

INT- HOUSE.

GREG (FATHER), a drunk, middle-aged man is arguing with his hardworking, concerned wife, MAMA (MARY)

GREG

Come on, Mary, you're blocking the TV.
Move out of the way will ya?

MAMA

When were you going to tell me you got
fired again?

GREG

Oh, that, yeah. Tomorrow, I was gonna
tell you tomorrow, Mary. Now please,
come sit down.

MAMA

Greg, we need to talk about this.

GREG

Not right now Mary, I'm watching the
game.

MAMA

Have you been drinking again? Your
breath smells like beer. Greg, I
thought we agreed you would go to
those meetings!

GREG

Mary, can we talk about this later?
I'm really tired.

MARY

We have a family to take care of,
Greg. We can't survive on just my
salary alone.

MIRA, Greg and Mary's five to seven year old daughter,
tiptoes down the stairs.

MIRA

Dad? Mama?

Mira sits down on the steps. The argument becomes muffled.

GREG

For christ's sake, Mary! I'll get
another fucking job! Just shut up,

will you? I don't have time to deal with this bullshit.

MAMA

When, Greg? When were you planning on getting another job? You got fired three days ago and have been sitting on your ass all day just drinking beer and watching TV! We have a daughter to take care of, Greg. She depends on you, she depends on US.

Suddenly, we hear a loud bang. A door swings open aggressively and Greg storms out of the room.

MAMA

(Sighs. Notices Mira on the stairs)
Awe Mira, honey why are you still awake?

Mira snuffles, holding back tears.

MARY

Do you want me to come tuck you in?

MIRA

O-Okay.

MAMA

Okay, let's go.

We hear footsteps- Mira and Mama walking upstairs.

MAMA

Come here, you.

A light turns on. Mira runs and jumps onto the bed.

MAMA

Alright, under the sheets, that's it. Nice and snug. There ya go.

MIRA

Were you and daddy fighting about me again?

MAMA

Awe, sweetie, no. You're our miracle girl!

We hear Mama tickling Mira, Mira giggles.

MAMA

I'll let you in on a little secret:
your dad and I almost had three
different babies before we had you!

MIRA

What happened to them?

MAMA

Well, the world just wasn't quite
ready for them yet. But what your
father and I didn't realize was that
those babies paved the way for my
beautiful, intelligent, incredible
Mira- my miracle.

Mama leans down and kisses Mira on the forehead.

MAMA

I'll see you in the morning, sweet
girl. Goodnight. I love you!

MIRA

Goodnight, mama, I love you too.

INT- HOUSE

Greg is packing his suitcase to leave Mary and Mira. We hear a door slamming. Another door opening, and a suitcase rolling. Suitcase is plopped on the ground, he unzips it and starts throwing things in the suitcase.

MIRA

Dad? Dad where are you going?

GREG continues packing, not responding to his daughter. We hear footsteps going down the stairs, the front door opens and closes. A car door opens and closes. The engine starts revving and fades out.

MIRA

Mama? Where's dad going?

MAMA

He's going to start a new journey.

MIRA

Without us?

MAMA

(sighs, composed anger)
Mirabel. Mira. My miracle girl.
Promise me, sweet girl, the next time
you miss your father, you come to my
room right away. Okay?

MIRA

Okay.

MAMA

You know what this means, Mira? It
means I get to love you twice as much.
Hm?

(pause)

Mira sniffles

MAMA

I love you, sweet girl.

MIRA

I love you too, mama.

INT- MIRA'S BEDROOM

Mira is studying. There are sounds of flipping pages,
writing, typing up notes, and sighing. Mira is clearly
stressed and in turmoil.

MIRA

Oh, math. Grow up and solve your own
problems.

MAMA knocks on the door

MAMA

Knock knock! I brought sustenance.

MIRA

Mama! I was going to come downstairs
for dinner.

We hear the shuffling of papers. MAMA places the plate down
on MIRA's desk.

MAMA

No, no. You keep studying. I'm proud
of you, Mira, all this work is going
to land you in a really amazing
College.

MIRA
Thanks, mama.

MAMA
Okay. Work hard, smart girl. I'll come
check in on you in a bit.

Footsteps, door closes softly as mama leaves. More shuffling
of papers.

