings.)

BIRDMAN: *(shaking his head; chuckling to himself)* Far and away, huh.

JUDY: That's right.

BIRDMAN: All right, girl.

(brushing the hair from her face)

You come find me when you can afford me.

(BIRDMAN tosses her a stash, then slips out the window and back to his corner. JUDY falls asleep.)

Hey. All right.

I'm talkin fine quality shit.

You know what I'm sayin?

You know what I mean?

That's right.

Come on over here, canary.

I'm talkin fine quality.

Fine.

sc. 2

Morning. JUDY is under the covers, shivering. FATHER enters with a breakfast tray.

FATHER: Mother says you're sick.

JUDY: I need a job.

FATHER: We've been over this before.

JUDY: My allowance doesn't cover my expenses.

FATHER: Get those grades up. Then.

JUDY: The ice cream shop's hiring.

FATHER: You know how I feel about that.

JUDY: I could work at NASA.

FATHER: What would you do there?

JUDY: How about this?

(JUDY hands FATHER a brochure.)

FATHER.: Hmmmm.

JUDY: I might win.

FATHER: Well. It would look good on a college application blank.

JUDY: Thank you, Dad.

(JUDY gets out of bed to hug FATHER, but he leaves before she can.)

(Chamber music.)

(The GIRLS IN GRAY, except FIRST and SIXTH GIRL, ceremonially change JUDY into a frilly, floor-length prom gown. The GIRLS escort JUDY to her dressing table and assist in her primping.)

(SECOND GIRL gets into the make-up and puts it all over her face.)

FIRST GIRL: This is a waste of time.

SIXTH GIRL: This is too much effort.

FIRST GIRL: You're not a pageant person.

SEVENTH GIRL: Don't listen, Judy, you're gorgeous.

FIRST GIRL: You're a woman of science.

SEVENTH GIRL: Put on more rouge.

JUDY: *(to FIRST GIRL)* I need some variety on my resume.

FIRST GIRL: If you say so.

THIRD GIRL: And you want the money.

SIXTH GIRL: Isn't there any other way?

JUDY: Dad wouldn't let me work at the Dairy Joy. Says the uniform is inappropriate. Says I'd kill myself on the roller skates.

SEVENTH GIRL: Draw it on just outside the lip line. Make the lips look full.

THIRD GIRL: Concentrate.