

**Leah & Mercedes**

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## **Prologue**

I have always been intrigued by the bonds of sisterhood. Especially the way that, though it grows and matures, a sense of juvenility is maintained. Here are three snapshots of Leah and Mercedes, two sisters whose relationship is always dependable but never predictable. I love these chicks, and I hope that, by the end, you love them too.

**Sloppy Seconds**  
a play by Cara Berlin

Characters:

**Mercedes**, a stunning woman in her late twenties.

**Leah**, Mercedes younger sister, about 25, pretty, but not nearly as good looking as her older sister.

**A Hobo**

Setting:

A classy outdoor cafe on a busy corner, the two sisters are sitting at a small round table with half-eaten plates and an almost finished bottle of wine.

MERCEDES

So I told Mom that we'll start having babies when she's ready to quit her job and become a full-time babysitter, *(beat)* For free.

LEAH

How'd she take that?

MERCEDES Well,

she said she was glad that at least I was married.

LEAH

Sex and the City has been off the air for, what, a year, and already everyone has forgotten that it's perfectly normal to be single.

MERCEDES Maybe it's

because they all ended up married by the last episode.

LEAH

Sellouts.

MERCEDES

So, have you met anyone lately?

LEAH

Well, not really. But there was this 411 operator that I really felt a strange connection to. I called to get the number for the movie theater and I could just tell by his voice that he was dreamy. And he said 'See you' as he was hanging up.. maybe he felt it too (*stares off into space in mock dreaminess*). What were we talking about?

MERCEDES

How I think that you should go out with Nick.

LEAH

Your old fiancée Nick? You're joking.

MERCEDES

We all thought it would be a good idea...

LEAH

Please, for the love of God, tell me who thought that me going out with someone you almost married was a good idea so that I can cut them out of my life forever.

MERCEDES

Stop freaking out, it's not that big a deal. It was the other night when Mom and Dad took Jack and me out for dinner.

LEAH

So you all just sit around feeling sorry for me and racking your brains to find someone, *anyone*, that I could go out with. That's nice. I'm glad to know what everyone thinks about poor old Leah. I'm only 25. Didn't know you could be an old maid at 25, but thanks to my beautiful wonderful fantastic family, I have been proven wrong. Feels good. Feels real good.

MERCEDES

I know. It's hard to believe that my little sister is such a loser. I mean, look at me. How did you and I come from the same parents?

LEAH

You shouldn't joke about things that are true.

MERCEDES

Shut up.

LEAH

No, seriously, have you looked in a mirror like, ever, in your life? You're a supermodel waiting to happen.

MERCEDES What does that even mean?

A supermodel waiting to happen? Who says that?

*(Leah sticks her tongue out at Mercedes.)*

Stop trying to change the subject. What's wrong with Nick, anyway? I've seen him naked and I can tell you that everything is a-okay under those clothes, if you know what I mean.

LEAH

Why do you say 'if you know what I mean' like you are in any way being unclear about exactly what you mean? I could understand if you said 'Leah, he's very nice' while winking and nudging, but saying that he looks good naked is not a mystery in the least bit. Unless you were speaking metaphorically and what you really meant is that he has a beautiful soul.

MERCEDES

Okay, he's very nice. *(She winks and nudges Leah obnoxiously.)*

LEAH

All I'm saying is that Nick is a very nice man, and perhaps even someone I would normally be attracted to, but you've seen him naked. He's *seen you* naked, for God's sake! I could only imagine kissing him for the first time and he's thinking 'Hmm, that is rather similar to the way Mercedes stuck her tongue in my mouth.' *(Shudders.)*

MERCEDES

He really was a good kisser.

LEAH

Ugh! That's what I'm talking about! Disgusting!

MERCEDES

Okay, so maybe it would be weird at first, but you'd get over it. Are you telling me that you would let a little weirdness keep you from this amazing man that could possibly be the one?

LEAH

If he was so freakin' great, why didn't *you* marry him? Looked good naked, good kisser, what else is there?

