SOMETHING MAGICAL

By Shawn Deal

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SYNOPSIS: For seven couples, something magical is going to happen ranging from the spark of love to the hope of something new. Magic is all around and for theses seven couples, it reaches out to touch each one of them. Enjoy this magical realism play where literally anything can happen.

DURATION: 75 minutes.
SETTING: In and around any local town or city.
TIME: Present.

CAST OF CHARACTERS
(7 females, 7 males, 1 either)

DAWN (f) ..... The young lady with the balloons. *(47 lines)*
TARA (f)..... she wants to get out of the rain. *(37 lines)*
ALEC (m) ..... the forgetful boyfriend. *(39 lines)*
LAURA (f)..... always the inquisitive one. *(32 lines)*
KELLY (m)..... Somewhat stuck in life. *(29 lines)*
LEIF (m)..... his life is a leaf on the wind. *(25 lines)*
VOICE OF THE WIND "VOW" (m/f) ..... a disembodied voice. *(23 lines)*
JULIE (f)..... trying to find what her heart wants. *(49 lines)*
AARON (m)..... unable to say the important things. *(47 lines)*
TERESA "TREE" (f)..... well grounded in her life. *(23 lines)*
SEAN (m) ..... a man going to work. *(53 lines)*
SARA (f)..... a woman going to a interview. *(51 lines)*

ARCHER (m)..... a young man chasing the pigeon. *(41 lines)*
AMANDA (f)..... able to discover the end of the world. *(41 lines)*
DILLON (m)..... the man at the end of the world. *(39 lines)*

DEDICATION

Special Thanks to the actors and actresses who workshopped this play with me. Margaret Ames, Shelby Bond, Taya Deal, Seth Kuljis, Chloe McDemus, and Ryan McKay-Beach.

ACT ONE

NOTE: This scene should take place just before the play officially starts. Maybe just before curtain rises. Or just after curtain rises but before the first scene starts.

SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS: For all of DAWN'S interlude scenes, no special scene change is required. DAWN can just enter where she appears in the play, against whatever scene she is following or preceding. Until the Act Two, Scene 5, when ARCHER enters. That scene should be set outside.

SCENE 1: INTERLUDE #1

DAWN enters. She walks to center stage and looks around out onto the audience. Beat... long beat. DAWN looks around—all around. She's obviously waiting for something to happen, something to start. And it's clearly not happening. She is getting more and more confused the longer she waits.

DAWN: I must be too early again.

DAWN looks at her watch, wondering how she got the time wrong. A balloon falls from above. The balloon can be any color but it's covered in question marks. DAWN ignores the balloon and walks off stage.

SCENE 2: SUNSHINE ON A RAINY DAY

SETTING: *A street or just somewhere outside. It is a rainy day.*

AT START: *It is a great and rainy day. The stage should reflect that in some way with rain sounds, or grey clouds or a background showing rain. TARA stands out in the rain with an umbrella waiting. She faces the audience at an angle, her back to one side of the stage where ALEC will enter. ALEC enters carrying a closed box, where the lid can be lifted open and the audience would not see the contents of the box.*

ALEC: *(Calls out, trying to get TARA'S attention.)* Tara...

TARA is facing away from ALEC. TARA ignores ALEC.

ALEC: *(Calls out again.)* Tara… over here.

TARA clearly hears him and frowns to the audience. She turns more at an angle away from ALEC, showing him even more of her back. ALEC slowly approaches her.

ALEC: Tara?
TARA: *(Still facing away from ALEC.)* Alec, I'm not talking to you.
ALEC: *(Floundering for words.)* Tara… I… I…

TARA turns around to face ALEC, maybe even confront ALEC.

TARA: It's amazing you even remembered my name.
ALEC: I would never forget your name...
TARA: *(Glares daggers at ALEC.)* Really? *(Beat. TARA looks away from ALEC and back out at the rain.)* I hate the rain. I hate all the grey. It effects my mood. I'm more sad. I'm more depressed and I get grumpy to easily. I need to move to Florida or Mexico—the Bahamas. Somewhere with beaches. I love beaches. *(TARA reaches her hand out from under the umbrella and feels the falling rain.)* It's cold and wet... *(Licks her palm.)* And the rain doesn't taste any better than what I get out of my kitchen sink. I miss colors... here all we get is grey and various shades of it. I miss the days with colors.
ALEC: You deserve colors… I don't even know your favorite color.
TARA: I do… I deserve all the colors in my life. My favorite color—all the colors. *(Beat. Looks back at ALEC.)* I'm surprised you're here.
ALEC: I asked you here.
TARA: I just figured you'd forget to meet me here… *(As if to herself.)*, like you do with everything else. *(Back to her normal voice.)* And leave me just standing here.
ALEC: No... I wouldn't....
TARA: You would. You have. Why didn't you invite me to your apartment, or out to dinner? Why out here in the rain?

ALEC: It's better out here...

TARA looks around at the dismal area and weather.

