

You need rest. So you can draw seagulls in the sand. Or the Coney Island Cyclone. Or anything. You can draw anything, tomorrow.

MYRA

You were going to write with me.

FATHER

I will. Tomorrow. I'm sorry. Standing around in the relief line isn't my idea of a perfect afternoon. Although, I'm burning plenty of calories. To think, how long I petitioned the department for a standing desk. I wasn't happy with just tenure, I wanted the standing desk. Talk about karma.

(They get into the tent. It becomes pitch black as the lights shut off.)

MYRA

I was waiting on you. To write with me.

FATHER

We'll write. Tomorrow.

START HERE —>

MYRA

I wish it got light here.

FATHER

It does get light here.

MYRA

The sun, I mean. Not these lights.

FATHER

Well, they were just trying to make us feel welcome. Creating the whole, day night thing.

MYRA

Don't they sleep?

FATHER

No.

MYRA

How do they dream?

FATHER

Maybe they don't dream.

MYRA

How can somebody not dream? That's impossible.

FATHER

So, people, people are in the darkness. The cave. And their backs are to the opening, the sun. They are just staring at the cave wall.

MYRA

Why are their backs to the sun?

FATHER

They are afraid maybe. It's how it's always been done. It's all they know. Sitting, looking at the back of the cave. All they can see, are the shadows, the shadows of what passes the cave, shadows on the cave wall.

MYRA

Why don't they turn around, to see what is making the shadows?

FATHER

They think the shadows are what things are. That's all they can see. They don't know that there is more to the world than shadows.

MYRA

So they never see? See what is making the shadows?

FATHER

Some people do. They are brought into the light. At first the light is painful, and all they can see are the shadows, the outlines. But eventually, even after always being darkness, their eyes adapt. They see the sun. They see how things are. Are really.

MYRA

Who said that?

FATHER

Plato.

MYRA

Plato.

FATHER

That's right. Plato. Now, go to sleep.

MYRA

I miss the moon. Something bright. In all that blackness. Even just some stars. A few stars. Do you think mama can see the stars?

FATHER

Yes. Yes, she can. There are always stars.

(They hear footsteps. FATHER zips up the tent. GUARD enters, strolling through the camp. End of scene.)