

STOP!

By Ray Nestrorn

MOM. Are you sure you're ready for this?

CHILD. Mom the driver's ed instructor said I was one of the best students in my class.

MOM. So you think you can do this?

CHILD. I'm sure I can do this, now will you give me the keys?

MOM. (reluctantly)Ok... Wait! What if you crash! You won't crash will you?

CHILD. MOM!

MOM. Alright here you go. (hands over keys) Ok now go ahead and buckle you're seatbelt, then adjust your mirrors... and the seat... Oh! And don't forget your wheel... Um... Are you sure that's low enough? I think the wheel should be lower.

CHILD. Mom it's fine how it is.

MOM. It looks a little high... are you sure you don't want it lower?

CHILD. Yes I'm sure, now buckle your seatbelt,

MOM. Why?

CHILD. In case we crash

MOM. Are you gonna crash? Maybe you shouldn't drive yet

CHILD. Mom calm down. I'm not gonna crash, now are you ready to go?

MOM. Ok, now the next thing you do is start the car.

CHILD. Really, I had no idea. (starts car and changes gear)

MOM. Well dear that's why I'm here, Now go ahead and put it in reverse

CHILD. Already done

MOM. Oh... ok, then go ahead and start pulling out of the drive way... Wait! Make sure no one's behind you first. Ok you can go. Woah! Slow down we aren't in a hurry... Watch out for the mailbox!

CHILD. (while backing up) Mom, calm down. I'm just pulling out of the driveway.

MOM. Sorry...Don't forget to start turning!

CHILD. (while turning) Mom, I got it ok?

MOM. Ok, go ahead and (gulp) put it in drive

CHILD. Gladly (changes gears)

MOM. (worried leaning to left) Um you need to stay a little more to the right dear... Woah!(moves away from the window) not that far right!... Whew! that was close, you could've hit a mailbox or something.

CHILD. Mom there's not a single mailbox on this road how could I possibly hit one!

MOM. Well if there was one you might've hit it!

CHILD. But there wasn't

MOM. But what if there was! You're driving now, you've really got to be thinking about these things!

CHILD. (annoyed) Of course mother

MOM. Now why are you going so slow the speed limit is twenty-five and you're going fifteen.

CHILD. I'm going twenty

MOM. Oh, well you can still go a little faster.

CHILD. Fine

MOM. Careful though!!! You don't want to go to fast!

CHILD. (sarcastically)Really I didn't know that

MOM. Are you being sarcastic?

CHILD. (with more sarcasm) Nope not at all.

MOM. So they didn't teach you not to drive to fast in drivers ed?-

CHILD. Mom, I was kidding

MOM. Oh...well it wasn't very funny... Um... I think you should probably start slowing down.

CHILD. Why?

MOM. There's a stop sign ahead, Don't you see it?

CHILD. (confused)No...?

MOM. (worried clutching dash board) Oh my god! You don't see the stop sign! What kind of a driver are you?

CHILD. What stop sign are you talking about?

MOM. The one ahead of us, down by the school.

CHILD. Wait, the school? We aren't even near there, Heck I can't even see the school yet.

MOM. Well you should know it's coming up and be prepared for it

CHILD. Fine I will be prepared for it, when we get there.

MOM. No, you need to start slowing down now so you can stop completely.

CHILD. Are *you* being sarcastic?

MOM. Of course not! Now are you gonna slow down or what?

CHILD. Fine

MOM. Now slow down, slower, slower! Keep slowing, more, more, you're getting there, slower, almost!

CHILD. Mom, we aren't going to get anywhere at five miles-per-hour.

MOM. Just Keep going, but slower. AAaannnnnn... STOP(hits imaginary break) Whew, now let this guy go since he has the right-of-way... Ok go ahead, Good job.

CHILD. Good job? Did I actually do something to meet your standards?

MOM. Well... Close enough, you could've stopped sooner, but it's no big deal, just make sure from now on when you stop the front of the car is behind the sign, not next to it.

