

(Tarzan pushes up the hem of Jane's bloomers and strokes her skin as she politely demurs...)

(JANE)

Get off... get off..

(kicks Tarzan in the head)

Get off!

TARZAN

I'VE NEVER SEEN ITS SHAPE, IT'S SO DIFFERENT
OH, I MUST SEE MORE
ITS SKIN SO SOFT, ITS SMELL SO DIFFERENT
FROM ALL I'VE SEEN BEFORE
AND YET HERE, WE'RE JUST THE SAME

(Tarzan places his palm against Jane's.)

JANE

Ah—Jane see, Jane do?

TARZAN

MY HEART IS BEATING FASTER
I MUST KNOW MORE ABOUT HER
THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE THAT DRAWS ME NEARER
SHE'S NOTHING LIKE I'VE SEEN BEFORE
SHE MAKES ME FEEL SO ALIVE

(Tarzan puts his ear against Jane's chest.)

Start Here

JANE

Mind your personal boundaries!

(awkwardly, but realizing she's safe)

Yes, that is my heart.

(Tarzan opens his mouth, trying to make a sound resembling the sound Jane has made.)

TARZAN

Haa-ah—

JANE

(moved by the effort and repeats the word for him)

Heart? Are you trying to—?

TARZAN

(tries one more time, almost forcing his mouth around the sound.)

Hah-art! Hah-art!

JANE

(correcting him slightly, exaggerating her mouth movements)

Ha-rrrrt!

TARZAN

(triumphantly exaggerating his mouth and replicating Jane's accent with precision)

Heart!

JANE

(nodding enthusiastically)

Yes! Heart!

TARZAN

(nodding like Jane)

Yesss! Heart!!

(then)

Heart, heart, heart!!!

JANE

(realizing:)

Oh! You do speak!

(laughs and babbles with relief)

And here, all this time, I thought you were merely the strong, silent type of wild man—

(Tarzan goes Ape! Jumping, crouching, leaping, pounding — exhilarated beyond any words. The dam has broken. Tarzan makes a boisterous dance, encircling Jane as joyful sounds pour from him! At first, she is caught up in his jubilation, but then she can't detect any additional language in it — a sobering moment.)

Oh. I see. You don't speak, do you? You don't speak at all.

(eyes the jubilant wild man as she babbles on to cover her disappointment)

Of course not. Why would a barely covered—? I mean, how could such a natural creature—? Oh, get a hold of yourself, Jane Porter! One would think you'd never seen such a— well, of course, I haven't ever seen such a— oh, where is my—

(retrieves her journal, pulls out her charcoal, and begins making notations)

If I can't speak with you, I can certainly sketch you, sir...

(Tarzan figures out the next step, to identify himself. He bounds right up to her face and points at himself enthusiastically.)

TARZAN

Tar—

JANE

(still trying to sketch Tarzan, pushes him back)

Distance please. I'm working with perspective.

TARZAN

(takes Jane's journal, pointing at himself again)

Tar —

JANE

(the light dawns; pointing to Tarzan)

"Tar..."

TARZAN

(very excited now, still pointing at himself)

Tar-zan! Tar-zan!

JANE

(pointing at Tarzan, and smiling)

"Tar-zan!"

(brings her hands in)

Oh, I see.

TARZAN

(pointing to himself)

Tar-zan.

(pointing at her)

"Oh, I-see."

(Then Jane snaps out of it, chuckling at Tarzan's error. He chuckles back.)

JANE

Oh; no, no, no, no.

(clears throat)

I'm Jane.

TARZAN

(mimicking exactly)

"Oh; no, no, no, no.

(clears throat)

I'm Jane."

JANE

Oh dear.

(emphatically)

No. My name is -

TARZAN

(mimicking exactly)

"Oh dear. No. My name is -"

JANE

Stop!!

(grabs Tarzan's shoulders to stop him, then points to him)

Tarzan.

(points to herself)

Jane.

TARZAN

(points to himself)

Tarzan.

(takes Jane's chin in his hand)

Jane.

JANE

(a bit flustered)

Exactly.

END *(Jane and Tarzan retreat slightly from one another, taking this all in.)*

TARZAN

I'VE NEVER FELT LIKE THIS, I FEEL SO DIFFERENT
BEING THIS CLOSE TO HER
SOMETHING DEEP INSIDE FEELS SO DIFFERENT
SEEMS EVERYTHING HAS STIRRED

TARZAN, JANE

THIS SOMETHING, SO EXCITING
SOMEHOW OH SO INVITING
FEELS SO NEW, YET SO FAMILIAR
SOMETHING TELLS ME I WILL NEVER
EVER BE THE SAME AGAIN

END OF ACT ONE