

*The sound of the emergency broadcast signal is low underneath this, maybe almost imperceptible. Lights up on a couch center stage, sparse living room with a few pieces of furniture. AMALIA enters from stage left. She moves as if she's underwater, distracted, lost, not quite there. She doesn't take off her jacket. If there are mementos in the room, she might touch them, pick them up, set them down again, before making her way to the couch. Maybe she kicks off her shoes, takes off her jacket, makes herself comfortable. Wraps a blanket around herself. She picks up her phone to dial someone, but can't get through. She's alone and scared, scrolls through her phone. As she scrolls, she plays an old voicemail message. While it plays AMALIA begins to rummage through a bin or a basket. She tosses things out of the bin with more urgency. She doesn't find what she's looking for here. She moves to another part of the stage, still looking for something, the room is becoming a mess—the next message might make her a little angry or more desperate to find the thing. From off, we hear the faint sound of sirens. AMALIA covers her ears. After a moment she continues to dig. AMALIA finds the thing she was looking for—success! A ratty red panda stuffed animal. She clutches Reddy to her chest. She's overcome with emotion. The nostalgia of her childhood toy. She looks at it with pleading eyes. Almost begging it to bring her the comfort it did when she was small. The sirens get louder again. AMALIA squeezes Reddy to her, and blocks her ears.*