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Male, 40s, monologue from STELLA & RAY/THINGS BLOW IN

[RAY's kitchen. RAY has picked up STELLA, 16, a hitchhiker, and fixed her breakfast.]

STELLA

~~You're going to have to let me get going soon.~~

RAY

~~Sure. Soon.~~

STELLA

~~You said we weren't waiting for anything. But it feels like we are.~~

RAY

You wake up every morning. You open your eyes. In that first second of being awake and back in the world, you feel a small sense of dread. You wait. Nothing happens. You chalk it up to a dream you had but can't remember. You shake it off. That bad feeling. But, not totally. It's still there. A little bit. You'd think your sleeping brain is safe and locked up tight, but your brain is like that screen door. Even when it's shut, things blow in. But. If you could only remember what the dream was. Then you might know if that feeling of dread is from last night's dream, or if you're picking up on real signals, pinging that animal thing inside you. That thing that talks to you, in a real quiet way, and says: "This is not a good situation. You better run..."

~~STELLA jumps up and grabs for the door latch, fighting to get it open. RAY, calm, goes to the door and holds her by one arm. She squirms, fights him, screams. RAY finally pops open the latch for her, and she runs away, as he watches out the screen door.~~

RAY

~~Damn coyotes.~~

~~He chuckles, latches the screen door, and goes back to the table and his newspaper.~~