Scene 5: They Fell
(Female Version)

Music fades.

It's a few minutes earlier—8:50 P.M. or so.

Deena and Shelly—two "County Girls"[10]—appear.

They are in a potato field.

Each carries her own cooler (the coolers will eventually serve as stools) and each is drinking a bottle (or can) of Natural Light beer.

Deena and Shelly are mid-conversation.

DEENA. All I'm sayin'—

SHELLY. No—

DEENA. All I'm *sayin'* is that it was bad, Shell!

SHELLY. No: No way it was as bad as mine.

DEENA. Shell! It was bad! >

SHELLY. But—

DEENA. *Real bad*!

SHELLY. But—

DEENA. Badder-than-it's-ever-*been* bad!

SHELLY. I believe you—

DEENA. Baddest-date-*ever* bad!

SHELLY. I hear ya, b//ut—

DEENA. But you're not *listenin'*, // Shell: It was *bad*!

SHELLY. Deen—no! *You're* not listenin', // 'cause—

DEENA. Like epical-monumental-*historical* bad!

SHELLY. *(Exploding—and topping Deena.)* WELL, I'M TRYIN' TO TELL YOU THAT I HAD A PRETTY BAD TIME *MYSELF*!!!

Little beat.

10 A "County Girl" is a woman who was born and raised in Aroostook (uh-ROO-stick) County, the northernmost county in Maine and the largest county east of the Rocky Mountains. To be a "County Girl" is a source of pride.

DEENA. No. There's no way it was // worse than mine!

SHELLY. It was pretty bad, Deen.

DEENA. Really.

SHELLY. Yeah.

DEENA. Okay: Go. [Let's hear it.]

Deena opens her cooler, drops her empty beer bottle (or can) in it, gets herself another beer, pops it open, closes the cooler, takes a seat on it, and offers Shelly the proverbial floor.

SHELLY. *(This is a little painful.)* He—... He said he didn't like the way I smelled.

DEENA. What?!?

SHELLY. Todd told me he didn't like the way I smelled. Never has.

DEENA. *(Taking this in.)* Todd *Dunleavy*[11] told you that he didn't // like the way [you smelled]—...?

SHELLY. Yeah.

DEENA. When?

SHELLY. When he picked me up. I got in his truck—we were backin' outta my driveway—and all of a sudden, he starts breathin' hard—hyper-hyper— *(Searches for but can't find "ventilating.")* // breathin'—

DEENA. *(Finds the word Shelly can't find.)* —ventilating.

SHELLY. —ventilating, yeah, and he stops and he gets outta the truck and says he's sorry, but he can't go out with me 'cause he doesn't like the way I smell, never has!

DEENA. What, never has? When has he smelled you before?

SHELLY. I don't know, around town or whatever.

DEENA. Well, jeez!

SHELLY. Anyway, he said he thought he was gonna be able to over*look* it—the way that I smelled—but that that wasn't gonna be possible after all, because he couldn't breathe, somethin' about allergic, >

DEENA. Allergic?

11 Pronounced, "DUN-luv-ee."

SHELLY. and he said it wasn't *me*—it wasn't *me*!—it was somethin' about "the women" and "the // lengths" we go to—

DEENA. What?, "The women"?!?

SHELLY. Yeah, and "the lengths" we go to to // smell nice, >

DEENA. "The *lengths*" we [go to to smell nice]—?!?

SHELLY. and he said that whatever it is I use to smell nice just was too sweet-smellin' for him, he said—

DEENA. Oh!, Like, *perfume*! // Oh!

SHELLY. Yeah—and just doesn't smell very nice to him, "no offense," and he slammed the door on me and left me sittin' right there in my driveway. In his truck.

DEENA. *(Taking this in.)* 'Cause he didn't like the way you smelled?!?

SHELLY. Yeah.

DEENA. Wait, you don't even use any kind of perfume, do you?

SHELLY. No! // No!

DEENA. That's just how you smell, right?

SHELLY. I don't know, I don't smell myself.

DEENA. Well...what the [heck is his problem]—...I think you smell great.

SHELLY. Thanks.

Little beat.

Anyway, he said he'd come back and pick his truck up tomorrow and would I mind please rollin' down the windows for him to air it out overnight.

DEENA. What? There's nothin' to air *out*! >

SHELLY. I know!

DEENA. Todd has issues!

SHELLY. Yeah.

Little beat.

Suddenly Deena starts to leave, with purpose.

What are you doin'?

DEENA. Doin' somethin' to his truck.

SHELLY. Deen!

DEENA. *(Grabbing Shelly.)* Come on! We're doin' somethin' to his truck. >

SHELLY. Deen—no!

DEENA. You're too nice! Time to get mean! We're doin' somethin' to his truck!

SHELLY. Deen! >

DEENA. We *are*!

SHELLY. We're not doin' nothin' to his truck!! Relax!!

Deena calms down and sits back down on her cooler.

DEENA. Jerk. He should be so lucky, gettin' to go out with you.

SHELLY. Nah.

DEENA. Yeah!

SHELLY. Anyway: Pretty bad, huh?

DEENA. Yeah. And a little sad, too.

SHELLY. Yeah.

Little beat.

So, I'm guessin' that I'm the big winner tonight, huh?, And so I get to pick tomorrow, and I pick bowlin'. We'll go bowlin', supper at the Snowmobile Club, couple of beers at the Moose Paddy, hang out.

Little beat.

DEENA. I didn't say you're the big winner.

SHELLY. What?

DEENA. Did I say you're the big winner?

SHELLY. No, but [there's no way you can beat bein' told you smell bad]—

DEENA. No. All that's pretty sad, Shell, and bad, but you didn't win.

SHELLY. What do you mean?

DEENA. You didn't win.

SHELLY. You can beat being told that you smell bad?

DEENA. Yeah.

SHELLY. Really.

DEENA. Yeah.

SHELLY. Well, then: [Let's hear it.]

Shelly opens her cooler, drops her empty beer bottle (or can) in it, gets herself another beer, pops it open, closes the cooler, takes a seat on it, and offers Deena the proverbial floor.

DEENA. Mine's face broke.

SHELLY. *(Taking this in.)* What?

DEENA. His face broke.

SHELLY. *(Trying to comprehend.)* His [face broke]—...?

DEENA. Face broke, Shell, his face broke, how many times are ya gonna make me say it?

SHELLY. Sorry.

Little beat.

DEENA. Told you it was bad.

Beat.

SHELLY. How did his...face break?

DEENA. When we were dancin'.

SHELLY. *Dancin'*? Darren LeMans[12] took you *dancin'*?!?!

DEENA. Yeah.

SHELLY. Down to the Rec Center?!?

DEENA. Yeah.

SHELLY. Oh, that's nice! // That's nice! >

DEENA. Yeah.

SHELLY. What a good guy! >

DEENA. Yeah.

SHELLY. I wouldn't have expected that from him!, Wish someone'd take me dancin'!, Musta been so *fun*!

DEENA. Yeah, [it] was. Till his face broke.

SHELLY. Yeah. Well, what happened?

DEENA. Well, we did that thing they have where you pay, you get a lesson, and then you dance all night. They teach "together dancin'," how to dance together.

12 Pronounced, "luh-MANZ." LaMans rhymes with the word "fans."

SHELLY. Aww, that's nice!, That's fun!

DEENA. Yeah, and we learned that thing where you throw the girl up and over and...well, Darren was havin' a hard time figuring out the move—how to do it—and it's so *easy*—and so I thought maybe it'd help him get his part if—once through—we switched, and I did his part, and he did mine...and, well, Darren's not a very big guy. I mean, he's little. Little, little man.

SHELLY. He is, isn't he?

DEENA. Yeah. Never realized it before. He sounds taller on the phone.

SHELLY. He does!

DEENA. Yeah, so—anyway—we *switched* so I could show him how to do his part...and, well, I'm pretty strong, and...he's just *small*.

SHELLY. He really *is*, isn't he?

DEENA. Yeah—and I threw him up and over...and, well, I threw him *over*...over. And...he landed on his face.

Little beat.

And it broke.

Little beat.

Ocular—orbital—bone fracture.

SHELLY. Oh.

Beat.

DEENA. Had to take him to the emergency room.

Long beat.

Then, finally:

SHELLY. That's a drive.

DEENA. Thirty-eight miles.

SHELLY. Yup.

DEENA. *(Disgusted.)* And he *cried*.

SHELLY. Oh, no...

DEENA. The whole way.

Little beat.

Asked me to call his *mom* to come get him.

SHELLY. Seriously?!?

DEENA. Yeah. And she *did.* Asked me to "please leave."

SHELLY. Aw, Deen, I'm sorry!

DEENA. It's all right. He was a lousy dancer.

SHELLY. Most of 'em are.

DEENA. Yeah.

Deena and Shelly laugh at the ridiculousness of Deena's evening.

And then maybe they fall into some sadness.

And then Shelly laughs again.

What?

SHELLY. That's just—pretty bad.

DEENA. Yup.

SHELLY. And sad.

DEENA. Yup. So...I'm guessin' I win!

SHELLY. Oh—yeah—no question, no question! That right there might make you the big winner of all time!

DEENA. Yup!

SHELLY. "Baddest-date-girl" of all time!

DEENA. Yup!

SHELLY. Congratulations!

DEENA. Thank you!

SHELLY. So what do you pick tomorrow?

DEENA. Bowlin', supper at the Snowmobile Club, coupla beers at the Moose Paddy, hang out.

SHELLY. Sounds good.

Deena and Shelly air-toast and then chug their beers simultaneously.

Beat.

Maybe they fall into some more sadness.

Then Shelly laughs again.

DEENA. What?

SHELLY. Oh, Deen, I don't know. Just sometimes...I don't know why I bother goin' "out." I mean—I know *why*—it's 'cause you gotta go out, but I'm scared 'cause I've been *goin'* out and nothin's *comin'* of it, you know?, And I feel like I'm runnin' outta chances, >

DEENA. Don't say that, don't say that—

SHELLY. and lately I've been wonderin' why I even have to bother... *goin'* out. I mean—I don't like it, Deena. I hate it. I hate goin' out on these *dates.* I mean, why do I wanna spend my Friday night hangin' out with some guy I might *maybe* like, when I could be spendin' it hangin' out with someone I *know* I like, like you, you know? >

DEENA. Yeah.

SHELLY. I mean...that was rough tonight. In the middle of Todd tellin' me how he didn't like the way I smelled—I mean, he doesn't smell all that great!

DEENA. Not many of 'em do!

SHELLY. Yeah!, And, well—anyway—I got so sad.

DEENA. Aw, but it wasn't you, // it wasn't you!

SHELLY. I know, I know, but after he said *that* [that I smelled bad], all I could think about was how not much in this world makes me feel good lately or makes much sense anymore, and I got really scared, Deen, 'cause there's gotta be somethin'—at this stage of the game—there's gotta be somethin' that makes you feel good or at least makes sense in this world, or what's the point, right?

DEENA. Yeah...

SHELLY. But then I kinda came out of feeling sad, and I actually felt okay, 'cause I realized that there *is* somethin'—at this stage of the game—there *is* one thing in this world that makes me feel really good and that *does* make sense, and it's you, it's always been you.

Beat.

Shelly is a bit surprised—and mortified—by the string of words that just came tumbling out of her mouth.

DEENA. *(Trying to figure out if she heard what she thought she just heard.)* Huh?

SHELLY. *(Trying to cover.)* Nothin'.

But it's too late.

It's quiet and still.

Shelly isn't quite sure what she has just said.

Deena isn't quite sure what she has just heard.

Long, long beat of these two sorting out what Shelly just said and what Deena just heard.

And then Deena extricates herself from the extremely awkward and strange and uncomfortable situation she finds herself in and starts to leave.

DEENA. Okay, well, I should get goin' home, Shell. The cats get lonely lately.

SHELLY. Yeah… Well, I'm only goin' in to the mill early tomorrow., Just got some maintenance issues to resolve. [I] Bet I'll be done before noon, so I can pick you up…lunchtime?

DEENA. Yeah—no—I // don't think [I wanna do much of anything tomorrow]—

SHELLY. Oh! They got the craft fair goin' at church, maybe we could hit that before // bowlin'—

DEENA. Oh, I don't know, 'cause, you know what?, I kinda forgot, Shell: I've got a big day tomorrow. >

SHELLY. Well—

DEENA. I gotta be up at the crack o'crack to open the salon: We're doin' Sandrine St. Pierre's wedding tomorrow., [I'm] Doin' the bride's hair and the bridesmaids' hair and the moms' hair and all the makeup and the nails, and I might // not be up for anything afterwards—

SHELLY. Well, I'll come get ya whenever you're done, like we planned—

DEENA. Mmm…prolly gonna be busy all day., We might have to do touch-ups for the wedding pictures, I don't know when we'll be // done, you know?

SHELLY. Well, we could skip bowlin' and just do supper at the Snowmobile // Club.

DEENA. And I'm gonna be really exhausted, so, I don't know, I don't know, I don't know // so—

SHELLY. Well, I'll be ready whenever // you want me to come pick ya up—

DEENA. Hey-hey, Shell: Maybe we oughtta just give it a couple days and see when we both have the time, and we'll make a plan, okay?

SHELLY. Well, the craft fair's only // this weekend, so—

DEENA. Yeah, you know what?, You know what?, You know what, Shell?: I'm gonna head.

Deena makes clear that the discussion is over.

And then checks to make sure everything is okay with her and her best friend.

(Brightly.) Okay?

SHELLY. Okay.

DEENA. *(Making sure/insisting that everything is okay.)* Okay?

SHELLY. Okay.

DEENA. *(Making like everything's okay.)* Okay!

SHELLY. Okay!

DEENA. Okay! Bye!

Deena starts to go again.

SHELLY. Bye!

Shelly watches Deena go, and then calls to her.

Hey, Deena!

Deena stops, turns to Shelly, and when her eyes meet Shelly's, Shelly suddenly and completely—and almost in slow motion—falls down.

This should be more of a crumple than a fall.

Love is often described, after all, as making people weak in the knees.

And the knees should hit the ground first, then the body, and, finally, the face.

