

ALMOST, MAINE

PROLOGUE

Music. (Julian Fleisher's original score is highly recommended.) It is a cold Friday night in the middle of winter in a small, mythical town in northern Maine called Almost, Maine. A field of stars — a clear, cold, moonless northern night sky — serves as the backdrop for the entire play. Lights up on Pete and Ginette sitting on a bench in Pete's yard, looking at the stars. They are not sitting close to each other at all. Pete is sitting on the stage right end of the bench; Ginette, on the stage left end of the bench. Music fades. Long beat of Pete and Ginette looking at the stars. Ginette keeps stealing glances at Pete.

GINETTE. Pete, I — ... *(Beat. She's about to say, "I love you.")*
PETE. What?
GINETTE. *(She can't quite do it.)* I just — am having a nice time, Pete.
PETE. I'm glad, Ginette.
GINETTE. I always do with you.
PETE. I'm glad. *(Pete and Ginette enjoy this moment together. There's nothing else to say, so ... back to the sky.)*
GINETTE. *(Still can't say what she really wants to say.)* And the stars are just — ! I didn't know you knew all that stuff! // After all this time, I didn't know you knew all that!
PETE. Well, it's not — ... It's just stuff my dad taught me ... *(Beat. There's nothing else to say, so ... back to the stars. Beat. Ginette turns to Pete.)*
GINETTE. Pete — ...
PETE. *(Turning to Ginette.)* Yeah?
GINETTE. I love you. *(Beat. Pete just stares at Ginette. Beat. Pete looks away from Ginette. Beat. And does not respond. Beat. Ginette*

Side 1



takes in Pete's reaction; deflates; then looks away from him, trying to figure out what has happened. We now have two very uncomfortable people. Pete is dealing with what Ginette has just said to him; Ginette is dealing with Pete's response — or lack thereof — to what she has just said. Big ... long ... pause. Finally, there's nothing else for Pete to say but the truth, which is:

PETE. I ... love you, too.

GINETTE. Oh!!! (Huge relief! Pete and Ginette feel JOY! Ginette shivers — a happy kind of shiver.)

PETE. Oh, are you cold? // Wanna go inside?

GINETTE. No, no. No. I just wanna sit. Like this. Close. (Pete and Ginette shouldn't be close to each other at all — but for them, it's close.) I feel so close to you tonight. It's nice to be close to you, Pete. (She gets closer to him. Beat.) It's safe. (She gets closer to him again. Beat.) I like being close. Like this. I mean, I can think of other ... ways ... of being close to you (I.e., sex, and they enjoy this sweetly, truly — Pete probably can't believe she brought this up, but he's probably very happy that she did!) but that's not — ... I like this right now. This kind of close. Right next to you. (She gets even closer to him; leans right up against him. Beat.) You know, right now, I think I'm about as close to you as I can possibly be. (She is very content.)

PETE. (Beat. Honestly discovering.) Well ... not really.

GINETTE. What?

PETE. (He is simply and truly figuring this out.) Not really. I mean, if you think about it in a different way, you're not really close to me at all. You're really actually about as far away from me as you can possibly be. I mean, if you think about it, technically — if you're assuming the world is round, like a ball, (Gathering snow to make a snowball for use as a visual. This works pretty well when little drifts of snow are attached to the bench, with the snowball resting among the drifts.) like a snowball, the farthest away you can be from somebody is if you're sitting right next to them. See, if I'm here (Points out a place on the snowball that represents him.), and you're here (Points out a place on the snowball that represents her, and it's right next to him — practically the same place he just pointed to.), then ... (Pete now demonstrates that if you go around the world the OTHER way — all the way around the world the OTHER way, equatorially [not pole to pole] — that he and Ginette are actually as far away from each other as they can possibly be. Little beat.) ... that's far.

GINETTE. (Takes this in. What on earth does he mean?) Yeah. (Beat. Disheartened, Ginette moves away from Pete — all the way to

the other end of the bench. She doesn't feel like being "close" anymore.)
PETE. (Takes this in: His "interesting thought" seems to have moved the evening's proceedings in a direction he didn't intend. Then, trying to save the evening, hopeful:) But ... now you're closer. (Because she actually is closer, the way he just described it.)

GINETTE. (Puzzled.) Yeah. (Perhaps hurt, she gets up and starts to leave. What else is there to do? After she takes barely a step or two, Pete stops her with:)

PETE. And closer ... (Ginette stops. She turns and looks at Pete, then turns back and starts to leave, but, as she takes another step away from him, Pete again interrupts her step with:) And closer ... (Ginette stops again. She turns and looks at Pete, then turns back and starts to leave again, but, as she does so, Pete stops her with:) And closer ... (Ginette stops again; looks at Pete again; turns ... and takes another step ... and another and another and another and another. With each step she takes, Pete says, "... and closer and closer and closer and closer ..." When she is just about to exit, Ginette stops. She is trying to figure out what's going on, what Pete is saying. She looks at Pete; she looks off left; looks at Pete again; looks off left again; and then leaves, taking step after step. With every single step she takes, Pete calls to her, telling her, with great hope, that she's "... closer and closer and closer and closer ..." until, eventually, Ginette is gone, exiting stage left, with Pete still calling, "... and closer," with every single step she takes. Unfortunately, with every step she takes, Ginette is getting farther and farther away from Pete. This is not necessarily what Pete intended, and his "closer's" trail off. Music. Lights fade on a sad, confused, helpless Pete. He looks at his snowball. What has he done? And we begin ...

Side 1

Immediately after hugging the man, the woman resumes looking intently for the northern lights. Beat. Then, realizing she doesn't have her bag:)

Oh, my gosh! (Realizing that the man has her bag.) I need that!

MAN. Oh. Here. (He gives it back.)

WOMAN. Thank you. (The woman resumes looking to the sky.)

MAN. Sure. (Beat.) Okay — . Okay ... (Beat.) So you're just lookin' for a place to see the northern lights from?

WOMAN. Yeah. Just tonight.

MAN. Well, you know, you might not see 'em tonight, 'cause // you never really know if —

WOMAN. Oh, no. I'll see them. Because I'm in a good place: Your latitude is good. And this is the right time: Solar activity is at an eleven-year peak. Everything's in order. And, boy, you have good sky for it. (Taking in the sky.) There's lots of sky here.

MAN. Used to be a potato farm.

WOMAN. I was gonna say — no trees in the way. And it's flat! Makes for a big sky! (Beat.) So — you're a farmer?

MAN. No. Used to be a farm. I'm a repairman.

WOMAN. Oh.

MAN. Fix things.

WOMAN. Oh. (Laughs.)

MAN. What?

WOMAN. You're not a lobster man.

MAN. No ...

WOMAN. I guess I thought that everyone from Maine was a lobster man and talked in that funny ... way like they do in Maine, and you don't talk that way ...

MAN. Nope. You're not Down East. You're up north. And this is how we talk up north, pretty much.

WOMAN. Oh.

MAN. Plus, ocean's a couple hundred miles away. Be an awful long ride to work if I was a lobsterman.

WOMAN. (Enjoying him.) Yeah. Well, anyway, thank you. Thank you for letting me stay. I've had a bad enough time of things lately not to be given a bad time here — (The man, inexplicably drawn to her, kisses the woman. When they break, the bag has exchanged clutches imperceptibly — the man has it. And now we have two stunned people.)

MAN. Oh ...

WOMAN. (Trying to figure out what just happened.) Um ...

MAN. Oh.

WOMAN. Um ...

MAN. Oh, boy.

WOMAN. Um ...

MAN. I'm sorry. I just — ... I think I love you.

WOMAN. Really.

MAN. (Perplexed.) Yeah. I saw you from my window and ... I love you.

WOMAN. Well ... — that's very nice — ... but there's something I think you should know: I'm not here for that.

MAN. Oh, no! I didn't think you were!

WOMAN. I'm here to pay my respects. To my husband.

MAN. Oh —

WOMAN. Yeah: My husband. Wes. I just wanted to say goodbye to him, 'cause he died recently. On Tuesday, actually. And, see, the northern lights — did you know this? — the northern lights are really the torches that the recently departed carry with them so they can find their way to heaven, and, see, it takes three days for a soul to make its way home, to heaven, and this is Friday! This is the third day, so, you see, I will see them, the northern lights, because they're him: He'll be carrying one of the torches. And, see, I didn't leave things well with him, so I was just hoping I could come here and say goodbye to him and not be bothered, but what you did there just a second ago, that bothered me, I think, and I'm not here for that, so maybe I should go // and find another yard —

MAN. No! No! I'm sorry if I — ... if I've behaved in a way that I shouldn't have —

WOMAN. (Leaving.) No //, I think —

MAN. No! I really don't know what happened.

