

INT.

AA MEETING-- NIGHT TIME

White plastic chairs placed in a messy circle. About half of the chairs are occupied. One older lady sits with a clipboard & holds the only smile in the room. SILENCE--

MIA

Why did I do it? (scoffs under her breath) Why *didn't* I do it is the real question. There were too many reasons for me to say yes, I guess. The yes' outweighed the no's. The first yes was the hardest. I didn't show that I was terrified though. Didn't want to seem like a wimp, it was high school afterall. But, each time I got asked- well. It was easier to say yes. I guess that's how all addictions start. It started being really fun when I did it. Just a dumb teenage thing, how drugs are "cool" to do. How sad is that... Anyways, when I got to college some people thought it was a waste of time. But not the people I surrounded myself with. Nope, they praised me for it.

(PAUSE) So, when did I start to realize it was a problem? Well I guess when I started to take it when I was all by myself. It seemed a little pathetic the first time, but I couldn't help myself. It made me feel alive in a way? Not that I felt dead before. I lived a decent life, decent parents, decent job. But that was it- just decent. It gives me- gave me a reason to fully live. At least that's what I told myself. It changed when that feeling of "living" turned into death.

So, um I had a friend her name- (gets emotional, she holds back tears) her name was Brittany. We met my freshman year of college, our friendship was so beautiful. We were so different yet complimented each other so well. We were the ultimate duo. But, I messed her up. Bad. She was a straight A student who was back home at a decent hour every night. Who rarely drank & never thought about taking a single drug. Until me. I dressed up this fantasy life of how amazing it was to be the party girl & to have all of these guys. Once again, I was lying to myself. One night she begged me to leave a party with her because she had a final the next morning but I refused. She ended up leaving early to study like the good student she was still trying to be. But, I had to mess everything up. I ended up getting drugged that night. So on top of the ridiculous amount of alcohol i consumed, all

the cocaine in my system, now someone roofied me. So I called Brittany because I knew she would always show up for me. That's the kind of friend she was. Well on her way to pick me up, she was hit by a drunk driver from the party. Dead on the scene. I tortured myself menatllly for months after that. I knew it was my fault, I knew I was living a life that wasn't serving me. That in fact, this addiction wasn't giving me life. It was killing me. It killed Brittany. Some see it differently, my family thinks I shouldn't blame myself, but how can't I? I guess it doesn't matter. But what does matter is Brittany. She can't wake up another day, she can't breathe the fresh air outside, she can't *live*. So I'm choosing to live for her. It's been 9 months since she died & I'm 2 months sober. She deserved better & I know that she wanted better for me too. So I'm choosing us, choosing life. So yeah, that's pretty much it. Oh, & I'm Mia by the way.

There's a SILENT PAUSE in the room, then clapping breaks out. MIA shows a small smile. The woman with the clipboard smiles back at her.

FADE OUT.