

*(She sees the two kids frozen in place and gasps. The kids gape at her – then MIMI falls to her knees and holds her hands up in prayer.)*

MARIA. Your father's gonna kill you.

MIMI. Yeah, I know. Help us? Please?

YOUNG MAN. I'm really sorry about this.

*(MARIA hisses at him like an angry cat.)*

MIMI. Mom listen, I'll explain everything later, but I think my dress must be in there, and I have an audition in twenty minutes. They're shooting a movie here in Paris about the French Revolution and they want to see me.

MARIA. A movie?

MIMI. I play a French peasant girl who confronts the Queen of France and begs for food. It's a small part, but I do have one really good scene and I get to cry in it.

MARIA. That's important?

MIMI. I could get noticed.

MARIA. We gotta move.

TITO. *(offstage)* Hey, Maria, my back's a-killin' me. Could you give me a rub? It's my left a-shoulder.

MARIA. The angels are weeping, I'm a-coming!

*(to the kids, whispering)*