A wisp of music or a gentle sound effect could help define this as Magical Moment #5, Part One.

[Note: Eye contact is what initiates Shelly's fall—and all falls that follow.]

DEENA. Whoa!

Deena rushes to Shelly, trying to figure out what just happened.

Shell, hey! What [happened]—? You okay?

SHELLY. Yeah [no]…

DEENA. What the [heck happened]—? Here.

Deena helps Shelly up.

SHELLY. Thanks. Um—

DEENA. What was that? You okay? What just happened there?

SHELLY. *(Trying to figure out what's going on.)* Umm…I just fell.

DEENA. Well, I know, I saw.

SHELLY. No [it's more than I just fell]—… I just [fell in love with you]—…

Little beat.

I think I just fell in love with you, there, Deena.

As Shelly says this, her eyes meet Deena's, and she crumples to the ground again.

A wisp of music or a gentle sound effect could help define this as Magical Moment #5, Part Two.

DEENA. Shelly! SHELLY. Oh, boy…

SHELLY. *(On the ground, face-planted.)* Yup.

Shelly slowly gets herself up.

That's what that was. Me falling in love with you…

As soon as Shelly is upright, her eyes meet Deena's again, and she crumples to the ground again.

DEENA. Shelly: What are you doing? Come on, get up!

Deena helps Shelly up.

SHELLY. No-no-no, Deena [I'm just gonna fall down again]—

Shelly's eyes meet Deena's again, and the moment they do, she crumples to the ground again.

DEENA. Would you cut that out?!?

SHELLY. Well, I can't help it!! It just kinda came over me!! I've fallen in love with you, Deen!

Deena takes this in.

And is confused.

And scared.

After a long beat, she says:

DEENA. Shelly: I'm your best friend in the whole world…and I don't quite know what you're doin' or what you're goin' on about… but *(Angry.)* —what are you talking about?!? What are you *saying*? Shell: You're my best friend, >

SHELLY. Yeah—

DEENA. and that's—… I love that! But—I don't [understand why you just said what you just said]—. I mean—yeah, it's true: You're about the only thing that feels really good and makes sense in this world to me, too. You keep me from feelin' like I'm gonna become that crazy cat lady—but now, what you've *done* [fallen down] and what you've *said* [that you've fallen in love with me], well, it makes me feel for sure like I'm gonna become that crazy cat lady 'cause me-and-my-best-friend-in-the-whole-wide-world doesn't make sense at all right now. And that doesn't feel good. And I think I'm really mad at you! 'Cause you can't go back! Once it's out there, you can't take it back—something like that—and now it's just hanging there, and what do you *mean*?!? We're *friends*! >

SHELLY. Yeah…

DEENA. *Best* friends! >

SHELLY. Yeah!

DEENA. And there's a line when you're friends that you can't cross! And you crossed it!

And then Deena's eyes meet Shelly's…and Deena—suddenly, completely, and almost in slow motion—falls down, crumpling to the ground, just like Shelly did.

A wisp of music or a gentle sound effect could help define this as the culmination of Magical Moment #5 (which happens at the same time as Magical Moment #4, when Gayle sees her engagement ring and Lendall proposes to her…

which happens at the same time as Magical Moment #3, when Steve realizes he's feeling pain for the first time in a long time...which happens at the same time as Magical Moment #2, when the waitress tells Jimmy that her name is Villian...which happens at the same time as Magical Moment #1, when East opens the bag containing Glory's heart so he can start repairing it —and Glory sees the northern lights).

The northern lights appear.

Deena and Shelly try to figure out what the heck is happening to them.

Whatever it is, it's about as scary—and wonderful—as it gets.

Problem: Deena and Shelly are far away from each other, and all they want to do is get close to each other, so they stand up so they can make their way to one another.

When they are upright, they look to each other, but as soon as their eyes meet, they crumple to the ground again.

Beat.

Bewilderment.

Then they scramble to get up again and look to one another again, but as soon as their eyes meet, they crumple to the ground again.

Beat.

Deena and Shelly desperately want to get close to each other, so—in a bit of a frenzy (in order to "beat" the falls)—they get up again, but as soon as their eyes meet, they fall down again.

After a little beat, they get up again, and their eyes meet again—and they fall down again.

Frustrated and bewildered, they get up again, and their eyes meet again, and they fall down again.

Again, they get up, and their eyes meet, and they fall down.

They get up/their eyes meet/they fall down.

They get up/their eyes meet/they fall down/they get up/their eyes meet/they fall down.

Finally, the falling frenzy settles...and Deena and Shelly are no closer to one another than they were when they started.

They just look at each other.

It's all scary and thrilling and unknown.

Music.

Maybe they started crawling on their bellies toward one another, hands outstretched.

And the northern lights glow more brightly.

And we TRANSITION into...