

The Photograph

Supernatural · Monologue · 2 min · Female role · Adult · Intermediate

(A framed photo in her hand. She looks at it the way you look at a suspect.)

MOI

In this photo, there are three of us. Me, my sister, and our mother. Taken the summer I turned ten.

MOI

Except, the day before yesterday, there were four. There was a man, on the right, his hand on my shoulder. I never knew him, but he was there, in the photo. Always had been.

MOI

Yesterday, he had no face. A blur, in his place. Like when you smudge a windowpane with your finger.

(She holds the photo up to the light.)

MOI

Today, he's gone. And my sister... my sister has stepped aside. She's looking towards the spot where he was. She's smiling at someone no longer there.

MOI

The photo doesn't forget people. It removes them one by one. And each time, someone stops reminding me of something.

MOI

Tomorrow, I'll look at who's left. I'm afraid I'll still be there alone.

What you can do with it

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