

*YOUR SISTER THE GRAPEFRUIT*

adapted from *TRASH*

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Dramatic, F.

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*Becky talks to her older, estranged sister while they search a garbage dump for a letter from their dead mother that she mistakenly threw out.*

BECKY

Follow me on this. You are - let's face it - completely irrational about this letter. You've got deeply involved - invested - deeply invested in the contents of some random letter Mom wrote. To me. You're desperate to believe that I'll read it and be completely transformed. Redeemed... Hold on - that it will rip me apart like a blowtorch, I think you said. Break through my iron facade to some emotion. So... I have this transformative experience. I read Mom's letter, I break down sobbing. I cry. Mama loved me - and I loved her, in spite of everything... Let me finish. I have this experience - and I am... what? A perfect model citizen. A grateful child - little late, but still. I'm... a loving sister. I mean, forget the fact that you might as well hope that reading the letter turns me into a grapefruit - never mind that. It does. What's in it for you? You get a loving, caring sister. Probably not, because you're still a bitch - but we're seeing this from your point of view. I get transformed. You have a grapefruit for a sister - just what you always wanted. Why? Love. You love me. ... Tell me I'm wrong.