

MONOLOGUE: *HOMELAND*

BYRNE, 20s, a former Marine in Afghanistan, recounts the nightly dreams of his former lover and sergeant, REYES.

BYRNE

Every night, her dream's the same. Every night, it never fails to show.

(beat)

It's not where you'd think it would be. Nowhere famous; nowhere busy. Southeast, on E Street, between 4th and 6th, there's a quiet little park. It's less than half a mile from the Marine Barracks. A small, tan cargo van with a plumber's logo on it parks at the curb. The driver eats a bag lunch in the park. When he's done, he walks across the park to a very average taxi, which has not been taking fares. The taxi takes a right turn, onto D Street, and in a few minutes in the midday traffic, D Street runs into Pennsylvania Avenue. From there, its twenty five minutes to I-495. That's far enough; into the prevailing wind.

(pause)

3:07 pm. A sun is born on the ground at Marion Park. Man-made daylight purifies everything it touches, blinding all who gaze at it. Water in a reflecting pool is vaporized. An old man sitting in a stone chair is shattered and crumbles to dust as marble pillars fall. The sun is small, and does not live long. Its progeny – heat, and light, and energy – forever leave their mark on a capital, a people. A homeland.

(beat)

Gabriela rises from her chair. The flash blinds her; an oncoming roar tells her what is coming. Sightless, she steels herself. At the last moment — she hears the cry of someone's daughter. Her daughter.

(screams, as REYES:)

“Isabel!!”

(back to himself)

And then the blast wave hits.

(beat)

It's only a dream, Gaby.

(beat)

For now.