

He squeezes her, kisses her forehead, opens the fridge and hands her a beer.

SCOTT

Ok. You don't have to do anything but drink this until I get back.

He exits. Cora is very still, with her beer. Very slowly, she drags the cap off it, drags herself over to the chair nearest the screen door, and sits.

A voice floats through the screen door toward Cora.

NIGHTMARE WOLF (UNSEEN)

Finally, an exit.

How still can a body get?

What is the silence of the grass and leaves in just a bit of wind as the sky burns into darker and darker red?

CORA

How do you begin again after the exit?

How still the air in the kitchen after the exit?

...like the dream. Is this... real?

CORA

A dream is just what a brain flashes back on us while we sleep.

It is,

CORA

It is totally meaningless. the raised arm, the squint.

Still: standing full quiet, moving less than grass.

A body is always moving.

NIGHTMARE WOLF (UNSEEN)

The land is always moving.

Smells dry, but with a dark depth, and sweet. This is how every summer ends, how every day turns over at the end of itself.

The land is always moving.

CORA

In the dream, I turn and the pale wheat brushes my face, whispering and pulling against me as I walk back toward the house.

NIGHTMARE WOLF (UNSEEN)

Your house, not your father's house; never mother's, or sisters. What legacy is aging wood unworked soil?

CORA  
 What legacy but exit  
 still

NIGHTMARE WOLF (UNSEEN)  
 Don't let the stillness  
 freeze you, Cora.

She turns to acknowledge the voice through the screen,  
 throws her head back, laughing.

CORA  
 HA! Freeze? Me? In this heat?

NIGHTMARE WOLF  
 Heat makes for running bleary bleached curtains,  
 old wood, dust books, table, sofa, linoleum. Sleep, the only trust sensation. It leaves as it  
 arrives.

CORA  
 Finally

NIGHTMARE WOLF  
 An Exit. It is what she wanted.

CORA  
 Heat

NIGHTMARE WOLF  
 Is what moves, leaving. Open the windows, let the heat out.

Cora does so, exiting briefly.

NIGHTMARE WOLF  
 Be heat, moving about the room

Cora enters again, being the heat that moves about the  
 room, throwing the kitchen window wide, moving to the  
 door.

CORA  
 This is already open

NMW  
 Not to me.

CORA  
 Not  
 yet.

She hesitates at the door, looking out into the night as it grows dark.

A small tapping drip begins as another fly joins the room.

CORA

That sound--

Wet  
drip linoleum

NIGHTMARE WOLF (UNSEEN)

CORA

Are you making that sound for me, in my mind? Are we playing the game again?

NIGHTMARE WOLF

No, friend. You and me, we've had enough of games.  
It's the meat.

Cora startles. Looks to the counter where the steak juice is running off the cutting board and dripping onto the kitchen floor.

CORA

Shit.

She hurries to bundle the meat into its butcher paper and returns it to the fridge, careful not to step in the puddle on the floor.

CORA

So much for dinner.

She looks at her kitchen and weeps again, taking a seat at the table, finding her phone, looking at it, then throwing it away from her.

CORA

I don't... I don't know

NIGHTMARE WOLF (UNSEEN)

Ask

	CORA	
How?		
	NIGHTMARE WOLF (UNSEEN)	
You always		
	CORA	NMW (UNSEEN)
Not this time. It's too much.		Much too much never enough, you are enough
	CORA	NMW (UNSEEN)
And you?		Help you. You need
	CORA	NMW (UNSEEN)
To be stronger than this		I have always been
	CORA	NMW (UNSEEN)
Stronger		As strong.
	CORA	NMW (UNSEEN)
Why this, why what about our pact?		Now? As always, we are a pack
		NMW (UNSEEN)
The blood		
	CORA	
I got it.		
		NMW (UNSEEN)
Let me. Please.		
		This request is new to them both.
		It takes Cora by surprise.
	CORA	
You are dangerous		

NMW (UNSEEN)

Never to you, not for a long time, now.

There is a scratching at the screen door.

The sky has gone dark, and there is darkness on the other side of the door

Cora's phone rings. She walks over to it and answers

CORA

Yeah?... Ok. Yeah, I mean I'll eat whatever...

There is a scratching at the screen door.

CORA

Ice cream sounds good...

Scratching at the door, it happens concurrently to the phone call.

CORA

That's fine... look, I gotta go, I gotta... let the dog in and feed it.

(Pause)

Yeah, no, well... it's kind of wild... I just feed it when it comes around, not really mine... Ok. Ok... Yeah. See you soon.

She hangs up, Looks at the doorway.

CORA

Rude.

NMW

Liar.

CORA

Oh?

NMW

I am completely yours.

Cora grabs her beer walks to the screen door, and opens it wide, continuing to drink.

Through the door moves the NIGHTMARE WOLF  
(NMW).

The Wolf is... vaguely a wolf, but much more a terror entity, a visceral feeling of the unnatural, it walks in a manner neither wolf nor human, its anatomy self-created to cause the fear it eats. But Cora is not frightened.

The wolf quickly moves to the puddle and licks up the blood, passing by Cora on its way.

Cora pets the wolf as it passes, and watches it as it licks, sipping beer. The room starts to grow dim.

CORA

Will that be enough?  
We have a long night ahead.

Lights dim out.

End of scene.