

*Harold, a man in his mid-70s, sits in a recliner, looking out onto his deck. We hear soft rain falling, leaves rustling in the wind, a bird chirping, a lawn mower in the distance.*

*In front of him, a bucket catches raindrops from a leaky roof. Several other buckets are nearby, all full.*

*Outside Harold's front door, Elizabeth steps up onto his porch and sets down a portable animal carrier. She rings the doorbell. Harold gets out of the armchair and makes his way toward her, but it's slow going. He's hobbled from a recent injury and can't make sudden movements.*

*Elizabeth's phone rings. She shakes out her umbrella and answers.*

ELIZABETH

Hey Zeezee, what's wrong?

*Elizabeth wriggles out of her backpack and sets it on the animal carrier.*

ELIZABETH

I just dropped you off twenty minutes ago. You can't expect to make new friends in twenty minutes. Are you hanging out with Shelby?

*A young girl around eleven years old appears at the front of the stage and paces nervously back and forth. She has a desperate, anxious quality about her.*

ZOEY

No, she's talking to new friends in the backyard from her music camp. I don't know any of them. Can you please just come get me?

ZOEY

You like music.

ZOEY

Listening to it, not playing it. I don't understand what they're talking about and I want to leave.

ELIZABETH

I'm at a client's house. I'll get you when I can, but try saying hi to someone in the meant--

ZOEY

I'll just go sit in her room. Text me when you're outside.