

Grandpa Dave

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C. 2019 Edie Salas-Miller  
ediesalasmiller@gmail.com

Mia Perez (18). Extroverted, speaks quite fast or really slow to make a point in many voices when talking to her friends: low impersonations, baby speak, mocking, Cardi B, imitating her Brooklyn Jewish grandfather and her Mexican grandmother when the time feels right. Sports, applying to colleges, tequila, sneaking out. Loves her mom but a little scared of her the way we are scared of our Mexican mothers. All black but not goth. To be played by a person of color.

Dafney (20). Community college, high school best friends with Mia, is basically part of the Perez family. Laughs and smiles so much. Sweet snook-ems. High school superlative “Most Likely To Brighten Your Day”. American Eagle Outfitters, Vans that always look brand new, white Vans socks to match. Shorts or khakis. To be played by a person of color.

Mama (49). Mia’s mom. Loves heavy metal music, always in a beautiful or fun and adventurous dress, and weiner dogs. Stay at home mom. Scars cover her hands. Funny, but hard to make laugh. Hearing impaired. Wants Mia to have the classic American childhood that she didn’t have growing up as a result of teenage pregnancy. To be played by a Latinx actor.

Dylan (22). Mia’s older sister but she acts about 16. The clubs. Coachella. Vodka cranberry. Michael Kors watch on her right wrist. Scared of most things, but a fast driver. Had a long term high school boyfriend that the family still hangs out with. Would never give Christmas presents. Secretly thinks Mia is pretty cool. Would never go too far from home. To be played by a person of color.

Allan (48). Mia’s dad. Mama’s husband. Stressed out. Fidgeter. Neurotic Woody Allen type. Wants the best for his kids but is at 100000 miles/hour faster than he can handle. Accidentally works in tech like Google or something. Workaholic. To be played by a white actor.

SET NOTE: La Virgen De Guadalupe candle burns throughout the entire play, until the final scene. It gets extinguished in the final blue light transition.

Note: with every change in life comes great ambivalence.

“There were in classical ballets, the moments when one or another abandoned lover tried to find and resurrect one or another loved one, the blue light, the white tutus, the pas de deux with the loved one that foreshadows the final return of the dead: *la danse des ombres*, the dance of shades.” Joan Didion, *The Year of Magical Thinking*

## Scene 1

*November 1st. Dia de los Muertos, but that's not the point. Los Angeles. There is a very small ofrenda off to the side of the room. It's lit. Mia and Dafney are sitting on the striking blue velvet couch with one sequin pillow that changes color by the direction that you rub them and one pillow that says "Home Is Where The Heart Is". in a living room with no TV, mirrors where you would typically put a painting but also paintings. There is a zebra rug.*

*Mia is writing things like "PENIS" "MONEY" "BUTT" in the sequin pillow. Dafney is laying low rubbing the velvety couch, chewing gum. They are both drinking YooHoo chocolate beverages. They are shooting the shit, she is on one.*

Mia

Yeah dude, \$367 and I've never seen cops there before-and at this point I've managed to suck my way out of every near ticket experience.. but maaaaan this guy had a real Napoleon complex and probably some racist kids ah-sumthin.

Dafney

*(laughing a little too hard)*

Oh my god!!!! Miaa! You did not *(whispers)* suck.

Mia

*(referring to pillow)* Haha look it says butt now

Ya-so I was thinking what if I was drunk..

have you ever thought about what you would do if you almost got a DUI because I had to come up with an escape plan just to be safe.

Dafney

No I do not have an escape plan because I wouldn't drink and drive.

Mia

*(mimicking)* No because I wouldn't drink and drive.

No, bitch. like theoretically-

what would you do? You have to plan ahead because you literally never know, what if you got drunk in a rural area with like no Uber or anything and then you had a-a heart attack! you gotta dip out.

Dafney

Ok sure. If i had a heart attack.  
Do you know um Gabriel Iglesias?

Mia

(rolled r) Bro, I fucking hate that guy.

Dafney

What? I thought you would like him!

*(Mia shakes head no and rolls eyes)*

Well, *anywhomst* he did this thing about drunk driving like getting in the passenger's seat and saying "He was here a second ago" about the driver so you don't get caught but you know-

Mia

(impersonating Gabriel Iglesias)  
He was here a second ago, man.

Dafney

Yeah yeah yeah.

Mia

I think as soon as I would see the police coming,  
I would take a sweater that I conveniently geniusly have left in the passenger's seat.  
Put it in my shirt. Right?

*(Pause for reaction, gets none)*

I'm pregnant.

Okay. Yeah

And the cop comes and I'm like fucked. And I go in sober Mia *\*wink, sexy stuff\**  
"heeeelloooo officer"

...

On mamas, who gonna breathalyze a pregnant ass woman?!?!?

so me and my cop we talk for a sec

Then I'm like *\*\*wink, sexy stuff\*\** "look officer, it's been a pleasure, loved talking but i have to pee, my little pregnant body has been in stirrups for like the past hour and a half and

im peeing soon whether i am here or not. For two, sir chief :)" don't let him forget  
*(gives Dafney a series of am i right gestures)*

Dafney

ahahaha, You're wiiiiild.

Mia

Real shit tho- i gotta /pee.

Mama

*(offstage yelling)* MIA! Babe, come here!!!

Mia

*(to Dafney)*

Women.

*(to Mama)*

WHAAAAT

Mama

Come here!

Mia

One sec.