MERCEDES

Honestly, I think that we were too much alike. We were both first borns, and so maybe we're both a little controlling...

LEAH

You, controlling? Never!

MERCEDES

*.and* our personalities were kinda similar, we didn't complement each other.

LEAH

So you want me to go out with a guy that's just like you? Soooo, boring and pigheaded and bossy? Sounds great. Where do I sign up?



MERCEDES

Stop being such a bitch. You know you love me.

LEAH

*(In a machine-like voice)* I'm so sorry master! Please forgive me-I do love you-more than life itself. What is your bidding?

*(Waiter delivers bill. Leah keeps trying to hand it to Mercedes, but she has her arms crossed and refuses to look at her.)*

But you're rich and I'm poor!

MERCEDES

That'll teach you to treat me with some respect.

*(Leah sets the bill to the side, and eventually Mercedes goes to put her credit card in it, but stops.)*

I'll pay for lunch if you agree to go out to dinner with Nick.

LEAH

Coffee.

MERCEDES

Drinks.

LEAH

Okay, but only if you give me three good reasons why you think I should waste my time.

MERCEDES

Fine, but I don't know why you're being so picky. It's not like you've got 'em banging down your door.

LEAH

Why do we hang out again?

MERCEDES

Because what other friend could you be this bitchy to and completely get away with it?  
We've got a sweet deal, my friend, a sweet deal.

LEAH

Three reasons, Mercedes.

MERCEDES

Okay. (*Thinking.*) Well, not to be shallow, but he is very financially secure. Not loaded, but I hear that he just bought a very cute house on the north end of town. And, if I recall, he only takes his women to the nicest restaurants. You would never have to pay for a thing. Oh, and when we went ring shopping, he never once flinched at the prices. (*Smiles.*) He told me that even if he had to get a second job to afford it, he would get any ring I wanted.

LEAH

Did you not take that as a hint? Nevermind. Reason number two?

MERCEDES

He's a musician. Girls always like musicians.

LEAH

Yeah, that's the problem. I don't want to have to worry about a harem of stupid girls seducing my man.

MERCEDES

So he's your man, now, huh?

LEAH

Hypothetically.

MERCEDES

I'm wearing you down, baby. Okay, third reason, third reason.. .third reason.

LEAH

Saying it over and over isn't gonna help you come up with one.

MERCEDES

Got it! Huh, you were wrong. So you know how you always go for guys that are like, twelve, and they suck? Well, Nick is 31. So he's not gonna suck. Well, at least not in the same way teenage boys do.

LEAH

What are we talking about?

MERCEDES

I'm not sure. I think what I meant was that he's not afraid to commit.

LEAH

Yeah, to you.

MERCEDES

That's neither hither nor thither.

LEAH

Those reasons suck. Deal's off.

MERCEDES

Alright, then I'm not paying.

LEAH

Ahh, you suck!

MERCEDES I don't understand why it's such a big deal for you to just go have a drink with him.

LEAH

Well I don't understand why it's such a big deal to you. Are you ashamed of me or something because I'm not married? You think your stupid game night would be more fun if there was an even amount of people? Or what? You want me to have kids so that Mom will get off your back? What's the deal Mercedes, because you're making me feel like shit about myself.

*(A hobo staggers up drunkenly and stops at their table.)*

HOBO

*(Slurs.)* You shouldn't fell zhitty about yourself. *(Puts his finger right in Leah 'sface.)* You are beauty-ful. A fine looking female. *(Staggers away.)* Not zhitty at all. *(Continues muttering to himself until offstage).*

LEAH

See, the drunk bum thinks more of me than you do.

MERCEDES

Yeah, mmhmm, that's it. You should run after him. I'm sure you two would be very happy together.

LEAH

Oh my God! Now you're setting me up with the hobo? You're relentless!

