



## **TIME STANDS STILL** *by Donald Margulies*

### **JAMES:**

We don't have to do this anymore, you know. We don't have to do this. We can stay home. We can make a home. Y'know? The past few months? Teaching myself how to cook, watching Netflix ... while you napped, listening to you breathe ... I've been so ... happy. Y'know? Simple, boring, happy. For the first time in I don't know how long, I don't have giardia, or some nasty parasite I'm trying to get rid of ... And my back doesn't ache from sleeping on the ground, or on lousy mattresses in shitty hotels. I realized: Wow, this is what it must feel like to be comfortable. I don't think I've ever known that feeling; maybe as a boy I did, I felt safe, but I didn't know what it was. Now I know! I just want to be comfortable! There! I said it! Does that make me a bad person? I've been feeling like, we're going back there? Why? Unfinished business? Fuck unfinished business. I don't need to dodge bullets to feel alive anymore. Or step over mutilated corpses. Or watch children die. I want to watch children grow. And take vacations like other people. To ... I don't know, dude ranches Or Club Med. I don't want to be on a goddamn mission every time I get on a plane! I want to take our kids to Disney World and buy them all the crap they want. Let's just do it. We keep putting it off, and putting it off. We're pushing our luck already. Let's just go ahead and do it. Now. Not six months from now. There'll always be something, some reason to put our lives on hold. The war du jour. Well fuck it. It's our turn now. Let's stop running.