FADED

SHIRA

You're not migrating, you're being forced out and are you defending Columbus right now?!

BEVERLY

We're not being forced out, we are choosing to leave, just like we chose to arrive. This just doesn't feel like home anymore. And I thought you said we've already gone through this!

SHIRA

You're right. It's that ugly dress, it's triggering me!

BEVERLY

(rolls dress into a ball and throws it at SHIRA)

SHIRA

(Laughing, puts dress on over her clothes. Suddenly, SHIRA hears music, a slow reggae song (not Bob Marley) SHIRA begins to sway almost against her will. BEVERLY cannot hear the music, but she knows what's going on. The music stops abruptly. SHIRA starts to take the dress off, looks at her mom, but says nothing. Something unspoken happens between them)

BEVERLY

You should keep it; it looks good on you. Maybe you can pass it down to my future granddaughter.

SHIRA

Okay, Motherhood of the Traveling Mumus

BEVERLY

What?

SHIRA

Nothing. *(Beat)* What's the first thing you'll do when you get home?

BEVERLY

After I take your father to the bedroom/

SHIRA

/Oh absolutely, not! Jesus did not die on the cross for me to sit through this!

BEVERLY

How do you think you got here?

SHIRA

Mommy, please…

BEVERLY

I'm going to eat some non-processed food and go to the beach. Maybe we'll go the nude beach…

SHIRA

Yeah, I'm not doing this with you

(Starts to leave the room)

BEVERLY

Shira-

(Her tone stops SHIRA immediately. SHIRA looks at BEVERLY and follows her gaze.)

SHIRA

Oh, shit, is that Miguel in handcuffs?!

BEVERLY

That's Miguel

SHIRA

This is unbelievable. Right here at our doorstep!

BEVERLY

I wonder what he could he have done?

SHIRA

Be a non-white immigrant?

BEVERLY

Let's finish this up.

SHIRA

We need to stop them.