

PHINEAS

I can't explain it. Distracted? No, that's not right. Empty sort of, I suppose. It is a queer feeling. It's as if... When I was twelve, my father took me hunting for rabbit. I was so scared because I'd never killed anything before. Well, about a half hour in he spotted a trail run and some fresh scat. That's shit by the way. He told me to lay in the brush and not to move. My father said he would circle around and flush them out. Just after he left, a rabbit hopped up not ten feet from where I was hiding. I suppose that rabbit and I saw each other about the same time because we both just sorta froze. Him staring at me, me staring right back at him. And after a few seconds that rabbit just relaxed. My daddy said later it was because rabbits have tiny brains and just forgot that I was there. But I don't think so. I think that rabbit just knew it was all over for him. He was done for. And he wasn't scared anymore. I feel like that rabbit sometimes, I guess.

ELIZABETH

So you think you are going to die, Phineas?

PHINEAS

Oh, we are all going to die, Miss Hunt. I guess, by rights, I should be dead already. It doesn't bother me anymore, is all.