

## **GETTING INTO VASSAR**

*(INDIGO enters with SEYMOUR, an ancient dog, on a leash on one hand. In the other hand she is carrying a stack of mail. SEYMOUR collapses in a heap and INDIGO unhooks his leash and puts it around her neck.)*

INDIGO

Oh, poor baby, c'mon put your feet up. Up, up, up on the couch, up, up, c'mon, Seymour.

*(INDIGO puts the mail down and hoists SEYMOUR onto the couch.)*

Good boy, that's my best boy, what a good boy you are, my best boysee, woysee.

*(INDIGO kisses SEYMOUR and turns her attention to the mail, separating it into piles.)*

AT and T. I hate you. Verizon. I hate you. Comcast. I hate you. Disabled War Veterans. Yes. Humane Society. Yes. Special Olympics. Maybe. Boston University. BU. BU. Ohmygod.

*(Fans herself.)*

It's fat. Look Seymour, it's really fat, ohmygod. Well, of course she got in, that was one of her safeties. Oh, God. Maybe I can open it.

*(Reaches for her cell phone.) (To SEYMOUR.)*

I mean, why can't I, I'm her frigging Mother. Rach? Rachael? It's Mom. Are you in school. What's that noise? It's so loud I can barely hear you. What? A party in school? What? In the guidance office? Well, that's nice. Listen, Rach, Rach, listen, you got a really fat envelope from BU, I can open it right? I'm sure it's a yes, it's really fat. Fat. Fat, f as in Frank. Fat. Honey, could you go into the hall or something? I'm having a really hard time hearing you.

*(She looks through more mail and stops, in shock, staring at another envelope.)*

And Rach, sweetie, listen, if there are any other letters, I mean I don't see any other ones—

*(Holds a letter up to the light.)*

--can I open those too? Honey, are you there? Rachael? I can, did you say yes? Rach? No, I can't. C'mon honey, we're a team! But it's hard to wait. Rachael, Rach? Oh shit.

*(Sitting next to SEYMOUR.)*

Seymour, this is from Vassar. Vassar, my alma mater. It's not fat, it's not thin, what is it?

*(Shoves it in front of SEYMOUR'S face.)*

It's medium. Medium heft. Oh God. She won't let me open it, I've got to open it. How can I open it? Look, Seymour, look, it's not entirely closed! IT'S NOT ENTIRELY CLOSED! It's only licked halfway. I can slip a knife—

*(Pulls out her key chain out and unsheaves a tiny blade of a tiny knife.)*

BE PREPARED!---under the stuck part and re-glue it, she'll never know. It wasn't entirely closed, it's a sign from God! Thank you God. I'm gonna open this. I shouldn't but I have to. I have to be prepared, I have to help Rachael. If it's good news or God forbid bad news, I should know. But how could they not let her in? She's fifth generation! Five generations of Caldwell women! Okay Susan didn't graduate but she went, she got in. Maybe they don't know about the jail time, it's not like it was ever in the Class Notes. But maybe even if it was, that would be a plus for Rachael! Granddaughter of a radical who did fifteen years-- that would be unique!

*(Weighing the letter in her palm.)*

She could be wait-listed, maybe that's what the medium heft is. That would be bad but not tragic, we'd just go to Poughkeepsie and meet with Admissions and tell them that Vassar is her very, very first choice and that she's eager to carry on the family legacy that her great great grandmother Ruth began. Ruth, who was one of the original Daisies for God's sake.....Okay, Indy, calm down, think positive. Positively. Here goes Seymour, cross your paws.

*(SEYMOUR crosses his paws and INDIGO opens the letter and reads it.)*

Ohmygod, ohmygod, it's a rejection, I can't believe it, there must be some kind of mistake, this can't be, she's fifth generation, no one's fifth generation. This is impossible, impossible. Maybe another Rachael Krinsky applied, maybe they got her mixed up with someone else. Seymour, what are we going to do? This can't be.

*(SEYMOUR uncrosses his paws.)*

I can't let her see this, this will demoralize her terribly and her piano recital is coming up!

*(INDIGO thinks.) (SEYMOUR thinks.) (INDIGO grabs a phone.)*

What the fuck. WHAT THE FUCK. FUCK IT.

*(Starts to dial, goes to bar, pours herself a stiff one, downs it, goes back to phone.)*

Motherfuck it.

*(Dials phone while consulting letter.)*

Yes, admissions please.

*(INDIGO'S voice changes, suddenly she is an upper class matron.)*

Hello, yes? This is Indigo Caldwell Krinsky, may I speak to the Dean, my dear friend ---

*(Looks at letter.)*

--Amelia Biddle? It's a personal issue. No, that's fine, I'll hold.

*(INDY holds for a while and pours herself another shot.)*

She's not? Well, when will she be back in the office? Oh, dear, oh no, this is rather an urgent personal issue. I'm sorry I didn't catch the name, her assistant did you say? Well, I suppose ...but could you be so kind as to inform Mr. Habib that I'm an old friend of Ms. Biddle's? I'd certainly appreciate it. Thank you. Yes, hello, Mr. Habib? Mr. Farib Habib?

