

SIDE #1

Needed Shirley
Clara

CONEY ISLAND CHRISTMAS

*As houselights dim we hear a song like Justin Bieber's cover of "Drummer Boy."**

Lights up. [Southern California. The present. Blue skies. Palm trees. Cacti. A comfortably middle-class suburb, perhaps somewhere in the San Fernando Valley.]

A bedroom, decorated in vivid colors, with the posters and accoutrements of a modern pre-teen girlhood. An unlit electric menorah is on the windowsill.

Sunshine spills across the frilly, stuffed animal-laden bed in which Clara, twelve years old, is listening to the music through her iPhone earbuds while texting.

Her great-grandmother, Shirley Abramowitz, a petite yet sturdy nonagenarian with an indelible presence and a voice to match, pops her head in the doorway.

SHIRLEY. *(Brightly.)* Hello-o-o? *(Clara can't hear her.)* HEY!

CLARA. Oh, hi, Gramma.

SHIRLEY. How's my great-granddaughter? Hm? How's my little Clara?

CLARA. Not so good.

SHIRLEY. How's that throat of yours? Still sore?

CLARA. Yeah. *(Shirley takes out her knitting.)*

[SHIRLEY. What do you think of the scarf I'm making you?

CLARA. What do I need a scarf for?

* See Special Note on Songs and Recordings on copyright page.