

Act Two

Click.

Click.

NAT

(mutters)
Fuck.

Click.

Click. And a flame. Nat finally lights the long lighter.

She lays the light down on a candle. It blooms. She then goes to another candle. And another.

The lantern, untouched, centers Fran and Con. They stare into it.

NAT

Some of these are scented, so... sorry.

And eventually she lights each candle that has been placed around the room.

Silence.

The apartment softly settles. Con turns.

He waits.

And he waits.

And it's nothing. And he returns to the light.

Beat.

He stands.

CON

I — I... I gotta go out there.

NAT

(pause)
What?

Yeah. CON

Why? NAT

I just... that's just — that's what I gotta do, I gotta... / see what — what's out there. CON

No? No, you don't. It... Con, it's dangerous, we don't know what's out there. NAT

But that's why I have to go. CON

Let's just wait. They'll tell us what it is. NAT

We can't — that's not — we can't wait for them. We need to figure out, like, what the fuck happened... to everything. Like the electricity... it — it could be, like, a... like an EMP. CON

A what? FRAN

The... like, it wipes electronics, and... Electro... Electromagnetic something. CON

But what if you get hurt? NAT FRAN
Electromagnetic...

I won't, I... I — I — I'll be safe. CON

You can't just say that, / you don't know. NAT

I'll be safe and I'll — I'll come back if it's bad. I'll come right back. CON

The United States Department of the Fucking NAT FRAN
Whatever told us not to go out there. /
That's — that's what they said! Electromagnetic...

CON

They — that... what, *now* you wanna trust the fucking government?

NAT

I — that's not fair, I... I don't trust, like, Our Great American Mission to Spread Democracy Across the Globe, but I trust when they tell us to stay the fuck inside.

FRAN

Electromagnetic...

CON

If I don't go out there, Nat, then we're not gonna know. We're gonna be freaking ourselves out for... how long? How long until we know? Until the power comes back?

FRAN

Pulse!

(small pause)

Electromagnetic *pulse*.

CON

(pause)

Yeah.

(beat)

Look, I don't *wanna* go out there.

NAT

Then don't. You don't have to.

Silence.

CON

I'll take the bat.

NAT

Con...

FRAN

You have a bat?

CON

I'll take the bat in case it's... / in case it's bad.

NAT

Con, let's... please, let's just wait. Let's just wait.

CON

I promise I'll come right back.

(*small pause*)
But you don't know. NAT

Nat, if it *is* bad, then... then what? CON

Beat. Nat turns to Fran.

What do *you* think? NAT

Don't... Nat, you shouldn't put her / in that — CON

He should go. FRAN

Well... well — then, okay. CON

Really? NAT

Someone might know what's going on. He said he'll be careful. FRAN

I know he... I know he *said* that, but... NAT

(*pause*)
Nat. Let him take care of you. FRAN

Silence.

Beat.

You... you promise you'll come back. NAT

I promise you I will come back. CON

And if it looks bad, / you — NAT

If it looks bad, I come right back. CON

(long pause)
I love you. NAT

(pause)
You don't have to say it like that. CON

I know, but... NAT
(pause)
Just — take the bat.

Yeah. CON

And don't be an idiot. NAT

(small pause)
Yeah. CON

I didn't — I'm sorry. NAT

It's okay. I love you too. CON

He stands.

He crosses to the closet. He throws on a T-shirt and a pair of sweatpants. He grabs a pair of socks and puts them on, still standing.

He crosses to the bed. He reaches behind the frame and uncovers a wooden baseball bat.

Nat quietly sighs.

Okay, uh... if...
(long pause)
If I'm not — if I don't...
CON

(pause)
You will.
NAT

But just...
CON

We know.
NAT

Okay. Um... okay. I'll — uh, I'll be right back.
CON

He goes to Nat. They kiss.

He looks to Fran.

She waves goodbye. He throws a quick goodbye back at her.

He exits to the living room. And from offstage, the living room door opens and shuts.

Silence.

Nat waits.

Silence.

He'll be okay.
FRAN

Nat waits.

He'll... hey, he'll be okay.
FRAN

I'm such a fucking idiot, / I shouldn't have — I shouldn't have let him go.
NAT

He — Nat, he — don't — he's gonna be back. He's gonna come back.
FRAN

NAT

But I just let him. He didn't have to go, he didn't want to go, and I let him. I sent him.

FRAN

You didn't send him.

NAT

He's just a little kid.

FRAN

But he's not, he — he's —

NAT

He's a fucking idiot, he — he likes to pick fights, he likes to — he likes to make noise, he likes to — he thinks he's fucking Han Solo out there and he's... *not*, he... he's just a little kid, and he... he doesn't know any better and I could've stopped him but I didn't and I can't and he's out there with the... the...

FRAN

He's gonna come back. He's gonna — he's gonna come back, Nat. He's not — he knows — he knows when to come back. He knows when to come home. He's not — you need to — Nat, it's not — Nat, it's not gonna help you. This isn't gonna help you. This will not help you, Nat. Nat. *Nat.*

FRAN

Stop.

(pause)

You stir yourself up like that and it'll carry you to the moon.

Beat.

FRAN

Sit.

And she does.

FRAN

Come here.

And Nat rests her head on Fran's lap.

She pets Nat.

A long silence.

FRAN

There you go.