WOMAN. Well, I do, I know what happened!

MAN. I'm not the kind of person who does things like that. Please. Don't go. Just — do what you need to do. I won't bother you. Maybe just ... consider what I did a very warm Maine welcome.

WOMAN. (Stopping; charmed.) All right. All right. (Beat.) I'm — . My name's Glory.

MAN. I'm East. For Easton. It's the name of the town — little ways that way — where I was born. Mess-up on the birth certificate ... "a son, Easton, born on this sixth day of January, [insert appropriate year] in the town of Matthew, Maine" ... instead of the other way around ...

GLORY. (Amused.) Aw, I'm sorry ... >

EAST. Naw ...

GLORY. so, (Referring to the place.) Easton, >

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EAST. Yeah —
 GLORY. yeah! I passed through near there on my way here, and, by the way, (*Scanning the horizon.*) where is “here,” where am I? I couldn’t find it on my map.
 EAST. Um ... Almost.
 GLORY. What?
 EAST. You’re in unorganized territory. Township Thirteen, Range Seven. (*Glory checks her map.*) It’s not gonna be on your map, cause it’s not an actual town, technically.
 GLORY. What // do you mean —
 EAST. See, to be a town, you gotta get organized. And we never got around to gettin’ organized, so ... we’re just Almost.
 GLORY. Oh ... (*They enjoy this. Beat. Glory now deals with the fact that she is missing her bag. She was clutching it to her chest, and now it’s gone. This should upset her so much that it seems like it affects her breathing.*) Oh! Oh!
 EAST. What? What’s wrong?
 GLORY. (*Seeming to be having trouble breathing.*) My heart!
 EAST. What? Are you // okay?
 GLORY. My heart! (*Seeing that he has her bag; pointing to the bag.*)
 EAST. What?
 GLORY. You have my heart!
 EAST. I — ?
 GLORY. In that bag, it’s in that bag! >
 EAST. Oh.
 GLORY. Please give it back, // please! It’s my heart. I need it. Please!
 EAST. Okay, okay, okay. (*He gives her the bag.*)
 GLORY. Thank you. (*Her breathing normalizes.*)
 EAST. You’re welcome. (*A long beat while East considers what he has just heard.*) I’m sorry, did you just say that ... your heart is in that bag?, is that what you just said?, that // your heart — ...?
 GLORY. Yes.
 EAST. (*Considers.*) It’s heavy.
 GLORY. Yes.
 EAST. (*Beat.*) Why is it in that bag?
 GLORY. It’s how I carry it around.
 EAST. Why?
 GLORY. It’s broken.
 EAST. What happened?
 GLORY. Wes broke it.

EAST. Your husband?
 GLORY. Yeah. He went away.
 EAST. Oh.
 GLORY. With someone else.
 EAST. Oh, I’m sorry.
 GLORY. Yeah. And when he did that, I felt like my heart would break. And that’s exactly what happened. It broke: hardened up and cracked in two. Hurt so bad, I had to go to the hospital, and when I got there, they told me they were gonna have to take it out. And when they took it out, they dropped it on the floor and it broke into nineteen pieces. Slate. (*Gently shakes the bag, which should be filled with small [a heart is the size of its owner’s fist] pieces of slate — they make a great sound when shaken.*) It turned to slate. (*Beat. She looks back up at the sky.*)
 EAST. (*Takes this in. Beat. His only response to what she has just told him is:*) Great for roofing. (*Glory just looks at East. Beat. Then:*) Wait a second, how do you breathe? If your heart is in that bag, how are you alive?
 GLORY. (*Indicating the heart that’s now in her chest.*) Artificial ...
 EAST. Really.
 GLORY. Yeah. ‘Cause my real one’s broken.
 EAST. Then — why do you carry it around with you?
 GLORY. It’s my heart.
 EAST. But it’s broken.
 GLORY. Yeah.
 EAST. ‘Cause your husband left you.
 GLORY. Yeah.
 EAST. Well, why are you paying your respects to him if he left you?
 GLORY. Because that’s what you do when a person dies, you pay them respects —
 EAST. But he left you, >
 GLORY. Yeah, but —
 EAST. and it seems to me that a man who leaves somebody doesn’t deserve any respects.
 GLORY. (*Deflecting.*) Well, I just didn’t leave things well with him, >
 EAST. (*Pressing.*) What do you mean? —
 GLORY. and I need to apologize to him.
 EAST. But he left you! >
 GLORY. I know, but I —

JIMMY. I'm good, I'm good! How are ya!?

SANDRINE. I'm good, doin' good, great! How are you?

JIMMY. Great, great! How are ya?

SANDRINE. Great, // great!

JIMMY. Oh, that's great!

SANDRINE. Yeah!

JIMMY. That's great!

SANDRINE. Yeah!

JIMMY. That's great!

SANDRINE. Yeah.

JIMMY. That's great!

SANDRINE. Yeah.

JIMMY. You look great!

SANDRINE. Oh ...

JIMMY. You look great.

SANDRINE. Thanks.

JIMMY. You do. You look so great.

SANDRINE. Thanks, Jimmy.

JIMMY. So pretty. So pretty.

SANDRINE. Thanks. *(Beat.)*

JIMMY. Here, have a seat.

SANDRINE. Oh, Jimmy, I can't —

JIMMY. Aw, come on, I haven't seen you in ... well, *months* ...

SANDRINE. Yeah.

JIMMY. ... and months and months and months and months and months and months and *months*, how does that happen? Live in the same town as someone and never see 'em? >

SANDRINE. I don't know ...

JIMMY. I mean, I haven't seen you since that night before that morning when I woke up and you were just gone.

SANDRINE. Yeah, I —

WAITRESS. *(Entering.)* Look at you two, tucked away in the corner over here. Lucky I found ya! *(Referring to Jimmy's couple of Buds.)* Is the man and his lovely lady ready for another round?

JIMMY/SANDRINE. Well — / No! We're not together.

JIMMY/SANDRINE. We'll — / We're all set, thanks.

JIMMY/SANDRINE. Yeah — / All set!

JIMMY. Yeah.

WAITRESS. Okay. Well, holler if you need anything.

SANDRINE. Thanks.

WAITRESS. No really — you gotta holler. It's busy up front! *(She*

exits.)

SANDRINE. Okay.

JIMMY. *(Fishing.)* So ... You here with anybody, or —

SANDRINE. Yeah, the girls.

JIMMY. Oh.

SANDRINE. We're, uh — ... *(Covering.)* Girls' night! We're in the front. Actually, I just had to use the ladies' room, so I should get back to // them.

JIMMY: Aw, but I haven't seen ya! They'll survive without ya for a minute or two! So, what's been — here *(Offering her a seat.)* — what's been goin' on, whatcha been up to? >

SANDRINE. *(Giving in, sitting.)* Well —

JIMMY. Did you know that I took over Dad's business?

SANDRINE. Yeah, that's great ...

JIMMY. I run it now, >

SANDRINE. I heard that.

JIMMY. I'm runnin' it, >

SANDRINE. Heard that.

JIMMY. runnin' the business, >

SANDRINE. Congratula>

JIMMY. runnin' the whole show, >

SANDRINE. tions, good for you, good for you.

JIMMY. the whole shebang, thanks, yeah. We still do heating and cooling, >

SANDRINE. Yeah?

JIMMY. and we've expanded, too, we do rugs now, we shampoo 'em.

SANDRINE. Oh.

JIMMY. It's a lotta work. A lotta work. I'm on call a lot: weekends, holidays, you name it, 'cause, you know, your heat goes, people die, it's serious.

SANDRINE. Yeah.

JIMMY. Yeah. Like, I do Thanksgivin', Christmas, 'cause I let the guys who work for me, like, East helps with repairs sometimes, I let 'em have the day off so they can be with their families since I'm all alone this year.

SANDRINE. Oh.

JIMMY. Yeah. *(Driving the point home.)* I really don't have anybody anymore, really. My brother and sister got canned, so they left town, and >

SANDRINE. Right —

Side

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JIMMY. Mom and Dad retired, headed south.

SANDRINE. Yeah, I heard that.

JIMMY. Vermont.

SANDRINE. Oh.

JIMMY. Yeah, winters there are a lot easier. And then Spot went and died on me ...

SANDRINE. Oh, Jimmy, I didn't know that ...

JIMMY. Yeah. He was old, it was his time, he was a good fish though, but, so, like I said, I really don't have anybody anymore, really ... but, so, um, I was wonderin' — would you like to come over? It'd be fun! Catch up, hang out?

