

DANNY

You think I want this?

No.

No I don't *want* this. I want life to be easier for him than it was for us. I want ...

(*hard to say*) The little girl—the girl I used to push on the swings and take to Montauk in the summers and walk with on the beach, the girl who used to be *this* big (*makes a baby-sized gesture*) who I dragged to music class and pottery and ballet and watched her dance and she was the *worst one* in the whole class, I mean completely *awful* but it didn't even matter cause she was having fun—

The girl who threw Cheerios at my forehead during breakfast, who learned to walk by pushing her doll stroller down the *tiny* hallway we had on 80th & Amsterdam—who cried *all the time*, at everything, so much crying. And laughing! And—

I want that girl. That's who I planned for. I wanna take her to the mall and buy her a wildly inappropriate dress for her Sweet Sixteen that *I know* is inappropriate but she begged me for it and smiled and I can't resist her smile—just like I can't resist *your* smile—so I just give in?

I wanna harass her boyfriends and rent her prom limo and throw her a wedding, you know, a gorgeous *expensive* wedding and walk her down the fucking aisle and watch her have children and get everything I wanted for her—

Everything I *dreamed* for her—the first time I held her in my arms. The first time I *saw* her.

That's what *I* want.

Me.

But ...

That's not what *she* wants. It's not.