CHILD. (sarcastically) Of course

MOM. There's another stop sign up ahead, lets see if you can do this one by yourself.

CHILD. Ok... lets see... (mockingly)Now slow down, slower, slower, keep slowing. More, more, you're getting there, slower, almost, just keep going, but slower, aaaannnnnnnnnn... stop. How was that?

MOM. You need to pull up more so you can see farther down the road.

CHILD. What next.

MOM. WATCH OUT! There's a red light coming up.

CHILD. Mom, it's green

MOM. No, the one after that!

CHILD. But, I'm not there yet. Shouldn't I worry about the one coming up first.

MOM. You're right

CHILD. Oh no

MOM. What?

CHILD. Are you sick? You just said I was right!

MOM. Well, you are right, since you're still a new driver we should try and make sure you don't worry about to much a once, it might confuse you. So just worry about the green light ahead,

CHILD. It turned red already.

MOM. Oh no! slow down (covering eyes) you need to stop! Don't hit the car in front of you!

CHILD. (rolls eyes and stops car) Can I turn on the radio?

MOM. Of course not! It would distract you and you might end up crashing.

CHILD. You're right, one big distraction is enough

MOM. exactly... wait a second-

CHILD. (quickly) Light's green lets go

MOM. Turn right up here

CHILD. Ok I have to change lanes first though.

MOM. oh! Wait a second! (rolls down window looks out) Ok you can go

CHILD. Mom can you just calm down

MOM. No, not really, in fact I keep getting more worried. I think you should stop

CHILD. But there's not a stop sign or red light anywhere near. Why do I need to stop this time?

MOM. I didn't mean like that, I meant stop driving for the day.

CHILD. Why? What have I done now? Did I turn to sharp or something?

MOM. Actually yes you did, but that's not why I want you to stop. I'm just nervous. I don't want anything to happen

CHILD. Mom, nothing's happened yet. I haven't even done anything really dangerous yet. I mean-

MOM. Wait... what do mean yet, were you planning on doing something dangerous?

CHILD. Of course not

MOM. Sorry, I'm just not ready for you to drive yet. Um... could you turn into this parking lot... Slow down!!!! You're turning too fast! You need to slow down when you turn, or you could flip teh car over or something!... Now could you park between that red van and black truck? You know how to park right?

CHILD. Yes mom.

MOM. Ok go ahead then... Turn sharper!!!! Now watch your sides... Straighten it! Straighten it!!!... Now pull forward, a little more, no that's too much you need to go back!

CHILD. Mom, it doesn't have to be perfect, we're just switching seats.

MOM. Fine, well go ahead and put it in park then.

CHILD. Ok... I'm gonna leave the keys in alright?

MOM. What if someone tries to steal the car?

CHILD. Mom, we're just switching seats, we aren't even really leaving the car.

MOM. Fine, lets go (they switch seats) You know you're supposed to walk around behind the car not in front of it

CHILD. Does it matter?

MOM. Of course it does!

CHILD. Why?

MOM. Well... I don't remember, but it's for your own safety.

CHILD. of course it is

MOM. I know you wanted to keep driving, but I'm just really nervous. Maybe later you can drive with your father. (pulls out quickly)

CHILD. Woah , Mom... did you even look behind you before you pulled out?

MOM. Oh it's fine, I could tell there wasn't anyone behind me,

CHILD. How could you tell?

MOM. After you've driven as long as I have you can just tell.

CHILD. um... ok...

MOM. Now Why is that lady ahead of us going so slow? (honking horn)GET OFF THE ROAD GRANDMA!

CHILD. Um... mom? She's going the speed limit.

MOM. She's going slow!

CHILD. uh... I don't think you should be tailgating her like that.

MOM. You're right I can just pass her (turns wheel)

CHILD. MOM! You aren't supposed to go in that line. It's for the oncoming traffic.