SANDRINE. Oh —

WAITRESS. *(Entering.)* And I forgot to tell ya — don't forget: Friday night special at The Moose Paddy: Drink free if you're sad. So, if you're sad, or if you two little lovebirds are ready for another coupla Buds or somethin', you just let me know, all right?

SANDRINE. No, we're —

JIMMY. Okay.

WAITRESS. Okay. *(She exits.)*

SANDRINE. *(To waitress.)* Okay. *(Beat.)*

JIMMY. So whatta you say? Wanna come on over, for fun —

SANDRINE. No, Jimmy, I can't. I can't. *(Getting up to leave.)* I really gotta get back with the girls.

JIMMY. Naw —

SANDRINE. *(Forceful, but kind.)* Yeah, Jimmy, yeah. I gotta. 'Cause, see ... oh, gosh, I've been meanin' to tell you this for a while: There's a guy, Jimmy. I've got a guy.

JIMMY. *(Huge blow. But he's tough.)* Oh.

SANDRINE. Yeah.

JIMMY. Well ... good for you. Gettin' yourself out there again.

SANDRINE. Yeah.

JIMMY. Movin' on ...

SANDRINE. Yeah, well, actually, Jimmy, it's more than me just gettin' myself out there and movin' on. Um ... this is my ... bachelorette party. *(Beat. Then, off his blank look:)* I'm gettin' married.

JIMMY. *(Huger blow.)* Oh.

SANDRINE. Yeah.

JIMMY. Wow.

SANDRINE. Yeah.

JIMMY. Wow.

SANDRINE. Yeah.

JIMMY. Wow.

SANDRINE. Yeah.

JIMMY. Wow. That's — ... Thought you said you weren't gonna do that. Get married. Thought it wasn't for you, you told me. *(Beat.)* Guess it just wasn't for you with me. *(Beat.)* So, who's ... who's the lucky guy?

SANDRINE. Martin Laferriere. *(Say, "la-FAIRY-AIR.")* You know him? The uh —

JIMMY. The ranger guy, over in Ashland.

SANDRINE. Yeah, yeah, yeah!

JIMMY. Wow.

SANDRINE. Yeah.

JIMMY. He's a legend. Legendary. I mean, if you're lost on a mountain in Maine, he's the guy you want lookin' for you.

SANDRINE. Yeah.

JIMMY. I mean, if you're lost out there in this big bad northern world, Martin Laferriere's the guy you want to have go out there and find you.

SANDRINE. Yeah.

JIMMY. And he ... found you.

SANDRINE. Yeah. I'm sorry I never told you — I actually thought you woulda known, I thought you would have heard ...

JIMMY. How would I have heard?

SANDRINE. Well, you know ... people talk.

JIMMY. Not about things they know you don't wanna hear, they don't. And I gotta be honest ... that's not somethin' I woulda wanted to hear ... *(Beat.)* So ... when's the big event?

SANDRINE. Um ... tomorrow!

JIMMY. Really.

SANDRINE. Yup!

JIMMY. Well then ... *(Jimmy downs his Bud, and then raises his arm, to get the waitress' attention. As he does so, his unbuttoned sleeve slides up his arm a little. He hollers:)* HEY!

SANDRINE. *(Not wanting Jimmy to draw attention to them.)* What are you doin'?

JIMMY. *(Going towards the front.)* Gettin' our waitress, she said holler, *(Calling to waitress.)* HEY! *(To Sandrine.)* What's her name?

SANDRINE. I don't know, she's new // here.

JIMMY. *(To waitress.)* HEY!

SANDRINE. What are you doin'?

JIMMY. We gotta celebrate! You got found! And you deserve it!

He's quite a guy.

SANDRINE. Aw, Jimmy.

JIMMY. And so are you.

SANDRINE. *(That was the nicest thing a guy like Jimmy could say to a girl.)* Jimmy ...

JIMMY. *(Arm raised, hollering to waitress.)* HEY!

SANDRINE. *(Protesting.)* Jimmy! *(Then, noticing a black marking on Jimmy's arm.)* Jimmy!-whoa-hey! What's that?

JIMMY. *(To Sandrine.)* What?

SANDRINE. That. *(Referring to the black marking on his arm.)*

JIMMY. *(Covering the mark, using his other arm to wave down the waitress; to Sandrine.)* Oh, nothin', tattoo, *(To waitress.)* HEY!

SANDRINE. What!?!?

JIMMY. *(To Sandrine.)* Tattoo. *(To waitress.)* HEY!

SANDRINE. *(Intrigued.)* What — When did you get that?

JIMMY. *(To Sandrine.)* Um ... After you left, *(To waitress.)* HEY!

SANDRINE. *(Intrigued, going for his arm.)* Jimmy! Well — what's it of, what's it say?

JIMMY. *(To Sandrine.)* Nothin', nothin', *(To waitress.)* hey-hey-HEY! *(Sandrine grabs his arm.)* N-no!

SANDRINE. *(She rolls up his sleeve and takes a beat as she reads, on the inside of his forearm, in big, bold letters:)* "Villian." *(Rhymes with "fillian.")*

JIMMY. Villain.

SANDRINE. Who's Villian?

JIMMY. Villain. It's supposed to say, "Villain."

SANDRINE. What?

JIMMY. It's supposed to say, "Villain."

SANDRINE. Well, it doesn't say, "Villain." It says, "Villian."

JIMMY. I know, I spelled it wrong — >

SANDRINE. What!?!?

JIMMY. They spelled it wrong. It says, "Villian," but it's supposed to say, "Villain."

SANDRINE. Well, why is it supposed to say, "Villain"? Why would you want a tattoo that says, "Villain"?

JIMMY. 'Cause ...

SANDRINE. 'Cause why?

JIMMY. Just 'cause.

SANDRINE. Just 'cause why?

JIMMY. Just 'cause ... when a guy's got a girl like you ... Well, I just think that losin' a girl like you, drivin' a girl like you away ... >

SANDRINE. Jimmy, you didn't drive me away —

JIMMY. is just plain criminal. It's criminal. It's *villainy!* And it should be punished! So I punished myself. I marked myself a villain. So girls would stay away. So I'd never have to go through ... what I went through with you. Again. Can I kiss you?

SANDRINE. *(Not mean.)* No. *(Beat. She kisses Jimmy on the cheek. Beat. Then, referring to his tattoo:)* You can get that undone, you know.

JIMMY. Yeah. *(Beat.)*

SANDRINE. I gotta head. *(She goes.)*

JIMMY. Yeah. *(Then, stopping Sandrine.)* I'm — . *(Sandrine stops, turns to Jimmy. Beat.)* I'm glad you got found.

SANDRINE. Thanks, Jimmy. *(Sandrine goes back to her bachelorette party — and she is welcomed back heartily. We hear this. Jimmy hears this. He is alone, sad, and stuck there. Maybe he gets his coat off his chair. Time to go home. Alone. As usual. Beat.)*

WAITRESS. *(Entering.)* Hey! Sorry! You were wavin' me down. I saw you, but it's so busy in the front! There's this bachelorette party: those girls! Good thing it's not, "Drink free if you're glad," 'cause those girls are wicked glad. Gosh — had to fight my way through to find you, but I did it! I found ya! So: What'd ya need, what can I do ya for? Another Bud?

JIMMY. Um ... *(He's sad, looking off to where Sandrine went.)*

WAITRESS. *(Looks off to where Sandrine went ... sees the empty chair ... puts the pieces together.)* Oh, pal ... Um ... Um ... Well, remember, like I said, Moose Paddy special: Drinks are free if you're sad. Okay? Just tell me you're sad, and you'll drink free. *(Beat.)* Just say the word. Let me know. 'Cause I know from sad, and you're lookin' pretty sad. *(No response from Jimmy. He's just sad.)* Okay. Well, my name's Villian, if you need anything. *(Note to actress playing Villian: The next line may be used if you feel you need it for clarity. It's just a backup, in case you feel the first mention of your name isn't heard, or if the audience is slow to catch on. Use it if you need it; don't if you don't — up to you!)* Just ask for Villian. *(She goes.)*

JIMMY. *(Beat. Her name registers. He calls to her.)* Villian!?!?

VILLIAN. *(She stops.)* Yeah?

JIMMY. Hi.

VILLIAN. Hi ...

JIMMY. I'm not sad. I just would like another Bud.

VILLIAN. All right! *(She goes.)*

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JIMMY. Villian!!

VILLIAN. *(Stopping.)* Yeah?!

JIMMY. I'm glad you found me.

VILLIAN. Aw ... *(Leaving, to herself:)* "I'm glad you found me," that's adorable ... *(Music. Looks like Jimmy might stay. Maybe he's a little glad. He sits back down, maybe deals with his tattooed forearm in some way. Lights fade. Transitional aurora. End of "Sad and Glad." After the lights have faded and "Sad and Glad" is over, we begin Scene Three, which is entitled ...*

THIS HURTS

Music fades. Lights come up on a woman finishing up ironing a man's clothes, in the laundry room of Ma Dudley's Boarding House in Almost, Maine. A man is sitting on a bench. The woman starts folding the man's shirt she was ironing, but thinks better of it, and instead, deliberately crumples it, and throws it into her laundry basket. She picks up the iron, wraps the cord around it, preparing to put it away. As she does so, she burns herself on it.

WOMAN. Ow! Dammit! *(The man takes note of this and writes "iron" in a homemade book labeled "Things That Can Hurt You." Meanwhile, the woman has exited to return the iron to its proper place. She returns to deal with the ironing board, which also must be returned to its proper place — the same place she just brought the iron. After folding up the ironing board, she turns to exit and accidentally wallops the man in the head with the ironing board, knocking him off the bench he was sitting on.)* Oh, no! I'm sorry! I'm sorry! Oh ... I didn't see you, are you okay?!

MAN. *(Unfazed.)* Yeah.

WOMAN. No you're not!! I smashed you with the ironing board, I wasn't even looking! Are you hurt?

MAN. No.

WOMAN. Oh, you must be!! I just *smashed* you! Where did I get you?

MAN. In the head.

WOMAN. In the head?! Oh, *(Going to him.)* come here, are you okay?

MAN. Is there any blood?

WOMAN. No.

MAN. Any discoloration?

WOMAN. No.

MAN. Then I'm okay.

WOMAN. Well, I'm gonna go get you some ice.

MAN. No. I can't feel things like that.

WOMAN. Like what?

MAN. Like when I get smashed in the head with an ironing board. I don't get hurt.

WOMAN. What?

MAN. I can't feel pain.

WOMAN. Oh, Jeezum Crow *(Say, "JEE-zum CROW" — it's a euphemism.)*, what the hell have I done to you? >

MAN. Nothin' —

WOMAN. You're talkin' loopy, listen to you, goin' on about not being able to feel pain, that's delusional, I've knocked the sense right outta ya!

MAN. No, I'm okay.

WOMAN. Shh! Listen: I was gonna be a nurse, so I know: You're hurt. You just took a good shot right to the head, and that's serious.

MAN. No, it's not serious. I don't think an ironing board could really hurt your head, 'cause, see, *(Forcing his "Things That Can Hurt You" book on her.)* ironing boards aren't on my list of things that can hurt you, >

WOMAN. *(Dealing with his book.)* What is — ?

MAN. plus, there's no blood or discoloration from where I got hit, so... >

WOMAN. Well, you can be hurt and not be bleeding or bruised —

MAN. And my list is pretty reliable, 'cause my brother Paul is helping me make it, and I can prove it to you: See, I bet if I took this ironing board, like this, and hit you with it, that it wouldn't hurt you *(He smashes her in the head with the ironing board.)*, see?, // that didn't hurt.

WOMAN. OW!! *(Scrambling to get away from him.)*

MAN. Oh!

WOMAN. Ow! What the hell was that?! // Why did you do that?

MAN. Oh! I'm sorry. // Did that hurt?

WOMAN. God!

— are you sure?

MAN. Well, is there any blood?

WOMAN. No.

MAN. Any discoloration?

WOMAN. No.

MAN. Then I'm okay.

WOMAN. Well, buddy, you can be hurt and not even look like it.

MAN. But —

WOMAN. Trust me. There are things that hurt you that make you bruised and bloody and there are things that hurt you that don't make you bruised and bloody and ... they all hurt. *(Beat. Then, giving him back the book labeled "Things That Can Hurt You".)* I'm Marvalyn.

MAN. I'm Steve. I live on the third floor. Room Eleven.

MARVALYN. *(Deflecting.)* I live with my boyfriend, Eric. I love him very much.

STEVE. Yeah. We saw you move in.

MARVALYN. Yeah. Our roof collapsed from all the snow in December. We're just here until we can get our feet back on the ground.

STEVE. Oh. Well, that's good, 'cause that's what Ma Dudley says her boarding house is. A place where people can live until they get their feet back on the ground. My brother Paul says we've been trying to get our feet back on the ground our whole lives.

MARVALYN. Oh.

STEVE. Yeah, it takes some people longer to do that than others.

MARVALYN. Yeah. *(Beat.)*

STEVE. You guys are loud.

MARVALYN. Huh?

STEVE. You and Eric. You yell and bang. We're right below you.

MARVALYN. Oh. Sorry about that. We're goin' through a rough patch. Happens. Sorry. *(Beat. Then, changing the subject.)* What is it like?

STEVE. What?

MARVALYN. To not feel pain.

STEVE. I don't know. I don't know what it's like to hurt, so ... I don't know. I don't really feel.

MARVALYN. Is this ... how you were born?

STEVE. Yeah. I don't have fully developed pain sensors. They're immature, my brother Paul says //, and because they're immature —

MARVALYN. How does he know that?

STEVE. Oh, he *reads*, >

MARVALYN. But —

STEVE. and because they're immature, my development as a human being has been retarded, he says, >

MARVALYN. But —

STEVE. but he *teaches* me what hurts, though.

MARVALYN. Why??

STEVE. So I won't ruin myself. I have to know what hurts, so I know when to be afraid. See, my mind can't tell me when to be afraid, 'cause my body doesn't know what being hurt is, so I have to memorize what might hurt.

MARVALYN. Okay ...

STEVE. And I have to memorize what to be afraid of. *(Showing her, in his book.)* Things like bears. And guns and knives. And fire. And fear — I should fear fear itself — and pretty girls ...

MARVALYN. Pretty girls?

STEVE. *(He thinks she's pretty.)* Yeah.

MARVALYN. Why should you be afraid of pretty girls?

STEVE. Well, 'cause my brother Paul says they can hurt you 'cause they make you love them, and that's something I'm supposed to be afraid of, too — love — but Paul says that I'm really lucky, 'cause I'll probably never have to deal with love, because I have a lot of deficiencies and not very many capacities as a result of the congenital analgesia.

MARVALYN. Wait, what do you mean you're never gonna have to deal with love //, why —

STEVE. 'Cause I'm never gonna know what it feels like, Paul says.

MARVALYN. Well, how does he know that?

STEVE. 'Cause it hurts.

MARVALYN. It shouldn't.

STEVE. And, plus, I have a lot of deficiencies and not very many capacities.

MARVALYN. You know what, a lot of people do. *(She kisses him. At first it's just Marvalyn kissing Steve, but, eventually, Steve participates. Then Marvalyn breaks away.)* I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. Are you all right? Are you okay?

STEVE. *(Doesn't quite know how to respond. He hasn't learned about this. Then, maybe feeling his lips, and resorting to his usual way of answering this question.)* Well ... is there any blood?

MARVALYN. No ...

STEVE. Any discoloration?

MARVALYN. No.

STEVE. Then I'm all right. *(Is he?)*

MARVALYN. Yeah. You are. *(Beat.)* I'm so sorry I did that. It's just — ... You're just very sweet.

STEVE. *(Trying to make sense of what just happened.)* But ... you have a boyfriend and you love him very much.

MARVALYN. *(She begins gathering her stuff.)* Yes I do. And yes I do.

STEVE. And you just kissed me.

MARVALYN. Yes I did.

STEVE. And it's Friday night and you're doing your laundry.

MARVALYN. Yes I am.

STEVE. And people who are in love with each other, they don't kiss other people and do their laundry on Friday nights, I've learned that. People who are in love with each other, they go to The Moose Paddy on Friday nights, or they go dancing together, or they go skating. And they kiss each other. They don't kiss other people — you know what? I don't think that's love, // what you and your boyfriend have —

MARVALYN. *(Deflecting, preparing to leave.)* I've been down here longer than I said I would be and he doesn't like that.

STEVE. Who?

MARVALYN. My boyfriend.

STEVE. Who you love very much.

MARVALYN. Yes.

STEVE. Even though you kissed me?

MARVALYN. Yes.

STEVE. Wow, I'm going to have to talk to my brother Paul about this —

MARVALYN. No! Don't talk to your brother Paul about this! Tell him to stop teaching you.

STEVE. What?

MARVALYN. Whatever he's teaching you. Tell him to stop. What he's teaching you ... isn't something you wanna know.

STEVE. But I have to learn from him —

MARVALYN. Look: I was gonna be a nurse, so I know: You need to go to a doctor, and not have your brother read whatever it is he reads.

STEVE. But —

MARVALYN. You know what, I gotta go.

STEVE. *(Sits down on the bench.)* Right. You gotta go. You're —

you're leaving. I knew you would. That's what people do.

MARVALYN. No, I just have to — . I told you, Eric // doesn't like it if —

STEVE. Your boyfriend?

MARVALYN. Yeah, he doesn't like it if I'm down here longer than I said I'd be, and I've been down here longer than I said I'd be — *(On this line, Marvalyn picks up the ironing board. Then, as she goes to put it away, she accidentally swings it around and hits Steve in the head, just as she did at the beginning of the scene. Steve gets knocked off the bench.)*

STEVE. OW!

MARVALYN. Oh! I'm so sorry!

STEVE. OW!

MARVALYN. I'm so sorry!, are you all right? I can't believe I just did that to you again!

STEVE. OW!!

MARVALYN. *(She goes to help him; stops short.)* Wait — : What did you just say?

STEVE. *(As he rubs his head, he realizes what he just said. Beat. He looks at Marvalyn, tells her plainly.)* Ow. *(Music. Marvalyn and Steve just look at each other. Utter uncertainty. This is scary. And wonderful. But mostly a little scary — because who knows what's next. Lights fade. Transitional aurora. End of "This Hurts." After the lights have faded and "This Hurts" is over, we begin Scene Four, which is entitled ...*

GETTING IT BACK

Music fades. We hear someone — Gayle — pounding on a door.

GAYLE. Lendall! *(More pounding.)* Lendall! *(More pounding.)* Lendall! *(Lights up on the living room of a small home in Almost, Maine. It is furnished with a comfortable chair and an end table. Lendall has been woken up. Maybe he was asleep in bed; maybe he was asleep in the chair. Either way, he's up now. He turns on the light, and goes to answer the door. Gayle continues to pound on the door.)*

LENDALL. Okay! Gayle! Shhh! I'm comin', I'm comin'!

GAYLE. Lendall!

LENDALL. Hey, hey, hey! Shh, come on, I'm comin'! *(Lendall*

exits stage left to answer the door.

GAYLE. *(Entering; blowing by him.)* Lendall —

LENDALL. *(Returning.)* What's the matter?, what's goin' on?

(Beat. Gayle is stewing.) What?

GAYLE. *(She's been in a bit of a state, but she collects herself.)* I want it back.

LENDALL. What?

GAYLE. I want it back.

LENDALL. What?

GAYLE. All the love I gave to you?, I want it back.

LENDALL. What?

GAYLE. Now.

LENDALL. *(Little beat.)* I don't understand —

GAYLE. I've got yours in the car.

LENDALL. What?

GAYLE. All the love you gave to me?, I've got it in the car.

LENDALL. What are you talkin' about?

GAYLE. I don't want it anymore.

LENDALL. Why?

GAYLE. I've made a decision: We're done.

LENDALL. What?! —

GAYLE. We're done. I've decided. And, so, I've brought all the love you gave to me back to you. It's the right thing to do.

LENDALL. *(Bewildered.)* Um, I —

GAYLE. It's in the car.

LENDALL. You said. *(Beat. He's kind of paralyzed trying to figure this out.)*

GAYLE. *(Waiting for him to take some action and go get the love.)* I can get it for you, or ... you can get it.

LENDALL. Well, I don't want it back. I don't need it —

GAYLE. Well, I don't want it! What am I supposed to do with all of it, now that I don't want it?

LENDALL. Well, I don't know ...

GAYLE. Well, under the circumstances //, it doesn't seem right for me to keep it, so I'm gonna give it back. *(She leaves.)*

LENDALL. Under what circumstances? *(Calling to her.)* Gayle — what are — ? I don't understand what — ... What are you doing?

GAYLE. *(From off.)* I told you. I'm getting all the love you gave to me, and I'm giving it back to you.

LENDALL. *(Calling to her.)* Well, I'm not sure I want it — whoa! Need help?

GAYLE. Nope. I got it. It's not heavy. *(She returns with an ENORMOUS bunch of HUGE red bags full of love. The bags should be filled with clothes or towels [for a little bit of weight and stability] and foam or pillow stuffing [for shape, and to keep them soundless]. She dumps the bags on the floor.)* Here you go.

LENDALL. *(Truly puzzled, referring to the bags of love.)* And this is ... ?

GAYLE. *(Exiting.)* All the love you gave me, yeah.

LENDALL. Wow. *(Beat.)* That's a lot.

GAYLE. *(Returning with more bags of love.)* Yeah. *(She exits.)*

LENDALL. Whole lot.

GAYLE. Yeah. *(She returns with even more bags of love. There is now a GIGANTIC pile of love in Lendall's living room.)*

LENDALL. Wow. What the heck am I gonna do with all this? I mean ... I don't know if I have room.

GAYLE. *(Upset.)* I'm sure you'll find a place for it *(i.e., another woman.)* ... And now, I think it's only fair for you to give me mine back because ... I want it back. *(Beat.)* All the love I gave to you?

LENDALL. Yeah?

GAYLE. I want it back. *(Beat.)* So go get it. *(Lendall doesn't move. He's probably trying to figure out what is happening and why it's happening.)* Lendall, go get it. *(Lendall still doesn't move.)* Please. *(Lendall still doesn't move.)* Now!!!

LENDALL. *(A little shaken; a little at a loss.)* Okay. *(Lendall exits. Gayle sits in the chair and waits. She's still in a state. Long beat. Lendall returns ... with a teeny-tiny little bag — a little red pouch — and places it on a little table next to the chair. They look at the little bag. The little bag should be between Lendall and Gayle. And Gayle should be between the many bags of love and the little bag of love.)*

GAYLE. What is that?

LENDALL. *(It's obvious — it's exactly what she asked for.)* It's all the love you gave me.

GAYLE. That's — ...? That is not — . There is no way — ... That is not — . *(Mortified.)* Is that all I gave you?

LENDALL. It's all I could find ...

GAYLE. Oh. Okay. *(Taking in the little bag ... and then at all the big bags.)* Okay. *(And she's crying.)*

LENDALL. Gayle ... What's goin' on, here?

GAYLE. I told you: We're done.

LENDALL. Why do you keep saying that?

GAYLE. Because — . *(This is hard to say, but has to be said.)*

Because when I asked you if you ever thought we were gonna get married — remember when I asked you that? (*Lendall doesn't seem to want to remember.*) In December? ... It was snowing?

LENDALL. (*But he remembers.*) Yeah.

GAYLE. Yeah, well, when I asked you ... *that*, you got so ... *quiet*. And everybody said that that right there // shoulda told me everyting.

LENDALL. Everybody *who*?

GAYLE. Everybody!

LENDALL. Who?

GAYLE. ... Marvalyn >

LENDALL. *Marvalyn?!?* Marvalyn said that, like she's an expert?

GAYLE. said — yes, Marvalyn, yes, said that how quiet you got was all I needed to know, and she's right: You don't love me.

LENDALL. What — ? Gayle, no!

GAYLE. Shh! And I've been trying to fix that, I've tried to *make* you love me by giving you every bit of love I had, and now ... I don't have any love for *me* left, and that's ... that's not good for a person ... and ... that's why I want all the love I gave you back, because I wanna bring it with me.

LENDALL. Where are you going?

GAYLE. I need to get away from things.

LENDALL. What — ? What things?! There aren't any things in this town to get away from!

GAYLE. Yes there are: You!

LENDALL. Me?

GAYLE. Yes. *You* are the things in this town I need to get away from because I have to think and start over, and so: all the love I gave to you? I want it back, in case I need it. Because I can't very well go around giving *your* love — 'cause that's all I have right now, is the love *you* gave *me* — I can't very well go around giving *your* love to other guys, 'cause // that just doesn't seem right —

LENDALL. Other *guys*? There are other guys?!?

GAYLE. No, not yet, but I'm assuming there will be.

LENDALL. Gayle —

GAYLE. Shh!!! So I think — . I think that, since I know now that you're not ready to do what comes next for people who have been together for quite a long time (*I.e., get married.*), I think we're gonna be done, >

LENDALL. Why? Gayle — !

GAYLE. and so, I think the best thing we can do, now, is just

return the love we gave to each other, and call it ... (*Taking in the bags — the pathetic one that contains the love she gave him, and the awesome several that contain the love he gave her.*) ... even. (*It's not "even" at all.*) Oh, Jeezum Crow, is that really all the love I gave you, Lendall? I mean, I thought — . I mean, what kind of person am I if this is all the love I gave y — ... No ... n-n-no! (*Fiercely.*) I *know* I gave you more than that, Lendall, I *know* it! (*She thinks. Collects herself. New attack.*) Did you lose it?

LENDALL. What?!? // No, Gayle, no!

GAYLE. Did you *lose* it, Lendall? 'Cause I know I gave you more than that, and I think you're pulling something on me, and this is not a good time to be pulling something on me!

LENDALL. I'm not. Pulling something on you. I wouldn't do that to you ... Just — I think — ... Gosh — ... (*Not mean; just at a loss.*) I think maybe you should just take what you came for, and I guess I'll see you later. (*This is pretty final. He exits into the rest of the house.*)

GAYLE. (*Realization of the finality; calls him, weakly.*) Lendall ... Lendall ... (*Now Gayle is at a loss. But this is what she wants. She looks at the little bag, takes it, and is about to leave. But curiosity stops her. She sits in the chair, opens the bag, and examines what's inside.*)

Lendall!? What is this? What the heck is this, Lendall? This is *not* the love I gave you, Lendall, at least have the decency to give me back what — . Lendall, what is this?

LENDALL. (*From off.*) It's a ring, Gayle.

GAYLE. What?

LENDALL. (*Returning.*) It's a ring.

GAYLE. What? Well, what the — ? (*She takes what is in the bag out of the bag.*) This isn't — . This is *not* — ... (*Realizes it's a ring box.*) Oh, Lendall, this is a ring! Is this a ... *ring*? A ring that you give to someone you've been with for quite a long time if you want to let them know that you're ready for what comes next for people who have been together for quite a long time...?

LENDALL. Yup.

GAYLE. Oh ... (*She opens the box, sees the ring.*) Oh! (*Beat.*) But ... all the love I gave to you? Where is it?

LENDALL. It's right there, Gayle. (*Referring to the ring.*)

GAYLE. But —

LENDALL. It's right there.

GAYLE. But —

LENDALL. It *is*! That's it! Right there! There was so much of it

mill, I had to work.

MARCI. *(Looking for something.)* I'm not mad at you, Phil, you had to work, // I get it.

PHIL. I did!

MARCI. *(Now actively looking for something.)* Phil, where's my shoe?

PHIL. What?

MARCI. Where's my shoe, I can't find it.

PHIL. Well, it's gotta be here ...

MARCI. Where is it?!? *(They look for her shoe. Beat.)* Is this you being funny?

PHIL. No.

MARCI. 'Cause it's not funny. >

PHIL. I —

MARCI. It's cold out here!

PHIL. Well, you're the one that wanted to go skating!

MARCI. Phil!

PHIL. *(Angry — a bit of an explosion.)* We'll find it! It's gotta be here! *(Beat.)*

MARCI. I'm not mad. I was never mad. *(Re-lacing her skate — too cold for stocking feet. Beat.)* I was disappointed. But now I'm // done.

PHIL. Marce! —

MARCI. I had fun tonight! Skating! I thought it would be fun!, >

PHIL. It was ...

MARCI. forget all the ... stuff. Get us away from the kids, get us back to where we used to be. We went skating ... first time you kissed me, on a Friday night just like this one. 'Member? Right here ... *(She touches Phil in some way — maybe rubs his back.)* Echo Pond —

PHIL. *(Subtly/subconsciously shaking off Marci's touch.)* I know where we are, where the heck is your shoe? *(Going off to look for it.)* Maybe it's — maybe it's in the car. Did you — ... Where'd you put your skates on, out here or in the car? *(We hear him open the doors and trunk of the car.)*

MARCI. *(Dealing with the fact that Phil shrugged her off.)* I put them on with you. Right here. *(Beat. She looks to the sky for answers.)*

PHIL. *(Returning.)* Well, it's // not in the car —

MARCI. *(She sees a shooting star.)* Oh-oh-oh!!! Shooting star, shooting star! *(She closes her eyes, and makes a wish.)*

PHIL. Wha — // Where,where?!? *(He looks for it.)*

MARCI. *(Eyes closed.)* Shh!! I'm wishing, I'm wishing!

PHIL. *(Keeps looking, and then:)* Oh, I missed it.

MARCI. *(Just looks at him.)* Yeah, you did.

PHIL. What's that supposed to mean?

MARCI. *(Finishes re-lacing her skate, eventually gets up to look for her shoe.)* Nothin' — it's just ... not really all that surprising >

PHIL. What?

MARCI. that you didn't see it.

PHIL. What?

MARCI. The shooting star.

PHIL. Why?

MARCI. You don't pay attention, Phil. *(Beat.)*

PHIL. See, when you say things like that, I feel like you're still mad.

MARCI. I'm not.

PHIL. Marce —

MARCI. I wasn't mad, *(Frustrated about a lot more than her missing shoe.)* WHERE is my shoe?!?! Gosh, maybe it is in the car. *(Going offstage, to the car, to look for her other shoe.)* I mean, >

PHIL. It's not in the car ...

MARCI. I have one shoe on already. *(From off.)* I know I didn't put my skates on in the car, 'cause the shoe I have on was out there. I changed out there, didn't I? With you? Phil? *(Phil doesn't answer. He is trying to sort out what's going with him, his wife. He's sad. From off:)* Phil? I put my shoes right next to yours, after we put our skates on, but it's not ... there ... This is the weirdest thing. *(Returning.)* It's not in the car, I mean, I'm not gonna put one skate on in the car, the other one on out here — *(Sees how sad Phil is.)* What's wrong?

PHIL. *(Covering.)* Huh? Oh. I'm ... making a wish of my own. On a regular one.

MARCI. Oh.

PHIL. Wanna wish on it with me?

MARCI. Yeah. Yeah, that'd be nice. Which one?

PHIL. Umm ... see Hedgehog Mountain?

MARCI. Uh-huh.

PHIL. Straight up, right above it.

MARCI. The bright one?

PHIL. Yeah.

MARCI. That one?

PHIL. Yeah.
MARCI. Right there?
PHIL. Yeah.
MARCI. Phil:
PHIL. Yeah?
MARCI. That's a planet.
PHIL. What?
MARCI. That's a planet. You're wishing on a planet.
PHIL. That's a — ?
MARCI. Yeah, >
PHIL. Well, how do you know?
MARCI. and it's *(She sings.)* "... when you wish upon a *star*," not
"... when you wish upon a *planet* // or *Saturn* —"
PHIL. I know, I know! How do you know?
MARCI. Said on the weather, Phil. Saturn's the brightest object in
the sky this month. It'll be sitting right above Hedgehog Mountain
over the next bunch of weeks. They've been sayin' it on the weath-
er all week. And your wish is never gonna come true if you're wish-
ing on a planet.
PHIL. Well —
MARCI. You gotta pay attention.
PHIL. Why do you keep sayin' that?
MARCI. What?
PHIL. That I gotta pay attention?
MARCI. 'Cause you don't.
PHIL. What are you talkin' about? —
MARCI. Phil: Happy Anniversary. *(Beat.)*
PHIL. Huh?
MARCI. Happy Anniversary. That's what I'm talkin' about. *(Beat.)*
PHIL. I'm — . *(Can't quite say he's sorry. Beat. Then, instead of apol-
ogizing.)* I knew you were mad.
MARCI. I'm not mad, // Phil!
PHIL. You're mad at me, and pretty soon, outta nowhere, it's
gonna get ugly. >
MARCI. Phil, I'm not mad, I'm —
PHIL. I mean, Marce: I'm *sorry!* I know I missed some things, but
I gotta work! I gotta take a double when Chad needs me at the mill!
He's helpin' me — *us* — out, you know, // offering me the overtime!
MARCI. I know, I know —
PHIL. No, you *don't* know: Me workin' is for *us*, and the kids, and
it's a lot sometimes, and it messes me up!

MARCI. Phil! I'm not mad about you workin'. You gotta work. I
understand that. What I don't understand is why I'm lonely, Phil.
I got a husband and a coupla great kids. And I'm lonely. *(Beat.)* You
just — ... you don't pay attention anymore. You go away. And I
don't know where you go, but you go somewhere where you can't
pay attention and you forget your son's first hockey game and //
you forget Missy's birthday and >
PHIL. Hockey equipment costs money!
MARCI. you forget your *anniversary!* I mean, I brought you here
hoping you'd remember about us. But you didn't. And that makes
me so mad I don't know what to do anymore ... *(Beat.)*
PHIL. You *lie*.
MARCI. What?
PHIL. You lie so bad.
MARCI. What?
PHIL. You're mad at me. But you don't *tell* me — even when I ask
you over and over —
MARCI. Because *you* wouldn't // pay attention if I *did* tell you —
PHIL. No! No! No! Because *you* don't know how to tell me what
you feel like about me, so I never know where I am, where I stand!
Maybe that's why I go away! So I can know where I am for a sec-
ond! And you know what, it's lonely there too, where I go. And you
sent me there. You went away a long time before I did. And now
all's you do is lie.
MARCI. I don't lie!
PHIL. *(Furious.)* Yes you do! You say you're not mad, but you're
mad! You say you have fun, but you didn't! You didn't have fun
tonight, did you?
MARCI. No.
PHIL. But you kept sayin' you did.
MARCI. I didn't. I didn't have fun, Phil. I don't have fun with you
anymore. *(Beat.)* Did you?
PHIL. No. I had a rotten, lousy time. *(Beat.)*
MARCI. Well, then ... *(Little beat.)* what are we doin'? What are
we waiting for? *(Beat. And then ... a shoe that looks exactly like
Marci's other shoe drops from the sky, right between Marci and Phil.
Beat. Marci and Phil survey the sky, trying to figure out what just hap-
pened. Music. Phil retrieves the shoe and gives it to Marci, who puts it
on. Marci gets up. She then takes the car keys out of her pocket, exits,
and we hear her start the car and drive away. Phil is alone. A shoot-
ing star cuts across the night sky on the field of stars. Phil sees it. Lights*

fade. Transitional aurora. End of "Where It Went." After the lights have faded and "Where It Went" is over, we begin Scene Seven, which is entitled ...

STORY OF HOPE

Music fades. Sound of a car approaching, idling. A car door opens, then closes. Sound of car leaving. Sound of fancy-shoed footsteps in snow approaching. Doorbell. Lights up on a woman standing on the front porch of a small home in Almost, Maine. She carries a suitcase and a purse. Note: The actor playing the man must be short or thin. This is crucial to the magic of the story. "Story of Hope" is a story of loss, and a physical manifestation of loss in the man is key — lost height [again, this is best!], lost weight — because this man is literally half the man he used to be because he has lost so much hope. You'll be surprised by how magical and heartbreaking and funny this scene is when the physical manifestation of the man's loss is crystal clear.

MAN. *(From off.)* Just a minute ... *(The lights come on in the house; then a porch light comes on. A man who is not the man he used to be answers the door a bit cautiously. Nine o'clock at night is, after all, the middle of the night. He's in pajamas and a bathrobe. He enters and stops cold. He knows this woman.)*

WOMAN. *(Fast and furious; so absorbed by what she has to say and by what she has come to do, that she really doesn't take in/look at the man.)* I know this isn't going to be very easy, but I was just out there all alone in the world, and I got so scared, because all I could think about was how I had no place in this world, but then I just outta nowhere realized that there was one place in this world that I did have, and that was with you, so I flew and I took a taxi to get to you, I just had to come see you, *(Finally really looking at him.)* thank God you're — ... *(The man is not who she thought he'd be.)* Oh — ... Wait — ... I'm sorry. You're not — ... I'm — ... *(Checking to make sure she's at the right place.)* This is the house — ... I'm so sorry — ... Does Daniel Harding live here?, I'm looking for Daniel Harding.

MAN. You're // looking for —

WOMAN. Looking for Daniel Harding, yeah. He lives here. I thought. But ... *(Off the man's confused state, realizing.)* ... oooh ... he doesn't, does he? Oooh. I am so sorry. *(The woman gathers her bags, preparing to leave.)* I'm so embarrassed. "Who is this woman and what is she doing here?" *(Beat.)* I just honestly thought he'd be here. I always thought he'd be here. Always. *(Beat.)* Do you know him? Big guy, big tall guy. Played basketball, all-Eastern Maine, center? *Strong.* Do you know him? // Hockey, too? > *(NOTE: If the actor playing the man is not short, but thin or average, please use these lines: Do you know him? Big guy, big strong guy. Wrestled? Heavyweight? All-Eastern Maine? Strong? Do you know him? // Played hockey, too? >)*

MAN. Well ... —

WOMAN. Oh, don't even answer that. That was — . I know that's a horrible question to ask a person who lives in a small town, as if everybody in small towns knows everybody else, agh!, can't believe I asked that. I don't live here anymore, but when I did, I hated it when people assumed I knew everybody in town just because it was small. It was worse than when they'd ask if we had " ... plumbing way up there?," 'cause, you know, people in small towns really don't know each other any better than in big towns, you know that? I mean, you know who you know, and you don't know who you don't know, just like anywhere else. *(Beat.)* I'm so sorry to have bothered you. I was just so sure — . When his parents passed away, he kept the house, I heard. He lived here. He stayed here, I thought. He was one of the ones who stayed. *(Beat.)* I didn't stay. I went away.

MAN. Most people do.

WOMAN. Yeah. And I guess he did too. I never thought he would. I guess I lost track ... You gotta hold onto people or you lose 'em. Wish there was something you could keep 'em in for when you need 'em ... *(Trying to make light, she "looks for him," and "finds him" in her purse.)* Oh, there he is, perfect! *(She laughs. Not much of a response from the man. Beat. She starts to go; stops.)* Boy it's cold. I forgot.

MAN. Yeah. *(Beat.)*

WOMAN. *(Starts to go. Stops.)* I can't believe — ... I took a taxi here. From Bangor. *(Say, "BANG-gore." Bangor is Maine's third largest city, pop. 31,000. It is one hundred and sixty-three miles south of Almost, Maine.)* To see him.

MAN. *(Beat. She took a taxi one hundred and sixty-three miles.)* That's far.

Side

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WOMAN. Yeah.

MAN. That's a hundred and sixty-three miles.

WOMAN. Yeah. This place is a little farther away from things than I remember.

MAN. Why did you do that?

WOMAN. Because I could only fly as close as Bangor and I needed to get to him as fast as I could.

MAN. Why?

WOMAN. Because I want to answer a question he asked me.

MAN. Oh?

WOMAN. The last time I saw him, he asked me a very important question and I didn't answer it, and that's just not a very nice thing to do to a person.

MAN. Well, that's bein' a little hard on yourself, don't you th//ink?

WOMAN. He asked me to marry him.

MAN. Oh. *(Beat.)* And you ...

WOMAN. Didn't answer him. No. *(The man whistles.)* Yeah. And that's why I'm here. To answer him. *(Beat. Then, realizing she probably ought to defend herself.)* I mean, I didn't answer him in the first place because I didn't *have* an answer at the time. I mean, I was going to college, and then ... the *night* before I'm about to go off into the world to do what I hope and dream, he asks me, "Will you marry me?" I mean, come on! I was leaving in the morning ...

What was I supposed to do?

MAN. I don't know.

WOMAN. *(Defending herself.)* I mean, I *told* him I'd have to think about it, that I'd think it over overnight and that I'd be back before the sun came up with an answer. And then I left. Left him standing right ... *(Where the man is standing.)* ... there ... and then ... I didn't make it back with an answer before the sun came up or ... at all.

MAN. That sounds like an answer to me.

WOMAN. No! That wasn't my answer! I just ... went off into the world, and that's not an answer, and I think — ... *(Little beat.)*

MAN. What?

WOMAN. I think he thought I'd say, "Yes."

MAN. Well, a guy's probably not gonna ask a girl that question unless he thinks she's gonna say, "Yes."

WOMAN. I know, and ... I'm afraid he probably waited up all night, hoping for me to come by, and I just want to tell him that I know now that you just can't do a thing like not answer a question like the one he asked me, you can't do that to a person. Especially

to someone you love.

MAN. *(Taking this in.)* You loved him?

WOMAN. Well — . I don't know if — . I mean, we were kids. *(She considers. Then, honest and true.)* Yes. I did. I do. *(Beat.)* I feel like I dashed his hopes and dreams.

MAN. *(This speech is not an attack. It's more of a rumination — one that doesn't do much to make the woman feel better.)* Oh, come on. You give yourself too much credit. He was young. That's all you need to get your hopes dashed: Be young. And everybody starts out young, so ... everybody gets their hopes dashed, and besides ... I don't think you really *dashed* his hopes. 'Cause if you *dash* somebody's hopes — well that's ... kind of a nice way to let 'em down, 'cause it *hurts* ... but it's quick. If you'd have said, "No," *that* woulda been "dashing his hopes." *(Beat. Maybe a little pointed here.)* But you didn't say, "No."

You said nothin'. You just didn't answer him. At all. And that's ... killin' hope the long, slow, painful way, 'cause it's still there just hangin' on, never really goes away. And that's ... kinda like givin' somebody a little less air to breathe every day. Till they die.

WOMAN. *(Taking in this very unhelpful information.)* Yeah ... *(Beat. Then, at a loss:)* Well ... thank you.

MAN. For what?

WOMAN. *(Considers; then, honestly:)* I don't know. *(She starts to leave.)*

MAN. *(After a beat.)* Goodbye, Hope.

