

Excerpt from "Dressing Amelia" by Chloe Whitehorn

AMELIA: So. Bi polar?

GRACE: A white bear that is attracted to both genders?

AMELIA: Is that supposed to be an excuse?

GRACE: No, of course not. An explanation perhaps? (Beat.) So...

AMELIA: I'm not acknowledging your ... costume.

GRACE: Oh come on. It's an excellent costume.

AMELIA: You yelled at me.

GRACE: But then we made this amazing costume.

AMELIA: You yelled at me and you told me I was stupid--

GRACE: IT was stupid, not you.

AMELIA: And you made me go out and get soaked every time it rained for the next week.

GRACE: It was a good way to learn that things cost money and aren't magically replaced--

AMELIA: I was six.

GRACE: Just because you cover them in glitter.

AMELIA: I was six.

GRACE: But did you learn not to be wasteful? To be a conscientious and environmentally friendly consumer?

AMELIA: I got pneumonia.

GRACE: There's no proof that was because of the rain. (Beat.) Fine. I was a terrible, horrible mother. Feel better?

AMELIA: Yes mother. That completely makes up for everything. My goodness I'm so glad we had this chat. Let's hug and talk about how much we love each other. Oh wait, that's right we can't because you're dead. You're dead and your cremated body is in a jar downstairs in a room full of all your friends waiting for me to come down so they can make empathetic faces at me and tell me how sorry they are and how sad I must be, except I'm not because I'm still too busy being angry at you.

GRACE: I'm... in a jar?

AMELIA: /Oh come on.

GRACE: /What kind of jar? Is it a jam jar because that has to be the equivalent of fitting into a size four dress right? Like an epic accomplishment.

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AMELIA: Jar, urn, whatever.

GRACE: If there is a time and place to be specific I believe it's right now.

AMELIA: It doesn't matter.

GRACE: Jars are clear. Clear glass. Everybody could see my... my everything! What was I cremated in?

AMELIA: I don't know. Does it matter?

GRACE: Of course it matters. You didn't pick something?

AMELIA: Grandma did.

GRACE: Oh my g--What if she chose that horrible Christmas sweater and I have to spend eternity in reindeer?!

AMELIA: She didn't choose a Christmas sweater.

GRACE: She might have.

AMELIA: She didn't.

GRACE: You don't know that. You just said--

AMELIA: It was the blue dress with the embroidered ivy on the sleeves.

GRACE: Oh. Oh. Well that is very tasteful.

AMELIA: See? It's fine.

GRACE: What bra did she pair it with?

AMELIA: What?

GRACE: What bra? It makes a difference. I mean one of the Victoria Secret ones would give me a little oomph, cause otherwise when I'm lying on my side they sort of flatten out, and I have excellent boobs so it'd be a shame. You'll understand in a few yea--

AMELIA: I don't think she sent a bra.

GRACE: What?! No bra? That dress is slightly sheer. Without a bra you could see right through--

AMELIA: You're cremated! No one is going to see your nipples!

GRACE: Fine. Hmmph. Well, at least maybe the cremation guy enjoyed the show--

AMELIA: Could you stop? Please.

(Pause.)

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GRACE: What temperature do sequins melt at?

AMELIA: I have no idea.

GRACE: I just wouldn't want people wondering.

AMELIA: Wondering what?

GRACE: If I was a fairy. Or a new age vampire or something. Sparkling. Cause if I'm in a jar--

AMELIA: You're not in a jar alright! Stop worrying about it.

GRACE: Sweetie, I'm not the one worried about it.