

A Very Long Night

SCENE 2 - The Woods

(The house is replaced by a small clearing in the woods with a log lying across it. The summer trees are full of dense green leaves. Mountains can be seen in the distance. The daylight is slowly fading. SKYE enters, carrying Gwen and softly singing a tune. We see ARWEN and CALLEN hiding behind some foliage. Their clothes are unusual—they seem old-fashioned and somewhat faded. Having spotted SKYE, ARWEN and CALLEN watch for a moment.)

CALLEN: SURPRISE!

SKYE: *(startled)* Who's there?

ARWEN: *(revealing herself)* Please excuse my brother. He's a little forward.

SKYE: Who are you?

ARWEN: My name is Arwen, and this halfwit is Callen.

(ARWEN nudges CALLEN forward.)

CALLEN: Hi, I'm Callen.

ARWEN: *(pushing CALLEN aside)* Callen, I just said that.

CALLEN: Wound up extra tight today, aren't you Arwen?

(ARWEN glares at CALLEN, then looks back at SKYE.)

ARWEN: Anyways, do you live around here...?

SKYE: Yeah . . . right over there. *(pointing off stage)* I'm Skye, by the way.

ARWEN: It's a pleasure to meet you, Skye.

(ARWEN curtsies, taking SKYE's hand and kissing it in a very formal way. CALLEN goes to do the same, but ARWEN shoves him again to the side.)

CALLEN: Watch it!

ARWEN: Callen, don't be so forward. Can't you see she's intimidated by you?

SKYE: *(looking uncomfortable)* Oh . . . no, it's really okay.

(SKYE goes to help CALLEN off the ground. ARWEN circles SKYE, watching her.)

ARWEN: What are you doing out here all alone, anyway?

SKYE: I was tired of studying, so I left.

CALLEN: *(laughing)* That sounds like something I would do!

ARWEN: You left? Is anyone looking for you?

SKYE: If she is, she won't find us.

ARWEN: What do you mean us?

CALLEN: *(excited)* Are we being hunted?

(CALLEN takes a fighting stance and delivers a few blows through the air.)

SKYE: *(holding Gwen forward)* Oh no. I meant me and Gwen!

CALLEN: Woah! What is that?

SKYE: She's my favorite!

CALLEN: Neat! Can I hold her?

ARWEN: Callen, will you please stop being so pushy?

SKYE: Oh no, it's fine—really. Here Callen, you can hold her.

(SKYE hands Gwen to CALLEN. He studies her and then runs around the clearing, pretending Gwen is flying and mimicking airplane noises. SKYE laughs, and ARWEN crosses her arms and rolls her eyes at CALLEN.)

ARWEN: So, who is this mysterious person out searching for you and your doll?

SKYE: My mama. Basically, if she sees me having any fun at all, she will come ruin it.

(SKYE steps to the left, spotting a dandelion on the ground. She kneels to grab it and blows on it. CALLEN is walking along the log, struggling to keep his balance. He still carries Gwen, making various noises as he plays. ARWEN crosses to SKYE.)

ARWEN: Well, I'm sure we can have some fun now that you've escaped. *(She looks thoughtfully at her brother)* Callen certainly enjoys some good fun.

(A beat. ARWEN and SKYE both watch as CALLEN finally falls off the log. ARWEN and SKYE laugh.)

SKYE: He does seem like he knows how to have fun...

ARWEN: Try living with him. *(sighs)* Sometimes all I want is to read a book in peace for just one day. But Callen seems to have made a vow to never allow me that pleasure.

SKYE: My ma would love *you*.

(CALLEN brushes himself off and rejoins the others.)

CALLEN: Here is the lovely Gwen.

(CALLEN ceremoniously returns Gwen to SKYE, who accepts and laughs.)

SKYE: Thank you, Callen.

CALLEN: I would love for you and Gwen to meet some of my toys. I think you would all get along very well.

SKYE: That sounds good to me! I'd love to meet them, Callen.

ARWEN: *(as though she just got a good idea)* Why don't you come back with us?

(SKYE takes a moment to think.)

SKYE: I don't think my mama would be very happy if I was out too late...

CALLEN: Better to ask for forgiveness than wait for permission, I always say.

ARWEN: And I always tell you that's idiotic. But in this case . . . I think I agree with you, Callen.

CALLEN: *(looking shocked)* Well, if Arwen agrees with me, then I *must* be right.

(SKYE looks back towards her house, clearly deciding something in her head.)

SKYE: Alright. I'll do it. I'll come with you.

(CALLEN jumps up and down, clearly excited.)

CALLEN: Yes! I promise you won't regret this. *(To ARWEN)* I told you she would like me!

ARWEN: She's clearly more interested in me, Callen. The lady does have taste, after all.

CALLEN: Oh, pipe down, Arwen, I'm just trying to enjoy myself. She certainly seems to be nicer than you, for someone with "taste."

ARWEN: Nice is overrated, and you are brainless. *(Turning her attention to SKYE)* Would you like to accompany my silly brother and me, my lady?

(ARWEN presents her hand, and SKYE takes it. Together the three of them exit offstage. Lights fade.)
