

PIERRE. I was right by her side, Da, and she charged ahead of me. That's what she does, she gets all hopped up and she won't listen to no one.

ISABELLE. But is she all right?

PIERRE. Yuh, Ma, she's fine. It was no big thing. She got hit by an arrow that got under her shoulder plate. She was so pumped up she didn't even notice it 'til we got back to camp and I saw the shaft stickin' outta her. I got someone to hold her down and I pulled it out, no big deal.

JACQUES. I heard she pulled it out herself.

PIERRE. Yuh, well you're gonna hear a lot of things, aren't you.

ISABELLE. Does she have a terrible wound?

PIERRE. Nah, I got it out clean. She's fine, Ma. Wouldn't even have mentioned it but people gotta go 'n talk. Don't know why Da had to bring it up.

JACQUES. Brought it up 'cause it needs to be discussed. Your job is to look after her.

PIERRE. Have you ever fought in a war? No. Were you there? No. And whoever told you she pulled her own arrow is a liar.

ISABELLE. All right, sweetheart...

PIERRE. I'm the one got her back to camp, I'm the one calmed her down and got the arrow out. And she cried like a baby while I did it.

JACQUES. We'll see what you do if you ever get hit.

PIERRE. Yuh, Da. Takes skill not to get hit.

ISABELLE. For God's sake, both of you stop. It's a wonderful day. Let's all count our blessings and be happy. Are you countin' your blessings?

PIERRE. Every fuggin' one of them, Ma.

(JOAN comes in dressed for the ceremony in her armor and surcoat.)

START

JOAN. Hey Ma! Hello Da!

ISABELLE. Joanie, there you are. Look at you.

JACQUES. How are you, Girl?

JOAN. Great Da, feelin' great. It's a big day. Glad you're here.

JACQUES. Glad to be here. Glad to see you.

ISABELLE. C'mere, give us a hug.

(ISABELLE tries to give JOAN a hug through the breast plate.)

Ooh, wish I could give you a proper squeeze, hard to get 'round all this metal they have you in. Can't be too comfortable for you.

JOAN. I'm used to it, Ma.

ISABELLE. Are you alright? We heard you had an arrow go through your chest.

JOAN. Not the chest, just the shoulder. It was nothin'. The wound closed up in a week. Didn't even pus.

ISABELLE. Had you prayed that morning?

JOAN. Yuh, of course, I always pray before a battle.

ISABELLE. I'm just wonderin' why Saint Catherine would let you get hit. She's supposed to be lookin' after you.

JOAN. She is Ma, she is. She let one through to test me. And it was good for my reputation. Your men respect you more when you take a hit.

ISABELLE. Well, let's hope that Saint Catherine don't put you through any more of these tests.

JOAN. Yuh, well. You like your room?

ISABELLE. Oh yes, it's very grand. I can't believe they're puttin' us up like this.

JOAN. Well, you're my mum and dad.

ISABELLE. And did you know, they picked us up at our house in a carriage with an escort and all. I spent the whole two weeks without once touchin' the ground. Your father walked some of the way. He got restless.

JACQUES. My arse got sore just sittin' there, couldn't take it.

ISABELLE. Me, I couldn't 'a been happier just leanin' back, watchin' the world go by. It was lovely.

JOAN. I'm glad, Ma. I told Charles I didn't want you havin' to foot it so he offered it up.

JACQUES. You call the king by his first name?

PIERRE. It's cheeky, but she gets away with it.

JOAN. Not cheeky. We're friends.

Did you tell them about the coat of arms?

PIERRE. Not yet.

JOAN. Charles is havin' a coat of arms made for us.

ISABELLE. Well, that's fancy. Don't know if we need one.

JOAN. Why not, Ma? It's a nice thing to have. You can hang it in the house. I also asked Charles to waive your taxes.

JACQUES. I can pay my own taxes, don't need you askin' favors for me.

JOAN. It's not a favor. I'm makin' him a king. He owes me.

JACQUES. Don't owe me.

JOAN. I'm just tryin' to make things easier for you, Da.

JACQUES. Don't need your help. Don't need my daughter managin' my business.

JOAN. Why is he bein' this way?

ISABELLE. We'll talk about this later.

JOAN. What the hell, Da?

(A SCRIBE enters with his writing kit.)

SCRIBE. Excuse me, Mademoiselle, are you ready for your letter?

JOAN. Yuh.

(To ISABELLE and JACQUES.) I have some business I have to do. The Duke of Burgundy won't make peace with us and we just can't fuggin' have that.

ISABELLE. Oh. Do you want us to leave?

JOAN. No, you can stay. I just need to put my words together.

(JOAN turns away and bows her head to focus, while the SCRIBE sets up his portable desk.)

ISABELLE. I'm the Maid's mother. And this is her father. We just come from Domrémy.

SCRIBE. (*Politely.*) A pleasure to meet you both.

ISABELLE. (*The SCRIBE's desk.*) That's a clever little thing.

SCRIBE. Yes, 'tis.

(Nothing more to be said. The SCRIBE finishes setting up and waits for JOAN to come out of her meditation.)

JOAN. All right, I'm ready.

SCRIBE. Go ahead, Madmoiselle.

(JOAN dictates in a spill of words.)

JOAN. Oh soon-to-be-defeated son of Burgundy, your arrogance offends the Maid who summons you to make no more war on France. You will win no more battles against the Maid who has the support of God Almighty Himself. Hand over to my king all the towns you have taken and plundered. If you will not do so, beware! The Maid will come after you, to your great misfortune. God and the Maid will strike you down and your soldiers' blood will soak the ground and water the lilies of France that will spring up in the path of your defeat! Heed my warning or accept God's wrath.

SCRIBE. Is that all, Mademoiselle?

JOAN. Yes, that should do it.

SCRIBE. Would you like to sign?

(The SCRIBE dips the pen and hands it to JOAN. She bends over the parchment and makes her mark.)

JOAN. I want this sent right away.

SCRIBE. Yes, Mademoiselle. And the Dauphin would like a quick word with you, if you wouldn't mind.

JOAN. All right.

(To ISABELLE and JACQUES.) Gotta do this.

ISABELLE. Are you comin' back?

JOAN. I'll meet you at the cathedral.

ISABELLE. We'll be together won't we, your brother said we'd all be standin' together.