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# **Any Night**

By

DANIEL ARNOLD and MEDINA HAHN

**Dramatic Publishing Company**

Woodstock, Illinois • Australia • New Zealand • South Africa

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“*Any Night* was commissioned by Theatre Network (Edmonton, Alberta), developed at the Banff Playwrights Colony and Magic Theatre (San Francisco), and then recommissioned by the Playhouse Theatre Company (Vancouver, British Columbia). It premiered in 2008, Belfry Theatre (Victoria, British Columbia), performed by the authors and produced by DualMinds.”

*Any Night* was originally commissioned by Edmonton's Theatre Network and was developed at the Banff Centre Playwrites Colony, the Magic Theatre, and the Vancouver Playhouse.

*Any Night* premiered, in a production performed by the authors, at the Belfry Theatre, February 26 to March 1, 2008.

Cast:

ANNA .....Medina Hahn  
PATRICK .....Daniel Arnold  
VOICEOVERS .....Brian Linds, Daniel Arnold

Production:

Director .....Ron Jenkins  
Set and Prop Design.....Peter Pokorny  
Lighting Design .....David Fraser  
Sound Design .....Gordon Heal  
Costume Design ..... Erin Macklem  
Choreography.....Ron Jenkins, Medina Hahn  
Movement Coach .....Laura Krewski  
Stage Manager .....Jennifer Swan

# Any Night

## CHARACTERS

ANNA: 20s-30s.

PATRICK: 20s-30s.

RECORDED VOICES: PATRICK and PETE (a sleep lab technician).

The actor who plays PATRICK also portrays:

THE STRANGER

BEN: 20s-30s, Anna's ex.

COLETTE: 30s-40s, the neighbor, a psychic.

MADDIE: 80s, the landlady.

SETTING: Limbo.

TIME: Now.

## NOTE

A slash (/) indicates when the next character should interrupt.  
(*Shift.*) indicates that there should not be a blackout between scenes.

## STAGING AND STYLE

The original production consisted of a bed-like structure that could be lit from within, a sheer circular curtain that could be drawn around the bed, and a three-step wheeling staircase that was moved throughout the space, and whose steps were also drawers that hid props. Depending on the scene, the bed-like structure acted as Anna's bed, the sleep lab bed, Patrick's bedroom, the porch, etc., and the action moved fluidly, yet sharply, around the space like a dream or nightmare—with Anna at the center of it all, always in pajamas, and neither actor ever leaving the stage. That said, we have kept stage directions to a bare minimum to allow room for imagination.

The play essentially takes place in Anna's mind. But hers is a mind that is never quite sure where she is—or where she'll end up. When she is with *The Stranger*, she is frightened and searching for answers to where she is, what has happened and who is talking to her. To indicate this disconnection with reality, we have stripped away punctuation for Anna in these scenes. However, once she finds herself in a “realistic” scene, she's fully “in” it; living it as if it were happening in the moment.

The actor who plays Patrick also “plays” *The Stranger*, Ben, Colette and Maddie, however these other roles were never completely visible or tangible onstage. They were played more as a thrown voice, or a shadow behind a screen, or a figure moving in and out of the light, rather than a fully realized character—except in the final scene.

For both performers, love is key. Fall in love with each other. Everything else is born of that. This play may seem like a mystery or thriller, but for you it is a love story—with a damaged heart.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The creation, premiere and touring of *Any Night* would not have been possible without the support of the British Columbia Arts Council and the Canada Council for the Arts.

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# Any Night

## SCENE ONE

*(Sounds of a car. A fire. Shattering glass, then silence.)*

STRANGER. Are you with me?

ANNA *(beat)*. One of us is dead

STRANGER. Are you with me?

ANNA. One of us is dead

And one of us has died inside

But I can't tell which

STRANGER. Why do you say that?

ANNA. We live our lives forward, but we only understand them backward

STRANGER. OK.

ANNA. I was looking for a place to live

STRANGER. OK ...

ANNA. I saw a sign

“Bright, spacious basement suite

View any night between seven and nine”

STRANGER. OK, stay with me.

ANNA. One of us will die, and one of us will die inside

STRANGER. It'll be all right.

ANNA. But I can't tell which

STRANGER. I'm right here, trust me. No one will die.

ANNA. Patrick

STRANGER. Just trust me.

ANNA. Patrick

STRANGER. Who?

ANNA. Patrick!?

STRANGER. I'm not Patrick.

*(Shift.)*

## SCENE TWO

*(ANNA stands outside a door. PATRICK stands inside.  
Beat.)*

PATRICK. Hi.

ANNA. Hi ... Sorry, I'm here about the basement suite?

PATRICK. Oh. Yeah. I'm not the landlady. Obviously. She's not in right now.

ANNA. Oh.

PATRICK. But I can show you around if you want.

ANNA. Sure.

PATRICK. Come on in.

*(ANNA enters.)*

PATRICK *(cont'd)*. That's a nice looking sweater.

