

A Very Long Night

SCENE 4 - The Cabin

(On one side of the stage is a modest log cabin. Inside, there are trunks stuffed full of various old toys, clothes, books, and games. There is a couch and a set of bunk beds as well. Outside the cabin, snow covers the ground; there are a few trees bare of leaves. Hanging on one of the trees is an old tire swing, and next to that is a picnic table. The light is fading as SKYE, CALLEN and ARWEN arrive. SKYE clutches her red cloak for warmth.)

ARWEN: This is it!

CALLEN: *(jumping up on the tire swing)* Skye, check it out!

SKYE: Woah, that's really cool. Can I try it?

CALLEN: Of course you can! hop on!

(CALLEN helps SKYE onto the tire swing. ARWEN goes into the cabin, then returns with a dish covered with an upside-down bowl. She carries the dish to the picnic table.)

ARWEN: Who's hungry?

CALLEN: I am!

SKYE: I'm starving!

ARWEN: *(lifts the cover off of the dish)* I've got cake!

(ARWEN plates three slices of cake, giving one to SKYE and one to CALLEN. They all scarf down their portions.)

SKYE: Wow that's so good. I was really hungry.

CALLEN: Why is cake always so delicious?

ARWEN: We have a long night ahead of us, so make sure you eat your fill.

(CALLEN cuts himself another large slice.)

SKYE: *(shivering)* Can I see the cabin?

ARWEN: Oh, right—you must be freezing! Come with me.

(ARWEN leads SKYE into the cabin. CALLEN follows, cake in hand.)

ARWEN: Welcome to our home. Callen and I sleep in those beds but you can take the couch if you'd like. It's definitely better than sleeping in the woods.

(CALLEN searches through a chest and produces a carved, wooden action figure. The figure seems at least decades old, with faded colors and some splinters.)

CALLEN: Skye! I would like you to meet Oscar. He's my favorite toy.

SKYE: Oh, wow--he's so cool!

CALLEN: *(in a lower voice, mimicking his action figure)* Hold it right there, cowboy.

SKYE: *(speaking as Gwen)* Not on your life.

(They have their figures fight, verbalizing various sound effects, followed by laughter.)

CALLEN: Oooo, what about these?!

(CALLEN grabs two toy swords, giving one to SKYE.)

CALLEN: *En garde!*

(The two of them engage in a fake duel with the swords. CALLEN seems to have the upper hand, but ARWEN picks up a third sword and strikes him down.)

CALLEN: ARGH! Sister, what hast thou done to me?!

(CALLEN dramatically fakes his death.)

ARWEN: *(to SKYE)* I have slain your assailant, my lady. Now allow me to accompany you as your sworn protector. *(ARWEN kneels before SKYE, who takes her sword and taps each of ARWEN's shoulders.)*

SKYE: Thank you, brave soul. For your act of courage, I hereby bestow on you the title of knight.

ARWEN: I will serve you with honor, my lady.

(CALLEN takes his sword and pretends to stab ARWEN.)

CALLEN: Thou hast not slain me yet—or at least not well enough!

ARWEN: Callen! That's not fair.

CALLEN: Why would a sword fight be fair?

SKYE: You must answer for your crimes, Sir Callen!

(SKYE slices his neck. CALLEN falls dramatically once again over ARWEN, pinning her down.)

ARWEN: Callen! Release me, heathen.

CALLEN: NEVER!

(ARWEN pushes him off. The wrestle for a moment, with ARWEN coming out on top.)

CALLEN: Okay, okay. I give up!

(ARWEN and CALLEN lie on the floor, breathing heavily and laughing. SKYE joins them. After another few moments, ARWEN stands and removes an object from another trunk. She sets it on the floor and turns it on. It projects colored lights on the ceiling and the walls around them. ARWEN lies down on the floor again.)

SKYE: Wow, that's pretty.

(The lights slowly begin to fade to black.)
