

*Silence.*

ME

You know what I think would be nice? I think it'd be nice if I could sit at the bottom of a well and just live there for a little while.

YOU

You'd drown.

ME

Not necessarily. Not if it was empty.

YOU

What good would an empty well be? A well dries up and people abandon it, or dig a new one or something. They go somewhere else.

ME

That's why I'd like to be there, to sit and rest and breath. I could wait and see if the water comes back, and maybe I could calm myself down in the meantime. And if the water did come back, I could call up the well and listen to my own voice bounce off the walls and out into the open air, and I'd find out if anyone was there to hear me. And if no one was, I'd pull myself out by the rope that the bucket used to hang on - before the bucket got taken away to be used for something a little more practical - and I'd go find someone nearby. And once I'd found them I'd say: "The well is wet, it's a miracle. We can live and drink and be happy here again." And if there was no one there to say that to, I'd say it to myself, and then I'd wait for you to come find me.

YOU

How do you know I'd be there? I wouldn't want to be there. I wouldn't wait around for you to find out if the well got wet again, I'd go find a new well, like a logical person.

ME

But I just told you, so now you know. The well is wet again. Isn't it great news?

YOU

It's too late, I've left. I wanted to be able to drink from my well, so I left. You sat down there too long, is the problem. You chose to wait for the water - I already live somewhere else.

*Silence.*