

THE BRAVENESS OF JANE

FINAL\* DRAFT

3/5/16

F.G.

Characters:

JANE

HENRY

EMMELINE

PERSON A/GOD 1/MONK 1

PERSON B/GOD 2/MONK 2/NUN

PERSON C/SEA MONSTER/KEVIN/MONK 3/NUN/MINOTAUR

Setting:

*A real world and a not-so-real world. Any time(s).*

Notes on the text:

*“/” indicates an overlapping line*

*Indentation indicates separate thoughts*

*ALL CAPS indicates shouting*

Notes on Production:

**1: Note**

Lights up.

JANE is putting socks on, standing up. She doesn't have great balance. It takes a while.

JANE is damp, as though she has just come out of the shower.

PERSON C enters. They pour themselves a cup of coffee. They sip it, staring out the window.

PERSON C picks up a newspaper. They read the front page. They flip to a section and read.

HENRY rides across the stage on a bicycle. HE is also damp, as though he has been in the rain.

PERSON B enters with a lamp. They unscrew the lightbulb from the lamp and replace it with another.

JANE puts her shoes on.

HENRY rides back across the stage on his bicycle.

PERSON B tests the lamp by turning it on and off.

PERSON C sets the coffee mug and newspaper down.

HENRY enters and kneels down to tie his shoe.

PERSON B places the lamp on the table.

PERSON C begins to exit.

EMMELINE enters with a stack of papers and almost trips over HENRY. She's damp.

PERSON B picks up the newspaper and exits, reading it.

PERSON C: Hey, Jane!

JANE: Hi \_\_\_! How's it going?

EMMELINE: Whoa, sorry.

PERSON C: Fine, I guess, howbout you?

HENRY: Sorry!

JANE: Oh, fine. And you?

PERSON C: Fine, I guess, howbout you?

EMMELINE puts the papers on the table.

PERSON A enters with a stack of envelopes. They cross to the table and put the envelopes next to the papers.

JANE: Oh, fine. And you?

PERSON C: Fine, I guess,  
howbout Wednesday?

JANE: Wednesdays' good,  
nine is bad. Twelve is  
good, two is bad.

PERSON C: When is good?

JANE: Nine. Wednesday's  
fine. No, nine is bad.  
Twelve is better.

PERSON C: Better is  
good!

JANE: Good.

PERSON C: Okay.

JANE: Okay.

PERSON C: okay.

PERSON C exits.

HENRY *puts a phone on  
the table, dials it.*

*Casually:*

HENRY: Hi, it's me again.  
It's been five days. I just  
want to know if you're  
okay. Because I know I  
said I was fine but I'm  
not. Please just tell me  
how you're doing. Okay?

*HENRY hangs up the  
phone and takes a sip  
from the cup of coffee.*

*Beat.*

*He exits.*

PERSON A: 5:30?

EMMELINE: Can't do 5:30,  
I've got an appointment  
5-6.

PERSON A: Howbout  
Wednesday?

EMMELINE: Wednesday's  
better.

PERSON A: Okay. Doing  
better?

EMMELINE: Oh, fine, and  
you?

PERSON A: Not bad.

EMMELINE: Good.

PERSON A exits.

*EMMELINE stands there  
until she remembers to  
exit.*

*JANE stands still as if she has forgotten what she was doing.*

*JANE goes to the table and takes a sip from the cup of coffee.*

*JANE stuffs envelopes. SHE checks the time. She measures her stack of papers.*

JANE: 4 inches times 215 is...860 at 300 per hour is 2 hours and... 48 minutes?

2 hours, 48 minutes.

*JANE stuffs envelopes slowly and meticulously.*

*The phone rings. JANE doesn't answer.*

*JANE stuffs envelopes with increasing lethargy.*

*JANE gets restless.*

*The phone rings again. It is annoying. Voicemail.*

JANE'S MOTHER: HI honey it's mom.

*JANE gets a bucket of water from under the table.*

JANE's MOTHER: Just calling because it's been a while, haven't heard from you. I want to know how my perfect daughter is doing.

*JANE pours water on her head.*

I talked to Hugo this morning and he said the new job is going great. You should give him a call, congratulate him. Oh and your dad says remember to file your taxes on time. Do you have stamps?

*JANE pours more water on her head.*

I know, none of you kids ever have stamps, who needs stamps anymore. Anyway call me back, I want to know how you're doing. Love you. Bye.

*JANE pours more water on her head. The water gets on her papers.*

*JANE dumps more water on her head. This gets the papers wetter.*

*JANE is about to dump more water on her head when PERSON C enters. THEY carry a stack of finished envelopes.*

*JANE tries to hide the mess of wet papers with her body. (/ indicates overlap)*

PERSON C: Hey Jane!

JANE: Yes.

PERSON C: How's it /going?

JANE: Fine.

PERSON C: What's /up?

JANE: Nothing.

*Beat*

PERSON C: How're you?

JANE: Awesome.

You?

PERSON C: Oh man I'm lousy. This week is like. I mean I'm just... (shoots herself with finger-gun) right?

JANE makes no response.

Well. TGI-Hump-day. See ya.

THEY exit.

JANE observes her mess. SHE tries to fold a wet paper.

HENRY enters with a stack of fresh paper. HE replaces JANE's wet stack with his, and exits, dripping.

JANE starts stuffing envelopes again.

A BED appears.

SHE gets upset. SHE tries to focus.

JANE stuffs HENRY's papers into the bucket.

EMMELINE crosses with a bucket of water in her arms. It sloshes as she walks. JANE sees EMMELINE and stops stuffing the papers into the bucket. EMMELINE exits.

JANE dumps the wet papers on her head.

The BED approaches JANE.

JANE begins to build a castle out of her wet paper mush.

The BED bumps the table.

JANE: Hey!

The BED bumps again. JANE saves the lamp from falling off.

JANE: Careful!

JANE tries to push back.

PERSONS A and B enter. The BED starts pushing the table out the door. JANE fights.

PERSON A: Jane!

PERSON B: How's it going?

JANE: Oh fine, great, here, I'm all finished, let me just—

JANE scoops up her pile of finished envelopes and puts it in PERSON B's arms.

PERSON A: Well, Jane, this is...not quite your usual.

*JANE stuffs her castle, the lamp, and wet papers into PERSON A's arms.*

PERSON B: Yes, Jane, what's going on here? This isn't your standard quality of work.

JANE: Yes, God, I'm so sorry, I just, I mean... I don't know why... No excuse...

PERSON A: Having an off-day?

JANE: Sorry, thank you, sorry, yes it's just an off-day. Just one of those days. Woke up on the wrong side of the bed. Under the weather. Family problems. That time of the month. Think I'm coming down with something. Didn't get much sleep last night. Case of the Mondays.

PERSON B: Right. Well. I'm sure you'll do better tomorrow.

PERSON A: And we might want these stacked next time, Jane.

JANE: Oh God yes of course, I'm so sorry—

PERSON A: I'm kidding! You can laugh for God's sake.

*JANE laughs. PERSONS A and B exit.*

JANE: Wait! Wait I forgot one!

*There is an envelope leftover on the table. JANE grabs it. She tries to climb over the bed to give it to PERSON A and B. The BED doesn't let her.*

*JANE gives up. The ceiling leaks.*

*JANE tears the envelope in half.*

*JANE looks at the torn envelope.*

JANE: Oh, shit. This has my name on it.

*JANE pulls the ripped paper out of the envelope.*

JANE: What is this?

Dear Jane... By the time you finish this letter I will be dead?

Okay, what is this? (*yelling*) Okay, come on, who put this letter...? Did somebody leave this?

(*muttering*)

better this way I can't go on knowing that my life will be nothingnothing but this for the rest of my... only darkness all I can see is darkness there is no threadofhope left... hope you understand I know you understand... must die I don't want to cause you any more pain pleaseunderstand... thebestwaytheonlyway don't try to—

Don't try to what?

The bottom's ripped off.

What is this? Who sent this?

*The room fills with water. JANE tries to get off the bed but everything has become an ocean.*

JANE: Help! Someone—

Someone's gotta stop this. Someone's—

I can't. No, don't look at me. Why'd you send this to me? WHY'D YOU SEND THIS TO ME?

*JANE gets back on the bed, which transforms into a ship.*

I can't even—I don't know how to find you, I don't know... It's too late anyway. It's obviously too late, you said yourself there's no thread of hope left and you, you'll be... it'll be over by the time I... finish... don't try to... don't try to... don't try...

