

Remembrance

By

Mimi Robinson

Cast of Characters

BREE: Early 20s

MIA: Early 20s

A note: Both of these characters are acting in good faith, and both make mistakes that probably require apologies. The mistake is to play thoughtless-ness in BREE, and total indignation in MIA.

Dim lights come up on MIA, sitting cross-legged downstage center. She is staring, somberly, at something in front of her.

BREE enters.

BREE

Mia, hey.

MIA

Hey.

They embrace.

BREE

It's really good to see you.

MIA

You too.

They turn out in awkward silence, and both gaze at what Mia had been staring at before. BREE takes in their surroundings.

BREE

Wow. This place is... huge.

MIA

Yeah. It's pretty overwhelming.

BREE

Really, really beautiful though. Peaceful.
(gently, genuine)

Hey, I brought something for you.

BREE pulls out an envelope.

MIA

Oh, you didn't have to bring anything.

BREE

It's nothing, really. But... I just felt so awful I couldn't be here for the funeral.

MIA

It's ok--

BREE

No really. There was just so much going on at school, my thesis... But I should have been here.

MIA

I understand.

BREE

Open it.

MIA pulls out printed photos from the envelope.
I was going through some photo albums the other day and found these. Thought you might like to have them...

Pointing out particular photos:

Remember this one? When your dad set off the fireworks too close to that car?

MIA

Oh my God. That was the worst...

BREE

Right? I thought the neighbors were gonna call the cops.

MIA

Me too.

BREE

Pulling out another photo.
And that family reunion at the beach house... when he helped us build "hermit crab castles"?

MIA

Wow... I forgot about that.

BREE

That was such a fun summer.

MIA

Yeah. That house was incredible. Remember those big family dinners? That huge table in the kitchen that we all got to sit at together?

BREE

Yes! That was the vacation you convinced me buttered noodles were better with garlic salt.

MIA

I still stand by that.

They smile. A beat.

(MORE)

MIA (cont'd)

Thank you for these. And thank you for coming out of your way to do this--

BREE

Of course. I've got more at home that I can upload to Facebook, then everyone can see!

MIA

(unsure)

Yeah, yeah...

BREE looks at the printed photos in MIA's hand.

BREE

Ooo, hey, can I just - can I see those for one sec?

MIA

Sure, yeah.

MIA hands BREE the photos. BREE arranges the photos around the base of the "headstone." When she is satisfied with the arrangement, she pulls out her phone and takes a photo. MIA looks on, stunned.

MIA

I'm sorry...

BREE

Huh?

MIA

(not accusatory. This is awkward. The anger needs to build)

What are you doing?

BREE

Oh, I'm just...

MIA

Just...?

BREE

What?

Short beat.

MIA

This isn't a fourth of July party, or a day at the beach, Bree...

BREE

I don't know what you're / talking about...

MIA

/ Please delete the photos you just took.

BREE

The photos. You're upset about the photos?

MIA

Yes.

BREE

I'm sorry. I didn't... I just wanted to remember that I was here.

MIA

No, you didn't. You wanted to show that you were here.

A beat. BREE can't answer.

MIA picks up the photos.

MIA

You have it planned out, right? This artful arrangement, a thoughtful caption saying how hard this is for you?

BREE

What?--

MIA

But that you know he's watching down because "heaven's gained another angel..." Right?

BREE

I--

MIA

If I have to read another generic, shitty Facebook tribute to him, I'm gonna lose it--

BREE

Mia--

MIA

Because you can't just come here and... cheapen this for like a second's worth of sympathy. No. Because in an hour you're gonna post about some party you're off to, or your dog's birthday, and he's just gonna get buried, again and again under all this useless shit that doesn't matter--

BREE

Mia, I only wanted to--

MIA

If you really wanted to remember you were here, just be here!

BREE

(screaming)

Ok! They're deleted! It's done! See?

BREE shows MIA her phone to prove she's deleted the photos.

MIA

(screaming, then quiet.)

OK! ... Good.

The two can't look at each other. Awkward pause.

BREE

I, uhm, I need to get back on the road. Traffic.

MIA

Yeah... yeah.

MIA goes toward BREE, handing her the photos. BREE refuses them.

BREE

No. Please keep them. I really did bring them for you.

Awkward beat. Do they hug? BREE steps to exit, MIA turns away. BREE puts her hand on MIA's forearm before exiting the same way she came.

MIA is left alone again. She takes in the space, then resumes her place in front of her father's grave. She pulls out a photo from the envelope.

Lights fade on MIA.

END.