

Remembrance

by

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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
This place is huge.

MIA
Yeah. Overwhelming.

BREE
Really beautiful though. Peaceful.
(gently)
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. I feel awful I
couldn't be here for the funeral.

MIA
It's ok--

BREE
No really. I should have been here.
Everyone else made the trip.

MIA
I understand. College is hard to miss.

BREE
Yeah, well. Open it.

MIA pulls out printed photos from the envelope.

BREE
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 terrible...

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

MIA
So did my mom.

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... Remember those big family dinners? That huge table in the kitchen?

BREE
Yes! That was the vacation you introduced me to buttered noodles *with* garlic salt. Life hasn't been the same.

They smile. A beat.

MIA
Thank you for these. And for coming
out of your way--

BREE
Of course. I've got more that I can
upload to Facebook.

MIA
Mmm.

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

BREE
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
Hmm?

MIA
What are you doing?

BREE
Oh, I'm just...

MIA
Just...?

BREE
?

Short beat.

MIA
Please delete that.

BREE
I don't understand?

MIA
This isn't, like, the place to, to
do... this.

BREE
I didn't mean to-- I just wanted to...

MIA
To what?

BREE
I don't know, do something- nice.

MIA
You already did.

BREE
What?

MIA
You drove an hour out of your way back
to school to see me *here*. That was
nice.

BREE
You know what I mean, I wanted to, to
have my moment here with him be
something meaningful. Beautiful. I
didn't get to, to do that with
everyone.

MIA
Mmhmm.

BREE
I want to remember I was *here*.

MIA
Or to show you were here, right?

A beat. BREE can't answer. MIA picks up the photos.

MIA
You can say it. You had it planned
out, right? A nice caption I bet.
You're a good writer.

BREE
Mia--

MIA

Is it in your Notes? I'll give it a read if you want.

BREE

I'm sorry, let's--

MIA

If I have to read another social media tribute to him, I'm gonna lose it--

(motioning to the "headstone")

And this isn't even him, he's... you can't "tag" him in this. Please don't.

BREE

I--

MIA

You can't just come here and... cheapen this, him, for like, your Instagram grid. Because tomorrow you'll post something else, and he's just gonna get buried, constantly, under all your useless shit.

BREE

Mia, I only wanted to--

MIA

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

BREE

(screaming)

Ok! It's deleted! 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.