

*MOM'S STUFF*

adapted from *TRASH*

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Dramatic

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*Diane talks to her estranged sister while they search a garbage dump for a letter from their dead mother that was mistakenly thrown out.*

DIANE

D'you know I haven't been upstairs in... I don't know. Four months? Six? I mean, I used to go up to vacuum every couple of weeks.... Then it just got....

*(beat)*

I had to move downstairs. With the oxygen, Mom was on the ground floor. I couldn't - I did for a while. There were a couple of months when I was still in my old room... I just worried I wouldn't hear her. If... If anything happened. ... Mom moved into the living room, Michael and Jerry - you remember Mike and Jerry? Well, they came over, helped wrestle that godawful heavy bed down the stairs, so the living room became Mom's room. I moved my stuff into the spare...

*(beat)*

That's what I mean. It's not the same house. You don't have to stay in your room, stay in mine. My old room. Hell, take the whole second floor.

*(a moment - she seems stricken)*

What do I... what am I gonna do with her bed? I can't move it. It's... there's that big, heavy bed and I have no... there's so much - so much *stuff*. I mean, the bed - the bed's the least of it. I think... The oxygen tanks are rentals, there's a medical - they come by every - it's like a service -

*(Diane picks up a teapot - mostly unbroken)*

All of this trash - this was someone's. This belonged to someone. It was a thing, a thing they had. Now, it's all - it's all - this! This trash! This shit!

*(She throws it aside - kicks piles of trash - just loses it)*

It's piles and piles of shit that used to be someone's - used to belong to someone - and it all just ends up here!

*(She throws more garbage around... but eventually quiets)*

I have a whole house full of things.