*(\*Vaguely Italian)*

Mama Mia

*(gets up to leave. Mama enters)*

Mama

You guys didn't put your dish---

*( notices the drinks in their hand . Raises her eyebrow )*

Mia.

Mia

Mother.

Mama

Ai, what the fuck is in your hand?

Mia

*(in the voice of Chief Keef, head tilted back)*

Molly waaaater.

Mama

Get up.

Mia

Mamaaa

Mama

You know you can't eat and drink anything on that couch.

Mia

Mama.

... One ...

Mia

Mama,

*(lowers her voice, tilts her head)*

Not in front of my friends.

Mama

Two

Mia

Fuggg.

*( she jumps up off the couch carefully holding her yoohoo )*

Dafney, come on let's go to the kitchen

*(They go off)*

Dafney

You're wiiild.

### ***BLUE LIGHT***

***Mama sits on the couch re-arranging the pillows. She sits down. She rubs her hand against the velvet-y couch and feels out the details of the solid gold details surrounding the outside of the couch. She licks her finger in an attempt to polish it. She picks up a magazine and relaxes. She can't, she rearranges the photo albums on the coffee table in front of the couch. She looks at a photo, looks at the couch, lays down.***

### **Scene 2**

***November 2nd. The ofrenda is not lit anymore. Dylan and Mia are preparing coffee in a pretty tray on the coffee table in front of the couch, Dylan sits on the couch picking her nose in a discreet manner or vaping in USC sweatpants and a stained heather grey hoodie. Mia is gracefully making coffee, eating a PROTEIN BAR, she wears a long dress, her hair is down and bobby pinned on one side, she kind of looks like a Disney princess. Mia is playing Bob Dylan's "Don't Think Twice It's Alright" in bluetooth speakers. Throughout the scene, Mia occasionally sings along.***

Dylan

Turn this crap off.

*(Mia ignores her)* Mia.

....

*(Dylan kicks her gently but authoritatively)* Fucking idiot.

Mia

*(with a fair amount of grace, pressing the coffee)*

Yo, what the fuck!

*(turns to hit her back, changes her mind, turns back around)*

Dylan

Seriously

Can you like turn this off?

Mia

Haha, no it's your name sake.

Enjoy... Dylan

Dylan

Mia

*(Dylan gets up and tries to turn it off. Mia hits her hand at the reach.)*

Mia

Stop. Seriously. ...

*(Dylan sits back down)*

Dylan

Ok.

Mia

Sit. Coffee.

No sit down here.

Dylan

Oh my god, no.

*(Mia gives her the look Mama gave her earlier when she wouldn't get up.)*

Are you serious?

Don't be so dramatic

Mama isn't going to come right now, I think she's in her studio.



Mia

....dyl

Dylan

Oh my god it's just a couch.  
It's not actually like her fucking Grandpa Dave.

What are you eating?

Those are for bodybuilders and like getting thick. Like remember when Kylie Jenner's friend, Stassiebaby gained all that weight and then lost everything but her ass- she ate literally those so unless you're like lifting heavy weights and like have a literal trainer.  
And *your chewing is sooo gross.*

*(Dylan drinks the coffee on the couch. They sit in silence for about 20 seconds. They hear the back door slam, Mama's coming!)*

Mia

Dylan

*(Dylan darts up from the couch to sit on the floor, she spills a very small amount of coffee on the couch. She puts the cup down. She lays down to cover it up with her head. )*

Dylan

*(whispers)* FUUUUUUUCK.

Mia

*(in a baby-ish voice )*  
Okie, bich. Dawn say i din warn you.

Dylan

Fuck you worry about yourself.

*(Mama enters, she has just come from crying in her studio, she is in a knitted sweater, yoga pants, no makeup, messy hair. She hasn't slept in days, but the girls don't notice this. )*

Mama

Hi sweets.

*(Goes to pick up Dylan's head to put it on her lap when she sits down.)*

What?

Dylan

Ha ha broke my neck.

Mama

Chinga-

Let me sit.

Dylan

We were having a moment I'm comfortable can't you see.

Mama

Okay.

Whatever. Whatever.

Sorry to interrupt

*(Dylan smirks, Mia is minding her own business*

*Mama starts tidying)*

....

You better not be drinking coffee on my grandpa's couch.

Dylan and Mia

We're not.

Mama

Do you guys have plans tonight or do you wanna watch a movie with ya mutha?

Dylan

HA ab-so-LUTE-ly fucking not. (*joking*) Bitch, I got plans, I'm going to Shore Bar.

(*Mama stands and looks bigger than she ever has.*)

Mama

Get up.

... (*Dylan and Mia don't move*)

Up.

... (*They don't move, Mama looking ready to beat them*)

Now.

Get in the kitchen.

Mia

Mama, sit down. Come on.

...

Do you want coffee?

Dylan didn't mean to be rude, it was a joke/ I'm sorry. ... Mama, I'm sorry.

Mama

No no no no we're not doing that, not calling me bitch. /Not gonna work for me.

Mia

/Right Dyl,

We're sorry.

Dylan

Don't speak for me.

Mia

Dylan.

(*fast and tripping over words*) Or just i don't know go away go to your room/ and watch something/ i don't know

Dylan

/And who died and made you in charge?

*( Mia pretends not to hear, Mama is still hovering over with one eyebrow raised, silently fuming.)*

You know what? I'm DONE with this ,

*( To Mia )*

I'm done with you.

*(Storms out to the kitchen, we hear her breaking plates and swearing in the background for the rest of the scene: "This house is a FUCKING prison" "I hate you" "Fuck")*

Mia

*(Kissing up, smiling)*

Mommy..... Mommyyyy.... Pleeeeeeaseee I am sorrrrryyy

Lo siento mama

I looove you

Mmmmm

Are you okay? What's up?

