

D

Summer/Jesse

SARAH

They break in. At night. And now that God is gone, really gone, anything can happen.

JESSE

This is not helping me count.

SARAH

The possibilities, the margins for error. You know statistics lie, right? Polls, polling data. Not predictive, can't be trusted.

JESSE

Mom.

SARAH

I spent my career lying, and teaching the public to love those lies. I mean, do you have any idea...? (*She scrutinizes Tom*) I don't know your name.

TOM

Tom. Tom Kohl.

SARAH

You, you were talking about—is God really dead?

TOM

In a way. Now come on. Let's go this way.

SARAH

Bed?

TOM

Bed.

SARAH

With you?

TOM

No touching. I promise.

Tom and Sarah exit.

START

JESSE

So. Do you think we're ready?

SUMMER

I still say we could stay right here.

JESSE

“Tough it out.”

SUMMER

How is that I never used to notice how condescending you are?

JESSE

Now there’s the pot calling the kettle black.

SUMMER

That is so racist.

JESSE

No, that’s a what-do-you-call-it, a comparison.

SUMMER

An aphorism.

JESSE

Right. It’s an aphorism about kitchenware.

SUMMER

(Noticing movement outside the window) There goes another one.

JESSE

Could be an Exit Inspector.

SUMMER

Could be anyone.

JESSE

To check up, you know? In advance.

SUMMER

Jesse.

JESSE

Half the kids in my class have drones, and most of their parents, too. That out there might have come from one of them, checking up to see if I’m still fit to be an educator.

SUMMER

Or it could be delivering a pizza.

JESSE

You can’t legislate my worry. You can’t just ask it to wink out of existence.

I damn well can.

SUMMER

We're not going to pass.

JESSE

Oh, we'll pass.

SUMMER

How?

JESSE

Whether we *should* pass, whether it's patriotic to flee the country right when the country needs us most, that's a whole different discussion.

SUMMER

One hundred percent health. That's what they expect. It's on all the leaflets, and us, you look at us, we in this house are not a picture of one hundred percent health!

Speak for yourself.

PRU

END

Pru, if ever by some miracle we impress the exit inspector, if we somehow do get an actual exit visa, we are not bringing you.

JESSE

Child, I'm human Velcro. Oobleck with attitude.

PRU

Jesse, count. Stay or go, we need the money.

SUMMER

The collateral, you mean. The family bribery fund.

JESSE

It's the price of admission. The cost of a ticket to the sunny side of the street.

SUMMER

Can you even tell anymore? When you're arguing out of two sides of your mouth?

JESSE

Did you hear Chloe?

SUMMER