

## **“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.