

A MAP TO SOMEWHERE ELSE

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25 Page Sample

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Once a king or queen in Narnia, always a king or queen in Narnia.

-The Chronicles of Narnia

“Does it hurt, to become real?” asked the Velveteen Rabbit.

“Oh, like fuck-all,” said the Skin Horse, for he was always honest.

-The Velveteen Rabbit

players

Emily..... a girl

*Natasha.... her friend Constantine.... a boy, Natasha's cousin Dactyl...a
Minister, male, ageless Frangibelle... an Oracle, female, ancient Fix.... a*

Thing, sexless, young

Mr. Ting....a Tenor

Scatter... a Bunny

places

A shuttered California mansion

Various places in Draegermandia (same as above)

Prelude: Scheherazade by Rimsky-Korsakov, movement two: The Kalender Prince, which is the kind of symphony that fills one's mind with vague heroic thoughts. The piece begins quietly, with a solo violin, builds to something overpowering and grand, then cuts out.

Lights up on a California mansion, mid-ransack. Two doors on the lower level, one on an upper level, and a staircase off. There are a few sticks of slip-covered furniture, and quite a lot of boxes. Enter NATASHA, kicking open the basement door. She carries another box and keeps the door open with her foot. NATASHA is 20, wearing work clothes and a dust mask. She is humming the theme from Star Wars.

NATASHA

Da-da, da-da-da-daaa-dum ... da-da-da-daaa-dum ...

NATASHA, still humming, plunks her box down with the others. She picks up an asthma inhaler from one of the box tops, pulls down her mask and takes a drag. She then replaces the mask, resumes the theme, and exits striding through the basement door. A doorbell rings. A pause, then furious clumping. NATASHA re-appears. She goes to the front door, opens it, and screams. Enter EMILY, also 20, in the kind of over-optimistic warm weather clothes that people from cold states wear on their first trip to the West Coast. Her hands are over her ears.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

(shoving her mask on top of her head)

You're late.

EMILY

Sorry. You told me to come at six.

NATASHA

Mama dragged me out of bed for an early start. As my best friend, you should have psychically deduced this and hastened to my aid.

EMILY

Sorry, in that case. Sorry I'm not psychic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATASHA

Forgive me, I'm all fucked up on adrenaline.

EMILY

And mad at your mom?

NATASHA

When am I not? Come here, you crazy kid you.

EMILY goes to NATASHA and gives her a squeeze.

EMILY

Poor Nat.

NATASHA

Yes, poor I.

EMILY

You want to talk about it?

NATASHA

I don't even want to think about it.

EMILY

That's ok.

So what the heck have you got on your head?

NATASHA

I've got something ... ? Oh this. It's a particle mask. I'm trying to protect myself from the dust in Grandpa's basement, but it isn't working. If I take another puff from my inhaler I bet my heart just stops.

EMILY

So, when do we get to the stuff?

Natasha gives her a look.

EMILY (CONT'D)

What? You're curious too.

NATASHA

About my grandfather's receipts?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EMILY

Nat, your grandfather is Joe Matterly.

NATASHA

Was!

EMILY

Eddie Pole. Tamber Sloan. He knew these people. He wrote their paychecks.

NATASHA

You want to see Eddie Pole's paycheck?

EMILY

You don't?

NATASHA

So he was a duke of Hollywood, and he helped make genius happen and I like, help make nothing happen. I still hate the evil bastard.

EMILY

Then why are you here for his papers?

NATASHA

Mama thinks they might be worth something.

EMILY

Are they?

NATASHA

Mama also thinks I'm going back to school next semester.

EMILY

I wish you'd come back

NATASHA

I wish I could. 'Suicide leave' ain't voluntary.

NATASHA gets up and crosses to the boxes, pulling her dust mask down over her face.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

Come on, get over here and experience the boring-ness of Hollywood history.

EMILY

Ok.

(CONTINUED)

NATASHA

(Summing up box contents as she works)

Taxes, taxes, death, taxes.

EMILY

Why is it so cold in here?

NATASHA

Because you're wearing like, a bra. Take this.

She shucks off her light hoodie and tosses it at Emily

EMILY

We're supposed to be in California. It's supposed to be hot.

NATASHA

Temperate, idiot. Taxes, taxes, taxes, eeeeeevil, taxes, taxes..

EMILY

What's this?

She holds the item up. It is an elaborately penned and colored map in a Renaissance style, drawn on a sheet of sketch paper by an obviously dedicated amateur.

EMILY (CONT'D)

What IS that?

NATASHA

It was with the May receipts.

CONSTANTINE

Natasha?

NATASHA

Down here.

