

Scene 1  
HER HEART

*Music fades.*

*The lights fade up on Glory standing in the front yard of an old farmhouse in Almost, Maine. She is clutching a small brown paper grocery bag to her chest. She is looking up at the sky.*

*A porch light comes on.*

*We hear a screen door open and slam as East enters. He watches Glory for a while. He is wearing a big warm coat over plaid pajamas, and slippers or untied boots.*

EAST

Hello.

GLORY

*(To him.)* Hello. *(Resumes looking to the sky.)*

EAST

I thought I saw someone. *(Little beat.)* I was about to go to bed. I saw you from my window ... *(Beat.)*

Can I - ? ... Is there something I can do for you?

GLORY

*(To him.)* Oh, no. I'm just here to see the northern lights. *(Back to the sky.)*

EAST

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

GLORY

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 –

EAST

*(Looking out.)* Is that your tent? *(The tent should be seen by East and Glory – not by the audience.)*

Yes. GLORY

You've pitched a tent ... > EAST

So I have a place to sleep, > GLORY

In my yard ... EAST

After I see them, I hope you don't mind. GLORY

Well, it's not that I – EAST

Do you mind? GLORY

Well, I don't know if – EAST

Oh, no, I think you mind! GLORY

No, it's not that I mind – EAST

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

EAST

My brochure?

GLORY

That people from Maine wouldn't mind. It says (*Pulling out a brochure about Maine tourism.*) that people from Maine are different, that they live life "the way life *should* be," and that, "in the tradition of their brethren in rural northern climes, like Scandinavia," that they'll let people who are complete strangers like cross-country skiers and bikers and hikers, camp out in their yard, if they need to, for nothing, they'll just let you. I'm a hiker. It is true? >

EAST

Well –

GLORY

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 – 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?!?

EAST

Um –

GLORY

It is!! (*Taking in all the 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? >

EAST

Well –

GLORY

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

EAST

Well –

GLORY

I mean, if a person really needed to, >

EAST

Well –

GLORY

Reallyreally needed to?

EAST

Well, if a person really needed to, sure, but –

GLORY

*(Huge relief!)* Oh, I'm so glad, then! Thank you!

*She goes to East, throw her arms open, and hugs him. In the hug, the bag gets squished between their bodies, When they part, East is holding Glory's bag. The exchange of the bag is almost imperceptible to both of them, and to the audience. Immediately after hugging East, Glory resumes looking intently for the northern lights.*

*Beat.*

*Then, realizing she doesn't have her bag:)*

Oh, my gosh! *(Realizing that East has her bag.)* I need that!

EAST

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

GLORY

Thank you. *(She resumes looking to the sky.)*

EAST

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

GLORY

Yeah, Just tonight.

EAST

Well, you know, you might not see ‘em tonight, ‘cause // you never really know if –

GLORY

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.

EAST

Used to be a potato farm.

GLORY

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

EAST

No. Used to be a farm. I’m a repairman.

GLORY

Oh.

EAST

Fix things.

GLORY

Oh. (*Laughs.*)

EAST

What?

GLORY

You're not a lobster man.

EAST

No ...

GLORY

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 ...

EAST

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

GLORY

Oh.

EAST

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

GLORY

*(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 – *(East, inexplicably drawn to her, kisses Glory. When they break, the bag has exchanged clutches imperceptibly – East has it. And now we have two stunned people.)*

EAST

Oh ...

GLORY

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

EAST

Oh.

Um ... GLORY

Oh, boy. EAST

Um ... GLORY

I'm sorry. I just -- ... I think I love you. EAST

Really. GLORY

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

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

Oh, no! I didn't think you were! EAST

I'm here to pay my respects. To my *husband*. GLORY

Oh – EAST

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 GLORY

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 –

EAST

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

GLORY

*(Leaving.)* No // , I think –

EAST

No! I really don't know what happened.

GLORY

Well, *I* do, I know what happened!

