

Glassheart

25-page sample

This Glassheart PDF only contains the first 25 pages.

You can buy the full PDF text of Glassheart from
TRW

Request production rights

By
Reina Hardy
reinahardy.com

Theatrical agent:
Susan Gurman
http://gurmanagency.com

Scene I: Ravenswood

In the empty living room of a shabby apartment, in the dark, a Beast is crying. There is just enough light to see that he is clutching something precious to him. He sinks to the floor.

After a moment, a spry sort of feminine person enters, carrying suitcases. She wears an unusual hat, shaped basically like a lampshade. It will shortly become apparent that she is basically a lamp.

She sets the suitcases down, squints, and with a decisive click, pulls a cord that dangles from her ear. Her hat lights up, illuminating the room, and the Beast. He is holding a small potted rosebush.

ONLY

It's not so bad, boss. Bigger than I thought. Is this really only 800 square feet? Gosh.

She walks over to the window and peers out.

ONLY

It's near dawn. America. Looks the same as anywhere in the dark.

She approaches the Beast and crouches down.

It's the right choice, sir, I know it. Out in that forest, a whole century could pass without so much as a footfall, but here— there'll be travelers at the door every hour, regular as a water clock. She'll come.

Let me—

Only attempts to take the potted rose. The Beast snarls and Only jumps back. The Beast resumes sobbing.

ONLY

Yes, sir, of course sir. Will we be doing that for some time, sir?

Right.

She picks up the suitcases and looks around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ONLY

It goes it goes. It will be— what is that word? Oh. Kay. OK. It is an a-ok American apartment. You'll see. You'll be happy here. In a little bit, we'll read a story.

She exits. The Beast raises his head, and addresses a single fedora on a lonely hatrack.

BEAST

This is the story of a great house that became an ok apartment. This is not a story. Stories have shapes. They end.

He gets up and looks around. There is a small mirror on one wall.

This is no story. This is a nightmare.

He gently turns the mirror to the wall.

This face is a nightmare face.

A bird starts to sing.

BEAST

Of course, dawn comes in like it wants to prove me wrong. Each turn of the earth screws us closer to spring, have heart! I will give you music from the air.

He goes to the window, opens it.

Chondestes Grammacus. A common passerine, but melodious and large.

He reaches out the window and, quick as a snake, he snatches the bird. The song cuts off with a squeak.

BEAST

What? I am a beast.

He turns, and bites off the head of the animal with a sickening crunch. He exits. After a moment, he comes back on again.

BEAST

That was by way of being a dramatic exit, but there was nowhere else to go.

The Beast lies down on the floor in a contemplative way.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BEAST (cont'd)

Despair! Despair! No. (*in a different tone of voice.*) Despair! (*in a whisper.*) Despair.
I am not even achieving the ridiculous.

He closes his eyes. Only enters.

ONLY

Does master intend to lie on the floor all day?

BEAST

Possibly.

ONLY

Then, if it's all the same to you, you might get up and lie down on your bed. I want to put a rug where you are lying.
Were you saying despair just now?

BEAST

If I was?

ONLY

There's no need. Things are better here. Nothing set against you. No witches.

BEAST

There will always be witches.

ONLY

Not here. Everyone in America has a name. Everyone is human. I mean, except us.
Where are you going, Boss?

BEAST

Put out your rug. See if anyone can tell the difference.

He exits, still clutching the rose.

ONLY

Once upon a time, there was a prince who was under a curse. And there was only one way to break the curse in the whole wide world.

Love.

It's a good place. There is a grapevine on the back porch. With a bird's nest in it. And in the Beast's room, the ceiling is stuck all over with little stars. That glow. In the dark! He loves stars.

Music starts playing— it sounds like an unskilled guitar player, warming up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ONLY

And I will bring you music from the air.

She listens more acutely, then gets down on her hands and knees.

Or out of the ground!

She presses her ear to the floor.

There are musicians below us, in the floor below us!

*She gestures like a conductor. The music continues, becomes a full band, becomes a small orchestra playing music that is bright and indisputably lovely.**As the music plays, the whole apartment seems to glow, to become infused with magic, as if any box, when opened would contain miracles. As if any painting could come to life. Perhaps some do.**She stands in the middle, regarding her work, and shines.**The lights fade, and then come up. Time has passed.***Scene II: The Landlady***Only is curled up on the couch, watching television, and taking notes.**A voice is heard, discoursing on relationships from the TV set.*

THE DOCTOR

The important thing is— to give yourself Realistic Expectations. And till you're gonna understand that...