TARA: Was this the easiest place for you to remember?
ALEC: I'm sorry... I forgot your birthday.
TARA: *(Sullen.)* No...
ALEC: *(Slightly surprised, and a bit hopeful.)* I didn't forget your birthday...?
TARA: You didn't just forget my birthday... again... for the third time.
ALEC: I'm... I'm sorry, Tara.
TARA: You forgot Valentine's Day. You nearly forgot Christmas.
ALEC: But I didn't forget Christmas...
TARA: But you did... I came over to your apartment with gifts that morning. Your place wasn't even decorated. No tree. No Christmas lights... nor garland, no Christmas music. Not anything.
ALEC: A tree would have made my apartment into a death trap. I never remember to put water in the stand. I remembered to get you gifts...
TARA: You forgot to wrap them. You even forgot I was coming over Christmas morning.
ALEC: I didn't forget... I knew you were coming over Christmas morning... I just... I just...
TARA: Just what?
ALEC: I was just confused. I didn't realize that particular morning was Christmas. I guess I thought Christmas was later in the week.
TARA: You forgot our anniversary.
ALEC: The anniversary of our first date?
TARA: The anniversary of our first date. The anniversary of our first kiss. The anniversary of the first time I said: I love you. The anniversary of the first time you told me you love me.
ALEC: Does every couple have this many anniversaries?
TARA: No. No, they don't. We do. We need to have this many, in the hopes, in the most improbable, impossible hopes, that you may actually remember one of them—-any one of them.
ALEC: I'm... sorry... *(Searching for words.)*
TARA: You know, I hear that phrase from you more than any other. I hear that phrase more often then I hear: I love you.
ALEC: I tell you, I love you, every time I see you.

TARA: And you are always apologizing for something every time you see me... Alec it has gotten so old. You are a nice guy but when it comes to the little things, you're a lousy boyfriend.

TARA turns her back on him.

ALEC: I have something… *(Refers to the box, he has been holding.)*

TARA ignores him, with her back turned to him. ALEC moves in front of TARA. TARA moves to turn her back on him again. ALEC persistently moves back in front of TARA.

ALEC: I have a gift for you.
TARA: You can't buy your way into my forgiveness.
ALEC: That's not what I'm trying to do. I didn't even know you were mad at me when I got this.
TARA: *(Referring to the box ALEC is holding.)* If that's a birthday present I don't want it. It's too late. Take it back to what ever store you got it from.
ALEC: It's not that either… you can't find this in any store.

TARA looks at ALEC, trying to read a man that has always been impossible to completely read. She looks down at the box and looks back up at ALEC.

TARA: This is just not a way to get into my pants?
ALEC: No... Tara… it's the most important and meaningful thing I've ever given you.
TARA: Why Alec... why, are you giving me this? Why are you giving me this now? *(Referring to the box.)*
ALEC: I'm not giving this to you because I missed your birthday… or Valentine's Day or any anniversary or because I should have done more for Christmas. I'm giving you this for no other reason than because you are the most special person to me… I love you.

Beat. TARA looks at ALEC, wanting so much to believe his words. ALEC hands her the box. TARA does not immediately take the box.

Instead she looks up to ALEC and back down to the box... and slowly lifts the lid just a crack to peak inside it.

TARA: Owww! *(Reacts to the bright light that comes out of the box.)*

The box has a bright light in it. The source of the light cannot be seen by the audience, but the light that comes out should be clearly distinguished.

ALEC: I'm sorry... I should have warned you...

ALEC hands TARA a pair of sunglasses.

ALEC: These will work so much better... put them on.

TARA puts the sunglasses on and slowly, cautiously lifts the lid back up and takes another peak inside the box. A bright light shines from the box.

TARA: *(Questioningly.)* How… nice… very thoughtful… I think...
ALEC: *(Excitedly.)* It's bright.
TARA: Yes. *(Takes another look into the box.)* It is indeed... it's supposed to be like that?
ALEC: Yes… *(Somewhat deflated, closes box, pulls it away from TARA.)* I'm sorry… maybe this was not the right idea.
TARA: Please strike those two words from your vocabulary, at least, for the rest of the day. I'll prompt you, when you need to say them again.
ALEC: Oh… okay. Which two words?
TARA: *(Exaggerates.)* I'mmmmm sorrrrry.
ALEC: Got it.
TARA: May I? *(Referring to look in the box again.)*

ALEC holds out the box to her. TARA makes sure her glasses are on and secure. A bright light comes from the box. TARA looks inside the box. She nods. Beat.

TARA: What is it?

ALEC: It's a piece of the sun.

TARA takes another long look in the box. When she is done, ALEC pushes the box to her.

ALEC: And it's for you.
TARA: Don't... don't you think somebody might notice… that this piece is gone.
ALEC: No. The sun is so big and this piece is so small but nobody needs it more than you.
TARA: Really, you think so?
ALEC: Absolutely. You are bright. You are warm and friendly. You are energetic. You are a woman of strength and power. Believe me, you are a force of nature—in a good way. You bring sunshine to everyone who knows you.
TARA: That's why you're giving me this?
ALEC: I'm giving this to you because, as forgetful as I am, I think you forget how unique you are and what you mean to everyone.
TARA: What I mean to everyone?
ALEC: Especially, what you mean to me.

ALEC hands TARA the box and TARA accepts it.

TARA: This is the best gift anyone has ever given me.
ALEC: It gets better once you truly open it.

TARA looks at ALEC and then looks down at the box and smiles. TARA lifts the lid completely off the box or folds it completely over. The light pours out of the box. Beat. The rain stops. TARA puts her hand out to confirm that the rain has stopped. She gets rid of her umbrella. The back ground of the set, which could have been grey or cloudy or showing rain stops and colors begin to appear. The colors could appear one after another, all colors of a rainbow, that form/change into a rainbow at the end or a rainbow could just simply materialize.

TARA: *(Looks at the rainbow. Happy.)* You gave me colors.

Beat. They both look at the rainbow.

TARA: This is why I love you.

Beat. They look at the rainbow.

TARA: Let's walk, slowly to your place.

ALEC smiles and holds out his arm. TARA and ALEC exit arm in arm.

SCENE 3: INTERLUDE #2

AT START: *DAWN enters. She wanders around the stage, looking toward each side. Again she appears to be looking for someone, maybe, or waiting for something to happen.*

Two balloons fall from above. One with a disgruntled face drawn on it and another balloon with all questions marks on it. DAWN ignores the balloons and after a moment exits looking disgruntled.