*(A pause. ANNA is barefoot and wearing pajamas.)*

ANNA. Thanks. You live up here?

PATRICK. Ya, just down the hall. And this would be yours down here. Right below me. If you wanna take it.

*(Light spills in.)*

ANNA. Oh ...

PATRICK. Yeah, lots of light for a basement, hey?

ANNA. It's lovely.

PATRICK. Yeah.

ANNA. It doesn't even feel like a basement.

PATRICK. I know.

ANNA. Why's it so cheap?

PATRICK. Don't really know. Maddie, the landlady, she's getting old, hasn't raised the rent in like ten years.

ANNA. Huh.

PATRICK. Oh, but she lives up in the loft, and she's pretty serious about it being a no-pets, no-smoking thing ... ?

ANNA. Oh, that's good, I'm trying to quit.

PATRICK. Perfect.

ANNA. And it's available right now?

PATRICK. Yeah, last person moved out mid-month. Bit of a wackjob.

*(ANNA looks at him.)*

PATRICK *(cont'd)*. Crazy. Is it just for yourself or ... ?

ANNA. Yeah.

PATRICK. How'd you find out about it?

ANNA. There was a notice up at my dance studio.

PATRICK. Oh yeah, I probably put that up. Cool, you dance?

ANNA. Yeah. And teach, choreograph, waitress ...

PATRICK. Right. Cool. I took break-dancing when I was a kid. *(Pulls a break-dancing move.)* Always wish I kept it up, you know?

ANNA. Oh yeah?

*(Beat.)*

PATRICK. I'm Patrick by the way.

ANNA. Hi. Anna.

PATRICK. Anna, hi.

*(They shake hands. The moment is suspended.)*

ANNA. Have we met before?

PATRICK. No, I don't think so. I think I'd remember meeting you. *(Beat.)* Can I have my hand back?

ANNA. Sorry ...

PATRICK. So?

*(ANNA looks around at the place, considering.)*

### SCENE THREE

*(Sounds of a lab. Monitored breathing, heart rate, a steady beeping. ANNA's lying in bed, asleep. PATRICK has disappeared. A voiceover conversation plays, to the lazy sounds of a card game.)*

PATRICK *(V.O.)*. What's wrong with her?

PETE *(V.O.)*. Don't know. They don't tell me nothin'.

PATRICK *(V.O.)*. Yeah, right.

PETE *(V.O.)*. Hey, my deal.

*(The cards get shuffled.)*

PATRICK *(V.O.)*. She's cute.

PETE *(V.O.)*. Get away from there.

PATRICK *(V.O.)*. What? I'm just looking.

PETE *(V.O.)*. Come on, you're not even supposed to be here.

*(ANNA sits up.)*

PATRICK *(V.O.)*. Oh.

PETE *(V.O.)*. What?

PATRICK *(V.O.)*. She's moving.

PETE *(V.O.)*. Ah crap, lie down, honey. I'm trying to play cards.

*(ANNA stares.)*

PATRICK *(V.O.)*. Oh shit, is she looking at us?

PETE *(V.O.)*. She can't see us. She's asleep. Besides, it's a two-way mirror.

*(ANNA walks towards them.)*

PATRICK *(V.O.)*. Can she hear us?

PETE *(V.O.)*. Sound proof walls. Come on, ante up.

## SCENE FOUR

*(Lightning, thunder, heavy rain.*

*ANNA carries a box.)*

PATRICK. Hey!

ANNA. Hi—this is slipping, one second!

PATRICK. What, are you moving in right now?

ANNA. One second, one second!

PATRICK. In the middle of a storm?

ANNA. Agh! Is it ever coming down!

PATRICK. Totally yeah, cats and dogs! Need a hand?

ANNA. Please. My stuff is getting drenched!

*(Blackout.)*

ANNA. Did the power go out?

Hello ... ?

Patrick!?

PATRICK. Don't worry—don't worry—I just think my shoulder hit the switch.

ANNA. Oh, well can you turn it back on?

PATRICK. Yuh. I just can't find it.

ANNA. This stuff is slipping, so um—

PATRICK. Just put it down.

ANNA. I can't, something's—

PATRICK. God, where's the stupid switch?

ANNA. Can you hurry please?

PATRICK. Hold your horses!

ANNA. Ah, shit.

*(A crash. Beat. The lights turn back on.)*

PATRICK. Found it.

*(They're in her room. A wet box lies at ANNA's feet.)*

ANNA. Hold your horses? Who says that?

PATRICK. I grew up on a farm. Sorry.

*(ANNA pulls a broken alarm clock radio out of the box.)*

ANNA. Ah, shit.

PATRICK. Oh no, sorry. Now you'll *never* wake up. *(Beat.)*

Sorry about that, I'll get you a new one.

ANNA. It's OK.

PATRICK. No, I think I have an extra one. I'll totally give it to you. *(Looks downstage.)* Hey, cool mirror. *(Goes*

*downstage into the light of a full length mirror.)* Is it broken or supposed to be like that?