ONLY

Boss! Boss!

BEAST

(offstage)

What do you want?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ONLY

Think you'll come out of your room today?

BEAST

Not today, no.

ONLY

But are you busy with anything?

BEAST

I am attempting to slide a small knife between the bones of my throat.

ONLY

And?

BEAST

It won't go in.

ONLY

Ok. There's something you should see.

BEAST

If it is your lemon-custard colored drapes I have already told you I am not interested. Six times.

ONLY

Boss, on this television machine we got, there's a man who knows everything about love. He speaks all over America about it. He has a plan. And he has a book. I really think you should come out and give him a listen.

BEAST

Oh, my god.

ONLY

Boss, he knows how to find love. How. To find. Love.

BEAST

I thought I was coming to America, not hell.

ONLY

Boss—

The Beast enters with a snarl, clutching the potted rose.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BEAST

Must I roar till you amend your speech? I have you told you, that appellation you give me is not gracious. It smacks of gutters and shoe-shine boys.

ONLY

Boss is an American word. Master.

The voice is heard more distinctly.

THE DOCTOR

What it all boils down to is getting off your rump. The women're not gonna come to you...

ONLY

But look! Now you're in the living room and the TV is right over—

The Beast picks up the TV, yanks the cord out of the wall, opens the window and throws the set out.

BEAST

I have a soul, you know. It may be hot and sooty as a lump of coal, but it's mine. I don't want it grappled by American charlatans. I don't want it covered with their sticky rainbow fingerprints in snake oil and hope.

ONLY

The doctor is not a charlatan. He has a doctorate and he has written a useful and practical guide to love which I'm thinking I should get for you.

BEAST

Ha!

ONLY

It is a book. You like books. If you read it—

BEAST

I have read...10,872 books about love, in 24 languages, by wits, aesthetes, virgins, famed seducers, and 38 certifiable genii of the age. Can your television prophet speak through his nose and best them all?

ONLY

He could tell you one thing. He's right about one thing!

BEAST

And what is that?

(CONTINUED)

ONLY

The women aren't gonna come to you!

There is a knock on the door. She dashes to the door, peers through the spyhole.

ONLY

It's a lady.

The Beast turns and stalks off again.

ONLY

Boss! Master! This is your chance. She looks nice! She's not very old.

BEAST

I need something to read.

ONLY

We have to open the door!

BEAST

I need something to read NOW.

He roars terribly. She pulls back.

BEAST

Just— tell me when she's gone.

He exits, snatching a book from the shelf as he goes. The knock comes again.

ONLY

Once upon a time...
I can do this.

She takes off her lampshade hat, hangs it up carefully, and opens the door.

Enter a woman with a smooth maternal air. She is carrying a box of gingerbread boys and girls.

THE WITCH

Hello there.

CONTINUED: (7)

ONLY

Oh, hello.

THE WITCH

I'm the building manager. I live upstairs. And, you know, I like to make this a warm friendly place, so I had to come meet you and offer you a gift.

She holds out the box and opens the lid.

ONLY

They're little people!

THE WITCH

Gingerbread.

Only nibbles on the boy's head.

ONLY

They're delicious!

THE WITCH

Yes, little people are delicious... It's so good to meet you, dear. I'm Mrs. Russe.

She sticks out her hand. Pause.

ONLY

I'm... good to meet you. Yes.

Won't you please sit down? I have many chairs, some of which are covered with really attractive French brocades.

THE WITCH

What an elegant apartment. I love those antique hats! Do you collect them?

ONLY

They help me pretend I have friends.

THE WITCH

Those drapes are really superb. I just want to lick them up.

ONLY

Thank you. I also think you are very talented. I could eat these gingerbread people for weeks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

THE WITCH

Take another. Take the box! I've got the oven up there running day and night.

Only takes the box and cradles it.

ONLY

You're kind.

THE WITCH

Not really. Do you live here all alone, dear?

ONLY

No. Yes. I'm not sure. Are you married?

THE WITCH

Not at present, dear. Who do you live with?

