

*Mom:  
Beautiful toast.*

*Jessica:  
Yeah, it was.*

*Mom:  
You okay?*

*Jessica:  
Uh, I don't know. No.*

*Mom:  
What is it, Jess?*

*Jessica:  
It's just sometimes I think  
I'm gonna be alone forever.  
You can jump in any time.*

*Mom:  
You're my love, you know that?  
My beloved.  
But sometimes I worry for you.*

*Jessica:  
I worry for me too.*

*Mom:  
Sweetheart.  
I will never forget...  
when you were  
in the fifth grade...*

*and you were so excited when  
you got the lead in the play.*

*Do you remember that?*

*- 'Really Rosie'.*

*Jessica:*

*- Really Rosie, yeah. I remember.*

*Mom:*

*And you came home after  
the first day of rehearsal...*

*and you turned to me  
and you said, "Mommy,  
I'm not gonna do it.*

*I quit."*

*Just like that.*

*I turned to you and I said,  
"Jessie. Jessie, my love, why?*

*And you said, "Because  
my costar isn't good enough."*

*"And if my costar  
isn't good enough,  
"then the play won't be good enough.*

*And I don't wanna be part of  
any play that isn't good enough."*

*And I thought to myself...*

*"Oy.*

*"This child will suffer.*

*How this child will suffer."*

*And then they gave it to  
the "mieskeit" with the glasses.*

*Jessica:  
- Tess Greenblatt.*

*Mom:  
- Right.*

*Jessica:  
- God, she was terrible.*

*Mom:  
- Right. And you would have been great.*

*And you didn't get to do it.*

*You had to sit there and  
watch terrible Tess do it...*

*with that guy you thought  
wasn't good enough,*

*- who was actually  
quite excellent, wasn't he?*

*Jessica:  
- He was. He was very good.*

*Mom:  
And you know?*

*I always think that you would have been  
so much happier doing that play,  
even if it was just okay.*

*Even if it was great  
just not the best ever.*

*And maybe,  
just maybe,  
it would have been  
the best ever.*

*Jessica:  
You never know.*

*Mom:  
Jessie.*

*Jessica:  
Yeah?*

*Mom:  
I think...*

*I think she's a very nice girl.*