*JANE falls silent. SHE closes her eyes. SHE reaches out and finds a thread in thin air.*

*JANE tugs on the thread. The thread leads her out into the dark.*

*The world changes.*

*A searchlight/lighthouse beam cuts through, accompanied by an old-fashioned telephone ring.*

*JANE ducks out of the beam until the ringing stops.*

JANE: Okay. I won't be gone a minute.

A VOICE IN THE DISTANCE: Jane! Where are you?

JANE: Well.

B VOICE IN THE DISTANCE: Jane? Sweetie?

JANE: It's okay I'm just—! (*just what?*) I'm just um...

C VOICE IN THE DISTANCE: I'm throwing you a line, hold on!

*A rope flies out of the dark and loops onto the bed.*

JANE: NO, please, I'm fine! Please don't...

PERSON C: Hold on, I'm coming aboard!



*JANE detaches the rope. PERSON C pulls it in.*

PERSON C: I've got ya! I'm here!

*JANE sails the ship farther away.*

PERSON C IN THE DISTANCE: You're okay now! I've got you!

*JANE sails alone. SHE re-reads the note.*

JANE: Who are you?

And why are you...?

Why would anyone... how could anyone... want to...

*JANE gets freaked out.*

I don't know anyone that sad.

Well okay... but not *that* sad. *That's* like...

*JANE tries to imagine being that sad.*

*JANE forgets that she is holding the thread.*

*She gets cold. Puts on a strange coat that she finds in the bedclothes. Becomes less and less Jane.*

*A splash nearby.*

JANE: Who's there?

*Something knocks the bed.*

JANE: What do you want? Go away!

*Another bump. JANE finds a sword in the bed.*

JANE: Leave me alone!

*A terrible Sea Monster rises from the water with a terrible sound. JANE tries to hide in the bedclothes.*

JANE: Oh god, no! Please, no!

*The Sea Monster lunges forward and JANE barely knocks it away.*

*The Sea Monster snakes its way onto the bed, onto JANE.*

JANE: No! Don't touch me, please don't touch me, oh my god Help! Someone please, help me!

HENRY'S VOICE: Help me!

*The Sea Monster pauses.*

JANE: Help!

HENRY'S VOICE: Hello?

*The Sea Monster recoils at the sound of HENRY'S voice. A flashlight cuts through the dark.*

JANE: Hello!

HENRY'S VOICE: Is someone there? Help me!

*The Sea Monster slithers off the bed.*

JANE: Who's there?

HENRY'S VOICE: I'm in the water! Throw me a line!

JANE: Get out of here, there's a Sea Monster!

HENRY'S VOICE: I know! It almost had me until it found you!

JANE: I can't save you—God, I can't—

*The Sea Monster gets Jane's legs.*

*JANE kicks the Sea Monster off of her and throws HENRY a line. He grabs it and pulls himself up.*

JANE: On your left!

*The Sea Monster tries to throw HENRY back off the bed. JANE knocks it hard. It reels back.*

*HENRY climbs back up on the bed and he and JANE battle the Sea Monster until it flails off the bed and slithers back into the dark.*

*JANE and HENRY collapse, exhausted.*

HENRY: Hey

JANE: Hey.

HENRY: Thanks for, uh

JANE: Yeah.

HENRY: You were really... *(cool fighting moves with sound effects)*..like/ badass.

JANE: /Shut up.

How did you end up out here? Was there a shipwreck or something? Are there other survivors?

HENRY: Yeah, shipwreck. But no others.

JANE: Oh.

HENRY: There's a huge whirlpool due north. You should get out of its path.

JANE *(gets up to adjust the wheel)*: You got caught in a whirlpool?

HENRY: We drifted. The captain abandoned ship and didn't leave anyone at the wheel.

Didn't even tell me. So we wake up too late to get out of the current and I don't know where we are. Everything's spinning out of control and... and I couldn't...

JANE: It's ok. She didn't leave a note or anything?

HENRY: Not this time. What about you? What's your story?

JANE: Once upon a time I got this freaky letter and here I am.

HENRY: What's it say?

*JANE looks at the note. She starts looking for the thread again.*

JANE: Somebody's going to... going to die. It's a, ah... someone needs my help. Bad.

HENRY: You're going to save somebody?

JANE: I've got to try. It was addressed to me. I have to try.

HENRY: Who's it from?

JANE: I don't know, the bottom's gone. And I accidentally... uh, it got ripped in half.

*HENRY gets excited.*

HENRY: Tampered with.

What are you looking for?

JANE: My thread.

So do you know where the captain went? Or why?

HENRY: Of course I know why.

JANE: Yes.

HENRY: You know. Why would you leave. You leave when there's nothing there for you, there's nothing making you stay. Nothing making you happy, you leave. Nothing to fight for.

JANE: Oh.

*beat*

HENRY: Thread.

*He points to it. She grabs it.*

JANE: Thanks.

HENRY: You said you don't know who it is? The note person?

JANE: Well it's got to be someone I know. They sent it to me. I feel like I have to know who this is, you can't just not know this about someone...

HENRY: Okay, so where are we going? Is it like a giant pit full of spikes, or like a basement...?

JANE: Oh, uh... they're definitely in a really bad place.

HENRY: Sounds like a hostage situation. A prisoner. Right?

JANE: They said I've got to follow the thread.

Well, not exactly. But that's what they meant, I think. So I can't lose it.

HENRY: Wait, that's all you've got to go on?

JANE: Well—

HENRY: And you have no idea who it is, or where they are? And you think you can just go out and save them?

JANE: Well, it says I'm the only one—

HENRY: You? You're the only one who can save them, sure, why didn't you call the police? This isn't your responsibility.

JANE: Who the hell are you to go criticizing me?

HENRY: I'm not criticizing, I'm just being logical.

JANE: Now you're patronizing.

HENRY: I am not! Don't get all defensive, I'm just trying to help you figure this out!

JANE: I didn't ask for your help!

HENRY: I think you did, actually.

JANE: Actually I think you asked—Listen, you don't know anything. This is exactly why I didn't want anyone to come with me!

HENRY: Well then throw me back to the sea monster if you don't want my help.

JANE: I don't want your help—what's your name—

HENRY: Henry.

JANE: Well, Henry, I'm going to figure this out and I've got a plan and a—a thread and its fine.

HENRY: No you're right, you've totally got it under control.

JANE: You don't get it! You don't know what—

*Thunder rumbles.*

HENRY: You think I don't understand?

JANE: Yeah! I know, okay, I know it's crazy and stupid /so I'll just take you back wherever you came from and you won't have to deal with it.

HENRY: Yeah, you think I can't deal with crazy? You don't know what I've /been through

JANE: Oh gimme a break with your sad captain/ story

HENRY: Just let me / I've been sailing for a long time

JANE: I know I know I know you think I can't do this by myself and I...

HENRY: Well can you?

*More thunder*

JANE: Shut up! Stop looking at me!

HENRY: I mean I don't know, maybe you can. /Maybe you can just go save her and live happily/ ever after.

JANE: Just stop talking.

I can't—

*High winds pick up and the ship rocks dangerously.*

JANE: Henry—

HENRY: Listen, I've got nothing else. You don't have to look so—

JANE: No, Henry, we've sailed into a squall!

HENRY: What are you doing?

JANE: Shut up. Okay. Okay.

*JANE leaps up and begins to reef the mainsail. Wind and rain buffet the ship. JANE struggles.*

HENRY: Look at those waves! Jane, we're dead!

JANE: I know, it's bad! Okay? We've just gotta—we're going to heave to. We can ride it out.

HENRY: Jane—

JANE: There's nothing else I can do!

HENRY: Okay. Can I help?

JANE: I don't know!

HENRY: Oh God, okay, I'll uh, batten down the hatches?

JANE: Fine!

*HENRY rushes around the bed tucking in the blankets while JANE clings desperately to the wheel.*

HENRY: We're taking on water!

JANE: Oh, please, no...

HENRY: We're gonna capsize, Jane, what do we do? Jane? Jane, please, I don't know how to sail this thing.

*JANE puts her hands over her ears.*

HENRY: You're just gonna... okay you're just gonna give up on me. Just give up!

*JANE curls into the fetal position.*

HENRY: Okay. We've just gotta regain control. If we... If we bear away, we can... if we reef the... I'll just....

*HENRY tries to get control over the ship. HE finally curls up in a ball next to JANE.*

*The wind settles.*

*JANE and HENRY lift their heads.*

HENRY: Is it over?

*HENRY bails the ship.*

HENRY: We can't go much farther like this. We need to make harbor somewhere.

