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Acts of Renewal
606 Laurel Ave
Black Mountain, NC
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FORGIVENESS

THEME: When you extend forgiveness and it's not reciprocated.

(Loreene, in her early 50's-60's is in her kitchen making pasta salad. She is a contained woman who wants things pleasant and on her terms. John, her adult son arrives. He is not expected. She has her back to him as he enters)

JOHN: Hello.

LOREENE: Yes?

JOHN: Hi, Mom.

LOREENE: Well, hello John. What brings you over to this side of town.

JOHN: Uh well...actually I drove over because I have something I'd very much like to say to you.

LOREENE: Well, come in. You'll excuse me if I don't sit down, I've got to finish this pasta salad for my bridge club tonight and I've got an awful lot to get done before then.

JOHN: This won't take long.

LOREENE: Dear, you know you can stay as long as you like. You know you are always welcome here.

JOHN: That wasn't always the case though, was it?

LOREENE: Pardon me?

JOHN: When you left Dad. I wasn't welcome here.

LOREENE: John, please don't tell me you've driven all the way up from Sante Monica simply to dredge up that awful subject.

JOHN: So you admit it was awful.

LOREENE: No dear. It's only awful because you make it that way. I made an adult choice when you were a child to leave a terrible marriage in order to find a little freedom. Now if you can't understand something as simple as that, then I... well, I fear you never will.

JOHN: You didn't just leave your marriage, Mom. You left an eight year old child, me, your son.

LOREENE: John, I thought we had agreed on trying to establish a civil relationship between us now that I'm back on the west coast.

JOHN: We did. And that's why I'm here. Mom...(she has opened the refrigerator and is trying to find something in it) Mom.

LOREENE: I'm listening, John. (she turns back to him)

JOHN: I forgive you.

LOREENE: You do?

JOHN: Yes, I do.

LOREENE: Forgive me for what?

JOHN: For abandoning me, Mom. For not raising me. For not being there when I graduated from high school or college. The list is a mile long, but the point is I'm choosing to forgive it all, let it go.

LOREENE: Well, I suppose that's very kind of you in your own way. The only problem is that I don't feel I need your forgiveness, John. Nor have I asked you for it.

JOHN: Then just consider it a gift then, Mom.

LOREENE: You know I only hope someday you can understand my side of the story. There are two sides....this is not at all what I had hoped for.

JOHN: What had you hoped for?

LOREENE: A little civility perhaps, some kindness, a little..

JOHN: Forgiveness?

LOREENE: If that's the word you choose to assign it then, fine.

JOHN: Mom, I would very much like to hear your side of the story.

LOREENE: You would?

JOHN: I'll give you a call next week. I'll make dinner reservations at Miguels.

LOREENE: You're leaving?

JOHN: I said what I came to say. Have a good bridge game tonight.

LOREENE: Thanks. Thanks for coming by. Uuh maybe I could make dinner for you next week.

JOHN: That'd be nice, Mom. I'll be seeing ya.

LOREENE: Bye, John.