MOM. Well there is no oncoming traffic now is there.

CHILD. ... Um, there's a stop sign coming up and you're still going at least 15 miles over the speed limit.

MOM. Well, if there's no cop don't stop.

CHILD. I'm pretty sure that's not what the law says... Woah! Slow down! The light turned yellow!

MOM. It's fine, I can make it.

CHILD. I don't know if that's a good idea.

MOM. I know what I'm doing I've been driving for twenty-three years. Now if i want your opinion then I'll ask for it.

CHILD. But jsut because you've been driving for twenty-three years doesn't meanThat doesn't mean you can't- *CRASH!*

CHILD. Way to go Mom, way to go.

Clyde Hendrickson's

Mother-Daughter Dialogues

Scenes to be played on a blank stage.

Actors playing mother & daughter do not age over the course of the play.

nine-years old.

MEGHAN. Mom, when you and dad got married, did you give him The BJ?

MOTHER. WHAT?

MEGHAN. My friend Mikala said on their wedding nights, the Moms give the Dads the BJ.

MOTHER. Meghan, I don't... You shouldn't... ask your father.

MEGHAN. Ok.

MOTHER. Wait! On second thought, just go to your room and pray.

twelve-years old.

MEGHAN. Mom, can I be president when I grow up?

MOTHER. Oh honey, sure.

MEGHAN. Really?

MOTHER. Well, maybe. Society will have to change.

MEGHAN. So a girl can be president?

MOTHER. So a fat girl can be president!

MEGHAN. Oh. So I just have to get thin?

MOTHER. And work hard in school, etc. But thin is most important.

MEGHAN. Alright, I'll try harder.

MOTHER. I know you will. Your Dad & I believe in you.

MEGHAN. Thanks, you're the best!

keeping tabs.

MEGHAN. Hi Mom!

MOTHER. Did you get taller?

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MEGHAN. Hey Mom!

MOTHER. Did you get fatter?

MEGHAN. Since the last time you saw me?

MOTHER. How many of those meringues did you eat?

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MEGHAN. Hi, I'm home from camp!

MOTHER. Look how much you've grown.

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MEGHAN. I'm back from Becky's sleepover

MOTHER. Look how much your thighs have grown.

MEGHAN. I was only gone for 12 hours...

prom date.

MEGHAN. Can you wear red to prom?

MOTHER. Might lead to some fire truck jokes.

MEGHAN. Mom!

MOTHER. Only because it's so bright, dear.

MEGHAN. James likes red.

MOTHER. I'm sure James won't care after his fourth vodkatini.

MEGHAN. We're not gonna drink.

MOTHER. That's not what the bottle of Olde English I found under your bed says.

MEGHAN. I couldn't even finish it, it was gross. It tasted like bums were fighting in my mouth.

MOTHER. Let's hope James is as discriminating.

MEGHAN. Oooh! How about this one!

MOTHER. Lavender is a whore color.

MEGHAN. That's like the 50th dress you've shot down for making me look promiscuous. I could wear a pantsuit.

MOTHER. You should follow my advice. Remember when I warned you not to wear white to Wet & Wild? But you never listen to me.

MEGHAN. Maybe that's because all you ever say is that I'm a disappointment and, and you're always comparing my thighs to Tina Turner's head.

MOTHER. The truth hurts.

MEGHAN. I might have a bit of cottage cheese, fine, but I think there are more truths to me than that.

MOTHER. We'll see.

MEGHAN. I really, really want this dress.

MOTHER. You're not getting it. What about that one?

MEGHAN. Mom, it has lace. I'd look like a table setting. What is wrong with you?

MOTHER. Let's go to Sears, they're having a sale.

MEGHAN. You know what? You can go without me. I'll wear whatever you pick out, since you always know what's best.

MOTHER. That's the smartest thing you've said in a while.

watch what you eat.

