

ALYSSA

Senior year, yeah, Labor Day Weekend yeah—

MIKE

You remember? Huh. We must've been friends.

ALYSSA

Something like that. You really don't remember me?

MIKE

You know it's weird—I lost the year of the accident, and two years before that. Last I remember is the summer before the ninth grade. And then I have short-term memory problems too.

Sometimes—I remember senses. I remember how the band room always smelled like axe body spray.. But people—faces—the important stuff? Can't remember any of it. Wish I could. But...nope.

START

ALYSSA

Why did you even come to the high school reunion if you don't even remember high school?

MIKE

My wife insisted.

ALYSSA

Maya wasn't even in our class.

MIKE

She kept in touch with a lot of my friends. She would invite people to the hospital, when I was in rehab. I can remember that a little bit. My high school friends—we made new memories.

Maya thought it would be good for my recovery, being here. Even though I didn't graduate because—you know.

ALYSSA

Right.

MIKE

You said your name was Alicia, right?

ALYSSA

Alyssa.

MIKE

Maya never mentioned you.

ALYSSA

We were friends before you got together. Fall of junior year. You started dating her in December.

MIKE

Did we ever eat breakfast together? I know, it sounds weird but like... I look at you... and I remember omelets. Hashbrowns. Ketchup.

ALYSSA

Friday nights after marching band, the whole group would go to the diner. We'd have breakfast for dinner. Sometimes you'd sit with me. I played the flute.

MIKE

Huh. Yeah...I can kind of piece that together. Wow. Brain injury or not. It's been a long time.

ALYSSA

Yeah, ten years. Crazy that it's our reunion, you know. Are you happy? Are you working?

MIKE

I'm alive. That's something, right?

ALYSSA

Sure is.

MIKE

I'm still playing bass. We played Bamboozle this year again. Just like high school. Only I could remember it.

ALYSSA

Shut up, they still do Bamboozle?

MIKE

We were the oldest people there. Geriatric. Jessie from Maya's grade, he plays with us, and that kid Nishank, he was in our year.... I don't know if you remember him.

ALYSSA

I saw you play Bamboozle the summer after junior year. I don't even know if you knew I was there, I didn't talk to you after the show. I just wanted to see you play. That was the last time I saw you before the, um... accident.

MIKE

I have to ask. Were we friends? It doesn't sound like we were friends.

ALYSSA

We were in marching band together.

MIKE

I only did one season of marching band.

ALYSSA

Yeah, you were kinda too much of a rebel for that.

MIKE

We didn't hang out in the same group, did we?

ALYSSA

You were a rocker wanna be, and I was president of the History Club.

(Beat)

Remember those ridiculous red saddle shoes you had that was like your signature look for shows? Oh right. Sorry. Not supposed to ask someone with memory loss if they remember.

MIKE

I have a pretty good idea of who I was, even if I don't remember. I've seen pictures of the shoes.

ALYSSA

I picked those out. We were at Willowbrook after band practice—you took me on your motorcycle—and we saw those in a window display, and I joked that you should wear them every time you performed. I was stunned when you showed up at school in those shoes the following week. You winked at me in the hall that day. I remember feeling so proud—you were so cool, and here I was, walking around, and I had picked out your shoes!

END

MIKE

Why has no one ever mentioned you before?

ALYSSA

I don't know if anyone ever knew we hung out? You told me I should keep it from everyone—we were in different groups, you know. High school is weird. Looking back on it, it's all so weird how we acted.

MIKE

I was an asshole in high school. I don't remember much, but I remember that. Did I do something bad to you? I'm sorry. You seem nice. A bit creepy. But nice.

ALYSSA

We had our history.

MIKE

Good history?

ALYSSA

I was a history major. All history is something to me. You were—you were really deep.