EAST

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.

GLORY

*(Stopping; charmed.)* All right. All right.

*(Beat.)*

I'm -- . My name's Glory.

EAST

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 year] in the town of Matthew, Maine” ... instead of the other way around ...



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

Naw ... EAST

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

Yeah – EAST

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.

Um ... Almost. EAST

What? GLORY

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.

What // do you mean – GLORY

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.

What happened? EAST

Wes broke it. GLORY

Your husband? EAST

Yeah, He went away. GLORY

Oh. EAST

With someone else. GLORY

Oh, I'm sorry. EAST

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 look 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 seem 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 –

EAST

Why should you apologize?

GLORY

Because!

EAST

Because why?!?

GLORY

Because I killed him!

EAST

Oh. *(This stops East; he backs off a bit.)*

GLORY

And I'd like to apologize.

*(Beat. Then, admission:)*

See, he had come to visit me when I was in recovery from when they put my artificial heart in – I was almost better; I was just about to go home, too – and he said he wanted me back. And I said, “Wes, I have a new heart now. I'm sorry ... It doesn't want you back ... “ And that just killed him.

EAST

*(Relief.)* Oh. But, it didn't kill him, you didn't *kill* him –

GLORY

Yes, I did! Because he got so sad that my new heart didn't want him back, that he just tore outta the hospital, and ... an ambulance that was comin' in from an emergency didn't see him and just ... took him right out, and if I'd have been able to take him back, >

EAST

Glory –

GLORY

he wouldn't have torn outta there like that, >

EAST

Glory!

GLORY

and been just taken out like that, and so, I just feel that, for closure, the right thing to do is –

*(Inexplicably drawn to her, East kisses Glory. When she pulls away, he has her heart again. She takes it back.)*

Please don't do that anymore.

EAST

Why?, I love you!

GLORY

Well, don't.

EAST

Why?

GLORY

Because I won't be able to love you back: I have a heart that can pump my blood and that's all. The one that does the other stuff is broken. It doesn't work anymore.

*(Again, inexplicably drawn to her, East deliberately kisses Glory. Glory pulls away. East has her heart again. Glory grabs it from him; East grabs it right back.)*

EAST

Please let me have this.

GLORY

*(Desperately trying to get her heart back.)* No! It's mine!

EAST

*(Keeping her heart.)* I can fix it!



I don't know if I want you to!

GLORY

Glory -- ?

EAST

*(Going after her heart.)* East, please give that back to me!

GLORY

*(Keeping her heart.)* But, it's broken. >

EAST

Please -- !

GLORY

It's no good like this.

EAST

But, it's my heart, East!

GLORY

Yes, it is. And I believe *I* have it.

EAST

*(This stops Glory. Beat.)*

And I can fix it.

*(Beat.)*

I'm a repairman. I repair things. It's what I do.

*(Beat. East crouches, gently places the bag on the ground and start to open it in order to examine its contents.)*

*Music.*

*As he opens the bag, music up, and the northern lights appear – in front of Glory, above Glory, on the field of stars behind Glory. Glory sees them ... and they're a thing of wonder.)*

## GLORY

Oh! Oh, wow! Oh, they're so beautiful ... *(Remembering who they are.)* Oh!  
Oh! -- Wes!! Wes!! Goodbye! I'm so sorry! ... Goodbye, Wes! *(And the northern lights – and Wes – are gone. Glory turns to East, who has taken a little piece of her heart out of the bag is examining it.*

*Music out. Then in the clear:)*

Hello, East.

*(Music continues.*

*East looks at Glory, and then begins repairing her heart ... as the lights fade.*

*Transitional aurora.*

*End of “Her Heart.” After the lights have faded and “Her Heart” is over, we begin Scene Two, which is entitled ...)*

Scene 2  
SAD AND GLAD

*Music fades.*

*Lights fade up on Jimmy sitting alone at a table in a back corner of Almost, Maine's local hang-out, the Moose Paddy. He is nursing a couple of Buds.*

*Sandrine enters. She is coming from the ladies' room and is cheerily heading back to her friends, who are up front.*

*She passes Jimmy. Jimmy sees Sandrine, stops her.*

JIMMY

Sandrine!