MOTHER. Meghan! Meghan, it's almost time to go. James will be here any minute.

MEGHAN. I'll be out in a second.

MOTHER. You've been in there 10 minutes!

MEGHAN. No, Mom, I – don't come in...

MOTHER. What is that smell? Were you throwing up? Are you ok?

MEGHAN. I'm fine.

MOTHER. If you're sick you can't go to prom. Are you pregnant?

MEGHAN. No mom, I am NOT pregnant.

MOTHER. Just nerves. We'll get you some Sprite. FRANK BRING MEGHAN A SPRITE. SHE'S BEEN PUKING.

MEGHAN. Lovely. Just lovely. I'm fine.

MOTHER. Why were you throwing up?

MEGHAN. It was... well...

MOTHER. Wait, were you...

MEGHAN. Don't ask.

MOTHER. Were you purging?

MEGHAN. Just a little. To fit into this old dress.

MOTHER. Why would you do that? Was it something you read on the internets?

MEGHAN. No...

MOTHER. Your friends pressured you? That Mikala, she's too thin anyway.

MEGHAN. No. It was you.

MOTHER. Don't be ridiculous. You know I love you just the way you are. FRANK WE NEED SPRITE AND SOME SALTINES.

MEGHAN. And some earplugs. Do you really like me the way I am?

MOTHER. You're going to be a very beautiful woman.

MEGHAN. You think so.

MOTHER. Let's get you out of that old dress.

MEGHAN. But I'm still going.

MOTHER. I know, I know, but not in that.

MEGHAN. What do you mean?

MOTHER. I bought you the dress you liked.

MEGHAN. The lavender one?

MOTHER. Yes. You did look stunning in it.

MEGHAN. Thanks.

MOTHER. A stunning prostitute, but still... radiant. You are a lovely girl.

MEGHAN. You should try and say that more often.

MOTHER. Don't blame me for everything.

MEGHAN.

first visit to college.

MOTHER. So this is your dorm room. Where's the Patrick Swayze poster I bought you? He looked so good in that Speedo.

MEGHAN. It uh... got lost... or, uh... I gave it... to, uh, charity. This little orphan girl that loved Dirty Dancing

MOTHER. How's everything? How's school?

MEGHAN. Fine. I have a lot of work.

MOTHER. How are *you*?

MEGHAN. I'm ok...

MOTHER. Are you sure – you sound funny.

MEGHAN. Mom, I'm fine, just stressed, and tired.

MOTHER. You sound pregnant.

MEGHAN. Mom, no – what?

MOTHER. Are you tired and groggy because you're pregnant? That's what it sounds like.

MEGHAN. Mom, I haven't even dated a guy, much less slept – oh my god this is SO none of your business.

MOTHER. Young lady, you know it's my business. Now you know you're too young to be having a child.

MEGHAN. Mom, no one is having a child. I am not pregnant.

MOTHER. (Weeping) I just worry so much about your decisions. I want you to be happy.

MEGHAN. We agree on this Mom, really, we do.

MOTHER. I hope so. (sniffing) I hope so.

MEGHAN. No babies!

MOTHER. Never? How could you say that?

MEGHAN. I didn't mean never... no, you just said you didn't want me...

MOTHER. You don't think I'd be a good grandmother?

MEGHAN. You'd be a great grandmother! I'll have a million little adorable babies for you to cuddle, ok?

MOTHER. Alright, but not until you're married.

MEGHAN. Oh my god.

(Mom is opening drawers)

MEGHAN. What are you looking for?

MOTHER. Condoms.

MEGHAN. I don't have any condoms! I'm not... I don't need them.

MOTHER. You're not going to use a condom?

MEGHAN. No, no, I... fine, look, there are some in the bathroom. (She points)

MOTHER. (*looks*) You better not use these.

MEGHAN. But, I'm not.

MOTHER. Then why do you have them?

MEGHAN. I wonder if it's too late to transfer to a school that's out of state.

