

VENGEFUL INTERLUDE

By Amanda Keller

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CAST: SELENE and DOMINIQUE

(Arriving back from her sister's funeral. SELENE has a solemn look on her face, as if SHE has been crying. The recently deceased sister, DOMINIQUE, enters the room, standing quietly to one side.)

SELENE: *(calling back to her mother)* No mom, I'll just stay home. I want to be alone now, okay? *(SHE shuts her door and sits on her bed, then SHE picks up a picture frame with a picture of her sister.)* Dominique... *(There is a deeper thought that SHE can't quite release. Quickly SHE wipes a tear away from her eye and places the frame down.)* Such a tragedy...

(SHE gets up and walks toward her mirror, eyeing her image and pulling out a cigarette. Suddenly, the ghost of her dead sister DOMINIQUE walks up. When SHE speaks, we are given the sense that SHE has some sly or sinister secret planned out behind her kindness.)

DOMINIQUE: Well, well, well...so nice to see you again, sister.

SELENE: *(Seeing her sister's image in the mirror, SHE screams, turns around and then tries to refocus.)* Oh my gosh, who are you?

DOMINIQUE: That was a stupid question. You remind me of one of those cheesy blondes on those cheap horror flicks who asks the most irrational questions. You know who I am. It's not like I died twenty years ago or something.

SELENE: But, this must be some horrible trick, or some sort of game!

(Starts to peer around her bedroom, then eyes the ghost for some answers.)

DOMINIQUE: Game? Oh please, what kind of explanation is that? **(Comes closer to her sister and places a cold hand on her shoulder)** Do I feel like a trick?

SELENE: **(recoiling from her sister's touch)** Then, then you're not real! You're just some hallucination created from stress...that's it.

DOMINIQUE: **(as if SHE's really thinking her sister's theory over)** A hallucination created from stress...possibly. **(taking a seat on the bed)** I suppose you could refer to me as whatever you want...but does it matter? I'm still here. Besides, what do you have to be stressed out about. I mean, it's not like you died.

SELENE: But, you're my sister, and I saw you die...and you just burned and burned and then I got there too late...

DOMINIQUE: Yes, you were a bit slow in the uptake. I suppose my **(angrily)** screaming in immense pain obviously wasn't a very good signal for you to help me. **(calming)** Perhaps had I been more...articulate in explaining to you that I needed some help and had I quietly and calmly explained that some water would be nice, I suppose had I communicated better, then perhaps I would still be alive...don't you agree?

SELENE: What do you want?

DOMINIQUE: Oh just to chat, reminisce old times together, the usual...

SELENE: There's nothing usual about that. Ghosts aren't supposed to come back and recollect old times with their families!

DOMINIQUE: You're right, and I have every intention of moving on. **(looks at the picture of herself)** But you know, I couldn't help but think about how close we were in life, and think that you must feel so terribly guilty about what happened to me-

SELENE: What do you mean?

DOMINIQUE: Oh, simply that when people tend to die in the manner of my demise, the person who played your part- you know, the faithful sister who heard me cry out and went to get help and got there too late – well, you might tend to blame it on yourself that I died. And of course, I couldn't let my sister go on like that. I just kept thinking, I should go back there and make everything right. It really peeves me when the dead leave their beloved to weep for years and years, taking all the

unnecessary blame upon themselves...so I figured maybe I'd start a trend. You know how good I always was at that.

SELENE: (*nervously*) You were good at a lot of things.

DOMINIQUE: I know, wasn't I? (*SHE admires the picture of herself again, and then proceeds to stand up and lay the picture frame face downward on the table.*) One could almost say that I was...cut short my time – denied my future, don't you think?

SELENE: God works in mysterious ways...

DOMINIQUE: (*as if there is some private joke in her response*) Yes, He does, doesn't He? (*approaching her sister*) You know, this really is a lovely color on you, this lipstick...what's its name?

SELENE: Moonshine.

DOMINIQUE: Ahh...brilliant. A brilliant name for a brilliant girl. (*They both chuckle.*) You've really blossomed. Got any boyfriends yet?

SELENE: It's not like anything's changed...

DOMINIQUE: What do you mean?

SELENE: You were always so pretty. Boys would flock to you. Anytime I brought someone home, they'd take one look at you, and the next thing I knew, they'd be calling for you and not for me.

DOMINIQUE: (*Standing beside her sister, SHE places her arms in an embrace around her...genuinely*) I'm sorry. (*SELENE tries to pull away from her cold touch, but decides against it and stands uncomfortably in her sister's grasp.*) Of course you won't have to worry about that anymore...will you? (*SHE let's go of SELENE, who then moves away.*)

SELENE: I didn't mean it like that...I'll miss you.

DOMINIQUE: Well, there are always memories. They live on, and that's what counts.

SELENE: Yeah...

DOMINIQUE: We did have some pretty good times, don't you think?

SELENE: Like hanging out at the beaches and getting burned to a crisp.

DOMINIQUE: Or when we went to all those restaurants telling them all that it was your birthday and getting free deserts all night!

SELENE: Except for that one that insisted on singing Happy Birthday to me.

DOMINIQUE: Yeah, we didn't get anything out of that one...how disappointing.

SELENE: But fun...

DOMINIQUE: True. We must have gained twenty pounds.

SELENE: Forty!

DOMINIQUE: Or what about when that man at the store caught you stealing that sweater and I had to cover for you! Boy, were you lucky I knew him so well...he would have fried you!

SELENE: Yeah, thanks.. **(trying to defend her action)** I only tried to because it looked like yours.

DOMINIQUE: Oh yes, you mean that black one I wore from time to time...

SELENE: You always looked so pretty in it. It was my favorite of anything you wore. It was just so casual and yet, people still thought you looked so pretty in it. I just wanted one like it... **(puts her head in her hands)**

DOMINIQUE: ...Or how about when you first got into trouble with that one guy...what's his name again?

SELENE: I couldn't help it. I thought he really liked me, I never would have made all those deals with him if -

DOMINIQUE: Robert! That was his name, No wonder he was such a jerk. I'd be a jerk if my parents had named me Robert. Or was it Frank? I really can't remember. But then again, you knew so many-

SELENE: **(with a certain amount of spite)** Robert, that was his name.

DOMINIQUE: Yes, he was so fickle, wasn't he?

SELENE: He really liked you.

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