

## *The Transition*

**Character Description:** Female – 30's although a skilled actress of any age can portray this character

**Emotional Range:** High

*(She is in extreme heartbreak as she stands before the room filled with her family and friends to deliver an honest and final farewell to her brother. She slowly approaches the center of the room where the microphone is located. She gives a good look over her brother laying still and from somewhere deep inside she builds enough strength to get the first few words out. As she continues the strength turns into anger and disappointment onto blame and frustration before it returns to strength again to close out her farewell. )*

**MAYA**

I know, **(exhales)** we are supposed to be here, to celebrate, my brother's life. And everyone has gotten up here and said some beautiful things. Everyone is talking about all the good things--- **(frustrated)** I never understood why--- why every time somebody dies, everybody's mind instantly seems to forgive all the stuff that person did that made you not really like him all that much when he was alive. All of a sudden their slate is wiped clean and they were so nice. All of a sudden the person you called so selfish becomes the one that would give you the shirt off of their back. They had a smile that would--- **(looking at her brother)** just light up a room. All of a sudden everybody wishes for them to rest in peace. You know--- I-I don't know what happens to people when they die. I mean his body is right here, but I don't know where his spirit is. But- but I hope he is floating around here somewhere, because he should know, he should know that now... everybody really *really* loves him.

*(her cousin stands at the display of her emotion, in an effort to sit her down, she objects to this motion)*

NO! I'm--- I'm okay. I--- I--- still have some time. Don't I still have time?

*(she looks over at the residing pastor to see if her two minutes of reflection are up already, he nods allowing her to continue)*

Thank you. I'm alright. Everybody got their chance to speak, I'm gonna speak my mind too. Now, **(exhales deeply, then chuckles at the thought)**. I remember when he called me that night. When he got into that really bad car accident. The accident right before this one. He had been out drinking, I think he was with yall, James and Robby.

***(she begins to speak directly to the same cousins that wanted to return her to her seat)***

Yall went up to Po' Boys to watch the game. He was so drunk when he called. Telling me he still wanted to hang. I think he wanted to go to WestBend on 15th, but he said yall was being ass---

***(she looks at the pastor, remembering where she is changes her mind about the cursins)***

well, yall was ready to go home. I told him to take his butt home too. If he was your best cousin, and always had your back, then I don't know, maybe you could have given him a ride home? Just my thoughts. He hit that pole, and when I saw the car, I knew that wreck was just the beginning of the end. I don't know how I knew, but I did, and I told him that too but he was never a good listener. So I'm not as shocked as everybody else is that we are here today. And I'm not as forgiving as everybody else seems to be either. He should have listened- NO, DON'T TOUCH ME! I'm not done yet-- - He should have listened to us. Maybe that wreck, could have been the end of spiral into something beautiful rather than the beginning of one into this dead end street. So when we drive through those gates in an hour to his final resting place and throw dirt on this pretty box that holds my brother, and then yall go home and update your facebook statuses and tweets with Rest In Peace to my brother, I hope he hears you. Cause I'm mad as hell. And you know--- I remember, I remember when he got kicked out of his apartment, he couldn't so much as lay his head on one your couches, so I commend you for being so kind to wish him a peaceful rest in death when you had a hard time wishing him that very same thing in life. This whole charade is a joke. And I don't find it funny. So to you Marko. I hope you do rest for a while now, and then I hope you have one hell of a drunken' ride to wherever the hell souls go when they die.