ONLY

My boss. My... mmmmm... My brother.

THE WITCH

You live with your boss, or your brother?

ONLY

My brother. Who is boss-like.

THE WITCH

Bossy.

ONLY

Very.

THE WITCH

Two siblings, facing the world together, hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder... How... sweet... What marvelous books. Yours?

ONLY

No, my boss. E. Brother. Oh, you can read them if you like. See... this one is in Arabic, but the pictures are pretty enough for any language.

THE WITCH

I wouldn't want to smudge them.

ONLY

Don't worry. You can do anything you wish in this house. We want you to like us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

THE WITCH

Do you? Come a little closer, my dear. Closer than that. Give me your eyes.

Mrs. Russe lays her hand on the girl's cheek.

THE WITCH

Might I see your brother?

ONLY

Oh no. No, you can't just now. He—

She tries to move away, but Mrs. Russe's hold on her face tightens almost imperceptibly, and she is jerked back. Only whimpers.

ONLY

... owww...

THE WITCH

I see that your brother and I are going to be great friends.

ONLY

But you haven't seen him.

THE WITCH

I've seen more than you think. For instance, when the door opened I noticed at once that you are a lamp.

ONLY

A... a lamp?

THE WITCH

(tapping Only's abandoned hat)

An exquisite French floor lamp with a shantung shade.

ONLY

(grabbing her hat protectively)

I don't know what you're—

THE WITCH

The people that surround us only see what is already printed on the backs of their own eyes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (10)

THE WITCH (cont'd)

Your master, bare-faced, could walk down the square in the sunshine and drink from the fountain like a dog with no-one the wiser, but people like us, yes, *immigrants*. We see each other. Yes?

Only put her hat back on.

ONLY

Oh no. Things like you aren't supposed to be in America.

THE WITCH

My dear, I'm not supposed to be anywhere.

ONLY

You have to get out of here. If he finds you here he'll roar.

THE WITCH

But he won't tear me, will he? He won't rend my bosom with his sabered claws. He won't... eat me?

ONLY

My boss doesn't eat people. He reads books. He loves poetry.

THE WITCH

We all have our hungers. I, for example, am very fond of children. And in this room, I feel an appetite so deep and desperate that it sets off sympathetic rumblings in my own starved stomach. I feel an appetite for women. Young women.

ONLY

He wouldn't eat anybody.

THE WITCH

Then what? Stack their bones in a closet? Turn them into birds and listen to them sing?

ONLY

Marry them! He needs to marry them. One.

THE WITCH

Ah.

ONLY

She has to love him. Don't laugh!

THE WITCH

And I expect that, once he wins this woman, he will lose his brutal aspect and rejoin the world of men?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (11)

ONLY

Yes. As soon as she takes his hand, there's a great noise like an orchestra tuning up, and a light shines in everyone's eyes, and the prince sheds his terrible ugliness and everything else sheds its strange enchantment and becomes what it truly is. Underneath.

THE WITCH

Including you.

ONLY

Of course. I'll be human again, and I'll remember my name.

THE WITCH

No. You won't.

ONLY

Excuse me?

THE WITCH

You'll never break the curse. You haven't the stomach for it. I knock at your door, with all my powers, and what do you do? Tell me to leave.

ONLY

I don't treat with witches.

THE WITCH

My dear, do you even know what a witch is?

ONLY

I recall some really really upsetting talk about children.

THE WITCH

Don't be so delicate. If a little frank discussion of appetite scares you off you'll miss opportunities. You'll fail to see solutions. I don't just make cookies, you know.

ONLY

What else do you do?

WITCH

I also make hand-dipped chocolates.

I just happen to have some with me. Let me show you.

She takes a box out of her handbag.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (12)

ONLY

What's in them?

WITCH

It's an assortment. Let's see— caramel and warm lust. Maple sugared forgiveness. Ah, this— this one I'm very proud of. It soaks up unhappy memories, one per swallow. Licorice.

ONLY

Euugh.

THE WITCH

Yes, I know. I tried it with cherries but it absolutely won't work. This you might be interested in. Lavender, white chocolate, lemon.

ONLY

What is it?

WITCH

Love is an odd and tender thing, but American women are not generally attracted to repulsive sub-human creatures who live in shabby walk-ups. I suppose you could say it does what is necessary.

