“Venice” by Alexander Lee-Rekers - Karen - F - 40s/50s/60s

Waitress Karen stands at the counter of the run-down, roadside cafe where she works. She’s decided to ask for some time off, and rehearses what she’s going to say to her boss with cafe regular, Cal.

KAREN: You know Venice? The city? Well it's sinking. I read that recently. Something about mud and the foundations being made of wood, which is a poor choice for any foundation. And all the while--get this--all the while Venice is sinking, the sea level is just ... rising up to meet it. Erasing it from the map in double-time.

Sometimes I think somebody up there does not want me to ever see Venice: it's like they're doing their level best to get rid of it nice and quickly and quietly. At this rate, I'll never see the buildings and the lane-ways and the churches and the masks and the canals...

You know I've got a birthday coming up? This birthday ... It's a milestone birthday. And when it comes I can't still be here. Not at Norm's. Not while Venice is sinking and the water's rising and I'm missing it all. I can't still be here. I'm sorry ...

Karen leans back.

KAREN: And then I'll ask for six weeks.