

SIMON: ~~I'm supposed to ask you some things. You can answer or not, it's okay.~~

But you'd be helping me out if you did, and that would be nice.

**START**

*(beat)*

A little birdie told me you want your books. I could help you with that.

THERESA: Why do you keep saying that, birds can't talk.

SIMON: I won't say that anymore.

*(beat)*

You said there were three other girls that you saw at Mr. Wolf's house. That's what we're interested in. That's what I want to talk about.

Do you want to talk about that?

*No answer.*

SIMON: He had a nice house, Mr. Wolf. Didn't he? Did you like his house?

*No answer.*

SIMON: All alone, in the woods. "Remote."

*(beat)*

We have people there now. Looking around. Investigating his house . . .

*(beat)*

Do you know what a methane probe is?

THERESA: No. What is it?

SIMON: Ours is called LABRADOR. Which is a type of dog, but in this case, it's an acronym. Do you know what an acronym is?

**THERESA:** It's an abbreviation where every letter means a different word.

**SIMON:** Yeah. That's exactly right. LABRADOR means Lightweight Analyzer for Buried Remains and Decomposition Odor Recognition.

Isn't that interesting?

It's a device we use to sniff out dead bodies that are buried in the ground.

*(beat)*

He buried them in his apple orchard. Did you know that?

**THERESA:** He would never touch me except to mend a wound or a bruise.

**SIMON:** How would you get a wound or a bruise?

**THERESA:** Maybe running and I would fall.

**SIMON:** Running where.

**THERESA:** Running like to play.

**SIMON:** Did you ever try to run away?

*Awkward beat.*

**THERESA:** No.

**SIMON:** You never tried to escape?

**THERESA:** I didn't know.

**SIMON:** You didn't know what.

**THERESA:** I didn't know that there was somewhere else to be.

*Beat.*

**SIMON:** How many children did you see at Mr. Wolf's house? Two or three or more?

**THERESA:** I want my books and my chalk.

**SIMON:** Two or three or more?

**THERESA:** I want to go home.

**SIMON:** Which home?

**THERESA:** I want us to go home.

**SIMON:** I'm not him.

**THERESA:** Yes you are!

**SIMON:** Theresa. Two or three or more?

*Beat.*

**THERESA:** Three.

He killed them and he buried them in the orchard because they weren't prophets.

He only let prophets live.

**SIMON:** Are you a prophet?

**THERESA:** Yes.

**SIMON:** Will you do something for me?

I want you to look at some pictures.

*(he takes out an envelope; from within it, snapshots)*

These are girls who are missing, who nobody has seen in a long time.

Have you ever seen any of these girls before?

*Theresa slowly takes the pictures, spreads them out, stares at them. For a long time.*

*Very slowly they start to have an effect on her.*

**THERESA:** *(beat)* No . . . I've never seen them . . . I've never seen them . . .

There's so many faces.

Why are there so many faces?

Why are there so many people like me? Why isn't my life specific? How come my life isn't specific to me?

Why did you do this?

**END**

*He doesn't know what to say.*

*He collects the photographs.*

**SIMON:** Let's not look at these anymore. Okay?

Let's think about something else . . .

*He doesn't know what to do. Then he has an idea. He goes in his wallet, he takes out a little photograph.*

**SIMON:** Theresa . . . Look at this instead.

*He puts it on the table. She looks at it. She picks it up and looks at it intensely.*

**THERESA:** Butterflies.

**SIMON:** Monarch butterflies. Every year they flock through my garden. This past spring, there were so many of them, there were