Mama

It's nothing, baby. Your sister is just too old for this shit,

I can't do this for much longer. She takes everything to the extreme, this unnecessary bullshit gonna get her thrown out. She threatens me and your father that she's going to move out but you know, you know, she's pissing him off more these days, he's had it. He's about to throw her to the streets. she *can do* it. She's about to graduate fucking college, and this?

I can't handle her.

I do everything for you guys. We really try. We have been really hanging by a thread for a few years and we make it work.

*Beat.*

This month is feeling not safe for this house, you know, there is a lot of energy in our home as, you know,

Baby, November is the 17 year anniversary of when my Grandpa passed, it's a hard month for me. I *loved* my grandpa. Your dad's mom died this month too, you know. And it lives here, I feel it, love, it's in all of us. You girls, the most.

When Dylan was a little girl, real little, maybe two, could barely speak. It was a few weeks after my grandpa passed and I was a wreck, really I couldn't get out of bed. And I put your sister down and I go in to check on her, you know, because she falling out of her crib and you know, I have to check, I was a new mom. And I walk in and there she is, Dylan kneeling at the window looking at the moon, bright and beautiful, with her hands like this (*prayer hands*) and it looked like she was praying, but she was talking. She was talking to someone and she was talking about how she will make sure "She's" okay. She was talking to my grandpa. He always told me he'd check on me. And he did, I felt at ease for the first time in probably a year, you know because he was so sick. But I felt right. I think kids are always talking to them because if he did that to me at that time I would have probably thought I was being crazy but little ones don't have that kind of shame. I wish I could have that just to talk.

....

You know, my grandpa used to sneak me away in his truck from my house, in his big Ford pick up.

I loved it, he was so fun, he'd tell me about cars and stories about when he was young. He called me Diamante or just Dia.

And, You know, he was such a light skinned man, when times were bad you know, he had the choice of which side of the restaurant to sit on, with the

( *trying to be edgy or punk rock* )

colored people or with the white folk. He always stayed with his people.

(*she nods at the ofrenda*)

Mia

I mean

(*makes a little mouth noise like horse lips or ah*)

Same. mood.

Mama

Anyways

My grandpa used to take me back to his house and sit me on this couch, we'd watch all the old movies he loved and we'd laugh all day until he'd take me back to my house. On a special day he'd read to me the book, *Of Mice and Men*, you know he said that was a lot what his life was like, working in the grapevine in the fields. I (12)

would always pretend to fall asleep on this couch so I wouldn't have to be taken back.

...

And sometimes he'd get so drunk that little Junior had to drive him to the liquor store, get him more booze/ and

Mia

*(Lets out a little giggle. )*

Junior would drive?? How old was he??

Mama

Ah, um hmm

he was probably 8 or nine, mija.

Mia

Woah

Mama

Different time

...

He taught my brothers both to drive stick shift before they were 10, but he would never let me drive. He'd go "mija, you're too precious and pretty. I don't want you driving around getting in trouble."

He thought I walked on water. *Me . On water .*

*(Gentle giggle)*

Yeah. He loved me, I loved him so much, I know he would have loved you so much, been so proud of you. Kind of like how *your* papa is proud of you.

Seeing my girls sitting here always makes me feel like you guys are really connected to him, you know.

Mia

Yeah, I could imagine.

*(Mama comforts emotional Mia without looking at her, petting her head and face while looking straight ahead. Lights fade to blue.)*

### Scene 3

*Friday night, Dafney is manspreading on the couch in classic adidas pants, his phone is playing "Sicko Mode" music video by Travis Scott. Fast food covers the table, mostly eaten. He is alone so he's getting it, he stands up and goes to turn all the lights off, you can now only see the light from his phone, he is quietly mouthing every word but like really getting it for a little while. He wears the normal kind of clothes he always wears but looks sharp. Right before these lyrics come on her turns his phone flash light on and turns it to his face and turns it off every time Drake says "out like a light" and continues to get it*

Dafney

I did half a Xan, 13 hours 'til I land

Had me out like a light, ayy, yeah Like a light, ayy, yeah Like a light, ayy, yeah Like a light, ayy, yeah

*(Let it get all the way to checks over stripes. at Checks over stripes Dafney shows off his adidas pants in the dance moves. Mia enters. She is in heels and looks hot.*

*She watches him for a few seconds. )*

Mia

Uhh- wass good?

Dafney

*(jumps as he's been caught)*

AHHHHHHHHH

...

HAHHAHAHA

*(still laughing)*

Um

you look really nice.

Mia

Thanks bitch. *(Puts a fry in mouth)*

Dafney

*(Forces himself to stop laughing. He has just been a little too exposed.)*

uh-have you seen the Sicko Mode video, it's wild.

*(Dylan enters and sits down like she is resuming her birthright)*

Mia

Oh yeah it's insaaane, it's sick.

Heeehh

Sick

O Mode.

Heh

Dylan

*(rolls her eyes at Mia)*

Ohhh, I saw Travis perform at Marquee in Vegas last year for my 21st. Oh my god, he is so crazy live you guys, he like was screaming and jumping into the crowd and like so were these other people down by his stage. It seems honestly like scary to be there, I would never be there but people like stampede his concerts. Thank god it was just Marquee.

