

EDEN PRAIRIE, 1971
by Mat Smart

About the play (from the playwright):

On the night *Apollo 15* lands on the moon, a draft dodger steals home to Eden Prairie, Minnesota from Canada. He risks arrest to deliver a message to a young woman from his high school class. This beautifully etched play challenges notions of our own bravery and the true cost of freedom.

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MRS. THOMPSON—*Female, 30-40s*

About the scene:

MRS. THOMPSON has been drinking, and is in her backyard with her daughter, RACHEL. Her husband is currently deployed in Vietnam. She reflects on Apollo 15.

MRS. THOMPSON

We're gonna fly two hundred thousand miles away and then how about you stay on the ship?

We're gonna go drive a car on the moon. How about you spend three days all alone going around and around and around the dark side of the moon? Where you will be as far away from Earth as any human being has ever been. Can you picture that?

All alone.

Silence.

Dark side of the moon. Radio does not work. No way to contact Planet Earth.

And you have to trust that the command module is gonna whip around the moon like it's supposed to. That gravity is just going to—to—to what? —behave? Imagine all the things that could go wrong.

And you know what this strapping Air Force pilot said to that? In his neatly-pressed uniform and his side cap just so. What's his name? Colonel what?

RACHEL

Alfred Worden—

MRS. THOMPSON

Colonel Alfred Worden said:

(impersonating Worden)

"Honestly, Mr. Cronkite, I can't wait. I cannot wait for that quiet."

(Beat)

What a fucking stud.

That is the man you want for that job.

Me on the other hand? I wouldn't be the first choice for it.

I am not good at waiting. Being all alone. I am pretty rotten at it.

But if I had to—I could. I could hold my breath and close my eyes and pray for gravity to behave. I am not as fragile as you think.

One night a month, I let myself go.

That's it, Rachel Louise—one night. I think I deserve that, don't I?

Once in a while, we must allow ourselves the smallest of comforts.

I don't pretend to be perfect. Your father doesn't. You don't have to either.

