

Mine

By

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INT. MIA'S HOME. AFTERNOON.

A front door to a messy home entrance. Newspapers and mail are piled up on a small table. An unclean mirror hangs above the table. This home has not seen love in a long time.

MIA enters in a rush. She is slightly disheveled, dressed for a funeral, and has makeup stains on her face from crying. She also carries an urn with her.

She *SLAMS* the door behind her. She gently places the urn on the table.

She kicks off her heels and turns to face the mirror.

She forces a smile. Her tired eyes give her away.

She fixes her hair a little.

She fixates on the crying stains.

She rubs it. It gets worse.

She starts to well up with tears and runs into...

BATHROOM. CONTINUOUS.

... a sad-looking bathroom. She quickly opens the medicine cabinet to reveal orange bottles:

TAKE ONE TO TWO EVERY FOUR HOURS AS NEEDED FOR PAIN.

KITCHEN. LATER THAT EVENING.

Piles of aluminum foil-wrapped casseroles overtake every surface.

Mia enters. Her pupils are very dilated.

In one quick swoop, she takes off her sweater and throws it to the opposite side of the room. She now looks disheveled and slightly feral.

Mia quickly grabs a bowl and spoon. She doesn't bother to close the cabinet or drawer.

She picks up a card on top of a dish that says in pretentious handwriting:

SO SORRY ABOUT YOUR MOM - CANCER CAN SUCK IT -

HERE IS MY FAMOUS PEACH CASSEROLE - XOXO AMY

Mia crushes the note in her hand and throws it away.

JUMP CUT TO

KITCHEN. SAME AFTERNOON.

Mia looks into a sad bowl of peach casserole heating up in the microwave. A tear runs down her cheek.

She swiftly wipes the tear away.

The microwave *beep beep beeps*:

3... 2... 1...

CUT TO

INT. CAR. DIFFERENT DAY.

Mia (with noticeably longer hair) stares at DRUG DEALER, dressed as a boy who definitely raps on SoundCloud, as he rambles on about some bullshit. His car is layered in fast food wrappers and other disappointing remains of a man who lives with his parents full time.

DRUG DEALER

-and what is great about this work is that we are *devising* it. Do you know what that means?

MIA

No.

DRUG DEALER

Do you want to?

MIA

Not particularly. It's seventy, right?
I already Venmo'd you.

Drug Dealer slides an orange pill bottle into Mia's hands. Mia puts it into her purse.

DRUG DEALER

This stuff is actually really strong
you might-

MIA

I know more than you.

DRUG DEALER

...

MIA

As always, it's a pleasure doing
business with you.

Mia opens the door and swiftly gets out.

DRUG DEALER

Hey! Wait.

Mia turns around and leans in.

DRUG DEALER

My musical is going up this weekend
and-

MIA

You wrote a musical?

DRUG DEALER

Yeah!

MIA

Oh.

DRUG DEALER

Technically we *all* wrote it. And I'm
in it as an actor.

MIA

You can act?

DRUG DEALER

I hope so.

MIA

(Pause) Do you want me to like... go
or something?

DRUG DEALER

Yeah.

MIA

...

DRUG DEALER

I'll give you a discount if-

CUT TO

INT. KITCHEN. DAY.

Mia pours the pills from the orange pill bottle into a pastel mortar. There is a colorful plastic baggie next to her work on the counter.

She grinds the pills up with a pastel pestle.

INT. OFFICE. DAY.

The *TIP TAP* typing on computer keyboards, a symphony of disgruntled *SIGHS* and *head scratches*. Everything is super boring and stale.

An exhausted and coked-out Mia fidgets in her suffocating cubicle. Her eyes are red from crying and she's disheveled. She sniffles.

BIG BOSS MAN

Hey.

This voice takes her by surprise. She turns to see BIG BOSS MAN, who looks like the annoying type of person who has their life together. He's looking at her with a combination of disdain and pity.

He clears his throat.

BIG BOSS MAN

How have you been doing?

Mia suddenly fakes happiness really well. It would work if her eyes weren't red and the dark circles weren't so prominent.

MIA

Thanks for asking! I'm great, really. (*sniffles*) Just glad that I'm like... working and stuff.

BIG BOSS MAN

Listen, it's not easy for me to say this-

MIA

Then don't! You don't have to do anything you don't wanna do.

BIG BOSS MAN

Do you even want to be here Mia?