JANE: Don't you dare explain things to me.

*(Long pause. HENRY bails.)*

I'm sorry about the.

HENRY: Me too. I mean its ok. I wish I was better at navigating.

JANE: You're great at navigating.

HENRY: Nah, I was never any good. I've got an unfortunate knack for finding rough waters. Any sign of land there?

JANE: I don't see anything. I don't even know where we are. Oh my god, I lost the thread!

HENRY: I'm sorry, I should have held onto it while you...

*They search desperately. No luck.*

JANE: Great. Great. Fuck.

HENRY: It's okay, it'll be okay.



JANE: We're totally fucked. I lost the one thing that I had keeping me on track, and my ship is flooding. We're dead. We're totally dead.

HENRY: No we're not. No, shut up, I've been here before with my Captain. We can make it to the island of the Gods.

JANE: The Gods?

HENRY: The Gods can help us. If you can finally admit we need help.

JANE: I don't believe in Gods.

HENRY: Here, trade with me.

*JANE takes over bailing and HENRY fiddles with the sails and wheel.*

HENRY: The Gods are very real. And I know they get a bad rep—all the smiting and sex with mortals and sacrifices and stuff—but they always help. If you ask.

JANE: I'm not going to pray or anything.

HENRY: No, that's why we're going to their office. Its way faster.

JANE: Henry I don't have time for this.

HENRY: Your ship's giving out. The least we can do is dock there and ask for directions.

JANE: You think the Gods are going to know where to find this person? Or where your captain is?

HENRY: I don't know. But they should have a clue, they're omnipotent and everything. Certified.

JANE: Okay. Okay. Wake me when we're there.

HENRY: Okay I will. Don't worry.

*HENRY waits until JANE falls asleep. HE takes out a compass that is on a string around his neck.*

*Lights down.*

**2: Gods**

*On the Island of the Gods.*

*A very tall desk, at which sit two GODS.*

*JANE and HENRY enter.*

HENRY: Okay, see? No line or anything.

JANE: Oh, no!

HENRY: What?

JANE: We forgot to bring a sacrificial ram offering.

HENRY: I'm sure they can send us a bill.

GOD 1: MORTALS! Do you have an appointment with OUR EMMINENCE?

JANE: Uh, no, we don't. Do you take walk-ins?

GOD 2: Of course. COME FORWARD MORTAL CHILDREN

*EMMELINE crashes into the room. She is dressed like a warrior. She carries a severed monster head.*

EMMELINE: Oh, my bad.

GOD 1: EMMELINE has come.

EMMELINE: Yeah, hey.

GOD 2: She brings us the head of the Great Dumb Boar.

EMMELINE: Yeah, bit of a snooze. So you kids carry on, I'll just... You want this with Kevin or in the trophy pile?

GOD 1: Kevin!

KEVIN *the OUT-OF-WORK GOAT-SACRIFICER enters and relieves EMMELINE of the head.*

EMMELINE: Sorry about the mess, kids. I'm off.

HENRY: No, please, take your time.

EMMELINE: No, no, it's okay. See ya next week, G.

HENRY: Next week? You come here every week?

EMMELINE: Not always, you know, just when there's a Hydra or Something and I need a little backup.

JANE: A Hydra? Is that like horoscopes?

HENRY: Oh, man you're a hero, aren't you! Like in the old poems! A warrior! The Gods send you out to fight the monsters!

EMMELINE: Yeah sorta.

JANE: Holy shit.

GOD 2: MORTALS! Do you address the Gods?

JANE: Oh. Right. Uh, we request audience with the Gods!

GOD 1: Come forward, mortal child.

GOD 2: Speak! Who addresses us?

JANE: Oh I'm, uh, Jane?

*The GODS consult their memo pads.*

GOD 2: Why do you seek our help, Jane the Brave?

JANE: (to EMMELINE) The Brave?

EMMELINE *sizes JANE up and shrugs.*

Well, Your Honor, or... I seek... I ask your uh, (to Henry) I feel like an asshole.

HENRY: You're doing great!

JANE: Okay, well I got this note. It's a, uh, well it sounds like a uh... I think it's a (*mumbles*) note.

GOD 1: Ah, yes.

A what, sorry?

JANE: A um... (*mumbles*) note.

GOD 2: Spit it out, kid.

KEVIN: SHE SAID IT'S A /SUICIDE NOTE

GOD 2: (*overlapping*) KEVIN!

*Beat. Everyone glares at KEVIN. KEVIN goes back to the severed head.*

JANE: They said not to try and... they said they had made up their mind but I can't let them do it, right?

GOD 1: Well, you—

JANE: I mean they sent me this for a reason, they wouldn't send it if they really wanted to—

GOD 1: Of course. But you—

JANE: --and I don't know who it is because the end is ripped off but I feel like I have to know who it is, right?

*Beat.*

GOD 2: It is a Brave quest, Jane the Brave.

GOD 1: You are right to come to us.

*GOD 1 has some sort of extend-o-arm that it uses to take JANE's note from her. They examine in it thoroughly.*

[GOD 1: BEHOLD!

JANE: Oh my God

HENRY: Wow!

JANE: They know who it is, just like that!

GOD 1: Uh, no, like, Behold!

*They give back JANE'S note, no longer ripped in half.*

GOD 2: Behold the power of the Gods!

JANE: You just... oh. Thanks.

HENRY: Well that's handy.]

GOD 1: How did you come to find us, Jane?

JANE: Well... I started out with the ocean... it, sort of (*sound effects*)... and then Henry was there and we fought the Sea Monster.

EMMELINE: I hate that thing.

JANE: You know it?

EMMELINE: Oh yeah. It only hunts one at a time. Good thing you had him (*Henry*) with you.

GOD 2: Henry found you in time?

JANE: What?

HENRY: Found her?

JANE: Wait, these guys sent you?

HENRY: No, I—

GOD 1: The Gods see many things that mortals cannot fathom.

JANE: Wait, what about the ship? What about Henry's ship? Was that arranged for too? The whirlpool?

HENRY: Where's my captain? Is she safe?

GOD 2: She is safe.

HENRY: Is she happy?

GOD 2: She is safe.

GOD 1: Now Jane. You have come to us in need. And The Gods will—

HENRY: Why did she leave?

GOD 1: She wanted to.

HENRY: I know that, I know that, that's not an answer. Tell me what I did.

GOD 2: Nothing.

HENRY: No, no, tell me how to fix it. I was supposed to... we were so—

GOD 1: Happy?

HENRY: We were going to be! I was going to make her... I was supposed to make her... And instead? And she just left? Because she wanted to? What about me?

GOD 2: Why do you think she stayed as long as she did?

*Beat*

EMMELINE: Better than a sea monster. Better than nothing.

*HENRY falls silent.*

GOD 1: Now then, Jane.

GOD 2: We have chosen to help you find the writer of this letter.

JANE: Okay, yes we have to really hurry if we—

GOD 1: These things take time, Jane.

GOD 2: Take Emmeline, for instance.

EMMELINE: (*knows the drill*) How long's it been, guys?

GOD 1: Emmeline has been here for seven years.

HENRY: Seven Years??

EMMELINE: Hey. Hercules did twelve.

HENRY: Yeah I know. For punishment.

GOD 2: Emmeline is Strong.

GOD 1: She is Strong because she comes to us for help.

GOD 2: Time after time....

JANE: SOMEONE IS DYING RIGHT. NOW.

GOD 1: Jane... there's no need to get upset.

JANE: Yes. Sorry.

GOD 1: It is obvious that this person is being held against their will by a dreadful monster.

JANE: What?

GOD 1: You must defeat this monster or the writer of this note will die.

JANE: There's no monster! It's just—the person, there's no—

EMMELINE: No it's definitely a monster. These guys know monsters.

GOD 2: We will send you to the Monks of the Mountains. They study the light and dark, among many things, and they will help you find this monster. They can give you the magic you need to destroy it.

JANE: What kind of monster are we talking here?

EMMELINE: (*action-movie*) All kinds of things live in those mountains.

JANE: Like Hydra? Capricorns?

EMMELINE: Worse. Great big pits that swallow you whole. Scissors on legs.

JANE: You've seen these things? And fought them?

EMMELINE: I've fought them for a long time. We're almost like old friends, me and them.

*The GODS deliberate.*

GOD 1: Emmeline. You will accompany these travelers to the Monastery. You will be their guide and protector.

EMMELINE: I work alone.

JANE: Oh, please, Emmeline.

EMMELINE: This isn't my job. I'll fight your monsters and bring you your sacrifices but I don't do religion and I do NOT babysit.

