

Bereavement

by

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CHARACTERS: ERIC, Husband, 37
 TIFFANY, Wife, 36
 RECEPTIONIST, always working, 78

SETTING: Waiting room

AT RISE: ERIC and TIFFANY are sitting in two chairs in what appears to be a waiting room. There is a receptionist desk to the right of them, and empty chairs are lined up on either side. There is a coffee table in front of them with multiple thick books on top of it and a vase of dead flowers. The lighting is dim.

ERIC

I don't get why you dragged me here, everything is fine.

TIFFANY

Everything's not fine and you know it.

ERIC

There are no problems on my end, maybe on yours, but not on mine. I feel fine. A little empty, but fine. You?

TIFFANY

That's not funny, Eric.

ERIC

C'mon Tiffany, you used to laugh at stupid jokes like that.

TIFFANY

Used to. I don't anymore. New place, new me.

ERIC

It's not that new of a place, have you seen all the old people walking around down here? I hate it.

TIFFANY

So everything isn't fine on your end if you hate it here.

ERIC

The old people only, not anything else. Do you ever listen to me?

TIFFANY

Funny, because I could ask you the same thing. I can't believe we're stuck here for the rest of our lives. Stuck with you, stuck here.

ERIC

Stuck with the old people.

TIFFANY

Yeah.

(They sit in silence for a few moments.)

ERIC

I'm sorry.

TIFFANY

No you aren't.

ERIC

Are you in my brain, because if you were, you would know how sorry I am. Do you think I want to be here? I don't. I don't want to be here as much as the next person does, but I am here. We're both here. Get over it.

TIFFANY

Do you think it's possible to get divorces here? Asking for a friend, obviously.

ERIC

Ha. Ha. You are just so funny. Things were fine between us before this.

TIFFANY

We were practically in a different world before this. Nothing bad had happened.

(ERIC stands up and starts to pace around the room.)

ERIC

Why do you blame me?

(TIFFANY thinks for a moment, staring blankly at ERIC.)

TIFFANY

I don't.

ERIC

It's written all over your face. I can hear it in your voice.
You hate me. You blame me.

TIFFANY

And if I do?

ERIC

I just want to know why.

TIFFANY

Maybe it's because you were the one driving the car.

ERIC

That could've easily been you.

TIFFANY

You're the one who was going too fast.

ERIC

Because you were the one in a rush.

TIFFANY

Because I was in pain.

(ERIC suddenly turns cold and stares at TIFFANY.)

ERIC

Well what hurt more, the contractions or the part where we died
and our baby got to live?

TIFFANY

So now you're blaming me?

ERIC

You were the one who was yelling at me to go faster! You were
the one who told me to drive because you obviously couldn't! We
had plenty of time to make it to the hospital. But you were
impatient. You were always impatient.

TIFFANY

You know we both lost a child, right? Not just you. And now we're here, and we're dead, and we're stuck with each other for the rest of our lives.

ERIC

We didn't lose a child! The child lost us.

TIFFANY

Stop acting like it's my fault, it's not my fault. I was pregnant, I was doing what normal pregnant people do when they're in labor, telling who was driving to rush.

ERIC

It wasn't my fault. It wasn't your fault either. I'm just upset. You are too.

TIFFANY

Of course I'm upset. I'm more than upset. I deserve to be more than upset.

(ERIC sits back down next to TIFFANY, resting a hand on her leg.)

ERIC

Hey, look on the bright side for minute, okay? At least we drafted a Will before this all happened.

TIFFANY

Only because I made you.

ERIC

Yeah, but now we know our child will be in good hands. They won't go to an orphanage or be in foster care. They'll be with our friends.

TIFFANY

That's true.

ERIC

What do you think everybody is doing right now?

TIFFANY

Living their normal day to day lives, that's what we always did after experiencing loss.

ERIC

I hope the baby's happy.

TIFFANY

Well, that is what every parent wants for their child, even if both parents happen to be dead.

ERIC

Are you mad at me still?

TIFFANY

No.

ERIC

Do you still want a ghost divorce?

TIFFANY

Don't call it that, that sounds ridiculous.

ERIC

This whole situation is ridiculous.

TIFFANY

And no, I don't.

(A RECEPTIONIST appears back at her desk, arranging papers.)

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. and Mrs. Covington, your paperwork has been processed. Here are your final handbooks that will tell you where you'll be going, along with the door key.

(ERIC and TIFFANY walk over and retrieve the booklets, quickly starting to flip through them.)

RECEPTIONIST

You'll find your respective doorways down the hallway.

(ERIC and TIFFANY head towards the hallway, but ERIC quickly notices something seriously wrong.)

ERIC

Yours is different from mine, she made a mistake.

TIFFANY

I'm sure she didn't even notice. Excuse me, ma'am, you gave my husband and I different booklets and keys.

RECEPTIONIST

Yes, I know.

ERIC

You made a mistake.

RECEPTIONIST

No I didn't, you two are going to two separate afterlives.

TIFFANY

But we're married so we should be able to stay together.

(RECEPTIONIST nods her head in disapproval.)

RECEPTIONIST

You know when you get married and you say your vows?

(TIFFANY nods.)

RECEPTIONIST

Well, correct me if I'm wrong, but isn't part of those vows "Till death do us part?"

TIFFANY

Yeah, but we're together right now. Death didn't part us.

RECEPTIONIST

Because this is the area between life and death. You haven't reached your true afterlives yet.

ERIC

That's not fair though, why can't you cheat the system?

RECEPTIONIST

There's a new couple in here almost every week asking me that. You guys aren't a special case, say your goodbyes and get out of the waiting area or else I'll have you escorted out. You won't like that.

(ERIC and TIFFANY look at each other in defeat.)

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry. I know it may seem like I don't have sympathy, but even in the afterlife you have a boss, and he doesn't like it when we don't follow the rules.

ERIC

Do you mean like, God is your boss?

RECEPTIONIST

Not God, but something like that. As I said before, I've seen so many couples go through this, young ones especially. It's not a fun thing to watch, but I like to think they end up happy. You're getting a second chance.

TIFFANY

What if we don't need a second chance?

RECEPTIONIST

Everybody needs a second chance at least once. Now c'mon, I don't have all night, go run along you two.

(They hug each other passionately before walking to their doors right across from each other.)

TIFFANY

Why do you think they do this?

ERIC

Who knows.

TIFFANY

Do you think things will really be completely different?

ERIC

Totally different.

TIFFANY

Are you going to try and find another hot ghost babe to date? Take advantage of your second chance?

ERIC

I've been looking forward to the moment where I'd be able to date a hot ghost babe my entire life!

TIFFANY

I'm being serious, Eric.

ERIC

I don't know, maybe. You'll always be my first love. You can find a hot ghost hunk or something, it wouldn't bother me. I want you to be happy.

TIFFANY

I'm happy with you.

ERIC

And I'm happy with you! But I don't want you to be miserable without me. I want you to find other people to be happy with.

TIFFANY

I'll try.

ERIC

That's all I'm asking.

TIFFANY

Are you scared?

ERIC

Are you?

TIFFANY

Yes. Because you won't be there.

ERIC

I'll be there in spirit.

(TIFFANY laughs, ERIC smiles.)

ERIC

I didn't mean it to be funny, but that was pretty funny.

TIFFANY

I love you.

ERIC

I love you too.

(With one last glance back at each other, TIFFANY and ERIC walk through their doors. Closing them as they wave at each other.)