MERCEDES

*(Shakes her head and laughs.)*

LEAH

Okay, so we had our little laugh. But I still want an answer. Why won't you just let me be? If you even know why you do it. It's probably some undiagnosed mental disorder called *torturus sisteris*. Very rare, I hear, but you have all the symptoms: Nagging of younger sister, threats to discontinue financial support, and enlarged pores.

MERCEDES

I do not have enlarged pores!

LEAH

Ha! But everything else you admit to. Interesting.

MERCEDES

Do you want me to answer your question or not?

LEAH

Yes.

MERCEDES

That wasn't a yes or no question. You have to pick one.

LEAH

Yes, I would like you to answer my question. How was that?

MERCEDES

Better. If only you could have done that the first time-

LEAH

Can we stay on topic for one second!

MERCEDES

Fine. Alright, so you're 25 now, and I'm, gasp!, almost thirty and I sometimes get afraid that you're going to get bored here and just decide to move one day. It sucked so bad not having you around when you were across the country at college, and then you took like 5 <sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> years to finish, which just made it worse-

LEAH

How is that relevant?

MERCEDES

I'm just saying I missed you. Every day. And I guess I just thought that if you had someone to keep you here, especially someone like Nick with his own business, that I wouldn't have to worry about losing you again.

LEAH Are you joking? (*Looks around*) Are there cameras? (*Whispers*) Is someone filming this?

MERCEDES

Is it so hard to believe?



LEAH

Well, you've never been the lovey-dovey kinda sister. I'm not sure how to handle it-can you go back to being mean and bossy?

*(Mercedes gives Leah a hurt look.)*

I'm sorry. I'll be serious. I really had no idea you felt like that. *(She reaches for Mercedes' hand.)* I love you, too.

MERCEDES I

thought you were reaching for the check.

LEAH

That's silly.

*(They have their little moment. Then Leah pulls her hand back and sits straight up.)*

Alright then.

MERCEDES

Alright, what? You'll pay?

## LEAH

Hell, nah. Alright, I'll go out with Nick.

## MERCEDES

Really? I'll have to call him. Wait, I have his number in my cell phone, I could call him right now! *(Pulls her cell phone out.)* I am so excited! You know what, Leah. I have a feeling about this! Like right now, I am making the call that is going to change the rest of your life! I just know it. *(She dials.)* Hi, Nick. It's Mercedes *(pause)* Good, good. *(pause)* Yeah, Jack is well, thanks, *(pause)* Uh-huh *(pause)* Is that so? *(longer pause)* Well, I'll let you go, then, *(pause)* Yeah, it was good to hear your voice, too. Bye. *(Closes the cell phone.)* Yeah, he's engaged. *The end.*

**Grease & Sympathy**  
a play by Cara Berlin

Characters: **Mercedes**, about forty, she's still beautiful, though fully regaled in motherhood. Her hair is messy, kind of dressed in a moomoo. **Leah's** thirty five, dressed well, in contrast to her sister.

Setting: They are sitting at a fast food restaurant, Leah looks very out of place.

MERCEDES

I feel like I'm gonna throw up.

LEAH

You supersized it.

MERCEDES

Yeah, well, the girl behind the counter had that look on her face that you just can't say no to.

LEAH

Maybe *you* can't. Her face didn't work on me.

MERCEDES

That's because you're not a mother. I bet your boobs don't hurt when someone cries either.

LEAH No, they don't, thank you. Perhaps an evolutionary advantage of not being a mother.

MERCEDES

What are you talking about?

LEAH

Survival of the fittest, baby. All your predators would have to do is make the sound of a crying child and you would be completely disabled. Brilliant.

MERCEDES I

don't believe I have predators, sweetheart.

LEAH

Yeah, but if you did, you'd be toast, and I'd get away, no questions asked.

MERCEDES

How can I argue with that logic?

LEAH

You can't. Don't try. I am evolutionarily superior to you and all your kind.

MERCEDES

My kind?

LEAH

You know, all you baby-slinging, boob-toting, butt-wiping women of the world. I destroy you all.