HENRY: What are you so scared of?

EMMELINE: Look at these two! They don't know what they're up against! The monsters will smell us a mile away, and these kids will bring me down with them. It's sui—

GOD 1: EMMELINE.

*Beat*

GOD 2: We command you.

EMMELINE: FINE. I'll keep them alive.

The monks are where I leave you. Come along children, into the dark.

HENRY: But don't you have a Hydra to kill?

EMMELINE: Oh, I'm sure she'll be there when I get back.

GOD 2: Give the monks our blessing, Emmeline.

EMMELINE: I said no monks.



HENRY: Our thanks, great Gods.

*JANE and EMMELINE start off. HENRY follows—*

GOD 1: Henry.

HENRY: Yeah? Uh, Yes?

GOD 2: There is nothing around your neck.

GOD 1: You can pay on your way out.

*The GODS disappear. HENRY catches up with JANE and EMMELINE, who are paying.*

HENRY: We don't have a goat or anything...

EMMELINE: They've updated the system. Sacrifice without the mess. You just pay from yourself now.

*HENRY and JANE hesitate.*

Just a little bit of yourself.

*SHE pulls out a strand of hair and offers it on the pyre. HENRY pulls off a button. JANE searches herself, and finally spits on the pyre.*

EMMELINE: The mainland is only a few miles away, and from there the mountains are only a fortnight's journey.

JANE: Two weeks?

HENRY: Emmeline, our ship is waterlogged. We can't get off the island.

EMMELINE: That's okay. We can take mine. Why don't you two get some rest? You'll need it.

*They climb aboard EMMELINE's bed/ship, a hospital bed.*

JANE: You've really been here for seven years?

EMMELINE: That I can remember.

JANE: I can't imagine what you must have been through.

EMMELINE: You can't.

HENRY: It's not always so bad.

*Beat. JANE and EMMELINE look at HENRY.*

I mean, look. The sea.

JANE: Yeah. Right now it's... kind of nice

HENRY: Yeah I mean, it's wild and lonely and unpredictable but there's also something / really beautiful—

EMMELINE: The sea is full of monsters that will kill you and eat you.

JANE: Yeah but right now—

EMMELINE: I know. But they're always down there somewhere.

*JANE lays down and looks over the side of the bed. HENRY watches EMMELINE. HE takes out his compass.*

HENRY: Where'd you get the scars?

EMMELINE: Monster battle.

HENRY: Did you win?

EMMELINE: I'm here, aren't I?

HENRY: That's why I asked.

*Beat*

EMMELINE: What about you? Whirlpool? Some captain. What captain abandons her crew?

HENRY: Well if her crew let her down...

EMMELINE: That's why I don't have a crew. Just me and the sea.

Beat

HENRY: “The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew, the furrow followed free; We were the first that ever burst /Into that silent sea.

*EMMELINE is nonplussed. HENRY fiddles with his compass.*

Well that’s what it felt like at the beginning. It felt like a beginning. I couldn’t wait to see what happened next.

EMMELINE: What’s the poem?

HENRY: Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

EMMELINE: Ohh. With the albatross? What happens to the albatross?

*HENRY mimics shooting a bow and arrow, with sound effects. Laughs.*

HENRY: He shoots her. He shoots the albatross and curses the ship. Major fuck-up. They hang it around his neck to remind him what a fuck-up he is.

EMMELINE: But the captain, she left. Right? She’s fine. You didn’t... *(bow and arrow)*

HENRY: I might as well have. Shot her right out of the sky. I couldn’t—. Well. It was my fault.

EMMELINE: Come on, Henry.

HENRY: No... no it was. And now. “Day after day, day after day/We stuck, nor breath nor motion.”

EMMELINE: So you fucked up. But that’s all gone, right? The ship’s gone, and you’re... well, you’re with Jane.

HENRY: Well I’m not really with her... yeah I guess.

She’s got a thread. I don’t have shit, she might have a way out.

EMMELINE: You think there’s a way out?

HENRY: For some people.

*A tentacle comes crashing out of the water and grabs EMMELINE. SHE hacks it off.*

HENRY: Emmeline!

EMMELINE: Quick! On your left!

*JANE barely misses another tentacle, and slices it off with her sword. The tentacles crash down on the bed, capsizing it. HENRY, EMMELINE and JANE flounder in the water.*

*JANE loses her note.*

HENRY: Emmeline? Are you okay?

EMMELINE: Don't look at me!

JANE: Henry, where is it? Emmeline, did you kill it?

EMMELINE: I, uh, I'm preparing a counterattack.

HENRY: Jane?

JANE: The letter! That thing took my letter!

*JANE searches the bedclothes. She looks in the water.*

HENRY: Well you don't really need it, do you? We've got Emmeline now.

JANE: No, no, no, I need it, I feel like every time I read it I get closer to knowing who sent it.

*JANE swims out.*

EMMELINE: Don't go out there Jane, you were doing fine!

JANE: No, I see it! I think I see it!

*JANE swims out to the letter and grabs it.*

JANE: I found--! Oh wait. Dear Jean.

*JANE finds another letter. HENRY and EMMELINE drift away.*

HENRY: Jane! Where are you?

JANE: Dear Gary. What is this?

Dear Mohamed. By the time you finish reading this...

Dear Rachel, by the time you get this letter I will be

Dear Marie,

Oh my god.

EMMELINE: Jane? Grab on!

*EMMELINE throws JANE a line that falls short.*

JANE: I'm fine.

Some of these aren't... some of them are just poems and things...

*JANE sits in the sea and sorts paper.*

*HENRY and JANE crawl onto land.*

### 3: Monsters

*JANE sits in the sea sorting papers. She makes little piles.*

*PERSON A, B and C enter with more papers and form an assembly line, passing JANE things to be sorted.*

PERSON A: Are you doing alphabetically?

JANE: I was doing by date but if you want them alphabetically?

PERSON C: I'm going by date here.

PERSON B: Alphabetical by date.

JANE: By date?

PERSON C: For each person.

*PERSON C hands JANE a stack of papers.*

JANE: These are all from the same person?

PERSON A: All to the same person.

JANE: They never got these? Why are they here? He never got any of these?

PERSON B: You should see *this* guy. Twenty years' worth of letters and counting. And his mother's got even more. But she was a writer.

*PERSON B dumps out a box of papers.*

*She dumps out another one.*

JANE: Stop!

*PERSON C dumps papers. PERSON A keeps sorting onto JANE's lap. She gets buried.*

JANE: Why are there so many? Stop! Who are these people?

PERSON A: 15 million

PERSON B: Per year.

PERSON C: And those are just the ones that write it down.

JANE: 15 million letters?

PERSON B: 15 million *people*.

PERSON A: approximately.

JANE: 15 million. At approximately 10 letters per year and an average of...

PERSON A: Would you mind finishing up?

PERSON B: It's great to have you back.

PERSON C: You're being really brave.

*Lights fade on JANE. Rise on HENRY and EMMELINE.*

*HENRY and EMMELINE are sitting around a campfire. They are close.*

HENRY: Alone, alone, all, all alone,

Alone on a wide wide sea!  
And never a saint took pity on  
My soul in agony.

Uh... my soul in agony. The...

The many men, so beautiful!  
And they all dead did lie:  
And a thousand thousand slimy things  
Lived on; and so did I.

EMMELINE: Is that the end?

HENRY: Until I learn the rest.

*There is a long, awful silence. Spooky night sounds.*

HENRY: So uh, you--? Know any?

*Very spooky sound.*

EMMELINE: (quickly) Once upon a time there was a little girl.

HENRY: Was it you?

EMMELINE: No, it was my friend.

HENRY: It was you.

EMMELINE: You don't even know this little girl yet.

HENRY: Okay, tell me about her.

EMMELINE: Okay. Once upon a time there was a little girl. And this little girl was very sad.

HENRY: It's you.

EMMELINE: She was always sad even though sometimes she was happy. She would get so happy that it would make her sad. And she would be sad that she was sad.

HENRY: Why was she sad?

EMMELINE: The little girl's father was sad too. And when he saw how sad his little girl was, it made him sadder. He would ask her, what's wrong? And she would say, "Nothing."

*Something rustles in the dark close by. EMMELINE and HENRY fall silent.*

EMMELINE: What was that?

HENRY: I'm sure it's nothing. Keep going.

EMMELINE: Right. So nobody could figure out what was wrong.

HENRY: Oh, wait I know this story. The daughter is really beautiful.