*(pronounced Fareeb Habeeb)*

This is Indigo Caldwell Krinsky, class of 1981, and I called for my dear friend, the Dean, Ms. Biddle. I'm sure that it's an awfully busy time for you but I do have a bit of an emergency here, not a real emergency, I mean I haven't been kidnapped by terrorists or anything—

*(Laughs nervously and over enthusiastically, realizing what she just said.)*

--or lost my car keys, well, you know what I mean! I'm sure you get all kinds of crazy calls from nutty, completely frantic mothers and I'm just totally mortified to be calling and I wouldn't dream of doing so if I weren't absolutely convinced beyond a shadow of a doubt that there must have been some kind of terrible mistake. My daughter, Rachael Caldwell Krinsky, applied for admission to the class of 2017 and we just received a letter, well, it seems like a rejection letter, and I wanted to check on the veracity of that. Rachael was in the top tenth of her class, she's first euphonium in the high school orchestra—that's like a small tuba-- and she will be the fifth generation of Caldwell women to attend Vassar, fifth generation! Her great-great grandmother Ruth was one of the original Daisies in 1896! Yes, there's a picture of her in the library carrying the very first, the very first daisy chain! No, it's not Pinsky, it's Krinsky with a K as in Kite like *The Kite Runner*. No, that's fine. Yes, Rachael Caldwell, that's with a C as in cat or...Cairo! Yes, yes, I can hold while you check.

*(SEYMOUR starts looking around for a cat.)*

No, Seymour there's no *cat*, it's just a figure of speech. Oh, Seymour, this is just awful. I have some, some (*Whispers.*) Arab on the phone, he can barely speak English.

(*Back to the phone.*)

I'm sorry Mr. Habib, you have her what? Oh, terrific, her transcript, oh, capital! Yes, 3.8 GPA. Yes, that's excellent, we were very proud of Rachael. I'm sure that you don't want to simply admit the 4.0's, all those super grinds who have no life beyond the books! The ones who get all A's but don't contribute-- you know who I mean. We were so *thrilled* that Rachael wanted to give something back to her town, her community. I don't know if it's on her transcript but Rachael was absolutely devoted to her work at SUNNY ACRES, Home for Teenage Mothers. And last summer when she worked at the Ethiopian orphanage her eyes were really opened. When she came back she insisted we just use one square of toilet paper at a time!

(*Pause.*)

Yes, yes, that was in Calculus sophomore year! That's the only C on her entire transcript! Yes, I know, but no one takes Honors Calculus sophomore year! She wanted to challenge herself, how wonderful, that's what we want our students to do, don't we? She's always been very advanced in Math, very. She had no idea that her teacher, Mr. Pringle, was going to be an absolute psychopath who displayed his troll collection in class and positively hated girls! I mean, Mr. Pringle destroyed Rachael's love of mathematics in one fell swoop, it was criminal. We filed a complaint against him, not that we are litigious people, Mr. Habib, hardly, my husband is a psychiatrist and I'm in publishing, we are in nurturing professions. Yes, I'll hold.

(*To SEYMOUR.*)

I can't believe this, this is outrageous, they should be *ecstatic* that Rachael took Calculus sophomore year, what's wrong with this person? That can't be the reason, it just—

(*Back to phone.*)

No, Mr. Habib, I'm here, I was just talking to my dog-- he's really a member of the family. I know that not all cultures feel that way about dogs but---

(*Pause.*)

Well, can the committee review her file again? No? Isn't there an appeal process? Frankly, I don't think that you are being completely transparent here Mr. Habib. There must be something that you aren't telling me.

(*Pause.*)

Unanimous opinion of the committee? Based on what? Yes, I know it's a very subjective process but what is not subjective is that Rachael would be carrying on a tradition that goes back to 1896. Vassar is our second home, truly. It's where our roots are, spiritually speaking. Surely you can understand that. I would expect that all things being equal between all legions of qualified candidates Vassar would be *thrilled* to admit a fifth generation student.

*(Pause.)*

We, *we* took everything into consideration? *You* were on the Admissions Committee as well? And you can't tell me in plain English aside from the mark in Calculus why you didn't, you personally, didn't vote to admit her? Personally I don't think you understand the importance of the Vassar family! We are family!

Yes, well, I'm sorry too, I'm very, very sorry, this has been a most disappointing conversation and I'll be writing a letter of complaint to the President, the Trustees, and to your boss and my dear friend, my *bosom* friend, Amelia Biddle. And frankly, Mr. Habib, I'm completely baffled as to why you'd want to work at Vassar in the first place when you've demonstrated absolutely no understanding about her heart and soul!

*(Pause.)*

You did? Well, very interesting, very interesting indeed. Yes, I'm sure that you did enjoy it. But I bet my life that you weren't chosen to be a Daisy, were you, Mr. Habib? No, I didn't think so. No, Mr. Habib, you are no Daisy, no Daisy at all!

*(Slams down the phone.)*

Oh, Seymour!

*(Collapses on SEYMOUR and cries.)*

***THE END***

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