ONLY

You're being very helpful. Why is that?

THE WITCH

We all have a wish in our hearts.

ONLY

And yours is being helpful?

THE WITCH

I've told you what I hunger for.

ONLY

Oh.

WITCH

Witches can't have our own, you know. We are made, not born.

ONLY

Made out of what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (13)

WITCH

Oh, whatever's lying around. It's better that way. What's that old saying? The flesh is...

ONLY

Weak?

WITCH

Delicious. I suppose what I'm saying is that I get quite lonely— and you seem like a nice little thing. Bright. Chocolate?

ONLY

What does it do?

WITCH

It tastes of chocolate. And peppermint. Or you could take the box.

ONLY

I'm sorry, but I don't treat with witches. I have to do this the right way.

THE WITCH

On your own?

ONLY

That's how I do everything. There were others, but they left. I sold the house, I got us to America. If it weren't for me, he'd be lying facedown in the catacombs.

THE WITCH

Perhaps you can get a woman to take his hand.

ONLY

I don't know. Right now I can't even get him to leave his room.

THE WITCH

Can't you?
Come here. Why don't you take a look at yourself?

The witch leads her over to the mirror, turns it out. and takes off Only's lampshade.

Only stares at her reflection.

Then she sees something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (14)

ONLY

Wait. Wait right here.

Only gets a man's hat from the rack, then goes to the hall door.

ONLY

Boss? The lady is gone now.

THE BEAST

I'm sleeping.

ONLY

You don't sleep. Come out of your room and see that she's gone. I know how you are. Her step will echo in your mind. As far as you're concerned, she will still be here. For. Weeks. Or, you could come out and make sure.

*The Beast enters, carrying the rosebush. Only slaps the hat on his head.**The Beast sees the witch and tries to hide his entire self under the hat.*

THE WITCH

You must be the man of the house. I'm so glad to meet you at last, after all those lovely, old-fashioned letters. How's it working out for you?

THE BEAST

How is what doing what?

THE WITCH

I'm Mrs. Russe. Remember? I manage this building.

THE BEAST

The landlady. Forgive me.

THE WITCH

Anyway, rent is due on the first, and you know that all you have to do is slip it under my door. I was just telling your sister—

ONLY

Yes. She was just telling me. About the door, and the slipping. She's the landlady.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (15)

THE WITCH

Your asbestos agreement is in this folder. Oh dear— let me take that from you

(she takes the rosebush)

and now you have your hands free to sign.

THE BEAST

You smell like cinnamon.

THE WITCH

I've been baking like a fiend all day. Such a beautiful little plant. Do you know where it would get a lot of sun? Right. Here.

THE BEAST

Thank you.

THE WITCH

Well, sir, you need your rest and I've got to go tend to the new girl. In this weather I never like to leave a tenant blowing around. March is so untrustworthy. If you need anything, anything at all, you know my name.

The witch exits. The Beast takes the hat off and stares at it.

THE BEAST

She didn't even tremble. Where did you get this?

ONLY

It's just a little something I've been tinkering with. It works.

THE BEAST

Like a charm. Remarkable woman!

ONLY

Thank you.

THE BEAST

Ah. I meant Mrs. Russe. But you have truly accomplished something. How does it function?

ONLY

The... the shadow... falls on your face, and it's all very technical.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (16)

THE BEAST

I see. If I am not careful, you may begin to infect me with hope.

ONLY

I did get you out of your room.

THE BEAST

That Mrs. Russe has a wise air, almost like a mother. Is she married?

ONLY

She's a Mrs. isn't she?

THE BEAST

Yes, of course. What are those?

ONLY

She brought cookies.

THE BEAST

Ahhh.

He takes the box and begins to devour the little people.

THE BEAST

What? I'm hungry.

Sound of a moving van. She goes to the window.

THE BEAST

Tell me.

ONLY

The snow is thick, and sideways with wind. Through the white air I see a white carriage with an eagle rampant, in letters jules the motto U-Haul. The door opens. Someone is coming out— she carries a white box by its handle. Oh, boss. She wears blue.

THE BEAST

Turn and go. Turn and go. If you value any part of your life stay out of the reach of my hands.

OFFSTAGE FEMALE VOICE

Wait— please— careful...

A cat yowls, commotion. The lamp runs out the front door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (17)

OFFSTAGE FEMALE VOICE

Balthazar! Balthazar! Shit!