HOPE. Goodbye. *(Stopping.)* Agh!, I'm so ... sorry to have bothered you ... It's just, I was all alone out there in the world with no place in it, and I realized what I'd done to him, to Danny, and that with him was my place in the world — ... Wait ... *(Realization.)* You called me Hope. How did you know my name? *(The man gently presents himself — maybe removes his glasses — and the woman recognizes him: He's Daniel Harding.)* Danny???

DANIEL. Hello, Hope.

HOPE. *(In a bit of a spin.)* Danny ... I didn't // rec — >

DANIEL. I know.

HOPE. I didn't // rec — >

DANIEL. I know.

HOPE. I didn't even // recognize you!

DANIEL. I know.

HOPE. You're so ...

DANIEL. I know.

HOPE. ... small.

again. They look at the wrapped gift. Call this "awkward present beat #2."

DAVE. So, this is, um ... Well, we been ... together now —

RHONDA. *(Scoffing.)* Together?

DAVE. Well —

RHONDA. *Together?!?* What are you *talkin'* about, "together"???

DAVE. Well, we been friends for quite a few years // now, and, well —

RHONDA. You gettin' all girl on me?

DAVE. — *shh!* — and, and, and — ... And, here. *(He presents her with his gift.)*

RHONDA. *(These two don't give each other presents.)* What are you doin' here, bud?

DAVE. Open it.

RHONDA. "Together." Hmm. I don't know about this ...

DAVE. Just open it.

RHONDA. *(She opens the present downstage center. The present — a wrapped canvas painting — must be opened in such a way that the audience cannot see what it is. Once Rhonda opens it, she props the painting up against a crate — still so that the audience can't see it. She has no idea what it is a painting is of. Beat.)* What is it?

DAVE. What do you mean, what is it? Can't you ... see what // it is —

RHONDA. It's a picture ...

DAVE. Yeah ...

RHONDA. A paintin'.

DAVE. Yeah.

RHONDA. Where'd you get this? It looks homemade.

DAVE. What do you mean, it looks homemade?

RHONDA. Looks like someone really painted it.

DAVE. Well, someone really *did* paint it.

RHONDA. *(Realizing.)* Did you paint this?

DAVE. Yeah.

RHONDA. For me?

DAVE. Yeah.

RHONDA. Oh ... *(She has no idea what it is, what to make of it.)* Why!?

DAVE. Well — ... *(He painted it 'cause he thinks the whole world of her.)*

RHONDA. I mean ... thank you! // Thank you, thanks, yeah.

DAVE. There you go!, that's what people say!, there you go! You're

welcome.

RHONDA. *(Sitting in chair, center, staring at her painting.)* So, Dave ... I didn't know you *Painted*.

DAVE. Yeah. This is — ... *(Turns his painting right side up — Rhonda propped it up wrong. Then:)* I'm takin' adult ed art. At nights. Merle Haslem over at the high school's teachin' it, it's real good. And this is my version of one of those stare-at-it-until-you-see-the-thing things. Ever seen one of these? Some of the old painters did it with dots. They called it — ... *(Searches, but can't quite come up with "pointillism.")* somethin' ... but I did it with a buncha little blocks of colors, see, and if you just look at the blocks of colors, it's just colors, but if you step back and look at the whole thing, it's not just little blocks of colors, it's a picture of something.

RHONDA. Picture of what?

DAVE. I'm not gonna tell you, you have to figure it out.

RHONDA. Oh, come on, Dave!

DAVE. No, it takes a little time, it can be a little frustrating.

RHONDA. Well, why would you give me somethin' that's gonna frustrate!?

DAVE. No, no, no, I just mean you gotta not *try* to look for anything, that's what'll frustrate you. You gotta just *kinda* look at it, so it doesn't *know* you're lookin' at it.

RHONDA. What're you talkin' about?

DAVE. You gotta trick it! *(Demonstrates "tricking it" — steals glances at it as he walks by it.)* Trick it! *(More demonstrations.)* See? Trick it, trick it! Gotta not let it know. And hopefully you'll eventually see what it is. It's a common thing, it's somethin' everybody knows. *(Rhonda tries "trickin' it" a few times, like Dave did. This "trickin' it" business should be pretty darn funny.)* There ya go, there ya go!

RHONDA. *(Gives up on "trickin' it.")* This is stupid. I don't see anything.

DAVE. No, you were doin' good!

RHONDA. Dave!

DAVE. All right, all right, then, do this: Do what you usually do around the house at night, and check it out real casual-like, *(Demonstrating.)* and —

RHONDA. I usually have a Bud and talk to you on the phone.

DAVE. Well, do that. Where's the kitchen? *(Starting into the house.)* // I'll get you a Bud, and you can talk to me —

RHONDA. *(Stopping him — she doesn't want him going inside.)* N-

n-n-n-no! >

DAVE. What?

RHONDA. I'm outta Bud. Only got Natty Lite.

DAVE. *(Starting back into the house.)* All right, I'll get you a Natty Lite, // and you can have your beer and talk to me —

RHONDA. *(Stopping him.)* N-n-no!

DAVE. Why not? Come on, let's go inside and get us a coupla beers! >

RHONDA. No! *(Back to the painting.)* We gotta trick this thing, right? See? I'm trickin' it, I'm trickin' it! Trickin' it, I'm trickin' it!

DAVE. It's what people who've known each other for a long time do. *Come on!! HEY!!! (Stopping her "trickin' it" routine.)* Quit it!!

How many years I know ya, I come all the way out here every Friday night, and I never been inside your house for beers?! That's unnatural. It's unnatural, // Rhonda! So let's do what's the *natural* thing to do and go inside and have some beers — !

RHONDA. I don't care what it is, I gotta trick this thing. Hey! Hey-hey-hey, DAVE!! Quit runnin' your *suck!!* I gotta look. At this thing. *(She sits; stares straight at the painting, which frustrates Dave.)*

DAVE. You're doin' it wrong!

RHONDA. Shh!

DAVE. You gotta trick it, you gotta trick it! —

RHONDA. Hey-hey-hey!, okay, okay!! I got somethin'!

DAVE. Yeah?

RHONDA. Yeah! Yeah-yeah-yeah; Roadkill.

DAVE. What?

RHONDA. Roadkill. Dead raccoon in the middle of the road.

DAVE. What? No! That's not what it is! —

RHONDA. Okay, deer. Dead bloody deer // in the middle of the road —

DAVE. What?!? No!! Rhonda! It's not // a dead deer in the middle of the road!!

RHONDA: Okay, moose. >

DAVE. What?

RHONDA. Dead bloody moose in the middle of the road.

DAVE. RHONDA!!! No!!! No!!! That's not somethin' I'd wanna *paint!!!* // That's not even close to what it is! Dead *moose!!!* Come on!!!

RHONDA. Well, that's what I see, I don't know what it is, don't get *mad*, Jeezum Crow!

DAVE. You don't see what it is?!?

RHONDA. No.

DAVE. Well, can I give you a hint?

RHONDA. Yeah! *(Dave kisses her right on the mouth. That's the hint. She immediately gets up/pulls away. Then, angry/flustered.)* What are you doin'?!? *(Little beat.)* What was that?!? Why did you do that?!?

DAVE. 'Cause I was giving you a hint — ...

RHONDA. Don't ever do that again. *Ever!* And GET OUTTA HERE!!! *(She storms off into the house. Beat.)*

DAVE. *(Gathering his things; to himself.)* Jeezum Crow ... *(He starts to go; stops; then, exploding.)* HEY, RHONDA!!

RHONDA. What?

DAVE. *You really are what they say!!*

RHONDA. What? What do they say?

DAVE. *That you're a little hung up, there!!!*

RHONDA. *(Reentering forcefully.)* Who says that?!?

DAVE. *(Retreating — she's tough.)* Everybody.

RHONDA. *(Continuing to advance.)* Everybody who?

DAVE. *(Retreating.)* Everybody, Rhonda. It's what people in town say ...

RHONDA. When?

DAVE. When they're *talkin'*? They say that you're a little hung up, there, so I gotta be a little persistent, there, they say, and they were right!

RHONDA. Who says?

DAVE. *(Tough question to answer, 'cause these are their best buds.)* Suzette.

RHONDA. *Suzette?*

DAVE. Yeah, and Dan ...

RHONDA. *(Disbelief.)* Suzette and Dan *Harding* say that I'm a little hung up, there, and that you gotta be a little persistent there...???

DAVE. Yeah.

RHONDA. Well, who else?

DAVE. Marci ...

RHONDA. *Marci?!?*

DAVE. Yeah, and Phil, // and — >

RHONDA. Marci and *Phil?!?* —

DAVE. — yeah — and Randy and Chad, and >

RHONDA. *Randy and Chad?!?* —

DAVE. Lendall and Gayle, and >

RHONDA. *Gayle?* —