A young man, also about 20, comes halfway down the stairs. He is worried and distracted, but makes a great effort to be polite. This is CONSTANTINE.

CONSTANTINE

Did the auction woman leave already?

CONTINUED: (4)

NATASHA

Hours ago. What did you want?

CONSTANTINE

Grandad's ring. But I guess I can, um-

EMILY looks up and sees him. He sees her. The lights change abruptly, to a sort of shimmering blue on EMILY and CONSTANTINE only, everything else dark. Dizzying Bing Crosby violins begin to play, and a spotlight comes up on MR. TING, a romantic crooner in white tails.

MR. TING

WHEN WE WERE KINGS AND QUEENS
 NIGHT TOOK ITS TIME TO FALL
 WE HAD A KINGDOM EACH
 FORESTS AND CARAVELS, MOUNTAINS AND ALL
 WHEN IT GOT DARK AT LAST
 WE'D GET UP AND HAVE OUR WAR.
 IT CAME FROM THE MURKY PAST,
 AND WE'D
 ENTIRELY FORGOTTEN WHAT WE HAD IT FOR
 BUT WHEN I SAW YOU,
 I QUICKLY FORGAVE WHATEVER FAULTS
 THE BATTLE BECAME A BALL
 WE PROBABLY DANCED, A PROBABLE WALTZ.
 THE FLOOR DISAPPEARED
 THE FIRMAMENT NEARED
 WE PROBABLY WALTZED....
 WHEN WE HELD WORLDS IN HAND
 WE DREW EXTENSIVE MAPS
 WITH A GREAT AMPERSAND
 WE JOINED OUR NAMES, MADE THE BORDERS COLLAPSE
 AND WHAT WE DID THEN
 WOULD FILL THE LIBRARIUM ALEXANDRINE!
 WHEN WE WERE KINGS AND QUEENS MY DEAR!
 WHEN WE WERE KINGS AND QUEENS!

MR. TING hits a fabulously high note in this last phrase, then vanishes. Lights return to normal. All are completely unaware of the incident, it exists for Constantine and Emily only as a fleeting impression.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

CONSTANTINE

.... call your mom and ask her.

NATASHA

Constant, my friend Emily.

CONSTANTINE

Delighted. I'm sorry I haven't got time to talk.

He bounds back up the stairs and off. EMILY takes the map and studies it.

EMILY

Who was that?

NATASHA

My cousin, Constant. Short for Constant Complaint. No, it's short for Constantine.

EMILY

What kind of a name is that?

NATASHA

Grandad picked it. Connie was his little favorite in the womb. He's wonderful, really. Just kind of a sap.

EMILY

Yeah?

NATASHA

He'll fall in love with you. He's always doing that.

EMILY

Ha ha.

NATASHA

No. I'm serious. Careful with my cousin. Remember you have a boyfriend.

EMILY

No, I don't.

NATASHA

Then who the fuck is Charles?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Not really a boyfriend.

EMILY

Slut.

NATASHA

Natasha!

EMILY

You know I'm just jealous. All the boys around here are related to me.

NATASHA

You'll come back.

EMILY

Oh, shut up about me coming back.

NATASHA

NATASHA gets up and heads for the basement. EMILY puts down the map and stands.

Nat, where are you going?

EMILY

Basement.

NATASHA

Are you mad at me?

EMILY

No. I just want to get more boxes. These boxes bore me.

NATASHA

We haven't even – Natasha!

EMILY

NATASHA exits, slamming the basement door. EMILY follows.

Promptly, a Very Small Creature with knee breeches and knee-high boots bolts on stage, does an aikido roll into a crouch, and snatches up the map. It gives a triumphant ululation and dashes off with its prize. A moment passes.

(CONTINUED)

A Much Taller and Very Thin Creature in a robe ensemble, sporting magnificent ram's horns on his head, enters grimly. His name is DACTYL the Minister. He carries a stick like a sword, and he is dragging the Very Small Creature by the ear. Its name is FIX.

DACTYL

Put it back.

FIX

No!

DACTYL

Back, mischief. Back, you little pike. (He twists its ear) Be good.

FIX

Don't hurt me, and I'll be good.

Dactyl releases Fix's ear. Fix clutches the map.

DACTYL

Now, Fix. Put it back where the Princess left it.

Dactyl reaches down and grabs Fix by the hair. Fix stares up defiantly.

FIX

But it doesn't belong to them.

DACTYL

Fix.

FIX

It's a map of our country!

FIX (CONT'D)

It may have treasure on it.

DACTYL

Very small fool, it is treasure. But it is not for us to find. Put it back.

FIX

I can find anything.