SCENE 4: LOCK AND KEY

SETTING: *This scene can be set inside or outside as long as it looks like some sort of party with mingling and drinks is happening.*

AT START: *There are several people on stage—can be characters from the rest of the scenes. All with drinks, laughing, talking, including LAURA and KELLY. There is clearly some sort of party going on. KELLY is distanced from most of the group, either because he is antisocial or is just new to the group and is not exactly fitting in. LAURA is with a group and does not seem to be fully participating in it, she is doing so half-heartedly. LAURA keeps glancing over at KELLY. She has a somewhat perturbed or frustrated look that is directed to KELLY. KELLY glances her way as well. And usually breaks eye contact with her anytime their eyes meet.*

He will shake his head as if in shame or acknowledging some sort of fault to himself. LAURA fiddles nervously with a necklace that has a key on it.

Beat. As this goes on, one of the party members waves a hand, making a gesture for everyone to follow them. Everyone but KELLY follows this person off stage, LAURA being the last to follow looks back at KELLY. KELLY makes no move to go with the party.

KELLY is left on the stage by himself. He shrugs his shoulders and walks in the opposite direction of the party goers, as if to leave the party. His eye is distracted by the sudden appearance of a small box with a lock on it. It may appear from off stage by just scooting across the stage or by some other means. It appears several steps away from KELLY and closer to where LAURA was previously standing. KELLY begins walking to it but as he heads to it, each leg gets heavier and heavier with each step, making it harder and harder to walk. KELLY is clearly confused by this turn of events but is able to reach the box and pick it up. By this time, his legs and feet are stuck to the floor and he can't move them.

LAURA enters.

KELLY sees LAURA and wants to flee but can't move. LAURA comes up to KELLY, unaware of his predicament.

LAURA: Kelly, you're not coming to the rest of the party?

KELLY: I... I... was thinking about just heading home. Turn in early... that sort of thing.

LAURA: *(Looks around.)* You could of left a while ago. Standing in a room, drinking by yourself is not a good look.

KELLY: I meant to leave. I tried to leave… it turned out to be harder than I thought it would be. *(Looks down at their legs.)*

LAURA: So what stopped you?

KELLY: *(Looks down at their feet and legs. They can't move.)* Well… amongst other things, I found this box. *(Hands over the box to LAURA. LAURA looks at the box.)*

LAURA: Where'd you find it?

KELLY: *(Motioning to the ground.)* Just here on the floor…

LAURA: That's close to where I was standing with the group… I never saw it.

KELLY: I didn't either... until everyone left… it just kind of appeared.

LAURA: You mean that's when you noticed it, not that it just appeared. It's amazing no one tripped over it.

KELLY: Alright, I guess. *(Not entirely convinced but not willing to make any more of it.)*

LAURA: You said other things. What else stopped you?

KELLY: Stopped me from leaving…?

LAURA: Yes, from leaving this party.

KELLY: I couldn't... I just couldn't...

LAURA: Why couldn't you?

KELLY: *(Looks down at their feet and legs.)* My legs can't move. It's like each one is 500 pounds and the rest of my body doesn't have the strength to move them.

LAURA: They look fine.

KELLY: They feel fine... I just can't move them. *(Tries to move.)*

LAURA: It's like your stuck there.

KELLY: It's like I'm locked in place.

LAURA: *(Looks down at box pretending to examine it.)* You know you blew it earlier tonight...

KELLY: *(Sighs.)* Yeah. I had got that impression.

LAURA: Men are idiots.

KELLY: *(Taking some measure of offense.)* Hey… I.

LAURA: Okay… that's a bit of an overstatement. You're an idiot.

KELLY: *(Sighs big and lowers his head.)* Okay... I'll accept that… reluctantly.

LAURA: You know what you did wrong? Please, tell me you know what you did wrong. Please tell me, you're not that big of an idiot.

KELLY: I imagined I missed an opportunity.

LAURA: A big opportunity. *(Beat.)* I was mildly offended when you didn't kiss me. The mood was right. The atmosphere was good.

KELLY: Maybe, a few too many people....

LAURA: No one was watching. Besides, we're at a party. These things happen at parties—so get over it.

KELLY nods in reluctant agreement.

LAURA: I was giving off all the right signals... making lots of eye contact… I reached out to touch your arm, give you a reaffirming gesture... we were laughing...

KELLY: *(Blurts out.)* I needed a sign.

LAURA: A sign? You had many signs.

KELLY: I'm not that good with non-verbal signs.

LAURA: What was I supposed to do, tell you to "kiss me". Really, cause that takes away from the moment. I don't want to have to tell you when you should kiss me. You should know.

KELLY: I need help in knowing...

LAURA: You need a sign. Like a little piece of paper that says "Kiss Laura" or a painted sign on a big piece of wood. Maybe a plane dragging one of those sky messages: KISS LAURA! Better yet, KISS LAURA written on the side of a Goodyear blimp.

KELLY: Actually, I'm not particular. Any of those would work, honestly...

LAURA: You know... you're never going to get a sign, at least, not that kind of sign.

KELLY: Yeah, I know, but it would make it easier.

LAURA: It's never going to happen.

KELLY: There should be something that could work as a sign because it's so confusing. I get lost in facial clues. How do you know someone is looking at you because they are interested in you, rather than they just ate something that didn't agree with them? Or they had a fleeting thought enter their mind at just the moment they were looking at you. And they reacted to that thought that didn't have anything to do with you.

LAURA: Where you're paralyzed—where you can't move—you're all locked up. No wonder you weren't able to leave the party.

KELLY looks down at their legs.

KELLY: What do I have to do?