EXT- OUTSIDE MIRA AND MAMA'S HOUSE

Mailman drops off Mira's acceptance to Stanford. We hear a
mailbox opening. A letter is placed inside. The doorbell
rings. Footsteps in the snow indicate the mailman is walking
away.

MAMA
Mira! Mira honey it's here!

MIRA
Stanford?!

MAMA
Yes!

MIRA
Oh my gosh. Oh my gosh. Oh my gosh.
I'm scared, mama, I really don't want
to open it.

MAMA
How about we open it together.

MIRA
Okay.

We hear MIRA and MAMA pulling up chairs to a table. MAMA
places a letter opener on the counter. They sit down.

MAMA
Dear Mirabel... Congratulations you
have been awarded a full ride
scholarship to Stanford's pre-law
class of 2022!

MIRA and MAMA are simultaneously squealing and celebrating.

MIRA
Full ride scholarship? No way!

MAMA

I'm so proud of you! Stanford law,
wow, one of the most prestigious law
schools in the world.

Mama refolds the letter of acceptance. The chair mama is
sitting in shuffles backwards as she stands up. mama walks
over to MIRA and takes her hands in hers.

MAMA

I want you to promise me something,
Mira. Promise me that you won't ever
look back, that you will keep moving
forward, no matter how hard life gets.
Your future is so bright, sweetheart.
Don't let this opportunity go to
waste.

MIRA

I won't, mama. I promise.

MAMA

Good girl. We should celebrate! I'll
make you your favourite- chicken
noodle soup.

MIRA

(chuckles)

Aren't we out of chicken?

MAMA

You're right! I'll run to the store
and get more. Do you need anything?

MIRA

Mmm... not that I can think of. Do you
want me to come with you?

MAMA

Nope! You stay home and take a well
deserved rest. I'll see you in a bit,
Ms. Stanford.

MIRA

(laughs softly)

Thank you, mama. I'll see you in a
bit. I love you.

MAMA kisses MIRA on the forehead.

MAMA
I love you more.

INT- HOSPITAL

Mama gets into a car accident on her way home from the grocery store. We hear the sounds of a car crashing. A siren starts wailing. It starts off quietly, and slowly starts getting louder. the siren fades out and we cut to the hospital. We hear a hospital bed wheeling, two people indistinctly talking in the background, a woman softly crying.

An empathetic DOCTOR enters the scene, calling after Mira.

DOCTOR
Mirabel? Is there a Mirabel here?

MIRA
Doctor! Hi, yes that's me. How is she?
Is she going to be okay? When can I
see her?

DOCTOR
She's stable, but the causes of her
stroke are still uncertain.

MIRA
When can I see her?

DOCTOR
She just came out of surgery, but she
will be open to visitors in about an
hour.

MIRA
(sighs, distraught)

DOCTOR
If you would like, I think we can make
an exception. Just this one time.

MIRA
Yes, please. Thank you so much,
doctor.

INT- MAMA'S HOSPITAL BEDSIDE.

The heart monitor in the hospital is beeping.

MIRA

Oh, mama. If only I'd gone with you.

MAMA

Mirabel. Oh, Mira. My sweet, strong, brave, miracle girl.

MIRA starts crying.

MAMA

Oh, baby. Don't cry. I'm okay, hey. I'm okay.

MIRA

I know, mama. I just can't lose you too.

MAMA

Mira. Look at me okay? None of this is your fault. Promise me, sweetheart, that you will be strong for me, like you always have been. Okay?

MIRA

Okay, I promise mama.

MAMA

(Clears her throat)

Awe Mira, you're going to have so many opportunities in life. Promise me you won't waste even a single day.

Instrumental of "Promise Me This" by Erika Henningson starts playing.

MIRA

I promise, mama. I promise.

MAMA

Okay, good. Come here, lie with me. I love you, sweet girl.

MIRA

I love you more.

INT- CHURCH - MAMA (MARY)'S FUNERAL.

MIRA

Hello everyone, thank you for coming today to honour my mom, Mary. My mom and I were always close. Being a

single mother with an only child, we depended on each other a lot. My mom used to call me her miracle, Mira for short. I always thought that was corny, but now I realize that was part of her legacy. Mama was a miracle. She held it together when life seemed tough, and still found time to care for the people she loved. Looking at all of you here today, I just know that mama's miracle will never fade away.

MUSIC PLAYS OUT TO THE END.