

A Very Long Night

SCENE 5 - The Next Morning

(As lights come up, we see the same cabin setting, but now there are toys strewn about, evidence of a long night of playing. A pillow fort is set up in the center of the cabin, where the couch is. Outside the sun is beaming and the snow is gone. ARWEN is perched on the top bunk, reading her book. CALLEN is sitting outside on the picnic table, eating a slice of cake. One of the pillows in the fort gets pushed out by an emerging SKYE. She seems exhausted.)

SKYE: My head is killing me.

ARWEN: Good morning sunshine. Hey Callen, Skye's awake!

(SKYE is visibly bothered by the noise.)

CALLEN: *(talking with his mouth full)* Morning Skye! Are you hungry?

SKYE: What did he say?

CALLEN: *(still talking with cake in his mouth)* I. SAID. ARE. YOU. HUNGRY?

(SKYE looks to ARWEN for interpretation.)

ARWEN: Want breakfast?

SKYE: Oh. Yes, I'm starving. Do you have a kitchen here?

ARWEN: No, but we have cake!

SKYE: For breakfast?

ARWEN: Of course, silly.

CALLEN: You don't like cake?

SKYE: No, I do, but I don't usually have it for breakfast.

ARWEN: Well what do you eat?

SKYE: Do you have fruit?

CALLEN: Fruit?

SKYE: What about scrambled eggs?

ARWEN: I have some chocolate.

SKYE: Is that all you two eat?

ARWEN: We eat some other things but... mostly, yes.

CALLEN: I like donuts.

SKYE: I think I should go home.

CALLEN: Wait, don't leave! I thought we could play today.

SKYE: We played all night though. I'm kind of tired, and my head hurts. I think I should get

home. Mama is probably freaking out.

ARWEN: Well, I suppose if you really have to go....

SKYE: I really do. But thank you for everything. I've had a really great time with the two of you.

ARWEN: So have we!

CALLEN: I wish you could stay!

SKYE: Can we see each other again sometime?

ARWEN: We aren't going anywhere.

SKYE: Good.

CALLEN: Wait—Skye, before you go!

(CALLEN runs into the cabin and collects Oscar.)

CALLEN: I want you to have this.

SKYE: Callen, you love Oscar!

CALLEN: I want Oscar to be with you, so you can remember me when you're with him.

SKYE: Callen, that's very sweet of you. Thank you.

(SKYE gives CALLEN a hug.)

ARWEN: I have something for you as well, Skye.

(ARWEN gives SKYE her book.)

ARWEN: I hope reading it gives you peace.

(SKYE looks at ARWEN strangely for a moment. Then SKYE and ARWEN hug each other.)

SKYE: Thank you, Arwen. Thank you, Callen.

(They all look at each other for a moment, and then SKYE, ARWEN and CALLEN hug each other goodbye.)

SKYE: Before I go, I just have one question . . . how do I get home?

ARWEN: Follow me.

(ARWEN leads SKYE to the far side of the cabin. Suddenly, the cabin, tire swing, and picnic table slide offstage, and SKYE's house from scene one slides on in its place. MAMA is seated at the dining room table, and GRAM is in her recliner. GRAM has tubes running from an oxygen tank to her nose. SKYE and ARWEN arrive outside the house.)

ARWEN: I believe this is the house, yes?

SKYE: We're here? How did you find it?

(SKYE stares at the house, bewildered. By the time she turns back to ARWEN, she is gone, leaving SKYE with Oscar, Gwen, the book, and the red cloak. SKYE goes to the front door and knocks. MAMA stands and goes to answer the door. When she sees SKYE, she pulls her into a

relieved hug.)

MAMA: Skye! We were worried sick about you. You've been out all night!

SKYE: All night? Mama, I was gone for days!

MAMA: *(looking perplexed)* Skye, you've only been gone since last night, which is bad enough as it is, but days? You poor thing. *(SKYE is speechless, still processing what she is hearing.)* What's important is that you're home now.

(MAMA notices the book, cloak, and Oscar.)

MAMA: What's all this, Skye? Where did you find these things?

SKYE: Find them? No, I . . . I met two new friends—out in the woods, and they gave them to me.

GRAM: *(glancing briefly at MAMA)* Let me see that. *(SKYE grabs Oscar and goes to GRAM.)*

SKYE: Look Gram! This is Oscar. My new friend gave him to me.

GRAM: Oh, he did, did he? Well, would you look at that? You said his name was what now?

SKYE: Oscar!

GRAM: *(looking at MAMA, speaking to Oscar)* Well, it is a pleasure to make your acquaintance, Oscar.

MAMA: Who are these friends of yours, Skye? They gave you these—all of these?

SKYE: Arwen and Callen! They found me in the woods and took me all the way to the top of Mount Hood, where their log cabin is. And we played and ate cake and then, when I came back, we got here in like five minutes!

MAMA: *(clearly not believing SKYE)* Now, Skye, those things are filthy. . . You found them in the basement somewhere, didn't you? *(taking SKYE's face in her hands)* Your GRAM and I were very worried about you, baby. *(Mama stares at SKYE for a few seconds, as though searching for something.)* Well, let me put that cloak in the wash, and we'll get you cleaned up. *(MAMA takes the red cloak, shakes it out, and looks at it thoughtfully, then leaves with it and starts to draw a bath for SKYE offstage.)*

GRAM: *(shaking her head slightly)* The top of Mount Hood! That is fantastic, darling.

SKYE: Gram, you believe me, don't you? I mean, that Callen and Arwen are real?

GRAM: Oh, I'm sure of it, Skye. Your Ma might not believe it, but that doesn't mean we shouldn't.

(SKYE gives GRAM another hug. She takes Gwen and Oscar and puts them away in the chest. She goes to the record player and puts on one of GRAM's soothing records, takes the book ARWEN gave to her, and begins reading it on the couch. MAMA enters with a towel over her shoulder.)

MAMA: Skye, your bath is ready.

SKYE: Aww, but Ma, I'm reading. Can't I finish this chapter?

(MAMA looks a little shocked.)

MAMA: Two minutes, Skye.

(MAMA crosses behind SKYE and kisses her on the top of the head. SKYE is engrossed in the book. MAMA crosses to GRAM and sits on the arm of her chair, putting her arm around her. The soothing music continues to play. In fewer than two minutes, SKYE gets up and leaves the room, headed for her bath. Splashes are heard from off the stage, along with humming.)

MAMA: *(to GRAM)* When did you give her that cloak, and the book, and . . . “Oscar”?

GRAM: What? Why, darling, I have no idea what you mean.

MAMA: Right . . . *I didn't save those things. I haven't seen them in decades.*

GRAM: *(taking Mama's hand and smiling fondly)* Maybe, sometimes, my dear girl, you just need to let the magic happen. *(GRAM takes MAMA's hand. MAMA kisses the top of GRAM's head and then lays her cheek on top of GRAM's head. The music continues to play as the stage fades to black.)*