LAURA: You've got to find the key that releases you...

KELLY: That sounds hard.

LAURA: It's not going to be easy, probably...

KELLY: *(Motioning to the key on LAURA'S necklace.)* That wouldn't happen to be the key, would it?

LAURA: Oh, no! This wouldn't be... *(Somewhat flustered.)* This couldn't be… this can't possibly be the key. My grandmother gave this to me when I was a little girl. She told me that this key would help me find love…. So clearly, this is not the key. I mean we barely know each other.... I mean we've never even kissed… besides how does this key unlock you?

KELLY looks back down to their legs and struggles to move.

KELLY: Yeah, I guess. I don't know.

LAURA looks at the key and looks at KELLY, as if she's trying to come up with a way to unlock him. Shaking her head to give up. She shakes the box.

LAURA: So what's in here? It sounds like nothing....

KELLY tries shaking the box.

KELLY: There must be something in it. Why lock an empty box?

LAURA looks at her key and then the box.

LAURA: Here try this *(Referring to her key.)* It's about the right size.

LAURA hands KELLY the key. KELLY tries the key, which works and unlocks the box and looks inside it.

LAURA: So what is in it?

KELLY reaches in and pull it out.

LAURA: Is that a sprig of mistletoe?
KELLY: *(Smiles big.)* No.
LAURA: *(Slightly confused.)* It isn't? What is it then?
KELLY: *(Still smiling.)* It's a sign.

KELLY breaks out of the paralysis and kisses LAURA.

SCENE 5: A LEIF ON THE WIND

SETTING: *This scene can be set anywhere outside where a wind can blow.*

AT START: *The wind should be blowing. Hopefully, this can be established both visually as well as through sound. The wind should sound like a good strong wind but also when playing a wind sound effect mix it with the actor/actress's voice playing the character of the wind. The VOW should be saying in a drawn out way: "I am the voice of the whispering wind". But more like "IIIIIIII AMMMMM the voicccce of the whisssssperrrrring wwwwind". This can be repeated many times. It should always sound whispery, breezy, as much like wind as possible and still be recognized by the audience. The audience should just barely be able to make it out. It should be an underlying sound rather than the dominant sound, which should be the wind.*

LEIF enters dejected and morose.

LEIF: I'm never going to find a job. I'm never going to get a girlfriend. At this point, I'm never going to have any money to even take a girl out.

VOW: Wherrrre arrre youuuuu gooooingggg?

LEIF: That's a great question. And I have no good answer. I don't even have a respectable bad answer. I guess I could just give any kind of answer but I would just be lying to myself.

VOW: At least, you're not deluding yourself.

LEIF: Well, at the very least, I guess. Yes... I'm pretty much a loser. I'm not deluding myself.

VOW: You must take what comes.

LEIF: I don't have a problem with that... it's just that it is all bad. I don't mind taking what comes but it just needs to be mixed with some good occasionally.

VOW: You are shaped by your thoughts. Think positive and positivity will become you. You will become what you think. Joy follows like a breeze that never leaves.

LEIF: What are you trying to tell me?

VOW: Do not dwell on your past moments.

LEIF: Okay, so don't worry about me not getting the job or even doing well in the interview?

VOW: Do not dream of a future.

LEIF: So don't worry about getting a girl or having enough money to take a girl out?

VOW: Concentrate your mind on the present.

LEIF: So live in the moment. Okay, I get what your saying but how…?

VOW: Let yourself go.

LEIF: Okay… how?

VOW: Relax. Embrace your surroundings.

LEIF looks around the stage, and walks to center stage. He sticks his arms out and spreads his legs, making himself into a human 'X'.

VOW: Breathe in.

LEIF takes a big breath in.

VOW: Breathe out.

LEIF expels out a big breath of air.

VOW: Slower.

LEIF takes in a breath slowly and expects it slowly.

VOW: Now move on.

LEIF: Move on?

VOW: Become a leaf on the wind.

LEIF takes a moment and accepts the wind. The wind noise picks up signaling the wind becoming stronger. He becomes a human leaf and begins to be blown across the stage, like a leaf in the wind, until he is finally blown off stage. LEIF exits.

SCENE 6: THE MAP MY HEART CREATED.

AT START: *Open on AARON'S empty backyard. JULIE enters.*

JULIE is frustrated by her dating life. She has had a string of relationships that have not gone anywhere. She is not finding what she needs. She was hoping to find what she needed in AARON but still has not. After having a very emotional day and night, a real soul searching experience, she woke up with a map next to her.

JULIE walks on, staring at what appears to be an unfolded map. However, the map is blank to the audience. JULIE is the only person who can read this particular, unusual map. The directions on this map are clearly very strange and precise. JULIE comes onto stage making deliberate steps. She may go on to skip a couple of times, take big strides, put her feet one in front of each other and so on. She follows several instructions on the map. While doing each instruction she should consult the map before the next instruction. (As an example these were the actual stage directions used in the show: 7 deliberate steps forward, 3 skipping steps after a 90 degree turn, two small steps backward, 9 steps to an angle to down stage left, 3 cartwheels to center stage, 4 slide steps right, 90 degree turn, 180 degree turn, 10 steps with each foot touching each other like walking on a tight rope, wave hands in the air turn completely around and face audience.) Make up your own unusual directions based on stage size.

AARON enters as some point during these instructions and is puzzled as to what JULIE is doing. AARON has always had feelings for JULIE. They have been dating but AARON can never seem to find the words he should say at the time he should say them. He has always struggled to express himself. This has caused a lot of tension in recent days.

AARON is at a loss of what to do, this is his way. There is a constant tension throughout the play between the two of them.

AARON: Julie, why are you here? Were we supposed to get together? What are you doing?

