

Fragments of a Reflection - Scene Sample 2

By

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Fragments of a Reflection - Book

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INT. LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Subira is sitting on the floor encircled by photos, letters, and keepsakes. The burning fireplace casts long shadows against the walls and we hear the faint CRACKLE of wood.

The top to a Heritage Bombe Trunk Coffee Table sits ajar next to her. She reaches inside and shuffles things around.

ZAHIR (O.S)
Do you miss him?

Subira, startled, looks around.

SUBIRA
Jesus Christ Zahir! You *scared* me! What are you doing up?

ZAHIR
(apologetic)
Sorry. I couldn't sleep.

Zahir walks into the room and sits on the floor next to Subira.

ZAHIR
Do you miss him?

SUBIRA
(confused)
Miss who?

ZAHIR (O.S)
Dad. Do you miss him?

Subira looks around at all of the memories around her.

SUBIRA
(sighs)
Yeah I miss him. I miss him a lot.

Zahir reaches for the lock to the trunk and tosses it from hand to hand.

ZAHIR
Why don't you ever talk about him, then?

SUBIRA
What do you mean? I tal-

Subira, catches herself.

SUBIRA
(shaking her head)
I don't really talk about him that
much, do I?

She looks over at the flames dancing around in the
fireplace.

SUBIRA
I guess...
(looking at Zahir)
I guess I just thought that it
would be easier for us you know -
for *me* to move on if I didn't.

Zahir stops juggling the lock.

ZAHIR
And was it?

She shakes her head.

SUBIRA
(titter)
No... it wasn't.

ZAHIR
You know I never saw you cry. Not
even at the funeral. I thought - I
thought you didn't care - that you
didn't miss him and that... that
you didn't love him. I hated you
for that.

Subira reaches over and grasps Zahir's hand.

SUBIRA
Oh Zay... of course I loved your
father. And not a day goes by that
I don't wish he was here with
us. I just - I didn't cry because
I was trying to be strong for
you... and for your sister. It
never occurred to me that my
strength was causing you more
pain.
(she squeezes his hand)
I really, really sorry. Please
forgive me.

Zahir looks down at all of the memories that had been locked
away.

Beat.

Zahir looks up at Subira.

ZAHIR
What do you miss most about him?

SUBIRA
(pulling her hand away)
Oh... well...

She picks up a photo and smiles at it.

SUBIRA
His smile.

She traces the image with her finger.

SUBIRA
I miss his smile. That was the
first thing I noticed about him ya
know. He was...

Subira talks about the first time she met Zamar as Zahir
listens intently.

FADE OUT: