



# KATRINA

by Deb Stevens

A long dark hallway...A grotesquely elongated shadow at the far end.....Appears to be a cat; twists, melts, becomes an unknown thing. It turns....red eyes. Huge, glowing, blood-red eyes.It starts to smile, impossibly the smile stretches into a hideous grin that covers the (face) things head except the eyes...the red, red eyes.

A large bedroom, moderately furnished. Photo on nitestand, illuminated by a small nitelamp; a man smiling, a woman with her eyes cast down. The man is in the bed, alone, thrashing in his nightmare. He begins to moan (screaming) and pulls harder at the sheet. The sheet is wet (it's blood, oh God, it's blood) with his sweat, and as it touches his face, he jerks awake. The scream escapes before he can stop it, he looks wildly around the room, she's gone (again) and he is alone. The dream always comes when he is alone (where is she?), only when he's alone (WHERE is she?). The door opens, she stands there with a glass of milk.

"Peter?" she asks, concerned. "Oh, Peter, it was the dream again, wasn't it? Oh I'm sorry I wasn't here, baby, you were so peaceful when I woke up. I went to get some milk, do you want some?" It comes rushing out, too fast, almost as fast as his heartbeat, thudding in his chest (milk?).

"No", is all he can say.

Annoyed now, she approaches the bed. "No, what?", she says. "No, you don't want any milk, or no, it wasn't the same dream?" She eyes him critically, noting the flush in his face and his grip on the sheet. "When are you going to talk about this? It's obviously freaking you out, you have to do something."

He doesn't answer, only stares up at her. He can't see her eyes, they are (red) in shadow, lately they are always in shadow. "Why can't I see your eyes, Katrina? At night I can never see your eyes." he says, disentangling himself from the sheet and sitting up slowly. The shadows move with him across her face, eyes dark, mouth pouting.

"What are you talking about? Are you trying to make this about me?, she says, angry now. "How long have you been having this dream, anyway? All your miserable life, I bet. Well, that's it, I've had enough. Either you work this out, somehow, or we're finished."