

The States Collection – California – Under the General Sherman Tree
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CAST:

Marion (female) 21; romantic

Nate (male) 21; statistics are romantic

TIME:

Morning; probably summer

PLACE:

Redwood National Park, California; under the General Sherman Tree (Just use a ladder)

SYNOPSIS: Statistics are romantic, right?

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The States Collection – California – Under the General Sherman Tree

(Lights up on MARION and NATE under the General Sherman Tree in the Redwood National Forest.)

NATE

It's actually 275 feet high. It's considered the highest tree in the world. Somebody claims they found a tree higher, but they won't disclose the whereabouts so that sounds flimsy to me. But in volume, this tree is 36 feet wide in diameter which is the largest single stem tree ever. You have to be impressed by old General Sherman here. He's over 2,000 years old.

MARION

That is impressive. Imagine the worlds that he has seen.

NATE

I guess. If he had eyes. Look up. The first branch is 130 feet up the tree. *The first branch!*

MARION

You do like your numbers.

NATE

Numbers are clean and precise. You don't misunderstand numbers. Look up! Some of his branches are seven feet in diameter!

MARION

Numbers do excite you.

NATE

Aren't you impressed?

MARION

I want to know its relationship to the earth. How big was it when the hunters and gatherers were here? How many couples through the ages sat here and ... planned a life?

NATE

No use speculating on things you can never know.

MARION

Do you love it here?

NATE

Love is an abstract. You can't measure it.

MARION

Maybe in kisses. You can count kisses. How many kisses do you think this tree has seen?

NATE

I don't deal with speculation.

MARION

Let's deal with numbers then. Could you climb to the tallest branch for me?

NATE

... that's ...

MARION

130 feet.

NATE

130 feet

MARION

Could you?

NATE

I – don't know.

MARION

(Maybe there's a neck massage. Some hand holding. Maybe she draws on his face. Definitely some sort of playful attraction.)

I always thought I could really like a fellow who could climb 130 feet up in a tree for me. In case I needed to be rescued ... or something. I think a fellow who could do that could be rewarded with quite a few kisses. 380 of them to be exact.

NATE

380 ... kisses. That's a lot -

MARION

- of fun.

(And in an instant, NATE is climbing. And climbing. Until – he gets stuck. He's not really that high up but he is hanging on for dear life.)

NATE

Owww!

MARION

Nate?

NATE

I twisted my ankle.

I'm sorry. MARION

And I'm eye-to-eye with ants. NATE

How many? MARION

(NATE quickly counts.)

53 at last count. NATE

Oh dear. That's a lot. MARION

Marion? Could you rescue me? NATE

Why don't you just jump? MARION

That might hurt. NATE

(MARION gets out a tape measure.)

You're two feet from the ground. MARION

(NATE jumps.)

Marion? I think I'm hurt. NATE

Where? MARION

Here. NATE

(MARION kisses his hand.)

NATE

And here.

(MARION kisses him head.)

And maybe here...

(MARION kisses him.)

I think I love you.

MARION

In the abstract?

NATE

How many more kisses do I have left?

MARION

377.

NATE

Definitely not in the abstract.

(They kiss.)

END OF PLAY