

“PSYCHIC AFTER THE FACT” by Alexander Lee-Rekers (StageMilk, 2024)

VIVIAN is consoling her dear friend CONTESSA after her car was stolen.

CONTESSA: There's nothing anybody could have done. I woke up this morning and it was, just, missing in my driveway. A handful of smashed glass in the gravel.

VIVIAN: (*Sagely.*) Evidence.

CONTESSA: The police said they steal cars like mine for the parts. So right now it's probably being pulled to bits like a roast chicken!

VIVIAN: Oh love... I feel so guilty!

CONTESSA: What? Why?

VIVIAN: I didn't warn you. I *should* have warned you.

CONTESSA: You knew my car was going to get stolen?

VIVIAN: No. Well. Only- (*She searches briefly for the right words.*) You know that I'm a little bit psychic, right?

CONTESSA: I did not know that.

VIVIAN: Touch of the gift, passed down from my grandmother. Yesterday, I was looking out my kitchen window and I saw the Caruso's youngest painting their garden fence. He got, I don't know, attacked by a bee, and the next thing you know he's kicked the paint tin off the ladder. Big blue splat on the driveway! And that splat hit me. Psychically. A wave of energy.

CONTESSA: What are you talking about?

VIVIAN: That blue, I'll tell you, is the colour of the car those thieves drove. I feel it. I *know* it.

VIVIAN nods. CONTESSA remains unconvinced.

CONTESSA: So why didn't you tell me this yesterday?

VIVIAN: I didn't know what it meant. Only that it meant *something*.

CONTESSA: So you're psychic after the fact? Not really helpful, is it?

VIVIAN: Mysteries of the world... Here's something I can tell you about the future: you are going to be all right.