THE WITCH (OFFSTAGE)

I'm so sorry—

OFFSTAGE FEMALE VOICE

Oh my god, I can't see. Where did he go? Balthazar! Where did you go?

Elsewhere in the house a door opens and slams, then another. Only appears.

ONLY

Boss? We have a visitor.

The Beast sneezes, opens his mouth to speak, then sneezes again.

Blackout.

Lights up.

Scene III: The Visitor

The lamp and the Beast sit quietly in the front room. The Beast wears the hat. After a moment, he sneezes.

THE BEAST

It's been nearly eight hours. I think we should let him go.

ONLY

No. We can't.

THE BEAST

He is not a proper animal. Not respectful. He made attempts to caress me. He makes messes.

ONLY

I am cleaning those up.

THE BEAST

He distributes particles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (18)

ONLY

He is our guest, and we are treating him well, and I am the one taking care of him, anyway.

THE BEAST

He is probably going to die.

ONLY

Do you want her to come, or not?

THE BEAST

No.

ONLY

No?

The Beast shakes his head.

ONLY

No? No? Boss, we have crossed an ocean for this—we have waited centuries. We have plotted, and prayed for a visitor, and no? No? You don't want her to come?

THE BEAST

I don't want her to see me.

ONLY

She WILL NOT see you. You have a hat.

THE BEAST

I fear the shadow is insufficient.

ONLY

Everything is sufficient! Everything suffices! Crumbs are being swept, animals are not hungry, salvation is at hand, sit down! I believe in you. Say something.

THE BEAST

I wish I could die.

He sneezes. She hands him a handkerchief.

ONLY

If you hold it over your mouth it should help some.

A knock on the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (19)

ONLY

She's here! It must be her!

She runs to the door, peers through the spyhole.

ONLY

It is her. She wears blue. You are going to be so happy.

The Beast attempts to leave. Only blocks him.

ONLY

You open the door and you talk to her.

THE BEAST

You do it— I command you to do it. I command you to give her back the disgusting creature and send her away. Creature! Creature— come here at once.

ONLY

Open the door.

THE BEAST

I won't.

ONLY

Open the door.

THE BEAST

You open it.

ONLY

Make me.

The Beast grabs the lamp, picks her up, and carries her to the door. She opens it. Aiofe enters. She is holding an empty cat carrier.

AIOFE

Hi. I'm your neighbor— I'm looking for my cat? That's a nice lamp you're holding.

THE BEAST

I was moving her. It. To the corner.

ONLY

Was that so hard?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (20)

AIOFE

Yeah, so sorry— have you seen a cat, big, ugly in a lovable way, usually ignores the name Balthazar? Please?

ONLY

Say yes.

The Beast sneezes. Pause.

AIOFE

Gesundheit.

THE BEAST

Are you afraid?

AIOFE

What?

THE BEAST

Are you fearful... distressed. Is there something making you... unquiet?

AIOFE

I can't find my cat.

THE BEAST

Is that all?

AIOFE

Yes, that's all. I happen to really frickin' like my cat, ok? I happen to be worried about him, and his whereabouts, and the fact that he, my only friend, might be freezing to death, also, I haven't slept for 30 hours, in which I've been either driving in the middle of a horizontal sleet, or performing hard physical labor in the middle of a horizontal sleet and, you know, I haven't had much time to attend to my emotional needs which I usually do by petting something furry, so if I'm not in a good place right now, if you're saying that I'm overreacting to something as trivial as the misplacement of a cat, kindly excuse this hysterical female, but yes, that is ALL.

THE BEAST

Ah. Yes. That is very good.

AIOFE

Very good why?

ONLY

Because I have your cat.

(CONTINUED)

THE BEAST

(overlapping)

Because I have your cat.

AIOFE

Oh god, really?

THE BEAST

He is a wheat colored creature with a flat face, yes? In his ugliness an ineffable wisdom, yes? Fluffy tail?

AIOFE

That's Balthazar exactly.

THE BEAST

He is locked inside our scullery.

ONLY

Pantry.

THE BEAST

Inside our pantry. I thought someone might want....

Aiofe dashes off towards the kitchen.

THE BEAST

...him.

ONLY

Go! Show her where it is.

He exits, comes back on again.