MOTHER. Maybe to an all-girls school.

MEGHAN. Anyway. I'm thinking of being a social worker. I love this sociology class I'm in. The Professor, Dr. Bryant, he used to work in Port-au-Prince –

MOTHER. Oh no. Just because you have a crush on some hippy professor you are not going to throw your life away. Or this expensive education. You're going to be a doctor, a lawyer or own a chain of grocery stores.

MEGHAN. But social work is what I want to do. *You* said I could do whatever I want.

MOTHER. Meg, just because you are *able* to do anything you want doesn't mean you *can* do anything you want.

MEGHAN. That doesn't make any sense, Mom.

MOTHER. It makes perfect sense to me. You can do anything you like, as long as I approve.

One other thing....

(on the phone)

MEGHAN. What's up mom.

MOTHER. I can't find the phone.

MEGHAN. You're on the phone.

MOTHER. My cell, I mean, I can't find it.

MEGHAN. I'm 1200 miles away. How would I know?

MOTHER. You have to help your mother when she needs you.

MEGHAN. Ok...

MOTHER. Guess.

MEGHAN. Did you leave it in the linen closet, like last time?

MOTHER. No, I checked. The pool filter too.

MEGHAN. Did you throw it away? You once threw away the television remote.

MOTHER. I guess I'll have to rummage through the trash barrel later.

MEGHAN. Man, I miss all the good stuff being away.

MOTHER. Haha. Oh, that reminds me, your cat died.

MEGHAN. WHAT?

MOTHER. Yes, Mr. Skittles' thyroid finally caught up to him. We put him to sleep this morning.

MEGHAN. Why didn't you mention that first?

MOTHER. That seems cruel. To just call you up and say "Guess what, your cat died."

MEGHAN. The small talk did not make it any better.

MOTHER. I tried. I tried.

MEGHAN. Did you leave your cellphone at the vet?

MOTHER. Oh! You know I think I did.

MEGHAN. Poor Mr. Skittles.

MOTHER. We'll miss him.

MEGHAN. He hated you, you know.

MOTHER. But he paid attention to me. And that is rare in this house.

MEGHAN. I wonder why. Poor Mr. Skittles... I gotta go tell Steve.

MOTHER. Your boyfriend never met Mr. Skittles.

MEGHAN. But he is capable of empathy. Unlike some people.

MOTHER. Well tell Steve I said "Sorry about Mr. Skittles" then.

MEGHAN. Thanks, I will.

many blessings.

(On the phone)

MEGHAN. Mom, I have big news.

MOTHER. Ooooh, what is it, honey?

MEGHAN. It's about Steve.

MOTHER. Oh no. Did he have a secret baby out of wedlock, and now the mother is trying to kill you both?

MEGHAN. Wow. Did you get that from *Law & Order*, Lifetime or just your old batty Republican friends?

MOTHER. You know I still have the number of Barry Steinman's son. He's at Yale Law.

MEGHAN. I am not dating Dick Steinman! He's 5'2" and he smells like fish all the time.

MOTHER. You shouldn't judge based on looks. Or odor. That's a disorder called Trimethylaminuria.

MEGHAN. How do you know these things? Dick Steinman smells like fish because he doesn't bathe and he eats a jar of pickles every day. Besides, I don't need Pickle Dick's number because Steve and I are getting married.

MOTHER. *(gasps)* Oh, Meghan!

MEGHAN. I know, I'm so happy!

MOTHER. That is so wonderful, I'm – Oh no, you can't get married!

MEGHAN. Why not?

MOTHER. You'll never fit into a dress, dear. Oh Steve was so nice to ask, really, what a sweet fellow.

MEGHAN. Jesus H. Christ.

MOTHER. Well we can just put it off until you're in shape. I might have to lose a couple pounds too.

MEGHAN. Put it off?

MOTHER. About two years to plan it all, and slim you down.

MEGHAN. We're doing it in three months.

