

THE SEQUENCE

by Vincent Delaney

(A bed. KIM tries to sleep. Her MOTHER watches.)

MOTHER. Trouble sleeping?

KIM. No. Yes.

MOTHER. Did you try—

KIM. Yes.

MOTHER. Well, you could always—

KIM. That too.

MOTHER. Oh. Well.

KIM. What time is it?

MOTHER. About four.

KIM. I've never seen four in the morning before. I don't think I like it.

MOTHER. Five isn't much different.

KIM. How come you're up?

MOTHER. Well, silly, I'm excited too.

KIM. I wish it was ten years in the past, and I could just dream about it. I wish it were over.

(MOTHER sits with her, takes her hand.)

MOTHER. I had coffee. Before my day. Do you know what that is? An old drink, bitter, wakes you up. My dad made it for me. He knew I couldn't sleep. At five AM I gave up and went downstairs. There he was, making that smelly, brown liquid. That's when I knew it was real.

KIM. Were you scared?

MOTHER. What is there to be scared of?