

Be a Good Little Widow

(Melody has been drinking. Brad enters.)

MELODY. You're not my husband.

BRAD. I know. It's Brad.

MELODY. You shouldn't be here.

BRAD. You called me.

MELODY. I did?

BRAD. Yeah.

MELODY. What'd I say?

BRAD. "Come over."

MELODY. I'M AWESOME.

BRAD. These last few days have felt like years. I went to take a shit and I was like, why? I don't know what to do with myself.

MELODY. You're not allowed to be sad cause no one is sad as me. I'm the widow.

BRAD. You're sad.

MELODY. Say I'm sadder than you.

BRAD. You're sadder.

MELODY. Do I look like a widow?

BRAD. Totally—

MELODY. I'm really good at it, I know all the rules. Like the one about how you probably shouldn't be here right now.

BRAD. I shouldn't have ridden over. I've been drinking. I almost hit a pole coming over, I ALMOST DIED, my mind isn't right. I should probably just stay here.

MELODY. You can stay but don't fucking touch me or I'll scream.

BRAD. Okay.

MELODY. I saw the crash. I went and saw it.

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BRAD. Are you serious? You shouldn't have seen that shit.

MELODY. I did.

BRAD. Why'd you do it?

MELODY. I needed to.

BRAD. Part of your process...

MELODY. Yeah.

BRAD. What was it like?

MELODY. Like a massacre—and this smell—You ever wonder, *what does a dead body smell like?*

BRAD. Yes—

MELODY. It smells like animals.

BRAD. Like what kind of animal?

MELODY. Like a petting zoo maybe but with fire and blood—

BRAD. Can I tell you something, can I be totally honest?

MELODY. YES.

BRAD. I used to like it when he was out of town. Oh God—

MELODY. Me too, I mean I missed him when he was gone but I used to like the alone time—

BRAD. He was so good to me—I mean he worked me hard but it was because he cared but I would like RESENT him sometimes when he just asked me to DO something. And it's my JOB to do things for him, that's my JOB.

MELODY. I wanna wake up like it never happened. I want him to walk in the door.

BRAD. Did you ever wonder—what if there was a way I could go to my own funeral?

MELODY. Yes.

BRAD. Me too.

*(Start kissing.)*

MELODY. Craig—

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BRAD. What? You okay Mel?

MELODY. Don't call me that.

BRAD. Sorry.

MELODY. Sorry, I'm sorry. I think maybe you should go.

BRAD. Okay, are you sure? I don't know if you should be alone right now.

MELODY. No, I want to be.

BRAD. Maybe we could be alone but like also together.

MELODY. We shouldn't be doing ANYTHING right now Brad, we are fucking crazy right now—

BRAD. I love you, I think—

MELODY. What?! We can't do this. We're grown ass adults I think. No, I know.

BRAD. I'm not immature. I am very mature.

*(Brad goes.)*



