

Walkie Talkie

Two sisters – the older one ten years and the younger seven – are in bed, tucked in under the covers. Their separate rooms lay side by side in the far corner of a long, ranch-style house. Their room lights are off, but a small sliver of light shines in from the hall through each crack. Their parents are on the other side of the house - behind closed doors, out of earshot – as each brings her contraband, walkie talkie out from under their covers.

KB (the younger sister): [crackle] Whatcha' doin'?

EB: Jus' thinkin'.

KB: About what?

EB: Today... tomorrow...

KB: What about them? [crackle]

EB: They are both always there... but they are both always different...

KB: ... [crackle]

EB: When I think about that too much... I start to feel kinda scared...

KB: [crackle] ...

EB: Like, I saw this thing on the Discovery Channel about Rogue Planets. When universes form, sometimes planets can't find their center, can't get into the groove of gravity, so they just spin out into and beyond their solar system...

KB: ...

EB: And then they are just wandering, floating through space. Alone.

KB: ... [crackle]

EB: So then the tv show said there are as many solar systems as there are stars. And there are, like, a billion starts, and that is just in our universe. And there are as many universes as there are starts... or more! And in those other universes, there are just as many Rogue Planets. But when I think about universes and forever and infinity, I start to feel afraid. [crackle]

KB: ... Yeah.

EB: I'm gonna stop thinking now.

KB: Okay.

EB: I think it's time to go to sleep.

KB: Okay.

EB: See you in the morning.

KB: Okay. Night.

EB: Good night.

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