

## *Miranda Remembers*

MIRANDA (74)

(with irrepressible cheerfulness)

Thanks for coming to my yard sale...Look around. Anything you like is negotiable.

You know, when I was younger...when I had a house full of children, I used to insist on dinner at 5:30 every evening. I'd have everything prepared for when my husband sat down at the kitchen table at 5:30 sharp. Bernard was very fussy about time. What's that word..? Punctual. Yes, Bernard was very punctual. And after Bernard died, I guess I got punctual, too. I insisted that all of the children had their hands washed and were sitting at the table at 5:30 on the dot.

SHE GESTURES TO A LARGE TABLE WE DO NOT SEE, AND TO EACH CHAIR IN TURN.

MIRANDA

(smiling proudly)

After my husband died, Bernard, Jr. sat there. At the head of the table, the proper place for the new man of the house.

Wanda sat beside him and would usually fidget all through dinner.

Agnes, the one with my long blonde hair, sat beside Wanda. Agnes had the biggest appetite you ever saw for a skinny, little girl.

I sat on the far end, once all the food was ready.

On the other side of the table sat Allen and Anthony. They were my youngest...twin boys. Handfuls, the both of them.

We always felt that a child's chair was theirs forever. Once someone moved out, or...left us, nobody ever took that chair. We didn't even move it from the table. We just...retired it.

MIRANDA SIGHS WITH SERENE RESIGNATION. BUT THE SPARK OF PRIDE REMAINS IN HER EYE.

MIRANDA

My children...They are all in my heart now. Every one of my babies. Bless them. Bless them all.

SHE POINTS AGAIN TO THE INVISIBLE CHAIRS, AS IF SHE CAN STILL SEE HER CHILDREN SITTING IN EACH OF THEM.