EMMELINE: *(not really listening, finding her sword)* What?

HENRY: The daughter is so beautiful and so sad. And all these people are in love with her because she's so beautiful and sad. So her father says, "Whoever can make my daughter... uh, I think it's laugh? will win her hand in marriage!"

EMMELINE: Well, but, remember how I said that she was happy sometimes?

HENRY: So all these suitors come to the castle with all their funniest jokes trying to make her laugh, but nothing works. Until this guy—

*Another rustle. EMMELINE gets up, shushing him.*

HENRY: She never laughed. Just kept on being beautiful and sad. And the sadder she was, the more beautiful she became. Is that how it goes? Emmeline?



EMMELINE: Shhh! Henry, be quiet, Something's here.

*Ominous rustling. HENRY draws his weapon. They look for the SOMETHING. Finally EMMELINE looks up in horror. The SOMETHING is above them.*

HENRY: Oh my god. What is that? EMMELINE WHAT IS THAT?

EMMELINE: YOU WOKE IT UP!

*The SOMETHING descends. HENRY and EMMELINE run, screaming.*

*Lights rise back on JANE, who has crawled back onto land. She is freshly soaked and dripping, with lots of wet paper. She might skewer little wet letters on her sword.*

*JANE looks in a mirror.*

JANE: Fifteen million people per year. Alphabetically by date.

*JANE extracts paper from her pile.*

JANE: Dear Jane. This is dated five years ago. Dear Jane. I don't know what's wrong with me. I can't seem to...

Dear Jane. (ten years ago). I'm so sad all the time. I don't know why. Nothing's wrong.

Dear Jane. Please help. I don't know what's happening to me. I wish I could stop.

Some years, no letters. Some years, ten or twenty. But never any name at the bottom. Twelve years or so? I would have been, ten years old? Eleven? What could I have possibly done, how could I have helped you? I was a mess at eleven. I'm a mess now, look at me. Look at me.

*The GODS appear in the mirror.*

GOD 1: Jane the Brave

JANE: Yeah what.

GOD 2: You are the bravest of them all.

JANE: Why does everyone keep saying that? What have I done?

GOD 1: Remember the slicey thing with the... (*acts out the slicey thing with the*)

GOD2: Look how brave you're being right now!

JANE: I'm literally just sitting here.

GOD 1: But you're fighting such a hard battle.

GOD 2: Look how far you've come!

JANE: I'm back where I started.

GOD 1: Isn't that what you want?

JANE: Not like this! Not knowing all this! I want to know who's doing this. I want to know why I haven't been getting these letters and why no one's helped this person yet and I want to help them.

GOD 2: So you want to be a hero.

JANE: No, I just want to—I just want to be productive.

GOD 1: One person out of 15 million. You have to start somewhere.

JANE: So it's completely useless. I shouldn't even try. Is that what you're saying? One person out of 15 million, and this one's not even that bad. There are people in here with stacks, stacks of letters. Years' worth.

GOD 1: There are a lot of monsters out there.

JANE: What if it's too late? What if I couldn't even save one person? I'm the one tiny hope they've had for the past twelve years and I can't even keep ahold of a thread.

GOD 2: Jane the Brave will find her thread again.

JANE: Who is that? Why are you calling me that? Why does this person think I can save them, who do they think I am?

GOD 2: Look in the mirror.

*The GODS disappear. JANE looks in the mirror. JANE begins to cry.*

JANE: No, come back, can I be someone else?

*SHE smashes the mirror. Water pours out and becomes a small ocean around JANE. She starts to drown.*

*EMMELINE and HENRY enter, swords drawn, being chased.*

EMMELINE: It's Jane!

HENRY: Oh my god. What's wrong with her? Why is she back? I thought she got out?

EMMELINE: Jane! Pull yourself together and help!

JANE: Oh, no, go away! Don't look at me!

HENRY: For God's sake Jane, help us! Its coming, Emmeline, it's coming... Oh god...

JANE: What's coming? There's nothing here.

EMMELINE: It's here!

*HENRY and EMMELINE draw swords. JANE scrambles out of the sea.*

JANE: What's here? What do you see?

HENRY: It's coming, Emmeline.

EMMELINE: Henry, get behind me. The end of that story—

HENRY: No, it's okay. I know how it's supposed to end.

JANE: *(swinging her sword at thin air)* What is it?

*SOMETHING descends. EMMELINE throws herself in front of HENRY, but he pulls her down and the SOMETHING gets them both.*

*Silence, but for JANE's footsteps. She swings her sword in the dark.*

JANE: Henry? Emmeline? Am I helping? Is it gone?

Emmeline?

Henry, please?

Henry?

What about helping me, huh? Or was that pretend. Is this just a big stupid game? This stupid made-up world?

*Beat*

You're just going to leave me here like this? Not even going to answer me?

*Beat*

Okay. Alright, I see. You two just—I can just go on. I'm—

*Beat:*

*Into the darkness:*

I thought you guys were my friends.

*HENRY and EMMELINE are sealed inside a membrane. They move a little, but can't do much.*

*JANE is lost in the dark. She tries to find her way. She reaches out to try to find the thread but can't. Creatures move in the dark.*

JANE: This isn't real.

*Monster sounds.*

*(to the dark)* This isn't even real!

Fake. Letters. Fake. Scary.

This is just. This is all me. So. So I'm not playing anymore! Take me back.

Do you hear me, Emmeline? Henry?

It's over! I'm going home now.

Okay.

*(Sunshine, Lollipops and Rainbows starts playing. JANE ignores the lump that is Henry and Emmeline)*

Look, I never noticed that bird's nest outside the window. Isn't that just amazing? And the wallpaper in this room, what a good choice. What a good choice. You know what I think I'll do I'll call my mother, you know, haven't talked to her in a while, see how she's doing. Now what's that number again, oh, gosh, it's 73... 732? There was a rhythm to it, I know, I used to know it, uh *(rhythmically)* 732, 7514? 73--, 75-- ---. Could have been one four. Five four? 732, 7554. No, gosh, okay, well let's try, let's try one four.

Well I don't have a phone anywhere I guess.

Well I don't know. I thought I had a phone around here.

Sure, sure, sure here it is.

*(JANE mimes a phone)*

Hi Mom! Hi. It's J--it's me.

No, yeah I'm well. How are things at home?

*(The dark/creatures close in)*

Uh-huh. Uh-huh. No I hadn't. No I don't actually, I unsubscribed. Well, I'm sorry to hear that. Was it--? Oh, wow. Oh I'm sorry.

*(JANE mimes. Maybe she pours a cup of coffee and checks the mail. Peels an orange. Takes laundry out of the dryer.)*

Yes, I know. Well I've had to take a few days off, just a little under the weather. I said I had to take a few days off. Oh no. No just a bug going around I think—a *bug*—a few other people at work have it. It's cleared up. Yep, just good old bed rest. No, I know. I frankly think we're overmedicated as a society, you know, pain killer for every little—I said we're overmedicated. Mhmm. I told—what's that? Oh, I told Pat you really liked the jam basket. The jam basket. (*repeat "Jam basket" as many times as desired*) Oh, how's the arthritis, then? Oh, my. Oh yeah. Oh Mom I'm sorry. That sounds awful. Well, have you been exercising? I heard that really is supposed to help, you know, endorphins and... uh-huh. Of course. Well I should think so, what are you paying insurance for anyhow?

(HENRY, dragging EMMELINE, crawls towards her. SHE steps over them.)

Oh, nothing much, just going to um... go to the store and, and the post office! And reply to emails. Yeah, regular... regular day.

(JANE notices HENRY)

Uh-huh what about you? What's um--oh, okay. Yeah of course I will. Right, right. Well it was great talking with you mom. Really—okay. Yes, say hi to everyone for me. I said say hi to—Okay. Bye.

JANE continues miming, the volume/speed on "Sunshine Lollipops and Rainbows" increases.

HENRY finds JANE and pulls at her. JANE ignores him. Her miming becomes more frantic. She eventually messes up—drops something, hurts herself, breaks the illusion. She sits still in a chair that isn't there at an invisible kitchen table. The music warbles weirdly.

HENRY reaches out in the membrane and touches JANE. She cringes.

HENRY: Jane?

JANE: I'm trying to—

HENRY: Jane, please.

JANE: I am listening to this song right now.

HENRY: Emmeline's in here

JANE: Can't you see I've got a million things to do? Look at this. Look at my to-do list!

*(the letters)*

This house is a mess, and I'm behind on work, and—and taxes! There's taxes!

