

Day 21

Sure

by

Chris Leyva

Carl and Maria on a bench. Carl is eating a sandwich; Maria is humming to herself.

CARL

Is that something you wrote?

MARIA

The song? It's something I've heard. I don't know where. Maybe on a CD once, but I don't remember.

CARL

Sounds fun.

MARIA

I don't remember the words, but I remember the feeling I had when I heard it. I feel it in my body, not like a dance, but like it's streaming in me, through me. Like my body remembers more than my mind does.

CARL

Don't know if I understand that. But I know the body remembers things like habits. You do something, you don't have to think. Your arms just do what they know to do. No thinking at all, just doing.

MARIA

My body's memory is almost all I have left of my memories.

CARL

That sounds awful.

MARIA

It's not specific scenes. Flashes of happy, flashes of sad. But flashes of good. I remember--
(Sings, from "Cats")

Memory

All alone in the moonlight

I can smile at the old days

I was beautiful then

I remember

The time I knew what happiness was

Let the memory live again.

(Beat, spoken)

I remember that. Where it's from, where I know it from, I'm not sure anymore.

CARL

I like it.

MARIA

What do you remember?

CARL

I remember quiet. I remember green. Then green turning to brown. But good. I remember good. You remember good most of all, don't you?

MARIA

I remember good. I'm sure of that. I remember good.

(Beat)

Are you done?

CARL

I'm not finished, but I'm done.

MARIA

Want to go?

CARL

Are you ready?

MARIA

No.

CARL

Me neither.

MARIA

We'll go together. What do you think?

CARL

Sure.

They stand and exit together.