

DAILY Actor

'It's Only a Play' by Terrence McNally

VIRGINIA: They ain't doing anything. They tried that number on me out in Hollywood. "You're only as good as your last picture." My agent told me. "Bullshit," I told him. "Nothing's as bad as my last three pictures but especially me. Just get me a job." "Ginny, I can't get you arrested. Cool out for a couple of years. Get married again." Me, Miss Two-Time Tony Award Winner! Miss Hot Shit Herself! They wouldn't touch me with a twenty-foot pole. And people wonder why I bottomed out? It took seeing my face on the front page of the National Enquirer after marriage Number Three ended for it to suddenly hit me: what am I doing out there? Standing in the check-out line at the Arrow Market on Santa Monica wearing a dirty bathrobe and nothing else, that's where I remembered who I was! An actress, a fucking stage actress. Two days later, I packed everything I owned into my little red Mustang and burned rubber straight back to New York.

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