Dafney

Travis be a daddy but his rap game is still

*(kisses fingers italian style in approval.)*

And music videos

*(nods head in approval)*

Mmmmmmmmm

Mia

*(Not really listening)*

Ya, he's crazy-

Do you wanna get dinner before we go to Peter's?

Dafney

Yeah, uh where do you wanna go? Dylan, are you gonna come?



Dylan

Where are you going?

*(Dafney gestures at Mia for her decision)*

Mia

Noooo, really, please don't make me pick again.

Dafney

Uhhh, okay, Kogi?

Mia

Bleh-ck

Dylan

Yeah, I don't want to eat heavy food like that, I had a Tocaya tofu burrito for lunch.

Dafney

Uhhh do you wanna go to Leo's?

Mia

I had tacos for lunch.

Dafney

Ma gawddd,

Uh

Okay

Ramen-ya?

Mia

Nehhh uh I look too hot for ramen/

Dylan

Same/

Mia

/ I don't want my makeup to like drip in the soup  
and my mascara to run, walk around lookin' like a buck to fuck.

Dylan

Ew. What?

Dafney

Oh my lord, sis, just pick.

*The front door opens, Allan walks in. He has just come home from a long day of work. He wears brand new Adidas shoes. Every day is a long day at work. He has headphones in and looks like he hasn't slept in days. He throws his backpack and headphones carelessly on the couch.*

*Mia uses a different, more high pitched little girl voice when she is speaking to Allan in this scene.*

Allan

*(In a very masculine voice. )*

Dafney, hello.

Mia

Hiiii /dad!!!!

Dylan

/Sup hoe

Dafney

/Hi Allan.

Allan

/My girls.

Allan (cont'd)

How are ya, buddies? What're you doing tonight?

Mia

Uhh right now we're trying to figure out where to go eat but Dafney can't figure his shit out.

Soooo Dad, where should we eat?

Allan

Ummm.

I don't know sweetie, you guys know more about this stuff than I do. What's ya mama cooking?

Mia

*( Starts singing Stir Fry by Migos and cooking dance move)*

"In the kitchen wrist tristin' like its stir fry" Dafney

*( in the Migos adlib)*

"Whip it!"

*(Allan stares and them reacting, still wondering what she made. )*

Honestly, I have no idea.

Dylan

I think she's making like chili or something, she bought bread.

Allan

I'm gonna go give her a nice big kiss. Nice seeing you, Dafney.

*(Allan goes off.)*

Mia

Do you wanna just get sushi stop again?

Dafney

Fine, let's go.

Dylan

Ew.

Allan (Offstage)

Helllllooo little sexy.

Mama (Offstage)

Hi freak. Oh the new shoes/ look great!

Dylan

*(yelling)*

/Don't speak to my mother like that!

Mia

Okay, let me get/ my bag.

Dafney

/Okay.

*Mia leaves to go to her room.*

Dylan

*(yelling to Allan)*

What time is it?!

Allan (O.S.)

Time for you to watch the bachelor!

Dylan

*(to Allan)*

Oh my god, coming!!!!

*(to Dafney)*

Okay, I can't go but have fun and...

Don't be weird.

Daphney

You not coming..  
to watch the bachelor????

Dylan

Ummm, yes. I think Corrine is gonna either fuck Nick or not get a rose.

Daphney

*(laughs)*

Alright, enjoy

***Dafney is sitting on the couch looking at the details of the gold in the couch. He might shine a light on it, but he is really getting close to it and inspecting the details. Mia re-enters with her bag but is distracted looking for her keys.***

Dafney

Is this gold?

Mia

Oh uh on the couch? yeah, it is.

Dafney

That's wild.

...

How much do you think this thing costs?

Mia

It was my my uh mom's grandpa's so my... great grandfather's.

Dafney

Damn it's so pretty. Look at this detail in the arm rest, I always thought it was painted...

this shit's crazy.

This is like something in Mike Tyson's house or something. It's so.. It's so... yooo.  
You could put a tiger on it like Mike Tyson. How you not Mike Tyson with  
something like this??? Bro, I put my butt on this/  
*(sits in bliss)* Yeah, that it

Mia

I don't know/ it's like super old. My mom loves that thing ...  
Oh! found em! Let's go.

*(Mia throws keys at Dafney. He stops inspecting but is enchanted by this couch.)*

*(yelling)*

Okay, we're leaving  
Bye mama!! Bye dad!!! I love you!!

Mama (O.S)

Be nice to the other children.

Allan (O.S.)

Drive safely, Dafney! /Bye! Love you, sweetie!

Dylan (O.S.)

/Shut up or get out! It's starting!

Mia

/Love you!

Dafney

Bye! I will.

Dafney

*(To Mia as they walk out the door.)*

Damn, that couch could, could like pay my rent, shit, whaaaat?

*They exit. Allan comes in to lock the front door behind them, he's clothes look more casual now, buttons are more down on his work clothes, no shoes, etc. He lays on the couch feet up, drinking a beer, biting his nails.*

Allan

Honey! When is the food gonna be ready?

Mama (O.S)

10 minutes or so.

### ***Blue lights transition***

*Allan is fidgeting with trimming on the couch without much care. He is drinking on it, he might even light a cigarette. He picks his nose and puts the boogers under the couch. He is totally disrespectful of the couch for about a minute. We hear Mama in the background singing "Blue Velvet" by Bobby Vinton lights to blue to fade out while dad chugs his beer on the couch, he spills a little bit but cleans it quickly and casually via mouth slurp. He sits up, he throws his beer down, bad news is fresh.*

### **Scene 4**

*Saturday night. 8pm. Mama and Allan are sitting on the couch. They both still haven't slept. They are waiting for the girls to get home. Allan is trying to comfort Mama, but Mama seems to have it together more than Allan. Allan is fidgety. Maybe biting his nails.*

Mama

Allan, could you go make me coffee?

