

The MAN can't believe what he's seeing.

MAN

How?

BOY

I—I found them. Out by where the mangrove grows—er, grew. Where it was when it was alive.

MAN

It's incredi—

BOY

I know—

MAN

--bly stupid. And illegal. They have to go.

BOY

But—

MAN

You can't have them. We can't keep them.

BOY

But—

MAN

They need to go.

BOY

What if they die?

MAN

They might, but they also might die in there. And in there, it's your fault. What were you thinking?

BOY

I was trying to save them. I wanted to--

MAN

Shh!!!

Footsteps. A knock and loud voice.

7PM! Mandatory lights out!

PATROL

A pause.

What if they—

BOY

Shhhh!

MAN

He goes and turns the overhead lights off. They freeze in the early evening glow. Two small orbs dance in the jar. Fireflies.

What if they see them?

BOY

Turn the lantern on! Diffuse the light!

MAN

But the skyglow, you said we shouldn't—

BOY

They don't care as long as it's not artificial.

MAN

The man peeks out of the curtained window. The boy reaches for a small lantern, lights a match, and lights it. It lets off a pathetic glow.

They're gone.

MAN

The MAN approaches the boy.

No one saw me. I was careful.

BOY

You better hope so.

MAN

A pause.

Can I—Can I see them?

MAN

The BOY hands the jar over.

Are they—

BOY

Yes. I think so. Wow.

MAN

I know.

BOY.

These—these could be some of

MAN

the last fireflies on earth.

MAN AND BOY

Wow.

BOY

Yeah.

MAN

They sit. The PATROL can be heard from a distance at other residences.