

# Faro Rides Again

## Allan Miller

*At rise: dark bedroom. Queen-size bed. Door opens. WOMAN yells out from the bed, still half asleep.*

WOMAN: Huza . . . whar!!!

MAN: Sssh.

WOMAN: Who is that?

MAN: It's me, go to sleep!

WOMAN: What time is it?

MAN: Eleven o'clock.

WOMAN: Where were you?



PHOTO: ED KRIEGER

*Twenty-Four Hours: A.M.*

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MAN: I went to the bathroom; go to sleep.

WOMAN: Don't bounce the bed.

MAN: Go to sleep.

*The WOMAN moves the luminescent dial clock on the bed table.*

WOMAN: It's one-thirty. Why did you tell me it was only eleven?

MAN: Ssh, I'm sleeping!

WOMAN: How long were you out there?

MAN: What difference does it make?

WOMAN: My God, your feet are like ice! Get over here. . . . Get over

heere. . . ! Ohh, my God. Rrrrr. . . ! Move your elbow. . . .

OoOhh. . . ! What's the matter, I can hear you thinking. . . ?  
Matt?

MAN: Will you stop?

WOMAN: No, I'm not going to stop. I want to know what you're thinking!

MAN: I'm not thinking, I'm trying to. . .

WOMAN: You are, I know when you are. . .

MAN: GO TO SLEEP!

WOMAN: Now tell me or you'll never get to sleep!

MAN: What is the matter with you?

WOMAN: What is the matter with YOUUU?

MAN: Nothing!

WOMAN: I can't sleep when you're thinking loud!

MAN: I'm thinking about Faro!

WOMAN: What about him?

MAN: He's dead!

WOMAN: He is not. . . ! Matt? Matt, where is Faro?

MAN: On the sofa.

WOMAN: He knows he's not allowed on the sofa.

MAN: Will you go to sleep?

WOMAN: Did you let him on the sofa?

MAN: I didn't have to let him, he climbed up there to die, for God's sake!

WOMAN: When?

MAN: An hour ago.

WOMAN: He did not. . . ! Matt!

MAN: Will you let me sleep?

WOMAN: What were you doing out there all this time?

*The WOMAN switches on her lamp. MATT has one of his two pillows over his head. She pulls the pillow off.*

MAN: Will you stop?



PHOTO: ED KRIEGER

LOTTIE: We'll wait for the Word.

JAKE: We have six months.

LOTTIE: We'll watch the signs and we'll do what the Lord wills.

"Like a pelican in the wilderness, like an owl of the waste places..."

JAKE: You think you can come up with a sign in six months?

LOTTIE: Close your eyes.

JAKE: Lottie...

*Twenty-Four Hours: A.M.*

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LOTTIE: Go on. Do it. *(He closes his eyes; she leans her head on his shoulder.)*

JAKE: Well?

LOTTIE: Shh.

JAKE: Ah, Lottie. I dream of home...

LOTTIE: I know, Jake. I know.

*Blackout.*