

## Final Scenes:

### Scene ???

Mother: Arabell had a somewhat regular routine which included perimeter walks, sweeping the forest, and night watch in the patrol tower.

(Arabell sits on patrol, humming softly to herself and surveying the area, the soldier comes up behind her)

Arabell: Jesus!

Soldier: Oh sorry princess I didn't mean to scare you

Arabell: You didn't! It was just the sight of your face that gave me a fright

Soldier: haha very funny

Arabell: Now if you don't mind I'm trying to focus and that noise you call talking is very distracting

Soldier: Focusing? On staring dramatically at the tree line

Arabell: I'm on lookout! For danger, you know bad guys, threats, all those things

Soldier: well lucky for you sweetheart I'm here now, so you can go ahead and run back to your hut and leave this part to me

Arabell: I don't think so, I've been doing this for years and I'm not gonna trust a random like you to watch our backs

Soldier: You know I'm like trained in this kinda stuff, so (ushers for her to leave)

Arabell: excuse me? I'm not going anywhere so why don't you (copies motion back at him)

Soldier: Are you serious? (pause) alright, fine I guess we will both be on the watch tonight

Arabell: Waste of time, just go home

Soldier: Well I'm staying (sits down with her) why don't we take shifts instead? You know one sleeps and one watches, (silence) Look I know you don't sleep much. I watch you. Running

around all night, checking and double checking (laughs) Jesus you never stop, it's exhausting just watching you.

Arabell: (silence)

Soldier: Why do you do it? (Silence) Alright well, I'm not going anywhere so why don't I take the first shift watching and you can get some sleep

Arabell: Ha! Please you'd probably roll me straight off the watch tower in my sleep. Why don't you take the first nap, princess?

Soldier: You're worried about me? I'm sure you'd jump at the chance to slice my throat

Arabell: Oh absolutely I would

Soldier: Then I guess neither one of us will be sleeping tonight

Arabell: Looks like it

(Silence, as we hear night, sounds like crickets and owls,  
Arabell remains still and focuses on the forest while  
the soldier can't help but get bored

Soldier: Well this is-

Arabell: Oh do you never stop talking?

Soldier: Ouch fine, no small talk then? (Silence) Not your style? You're a cute little mystery, aren't you? (pause as he looks into the forest) Have you ever actually been in a fight?  
(This causes a visual reaction in Arabell)

Arabell: (Long silence) No

Soldier: But you're always ready for one?

Arabell: I have to be

Soldier: Why

Arabell: Because if I'm not then who will be

Soldier: That can't all fall on you, what about your father-

Arabell: Look I really prefer silence

(The soldier goes to respond but doesn't instead they sit in silence)

Mother: The nights are long, and cold aren't they? Eyelids are heavy. And as many times as you pick your head up it just drops back down again, weighing more than it did before. You can find yourself getting all too still, too stagnant, and too comfortable

(she walks in circles around the stage and the pair in the middle. As she talks they start to drop their heads, pick them up, and drop again before eventually falling asleep, Arabell's head resting on the Soldier, the lights change and the sound switches to morning birds. Arabell moves in her sleep coming even closer to the soldier, this wakes him. He lays perfectly still watching her, trying to let her sleep as long as he can)

Soldier: She's a lot less violent when she's sleeping, less scary too. She's quite pretty in fact. It's hard to imagine, ya know, that someone like this has war on her mind, constantly.

(ever so slowly he reaches up to gently brush the hair from her face, this wakes her, startled she tackles him to the floor with her knife at his throat)

Soldier: Jesus!

Arabell: What the hell do you think you're doing?!

Soldier: Calm down would you? We fell asleep that's all

Arabell: On watch!!

Soldier: Yes dear it happens don't beat yourself up, It was probably nice for you to finally get some sleep (they stay frozen in this position for a moment) I'm definitely not complaining but are you gonna get up orrrrr (he flashes a cocky little smile)

Arabell: Ughhh! (She aggressively pushes her way off him and stomps away)

Soldier: (calling after her) This was fun! Let's do it again sometime! (he laughs but is left with a small sweet smile on his face)

Scene ???

Mother: So she did, she built a small house in that exact spot, and every day she waited. Every day she sat on her porch scanning the area.

Arabell: Every day I knew he would come, I'd see him running over the fields and sweeping me into his arms.

Soldier: Every day I thought about her, how every day that passed was a day she was waiting, every day that we marches and every night that we stopped I thought, we shouldn't be stopping, we should march through the night I can't waste a moment on this war, on this pointless war.

