

Remembrance

By

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Cast of Characters

BREE: A college student. Mia's cousin.

MIA: Bree's cousin.

MIA sits cross legged on an empty stage. She stares ahead. After a few beats, five rows of individually spaced, rectangular lights are projected onto the floor. MIA is sitting directly in front of one rectangular light in the third row, studying something we can't exactly see. She reaches out with a flat palm and leaves it there, mid air in the ray of light.

MIA sits quietly alone like this for a while.

From offstage, we here Siri's voice saying, "Arrived at destination." BREE enters, staring at her phone. It pings with Twitter and text notifications a few times throughout the scene.

MIA looks at her. BREE answers a text before looking back.

BREE

Mia, hey!

MIA

Hey.

MIA stands. They embrace.

BREE

It's really good to see you.

MIA

You too.

Silence. BREE and MIA look at the rectangular light. BREE takes in their surroundings while MIA continues to stare at the light.

BREE

Wow. This place is... huge.

BREE strolls through the row, silently taking in the lights next to the one MIA is focused on.

MIA

Yeah. It's pretty overwhelming.

BREE

Really, really beautiful though. Peaceful.

Sound from Bree's phone. She checks it, then puts it back in her pocket. A beat.

Hey, I brought something for you.

BREE pulls out an envelope filled with printed photos.

MIA
Oh, you didn't have to bring anything.

BREE
It's nothing, really. But...

BREE hands MIA the envelope. MIA opens it.
I just felt so awful I couldn't be here for the funeral.

MIA
It's ok--

BREE
There was just so much going on at school, I couldn't make it down. But I should have been here.

MIA
I understand.

Sound from BREE's phone. She ignores it this time.

BREE
I was thinking of you the other day. I was going through my mom's old albums and found some really great photos. I figured you might like to have them.

Pulling out particular photos from the stack.
Remember this one?

MIA pulls in closer. Smiles over the photo.
From that fourth of July when your dad set off the fireworks too close to the porch?

MIA
Oh my God. That was the worst...

BREE
Right? I thought your mom would never speak to him again.

MIA
Me too.

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

MIA

Gently taking the photo and studying it.
Wow. I'd forgotten that.

BREE

That was such a fun summer.

MIA

That house was incredible. Remember those big dinners?
The huge round table in the kitchen?

BREE

Oh yeah! That was the vacation you convinced me that
battered noodles were better with garlic salt.

MIA

I still stand by that.

They smile. A beat.
Thank you for these. And thank you - for coming, all
this way--

Another sound from BREE's phone interrupts MIA.
BREE checks it and keeps the phone in her hand.
Of course.

I'll upload some more on Facebook when I get home. Then
everyone else can see them, too! I'll tag you!

MIA

Oh... I guess, but it's not really--

BREE notices the printed photos in MIA's hand.

BREE

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

MIA

Sure, yeah.

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

BREE

There are too many shadows here. Let me try with flash.

*BREE steps back to get MIA in the shot. She takes
the photo. With flash.*
Could you scooch in a little more?

MIA doesn't move.

Mia?

MIA

(baffled)

I'm sorry...

BREE

Huh?

MIA

What are you doing?

BREE

Oh, I'm just...

MIA

Just...?

BREE

(pointedly)

What?

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

/ It's not something you can slap a filter on.

BREE

Mia, I--

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 think it was... It's just a picture.

A beat.

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
I'm sorry, what?

MIA
(direct, but not accusatory)
I know. I know you already had it planned out for Facebook, with a thoughtful caption and everything. You'd tag me in it, it would get lots of likes. Some sweet comments from your friends, people I've never met before, but who'd then know what my face looks like next to a headstone with my father's name on it. Then it would get buried under whatever photo albums and articles you share next--

BREE
Mia, stop--

MIA
If you really want to remember you were here, just be here.

BREE
Mia, they're deleted! It's done! See?

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

Ok?

MIA
Ok. Good.

Long silence.

BREE
I, uhm, I need to get back on the road. There's going to be a lot of traffic on my way back, so, I... I should... probably go.

MIA
Ok.

MIA begins to pick up the scattered photos on the ground. She tries to hand them back to BREE.

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

They embrace, awkwardly at first but more genuinely after a moment. BREE exits the same way she came.

MIA is left alone again. She takes in the space, then resumes sitting in front of the light that is her father's grave. After a moment, she pulls out a photo from the envelope BREE brought. She stares at a single photo for a moment, then, as in the first moments we saw her, she reads what we cannot see straight ahead of her. She rests her hand on the stone, holding onto the photo in her other hand.

Lights fade on MIA, leaving the all the graves illuminated for a moment, then blackout.

END.