

# Through Hike (*excerpt*)

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*Leslie and George have one foot offstage,  
Ready to run down to the stream,  
Skinny dipping on their minds,  
The icy water,  
Refreshing relief.*

**Leslie** (*who is naked now too*)

Let's go!

**George**

Let's.

**Leslie**

Hoo!

My sister is going to be soo fucking jealous...

**Henry**

What are you going to tell her?

**Leslie**

C'mon!

*She grabs George by the hand and they exit.  
Henry watches them go,  
Then tip-toes over to Corinth.*

**Henry**

Are you sure you're fine staying back?

**Corinth**

Yeah.

**Henry**

Ok.

**Corinth**

I need a break, I think.

**Henry**

From what?

**Corinth**

I mean seeing all of you every day  
All the time  
It's nice, but...  
Not.

And I think if you're all off  
Swimming  
And I can just stay here  
And sit in the woods  
For a little while  
And maybe nap  
Or read  
And forget about Lily for a little while.  
And just...  
You know

**Henry**

Ok.

*He starts to exit.*

**Corinth**

Isn't it weird to think about  
Right now  
That if she hadn't fucking—  
Died.  
We would never have met.  
Ever.  
Isn't that weird?

*Pause.*

**Henry**

A little weird, I guess.

*Pause.*

**Corinth**

We used to  
When she was alive  
Her and I would go to this place near her house.  
She lives on this hill  
On top of one of the hills  
And there's a lookout  
In her neighborhood

That faces south,  
Over the Puget Sound,  
This sweeping view of  
The city,  
Cruise ships,  
Freighters,  
The Port of Seattle  
The sports stadiums,  
Downtown,  
The piers,  
and behind it all,  
Mount Rainier  
Rising above everything.

It was always crawling with tourists.

But when I was there with her  
No matter how many other people were there  
It felt like we had the entire view to ourselves.

We liked to go at night,  
Right when the sun started hanging low on the horizon.  
She'd hold up her hand to the skyline  
Like a pirate  
And tell me how much longer until the sun went down,  
And she was always right.

I never figured out how.

I would bring a six pack of something  
Or a bottle in a brown paper bag,  
And she would bring the food.  
Usually fast food  
Or sometimes pre-sliced fruit from the grocery store.  
Anything that came in a packaging we could throw away and that we could eat with our fingers  
We'd sit  
Up  
Across the street from that lookout  
Under this old lady's porch  
And watch the tourists taking pictures  
Of the sun going down  
While she watched them from right above us, too.

When the sun goes down  
There  
In the city

The light of sunset fades into the lights of the city  
Which came alive  
Seamlessly  
Taking over from the sun as it passes over the horizon.  
The city is in perpetual motion  
It's lights moving, flickering, disappearing, pulsing  
All reflected back in the ocean  
Which stretches away forever.

Up on our lookout, everything is silent and still.

Sitting there  
With her  
Curled up under a blanket  
Greasy  
That is when I felt the most secure.  
Watching the world  
And looking at the person sitting next to me  
And knowing-  
Thinking  
That she would always be there.  
That she was solidly in my life.

*Silence.*

**Henry**  
Yeah.

*Pause.*

**Corinth**  
I wonder what it was that I wasn't seeing  
Or  
How I could have done something to change...

What text I could have sent or  
I don't know.

But at the same time,  
Sometimes  
Maybe  
These things are put into motion  
And there's nothing that can stop them  
Not good intentions  
Or good acts  
Or any amount of  
Anything.

*Pause.*

I'm afraid that life without her is going to be like watching the sunset here.  
Where the light fades into darkness  
And nothing else.

*She looks at Henry.*

*He looks around, at the sky, at the sun.  
He exhales.*

**Henry**

I'm gonna...

*Henry exits,  
Kicking off his boxers as he goes,  
Leaving them behind,  
And Corinth alone on stage.*