

(SCENE 3) Remember August© by Alan Moore

INT - COFFEE SHOP - DAY

The coffee shop is not very busy. GRANT, a plain clothes parole officer is sipping coffee with JULY, about 25. Her tone is serious as if she is inconvenienced by the meeting.

GRANT

Unique name. There a family story with it?

JULY

I don't know why my Momma named me this. Means the seventh month of the year. That's it. Nothing special.

GRANT

Were you born in July?

JULY

Officer Grant, I wasn't even born in summer. Don't try to make sense of things. She's an addict. I quit looking for meaning a long time ago.

GRANT

She named your brother, August?

JULY

*(exasperated)*

Maybe she liked calendars. Don't know, don't really care. Why are we here?

GRANT

July... she's been granted parole. She plans on starting over. Here.

July is blindsided. She's quiet and lost in memories of her little brother. As the past comes rushing back, the emotions are bubbling just beneath the surface. She's more hurt than angry by the news.

JULY

Paroled? This can't be. He's still dead. She gets a shorter sentence?

GRANT

She's trying to get a job in this coffee shop. The owner wanted to speak with you first.

July stares out the window for some time. Her mind far away.

JULY

When August was born, I did all his night feedings. Momma was too strung out to hear him crying. I was 10. I didn't know what to do exactly, but I was the only one who...cared about him.

GRANT

Think you'll ever forgive her?

JULY

There was never much food in the house. When he was three or four, I'd bring home cookies from the school lunch room. He'd dance in excitement, such gratitude for a *stale* cookie. That's how sweet he was. I'd sprinkle powdered sugar on them stale cookies to make them taste better.

I loved school, but I worried leaving him alone with her. I was right. In junior high, one day I came home to find her comatose on the couch, drugged out of her mind. I found August dead in the kitchen... white powder heroin on his little hands and all around his mouth. That baby thought it was powdered sugar.

So...no. I can't forgive her. I can't even forgive myself.