

**SCENE ONE: ARRIVAL**

*Sounds of a train station in the dark. We hear the voices of babies crying and women wailing amid the garbled announcements and train rumbles. We see a woman, WENDELL, huddling naked near a wall.*

*TRAVELERS in old coats zip across the stage. WENDELL tries to catch their attention and still hide her nakedness behind newspaper, a bench, whatever. They look away, swerve to avoid her.*

WENDELL

Umm. Excuse me, sir -

TRAVELER 1

Moi, soy molto occupée.

WENDELL

I wonder if you could help me. I don't know where -

TRAVELER 2

Dem druk verklempt. Arigato dovedzenie.

WENDELL

Please, ma'am, I can't seem to hear the announcements clearly and -

TRAVELER 3

Nyet, parakalo.

WENDELL

Everyone seems to be going somewhere and I can't remember what I'm -

TRAVELER 4

Risa rumpa ku'umba don't nostrovya. No way.

WENDELL

This must be a dream. That dream where you're naked and cold and scared in a foreign place. That's supposed to mean something, right? Something about shame? Or your mother? Maybe it just means you feel naked and cold and scared.

**SCENE TWO: LOUD NOISES**

*A violent crack of thunder followed by a howl as DAWKES, a shaggy hound-like man wearing an old coat and carrying an ukulele case, rushes in one of the doors, sopping wet from the rain. He shakes water all over WENDELL.*

WENDELL

Hey!

DAWKES

It's HUGE. Furious. All teeth and snarl. And not alone, you can bet that.

WENDELL

Who?

I don't see anybody. Rain. A lot of it.

DAWKES

You're in cahoots with it. And you're the one who made it mad, aren't you.

*He shakes out again*

WENDELL

Hey again. Do you mind?

DAWKES

No problem. I'm ok I'm ok. Just a little, you know, the rain and all. Wet. It's raining outside you know. Coming down like, well, you know.  
Rain. Got wet.

*Deafening crack of thunder and the lights go out.*

OOOOHMYGODITSINHERE. It's your fault it knows you're here and YOU'RE THE ONE WHO-

*a distant rumble of thunder*

No wait it's out there. Maybe we're ok... for now, anyway.  
Never heard anything like it. That sound. Grabbing my heart. And the bright slash in the sky you never know where. Sometimes two places at once how does it do that?  
There are so many terrifying things out there.

*An enormous crack of thunder. He howls and hides behind the bench as TRAVELERS zip across the stage, leaving a bag on the bench.*

DAWKES

Loud noises. Darkness. Food running out. Uniforms.

*WENDELL picks up the bag and an old coat falls out. She calls after them:*

WENDELL

Hey. This yours?

DAWKES

Being locked in. Being left out.

*She reads a tag hanging from the arm:*

WENDELL

“For WENDELL.”

DAWKES

Small crawly things that burrow into your flesh.

*She turns over the tag and reads it aloud.*

WENDELL

“That’s you.” Oh. Me. OK.

*WENDELL puts the coat on. Another crack of thunder.*

DAWKES

LOUD NOISES. Gravity. A mole that changes shape or color.

The phone ringing at 3am.

So loud. Louder than usual. I’m dreaming and the phone is in my dream, ringing and ringing and I can’t find it. And the phone keeps getting louder and louder - I think my head will explode but I can’t find it - like the closer I get to the sound, the farther away the phone is.

And then I’m awake and the phone really is ringing and I think don’t answer it. If I just don’t answer it. But once the phone starts ringing... I pick up the receiver and hold it away from my ear so the voice seems very far away. But it doesn’t help. She’s crying, and saying something over and over and it’s like my head is wrapped in some kind of thick cotton thick scratchy cotton that isn’t quite thick enough to block her out. She keeps saying it over and over and it still doesn’t make sense.

WENDELL

What doesn't make sense?

*DAWKES takes an ukulele out of the case, begins to pluck out a little tune as he puts together the memory.*

DAWKES

Her words. Or more like her sentences. I understand each one of the words. They aren't that hard. But somehow, they don't make sense, piled together like that. Failure. Arrest. Ventricular. Identify. It's like a strange language made of all the same words that I know, only stuck together. Wrong.

And somehow time breaks apart into little bits. Falling to the ground like slivers of shattered glass.

*DAWKES plays the ukulele as he sings:*

**NO SENSE**

ONE WORD FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER WORD  
FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER WORD  
FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER WORD  
SHATTERING MUSIC  
MAKING NO SENSE  
SHATTERING MUSIC  
NO SENSE

BROKEN MOMENT BROKEN BY ONE WORD  
FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER WORD  
FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER WORD  
FALLING IN PIECES  
BROKEN BY CHANCE  
FALLING IN PIECES  
BY CHANCE

TO BE CONTINUED...