MERCEDES

You're probably right, Leah. Except that the accurate meaning of the word 'fittest' in regards to the phrase 'survival of the fittest' refers directly to the amount of offspring one produces. So I guess your evolutionary superiority, while it affects your breasts, does not affect your brain.

LEAH

Yeah, well you have ketchup on your face.

MERCEDES

*(mimicking like a three year old)* You have ketchup on your face.

LEAH

Well, you do!

MERCEDES

*(mimicking again)* Well, you do!

LEAH

Oh my God!

MERCEDES

*(mimicking yet again)* Oh my God!

LEAH

No wonder you have no friends.

MERCEDES

I know, I'm pretty ridiculous.

LEAH

*(mimicking)* I know I'm pretty ridiculous, *(shrugs.)* I don't really have any friends either. But seriously, wipe your face, you look like a freaking moron.

MERCEDES

*(wipes her face)* Oh my God, how did you let me eat so much. Maybe I should go to the bathroom and take a little off the top. It would make me feel so much better.

LEAH

It would also be called bulimia.

MERCEDES

Not really.

LEAH You're right. Eating too much and throwing up isn't bulimia. What was I thinking?

MERCEDES

*(cringes and hold her stomach)* Ugh, but it's just sitting there, piles upon piles of grease. *(Points to a different part of her stomach)* and here is the half pound of meat I just ingested. French fries down here. I need to spew.

LEAH

If you had just a little bit of self-control...

MERCEDES

Don't freaking start with me. Don't you think my horrible stomach pain and ginormous thighs are punishment enough? Because I think they are. I think they are. (*changing the subject*) Did I tell you what Jay did the other day? I'm surprised you didn't hear about it on the news. So we let the kids watch Home Alone, remember that movie from when we were younger? Well, the brilliant, creative child that he is sets up a series of booby traps on the basement stairs and then proceeds to call for his father, who innocently answers the call of his eight year old son, slips on a roller skate, slides down all of the steps on his back and lands inches away from a fire poker. A fire poker!

LEAH

(*laughing*) Is Jack okay? Oh my God!

MERCEDES

(*stifles laughter*) Stop laughing, it's not funny. Okay, yes it is, but what if he would have broken his neck or something? Oh my God! They would have put Jay in juvey! He would have been an eight year old man killer!

LEAH

They wouldn't send an eight year old kid to juvey.



MERCEDES

Why wouldn't they? They would pronounce him mentally deranged or something.

*(Realization)* My son is mentally deranged.

LEAH

No he's not, he just copied something he did off of a movie. That's not quite mental derangement. Close, but not quite. So what did you guys do to him?

MERCEDES

*(Ignoring Leah)* Maybe we should send him to juvey, maybe the lessons he'll learn there will keep him from doing worse when he gets older...

LEAH

All you learn in juvey is how to seamlessly segue way from childhood delinquency to adult delinquency.

MERCEDES How do you know that?

Something you saw on some news show, no doubt.

LEAH

*(Offended)* No it was not a news show. *(Pause)* It was on Law & Order. Whatever, it doesn't matter. No normal parent sends their kid to jail, it doesn't make sense. It's so

ridiculous, I don't even know why I'm arguing with you about it. So have you been watching the Olympics?

MERCEDES

How do I have time to watch the Olympics when apparently now I have to keep my son from attempting to kill his father again? Seriously. Have you ever had to keep your eyes on a killer? It's a full-time job.

LEAH

Oh my God, Mercedes, I'm gonna leave. I'm seriously about to leave.

MERCEDES

Okay, so the Olympics.

LEAH

Yeah, I was watching the women's figure-skating and there's this move that they all do, where they hold up their leg and skate on one foot in front of the judges and it's basically like 'check out my vagina, ya'll, whatta you think about that box right there.' It's the weirdest thing I have ever seen. I don't know why I haven't noticed it before, I'm usually pretty sensitive to women feeling like they're being judged by their crotch regions. I don't understand why they can't just be judged by their skating. And what exactly are the judging criteria for vaginas these days? Is there a stray hair, minus a tenth of a point? Does it need to be lean or a little meaty? Is there an odor? How can you ever really know?

