

UNTAMED HEART

Caroline knocks on the door.

CAROLINE: Adam, It's Caroline.

Adam opens the door.

CAROLINE: I brought you some cookies. I made them.

He opens the cookie box.

CAROLINE: Did you have a nice Christmas yesterday?

He tastes a cookie, displeased.

CAROLINE: Can I come in?

He nods and lets her in.

CAROLINE: Great weather, what do you think?

ADAM: Want some Ice Cream?

CAROLINE: No, thanks.

Adam sets the cookie box down.

CAROLINE: Well, I guess the cookies are on the sugary side.

She laughs.

CAROLINE: So you were all alone for Christmas. I should have come over yesterday. I should have invited you over in fact. But I guess you were already there. Thank you for the tree, it's so beautiful! It really made my day that you remembered.

He doesn't reply.

CAROLINE: Did I come at a bad time? Do you want me to go?

ADAM: No.

CAROLINE: Ok, then I'll stay.

She unzips her jacket and sits.

CAROLINE: I'm not going to even ask how you got into our house.

ADAM: Do you like music, Caroline?

CAROLINE: Uh huh.

He goes to the other side of the room and gets an old box out.

CAROLINE: I never heard you say my name before. It sounded nice.

ADAM: Would you like to see my records, Caroline? Caroline?

CAROLINE: Sure.

He opens the old box and unveils his records.

CAROLINE: Wow! They look really old.

ADAM: They're magic.

CAROLINE: Magic? What kind of magic do they do?

ADAM: In the orphanage, mother Camilla used to play them for me. I used to sit in the sunlight near the window in her office. I'd fall asleep to them. She gave them to me when I left. Whenever my life doesn't agree with me, I lie down and play these records. The rain stops falling.

She looks at him sumptuously.

ADAM: Would you like to hear one?

CAROLINE: Uh huh.

He gets up and starts to play one of the records.

CAROLINE: You must have loved her a lot, mother Camilla.

ADAM: She's the one who told me about my heart.

CAROLINE: What about your heart?

ADAM: I was a very sick baby. My heart was very weak. My mother, she died when I was born. She died in the jungle where she and my father were living.

CAROLINE: In the jungle?

ADAM: My father was a great adventurer.

She nods.

ADAM: One day the great kind of silver Baboons came down from the highest peak of the mountains of Killamanjara. He caught my father stealing his treasure at the deep, dark cave at the very bottom. Magic rubies trickled down from the top of the mountain. After a terrible battle with the Baboon kind, my father was wounded and left to die. The great kind later learned that my father needed the

ADAM (cont)

magic rubies to heal his son's ailing heart. He was so overwhelmed with guilt and shame of what he had done that he took his own beating heart from his mighty Baboon chest and placed it in mind.

There is a moment of silence.

CAROLINE: Mother Camilla told you this?

He nods.

CAROLINE: And you believe her?

He nods.

CAROLINE: And you tell this to people?

He puts his head down, embarrassed.

CAROLINE: Oh no, It's a nice story. Look, it stopped raining.

She gets up, looks out the window, and sits next to him.

CAROLINE: Magic records and a baboon heart. You almost got me believing in it. Would you like me to cut your hair?

They both smile.