MOTHER. THREE MONTHS? Are you pregnant?

MEGHAN. Actually, yes.

It's all right, right?

MEGHAN. Can you see it?

MOTHER. See what?

MEGHAN. My bump.

MOTHER. Good heavens no.

MEGHAN. Good. I'm nervous.

MOTHER. Well, you can't change your dress again.

MEGHAN. I wouldn't have changed it if you hadn't made that comment.

MOTHER. I'm sorry, but your back is not your strongest feature.

MEGHAN. Do you think Steve's the right guy?

MOTHER. Honey, there is no right guy. There are good guys and bad.

MEGHAN. Is he good?

MOTHER. He's marrying you, so yes. But he got you pregnant, so maybe.

MEGHAN. I guess we'll see. At least I got married before Becky.

MOTHER. Yeah! I've already rubbed it in with her mother several times.

MEGHAN. Mom!

MOTHER. Gently. You know, "When Becky gets married, I'm sure she'll do it in spring." You know.

MEGHAN. That's pretty funny. Thanks for coming, Mom. I was worried you'd make good on your threat not to come.

MOTHER. I was pretty upset for a little while.

MEGHAN. Two of the three months.

MOTHER. It flew by.

MEGHAN. In a rage.

MOTHER. But I wouldn't miss this for the world.

MEGHAN. I know. A chance to berate my back.

MOTHER. Among other things.

MEGHAN. Do I look pretty, though, for once?

MOTHER. Steve will be thrilled.

MEGHAN. You think?

MOTHER. Well we already know he likes your looks.

MEGHAN. Mom! But do YOU think I'm pretty?

MOTHER. Mothers don't worry about that sort of thing.

MEGHAN. Of course not.

(offstage cue)

MEGHAN. It's time!

MOTHER. Remember: suck it in, don't trip, and don't sneeze on the priest! Jesus will frown on you if you give him a cold.

miscarriage

MOTHER. You'll be fine.

MEGHAN. What if I can't have another?

MOTHER. No no, you know I had two before I had you & your brother.

MEGHAN. I know but... you were lucky.

MOTHER. It happens.

MEGHAN. But what if...

MOTHER. What if what?

MEGHAN. What if Steve doesn't love me anymore?

MOTHER. Why?

MEGHAN. Because I couldn't have a baby.

MOTHER. Then I'll snap his wiener off and put it in a jar of Vlasic Kosher Pickles.

MEGHAN. (*giggles*)

MOTHER. When are you going to try again?

MEGHAN. I haven't decided yet.

MOTHER. Well, soon I hope.

MEGHAN. Or maybe never.

MOTHER. Never?

MEGHAN. I don't have to have kids.

MOTHER. You would leave me without a grandchildren?

MEGHAN. What about Brian?

MOTHER. Your brother's never getting married. No, no, you have to have kids.

MEGHAN. I don't have to do anything.

MOTHER. Well, I didn't raise you to have that attitude.

MEGHAN. And thank God you're done raising me. I've put up with this guilt, with this stupid insecurity long enough. I have plenty of problems without you throwing everything you've got at me, for no reason other than to be proud of how much you can still belittle and control me.

MOTHER. I want what's best for you, no matter what.

MEGHAN. Really, well what would be best for me would be if you got out of here. Out of this room, out of my life.

MOTHER. You're so ungrateful.

MEGHAN. Most likely. But at least I'm not like you.

MOTHER. Alright, Meghan, whatever you say.

MEGHAN. Exactly. Get out of here!

it's my party.

(phone conversation)

MEGHAN. Hello?

MOTHER. Hello, Meghan, it's your mother.

MEGHAN. Ah, so it is.

MOTHER. Well... hello. Your father is retiring. He's having a party. Would you like to come?

MEGHAN. Will the whole family be there?

MOTHER. Yes.

MEGHAN. Then definitely not.