First they have to worry about falling down during their triple axels, and now, on top of all of that, they have to worry about the shape of their vaginas. It's not right, Mercedes. And you never see the guys doing it either. I'm outraged.

MERCEDES

As well you should be.

LEAH

I know right. *(Pauses, gathers up her trash. Looks like she's about to say something, stops. Repeats this again.)*

MERCEDES

*(Frustrated and impatient.)* What? For God's sakes what?

LEAH

You have to promise not to tell anyone.

MERCEDES

Okay?

LEAH

*(sighs)* Daniel asked me to marry him.

MERCEDES

*(squeals)* Oh my God! That's so amazing...

LEAH

*(looking around)* Shhh! People will hear you!

MERCEDES

What people?

LEAH

I'm pretty sure he's taken to having me followed.

MERCEDES

You're probably right. After Jack proposed, he took out a hit on me. Very dangerous stuff, being engaged.

LEAH

I'm not engaged.

MERCEDES *(squealing again)* What? You said no!? Why would you say no? Leah, answer me!

LEAH

I didn't say no. I'm planning on saying no tomorrow.

MERCEDES

Oh, my God, that poor man. What did you tell him?

LEAH

Um, well, I told him that I'd have to talk to my therapist about it.

MERCEDES

But you don't have a therapist.

LEAH

I know.

MERCEDES

And Daniel knows that you don't have a therapist.

LEAH

I know.

MERCEDES

He knows that you need one though.

LEAH

Whatever, your kids are trying to kill you.

MERCEDES

That is not true. They are trying to kill Jack. They love me. *(Pause.)* Poor Daniel. What must he be going through...

LEAH

Poor Daniel? Poor me! I have to tell the man that I'm crazy in love with that I won't marry him.

MERCEDES

Did you just hear the sentence that came out of your mouth? *(Slowly)* The man that you are crazy in love with that you won't marry. Can you tell me what's wrong with that sentence, Leah?

LEAH

I know it sounds crazy...

MERCEDES

No, not at all. It's completely normal to *not* say yes to the man that you've been seeing for what? Three years now, who's beautiful, and kind, and probably against his better judgment, is in love with you.

LEAH Okay, well,

here's the thing. I think he's made me unfunny.

MERCEDES What are

you talking about? He laughs at you all the time.

LEAH

Exactly. He laughs at everything I say. He doesn't make me work for it. I've completely lost my edge. Haven't you noticed it? Haven't you noticed that I'm just not that funny anymore?

MERCEDES That

whole Olympic vagina judging thing was funny.

LEAH That

wasn't supposed to be funny. I was being serious.

MERCEDES

Okay, sure. But how come when we were younger you used to say that you liked hanging out with me because I was an easy laugh?

LEAH

I don't know. I don't get it either, but lately I'll be sitting at a table with my friends and they'll all be sitting there bored, looking at me, begging me to say something funny, and I've got nothing. Nothing, Mercedes! No one liners. No funny thing that happened to me that day. Not even a line from a sit-com! Nothing!

MERCEDES

And this is why you aren't going to marry Daniel? Because your friends are boring and can't have an interesting conversation on their own? Here's my idea. Ditch those losers and just hang out with Daniel and me for the rest of your life. We will always be laughing, I promise.

LEAH

It doesn't work. It's like your mom telling you you're pretty. Of course she thinks that, she's your mom. You two are my best friends, you just think I'm funny because you love me. I want my enemies to think I'm funny. I want them to be sitting there thinking, 'Man, I'd really like to slice open that woman's chest, but she is hilarious!' You see what I'm saying?



MERCEDES

No.

LEAH

Well, I don't know how else to say it.

