CHARLOTTE: (Quietly.) Go to sleep, Wilbur. Golo sleep little

SQ 4.2 30

(CHARLOTTE crosses back U and disappears behind the web. 50 590

The lights are low. WILBUR is sleeping, the NARRATOR enters,
and noises of thunder, lightning, and rain are heard. The lights

come up slowly as WILBUR stirs.)

WILBUR: Oh, no. morning already. And it's raining. In my 50. 6 + LQ 318 go dreams I had made suck grand plans for today. Let's see.

EVAN: Six-thirty.

WILBUR: Breakfast.