

## ACT ONE

### Scene 1: Her Heart

*Music fades.*

*It's 8:50 P.M. or so.*

*A woman appears.*

*She is standing in an open field looking up at the sky.*

*She is clutching a small brown paper bag to her chest.*

*Beat.*

*We hear a distant door open and close.*

*After a long beat, a man enters.*

*He is wearing a big warm coat over plaid pajamas, and untied boots.*

*He watches the woman watch the sky for a good long while as he tries to figure out what she's doing and what she's looking at and how he might engage with her.*

*Finally:*

MAN. Hello.

WOMAN. (*Turning to the man, pleasantly.*) Hello.

*The woman resumes looking up at the sky.*

*The man looks up at the sky to see what she's looking at—to make sure he's not missing anything.*

*And then he looks at the woman.*

MAN. I thought I saw someone.

*The woman continues to look up at the sky.*

I was about to go to bed. I saw you from my window...

*The woman is still looking up at the sky.*

Can I [help you]—? ...Is there somethin' I can do for you?

WOMAN. (*Turning to the man.*) Oh, no. I'm just here to see the northern lights.

*The woman resumes looking at the sky.*

MAN. Okay. Okay. It's just—it's awful late and you're in my yard.

WOMAN. Oh, I hope you don't mind. I'll only be here tonight. I'll see them tonight—the northern lights—and then I'll be gone. I hope you don't mind!

MAN. (*Looking out.*) Is that your tent?

*The tent is unseen—and is somewhere out in front of the man and the woman and not onstage.*

WOMAN. Yes.

MAN. You've pitched a tent... >

WOMAN. So I have a place to sleep >

MAN. in my yard...

WOMAN. after I see them—I didn't know I was in somebody's yard—I hope you don't mind.

MAN. Well, it's not that I [mind]—

WOMAN. Do you mind?

MAN. Well, I don't know if [I mind, exactly]—

WOMAN. Oh, no, I think you mind!

MAN. No, it's not that I mind—

WOMAN. No, you do! Oh, I'm so sorry! I didn't think you would! I didn't think—. You see, it says in your brochure >

MAN. My brochure?

WOMAN. that people from Maine wouldn't mind. It says (*Producing a brochure about Maine tourism.*) that people from Maine are different, that they live life “the way life *should* be.”<sup>1</sup> And that, “in the tradition of their brethren in rural northern climes, like Scandinavia,” they'll let people who are complete strangers—like cross-country skiers and bikers and hikers—camp out in their yards, if they need to, for nothing., They'll just let you., I'm a hiker. Is it true? >

1 If you ever travel to Maine by car on Interstate 95, you will be greeted by a sign erected by the Maine Office of Tourism that reads, “Maine: The Way Life Should Be.”

MAN. Well, [I guess, but]—

WOMAN. That they'll just let you stay in their yards if you need to? 'Cause I need to. Camp out. 'Cause I'm where I need to be. This is the farthest I've ever traveled: I'm from a part of the country that's a little closer to things—I've never been this far north before—or *east*, and did you know that Maine is the only state in the country that's attached to only one other state?!?

MAN. Um—

WOMAN. It is!! (*Taking in the big sky and all the wide open space.*) Feels like the end of the world, and here I am at the end of the world, and I have nowhere to go, so I was counting on staying here—unless it's *not* true, I mean, *is* it true? >

MAN. Well [I don't know]—

WOMAN. Would you let a hiker who was where she needed to be just camp out in your yard for free? >

MAN. Well [I don't know]—

WOMAN. I mean, if a person really needed to? >

MAN. Well [I don't know]—

WOMAN. Reallyreally needed to?

MAN. Well, if a person really needed to, sure, // but—

WOMAN. Oh!

*The woman suddenly rushes to the man and hugs him.*

I'm so glad, then!! Thank you!!

*As the woman hugs the man, the brown paper bag she has been holding gets squished between their bodies.*

*The man doesn't quite participate in the hug—but is surprised by all the feelings he is suddenly feeling for the woman.*

*The woman realizes that she doesn't know the man well enough to be hugging him—but is surprised by all of the feelings she is suddenly feeling for him.*

*The woman eventually releases the man from the hug.*

*And we see that the man is now holding the woman's bag in the crook of his arm.*

*He doesn't quite know he has it.*