Allan

Oh!

Yeah

Of course! Anything.

Mama

Thank you.

*Allan doesn't leave. He continues doing whatever he was doing. He is tweaking.*

Allan.

Allan

Oh yes, Coffee.

*Allan goes to kitchen.*

*After about 15 seconds, he returns with a messy tray to french press and sits on the floor with a childlike demeanor.*

Waters on.

*He begins to prepare the coffee.*

Mama

Thank you.

*Mia enters through the front door and begins to walk to her room. She has had a spliff or five and doesn't want to look them in the eye right now.*

Mia

Hey.

Allan

Uh sweetie can you sit on the couch? We want to talk to you real quick.

Mia

Oh

Uh

I actually feel like i really have to make a little stinky because me and Dafney just got this crazy Indian food and like woah, you guys do not want me in here,

*(pronounced nahmsaying)*

know what I'm saying?



Mama

*(Gently pleading and commanding)*

Mia. Sit down.

Mia

Oh

Okay

Whats up?

...

The temperature of the room feelin a lil weird or nah. Where's Dylan? Is she okay? What did she do? Did something happen?

Mama

Yeah she's fine, I just texted her and she said her uber is taking a weird way but she'll be here a second.

How was your night? Did you have fun?

Mia

Uh yeah I guess, we just went to this vegan indian restaurant in Culver City. Can I go to the bathroom? Is this uh allowed right now?

Mama

Yes, go.

*Mia exits to go to the bathroom*

*Mama begins to become overwhelmed by this and tries to calm herself down while sitting on the couch.*

Mama

Fuck.

I don't want to.

*Allan comes to sit on the couch to comfort her.*

I don't want to do this. My girls need me.

I can't do this.

I can't do

*Dylan enters. She is hammered. She is so drunk she won't remember this tomorrow. Words occasionally slurred.*

Dylan

What's bracken biiiiiitches???

Mama

*(to Allan)*

Oh my god she's drunk.

*Dylan throws her bag on the couch, Mama moves it to the floor with slight disgust, for mama this feels like the tip of the iceberg tonight. Dylan lays on the couch with her muddy shoes just barely hanging off.*

Dylan, shoes off. Drink some water and can we talk?

Dylan

Mmmmmm yes, I hear you, and I am gonna do something with that info maa mahh how-ev-er i'm so comfortable.

LOOK at MEEEE. I'm a little beeeeeaaan. Hahahahahahaha

Mama

*(to Allan)*

I don't know if now is the right- Right?

Allan

Whatever you want.

We can do it now or tomorrow or not or now and tomorrow. Whatever you want, sweetie.

Mama

Okay.

I'll just-

I can't sleep tonight if I don't.

*(Very small)*

Okay

*(Mia reenters in sweatpants and a sweatshirt and socks and sits on the couch with Dylan and Mama. Allan does not sit.)*

We need to tell you something.

I don't want you to over stress or feel  
Overwhelmed  
Because  
You know  
Because  
we don't know what's going to happen  
Necessarily  
But um  
I have to get surgery tomorrow in my ovaries  
To get them removed  
Because I went to the doctor  
About two weeks ago

Mia

Two weeks ago? What the fuck?

Mama

Mmmhm

*(asking for forgiveness)*

I didn't know what

*Exactly* it was until this morning

But i have to get this done and then we have to go from there

Then we can go from there

*(loaded pause)*

We'll just go from there.

I know.

I know

I thought now was the best time

I can't

...

Keep things from my girls

But i don't know what's going to happen, but

I want to be strong for you

And

we will make it work I'm gonna be okay. For us.

*Silence.*

*(Dylan almost vomits on the couch, Mama, Mia, nor Allan should notice. )*

Dylan

Hey dad, can you do me a /huuuuge favor?

Allan

Sure, what do you /need?

Mia

*( To mama)*

What is it?

Dylan

*(about to vomit, slurred words, room spinning, head hung )*

Trash can I need it. GO

Allan

Uh/

Dylan

/Gooo

*Allan exits to get a little trash can. Silence for about 5 seconds, Dylan stands up, falls back on the couch, stands up and stumbles to the bathroom.*

Mia

Jesus, where was *she*?

*no response*

*Silence*

*Mia kisses Mama's head and holds her so she can cry.*

What is it mom?

*Allan manically returns with a plastic bag.*

Allan

Where'd she go?

Mama

Bathroom, I got it.

Allan

Fuck, okay

Mama

Allan, go clear off her bed and make sure here hair straightener is off and not on her floor. And then bring us some /gatorade if we have any in the back fridge to the bathroom.

*Mama exits.*

*Mia is alone on the couch. She is stunned, she tries to cry but can't. She lays face down and notices the coffee spill from earlier. She grabs a rag off the coffee table, spits on it, and begins to clean the stain. Lights go dark blue. She cleans and cleans and cleans and cleans until she has no energy. She gets up and leaves. Lights fade to a darker blue, almost dark so all the audience can see are silhouettes.*

*Dylan enters in her underwear and a baby blue robe still violently drunk, she has been crying and sleeping and vomiting at the toilet for a few hours. She sees a half drunk bottle of beer and finishes it and slams the glass bottle to break in half. She hums/cries in a delusion. She goes to a very dark place. She makes one cut on her left wrist with the bottle that bleeds onto the couch. She scared herself. She tries to sleep but leaves. Lights fade out.*

## Scene 5

*Early afternoon. They've all been up since the 6am surgery. Pan Dulce and Menudo cover the coffee table. There is an unlit Guadalupe candle in the middle. It almost looks like an ofrenda, it's beautiful. There are beautiful multi-colored serape blankets draped over the couch. Dylan is wrapped in a fluffy girly blanket. Her wrist has a visible ace bandage but she is wearing a watch over it on her left wrist and*

*hoodie, but if you know, you know. She doesn't want anyone to see it. Mia looks sick, she sits on the floor making coffee with Dafney in silence. Everybody eats and Mia does not eat at all.*

Allan

I think she's asleep.

