

Like Forever

Merridith Allen

Dramatic

CASEY: 15

SARAH: 15

CASEY and SARAH have been best friends since kindergarten. In this flashback scene, the two girls are both 15 years old. They are waiting for a funeral service for CASEY's mother to begin.

CASEY and SARAH sit together on a bench. They wear extremely inappropriate clothing for a funeral. Too sexy, or revealing, or brightly colored. SARAH holds a pen and guest book on her lap.

CASEY: [*Indicating the guest book.*] Thanks for uh . . .

SARAH: Totally. I mean, like . . . least I can do.

CASEY: She said, like, all the time, when she had me, there must've been two babies instead of one, and the other somehow got misplaced . . . [*SARAH lights a cigarette. They sit in silence a moment.*] You can't smoke here.

SARAH: Why, cause it's a health hazard?

CASEY: My mom hated it that you smoke. [*Pause. SARAH takes a long drag off the cigarette.*]

SARAH: Where's your dad?

CASEY: I don't fuckin' know. Parking. Or drinking. Maybe both.

SARAH: Your brother?

CASEY: Drinking. Definitely drinking.

SARAH: They say anything about your dress?

CASEY: Fuck no! This was Mom's favorite. She got it in Miami I think.

SARAH: I could totally see that. I mean, I think it's hot, but . . .

CASEY: You really think Mom gives a shit what I'm wearing? I don't.

SARAH: Whatever. Just saying . . .

CASEY: Like that dress is so much better?

SARAH: [*Checking herself out.*] Hello—I'm wearing black.

CASEY: Yeah, but, seriously, that skirt . . .

SARAH: What the fuck—I've never been to a funeral before—I don't know what—hey, if you can wear that . . .

CASEY: Oh my God, forget it, okay? Like—I don't care. I just—I don't want to sit here, not saying anything, waiting for . . .

SARAH: Is she—I mean, have you seen her? Since . . .

CASEY: She looks . . . really pretty. I gave them my pink lip gloss. She used to borrow it all the time, so . . . [*Pause.*]
Sarah? How am I going to . . . how am I supposed to walk up to her, with all these people all over, and kiss her good-bye? I think I'm going to totally lose my shit.

SARAH: I can walk with you.

CASEY: But you're going to lose your shit too.

SARAH: So? [*Pause.*]

CASEY: Can I tell you a secret?

SARAH: Yeah.

CASEY: I'm pissed at her.

SARAH: Why?

CASEY: Because she gave up.

SARAH: Case, wasn't she like, the last stage, or something . . .

CASEY: She had a choice. Six months ago. She had a choice. If she wanted to keep . . . or if she wouldn't, and she just . . . she gave up. And I have to walk down an aisle today—and my brother's gonna smell like gin and my dad's gonna reek of whiskey, and I have to kiss mom on the cheek and tell her good-bye and pretend like I'm sad because she's gone, and I'm not. I'm not sad. I'm fuckin' pissed.

[*Pause.*]

SARAH: But . . . how would you know—I mean, would it have mattered? If she kept going . . .

CASEY: I don't! But . . . I don't know, I don't understand, I just—I want her. I'm an asshole, right? Like, she was sick, I don't know—how much it hurt—I mean, because—and I still want her. I put this dress on last night—I slept in it, 'cause it still smells like her—she'll never talk to me again—I'll never hear her voice again—who's gonna call me Casey-loo again, huh? Nobody! It's bullshit! [*Pause.*]

SARAH: Yeah . . . it is . . .