two people on a camping trip, it is Valentines
they are laying on top of their sleeping bags,
stargazing

Khivi
That’s the Little Dipper, and that’s Orion’s belt.

Jason
Have you ever seen a shooting star?

Khivi
Well, yeah. tons.

Jason
I-

Khivi
There was a meteor shower like a month ago.

Jason
I was working.

Khivi
I was watching the game. We lost. Look at those clouds.

Jason
Where?

Khivi
There, if you like, take off the top part it looks like a heart.

Jason
Hah, perfect day for it.

Khivi
Not for too much longer.

Khivi
It’s getting a little cold.

Jason
I wish I could start a fire.
Khivi
Why don’t you?

Jason
Don’t know how.

Khivi
Got a wood stove at home, don’t you?

Jason
Well, yeah. but that’s different.

Khivi
Sure.

Jason
Look at home, we have wood that’s been drying for at least a year.

Khivi
Sounds nice.

Khivi
We should do it, start a fire I mean.

Jason
By we, do you mean me?

Khivi
Sure. Me. I’ll do it.

Khivi gathers some sticks.

Khivi
It can’t be that hard to light a fire. So lets do it.

Khivi has stacked the sticks in a sad little pile.

Khivi
Okay. What next?

Jason
There’s no way that wood’s gonna burn.
Khivi
What next?

Jason
I don’t know...you’ll need some kindling.

Khivi
We’ll need some what?

Jason
Kindling, like, really small sticks or leaves. Something that’ll catch with a lighter.

Khivi
Fine.

Khivi gathers some leaves and lays them on top of her pile.

Jason
Do you know what a shooting star made of?

Khivi
It’s like, small pieces of a meteor that burn up in our atmosphere, right?

Jason
I used to always think it was stars. Like, real stars. Dying hundreds and thousands of light-years ago. It really wasn’t even that long ago, that I thought that. I was still in high school. My mom told me that. Pretty sure she believed it too. She sounded so sincere when she said it. Then again, they were pretty convincing about Santa Claus. And their marriage.

Khivi
Parents can be pretty good liars.

beat

Jason
That kindling isn’t gonna light.

Khivi
What else do I need to do?

Jason
I doubt there’s anything you can do.
Khivi
Can’t we start a fire?

Jason
We’d need a Valentines Day Miracle.

Khivi starts rubbing two sticks together.

Jason
You can’t start it just because you want to.

Khivi keeps rubbing.

Jason
Whatever. Knock yourself out.

Khivi keeps rubbing.

Jason
Did you make a wish?

Khivi
Huh?

Jason
When you saw those shooting stars. Did you make a wish?

Khivi
Probably.

Jason
You don’t remember?

Khivi
I mean. It’s, like. A. Birthday.

Jason
It’s way more than just a stupid birthday wish.

Khivi
What?
Jason
Birthday wishes are bullshit. They never come true.

Khivi
Some do.

Jason
Only the things that were gonna happen anyway. Like, wishing that you were a high schooler when you are young.

Khivi
You take, a lot for granted.

Jason (unfazed)
Or learning how to drive. Owning a cat. Going to school. But the things you really want won’t ever just happen.

Khivi stops rubbing the sticks.

Khivi
Whatever. I guess we just won’t have a fire.

Jason
I’ve got a lighter right here.

Khivi
You’re the worst!

Jason
You never asked for it.

Khivi tries to light the kindling but the lighter is out of fluid.

Jason
Oh, dang. Guess I brought the wrong one.

Khivi goes back to rubbing the sticks.

Jason
Stop trying to light the fucking fire!
Khivi
What, you don’t want-
Jason
You know the other part to starting a fire is letting it breathe, giving it space! You have to help it out but you can’t blow it to pieces either!

Khivi
What?

Jason
Let me breathe! Just because it’s Valentines doesn’t mean we’re some star-crossed lovers or something. I’m just- not now. Okay? Not after- I’m sorry.

Khivi
You just. Well, you said you wanted to start a fire, and I was trying to help. I’m sorry that came across poorly.

Jason
I said wish. I wish I could start a fire.

Khivi
I didn’t mean to-Alright you know what, whatever. I’ll see you in the morning.

Khivi
You know, I didn’t really care about it being Valentines. It’s just a stupid holiday.

    Jason lays down, head buried in his pillow.

Khivi
But, I don’t know- Birthdays seem special. It’s the one day a year you know you can wish for something.

    Khivi sees a shooting star.

Khivi
Look! Jason, Jason look!-

    Jason stays facedown. It is gone.

Khivi
I wish, someday, you’ll let someone start a fire in you.