MOTHER. If you change your mind, it's in two weeks at our house. At your house. We'd love to see you.

MEGHAN. That's nice.

MOTHER. Give me a call if you're going to come.

MEGHAN. Don't wait around.

MOTHER. Your brother wants you to meet his wife, I'm sure.

MEGHAN. We had dinner last week.

MOTHER. Oh. Oh, I see. Well then.

MEGHAN. Bye Mom.

separate, unequal.

MOTHER. Your nephew is so cute.

MEGHAN. He's great. I really like him.

MOTHER. Do you see him a lot?

MEGHAN. Sure.

MOTHER. I never know these things.

MEGHAN. Brian doesn't tell you?

MOTHER. Oh, he's busy, his family, his work.

MEGHAN. I'm surprised you even told me Dad died.

MOTHER. He would have wanted me too, you know.

MEGHAN. Yes, he was an actual human being.

MOTHER. What if I'd gone first.

MEGHAN. You would have never let that happen.

MOTHER. It took you long enough to tell me you were divorced.

MEGHAN. I've been trying to reorganize my whole life, to clean everything out.

MOTHER. I guess you haven't gotten to your thighs yet.

MEGHAN. Mom.

MOTHER. I'm just saying, if you want a new husband.

MEGHAN. Mom, I don't want another god da – darn husband. How are we back to this conversation already? You haven't seen me in three years.

MOTHER. Nothing changes with you.

MEGHAN. With us.

MOTHER. Well, I'll save it, for your father.

MEGHAN. Ok, fine, me too.

nothingness.

(Mom clicking through TV channels)

MEGHAN. Hi Mom.

(nothing)

MEGHAN. I said, hi.

(nothing)

MEGHAN. I figured I should drop by. I was in the neighborhood.

(nothing)

MEGHAN. I hope you're not still buying too much jewelry off QVC.

(nothing)

MEGHAN. Although it looks like you are.

(nothing)

MEGHAN. Well, I'm moving to Seattle. This was our last chance... maybe for a while.

(nothing)

MEGHAN. I'm sure Brian told you, though.

MOTHER. Oh lord.

MEGHAN. What?

MOTHER. Let's not talk about any of it at all.

MEGHAN. Ok. Ok, we won't. By the way, I'm taking my prom dress.

MOTHER. Do you still fit into it?

MEGHAN. Yes, as a matter of fact, I do. I was hot and chubby then, and I'm deliciously chubby now. I look effing fabulous in lavender.

MOTHER. Knock yourself out.

MEGHAN. I will. Mom...

MOTHER. Yes?

MEGHAN. I left my new cell number on the fridge.

MOTHER. Ok.

MEGHAN. Ok.

mother-daughter.

MOTHER. I figured I should drop by.

MOTHER. So what did...

MEGHAN. 50/50.

MOTHER. Live or die?

MEGHAN. What else? Coke or Pepsi?

MOTHER. Do you want a soda? I'll ring for the nurse. Do they check on you enough.

MEGHAN. They're fine. They're very good. I get attention.

MOTHER. Well you don't have a husband anymore to help you so...

MEGHAN. That's true.

MOTHER. Wait, you're not mad at me for saying that?

MEGHAN. I could be, but... it's true. I wish I had someone.

MOTHER. It's nice. I don't know what I'd do without your father.

MEGHAN. But, well, I'm not that lucky. Sorry.

MOTHER. It's my fault.

MEGHAN. 50/50.

MOTHER. I'm just so worried about you.

MEGHAN. Well, good to know *some* things never change.

MOTHER. It's my only job in this world

MEGHAN. And that's weirdly comforting.

MOTHER. Oh, Meghan.

MEGHAN. I don't know what I should say.

MOTHER. Well, neither do I.

(silence)

BOTH. Do you –

MEGHAN. love me?

MOTHER. still love me?

(another silence)

MOTHER. You look so thin.

MEGHAN. THANK YOU! Finally.