JULIE shoots up her hand to shush him as she tries to count out the direction she is currently following.

JULIE: Following a map. *(She holds it up to him. At this point JULIE should be a ways from AARON on stage. Reading from the map.)* 6 steps north. *(Use whatever direction works for where JULIE is on stage. This direction should bring JULIE within comfortable talking distance to AARON.)* Which way is north?

AARON looks around and points behind him. JULIE takes 6 steps closer to AARON.

JULIE: *(Looking down at the map.)* There's a blank spot.
AARON: A blank spot?
JULIE: There's a blank spot on the map. *(Points to a spot on the map.)* Right here. Where I am standing.
AARON: *(Looking at his grass.)* There's a blank spot on my grass? It looks fine to me.
JULIE: Stop staring at your feet. The blank spot is on the map.
AARON: May I see? *(Referring to the map.)*

JULIE hands him the map.

JULIE: *(Showing him on the map.)* Yeah, that spot there.

AARON looks at JULIE and then looks at the map. He turns the map over and over. But the map is completely blank to him.

AARON: This is just a big piece of folded blank paper.

JULIE: No, it's not. *(Frustrated with AARON'S lack of ability to see the map, but not terribly surprised. She straightens out the map in his hands so AARON is holding it at the right orientation.)* See that's my house there and this is the path I took *(Pointing to the map.)* and here I am and there's where the blank spot is. And this *(Pulling out another blank piece of paper.)* is my list of instructions to go with the map.

JULIE shows AARON the list of instructions. It is a blank piece of paper to AARON.

AARON: There is nothing written on this.

JULIE: *(Takes back instruction list from AARON. Begins to read from list.)* Let me read the instructions to you then. Good morning.

AARON: Good morning. But it's really afternoon.

JULIE: I'm not saying good morning to you. The map and the instructions are saying good morning to me.

AARON: Oh... of course... that's nice. What else does it say?

JULIE: It says... you... meaning me… Julie Weeks are wonderful. *(Looks away from map and towards AARON.)* See I like a friendly and happy map.

AARON: *(A bit confused.)* Yeah, I mean I hate those inconsiderate maps.

JULIE: Right. I totally agree. You want a nice map to wake up to.

AARON: You woke up to this map?

JULIE: And the instructions. *(Holds up a piece of blank paper.)*

AARON: So the map and the instructions were...

JULIE: On my nightstand when I woke up this morning.

AARON: And they weren't there the night before?

JULIE: Nope. So instruction 1: Get up and take a nice hot bath make sure to use the lavender soap.

AARON: Why lavender soap?

JULIE: Because it said so on the instructions.

AARON: It's just that lavender is my favorite scent.

JULIE: Instruction 2: get dressed in _____ *(Insert description of clothes Actress is wearing.)*

AARON: Nice choice by the map. You always looked good in that. *(Referring to JULIE'S clothes.)*

JULIE: Thank you. Instruction 3: Forget regular breakfast, have ice cream.

AARON: Have ice cream? I've always wanted to have ice cream for breakfast.

JULIE: Ice cream makes me happy. I assume the map knew that and knew that I had my favorite ice cream in the freezer: Peanut butter chocolate nut.

AARON: Sounds tasty.

JULIE: It was. Instruction 4: put on good walking shoes. *(Points down to her shoes.)* Instruction 5: Follow path on map.

AARON: Are there any more instructions?

JULIE: Not really... there's more like helpful hints and things to be aware of.

AARON: For example...

JULIE: *(Looks back down at paper.)* After skipping across 3rd street, watch out for the mud puddle. Or say hello to the man in the bowler hat, it will make him smile.

AARON: And did it make him smile?

JULIE: Yes it did and he had a great smile. He had this gold tooth too.

AARON: Any others?

JULIE: Yes this one here. Aaron will be by the blank spot.

AARON: It says that?

JULIE: Yes, right here see.

AARON: No, I don't see. I don't see anything on the instructions or this map.

JULIE brusquely takes that map away from AARON.

JULIE: Well, of course, you can't see it. *(Clearly, JULIE had hoped he would be able to see it, since the map brought her to him but there is a blank spot for a reason. JULIE'S feelings are mixed: sadness, frustration, with a tinge of curiosity.)* This is the map my heart created. It doesn't make any sense for you to be able to see it. It's not full of your emotions, or your dreams, or your aspirations. It's filled with mine. You wouldn't know anything about any of those. *(JULIE can't help but feel hurt at how little AARON knows or seemingly wants to know of her.)*

AARON: Wait, are you insinuating something?

JULIE: *(Stares coldly at AARON.)* If I said, I was flat out accusing you of something, would it help?

AARON: *(Feeling attacked steps back from JULIE a bit.)* I don't know what to say to that.

JULIE: Color me surprised. You never know what to say. You never share with me. I never know what you're thinking. I never know what you are feeling. *(As an aside to the audience.)* I never know how you feel about me.

AARON: It's hard... I... I want to...

JULIE: Then say something. *(Stares down AARON, awkward beat. AARON looks away. JULIE goes back to looking at her map, hoping for guidance.)*

AARON: So… where is your map taking you?

JULIE: Love.

AARON: *(Taken by surprise at her answer.)* Say that again.

JULIE: The map is leading me to love.

AARON: And… *(Looks around the stage.)* it has led you to my backyard. That must mean something.

JULIE: Yes, it must mean something… *(Looks up from her map to AARON with purpose.)* What do you think it means?

AARON: Well... I… *(Stumbles around trying to find the words he should say but can't.)* It's… it's your map. I wouldn't know.

JULIE looks at AARON with great disappointment and sadness. Beat. JULIE looks down at her map and gets excited as the map has changed.