THE BEAST

The scullery—

ONLY

Pantry.

THE BEAST

—pantry. Where is it?

CONTINUED: (22)

ONLY

It is through the door past the refrigerator.

THE BEAST

Past who?

ONLY

It is the large white thing in the room where you never go.

THE BEAST

I need your help.

He picks the lamp up and starts to exit.

Aiofe approaches from offstage, cooing at the cat carrier.

AIOFE

You are a bad, bad bad kitty to make me worry like that, you little flat-faced bastard. Yes. No. I know you don't like it, but I don't care. I don't like wandering around in the sideways rain looking for you, so you can just stay in the carrier for right now, mister, and you'll get fed when you get fed. Oh, are you gonna try the little paw thing? Don't even bother to try the little paw thing cause it is soooo not gonna fly.

(she pauses, and touches the cage of the cat carrier)

Yes, yes. I know you have paws.

ONLY

Act naturally!

AIOFE

See, he does this thing where he sort of taps gently with one of his paws, it's hard to resist. You're holding your lamp again.

THE BEAST

Yes. I can't decide what to do with it.

AIOFE

That's totally ok.

(she puts the carrier down.)

Thank you. I realize that I probably yelled at you, which didn't have to happen, and you're obviously very patient and an A-1 excellent special type of person. Thank you. Can I take you out for coffee?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (23)

THE BEAST

Out?

AIOFE

For coffee.

ONLY

Boss this is your chance that's happening now!

AIOFE

You gotta say yes— cause otherwise I'm going to have to try to give you cash—

ONLY

You can go out, I know you can.

AIOFE

And that's not cool, is it? You're not some kind of lost animal valet— I don't want to tip you—

ONLY

Please...

AIOFE

But if I can just buy you something, equal to equal, we can avoid any awkward intrusions from the capitalist machine. So?

THE BEAST

I'm sorry, but I cannot.

Only makes a peculiar noise, and shuts herself off.

AIOFE

Oh. Any particular reason why? Cause if you don't like coffee, I could buy you something else. I could buy you a lamp. You seem to be having some problems with that one.

(pause)

And, you know, it's not a date. If you're dating someone you don't have to worry, because I'm not asking you out.

(pause)

Ok, then. I'll just drop you a Hamilton, and go.

ONLY

Say something. Or I will kill you in your sleep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (24)

No. THE BEAST

No? AIOFE

THE BEAST
I cannot possibly accept your money. The hospitality of my house is given without question or cost. This gentleman—

He sneezes.

Oh, you're allergic. AIOFE

THE BEAST
No, I have a handkerchief.

(He makes a polite, heroic, successful effort to suppress a second sneeze.)

No, this gentleman and I have become good friends. It was a pleasure to have him as a guest, and I will be sorry to see him go.

He picks up the carrier and looks in.

THE BEAST
Yes, I can see that you have paws.

AIOFE
He likes you.

The Beast sneezes again, and again.

AIOFE
Ok, that's it. I'm getting him out of here. You've suffered enough.

ONLY
Not yet, not yet.

THE BEAST
No—

AIOFE
You need to suffer some more?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (25)

THE BEAST

No, just... not yet.

AIOFE

Ok, look into my eyes.

(The Beast tries, but can't quite make it.)

Ok, look at my chin. I'll come back. I promise.

She exits.

ONLY

Well?

THE BEAST

Like the songs of spring, which inevitably turn into the silences of winter, these glimpsed possibilities are the turn of the screws on the rack. She will never return.

ONLY

Boss, I am so proud of you. You talked to her... She didn't vomit, or scream— She promised she would come back.

THE BEAST

I have read that many American women are ruled by an insane politeness, it is trained into them somehow at an early age to prepare them for long lives of customer service.

ONLY

You've just done something you haven't done for centuries. Can't you be happy?

THE BEAST

No.

A knock at the door.

AIOFE

Hey— I'm decatted.

She enters.

AIOFE

The creature's being punished via separation from me, his god. Why are you lying on the floor?

(CONTINUED)

Glassheart

25-page sample

This Glassheart PDF only contains the first 25 pages.

You can buy the full PDF text of Glassheart from
TRW

Request production rights

By
Reina Hardy
reinahardy.com

Theatrical agent:
Susan Gurman
http://gurmanagency.com