

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/Shelly needs me at the mill! He's/She'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!

MARCI. Phil! I'm not mad about you workin'. You gotta work. I understand that. What I don't understand is why I'm lonely, Phil. I got a husband and a coupla great kids. And I'm lonely. *(Beat.)* You just — ... you don't pay attention anymore. You go away. And I don't know where you go, but you go somewhere where you can't pay attention, and you miss your son's first varsity hockey game, and // you forget Missy's birthday and >

PHIL. Hockey equipment costs money!

MARCI. *(Furious.)* you forget your *anniversary!* I mean, I brought you here hoping you'd remember about us. But you didn't. And that makes me so *mad* I don't know what to do anymore ... *(Beat.)*

* Insert the appropriate name and pronoun depending on the version of "They Fell" that was performed.

PHIL. You *lie*.

MARCI. What?

PHIL. You lie so bad.

MARCI. What?

PHIL. (*Seething.*) You're mad at me. But you don't *tell* me — even when I ask you over and over —

MARCI. Because *you* wouldn't // pay attention if I *did* tell you —

PHIL. (*Exploding. This should be ugly.*) No! No! No! Because *you* don't know how to tell me what you feel like about me, so I never know where I am, where I stand! Maybe that's why I go away! So I can know where I am for a *second*! And you know what?, It's lonely there too, where I go. And you sent me there. You went away a long time before I did. And now all's you do is lie.

MARCI. I don't lie!

PHIL. (*Explosive and ugly.*) Yes you do! You say you're not mad, but you're mad! You say you have fun, but you didn't! You didn't have fun tonight, did you?

MARCI. No.

PHIL. But you kept sayin' you did.

MARCI. I didn't. I didn't have fun, Phil. I don't have fun with you anymore. (*Beat.*) Did you?

PHIL. No. I had a rotten, lousy time. (*Beat.*)

MARCI. Well, then ... (*Little beat.*) what are we doin'? What are we waiting for? (*Beat. And then ... a shoe that looks exactly like Marci's other shoe drops from the sky, right between Marci and Phil. Beat. Marci and Phil survey the sky, trying to figure out what just happened. They look at the shoe ... back up at the sky ... back to the shoe. What the heck just happened? Phil checks the sky once more as he tentatively retrieves the shoe and gives it to Marci. She puts her shoe on. They survey the sky one more time. Beat. She gets up. Beat. She then takes the car keys out of her pocket, exits, and we hear her start the car and drive away. Phil is alone. A shooting star cuts across the night sky on the field of stars. Phil sees it. Transition into Scene 7 ...*)