ANNA. Supposed to be like that.

PATRICK. Mirror in the shape of a sliver-moon. *(Traces his finger along the edge of the glass.)* You're really hot.

ANNA. What?

PATRICK. Oh, nothing, just ... telling myself I was hot. Never mind. Aw, is that you?

*(ANNA is holding a picture frame.)*

ANNA. Yeah, always wanted to be a ballerina.

PATRICK. Aw, and now you are.

ANNA. Well ...

PATRICK. Well, what kind of dance do you do?

ANNA. Mostly modern.

PATRICK. Oh. Still, you're living the dream. *(Looking at the picture.)* So cute.

ANNA. Hey, thanks for helping me. *(Goes to hang the frame.)*

PATRICK. Sure—Oh, I wouldn't put that there. Sometimes when it rains it leaks a bit.

ANNA. Oh.

PATRICK. Same with the corner, gets kind of damp. Sorry, did I forget to mention that? It's no big deal. I just wouldn't hang anything nice there.

ANNA. OK.

PATRICK. Other than that, the place OK so far?

ANNA. Yeah, just wish I could just snap my fingers and it would all be clean.

PATRICK. Uh, I cleaned when they moved out, is it not ...

ANNA. Oh, no, I just mean all my stuff.

PATRICK. Oh yeah, I hear ya.

ANNA. And I should get some curtains for this window—

*(In a strike of lightning, a shadow passes by the window, startling them.)*

ANNA. Oh! God ...

PATRICK. Who was that?

ANNA *(looking out)*. Oh my God ...

PATRICK. What? Who was that?

ANNA. Ben.

PATRICK. Who?

ANNA. My ... ex.

PATRICK. Are you expecting him?

ANNA. No. I never told him where I was. Fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck. Sorry, I'm gonna have to deal with this.

PATRICK. Yeah, of course.

## SCENE FIVE

*(Outside in the rain. PATRICK is now silhouetted, as BEN.)*

BEN. Jesus, Anna, what the fuck?

ANNA. Don't!—LET GO!—

BEN. You just walk out!?

ANNA. I was gonna call.

BEN. We have a life together—I'm not some piece of shit you can walk out on without / a word.

ANNA. I told you I needed to go.

BEN. So you pack up while I'm at work?!

ANNA. I had no choice!



BEN. Oh, you're being dramatic ...

ANNA. You're following me, you're watching me—

BEN. What? Where's this coming from? Is this your dream shit again?

ANNA. How did you find me?

*(Beat.)*

BEN. Is there someone else?

ANNA. No—

BEN. Just tell me if / there is.

ANNA. There's no one else.

BEN. Then what's the fucking problem?

ANNA. How did you find me? How did you know where I was?

*(Beat.)*

ANNA *(cont'd)*. I'm dying, OK? I'm suffocating. I need to be alone. I've tried to tell you that. I need to be alone. And the tighter you hold, the farther I'll push. It's done.

BEN. So that's it?

ANNA. Yeah, that's it. *(Takes off her engagement ring and hands it to him.)*

BEN. Right. *(Takes the ring and disappears.)*

*(Shift.)*

## SCENE SIX

*(ANNA shivers.)*

ANNA. I'm dying

I'm suffocating

STRANGER. Shhh ...

ANNA. I need to be alone  
I've tried to tell you that

*(Beat.)*

ANNA *(cont'd)*. I'm so thirsty

## SCENE SEVEN

*(Knock, knock, knock.)*

PATRICK. It's Patrick.

ANNA. Come in.

*(PATRICK enters.)*

PATRICK. Thirsty? *(Revealing two glasses of wine.)* Brought you some wine.

ANNA. Oh. Thanks.

PATRICK. Thought you might need it.

ANNA. Sorry, could you hear?

PATRICK. No, not really *(Beat.)* Yes. You OK?

ANNA. Yeah.

PATRICK. You moved out without telling him?

ANNA. Uh ...

PATRICK. Harsh.

ANNA. No, I told him, he just didn't want to hear it.

*(Beat.)*

PATRICK. I make it myself, in the garage—what do you think?

ANNA. Not bad.

PATRICK. "Not bad"?

ANNA. It's good.

PATRICK. Well, gets better the more you have.

*(ANNA smiles. PATRICK hands her an alarm clock radio.)*

ANNA. Oh, thank you. You didn't have to.

PATRICK. Yes, I did. It's an old one, used to go off all the time,  
but I think I fixed it.

ANNA. OK.

*(They both sip.)*

PATRICK. You sure you're OK?

ANNA. Yeah, I'm fine, just need to sleep.

PATRICK. You need some curtains for your windows tonight?

ANNA. It's all right, I'll deal with it tomorrow.

PATRICK. OK. OK well, I take care of the house for Maddie,  
so ... you ever need anything, you know where to find me.

ANNA. Yeah.

PATRICK. OK, well. Sleep well. Welcome to the neighborhood.

ANNA. Thanks.

*(Shift.)*