Willa 1

DO NOT REPRODUCE

SCENE 1

Nature. Not too deep. Bird's chirping, wind rustling, bugs, itchy grass, maybe the noise of a road nearby. Sunlight through tree branches.

JULES sits on the floor of the porch of her parents' rickety Victorian. She is painting a sparrow-sized chaise lounge.

- Start

WILLA (pregnant and holding a grocery bag) addresses the audience at the foot of the steps.

WILLA

It's early March, and I'm almost six months pregnant. I can't stop touching my belly and neither can anyone else. I'm supposed to be annoyed about that, I think, but my mom's on another continent, my sister lives in her own little world, and my wife just...she isn't a touchy feely person. It's weird to admit, but there's just something kind of nice about sharing all these intimate moments with strangers throughout the day. It's nice that people are interested.

I just parked in front of my parents cottage—when I say cottage you might be imagining something out of a fairytale, or at least remote, or hidden away? But the houses are close together in Mt. Gretna, the nature is contained to a man-made lake, a rails to trails, and the tall pines you can even see growing through the floors and roofs of the porches. We always came here as kids and were bored out of our minds the whole time. Now I can't wait to bore my kids here. How's that for irony?

Anyway, I just pulled up to my parents' cottage, where my sister Jules is staying for the time being, working on mysterious projects and failing to brush her hair. She'll never admit she's having a tough time. But that doesn't mean I can't check up on her.

- End

WILLA climbs the steps up to the porch, which is normally reasonably tidy but currently overrun with Jules' latest project: a one-level roofless dollhouse with a 1950s sensibility. It's ambiguous as to whether JULES is wearing pajamas. WILLA sets down a shopping bag.

WILLA

Hey.

WILLA leans over and scrunches JULES' hair, lightly massaging her scalp with her fingers, a casual intimacy. Jules looks up at her.