MERCEDES

*(Pause, then seriously.)* Here's what I think Leah. I think that you can't take the fact that someone *could possibly* love you, unconditionally, without you entertaining them all the time. For some reason, you feel like you have to work for it, like you, just being Leah, whatever that entails, being funny, being quiet, being a complete bitch, whatever, that it's not good enough. And I don't know how to convince you that you *are* enough. Regardless if we're laughing or bored out of our mind, we love you Leah. Daniel loves you. Why else would he want to marry you? And *what you* have to decide is whether Daniel is enough for you. *(Shrugs.)* And I can't help you with that. That's all you.

LEAH

*(Sits there for a moment like she's thinking over what Mercedes has said.)* Yeah, well, your boobs are leaking.

MERCEDES

What? *(Looks down at her chest, covers her boobs with her hands.)* Oh, dear God! *(Gets up and runs offstage.)* The end.

**Elegy for the Dead**  
a play by Cara Berlin

Characters:

**Mercedes**, a woman of about fifty, classy but a sense of weariness rests on her.

**Leah**, Mercedes' sister, 45, still retains her youthfulness.

Setting:

The two women are sitting up at the bar of an almost empty restaurant, somehow it needs to be rendered that it is a strange time of day to be at a bar. Both of the women are wearing tasteful black suits, though a bit ruffled.

MERCEDES

Did you know that Larry Frazer ended up having 13 children?

LEAH

Larry Frazer from high school? No he didn't.

MERCEDES

What do you mean no he didn't. He's got 13 kids.

LEAH

I mean, it's pure fabrication. I'd bet someone said that Larry Frazer had a lot of kids and some creative, though excessive mind, managed to convince people that a lot meant 13. I'd bet on it.

MERCEDES

You would, would you?

LEAH

I said it.

MERCEDES

Well, I saw Larry's sister not three months ago and she said and I quote "Larry has 13 children." Pay up.

LEAH

Pay up what?

MERCEDES

You said you bet.

LEAH

Yeah, but we never actually made a bet. There was no money discussed, no terms. I just said I *would* bet on it.

MERCEDES

Well, either way, you're wrong.

LEAH

I still don't believe it.

MERCEDES

Well, you not believing it doesn't shove those kids back up the birth canal.

LEAH

That would be cool though. Regardless, I still don't buy it.

MERCEDES

Why?

LEAH

I have my reasons.

MERCEDES

No, you don't. You're just being stubborn.

LEAH

Believe me, I have a reason. One very big reason.

MERCEDES

Well, tell me then.

LEAH

No.

MERCEDES

Then I'm still right.

LEAH

Sure you are, except you're not.

MERCEDES

If you're telling me to take your word on why it is so impossible for Larry Frazer to have 13 children when his very sister told me that he, in fact, *does* have 13 children without any concrete evidence ..

LEAH

Well, I suppose I can break a pinky promise after thirty years.

MERCEDES

I thought pinky promises were binding for eternity.

LEAH

Yeah, I used to think so, too, but just the other day I told my husband that you used to shave your nipples and nothing happened, my pinky didn't fall off or anything.

MERCEDES

*(darkly)* Not yet.

LEAH

Anyway. Larry Frazer can't have 13 children because bumpadaba (*fanfare*) he only has one ball!

MERCEDES

He only has one?

LEAH

Yep.

MERCEDES

Damn.

LEAH

I know.

MERCEDES

That still doesn't mean that he couldn't have 13 children.

LEAH

Yeah it does.

MERCEDES

No it doesn't. As long as the other testicle is normal, he should have no problem fathering children. How do you know about this anyway?

LEAH

About Larry's uniball? (*Shrugs*) I saw it.

MERCEDES

You saw it?

LEAH

Mmmhmm.

MERCEDES

And you had time to count?

LEAH

Yeah, because counting to one takes a long time.

MERCEDES

Please explain to me how you ended up seeing the homecoming king slash quarterback slash hottest guy I've ever seen in my life's one ball (*imitating what her younger self would have sounded like-valley girlish*)! And how am I only finding out about this now?

LEAH

Pinky promise.

MERCEDES

Pinky promises don't exist between sisters. It's in the bylaws.

LEAH

Oh, really?