SANDRINE

*Hmmm? (Beat. This is a bit awkward – awful, actually.*

*Then, overcompensating:)*

Jimmy!

JIMMY

Hey!

SANDRINE

Hey!

JIMMY

Hey!!

SANDRINE

Hey!!

JIMMY/SANDRINE

*(Jimmy hugs Sandrine. Sandrine doesn't really take the hug or hug him back.)*

Heyyyy!!!

JIMMY

How you doin'!?

SANDRINE

Doin' pretty good! How are you doin'?!?

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!

Yeah. SANDRINE

That's great! JIMMY

Yeah. SANDRINE

You look great! JIMMY

Oh . . . SANDRINE

You look great. JIMMY

Thanks. SANDRINE

You do. You look so great. JIMMY

Thanks, Jimmy. SANDRINE

So pretty. So pretty. JIMMY

Thanks.  
(*Beat.*) SANDRINE

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

Right –  
SANDRINE

Mom and Dad retired, headed south.  
JIMMY

Yeah, I heard that.  
SANDRINE

Vermont.  
JIMMY

Oh.  
SANDRINE

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

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

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?  
JIMMY

Oh –  
SANDRINE

(*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?  
WAITRESS

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. Getting' yourself out there again.

SANDRINE

Yeah.

JIMMY

Movin' on . . .

SANDRINE

Yeah, well, actually, Jimmy, it's more than me just getting' myself out there and movin' on. Um . . . this is my . . . bachelorette party.

*(Beat. Then, off his blank look:)*

I'm getting' married.

JIMMY

*(Huge 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. (*“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.)* Getting' 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

*(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 “Jillian.”)*



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 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. *(She goes.)*

JIMMY

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

VILLIAN

*(She stops.)* Yeah?

Hi. JIMMY

Hi . . . VILLIAN

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

All right! *(She goes.)* VILLIAN

Villian!! JIMMY

*(Stopping.)* Yeah?!? VILLIAN

I'm glad you found me. JIMMY

Aw . . . *(Leaving, to herself:)* "I'm glad you found me," that's adorable . . . VILLIAN

*(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 . . .*

Scene 3  
THIS HURTS

*(Music fades.*

*Lights come up on Marvalyn finishing up ironing a man's clothes, in the laundry room of Ma Dudley's Boarding House in Almost, Maine.*

*Steve is sitting on a bench.*

*Marvalyn 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.)*

MARVALYN

Ow! Dammit!

*(Steve takes note of this and writes "iron" in a homemade book labeled "Things That Can Hurt You."*

*Meanwhile, Marvalyn return 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 Steve 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?!?

STEVE

*(Unfazed.)* Yeah.

MARVALYN

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

STEVE

No.

MARVALYN

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

STEVE

In the head.

MARVALYN

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

STEVE

Is there any blood?

MARVALYN

No.

STEVE

Any discoloration?

MARVALYN

No.

STEVE

Then I'm okay.

MARVALYN

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

STEVE

No. I can't feel things like that.

MARVALYN

Like what?

STEVE

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

MARVALYN

What?

STEVE

I can't feel pain.

MARVALYN

Oh, Jeezum Crow, what the hell have I done to you? >

STEVE

Nothin' –

MARVALYN

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!

STEVE

No, I'm okay.

MARVALYN

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.

STEVE

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, >

MARVALYN

(*Dealing with his book.*) What is -- ?

STEVE

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

MARVALYN

Well, you can be hurt and not be bleeding or bruised –

STEVE

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.

MARVALYN

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

STEVE

Oh!

MARVALYN

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

STEVE

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

MARVALYN

God!