Mother: every day she woke up just as hopeful as the day before.

Arabell: every day I fixed my hair so I could look my best for him.

Soldier: every day I thought of seeing her face again.

Mother: every day passed a little quicker each time.

Arabell: every day I thought about our life together

Soldier: every day was all the same as we did our never-ending march...

Arabell: every day...

Soldier: it was just supposed to be a March...

Arabell: every day...

Soldier: it was just a group of boys we were only on patrol...

Arabell: every day...

Soldier:... they were hardly out of training, they weren't any older than this war...

Arabell: every day...

Soldier: this war, this fucking war...

Arabell: every day...

Soldier: we fought for nothing,

Arabell: every day...

Soldier: was for nothing

Arabell: every day...

Soldier: I watched my troop, my men, my boys March into a war they knew nothing about...

Arabell: every day...

Soldier: it wasn't supposed to be this way...

Arabell: every day...

Soldier: we were only on patrol...

Arabell: every day...

Soldier: they weren't supposed to be there...

Arabell: every day...

Soldier: they weren't supposed...

Arabell: every day...

(As the tempo increases the soldier gets increasingly overwhelmed until he snaps)

Soldier: they weren't supposed to die in the grass like dogs! There wasn't supposed to be an army there! We were marching, only marching. That was it, there and then back! Back!! I had to go back! There shouldn't have been any danger, I was coming back for her

Mother: how would you have known?

Soldier: I should have

Mother: you couldn't have

Soldier: I should have stayed, I should have run, I should have never stepped foot away from her

Mother: You weren't going to make it back, were you?

Soldier: I have to...

Arabell: He did! He made it out, he fought so bravely and he came running back. I saw him. Running over that hill, it was the most amazing thing I had ever seen, and when he took me in his arms nothing had ever felt more right, safer. Any pain, any heartache was gone, like it had never even happened. It was just me and him. Shortly after the war had ended and finally there was peace in the land. He had talked to the king, and in exchange for his service we were sent into the upper circle and my people too, we started a new village, with homes of stone and wooden floors. For everyone! We had cows and sheep and a healthy crop every year. Soon after we were married! In a field of lavender! It was beautiful, we had a honeymoon and came home to start our family. We had a daughter and another, two more, and a son. Healthy, beautiful children. We set up a memorial for my mother. Anniversaries came and we took trips, birthdays came and each one of our children grew and grew, sometimes by the day. They moved out and married and before you knew it our lives were filled with grandchildren. Everywhere you looked, our home was never empty, Christmases were plentiful, the feasts were overflowing and no one ever talked of the war or the past. There was no reason to. We were so happy. Our life passed and as our days came to a close we lay in each other's arms, in our field of lavender. At peace, we left this world together.

(Silence, she anxiously looks at the audience,  
the soldier kisses her forehead and whispers)

Soldier: That's not what happened was it?

(she quietly shakes her head)

Soldier: she's right, I did die, but not in a lavender field and not in her arms. Alone, that night in battle. Covered in blood, some mine and some... not. But I saw her face as I went, in the stars, in the grass, everywhere around me. I had a letter though, a letter I sent you. Where I got to tell you everything. How my love for you was overwhelming and all-consuming. I hadn't lived a day until I met you, I hadn't known joy or love or beauty. You brought peace into my world when I saw nothing but death. Inside the letter, I included forms for the King. They will set you up to have a good life. You will be moved into the upper circle, you'll get all my money and compensation. You'll never have to work a day. You'll be comfortable and safe. And if I can't stand by your side then, it's the least I could do. And you will find someone else, you'll fall in love again. You can live a happy life. Even if I'm not a part of it. Because of this letter, you will

be happy, and safe and can live a life where you never have to think of war or death again. I promise. I love you. Signed yours truly NAME.

(Silence, he holds her in his arms.)

Mother: That's not what happened was it?

Soldier: It was! (He pulls her closer)

Mother: Was it?

Soldier: (soft and defeated) it wasn't

Mother: He's right. He did die that night. Under the stars. Letter in hand. And he's right, he was alone. His body was never found. He... and the letter were reclaimed by the earth, under dirt and moss. Seeds took root and sprouted high above the ground. And Arabell waited...

Arabell: every day...

Mother: on the porch

Arabell: every day...

Mother: watching over the fields

Arabell: every day...

Mother: for someone that would never come. The war went on for many more long years and this story,

Arabell: and many others like it

Soldier: would play on for all eternity.

Mother: It's an old story

Arabell: it's really not that old

Soldier: this one is. It's a common story

Mother: all too common.