MERCEDES

Yes. It says that since the bond between sisters is both ineffable and unbreakable that at any time a sister can disclose any information she has gained to the other sister even within the jurisdiction of pinky promises, swearing to God, needles in eyes, etc.

LEAH

You're retarded.

MERCEDES

No I'm not. I've been tested. Just tell me.

LEAH

It's a really long story.

MERCEDES Well, since no one knows

we're gone anyway, we can take as long as we'd like.

LEAH

*(Looks at her watch.)* I'm sure they know we're gone by now.

MERCEDES

*(Long sigh. Mood shifts.)* I can't believe we're sitting here talking about testicles in a bar in the middle of the afternoon when the rest of our family is at home sitting on tiny little boxes.

LEAH

I don't know, I can believe it. It's us. *(Pause)* Do you remember Dad's funeral? The only place close to the house was that roller skating rink. And we ate hot dogs! Such good little Jewish girls we are.

MERCEDES

I just can't stand sitting there for so long. Have we tarnished the memory of our parents? Are we horrible children?

LEAH

I'm not a horrible child. You might be, though.

MERCEDES

I can't believe that both our parents are gone. God, I didn't know that you could feel like an orphan at fifty. *(Takes a big sip of her drink)* I have been dreading this day for my whole life, always thinking it was off in some distant uncertain future. God, that it would happen when I was mature enough to handle it. *(Looks at Leah)* Do you still feel like you're twelve? I still feel like I'm twelve.

LEAH

I saw Larry Frazer's uniball when I was twelve. (*Shudders.*) I was terrified of penises. I thought they were disgusting, and I couldn't understand why God would make such a horrible contraption. So, yes, I do still feel like I'm twelve.

MERCEDES

You never do get used to seeing those bad boys, do you?

LEAH

Nope. They're unnatural. I should win a freaking Oscar for the all the acting I do. "Yes, honey, I think your penis is beautiful. I wish I could carry it around with me." Doesn't he have eyes! No, it's not beautiful! It looks like a freaking mistake is what it looks like!

MERCEDES

We can't get off this subject, can we?

LEAH

I don't know how to answer that question.

## MERCEDES

I remember when I first learned about sex, and I just couldn't understand why anyone would ever want to do that, and I told Mom and she got this knowing look on her face and said:

LEAH AND MERCEDES TOGETHER (*In*

*a Jewish Mom Brooklyn accent.*) Some day you'll understand!

«

## LEAH

God, I'm gonna miss her. (*tears up.*) I don't understand death. I don't understand what the point is. It's just so (*gropes for the right word.*) so... I don't know. Like I sit here and I'm looking at you, and you're my sister, and I love you so much, but I know someday that you're gonna be gone, and I just don't know how to process that, ya know? It's like you're disappearing right in front of my eyes, like you're already gone.

## MERCEDES

How much have you had to drink?

## LEAH

Don't joke.

MERCEDES

If I don't joke, I'll fall apart. And you know as well as I do that both of us can't be falling apart at the same time.

LEAH

I'm not falling apart.

MERCEDES

*(sarcastic.)* Okay.

LEAH

You're really pissing me off right now.

MERCEDES

Why?

LEAH

It's like you're making me feel stupid for freaking out that our mother just died. Our mother *just* died. And I'm freaking out. So shut the fuck up.

MERCEDES

Good lord, Leah. I was just joking. I'm freaking out, too. I'm just choosing to cover it up with alcohol and, apparently, unfunny jokes.

*(They sit in silence for a few seconds, sipping on their drinks and not looking at each other.)*

LEAH

We should probably go.

*(Mercedes doesn't respond. Then takes out her "wallet and starts to pay.)*

MERCEDES Not until you tell me

how you ended up seeing Larry Frazer's special spot.

LEAH

Special spot? Is that what fifty year old women call it? I can hear it now. "Oh, baby, give it to me with your special spot."

MERCEDES

Yep, that's what I call it when I'm making love to my husband. What, you don't? What a loser you are.

LEAH

You're really convincing me to tell the story.

