

SAM

[REDACTED]

MARLA

[REDACTED]

(beat)

[REDACTED]

SAM

No, it's fine. It's not a thing. I'll do it. It's fine.

[REDACTED]

Marla tries to remember the song: hums a few bars.

MARLA

How does it go...  
*I dreamed...*

She grabs the gold coin.

MARLA

Why can't I remember the song? I've known it my whole life.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

MARLA

[REDACTED]

Marla experiences a sudden contraction of internal pain. It subsides.

She reaches for her device, calls something up. Presses play.

She listens to her own voice, fast forwarding, rewinding.

MARLA

(recorded)

Sam and I were just talking about when we used to sneak you up here. You didn't understand how space could disappear.

"But there's more space," you'd say, "there's more space right here."

“But there’s more space,” you’d say, “there’s more space right here.”  
there’s maybe a whole little solar system of masses inside your mom.

(beat)

And by maybe I mean, there are. I meant to do something about it, but I didn’t.  
I meant to do something about it, but I didn’t.  
I meant to do something about it, but I didn’t.  
I meant to do something about it, but I didn’t.  
I meant to do something about it, but I didn’t.

(Sam enters quietly.)

there’s maybe a whole little solar system of masses inside your mom.  
And by maybe I mean, there are.  
I think I just decided, I’m not going to do anything.  
there’s maybe a whole little solar system of masses inside your mom.  
You didn’t understand why there was so much room up here  
“But there’s more space,” you’d say, “there’s more space right here.”  
You didn’t understand how space could disappear.  
a whole little solar system of masses

MARLA

I meant to do something about it, but I didn’t.  
I didn’t do anything, and now it’s too late.

A moment.

[REDACTED]

MARLA

(to Sam)

[REDACTED]

SAM

[REDACTED]

SAM

[REDACTED]

MARLA

[REDACTED]

SAM

[REDACTED]

MARLA

[REDACTED]

