

GONE

(Scene for two people.)

(JAMIE and DEVON are cousins. They are at a reception for a relative who has passed away. They've just stepped away from the reception into another room. As JAMIE and DEVON enter, JAMIE glances back momentarily into the room they've just left.)

JAMIE: I feel bad about Aunt Julie.

DEVON: Yeah.

JAMIE: No, not 'cuz she's dead. And not because you're supposed to feel bad about someone at their funeral. More because . . .

DEVON: What?

JAMIE: I don't know, because . . .

DEVON: What?

JAMIE: Because I never really liked her.

DEVON: Seriously?

JAMIE: I mean, she was always really nice to me. And she wasn't a bad person. I mean, not that - she was a good person. A totally good person. She just always . . . She just always bugged the hell out of me.

DEVON: You too?

JAMIE: *(Surprised.)*: What?

DEVON: Whenever my mother told me she was coming over, I always used to go hide in my room.

JAMIE: Me too!

DEVON: My dad always had to go upstairs and make me
down.

JAMIE: *All those questions. Like she was trying to psycho-
analyze me or something.*

DEVON: She used to drive me crazy with that. Like, three times
in a row, "Do you want to tell me more about that? Do you
want to tell me more about that?"

JAMIE: Yes! Just stop already. Yes, what I said is what I really
meant. Can we talk about something normal now?

DEVON: One time I actually said to her, "Can we just talk
about the weather?" And she couldn't do it. She totally
couldn't do it.

JAMIE: I know . . . But I still feel bad.

DEVON: Yeah. I mean now that she's - gone.

JAMIE: But the thing is, I . . .

(JAMIE hesitates.)

DEVON: What?

JAMIE: I don't know. I just worry that . . .

DEVON: What?

JAMIE: That I might actually miss her.

DEVON: *(Sadly.)* Yeah . . . I know. *(After a moment, DEVON gets a
sly smile.)* Do you want to tell me more about that?

JAMIE: *(Smiles.)* Don't even try it.

DEVON: C'mon, let's go back in.

*(JAMIE and DEVON exit in the same direction from
which they entered.)*

- END SCENE -