

Int. House - Near Kitchen

Grace is at a post-graduation party. She's had her fair share of drinks and this guy won't leave her alone. Going on about his aimless hobbies and classes he had to take, when all of a sudden he asks if her folks came down to see her walk.

Grace

Umm, yes and no, (beat) yeah. My sister and my dad came down. They made this big deal about it at Cheesecake Factory, ya know, embarrassing stuff. My dad brought his girlfriend and she wouldn't stop taking pictures either. Real tacky shit but I hadn't seen them in a few months so it was nice. My dad has also been helping me pay to be here so endure the tackiness it is.

(pause)

My mom didn't make it. Which is alright with me. Her nurse texted me and said she didn't feel well. What can you do? Wheel her down yourself?.. kidding of course. Umm, inviting her was even a long shot. She's not all there plus what does she know about all this. I mean we're not the best but I love her. (takes a long sip) Wish I was naive about this world as much as she is now.

(ugly pause)

Maybe I've had a little too much to drink. (nervous laugh) Back home, back home she used to tend to this cute garden. It wasn't anything fancy. But to her, well it was the Sistine Chapel. Every vegetable had a purpose and it was all color coordinated too, can't forget about that. She used to let me help her out there. Every Sunday after Church. We would give the vegetables dumb names. It's probably the closest we got to bonding. But there was this specific plant she always took care of. I don't remember what kind but I remember the color of it. She always talked about how it was a gift from her dad. Something to do with womanhood. How the petals were forged by amethysts - yeah, weird shit. She ended up giving me one. And would force me to water it. She was strange like that. For months she would talk about how trees were breathing - whispering to her. She essentially became a tree hugger. She took down the swing from the tree in the front yard. And she would just be out there for hours - sometimes she looked like she was being swallowed by tentacles - she would come back inside with a rash around her neck and arms. The worst it got the more I stood

up for her. Felt like it was my job as the oldest. Then she stopped talking to me. She would go on incoherent tangents about pollution and threw away all of my sister's toys because she thought the plastic was making us sick. Eventually she exploded. One night, she woke me up paranoid. Told me the tree's heartbeat was slowing down, that it needed fertilizer. Next thing I know, dad finds her completely naked burying me under it. Not many trees in the city, thank goodness. I still wake up choking on dirt... the plant? Oh, yeah. It died when I turned sixteen. Stopped watering it. Funny enough, two years ago my dad told me that she didn't have much of a green thumb and that the whole womanhood story was bullshit. Guess the apple doesn't fall from the tree. (tips her glass towards the ceiling) Want some more?