

## ACT II

### Scene One

*(We're in a fancy antechamber where a table of food has been laid out for the Arcs. ISABELLE, JACQUES, and PIERRE enter, wearing their finest clothes. PIERRE starts making himself a plate.)*

START

**ISABELLE.** *(To PIERRE.)* You should see the room they put us in – oh it's grand.

**PIERRE.** Glad you like it, Ma.

**JACQUES.** It's ridiculous big. Can't heat a room proper with ceilings that high.

**PIERRE.** That's what tapestries are for, Da.

**ISABELLE.** That's right. They keep the walls all nice 'n cozy.

**JACQUES.** How long does it take to make one of 'em?

**PIERRE.** Two years 'bout.

**JACQUES.** That's a lot of labor to warm up a room.

**ISABELLE.** He's just sayin' that. He loves the room. Couldn't get him off the bed. Sweetheart, do they have any unicorns here?

**PIERRE.** Unicorns?

**ISABELLE.** Like the one in the tapestry.

**PIERRE.** No, Ma. Unicorns ain't real.

**JACQUES.** That's what I said.

**ISABELLE.** Well, I thought 'cause all the other things was real, the birds, and the flowers and all – Jacques, you was namin' all the flowers.

**JACQUES.** But horses don't grow horns, y'understand? Cows, rams – the ones with cloven hoofs grow horns. You'll never find a horn on a horse.

**ISABELLE.** All right. Fine.

**JACQUES.** Don't know why you wouldn't take my word for it, why you'd believe some bloody picture on a rug.

**ISABELLE.** Oh shut up.

*(To PIERRE.)* Where's Joanie?

**PIERRE.** She'll be here in a bit. They're puttin' her armor on.

**ISABELLE.** She's wearin' armor, not a dress?

**PIERRE.** Yuh, Ma.

**ISABELLE.** Why?

**PIERRE.** They want her that way.

**JACQUES.** Why ain't you wearin' your armor?

**PIERRE.** Dunno. They didn't ask for it.

**JACQUES.** Did you see much combat?

**PIERRE.** Yuh, of course I did.

**JACQUES.** Kill any English?

**PIERRE.** Ain't about how many you kill, Da, it's about leadership.

**JACQUES.** So you were up on your horse in your fancy armor, just wavin' your sword around.

**ISABELLE.** Stop. All we care about is that our boy is here with us and didn't get hurt.

**JACQUES.** Didn't seem to be the case with his sister.

**PIERRE.** She's fine, Da, she came out of it all right.

**ISABELLE.** What're you talkin' about?

**JACQUES.** Fellow in the escort told me she took a hit.

**ISABELLE.** My God. Why didn't you tell me?

**JACQUES.** Wanted it confirmed.

*(To PIERRE.)* Were you with her when it happened?

**PIERRE.** Not at the exact moment, no.

**JACQUES.** Why not?

**PIERRE.** It's a battle, Da, can't be by her side every fuggin' minute. But I was watchin' her back.

**JACQUES.** You don't watch someone's back in a charge, boy, you watch their bloody front.

**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.

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

**JOAN.** Hey Ma! Hello Da!

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