*HENRY tries to find an opening in the membrane.*

HENRY: Jane, you have to help me get Emmeline out.

JANE: Out of where? Why are you guys lying on the floor?

HENRY: What about your note, Jane? Remember?

JANE: That's not real.

HENRY: What's not real?

JANE: The, uh, all of it. Whatever this is. The... there were things, there was a boat? A sea monster. That I made up.

HENRY: So you made me up too then?

JANE: Probably.

*HENRY gets his head out.*

HENRY: Fuck you, okay?

JANE: Well who are you then? What are you? Henry the Lost? Henry the, the Heartbroken? Henry the—?

HENRY: Hero. No, shut up. We both know that's not how it works. You have yours and now I have mine.

JANE: Our what. What do we have.

HENRY: An ending, Jane, a way to get out of here. I'm gonna save her, I'm gonna make up for everything.

JANE: There's not—We're just—I'm trying to do my taxes. So if you can just show yourself out.

HENRY: You're not in your fucking kitchen!

JANE: I am.

HENRY: Look.

*Beat.*

JANE: I don't want to.

HENRY: Okay.

*HENRY struggles to crawl away, the membrane and EMMELINE still attached to his legs. He falls. In the silence, EMMELINE gently reaches a finger out to JANE. She can't poke through the membrane.*

JANE: We need to go to the monks. Can you move?

HENRY: *(not really)* Yes.

*JANE tries to help HENRY get the membrane off. Together they manipulate Emmeline into a mobile way, maybe carrying her.*

JANE: Do you know the way?

HENRY: Emmeline said west.

JANE: Okay. Do you still have that compass?

*HENRY pulls out his compass. HE has trouble. The compass seems to always point to EMMELINE; JANE doesn't notice. HENRY picks a direction. They start off.*

*Light change.*



*[JANE and HENRY build a shelter for the night. Maybe JANE builds it out of her notes.*

HENRY: What are all these?

JANE: My letters. Letters to me.

HENRY: Don't you want to keep them? They might help you figure out who it is.

JANE: They're heavy. I feel like I've been carrying them forever.

*A noise in the dark. HENRY and JANE draw their weapons.*

JANE: Are we still going west?

HENRY: Ah, yep.

JANE: I had a nightmare about Emmeline last night.

HENRY: I'm going to save her.

JANE: She had antlers and she told me I was worthless.

*Beat*

What is it, in there? What are you saving her from?

Does it hurt?

HENRY: I think it would be better if it did.

*Lights change.]*

**4: Monks**

*A bathtub appears. EMMELINE sits in it, wet. \*the actress can use her own words.*

EMMELINE:

\*Once upon a time there was a girl. No, a boy. A little boy who... Once upon a time there was a child. There was a. There is... Once upon a, all the time, forever, as long as I remember.

As long as I remember, I've been—this way. I've been—I've been (sad). I was always sad even though sometimes I was happy. I would get so happy that it would make me sad. And then I would be sad that I was sad.

I remember I was six years old. It was summer. I cried for a whole day without stopping. I started when I woke up, just lay there with the tears pouring out of my eyes, running behind my ears, drying on my neck. I cried while I ate breakfast, and my father asked me what was wrong. Nothing was wrong. I told him that. My father was sad, too. Sometimes he was sad that I was sad, and sometimes he was sad all on his own. All day he tried to make me stop crying. He asked me if I wanted to take a nap, or go to the library, or have a snack, he tried so hard and the more he asked the sadder I got because I wanted to let him break the spell. I wanted to stop crying so he would feel better. He asked me if I wanted to take a bath, so I said yes. I said, yes, that's what I want.

My dad never filled the bath enough. I remember sitting there in the water, shivering, with salt on my face.

I've been happy a lot, too. Birthday parties and stuff.

*Lights down on the bathtub.*

*Lights up on PEOPLE A and B. They are in line. PERSON A is reading a newspaper. PERSON B is fidgeting.*

PERSON A: You want a section?

PERSON B: What's that?

PERSON A: Of the paper.

PERSON B: Oh, thanks. Can I get the funnies?

PERSON A: You bet. Garfield's great today.

PERSON B: He is so grouchy.

*Long silence.*

*Enter JANE and HENRY with EMMELINE.*

*HENRY has his compass.*

JANE: Uh, hi.

*The PEOPLE don't look up from their papers.*

JANE: (to Henry) You go.

HENRY: Is this..? Are you all here to see the monks?

PERSON A: She got you then.

HENRY: I'm sorry?

*PERSON C enters.*

PERSON C: Thank you, Sorry, Thank you, sorry.

PERSON A: Nothing got you.

HENRY: We were actually, attacked by something.

PERSON A: Nothing, you mean.

HENRY: Right, um.

JANE: Is this the monks? We're in a hurry.

PERSON B: I'm always in a hurry.

PERSON C: *(Trying to cut in line)* Sorry.

JANE: No problem, just... you're all here to see the monks?

PERSON B: I'm here for the 12<sup>th</sup> time!

PERSON A: How long has she been like that? Long time, huh?

HENRY: I don't know.

PERSON C: Sorry.

PERSON B: I was like that for a while, except worse and longer. I started growing /horns, actually. Like/ big, scary horns.

PERSON A: She'll have stopped moving by now, ain't she? Stopped breathing?

HENRY: No, no she's still breathing.

PERSON B: I haven't breathed in months!

PERSON A: Alright, keep her there then. Contagious.

HENRY: It's contagious?

PERSON B: I'm contagious!

JANE: What's wrong with her?

PERSON A: Nothing.

*PERSON B, first in line, gets called in.*

PERSON B: I'll tell you how it goes.

*She goes in.*

PERSON C: Sorry!

PERSON A: Don't have to be sorry, do you?

PERSON C: Thank you. Sorry.

*Something moves in the dark. Everyone draws their swords. It goes away.*

JANE: So where are you all coming from?

PERSON A: Nowhere.

PERSON C: Sorry.

JANE: Okay. It's okay.

PERSON C: Thank you. I'm sorry.

JANE: You're—

HENRY: Do you think we can save her?

Emmeline. Do you think it's... What do you think we can do?

JANE: I don't know what we can do, obviously we can't do it by ourselves.

HENRY: What if she's

PERSON C: No. No. No.

HENRY: Sorry.

*Beat*

*PERSON C is called in: Thank you thank you thank you thank you*

HENRY: What do you think the monks will do for Emmeline? What happens in there?

JANE: The guy said don't touch her.

HENRY: She's not contagious. And I'm immune anyway.

PERSON A: How's that?

HENRY: I was in there with her.

PERSON A: How'd you get out then?

HENRY: I wanted to. I just wanted to and I did. It wasn't hard. You can just do things. I don't get it when people say they can't do something, like exercising. You just do it.

*JANE mocks HENRY behind his back.*

*PERSON C is thrown out of the monastery. PERSON A tries to help them up.*

PERSON C: I'm sorry, I'm sorry! Sorry.

HENRY: What's going on?

PERSON A: Did they do something to you?

*PERSON C can't explain. Sorry, sorry. They creep away, into the dark.*

*PERSON A gets called in. They draw their weapon before entering.*

*HENRY and JANE curl up on the floor with EMMELINE, who moves around inside the membrane.*

[JANE: What was it like?

In there?

HENRY: Worse.]

JANE: Why can't she get out like you did? She's so---I mean she's been through...

HENRY: I don't know. I just wanted to so I did.

JANE: Maybe she doesn't want to get out.

HENRY: Of course she doesn't, she doesn't want anything. She's nothing in there, it's nothing. She's nobody in there.

JANE: That doesn't sound worse.

HENRY: You want to be nobody?

JANE: Sometimes.

HENRY: But you're Jane the Brave.

JANE: Shut up.

*A MONK appears.*

MONK2: Henry.

HENRY: Yes? Oh thank god, are you a monk? Can you help us?

MONK2: We will help you any way we can.

HENRY: Okay. Awesome. Jane, can you help me with Emmeline?

JANE: She's gotten way heavier. I don't know if I can lift her.

MONK2: What is that?

HENRY: That is my friend Emmeline. She needs your magic. It's an emergency. Please can you

MONK2: Certainly, son. Does it have insurance?

HENRY: I'm—what?

MONK2: Please fill out these forms and return them to the monk at the front desk.

HENRY: I think she's dying.

MONK2: There's a pen attached to the clipboard. Don't try to take it. We have a limited supply.

*pause*

They're really good pens.

*The Monk exits.*

HENRY: Jane, what do we do?

JANE: I guess we gotta fill out the forms.

