

# Heat Lightning

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*The drab interior of a bus station along a deserted highway somewhere in the midwest. There are two long benches stage Right, back to back; one faces the audience and one faces the rear wall. A door up Center leads out onto the road. It has a single glass pane in the top, and the bottom is wooden. Two doors, up Left and down Left. Up Left door reads "Men"; down Left door reads "Women." The room is lighted by an overhanging light with a dull green shade. A large bus schedule on the wall up Right Center. A window is up Right of Center and another at Right.*

*The sound of heavy RAIN can be heard outside. LIGHTNING flashes outside followed by large bursts of THUNDER. With each flash of lightning the light in the room dims almost to the point of going out, but somehow feebly struggles back to its full strength.*

*When the Curtain rises the stage is bare. Then a Man enters from the Men's room. He is a pleasant-looking man of about thirty-five. He takes off his hat and shakes the water from it; puts it on the bench downstage. He glances at the door up Center. Moves to it and peers out the glass; turns and moves to the Schedule on the wall and reads it. He then moves downstage and sits on the bench facing the audience. He picks up a discarded newspaper that lies on the seat beside him. He glances back at the door, then turns his attention once more to the paper and begins going through it casually.*

*The door up Center suddenly bursts open and a Girl of about twenty-three rushes into the room. She is sobbing and is out of breath. She throws her body against the door, slamming it. The Man turns about quickly. She throws the bolt into place and turns slowly, seeing the Man. The Girl's clothes are wet and muddy. Her hair is disheveled. She sobs and rushes to the Man quickly.*

GIRL. (Hysterically.) Thank goodness! You're here! Oh, thank goodness!

(She almost falls and the Man catches her.)

MAN. My dear! What is it?

GIRL. Help me. Oh, please—please help me!

MAN. My word! You're in a terrible state. What has happened?

GIRL. Don't let him in. Please. He's after me. Please don't let him in.