DACTYL

Absurd and minuscule fool, I very much doubt it. Tell me, with the world where it is presently, when could you last find one jot, one tittle, one blade of grass on any field, one drop of damp from any ocean, one stone or sign or footfall from any single road depicted double-lined upon that map? You want to look for treasure? Shall I draw in an x for you?

Fix growls and holds the map out. Dactyl takes and replaces it.

FIX

You put it back then, if you know everything.

DACTYL

I do and I shall.

FIX

Never looked for a jot anyway, of course I didn't find one.

DACTYL

Small fool-

FIX

And who needs a tittle?

DACTYL

Small fool, desist. Under most circumstances I find you charming, but just now, you tax me. You tax me, petit. Please refrain from wringing your hands in that fashion.

FIX

What?

DACTYL

Stand still! No, stand... sit. Sit down. On your hands. Much better.

FIX

Can I have the map now?

DACTYL

No.

FIX

If I'm quiet?

DACTYL

If you remain in precisely that position and do not peep for twice a dozen years, I will give you, not only the map, but the country it pictures and the horns off my own head.

FRANGIBELLE

Minister!

Dactyl starts and turns, pointing the stick/sword. A low, crouching, possibly feminine personage has appeared at the top of the stairs. She is given to mysticism, and meaningful grunts.

DACTYL

Oh, Frangibelle. You gave me a jump there.

FRANGIBELLE

Mmmppggh.

DACTYL

How is young Constant? Has he found the ring?

FRANGIBELLE

Pfautsch. No.. The boychik is going mad.

DACTYL

Mad? Disastrous! Are you certain?

FRANGIBELLE

He hearing voices. I call that mad.

DACTYL

He's hearing – Madam, isn't he hearing you?

FRANGIBELLE

Don't matter. As he considers it he going mad.

DACTYL

Granted. But madam, you are a medium, a high priestess, conversant with the night. Astrology, phrenology, chronology and logology are not beyond your skills or comprehension. Surely you can convince him to consider otherwise.

FRANGIBELLE

All right, try something else then. Maybe he think he is seeing ghosts.

DACTYL

Ghosts?

FRANGIBELLE

He said he was seeing ghosts. Out loud he said it. With his lips. Then he said he was going mad.

MR. TING enters, in the manner of someone sneaking out for a smoke between sets. He goes to the edge of the stage and stares moodily into the audience while rummaging in his white tail pockets for a cigarette.

DACTYL

Oh, sugar.

FRANGIBELL

Off the rails. Kerplooe. Cloud-cuckoo land and kingdom come.

DACTYL

Enough!

FRANGIBELL

He said it, not me. You rather be a ghost?

DACTYL

There are ghosts, and ghosts.

FRANGIBELL

Maybe you let me try with the sword a little. Crazy hears voices, doesn't feel sharp.

DACTYL

Frangibelle, even if I were to allow you to puncture the heir to the throne-

FRANGIBELLE

Only small hole!

DACTYL

It would not be an appropriate use of the great blade of Sylveness. This sword is for our protection.

FRANGIBELLE

Bpppphgggggk. We want their attention, sooner or later we must to get inside their hearts.

DACTYL

There must be a more elegant way of reaching a prince's heart. Good evening , Mr. Ting.

Mr. Ting takes a drag off his cigarette. Instead of smoke coming from his mouth, a cloud of tiny bubbles emerges from the cigarette's end. He nods to Dactyl.

DACTYL (CONT'D)

Filthy habit. You'll ruin your voice.

Mr. Ting scowls. Frangibell sniffs the air.

FRANGIBELLE

The princess comes back.

FIX

Has it been a dozen years yet?

DACTYL

It has. But no, you can't have the map. Two dozen you were meant to wait. Pay more attention next time.

Fix wails in protest as Frangibelle, grunting, scampers back up the stairs and off.

FIX

Not fair!

DACTYL

Nonsense. I am, as always, fair as the moon's face. (He grips Fix's ear.) Now, quick. You know, like a bunny.

They exit. NATASHA enters, as before, with boxes from the basement and a large empty frame. She carries them to the pile, drops them, drops to her knees, and flops on them face first. EMILY enters, also with boxes.

NATASHA

Hate me. Hate me and go away.

EMILY

I won't.

CONTINUED: (12)

NATASHA

I'm not even a real human being.

EMILY

That's like saying you're not even a real unicorn, man, what does it mean?

NATASHA

Why do you let me be mean to you?

EMILY

Why do we have to talk about it? I forgive you. It's all all right.

NATASHA

I'm going off the rails.

EMILY

I won't let you.

NATASHA

Emily, what makes you think you have the option? Jesus fuck, you're not a superhero. You can't help me just because you want to.

EMILY

Can so. Am so. Secretly, I'm the Flash.

Makes an assortment of mystic motions around her head.

