

## 06\_Where it Went\_Phil-Marci\_ages 30s-40s

*Randy and Chad look at each other. A moment of realization. This is about as scary — and wonderful — as it gets. Now — the guys are far away from each other, and all they want to do is get to each other, so they go to get up — in order to get to each other — but suddenly and completely fall down. This is weird. They scramble to get up again, to see if they can “beat” the fall, but they fall down again. They desperately want to get to each other, so — in a bit of a frenzy, to try to “beat” the falls — they try to get up, they fall down; they get up, they fall down; they get up, they fall down; they get up, they fall down; they get up, they fall down. The falling frenzy settles ... and Randy and Chad are no closer to each other than they were when they started. Beat. Music. They just look at each other. It’s all scary and thrilling and unknown. It’s going to be wonderful. Just not quite yet. Lights fade. Transitional aurora. End of “They Fell.” After the lights have faded and “They Fell” is over, we begin Scene Six, which is entitled ...*

### WHERE IT WENT

*Music fades. Lights up on Phil and Marci, who have just been ice-skating on Echo Pond in Almost, Maine. They are undoing their skates, putting on their boots/shoes. Phil has hockey skates; Marci has figure skates. Marci has one shoe on, one skate on. Note: Marci should be wearing a winter shoe — like an L.L. Bean hunting shoe, or a suede-like winter shoe — not a boot. Beat.*

PHIL. It still feels like you’re mad.

MARCI. (*Undoing her skate.*) I’m not mad, // I just said I wish >

PHIL. But you were, you *are*, >

MARCI. you’d pay more attention lately.

PHIL. you’re mad.

MARCI. I’m not mad! I was having fun, I thought. I had fun tonight. Did you?

PHIL. Yeah.

MARCI. Good. (*Smiles, continues to undo her skates; is puzzled by something. Beat.*)

PHIL. (*Continuing his defense.*) I mean, Chad called me in to the

mill, I had to work.

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

PHIL. I did!

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

PHIL. What?

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

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

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

PHIL. No.

MARCI. 'Cause it's not funny. >

PHIL. I —

MARCI. It's cold out here!

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

MARCI. Phil!

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

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

PHIL. Marce! —

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

PHIL. It *was* ...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PHIL. What's that supposed to mean?

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

PHIL. What?

MARCI. that you didn't see it.

PHIL. What?

MARCI. The shooting star.

PHIL. Why?

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

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

MARCI. I'm not.

PHIL. Marce —

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

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

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

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

MARCI. Oh.

PHIL. Wanna wish on it with me?

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

PHIL. Umm ... see Hedgehog Mountain?

MARCI. Uh-huh.

PHIL. Straight up, right above it.

MARCI. The bright one?

PHIL. Yeah.

MARCI. That one?

PHIL. Yeah.

MARCI. Right there?

PHIL. Yeah.

MARCI. Phil:

PHIL. Yeah?

MARCI. That's a planet.

PHIL. What?

MARCI. That's a planet. You're wishing on a planet.

PHIL. That's a — ?

MARCI. Yeah, >

PHIL. Well, how do you know?

MARCI. and it's (*She sings.*) "... when you wish upon a *star*," not "... when you wish upon a *planet* // or *Saturn* — "

PHIL. I know, I know! How do you know?

MARCI. Said on the weather, Phil. Saturn's the brightest object in the sky this month. It'll be sitting right above Hedgehog Mountain over the next bunch of weeks. They've been sayin' it on the weather all week. And your wish is never gonna come true if you're wishing on a planet.

PHIL. Well —

MARCI. You gotta pay attention.

PHIL. Why do you keep sayin' that?

MARCI. What?

PHIL. That I gotta pay attention?

MARCI. 'Cause you don't.

PHIL. What are you talkin' about? —

MARCI. Phil: Happy Anniversary. (*Beat.*)

PHIL. Huh?

MARCI. Happy Anniversary. That's what I'm talkin' about. (*Beat.*)

PHIL. I'm — . (*Can't quite say he's sorry. Beat. Then, instead of apologizing:*) I knew you were mad.

MARCI. I'm not mad, // Phil!

PHIL. You're mad at me, and pretty soon, outta nowhere, it's gonna get ugly. >

MARCI. Phil, I'm not mad, I'm —

PHIL. I mean, Marce: I'm *sorry*!! I know I missed some things, but I gotta work! I gotta take a double when Chad needs me at the mill! He's helpin' me — *us* — out, you know, // offering me the overtime!

MARCI. I know, I know —

PHIL. No, you *don't* know: Me workin' is for *us*, and the kids, and it's a lot sometimes, and it messes me up!