JULIE: *(Excitedly.)* The blank spot has filled in.

AARON: It has? *(AARON comes to look over JULIE'S shoulder to try and take a peek at the map. It is still blank to him.)* What does it say… or show or whatever?

JULIE: A door.

AARON: Just a door?

JULIE: An invisible door.

AARON: Where? *(AARON begins looking around for the door.)*

JULIE: Right around here, in your backyard somewhere.

AARON: Really. *(Walks around with his hand and arms out in front of him trying to find this door.)*

JULIE: You're acting like you don't believe?

AARON: That's not true at all. I'm acting like I totally believe you. *(Still walks around trying to find door.)* I'm just not finding the door. *(AARON comes back to the exact position he was before searching for the door.)*

JULIE: I'm going to have to follow some directions to get there though. *(Looking at her map.)* I'm going to have to backtrack. *(Looking at the map.)* Let me see here… 6 steps south. *(This direction should be the exact opposite of the direction that brought her close to AARON. This direction is purposely moving her way from him.)*

AARON: Wait a minute… where does this invisible door lead?

JULIE: Haven't you been paying attention… to love, of course.

AARON: Does that sound as crazy to you as it does to me?

JULIE: It doesn't sound any crazier than anything else in this world.

JULIE looks down at the map and follows another direction that takes her further away from AARON.

AARON: You can't expect to open a door and find love standing there on the other side. You open a door to go to the bathroom, or get something out of a closet or go to bedroom, or like I did when I saw you out the window, I opened a door to come outside.

JULIE: Don't be so literal. And who knows, maybe, it can happen just that way. And maybe it will happen just like that. I will find this door and open it. And standing there, right there when the door opens will be the person who loves me for me. Who accepts me and all my peculiarities and my flaws. Who has loved me before from afar, who will love me now and who will love me for my entire future. And maybe there will be no one there because the door is just a door, leading into a place I've never been before, a place where I will meet different people, people who I have never met, go on adventures that I wouldn't go on if I stayed here. The door will lead me in a different direction—different than the one I am taking now—the one that is seemingly a dead end with you.

AARON: And maybe it just needs more time to develop, this thing between me and you.

JULIE: A thing? You are calling what we have between us a thing—some sort of inanimate object.

AARON: Yes... no... well… you've got me tongue tied.

JULIE: I have done no such thing. I am not a witch or some sort of soothsayer. If you can't speak words—-that's on you—not me. I didn't put some sort of spell on you or anything.

AARON: No... no... I know that.... I just struggle to find the words... the right words… to say to you sometimes.

JULIE: You don't say anything to me any of the time.

AARON: This thing that you and I have....

JULIE: 'Thing' again. I think the word you're struggling to find is: 'relationship'.

AARON: Is that what we have is that our thing?

JULIE: We've been dating for six months.

AARON: And I think more time is needed. More time to really get to know each other. To really find out for each other if what we have is special. I think with more time we can find that out.

JULIE: But it has been time and maybe that all the time in the world, won't move us any further than where we are now.

Beat where they both stare at each other. JULIE looks back at the map and follows another direction.

A door suddenly appears. The door can drop from above, or suddenly gets wheeled in place. But somehow a door appears.

JULIE: This map *(Holds up the map.)* is a blueprint to all my emotions and feelings. Ironically, it is a blueprint to all of yours as well.

AARON: It's just a blank piece of paper.

JULIE: Exactly. *(Looks around and notices the door.)* My door is here.

AARON: Love will not be standing behind that door. You're crazy to think that it will be. There is going to be nothing behind that door except for maybe the rest of my backyard. There is not going to be some man dressed up in a medieval suit of arms riding a big white horse to carry you off to his castle so you can become some sort of princess. There is not going to be some handsome stranger, or daring fireman, or lonely ranch hand or whoever else you're imagining. This is not a romance story.

JULIE: Maybe... maybe not... but I know that hope is behind that door and I am going to go meet it because hope is exactly what I am looking for. The chance for a new beginning. The chance to meet someone new. The chance to find love.

Beat. JULIE walks up to the door. JULIE looks at AARON to see if he has any last words to say. Beat. AARON'S lips move but as has happened too often, no words come out.

JULIE: Goodbye Aaron.

JULIE walks through the door. Beat. The door disappears. Beat.

AARON: I should have said the words. I should have said so many things. I should have showed her my emotions. I should of shared with her my heart. I really, really should have told her I loved her.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

DAWN is back again in front of the curtain, just as ACT TWO is about to start.

SCENE 1: INTERLUDE #3

It does not take long for DAWN to realize she is still early, as she looks around the stage to orient herself.

DAWN: *(Pretty frustrated by this time.)* I'm still too early.

Three balloons fall from above. One with a disgruntled face on it, one covered in question marks, and the last with a very disgruntled almost mad face on it.

DAWN: I hate being this early all the time. *(DAWN goes from angry to somewhat sad.)*

A balloon falls from above with a sad face drawn on it. DAWN ignores all the balloons and exits.

SCENE 2: AGAINST THE WIND

AT START: *The setting is somewhere outside. The wind should be blowing with the same underlying message as in the scene in Act One with LEIF. TREE enters in a rush, agitated.*

TREE: *(Looks up at the sky slight, talking to the wind.)* I can hear you. You know that right?
VOW: I am here to offer guidance.
TREE: I don't need any guidance.
VOW: Everyone needs guidance, from time to time.

TREE: That may be true. *(TREE looks around the stage, as if she has lost track of where she's going and starts walking in a different direction on the stage.)* But now is not the time. *(TREE looks around again and walks off in a different direction on stage.)* I know where I'm going.

VOW: Do you? It doesn't look like you do.

