

Orphans of the Storm

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ACT I

SCENE: Late November. The main room of a cozy, rustic cottage, somewhere in rural New Hampshire. Entrance, left. Another entrance leading to the bedrooms, right. Up center is a refrigerator, a sink and a small kitchen table, behind which is a window partially covered with snow. Center stage is a living-room set, nice in its day, now showing its age, consisting of a couch and two comfortable chairs on either side of it. In front of the couch is an old coffee table. Off right is a wood-burning stove.

The set is dim. Off stage we hear the obscured voices of three women, punctuated with an occasional giggle or bit of laughter. They become louder. The door at the left opens. Standing at the threshold are JILLIAN, CINDY and EMILY.

CINDY: Well, go on in. What are you waiting for?

EMILY: I can't see. It's dark in there.

CINDY: I know. That's why we need to turn on the lights. Try to find the switch.

EMILY: Why don't *you* try to find the switch?

CINDY: Oh, Emily.

CINDY crosses the threshold. After a bit of fumbling she locates the switch and switches it on.

CINDY: There. The light's on— you can come in now.

JILLIAN crosses the threshold with EMILY in tow. A thump is heard from off right.

EMILY: What's that?

JILLIAN: Now Emily you are just being silly. That's just the wood-burning stove.

The thump is heard again from off right but this time it's more pronounced.

CINDY: It's never been that loud before.

CINDY *crosses over to the wood-burning stove.*

JILLIAN: I wonder what's wrong with it now?

EMILY: It's a ghost.

CINDY: Oh, Emily.