

**PIERRE.** Dopey girls. I'll go take the rest of 'em out.

**ISABELLE.** Oh leave the flowers in. The horse looks darling.

**PIERRE.** Ma, she can't ride like that. (To **JOAN.**) Here, I sharpened up your sword, take a look.

*(JOAN pulls the sword out of its scabbard and checks out the blade.)*

Had to bang out a lot of knicks. Whoever had it wasn't usin' it right. It was like they was hackin' at rocks.

**JOAN.** More like helmets, wouldn't you say?

**PIERRE.** Never hit at a helmet with a sword like this, y'understand? It'll wreck the blade. This is for runnin' someone through. You use the tip to go between the armor plates, you find a soft spot and you ram it through.

**ISABELLE.** She won't be usin' that thing, now stop.

**PIERRE.** Just tellin' her, Ma. (To **JOAN.**) I greased it up, so it's easy to draw. Try it.

*(JOAN yanks the sword out and thrusts it into an Englisher's gut.)*

**JOAN.** HAAAA!

**ISABELLE.** Stop that! Get that thing out of here!

**JOAN.** It's just a sword, Ma.

**PIERRE.** She was just tryin' out the sword, Ma.

**ISABELLE.** I don't want it in my house. Take it outside. Go on!

**PIERRE.** Okay Ma, calm down.

START

*(PIERRE leaves with the sword and scabbard.)*

**JOAN.** What's the problem, Ma?

**ISABELLE.** I raised you to be kind and now you're actin' like it's some big thrill for you to be killin' people.

**JOAN.** I'm not gonna kill anyone. The sword is just for show.

**ISABELLE.** Well it's an ugly show. And the way you're struttin' around in your man's clothes. I don't think this is how Saint Catherine wants you to be.

**JOAN.** Saint Catherine thinks I look fine.

**ISABELLE.** Well, I think you look strange. You don't look like my daughter.

**JOAN.** Still your daughter, got the same face.

**ISABELLE.** You're acting like a toughie. You're swaggerin'.

**JOAN.** Not swaggerin'.

**ISABELLE.** You are. You have this strange, mannish look in your eye. You need to watch yourself.

**JOAN.** I do watch myself! That's all I do is watch myself!

**ISABELLE.** Don't shout at me.

**JOAN.** Then don't call me strange! I'm not strange! Sweet Jesus, I have enough on my head without you puttin' me down!

**ISABELLE.** Oh Joanie. C'mere.

**JOAN.** No.

**ISABELLE.** Come to your mum. C'mon.

(**ISABELLE** puts her arms around **JOAN**.)

No need for us to fight. Come on, hug us back. You haven't had a good hug in a long time. Never too big for a hug. Come on...

(**JOAN** lets herself be held.)

There we go.

**JOAN.** Oh Mama, this is scarin' the shite out of me.

**ISABELLE.** I know, my sweet girl, oh I know. Do you want to know somethin'? I was prayin' to your Saint Catherine. And she came to me. She did. This lovely beam of light shone down on me, right here. It warmed my face, as if she was sayin' to me, "Don't worry, Isabelle, I'm going to look after your girl."

**JOAN.** Was it comin' from that window up there with the crack in the pane?

**ISABELLE.** Yes, right from there.

**JOAN.** That was the sun, Ma. It always hits that window at a certain time of day. It gets at a certain angle and it shoots through. It's nothing special.

**ISABELLE.** Oh.

**JOAN.** C'mon, you seen it.

**ISABELLE.** No, never have.

**JOAN.** A real visitation – it's not just some light on your face, y'understand? That's not how it works. It goes deeper than that.

**ISABELLE.** Aren't I a dope.

**JOAN.** Don't be hurt, Ma. Just explainin' how it is.

**ISABELLE.** Well, glad you did.

*(PIERRE comes back in.)*

**PIERRE.** You done with her, Ma? Our escort's here. They wanna get goin'.

**ISABELLE.** All right. Here, I packed you some food for the road. There's a loaf of bread in there, some boiled eggs. Your da picked some of his plums, he said to wait a day or two to let 'em ripen up. Make sure you say goodbye to him. He's in the upper field. He won't say much, but know that he loves you. Give'm a proper hug.

**JOAN.** I will, Ma.

**ISABELLE.** *(To PIERRE.)* You watch after your sister. And watch yourself.

**PIERRE.** Don't worry, Ma. I'll bring you back somethin' nice from the court. Maybe a fancy cup.

**ISABELLE.** Just bring yourselves back. Be smart.

**PIERRE.** Will do.

*(PIERRE goes back out.)*

**JOAN.** Goodbye, Mama.

**ISABELLE.** I love you, Joanie.

**JOAN.** I love you, Mama...

*(JOAN hugs her mother hard.)*

**ISABELLE.** All right. All right now. You be good.

**JOAN.** Will do, Ma.

*(JOAN bounds out. ISABELLE stands at the door of the house, squinting out at the day light that's pouring in from the outside.)*