TREE: No… I'm okay. *(TREE looks around the stage and chooses a different direction to walk.)* I'm just momentarily confused as to where to go. *(TREE stops her walking, frustrated by where she is, and where she should go.)*

VOW: I could help....

TREE: You would just push me along… I need to make a choice as to which way to go. I could go this way. *(Points in one direction.)* And see where life takes me. I have a real good opportunity with work if I go that way. Yet, I could go the other way. *(Points in a different direction, maybe even takes a couple of steps in that direction.)* I could follow my passion this way, do something I absolutely love but there's not much money involved with it.

VOW: Isn't there always a but?

TREE: If I do one, I can't do the other, at least, not for a long time, and probably not ever. They are both going to lead down different paths that will lead to other paths. They're both good choices. So how do I choose?

VOW: Choose with your heart. Choose with your mind.

TREE: They are conflicting and yet they each want to do both.

VOW: I could be a cleansing breeze to help bring you clarity.

TREE: I don't want you to choose for me.

VOW: I would not. I would just bring perspective.

Beat. TREE looks around stage. Looks in each direction she pointed too. Each direction of her choices. She sighs.

TREE: *(Resignedly.)* Okay.

The wind picks up, just like in ACT ONE, SCENE 5. As the wind intensifies, TREE begins to sway.

VOW: Let yourself go.
TREE: I'm trying. It's hard for me.

The wind picks up and blows. TREE begins to be blown around the stage and finally exits in a different direction than either of the two she pointed to in the scene.

SCENE 3: TOMORROW'S NEWS

SETTING: *A street scene—any street in the United States.*

AT START: *There are several people walking up and down the street. Again can be other characters in the play. A man (SEAN) walking along, not paying much attention, as he reads a newspaper, accidentally bumps into a lady (SARA) who was also distracted, walking in the opposite direction. At the time of the bump, SEAN drops the newspaper.*

SEAN: Oh my god. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to bump into you… *(Sudden realization comes to him.)* Sara, your name is Sara.
SARA: *(Looking at SEAN inquisitively.)* Yes... yes... it is. Are you stalking me? I don't think that we've ever met. In fact, I've never seen you before in my life.
SEAN: No. No. I promise, I'm not stalking you. I would never… and I don't think we've ever met before either.
SARA: Then if we've never met then how could you possibly know my name...

SARA reaches down and picks up the newspaper. Upon touching the newspaper, SARA has a sudden realization as if her mind were flooded with new knowledge. She reads the newspaper.

SARA: Your name is Sean. And you're an accountant and... and… you're single and hating it and you ask me for a date for this Saturday.

SEAN: Well... yes. That's me. I don't know about the date part, I don't hate being single, well not entirely, but I don't like being lonely. I'm certainly lonely and I hate being that.

SARA: Yes, it's all here in this newspaper. *(SARA looks at the newspaper as if giving it a thorough examination.)* We're on the front page. Under the headline: Sara and Sean's First Meeting. There's even a photo of the two of us. I hate it… I absolutely hate it. Look at me. *(Shows SEAN newspaper.)* I'm cuter than that.

SEAN: You are very cute.

SARA: You bet your ass I am... I dress well, not that you can tell from this grainy, black and white photo.

SEAN: You are wearing a nice outfit.

SARA: And I'm educated.

SEAN: *(Reads/summarizes from the newspaper article.)* There's a nice feature bio on you. You have a Master's in Art History. You can tell me everything I never wanted to know about Matisse, Van Gogh... Leonardo Da Vinci and a score of other artists I've never heard of. Who is Gustav Klimt?

SARA: Gustav Klimt, best known for a painting called *The Kiss.* An oil on canvas painting with some added gold leaf along with silver and platinum. He was an Austrian symbolist painter...

SEAN: I don't need to know anymore...

SARA: You always do that to me.

SEAN: No, I don't. What do I do? Or what am I going to do?

SARA: You're going to continually stop me when I try to go in-depth about my art appreciation.

SEAN: Am I? *(Slowly realizes.)* You're right, I am.

SARA: I know I'm right and I'm mad at you for it.

SARA turns her back to him.

SEAN: Can I explain?

SARA: *(Turns to face SEAN, accusingly.)* Can you?

SEAN: Can I explain my feelings about an incident or incidents in the future that have yet to happen that clearly upset you?

SARA: Yes... well.

SEAN: Yes, I think I can... I guess when I ask you questions...

SARA: Which you've never done yet.

SEAN: True. So when I ask you questions in the future. I guess. I'm just looking for a quick answer. It's not that I'm not interested in a more detailed explanation. I just don't understand the in-depth answers that you give me. I could, politely, listen to it all and nod my head with little to no understanding of what you just said. But in essence, I would be lying to you, if I did that, pretending to understand, pretending I get any of the nuances in the art that you do. My mind can't see it and my mind can't grasp all the finer points. I guess I'm trying to be honest with you. I have always loved, will love, going to see art with you, those are my favorite memories, will become my favorite memories. I love your passion for the arts and will support you always with it because it is so important to you and you're so knowledgeable and good at it. I just don't quite understand it to your level. You just have to go slowly with it. I don't come from that kind of a background. I never really had the exposure to it that you did.

SARA: *(Thinks.)* I could go slower. I could give you little chunks rather than huge boulders of information.

SEAN: I don't mean to come across as insensitive to it... I could do better as well.

SARA leans into SEAN to say something, which gets lost. SARA sees the newspaper, which she suddenly grabs from SEAN.

SARA: *(Shocked.)* What's that? *(As she points to a section of the newspaper.)*

SEAN: What's what? *(Trying to peer at the newspaper to see what SARA is looking at.)*

SARA thrusts the newspaper into SEAN'S face pointing to a specific spot in the paper. SEAN takes a beat to read it.