MERCEDES

Sorry. You're beautiful? You're the best person in the whole world? Mom and Dad always said they loved you more? My husband's in love with you?

LEAH

Yeah, that's what I want to hear, that my brother-in-law of 28 years is in love with me. How do you know me so well?

MERCEDES

You love this don't you, having the upper hand? You knowing something that I'm just dying to hear. You are so power hungry. Well, I don't want to know anymore.

LEAH

Yeah you do.

MERCEDES

Yeah I do! Come on! For the love of the Lord!

LEAH

You're right, I do love this. Beg a little more, bitch!

*(Mercedes gives her a look.)*

Okay, you win. Alright, so you know I was friends with Faith, Larry's little sister, you know the one who supposedly told you that he has 13 kids...

MERCEDES

We already established that he has 13 kids. I don't understand why you're fighting this so hard.

LEAH

*(Shrugs)* It feels good to stand up for what you believe. Anyway. We were having a sleepover one night at the Frazer's house, Sarah was there and Grace and that little bitchy girl Leah.

MERCEDES

No sweetie, you're Leah. You're Leah.

LEAH

Ha ha. The other Leah, Leah Goodman. Well, Faith ate too much ice cream and was throwing up in her mother's bathroom and Sarah said that Faith had told her once that Larry only had one nut. Grace and the bitchy Leah were like no way!, and I had no clue what a nut was, but I didn't want to look stupid, so I was all like no way! too. So they decided that one of us would have to investigate, and I wanted to make up for not knowing what a nut was and since I still didn't know what it was and I didn't know what I was



signing up for, I volunteered. Next thing I know, they're shoving me down the hall to Larry's room.

MERCEDES How did you

not know what a nut was when you were twelve?

LEAH

That's kind of something good older sisters would take care of, but I didn't have a good older sister. So, I knock on Larry's door, and he opens it with just a pair of gym shorts on, and you remember how amazing looking he was, and he smiled at me and asked if I was lost. And I got right down to business and said there was something I needed to discuss with him. I might have been a naive twelve year old, but I was very articulate. He invited me in, and I just came out and asked him, "Larry, do you only have one nut?"

MERCEDES

You're kidding! You asked him that!

LEAH

I didn't know what it was! I might as well have been asking him if he had any baseball cards.

MERCEDES

What did he do?

LEAH

He showed it to me.

MERCEDES

Are you joking? Leah, that's practically child abuse!

LEAH

Nah, he showed me pictures of his surgery. He had gotten attacked by a dog when he was eleven and had to have it removed. But I pinky swore that I would never tell anyone. And I never did, until you forced it out of me, you bully.

MERCEDES

Wow, I totally thought for a second that he just whipped it out in front of a twelve year old.  
What did you tell the other girls?

LEAH

That he has all his nuts. And he especially liked pecans. They must have figured that I didn't even ask him. They were dumb.

MERCEDES It still is kind of weird

that he would show you pictures of his special spot.

LEAH

Not if you think about it. I was twelve at the time, and he was eleven in the pictures, so I basically saw the penis of a boy my age. It was still disgusting though.

MERCEDES

Thanks for telling me.

LEAH

You're welcome. It wasn't that great of a story, though, was it?

MERCEDES

No, not really. *(Pause. Puts money on the bar.)* Mom would have loved that story.

LEAH

Yeah, she did.

MERCEDES

What! You told her! You just said that you pinky swore and that you never told anyone!

LEAH

Well, I didn't know about the sister bylaws of pinky swearing, but I always knew that mom's weren't just anyone. Especially not ours.

MERCEDES

You are getting really cheesy in your old age. We might not be able to hang out, I'm lactose intolerant.

LEAH

*(Girls get up and start leaving the bar.)* Yeah, I'm cheesy. *(Pause, seriously.)* Are you really lactose intolerant? I didn't know that.

MERCEDES Yeah, it's new. It won't

kill me or anything, just makes me a little gassy.

*Lights fade out. The end.*