

### **Macy**

I tie my point shoes as tight as they can go without cutting my circulation off. Even after I tried cleaning them up a bit, they still look like they're going to fall to shreds at any moment. Dad still hasn't taken me shopping for new ones. I'm starting to believe he doesn't even remember I take ballet anymore. I only got here before the show started because Callie's mom picked me up last minute. Of course Dad forgot...again.

### **Daniel**

Where is that dang Advil? I have a splitting headache. I rummage through my unorganized desk draws for a good 5 minutes before I yell for Chelsea my secretary. She hands me two little pink pills. I swallow them down with cold coffee that's been sitting on my desk, for who knows how long. Tastes terrible. Doesn't matter though. I'll be swigging down something much better in at least 2 hours.

### **Macy**

I put on my black leotard and pull up my pink tutu so it's resting right above my hips. I and Callie do each others hair in tight wound buns on top off our heads. Makeup is applied like paint under the watchful eye of my dance instructor making sure we all do the exact same thing. We must all look the same. Just like we all must move in the same synchronized choreographed steps. Never stepping out of place. Just like my mom used to dance. With perfect pirouettes and strait arabesques.

### **Daniel**

I ask the waitress for another beer as I'm awakened from my daze with the promise of drowning more of my sorrows in another drink. I remember when drinking wasn't my

own personal addictive pity party. Now a day it's hard to remember a day when it isn't anything but that.

I don't drink for fun.

I have no friends.

I hardly have a daughter left.

### **Macy**

As we all get in our lines preparing for the curtain to open at any moment, I go over our routine in my head making sure I remember every last detail. From the round arms and the perfectly placed fingers, to the pointed and arched toes. When the black out comes, our signal for us to take the stage, for a split second I think of my Dad actually sitting in the audience. Watching me dance for the first time since my mom died. For the first time since he stopped caring; stopped loving. Stopped looking at me with tender eyes instead of a sleep deprived, drunken mess of a face. Mess of a mind, body, and soul.

### **Daniel**

I hate my daughter and she hates me. It used to bug me but I've become immune to the looks of disgust she gives me when I drag myself in through the door after a long night. All I want is my wife back, that's all I've ever wanted.

### **Macy**

As we take our places on stage just as the lights are turned on, I don't see an empty seat amongst the sea of people. But I see a kind- hearted mother smiling up at me. My mother's spirit is what keeps me going through the hell I live in now.

### **Daniel**

But I'll never have her back. She's gone forever. All that I have left is Macy. Stupid Macy and her stupid dancing.

### **Macy**

When I was a little girl I used to watch my mother practice her dance routines through the window of my dance studio. I would press my chubby face against the glass and stare intently at her. Studying every move she made; determined that one day I would dance exactly like she did. Every time she prepared for triple pirouettes I would cover my eyes ever so slightly, knowing what was to come. She would make it around for two and then when she got to the third spin she would wobble over and crash to the floor. Her ankles and knees had begun too deteriorate. I remember us going home after her practices and her icing her ankles and trying not to press on the bruises that adorned her legs.

### **Daniel**

When Macy was born all Lana could think about was Macy becoming a dancer. Lana still danced at the time so she wanted to teach her. I remember Macy's first dance recital. She was a little poodle and all she did the whole time was cry through out the whole dang dance. I told Lana it was useless to keep the kid in dance classes if all she was going to do was cry. But Lana insisted she keep it up.

### **Macy**

We all take our curtseys in one long line of bun heads bobbing up and down. Our smiles mask the heaving breath behind our lips.

### **Daniel**

I fumble around for my beer bottle on the dirty carpet. Instead I find a piece of paper. Getting ready to cringe at it being a bill, what I find in my hand is a ticket stub. It's all wet. I must have stepped on it on my way in from the bar. For a split second I think of

showing up for this dance recital thing of Macys. I blow on it hoping to read what it says.

Starting Time- 7:00 p.m.

Damn it. At least two hours have passed since then..if not more. Oh well I tried. I finally find my beer bottle, guzzle down the rest and drift off to sleep.

### **Macy**

I open the auditorium doors and let the cold wind whip the curls across my face. Snow blinds me as I start my long walk home. After two hours of trudging through ankle deep snow and slush, I reach my house. I open the door and shut it quickly, careful not to let snow into the already cold house. I creep quietly over the hard wood floor trying not to make squeaking noises with my shoes. Just before I pass the living room I see my dad knocked out on the couch. Just like any other night.

Same spot every night. The smell of liquor rising out of his snoring mouth. I find an old quilt and toss it over his empty shell of a body.