

Summer Vacation
By Sarah Galante

HARRY, a man in his late forties, sits in the sand. He scoops some up, then watches it slowly pour from his fingertips. He notices BETTY, an eight year old, attempting to build a sand castle. She's frustrated.

HARRY:
Need some help?

BETTY:
I'm in second grade.

HARRY:
Oh yeah?

BETTY:
Yeah. Which means I've already done the stranger danger talk. Like 9 times. Plus I have a TV in my room.

HARRY:
I wasn't being creepy. I was being friendly.

BETTY:
Where's your wife?

HARRY:
What?

BETTY:
Where's your wife? You're not on vacation alone, are you?

HARRY:
No. Uh. Not exactly.

BETTY:
Where's your wife? Or your husband?

HARRY:
Excuse me?

BETTY:
My uncle Ben married my Uncle Jeff last summer. My mommy told me that you can marry anyone that you love. It doesn't have to be a boy and a girl. It's called gay.

HARRY:

You're very smart.

BETTY:

Thank you. I know. So, where is she?

A moment.

HARRY:

I put her in the ocean this morning.

BETTY nods, very seriously. They begin to build her sand castle together. HARRY begins to cry. Blackout.