

ALICIA

Then let me remind you what you did to us when you nearly jumped off that roof.

JUAN

Yeah, I was crazy. Full blown bipolar explosion. But I'm on meds now. I don't need attention.

ALICIA

You did when you were in the hospital. Or don't you remember that?

JUAN

I owned that. And I vowed never to go back. And I didn't. Why? Because. I. Took. Medication. Medication, Alicia.

ALICIA

*(ALICIA stands up abruptly, walks away from JUAN and then turns to him)*

Will you fucking stop with your medication mantra? You talk as if pills would transform my life and give me a ticket to the kingdom of God.

*(ALICIA looks up at the sky and puts her hands together as if praying)*

Hail Mary full of Oxycontin!

JUAN

That's different. No comparison. You know that.

ALICIA

Speaking of comparison, do you know why I don't take your precious pills?

JUAN

Here we go.

ALICIA

The sibs always looked up to you. First in your class at Yale. Editor of the Harvard law review. Hot shot lawyer in a big law firm. And me? Your always-underperforming little sister. Middle of her class at Michigan State. Always in your shadow.

JUAN

Alicia—

ALICIA

I'm not finished. Do you really want to know why I would rather throw pills down the toilet? Because I want to show you, show our sibs, show the fucking world that Alicia Mendez can do something right. On my own! That I can get my act together, get my head straight without the almighty pills! That I can achieve something, Juan, achieve something on my own!

JUAN

At what price, huh? How many times in the psych ward?

*(JUAN turns away from ALICIA)*

And then the pandemic hit. One day you're radiant. Absolutely beautiful. The next you're a shell of yourself. Withered. Emaciated. Demons in your head. This time it was involuntary. We forced you into that hospital.

*(ALICIA sits slowly, wrapping her arms around her knees, facing away from JUAN)*

*(significant long pause)*

ALICIA

*(softly)*

Why didn't you call me?

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*(long pause)*

JUAN

*(looking surprised, JUAN turns slowly towards ALICIA and says quietly)*

What?

ALICIA

Why didn't you call, Juan? Forgot my number? A number you've used a million times.

JUAN

Of course not.

ALICIA

I was waiting.

JUAN

I...I...