

Her Heart

And the woman doesn't know he has it.

The exchange of the bag was imperceptible to both the woman and the man—and should have been almost imperceptible to the audience.

Sorry about that.

MAN. It's okay.

WOMAN. Sorry—I just—really need to be here and do this, so—thanks.

The woman resumes looking intently for the northern lights.

MAN. Sure.

Little beat.

So [you're just here to see the northern lights, huh?]

WOMAN. Oh, no!

The woman realizes that she doesn't have the small brown paper bag she was holding and starts searching for it.

MAN. What?

WOMAN. Oh, God!

The woman finally sees that the man has her bag and points to it.

I need that!

MAN. Huh? (*Realizing he has the bag.*) Oh. Here.

The man offers the bag to the woman.

The woman grabs the bag.

WOMAN. Thank you.

The woman resumes looking up at the sky.

MAN. Sure.

Beat.

The man is puzzled.

Okay. Okay...

Little beat.

So you're just lookin' for a place to see the northern lights from?

WOMAN. Yeah. Just tonight.

START →

MAN. Well, you know, you might not see 'em *tonight*, 'cause // you never really know if [you're gonna see 'em]—

WOMAN. Oh, no! I'll see them! Because this is the right time: Solar activity is at an eleven-year peak. And I'm in a good place: Your latitude is good. Well, as good as it can be, under the circumstances. I was gonna go to a higher latitude—like, up to Canada somewhere—but I forgot to renew my passport, so I couldn't, and Alaska is just too far away, so this was the closest place I could get to in the lower forty-eight states that sees the northern lights regularly, so I flew, and I took a bus, and then I hiked to get here, so, anyway, everything's in order. And, wow, you have good sky for seeing them. It's so big!

The woman takes in the sky.

And dark!

The woman takes in the horizon.

And it's *flat*. And there are no trees in the way.

MAN. Yeah, [it] used to be a potato farm.

WOMAN. Oh. (*Taking in the sky.*) Makes for a big sky.

MAN. Yeah.

The woman and the man take in Northern Maine's magnificent night sky.

And then the woman turns to the man and watches him watch the sky.

WOMAN. So—you're a farmer?

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

WOMAN. Oh.

MAN. Fix things.

WOMAN. Oh.

The woman laughs.

MAN. What?

WOMAN. You're not a lobster man.

The woman just said the word "lobsterman" like it was two words—which is odd.

And amusing.

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 Downeast. You're up north. And this is how we talk up north, pretty much.

WOMAN. Oh.

MAN. No real accent up here.

WOMAN. Oh.

MAN. Plus, the ocean's a couple hundred miles away. (*Wryly.*) Be an awful long ride to work if I was a "lobster man."

WOMAN. (*Enjoying him.*) Yeah. Well, anyway, thank you. Thank you for letting me stay and do what I need to do. It's important that I do it, and—...

She's sad.

I've just had a pretty rough go of things lately, and I just really appreciate your kindness and understanding—

Suddenly, the man, who is feeling lots of feelings for the woman, is hugging her.

The woman doesn't quite participate in the hug, but feels lots of feelings for the man.

After a beat, the man pulls away from the woman, and he has her small brown paper bag again—but the man and the woman don't know he has it.

MAN. Oh, gosh—I'm sorry.

WOMAN. Um...

MAN. I'm sorry—are you okay?

WOMAN. Yeah.

MAN. I'm real sorry I did that. It's just—you just seemed sad. >

WOMAN. Um—

MAN. And also: I think I love you.

WOMAN. (*Gobsmacked.*) Huh?

MAN. Yeah—I saw you from my window, and...I love you.

WOMAN. Um—okay—well...that's really nice of you to say, but that's not [what I'm here for]—... I'm so sorry, but I'm not here for that [to have someone fall in love with me].

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

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

MAN. Oh, no.

WOMAN. Yeah: My *husband*. Wes. I'm here to say goodbye to him. Because—he died recently.

MAN. Oh, jeez.

WOMAN. Yeah. 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 home, to heaven, and, see, it takes a soul three days 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 just did—*said*—there just a second ago—that bothered me a little, I think—or—no—it didn't bother me, but it's going to get in the way of me saying goodbye to him, I think—or something—and, so, I think maybe I should go find another yard—

The woman packs up her map and her backpack and prepares to go.

MAN. No! // No!

WOMAN. Yeah—

MAN. I'm sorry I did that—I don't really know what happened.

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

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

Little beat.

If any other guy said something like that, it'd be creepy.

Um—you know what? I'm just gonna get outta your way and let you do what you need to do.

The man starts backing away, true to his word.

All right?

The woman trusts this guy for some reason.

And decides to stay in his yard and do what she needs to do.

WOMAN. All right.

MAN. All right.

WOMAN. Thanks.

MAN. Sure. Sorry about...all that.

WOMAN. It's...okay.

The man starts to go back to his house, and the woman resumes looking up at the sky.

MAN. (Stopping.) And if you need anything—bathroom...heat—just give a holler, okay?

WOMAN. Okay.

The woman watches the man turn and go back to his house. And realizes she doesn't want him to go.

Hey!

The man stops and turns to the woman.

Thanks for letting me stay. I really appreciate it.

MAN. Sure.

The man starts to turn and go back to his house again.

The woman calls to him, stopping him.

WOMAN. And, um—I'm [Glory]—my name's Glory. Just so you know.

MAN. Okay. Hi, Glory. >

GLORY. Hi.

MAN. I'm East.

GLORY. Huh?

EAST. My name's East. (He's used to explaining his name.) For Easton. It's the name of the town— (Pointing toward the east.) a little ways