STEVE

Oh, it did, didn't it!

MARVALYN

Ow!

STEVE

Oh, I didn't think it would 'cause, see, ironing boards are not on my list of things that can hurt you, but, gosh, maybe they should be on my list, because –

MARVALYN

What are you talkin' about?



STEVE

I have a list of things that can hurt you, my brother Paul is helping me make it, and ironing boards aren't on it.

MARVALYN

Well, that ironing board hurt me.

STEVE

Yeah.

MARVALYN

So you should add it to your list.

STEVE

*(Beat.*  
*He adds "ironing boards" to his list of "Things That Can Hurt You." He then picks up a book labeled "Things To Be Afraid Of.")*

Should I be *afraid* of ironing boards?

MARVALYN

Well, if someone swings it at your head and wallops you with it, yes . . .

STEVE

Well, it's not – I have a list of things to be afraid of, too – and ironing boards are not on this list either.

MARVALYN

Well they shouldn't be, really.

STEVE

No?

MARVALYN

No, you shouldn't be *afraid* of ironing boards.

STEVE

No?

MARVALYN

No.

STEVE

But they can *hurt* you.

MARVALYN

Well, if they're used the way you used it, yeah.

STEVE

Oh-oh-oh! So, they're kind of like the opposite of God!

MARVALYN

What?

STEVE

Well, ironing boards can *hurt* me, but I shouldn't be *afraid* of them, but God, my brother Paul says, God *won't* hurt me, but I should *fear* him.

MARVALYN

I guess.

STEVE

Boy, this is getting very complicated.

MARVALYN

What is?

STEVE

This business of learning what hurts, what doesn't hurt, what to be afraid of, what not to be afraid of.

MARVALYN

Are you sure you're okay?, // you're just goin' on and on about crazy stuff –

STEVE

Oh, yeah, yeah, see, I have congenital analgesia, he thinks. Some // people –

MARVALYN

What?

STEVE

Congenital analgesia.

MARVALYN

Who thinks?

STEVE

My brother Paul. Some people call it hereditary sensory neuropathy type four, but . . . it just means I can't feel pain. You can hit me if you want to, to see!

MARVALYN

No.

STEVE

Go ahead. It won't hurt. See? *(He hits his head with the book.)*

MARVALYN

OW!

STEVE

See? *(He hits his head again.)*

MARVALYN

OW!

STEVE

See? *(Hits his head again.)*

MARVALYN

OW!

STEVE

Go ahead. *(He offers her the book labeled "Things That Can Hurt You" so she can hit him with it.)*

MARVALYN

No!

STEVE

Come on!

MARVALYN

No!!

STEVE

Come on!!

MARVALYN

NO!!

STEVE

Okay. You don't have to. Most people don't. Hit me. Most people just go away. You can go away, too, if you want to. That's what most people do when I tell them about myself. My brother Paul says I just shouldn't tell people about myself, because I scare them, *(Referring to his book labeled "Things To Be Afraid Of" so he can show her.)* so I've actually recently put "myself" on my list of things to be afraid of, but – *(Her curiosity getting the better of her, Marvalyn comes up from behind Steve and wallops him on the back of the head with the book labeled "Things That Can Hurt You.")*

MARVALYN

Oh, my gosh! I'm sorry! // Oh, my gosh! I just clocked you! >

STEVE

You hit me! Most people go away, but you hit me!

MARVALYN

I had to see [*what would happen*]! But – are you okay?

STEVE

Yeah, I don't feel // pain!

MARVALYN

. . . Don't feel pain, right, of course you're okay! – but – are you sure?

STEVE

Well, is there any blood?

MARVALYN

No.

STEVE

Any discoloration?

MARVALYN

No.

STEVE

Then I'm okay.

MARVALYN

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

STEVE

But –

MARVALYN

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.

STEVE

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 say 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 . . . 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 being Scene Four, which is entitled . . .*