HENRY: There's like fifteen pages here, she needs—

JANE: Okay, you go in there and talk to them and I'll get her inside. Go, Henry!

*HENRY goes. JANE tries to move EMMELINE, who has become very still.*

JANE: Come on, Emmeline! I can't do this, you have to help me!

I know you're in there so just snap out of it.

Move! Goddammit just get up and move!

Henry!

I don't know what to do, Emmeline, you have to tell me what to do. I don't know how to help you.

Emmeline?

You're beautiful.

I don't know why people say that. Like it'll break the spell.

*JANE lies down beside EMMELINE.*

You can't do this.

You're the hero. You're going to help me kill the monster.

*She finds her face. JANE kisses EMMELINE.*

*The spell is broken. EMMELINE revives inside the membrane. She moves around, reaches for JANE.*

JANE: Oh my god, okay. Okay! Come on, Emmeline, we're going to get you out! HENRY!

EMMELINE: Jane, listen.

JANE: Yes, yes, I'm here, what do you need?



EMMELINE: you gotta get me out

JANE: I'm trying, sweetie, we're almost there, we're going to get you out. The monks are coming—

EMMELINE: No I don't want the monks!

JANE: They can help—

EMMELINE: I want to go back to the ocean, Jane, take me to the ocean and feed me to the sea monster

JANE: I'm not doing that. I'm not doing that. You're fine, the monks—

EMMELINE: I don't want to. Don't take me in there!

JANE: Stop being a baby Emmeline.

*JANE carries EMMELINE into the monastery.*

EMMELINE: No, I don't want to! Please don't make me, please don't bring me in there I don't want to go like that, I want to die in battle, I want to be a hero

JANE: Shut up Emmeline. You can't be a hero like this.

EMMELINE: I can, I've done it before. I'm brave enough.

JANE: Henry! She's awake... She's afraid to see the monks.

EMMELINE: I'm not fucking afraid.

*HENRY is trying to get the attention of three meditating MONKS, who do not notice him.*

HENRY: Thank god!

*The MONKS notice EMMELINE. She stops moving and speaking.*

MONK 1: I sense a great power here.

MONK 2: A great strength.

MONK 3: A Hero in our midst.

JANE: Hi, yeah, see it's actually our friend here—

MONK 1: She is in great need.

MONK 2: She needs us, brothers.

MONK 3: We must summon our greatest magic.

*The MONKS begin to prepare a ritual. They surround EMMELINE's body with talismans, and burn incense.*

MONK 1: We must release her.

MONK 2: Awaken the strength within her.

MONK 3: Remind her who she is.

*JANE and HENRY look on as the MONKS surround EMMELINE, close their eyes, and begin their magic.*

JANE: Okay, Emmeline, you'll be fine, I promise.

*"Firework" by Katy Perry.*

*Nothing really happens.*

JANE: Um?

MONK 1: This requires superior magic.

MONK 2: Her need is great.

MONK 3: We must keep her here with us.

*The MONKS (2 and 3) shuffle HENRY and JANE out into the dark, and carry EMMELINE away, struggling.*

HENRY: Wait a minute!

JANE: Emmeline!

EMMELINE: Get out of here, Jane! Run! You don't belong here.

HENRY: Wait!

*HENRY and JANE attempt to follow EMMELINE out. MONK 2 blocks their path.*

MONK 2: Stop! You have nothing to fear. This is a safe place.

JANE: No such thing.

HENRY: Get out of the way.

*HENRY pushes past the MONK and follows EMMELINE. The MONK holds JANE off.*

JANE: Henry! Wait!

Okay. Okay listen, I don't know what you're doing to her in there. But right now all I want is to finish this. Please, can you tell me how to find this person?

*JANE hands the MONK her note.*

The Gods said you could help. And we've come a long way and fought a lot of shit and I'm—

MONK 2: Jane, you must not go where this letter leads you.

JANE: What?

MONK 2: The writer of this letter is trying to lead you into a trap. To go to this person is to go to your death.

JANE: You're lying! You were supposed to help me. There's a monster, I have to—

MONK 2: You need to stay here with us, Jane. You'll be safe here.

JANE: I can't let them die!

MONK 2: We can't let you do this. It's too dangerous. It's sui—

JANE: Say it.

MONK 2: It's a death trap.

JANE: Say suicide. Say it's suicide.

MONK 2: Sisters!

JANE: Somebody say it!

*The NUNS appear to restrain JANE, but she escapes and exits after HENRY. The NUNS and MONK chase her.*

*Light change. EMMELINE is dressed in normal clothes, all traces of her warrior-queen persona gone. She is in the kitchen.*

*EMMELINE makes coffee.*

HENRY (*offstage*): EMMELINE? Where are you?

EMMELINE: Oh, up here! Top floor!

HENRY: I'm coming!

*HENRY enters, sword drawn.*

HENRY: It's okay, you're safe.

EMMELINE: Want a cup of coffee?

HENRY: What is this? What are they doing, what did they do to you?

EMMELINE: I've got bagels, too, if you're hungry.

HENRY: What's wrong with you?

EMMELINE: Nothing, Henry.

HENRY: Where's your sword? Did they take it? I'm going to get you out of here.

EMMELINE: I don't need my sword anymore. I don't have to fight anymore.

HENRY: Yeah, it's okay now. I'm gonna save you.

EMMELINE: I am safe!

HENRY: Are you happy?

EMMELINE: I'm safe!

*Beat*

HENRY: Is that what you want to be?

*Clattering; JANE enters.*

JANE: Emmeline?

EMMELINE: Hello.

JANE: They're not going to help. They're lying to get us to stay here.

*Enter NUNS and MONK. HENRY stops him with his sword.*

HENRY: Don't move. Emmeline, is that what you want?

JANE: Emmeline?

MONK 2: Henry, Emmeline is better now.

HENRY: She doesn't look better.

MONK 2: This is who she really is.

HENRY: Shut up! Emmeline, tell him this isn't you. Tell him you're, you're, you fight monsters and you sail the ocean and—

EMMELINE: I don't have to do that anymore.

*HENRY pulls out his compass.*

HENRY: Then what do I do? If you stay here, what do I do?

MONK 2: Henry, your compass is broken.

JANE: Don't listen to him! He lies! He just wants to keep us all here!

*The NUNS corner JANE.*

HENRY: It is NOT broken. I used it to get us here. The compass is showing me the way out.

MONK 2(*advancing on Henry*) I'm sorry, son. It's broken.

HENRY: I said don't move!

Are you staying?

MONK 2: (*advancing on HENRY*) Stay with us, Henry.

HENRY: Are you staying here or are you, are you...

EMMELINE: I'm going to stay. I want to stay.

MONK 2: Sisters.

*The NUNS begin to take JANE away.*

JANE: Let me go!

EMMELINE: Jane, wait—

HENRY: Stop!

*HE grabs EMMELINE and holds the sword to her throat.*

HENRY: Stop moving or I will. I'll do it. If she was still herself she could get away.

*Everyone stops. EMMELINE doesn't struggle.*

What do I have to do?

MONK 2: Stay with—

HENRY: No, I want to get out. I want to win. I want to kill the monster. How do I do it?

MONK 2: Emmeline, tell—

HENRY: No, she's still here. She's stuck here. She may be safe, she may not be sad, but she's nothing else either.

Now I want someone to tell me how I get out. What do I have to do?

Tell me!

I got out of the whirlpool. I fought the Sea Monster, I sailed the seas, climbed the mountains. Tell me what to do, I'll do it. Send me your monsters, I'll fight them. What, do I have to slay a dragon? Solve a riddle? Find a holy grail? Golden apples, lions, bulls, boars, send me your nightmare zoo, make me walk through fire, go to the underworld, do I have to go to the underworld? Is that what it is, did you wink? Did you just wink? For God's sake just tell me what I have to do to get out of here! Tell me how it ends! Tell me that it does!

MONK 2: Sisters...

*The NUNS move towards HENRY slowly.*

MONK 2: Henry. The compass is broken. Take it off.

*MONK 2 moves slowly towards HENRY*

HENRY: I said don't move! Stay away from me!

*HENRY shifts his grip on EMMELINE, who takes her chance and throws him off. They scabble. The compass breaks and falls off.*

*Everyone stops and looks at it. HENRY is broken.*

*HENRY tries to put it back on but it doesn't work.*

*Noise and Rabble: The NUNS take JANE away. SHE calls to HENRY but he doesn't notice. The MONK tries to lead EMMELINE away, but she goes to HENRY.*

EMMELINE: Henry?

