

ACTOR. My dad has a box. It's little. About like this. (Quick lights up in small pool, revealing ACTOR sitting on a stool.) There's something in it, it's heavy, real heavy for being so small. I can't open it. It's locked and Dad's lost the key. He said that the thing that's in it doesn't have a name. He has the only one like it. The box stays in my dad's closet. It leaves little marks in the closet from the metal studs all over it. He'll never show me what's in it. I know he won't. He says he will, though. He says nothing important is in it. He won't show me, though. He says some day when he dies that I can have the box, but I don't want it. I just want to see what's inside, I think! Yes, that's all. I only want to see and I want him to show me. I don't want to have to see it by myself. I wonder why he won't show me? Nothing can be that good or bad, I don't think! It's not not being able to know what it is that makes me want to know. It's not my curiosity that makes it so bad. It's that my dad won't tell me. I wouldn't be satisfied if I found out what was in it. I need him to show me. It's his box. I'll get my own box and put something in it, then I'll lose the key.