

(There is the sound of CRICKETS as REBECCA, starting down R. as MRS. GIBBS starts up steps, tiptoes to GEORGE's ladder and climbs up beside him, to his L.)

GEORGE. (As she is half-way up) Get out, Rebecca. There's only room for one at this window.

REBECCA. (At the moon) Well, let me look just a minute.

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OUR TOWN

ACT I

GEORGE. Use you own window.

REBECCA. I did; but there's no moon there—George, do you know what I think, do you? I think maybe the moon's getting nearer and nearer and there'll be a big 'splosion.

GEORGE. Rebecca, you don't know anything. If the moon were getting nearer, the men that sit up all night with telescopes would see it first and they'd tell us about it, and it'd be in all the newspapers. (Pause)

REBECCA. George, is the moon shining on South America, Canada and half the whole world?

GEORGE. Well—prob'ly is.

REBECCA. (When he is off, looking at moon throughout) I never told you about that letter Jane Crofut got from her minister when she was sick. He wrote Jane a letter and on the envelope the address was like this: It said: "Jane Crofut; The Crofut Farm, Grover's Corners; Sutton County; New Hampshire; United States of America."

GEORGE. What's funny about that?

REBECCA. (Momentarily at him, with increasing awe) But listen, it's not finished: the United States of America; Continent of North America; Western Hemisphere; the Earth; the Solar System; the Universe; the Mind of God,—that's what it said on the envelope.

GEORGE. What do you know!

REBECCA. Yep, and the postman brought it just the same.

GEORGE. What do you know! (Pause. CRICKETS)

STAGE MANAGER. (Appearing down R.) That's the end of the First Act, friends. You can go out and smoke now, those that smoke.

(The stage lights dim and the pilot light fades in. The ACTORS walk off during the dim)

END OF ACT ONE