

JESSALYN'S DAD. But I think it's time to acknowledge that terrible mistakes have been made.

JESSALYN'S MOM. Exactly. It's no problem to admit you made a mistake. We're willing to give you a second chance.

MS. ROBIN. I'm not gonna discuss casting for the show—that's an ironclad rule—

JESSALYN'S MOM. We're already discussing it, so you've already broken that rule. I guess your rules aren't that ironclad, are they?

JESSALYN'S DAD. Guess not!

JESSALYN'S MOM. Good one, honey.

MS. ROBIN. I'm not changing the casting of the show.

JESSALYN'S DAD. Jessalyn is in the chorus. She's in the stupid chorus!

MS. ROBIN. The chorus isn't stupid—

JESSALYN'S MOM. Don't talk to us like we're idiots. She says things in unison with about a million other mouth-breathers that can't tie their shoes.

MS. ROBIN. Well I mean that's—

JESSALYN'S MOM. She has been in the shows for three years now! THREE YEARS. And you do her like this? CHORUS?! I wouldn't put my dog in the chorus!

MS. ROBIN. Dogs don't go in the chorus either—

JESSALYN'S MOM. And the girl you have playing Medea? PLEASE. She's the worst.

JESSALYN'S DAD. I hate her. I seriously hate her. When she's onstage I want to pull my eyeballs out.

MS. ROBIN. I'm not gonna discuss this.

JESSALYN'S MOM. So you don't care that you're setting Jessalyn's future on fire, then? After all she's done for you? After the hours she's spent doing your stupid theatre shows!

JESSALYN'S DAD. She played a CAT in one show. That's range!

MS. ROBIN. That was CATS—everyone played a cat.

JESSALYN'S DAD. She was the only one who actually made me believe she was a literal cat. When she did this— (*He mimes licking his paw and stroking his ear very quickly.*)— That was STUNNING. She never even left character! We put a litter box in the house for her!