

Callie?

Are we?

Are we? Callie?

Ira. I—

(Guss—I mean Guess...
we switched.)
(Transition leaves me a little metathesized.)
(Or a little elided.)
(Or a little eroded.)
(Or a little corroded.)
(Or a little rotunda.)

Ooh, where?
Up.
Ha ha.
Funny. Not.
I'm Callie. I'm not
enjoying this. So-called trip.
So-called fun outing.
I'm in no better mood than the other two.
(Roberto & Ila: Hi.)
(Roberto & Ila: F— off.)
(Roberto & Ila: Sorry.)

Sorry.
But I really like rotundas.
Rotundae,
perhaps. Mm.
Ah. Barnacles.
Ooh. That was a surprise.
Where? Pinkly.

That's all the answer I can give.

I'm Callie, not a mindreader.

Not even a magazinereader.

Not even a really good reader at all.
Do I have dyslexia? Maybe.
Nothing I read—
very few items I read, or peruse,
—make sense to me.
Unless I scrutinize them:
very, very, very, very, very,
very
carefully.
I almost have to chart them.
I think more in images than words.
I'm not very smart.
Either.
(Roberto & Ila: Hi.)
(Ila: Wait a second. I never said—
Government: We said it. You're
not very smart.)
(Government: Bye.)
(Roberto: Well, that was rude.

Ila: Thank you.
I'm sure I couldn't have figured that out myself.
Roberto: Sorry. I'm not very smart.
Ila: I can tell.)
(Sorry: We're all in bad moods.

Or is it bad places?)

[...]

Anyway.
Callie was...speaking?
Actually,
I wasn't.
Nor was he. Ira. My older brother.
Much older. Well, I suppose:
not So Much. Older...
But-Older.
He talks like he lived through the Seventies.
The 1970's.
He did not. Literally.
Did he figuratively?
Stop; I'm getting

motion-sickness. Ugh. Ick. Blech.
Worst thing about me.
I mean: most discourteous thing
my body decided to do.

Not that bad. Just:
[dizzy.]
[upset.]
[nausea.]
I suspect it's psychological.

I have a problem with...too many
things. At once.
I eat small bites.
So I can apprehend...
No.
Ugh.
Can't focus.
What sickness is this? Callie-sickness.

I used to be a high-achieving student, you know.
I was, shall we say, a know-it-all.
I saved the class from disaster.
From crashing and burning.
And now?

(looks around.)

I'm Dyslexic Or Something. (Sign stuck deep in the ground.)
Not that deep.
I'm—not that deep.
I'm—shallow.
Superficial. I love: surfaces.
I suppose people think I'm ditzzy.
I used to be a

...what's that expression.
I was an ace pilot.
I was a crack shot.
No, not quite.
Well, I was a superb pilot.
In all the stories,
I brought people to Heaven and Hell
and Back.

You think I'm superficial. I can tell.
Well, I am superficial. Get over it.
Shouldn't be that hard, right?
I'm just a surface.
Run over me!

(eyes blaze.)

Not my eyes.
Mine don't.
I have boring eyes, if you ask me.
They bore into people
(through their eyes).
They are boring eyes.
It freaks people out.
People I...love.
It freaks them out that I'm boring.
They don't know where, or why,
I'm boring.
Like a good airplane.
Goes where it needs to go.
Not where it wants.
Where it needs.
I didn't—want—
to—go—ther—

(gasp.)
Stop crying.

I cry a lot.
Is that allowed.
Honestly.
You'd think I'm a boy.
Why does everyone
think I'm a boy?
You may have noticed my name? Callie? A girl's
name?
It is.
Reminiscent of "star" in ancient Greek. I think.
(I'm not too hot on facts.)
(I'm not too hot in general.)
(A cool star: Callie.)

Oops.
You're right: I was wrong.
Callie: reminiscent of word for "beautiful"
in ancient Greek.

It's from a poem.
My knowledge of these words
is from a poem fragment
by Sappho,
the greatest poet ever.
I taught myself ancient Greek somehow.
So I could read her poems in the original language.
So.
I must not be a complete asshole.
Idiot, I mean.

(Tired.)
Just get here.
(Rest.)