SEAN: Sara Crystal White... *(SEAN points to SARA. SARA nods in confirmation.)* Daughter of Robert and Johanna White was married to Sean Mark Rumanski...
SARA: Rumanski?
SEAN: Polish.
SARA: Cool.
SEAN: Son of Jack and Shirley Rumanski, this past Sunday March 3rd with a full mass at… full mass?
SARA: I'm catholic. We probably did it to appease my parents.
SEAN: That's important… good to know.
SARA: Sorry...
SEAN: Doesn't matter… were you happy?
SARA: It's going to be the happiest day of my life.
SEAN: Really?
SARA: I wouldn't lie to you...
SEAN: You don't know me.
SARA: Still... I wouldn't lie to you...
SEAN: I don't think there's a single person in my life who hasn't lied to me...

SEAN looks down at the newspaper… let's out a yelp and drops the newspaper.

SARA: Oh no. What is it?
SEAN: You don't want to know...

SARA looks down at the newspaper and then back to SEAN.

SEAN: Trust me.
SARA: Oh I do. It's just the suspense is going to kill me...

SARA picks up the newspaper and looks at it. Her eyes go wide in shock. The newspaper slowly slips out of her hands and down on the ground.

SEAN: Told you...
SARA: You're not one of those "I told you so" kinda guys?
SEAN: Only on very special and rare occasions.
SARA: Well, this certainly counts... twins... I'm having twins. *(Looks down at herself.)* How is my body going to manage it?
SEAN: Well... I think... you'll be...
SARA: Stop. Stop right there. There is no good place that statement can go...
SEAN: *(Nods.)* You're right... Sorry...

SEAN picks up and looks at the newspaper… sports page.

SARA: What did we name them?
SEAN: *(Consults newspaper.)* Zebidiah and Zenobia. Zeb and Zeny.
SARA: Who came up with those names?

SEAN and SARA look at each other and suddenly point accusingly at the other. Beat.

SEAN: Well, it must have seemed like a good idea at the time.
SARA: I must have been still under the influence of drugs—that must have been some really good anesthesia.
SEAN: Do you like sports?
SARA: No, not really.
SEAN: Not at all?
SARA: No... why?
SEAN: Because you're apparently a coach for Zeny's soccer team...
SARA: I am?
SEAN: Yes... you made the front page of the sports section... right there. *(Points to an inner page of the paper.)*

SARA stares closely at it dumbfounded. SARA begins to cry. Slight pause and then SEAN moves closer to her to try and reassure her.

SARA: *(Putting out both hands.)* Stay away.

SEAN freezes and SARA steps away from him.

SARA: Stay far away from me...

SEAN takes a tentative step or two away from SARA. Beat.

SEAN: *(Whispers.)* Are you okay?

SARA shakes her head.

SARA: I am not okay. I can't tell you how far away from okay I am. If okay was the planet Earth... I'm at least three galaxies that way. *(Points off in a direction.)* I just came... I just walked this way because I was going to an interview. I'm just looking for a job... because having a Master's Degree in Art History sucks.

Apparently, no one thinks I can do anything but work in a museum or art gallery. They don't appreciate how much work I put into getting my degree, or how much money I spent either. My degree doesn't seem to have translated to any skills I can use to get some sort of job… and I need a job.

SEAN: You eventually get there.

SARA: Where's there...?

SEAN: You're a curator at a local gallery... it's well respected... and you love it. It takes you going down a lot of dead ends first though and this job interview is one of those...

SARA: How did you know this?

SEAN points at an article in the newspaper.

SARA: Of course... this is too much.

SEAN: Overwhelming....

SARA: To say the least, I can't do this. I was just looking for a job. I wasn't looking for the rest of my life...

SEAN: I understand… I really do.

Beat.

SARA: I can't handle this...
SEAN: I agree... we should go...

Beat. They both take tentative steps in the opposite direction of each other.

Beat. They both look back at each other as they catch each other looking back at each other. They both quickly look away again and take another couple of steps away from each other.

SEAN turns around to face SARA.

SEAN: I'm going to call you.

SARA freezes.

SARA: *(Turns around to face SEAN.)* Don't you dare. I won't answer.
SEAN: That's your prerogative. Your choice... but I'm going to call.
SARA: Please don't.
SEAN: You don't have to answer. I'm not going to pester you. I'm only going to call the once...
SARA: Just the once...?
SEAN: *(Pauses, as if truly evaluating his heart.)* Yes, just the once and then never again.
SARA: Just the once?
SEAN: *(Said with conviction after a slight pause.)* Just the once.
SARA: So I could just hang up?
SEAN: *(Gets out his phone. Calls SARA.)* Sara it's me....—

SARA picks up her ringing phone and then pushes the button to hang up.

SEAN: ...—Sean. *(Said after SARA hangs up with a tinge of disappointment and dejection.)*

SARA: Or... *(Seeing SEAN'S rejection...)* I could push you too voice mail.

SEAN: *(Back to talking into his phone.)* Sara... uhmm it's me... Sean... that guy you ran into holding the newspaper.... Well... I guess... it was really me you ran into you. That's neither here or there... ahhh god I'm awful at leaving messages.... I just thought we made a connection and we could go out to dinner this Saturday.

SARA: I would never have to listen to the voice mail. Erase it and be done. Never think about you again.

SEAN: Yes... it really could be that simple.

SARA: Or just not answer it all.

SEAN picks up the phone and calls SARA. SARA'S phone rings and she stares at it like it was some sort of snake or something that might bite or sting. She puts it down slowly on the ground and gives it room, afraid of what it might be. SEAN walks over to SARA'S phone and looks down at it.