In a part of the world where summer theater means snappy musicals, occasional (and generally futile) experiments, famed mysteries and earnest Russian treasures on a bare stage, the Ancram Opera House leaps into tricky territory with Tony Kushner’s “Homebody,” a one-person performance about history, disorder and magic in beleaguered Afghanistan.

This one-hour act of a larger piece lasting four hours titled "Homebody/Kabul," drew a large crowd Sunday: weekenders, locals, city people and theater folk mostly dressed, groomed and chatty taking every seat in the small theater in Ancram, N.Y.

The play is talky, it’s static and it’s wildly entertaining.

That’s because Danielle Skraastad is a courageous actor who beguiles us with a lot of patter about domestic life in London, a husband investigating the mechanics and mysteries of the universe and the fact that they are both on high-powered anti depressants (different kinds, so she tries his occasionally to discover what he is thinking about).

Skraastad is playing a character who is never named, although she does refer to herself as a “homebody.” Tony Kushner was inspired to write the play when he encountered the Afghanistan guidebooks of Nancy Hatch Dupree, a real person, a writer, a reader and a lover of Afghanistan who lived there from 1962 until 1979, when the Soviets invaded the country.

She is a drab creature in dowdy dress with a face that is so alive and expressive it’s hard to look anywhere else on the stage, not that there is much else to see except pillars of books, floor to ceiling, hundreds and hundreds of them, all their spines facing the back wall except one slim, coral-colored book titled “Think Twice” at the edge of the stage.

The Homebody is reading to us her book titled “Kabul, “ about a valley swept by invasions, inventions, tribes, tyrants and wild hordes “swimming through the area in a river of blood,” during the last 3,000 years.

“I have read too many books,” she tells us in one of many asides. And we believe her. She is as alive to the words she reads as Kushner is alive to the language he writes. She speaks for him in florid, detailed, sometimes tricky prose, pressed to describe the horror and magic around him. They both live to speak of these things.

There’s no plot here, but there are details. Like many stories about women in foreign places, The Homebody has an imaginary sexual adventure, meeting a storekeeper in London selling little jewel-colored Afghan caps made, probably, by some “starving man in a sweat shop” in another world where gum disease flourishes and the infant mortality rate is towering.

The dealer’s face is “inscribed by hardship,” she tells us, and he is missing most of three fingers on one hand, as though they had been sliced away at a single swipe.

“Would you make love to a stranger with a mutilated hand?” the Homebody asks us.

“Might do,” the Homebody answers herself.

“Homebody” has no finish, really. It just stops in a calamitous swirl of pages with adventurous language, no doubt, and Skraastad soars with it all. Every minute of it.

“Homebody,” directed by Jeffrey Mousseau, runs at the Ancram Opera House in Ancram, N.Y., Friday, Saturday and Sunday through Aug. 12. For tickets, directions (very important) and information on this or future events, go to www.ancramoperahouse.org or call 518-329-0114.