*He doesn't move.*

EMMELINE: You could stay here with me.

We could be like people, together. We could argue about real things, get mad at each other, fight. Like normal people. We could make dinner. And do our taxes. And...

Well there's a vow of celibacy here. But only for women. In contrast many men experience increased sexual performance due to delayed orgasm.

HENRY: I can't.

EMMELINE: That's okay, too, it's a common—

HENRY: I can't make you—...

EMMELINE: Well it doesn't matter now, I can't—well I could never, really—

HENRY: Not that.

I can't, I'm gonna...

It's just going to happen again, I'm sorry, I know it'll just, it'll be like before and I'll never... I'm sorry.

EMMELINE: Sorry is stuck.

HENRY: You don't understand.

*HENRY leaves.*

EMMELINE: There's nothing around your neck, Henry!

What happens at the end? How does it end?

*HENRY walks through the dark. HE finds the sea.*

*EMMELINE remains where she is, at her kitchen table,, slowly saying a prayer. MONK 2 comes to her island and gives her a little white communion wafer and a Dixie cup. SHE hesitates.*

MONK 2: What's wrong, my child?

*EMMELINE takes the wafer. HENRY is in the sea.*

EMMELINE: Nothing, father.



## 5. Thread

*JANE has been stripped of her sword and dangerous items. She looks for a way out. She checks windows, doors, (if there are any), paces. SHE sits on EMMELINE's hospital bed. A NUN comes in with a very heavy cardboard box and heaves it into the bed.*

JANE: What is that?

NUN2: Your things.

JANE: I don't have any things.

NUN: Don't I wish.

JANE: But what's in there?

Why is it so heavy?

NUN: Because its your things.

JANE: what things?

NUN: Come on now, hurry up. We have to take out the bad ones.

And if you ask another question I'll put you in there.

*JANE opens the box/suitcase.*

JANE: What is all th—It's just a bunch of crap.

NUN: Like I said. Your things.

*JANE pulls an object from the box.*

*\*objects may be personal belongings of the actor playing JANE. Each object should elicit an emotional response. Objects may alternatively be chosen by the director.*

JANE: Oh.

NUN: Is that a bad one?

JANE: It's...

NUN: Okay if we're going to take all day about it... I'm sorry dear, but we don't want you to have to keep dragging these around here. It's a safe place.

*The NUN goes through the box. SHE holds up objects for JANE to react to.*

*\*JANE's responses given below are examples, and can be altered based on the objects used.*

NUN: Bad or good?

JANE: That was my favorite book when I was—

NUN: Good. Next. Bad or?

JANE: Oh god, I haven't seen that since—

NUN: Good.

JANE: No, it makes me, well I don't know...

NUN: Good or Bad?

JANE: Oh no, no, where'd you get that? How did you get that? Why is it here?

NUN: Right, right ok it's gone. Next?

JANE: Can we stop?

NUN: I have to get the bad ones out.

JANE: I'll get them. I'll just go through it all.

NUN: You've been through quite enough, you poor thing now just let me take it.

JANE: Let me just find a good one, and I'll give you the box back. And you can take it and do whatever you want with it. Let me find a good one to hold onto. Please.

NUN: Okay. I'll be back soon. And you better have been thorough.

*JANE gathers the box onto her lap and goes through it an item at a time. Some of the items are monsters, and they hurt.*

*(HENRY sits in the sea with a typewriter.)*

*The objects pile up around JANE, and she still hasn't found a good one. She searches in anguish, throwing the objects everywhere.*

*JANE finds EMMELINE's sword in the box. An EMMELINE-SHAPED MONSTER rises terrible, with antlers, and admonishes JANE.*

JANE: Oh, god, it's infected!

EMMELINE-MONSTER: What are you going to do with my sword, Jane the Brave? Kill a monster? Be a hero? You poor, brave thing. Look how you've suffered. Look how you've hurt. Are you hurting? Hurting now? What's wrong, little girl?

JANE: Nothing.

EMMELINE-MONSTER: Nothing! Nothing's wrong! Just crying over your toy-box, little girl? Crying over nothing! Emmeline never cries. You can't imagine the things she's seen, they'd frighten the sun right out of your sky, her nightmares would fry your eyes out.

JANE: I know! Why are you doing this? Emmeline? Where's the real Emmeline?

EMMELINE-MONSTER: The real Emmeline? You know nothing Jane. You don't know what pain tastes like. You're paper-cuts and spilled milk crawling through the trenches. Wipe your nose and go home.

JANE: Please stop. I know. I don't want to hear it.

*JANE throws the sword at the monster, who disappears.*

*JANE curls into the fetal position in her pile of crap.*

*HENRY types on his typewriter.*

*(offstage)* NUN: When I come in you better be done with that box! And don't you make a mess either! I'm not a maid!

*JANE weakly pulls the last items out of the box. She looks at the pile, searching for a good one. She is clearly disappointed with the contents.*

*Slowly and with concentration, JANE gets inside the empty box and closes her eyes.*

JANE: The kite I flew with dad at the beach the summer I was eight. It crashed.

The yoyo I found in the time capsule in Grandma's attic. After she died.

My stuffed goose, Goosey that Mom sewed up after the dog got a hold of it.

My shell necklace from Annie when she moved away.

Come on.

The balloon that the moving statue man in San Francisco gave me, that I carried around until it deflated overnight, tied to my bedpost.

The picture of me and my dad on our fishing trip before I left. I caught a shoe.

*JANE laughs. She finds her thread. She opens her eyes. JANE grabs EMMELINE's sword off the floor and follows the thread out of the room, into the dark.*

*Lights shift.*

**6: Labyrinth**

*JANE enters the Labyrinth.*

*It is dark. She follows the thread. There are strange noises. JANE is shaking.*

*Footsteps.*

*JANE makes shushing noises to herself as she gets more frightened. She counts the turns.*

JANE: One right, two rights, three lefts, another right that's four rights and three lefts. Shhh. Three, four. Four, four. Five, four. Four five? That was four lefts and five rights? Or was it four... could have been five. Five lefts. Four rights. Shhhh. Six.

*Maybe she hums.*

*Too long.*

JANE: There's nothing here. There's nothing anywhere. There's no world.

*(whispering)* I should stay here.

I could stay here and hide. And be like nothing.

Nobody needs me. It was all a lie.

*JANE stops. She feels something in the dark ahead of her. Breathing.*

*The thread ends.*

*Out of the dark appears a horrible MINOTAUR.*

JANE: Oh my god

Stay where you are! Don't move!

*JANE draws her sword.*

Is there someone in here? Do you have someone here?

Answer me!

Or did you kill them already? I'm too late, aren't I, I'm too late and now you're going to kill me, too, is that it?

I said don't move!

*The MINOTAUR turns away.*

You look me in the eye you creepy fuck! Don't turn your back on me! What, do you want me to kill you?

*The MINOTAUR picks something up.*

What, you got a weapon back there? You gonna fight me? Good. Good. I'm itching to take you down you miserable pile of shit. You dragged me all the way here, I can't wait to finish this. One of us is gonna walk out of here.

You or me. You or me.

And you know what? Jokes on you because I don't care if I die.

*The MINOTAUR turns around quickly, and JANE strikes it with her sword.*

*THE MINOTAUR falls and drops the thing it was holding.*

Too easy. Aren't you going to fight back?

What's this, anyway? 'S this like a...

*JANE bends down to inspect the MINOTAUR's object. It's a typewriter.*

What is this about? Don't move.

*The typewriter has a torn-off piece of paper in it. JANE snatches it.*

“—save me. I know you will anyway, but you shouldn't. Look at me. I don't want to be this anymore.

Yours Forever,

Jane.”

*Lights reveal the MINOTAUR's lair, piles of envelopes and papers.*

*The MINOTAUR looks at JANE. It is hurt.*

JANE: Years and years of you.

I could make you go away.

If this is the real me...

*JANE raises her sword to slay the MINOTAUR. The MINOTAUR finds the end of the thread on the ground.*

JANE: Be brave, be brave, be brave, be brave...

*JANE breaks. The sword falls. SHE lies down beside the MINOTAUR and cries.*

*Blackout.*

## **7: Triumph**

*Lights up.*

*The stage looks like it did at the top of the show.*

*JANE gets to her feet.*

*JANE goes to the table and stuffs envelopes.*

*[A tentacle creeps up on JANE. She slices it with her sword.]*

Or

*[tentacles appear in the bathtub]*

Or

*[The MINOTAUR's Shadow appears in the background. JANE is not afraid.]*

END OF PLAY