Mia

Okay

Dylan

Okay.

Allan

*Referring to the food*

What's all this about? Why's your mom's couch covered?

*He sits down on the couch. He is so stressed. Mia and Dylan exchange a look*

Mia

Oh

I uh

I covered it because Bev brought us all this food and we just don't want it to get on the couch.

Allan

Okay.

...

Man,

the painkillers they gave your mom are not helping. Um also

She wants you guys to go up and see her after she wakes up.

But if you're not ready to go see her That's

...

No

You guys should go  
You should  
You should just see her soon.

*Mia pours the coffee and leave it on the table. Allan drinks it on the couch*

It's hard.  
It's really  
Really  
She looks awful  
It's almost like

*Allan stops himself and sips coffee*

*Dylan gets up and leaves because she doesn't want to hear this.*

Dafney

That's horrible. My mom wanted to tell you that she is praying for y'all today and we are so grateful to have you in my life.

Allan

I'm sorry  
I, I  
I don't want to freak you guys out. Everything will be okay.

Mia

I know.  
...  
Dad, you shouldn't drink coffee on the couch

Allan

Yeah  
Yeah  
Oh!  
Yeah. Actually  
She wants to talk to you two about the couch.

Mia

What?

Can you go check on her? See if she's up?

Allan

Yeah sweetie. ...

You know Uh..

Okay

I'll go check.

*(kisses her on the head)*

Mia

Love you.

Dafney

How are you doing?

Mia

I'm fine

I think everything is going to be fine.

Honestly, I am really fine. I wanna know what she wants to talk to me, now I'm a little antsy but overall, yeah, all fine.

Dafney

Of course

Wanna see something stupid?

Mia

Sure

*(Dafney goes to his backpack and pull out a KEEP AMERICA GREAT hat or something politically controversial. Mia busts up laughing)*

YOOOOOOOOOO.

WHAAT

Holy fuck, where did you get that?



*(She takes the hat from him and puts it on and looks at herself through the selfie camera on her phone)*

Dafney

My mom bought it online from some weird chinese website for like 5 cents and gave it to me. She thinks she's hilarious.

Mia

Look at me.

Chicanas para el diablo.

...

Sorry

Dafney

No, it's funny.

*They sit alone in silence. Dafney gets a text.*

Oh my god. I totally forgot. I have to go, my mom needs me to pick her up right now. Because she's at that meeting for our apartment.

Mia

Really?

Dafney

Yeah, Sorry. It's just they raised the rent a lot because of all of the ugly ass white people moving in, which is like cool... I guess that they're bringing art to the area haha.

But my mom is meeting about our place since she's lived there forever and if they raise the rent, she's gonna have to move.

...

And our place is right by her work and school for me, and it's just like bad.

Mia

I'm sorry dude, That's awful.

Fuck that

Dafney

Yeah, it's really not that  
Something  
You should worry about at all.

Mia

For sure, but fuck though. I'm sorry

Dafney

Yeah, she wants to sell my car.

Mia

What?!? Dafney without his car? What kind of world is that.

...

Woooh, i've like lived in that thing.  
Fucked.

Dafney

Yeah  
Well, anyway.  
I'll text you.

Mia

Love your ass

Dafney

*Gives her a hug*  
Heh, love you too, Mia.

Allan (O.S)

Hey, Mi!  
*(Mia waves bye to Dafney as he quietly leaves)*

Mia

Yeah?!

Allan (O.S)

Mom's asleep. So, I'm gonna crash on the couch.

Mia

Kay!

*Mia is alone in the room. She lifts up the blankets on the couch, goes to get cleaning supplies and starts to clean.*

*Dylan re-enters and stands embarrassed speechless at the doorway, Mia notices but doesn't stop to look at her.*

Mia

Don't worry about it, Dylan, just go to bed.

Dylan

Uh

I fell asleep there last night and

I uh

Can you just not do that right now.

Mia

I'll just do it. Go to bed, Dylan.

Dylan

Mia, stop. I can fix it.

Mia

NO WE CAN'T

Dylan

SHHHHH shut the fuck up idiot, mom is sleeping.

Mia

Please, Dylan I am literally begging you to go to your room and just shut your eyes and

go. to. fucking. sleep.

Okay? Now.

*(to herself)*

You're so fucking ungrateful Jesus Christ. This isn't about you.

Dylan

Fuck that. Fuck you.

Fuck this

And Fuck both of you

You guys treat me like I'm stupid okay? Like I don't have a brain. I hear her talking to you about that stupid couch? My room is right there. It's a fucking couch and it's not yours, it's hers to stop trying to protect it because no matter what, you have no connection to it.

So just get up and leave it.

...

There are many more problems in this house than that motherfucking couch.

Mia

*Sharply*

Fine. You can clean it then.

