

*Scene 2*

A VOICE

Psst.

BYRON

Hm?

VOICE

Psssst.

BYRON

Is someone there?

VOICE

Over here!

*[Byron crawls out of their box.]*

BYRON

Who is it?

VOICE

Your mother!

BYRON

My mother?!

*[Narrator rolls onstage.]*

BYRON

You?

NARRATOR

Me! I caught your interest earlier, didn't I?

BYRON

Yes! I couldn't hear what you were saying over the brooms.

NARRATOR

Aah! The brooms!

BYRON

What were you saying?

NARRATOR

What?

BYRON

What were you talking about?

NARRATOR

When?

BYRON

Earlier.

NARRATOR

Earlier?

BYRON

Yes, with the brooms?

NARRATOR

Ah! Yes, you were the young lad with the broom!

BYRON

...yes?

NARRATOR

I was talking to them!

*[He gestures to the audience. Byron looks out. They don't see anything.]*

BYRON

What were you telling them about?

NARRATOR

The sun.

BYRON

Really? I don't see the sun much anymore. So many developments, I'm always under a roof. And I'm on the night shift.

NARRATOR

Well that's probably for the better. She's a cruel one.

BYRON

She?

NARRATOR

The sun.

BYRON

Oh.

NARRATOR

Yes, she's a beast. Always causing accidents.

BYRON

That's what my superiors say.

NARRATOR

Automobile accidents, forest fires... and now- no, I shouldn't say it.

BYRON

Say what?

NARRATOR

I can't tell you!

BYRON

Well now I want to know!

NARRATOR

I've said too much!

BYRON

Please?

*[He looks around, distrustfully. He leans in. So does Byron. Whispers.]*

NARRATOR

They say that oceans are rising. All around the world. The glaciers are melting and the waters are getting higher and swallowing up civilization. And it's all the sun's fault.

BYRON

No!

NARRATOR

Yes!

BYRON

That can't be happening!

NARRATOR

It is! And it's going to keep happening until somebody does something about it.

BYRON

Like what? What could somebody do about that?

NARRATOR

Hmm... maybe if they met with the sun. And asked her to stop.

BYRON

How would somebody do that?

NARRATOR

They'd need a rocketship.

BYRON

A rocketship!

NARRATOR

Yes, there used to be someplace around here to build them, but it's overrun with fanatics and crazies now. I really have said too much. I must go.

BYRON

But wait! Tell me-

*[They try to catch the Narrator but he's already gone. There is, however, a folded sheet of paper in his place. Byron picks it up, puzzles over it, shoves it in their pocket. Byron climbs back into their box.]*