

BONNIE

What are you doing here?

JILL

What are you doing here?

BONNIE

Why aren't you at the meeting?

JILL

I'm not at the meeting 'cause you're not at the meeting. You want to play 20 Questions, or are you gonna invite me in?

BONNIE

Fine. I just don't want to talk about my mother.

JILL

You got it. You know, I had a dead mom I was mad at, too.

BONNIE

For God's sake.

JILL

What? I'm talking about my mother.

BONNIE

I see. So this is where we make my problem about you.

JILL

Oh, we'll get there. But since you brought it up, what exactly is your problem?

BONNIE

Seriously? My mother threw me into the foster system, but chose to raise a son.

JILL

Okay. How is that a problem?

BONNIE

Are you trying to piss me off?

JILL

I'm just saying, that's something that happened a long time ago. It's only a problem now if you make it one.

BONNIE

I didn't think I could hate that woman any more than I already did.

JILL

Can I tell you something Marjorie told me?

BONNIE

Ugh. Let me guess. Pray? Go to a meeting? Pray at a meeting? Do the hokey pokey, turn yourself around?

JILLE

She told me to write my mother a letter and tell her everything I didn't get a chance to tell her when she was alive.

BONNIE

And where would I mail this letter? Do you happen to know the zip code for hell?

JILL

You go to her grave, and you just read it.

BONNIE

Wow. That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard.

JILL

Yeah, well, I thought so, too, but it really helped. And I had a nice weekend in South Carolina. Bought an antique samovar.

BONNIE

I don't know what that is. Is that a person? A sandwich?

JILL

Make all the jokes you want, but instead of hating my mom day in and day out, now the anger just flares up occasionally.

BONNIE

Like herpes?

JILL

I wouldn't know. But yes.