*(she harshly places the cleaning stuff at Dylan's feet and storms out. Dylan stands there. She sits on the couch. Lights fade)*

## BLUE LIGHT

*Allan enters through the front door holding a bag of his wife's belongings. A pair of red sparkly heels, like Dorothy in his hands. He hangs his coat and then he hangs her coat from the bag. He opens her wallet and examines things, he takes the cash out and intensely organizes it. He places her shoes nicely by the door like she will need them when she comes home. He lays her clothes on the couch and goes to his knees to start to pray*

“Father for all, we pr-”

*He cannot breathe, his chest collapses and he tries to catch his breath.*

*He tries to catch his breath as he sprawls his body across carressing the clothes and couch, he cannot get comfortable as he tries to cuddle the empty spirit of her last outfit.*

*Lights fade.*

## Scene 7

*Dafney and Mia sit on the couch. Dafney is in a black suit and tie with nice dress shoes. Mia wears one of her mom's signature dresses.*

Mia

God I hated that.

Everyone hated that. Right?

She-

Dafney

I thought it was nice.

It was really beautiful.

*(Dafney stops to hug Mia for a long time)*

Dafney

I'm here if you want to talk more, I don't have to say anything. Or you don't have to say anything and we can just chill, or we can go get some food. Or we can watch Travis Scott's documentary. Or we can watch Ray J and Kims sex tape. No, I really

don't want to do that with you. Haha whatever you want sis, I gotchu. Just say the word and I'm here or I can totally leave.

Mia

No

Dafney

...

Wanna hear something funny?

Mia

yeah

So last week at school the day after we found out my mom actually has to move, I asked this girl out.

Mia

Oh my god! Dafney, what!? No way!

Dafney

Yeah, she's really nice

Pretty normal girl but we have yoga class together. Yes, I have yoga class. and she always invites me to get boba with "the girls" after, so ya know I thought maybe she kind of liked me.

Mia

Yeah

Dafney

No, so I ask her if she wanted to hang out like without the girls and she laughed and was like "what? Not as like a date though?" and I was like "Uh, no of course not!" and she was like "This might be so rude but like you're not like into me or like girls right?" and I said of course not, whaat that's crazy, you are. wack. But then, she went into this really long nervous rant about how her teacher in high school used to be

married to a woman and then she was a nun and now she's a republican and about how I like Beyoncé, but like Beyoncé is not even a lesbian icon, she is a black icon so I was a lil annoyed by that and then I left, I went to the dispensary, I got too nervous to try to buy weed and then I listened to Beyoncé and cancelled white people.

Mia

Oh my god. That's so fucking rude! What a bitch! Hahaha- Beyoncé, I am screaming.

Dafney

Yeah isn't that crazy.

Mia

*(giggles)*

Yeah woah.

Dafney

Yeah right? So like I said, they are all cancelled.

Mia

Yeah, I respect that, she stupid as fuck.

Dafney

Yeah

*Pause*

*(Mia takes a deep moment with the couch, she runs her fingers against the perimeter of it.)*

Mia

You know today like three people came up to me and said they had to double take when they saw me

because I look so much like her.

And then they said obviously, ya know, it wasn't Nettie because.

And then

My grandma cried in my arms after telling me that.

It felt like she was like trying to like let me know what happened.

And now  
And Now when I look in the mirror  
Its like  
she's like what i'm looking for.  
But it's hard because  
I don't see her.  
And it's like for everyone else  
I feel lucky and like maybe i'm helping because they get to see her  
But its me  
Its not her  
I don't know  
I literally don't look like her, I don't, know that was such a trip.  
I'm sorry

Dafney

Why are you apologizing? Don't apologize

Mia

Sorry, i don't know.

...

I like don't remember most of it too. And I didn't feel sad and like right now, I don't really feel sad? But that's all I think about. I don't want to do anything else.

I keep imagining the moment it happened too, like did she see something scary? Like a little scary man? Or I read somewhere that when you die all this DMT releases in your brain and you have a crazy trip on DMT and it's really beautiful and spiritual.

But I can't stop thinking about it.

And look at her shoes right there (*points to shoes*)

there just there like she's going to come home or like she needs them, but who's gonna move them? I'm not gonna move them.

(*referring to the couch*)

And now when I look at this, it's like i don't know what to do with this. My dad wants to sell it for me to go to college now that we don't have

Like

Two incomes.



She didn't make a lot of money but it was something.  
And Dylan i don't know what she wants.  
And she like left it to me and Dyl  
Like it's like our burden  
For us to fight about it  
We can't get rid of it.  
I'm almost mad about it.

Dylan

*(Dylan enters, she's rage drunk and in her all black funeral outfit.)*

Mia are you fucking kidding me. Giiiiirl are you thinking about THAT FUCKING COUCH ALREADY?  
JESUS CHRIST  
THE FUNERAL WAS THREE HOURS AGO AND YOU'RE ALREADY TALKING ABOUT THAT FUCKING COUCH?  
Take off her dress you look like an asshole.

Mia

Yes Dylan.  
I'm talking to Dafney about the couch  
WHY?

Dylan

We aren't keeping it, that thing costs more than anything in this house, dad called an appraiser to get it checked out this week/ so I suggest you get over it.

Mia

/Excuse me?!

Dylan

Yeah we're getting rid of that so your spoiled ass can go to college.  
*pause*

Mia

NO

Dylan

Oh, eat a dick.

And take that fucking dress off.

Mia

NO

Dylan

Fuck you take it off, you got shit on it.

Mia

NO FUCK YOU

YOU'RE NOT MY MOM

Dylan

Well now we don't have one, so take the fucking dress off before you ruin it more.

