

DuBois, Pennsylvania

MOTHER and DAUGHTER both look stage left at the oncoming traffic from the street light. MOTHER is hunched over the steering wheel. DAUGHTER curled up against the passenger seat window with her phone.

MOTHER

Right turn signal. Can I turn right on red?

DAUGHTER

I think so. Have you ever heard of this? La Nina?

MOTHER

Do I have to wait for the signal to turn right?

DAUGHTER

Sorry, La Niña.

MOTHER

I don't want to get a ticket or something.

DAUGHTER

"Weather conditions in the Northeast remain uncertain due to the influence of a La Niña." You could have gone there.

MOTHER

That was not helpful.

DAUGHTER

According to weather.gov, "La Niña refers to the periodic cooling of ocean surface temperatures in the central and east-central equatorial Pacific."

MOTHER

IIIIIIIIIIII'm gonna go. I'm going.

DAUGHTER

So I guess it makes a snowstorm that affects us. Isn't that wild? It's so far away.

MOTHER

Where do you want to eat? There's a lot of restaurants over in that little shopping mall right there.

DAUGHTER

(Leans across MOTHER and looks out her window)

Ashley Homestore and Lowe's.

MOTHER

Valley Dairy Restaurant. Deja Brew. Soul Platter Cafe. What do you want?

DAUGHTER

Something light.

MOTHER

A salad? What?

DAUGHTER

I'm not sure I'm hungry.

MOTHER

You eat now or you wait until dinner.

DAUGHTER

Hmmmm I'll wait until dinner.

MOTHER

I'm serious. I'm not stopping again. We're not on your schedule.

DAUGHTER

That was unnecessary.

MOTHER

What?

DAUGHTER

The extra dig at the end. "We're not on your schedule."

MOTHER

We're not on your schedule.

DAUGHTER

When you're making your point, you don't have to add an insult at the end for emphasis.

MOTHER

I think you're a little sensitive to criticism and find it difficult to compromise.

DAUGHTER

I don't need to compromise. I'm giving you all the power. You choose. *You*.

MOTHER

Don't take your frustration out on me. Why don't you pick a place you like and get something for later? I would suggest a sandwich. They travel well.

DAUGHTER

I'm. Not. Hungry.

(Looking out her window)

Imagine being buried in DuBois, Pennsylvania.

MOTHER

I'm gonna be buried in Brookfield, Wisconsin.

DAUGHTER

It's not the worst place in the world. Clearly.

MOTHER

You're lucky to be in an interesting place. I could never live in New York City—way too many people, way too expensive—but there's stuff to do.

DAUGHTER

It can be overwhelming.

MOTHER

It's desirable.

DAUGHTER

Where do you want to be buried, then?

MOTHER

It's not a question of want.

DAUGHTER

C'mon. Pick. It can be anywhere. You don't have to be realistic.

MOTHER

I don't know. Stop pressuring me.

(Adjusting her hands on the steering wheel)

You don't get it. You're not trapped.

DAUGHTER

Get cremated and have your ashes spread somewhere that you want to be forever. Plus, it's cheaper than getting buried.

MOTHER

I don't believe in cremation. Some people know the cost of everything, but the value of nothing.

DAUGHTER

Okay, so the end of that sentence? An unnecessary dig at me.

MOTHER

Look. Super Sub & Six Pak.

MOTHER pulls into the parking lot of a restaurant.
She turns the ignition off and starts gathering her things.

MOTHER

My keys. My purse. My coat.

DAUGHTER

(Picks up a strand of MOTHER's hair that's landed on her sleeve)

Your hair.

MOTHER

How can you tell it's mine?

DAUGHTER

It's half grey.

MOTHER

Ouch.

DAUGHTER

Well...

MOTHER

(Opens her car door, stands up and remembers)

I need to fill up my water bottle.

DAUGHTER

Do it now before it's too late. A little lady named Nina is gonna stop us in the middle of nowhere and snow us in and we won't have any water. Only snow.

MOTHER

If it snows.

DAUGHTER

When it snows. 'Weather conditions in the Northeast—

MOTHER

I know all about the weather conditions in the Northeast. I was on I-80 two days ago and those weather reports said the same thing. I didn't see a single flurry.

DAUGHTER

Did they mention Nina?

MOTHER

It's just a prediction. Take it with a grain of salt. Have *faith*. Get out of the car, let's go.

DAUGHTER

(Opens her car door, stands up and remembers)

Damnit. I'm assuming you don't have any period stuff.

MOTHER

I might have a panty liner. I might.

DAUGHTER

Does this place have a pharmacy or something?

MOTHER

You didn't pack anything?

DAUGHTER

I forgot.

MOTHER

I'm sure it does—

DAUGHTER

Good. You can run in.

MOTHER

You can run in.

DAUGHTER

You're right. I'll walk down the aisles with blood dripping down my legs. If it gets all over the floor, what do I care? I'm not cleaning it up.

MOTHER

(Shuts her car door loudly)

You'll need a bathroom in order to put a tampon in.

DAUGHTER

I thought I'd just do it in the passenger seat.

MOTHER

I don't need to see that.

DAUGHTER

Why do you pretend that you don't have a vagina—

MOTHER

Grandma went through menopause at 42. I went through menopause at 39. You know the stress of the moving—

DAUGHTER

(Shuts her car door loudly)

I'm hungry now.

MOTHER

You're making fun of me.

(Looking at DAUGHTER's hips)

You're exactly like me. You'll go through early menopause, too.

DAUGHTER

Why would you say that? What's wrong with you?

MOTHER

I don't wish for it, but you've got my genes. Once you're married and settled down, don't wait too long to have kids.

DAUGHTER

I'm not you.

MOTHER

You're a mini me. Do you want to drive after lunch?

DAUGHTER

Not even a little.

MOTHER

You're gonna make me do it?

DAUGHTER

I'm in pain.

MOTHER

That's not very fair.

DAUGHTER

Life's not fair. You should know, you went through menopause at 39.

DAUGHTER walks offstage towards the restaurant.

MOTHER takes a deep breath, locks the car, and follows DAUGHTER.