*Dylan lunges toward Mia and yanks the dress to take it off*

Mia

STOP IT!

*Dylan rips the sleeves and a broche off with all of her strength, on her way down the a broche grabs the couch and rips the couch cushion*

Oh my god. The dress, Dylan.

You ripped it.

*(Pause, notice, deep breath)*

YOU DID THAT ON PURPOSE

YOU DESTROYED THIS COUCH

YOU COULD HAVE GIVEN US AT LEAST ONE MORE FUCKING WEEK

BUT NO

An appraiser????

NO

NO

ITS ALWAYS WHAT YOU NEED AT THAT EXACT MOMENT

...

*(animalistic almost, complete blackout of anger for Mia)*

FUCK YOU

You're happy she's dead?

You really getting business done like we hired you??

What are you?

FREEDOM! WOOO NO MOM!!! YEEEEHHH

You ruined the only thing in this house she loved.

She didn't give a fuck about anything else, she just cared about you and your well being and us and us being good kids.

And you're just soaking up this attention, huh?

But ONE THING SHE COLLECTED, held, cherished

You RUINED

*(At this point it seems she is about to hit Dylan)*

You love this

Bitch

BITCH

She's gone

Nobody left to tell you to move out

Nobody to tell you to do fucking anything

Go

GET OUT

GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY FACE/ OR I swear to God, Dylan

Dylan

Mia, STOP. Mia / get the fuck away from me. / God? Really, Mia? God?

Mia

/I hope I never have to see your disgusting face again

And I hope you know she only told ME THINGS

Because you NEVER ONCE ASKED

YOU NEVER ONCE GAVE A SHIT ABOUT ANYBODY BESIDES YOURSELF

*(She strikes Dylan)*

SO GET THE FUCK OUT OF THIS HOUSE RIGHT NOW.

GET OUT.  
WE DO NOT WANT YOU HERE

Dylan

I'll fix it Mia. I'll fix it.  
I'll pay my own money to fix it  
I'll fix it right now, I can try

Mia

Don't you dare.

...

Get out.

Dylan

I'm sorry

***Dylan walks out. Mia sits on the couch and cries. Dylan comes back and holds her as she cries, they cry together. Dafney sits on the couch too he just promised to be there, and he is.***

## BLUE LIGHT

*Mama is asleep on the couch, her head is resting on a very old looking man drinking a bottle of whiskey, he pets her head like a little girl.*

*Couch pillows are on the floor, all that is left is a red pillow is on the couch. two mover men come and pick up the couch and take it out of the space while She has a bad dream as the couch is being moved. The old man tends to her nightmare. The men can talk through getting it out of the door, they do not acknowledge her, the Guadalupe candle is extinguished as the movers walk out.*

### Scene 9

*A Sunday Morning 1 month after the funeral.*

*Mia enters with an electric kettle of boiling water, sits on the couch pillows, and starts to make coffee in silence, spills a little grounds on the pillow under her and casually licks her finger to wipe it off.*

*Allan enters from the front door in a robe, holding a copy of the times.*

Mia

Dad, can you go get some mugs?

Allan

Of course.

*(Enter Dylan wears a dress the same exact blue as the couch)*

Dylan

Mia, did you just put a load of laundry in?

Mia

Yeah but it should be done in like five minutes.

Dylan

Perfect

*Pause*

*Allan re-enters holding a sparkly mug, a dodgers mug, and a mug mama holds earlier and hands them to Mia.*

Mia

Uhh, dad, so has anyone purchased the couch yet?

Allan

Actually,  
two people are in some type of bidding war over it, but it's still getting reupholstered,  
so it hasn't left there yet.

Mia

Ahh I see

Dylan

I actually went over there yesterday to see if anyone got it yet.  
And the guys said, well  
They said what you said.  
But I noticed the fabric from the couch was just gonna get thrown away.  
And since it's such a staple to this room I took it with me.

Mia

Really? What the fuck Dylan, that's so smart. How did you come up with that?  
Damn.

Dylan

Yeah, they're in my room with that fabric box from her studio.  
One sec.

*Dylan leaves to get a medium size home depot box while Mia and Allan pour coffee. Dylan re-enters*

Mia

Wait, is your dress--?

Dylan

Oh! No, actually, random I didn't even clock that.

*They pull out the long piece of couch fabric, it is magical, with it spills an abundance of red vibrant scarves.*

Mia

Woooah, what are these?

I've never seen these

Allan

Those scarves were *my* mom's, actually.

My god, I didn't even know she took them. I thought my dad just donated all this stuff.

I knew she grabbed some of her stuff from the house when he was moving out, I was so upset, I thought my dad donated everything without telling me. I mean he did, he donated everything.

But wow.

That woman.

Dylan

These are really pretty, dad.

Allan

Yeah, they are

Mia

Damn, she snuck your dead mother's scarves away?

That's fucking sick.

*Mia goes to pour herself more coffee, she spills it on her arm and burns herself.*

Dylan

Oh shit! Are you okay?

Allan

Cold water!

*He goes off to get a cold towel.*

*Squeezing the burned arm, Dylan wraps it in one of the scarves.*

Mia

I can't,

It's fine

*(Dylan wraps it in another one of the scarves.)*

I'm fine.

We're fine.

***Dylan holds her. Allan enters with the cold towel, forgets about it, and sits with the girls.***

***There is the large diamond on stage that the old man was holding. As the lights fade to black, the diamond is bright and shining and beautiful, taking the space. Blackout.***

END OF PLAY.