NATASHA

You can't just make a joke either. Especially not a completely lame joke like that.

EMILY

(after an awful silence)

I don't know what to say to you, Nat.

NATASHA

I don't know what to say to anyone. I can't talk, I can't see, I can't stand the light. Everything is shallowing out, and I feel scared all the time. That's how it is. Happy?

EMILY

No.

NATASHA

Me neither. Thanks for still being here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (13)

EMILY

Are you worried that I'll hitchhike back to Pittsburgh?

NATASHA

I'm worried that you don't exist.

EMILY

Have I done something unrealistic in the past 20 minutes?

NATASHA

It's just that the last person who said that, what you just said, "I won't hate you", wasn't.

EMILY

Wasn't real? What, your like, childhood imaginary friend?

NATASHA

That wasn't a joke.

EMILY

Do I live down the laundry shoot, then? That's where mine lived. Like the fairies, till I gave them houses.

NATASHA

Doll's houses?

EMILY

Of course not. Those are too clunky. They live in soap bubbles.

NATASHA

Soap bubbles.

EMILY

Trickier than it seems. You have to blow them from a high place, so they don't fall and get ruined. And you have to look away before they pop. Because if you see it vanish, that's it for the bubble. But if it you look away, and then look back, and it isn't there anymore, a fairy got it for a house.

NATASHA

And those guys were your imaginary friends.

EMILY

Not really. I never liked them much. They were twee and ... fashionable. I was more like their... imaginary real estate agent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (14)

NATASHA

No – wait. Wouldn't they be your imaginary clients?

EMILY

I don't know. You're the one who thinks I'm too good to be true.

NATASHA

Whatever. Maybe you deal in imaginary real estate.

I was going to give you a present, did you know that?

EMILY

No.

NATASHA

I put a lot of thought into it. I thought- where in this house is some stupid romantic bullshit that Emily would really really like.

EMILY

That's so amazing of you, Nat- you really didn't have to-

She stalks over to the wall, picks up a large, empty frame, and brings it over to Emily.

NATASHA

Shut up. Your present.

EMILY

Um....

NATASHA

It's a limited edition hand-tinted poster of "Andalusia," romance action comedy, Paramount, 1972. Signed by Eddie Pole.

EMILY

That's an empty frame.

NATASHA

I know. Mildred. Looks like your present was worth something.

EMILY

It's a nice frame.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (15)

NATASHA

No, it's not. Otherwise she would have taken it. You know what this is, this is symbolic. I can't believe I sat shiva for that man.

EMILY

You have to show respect for the dead.

NATASHA

Not all the dead. Do you know, out of all those people he worked with-- not one of them came to his funeral. Not one. They all sent their lawyers.

EMILY

He was really that bad?

NATASHA

He was WORSE. Oh, don't give me that look. He didn't hit us, or touch us funny or anything, he just.... it's hard to explain. Wait here.

Natasha gets up and goes for the stairs. Emily looks up. The lights turn off and on and off again. Then they flicker and turn back on.

EMILY

What the heck?

NATASHA

He had switches installed next to his bed so that he could control every light in the house. Because god forbid anyone in his house should have light when he didn't want them to have light.

EMILY

So he was kind of a control freak.

NATASHA

He was a scary old fuck with a lizard for a heart, and he never forgave me for being born. That's why, in case you're interested, Con is now vile-ly rich.

EMILY

Really?

NATASHA

Ohhhhh interesting is it?

EMILY

It's not boring.

(CONTINUED)

NATASHA

Loaded like a saudi prince. He got the caboodle.

EMILY

And you?

NATASHA

You're looking at the sum total of my inheritance. Old scraps of paper.

EMILY

(tapping the map)

What about this?

NATASHA

The map?

EMILY

Do you know what it is?

NATASHA

S'a map.

EMILY

But isn't it what you're looking for? Something of your grandpa's that's... rare?
Interesting?

NATASHA

I don't think it's his. I'll bet Constant drew it. He used to be very into maps. When he was short.

EMILY

Maps of what?

NATASHA

Everything ... but mostly places that didn't exist. He tore through these stacks of fantasy novels, the thick kind, with the map in the front and the dotted line going dot-dot-dot-dot follow the leader and the love interest and the pet pig,-right? Quest novels. And he'd copy them out. Sometimes he made up his own.

EMILY

Are you sure?

CONTINUED: (17)

NATASHA

I'm not the expert on imaginary real estate...

A cell phone rings, to the tune of "Ding, Dong, the Witch is Dead"

NATASHA (CONT'D)

Goddamit. It's Mama. (*She answers*). Hey, what is it? Yeah, of course I'm still here. Yes, of course Emily's here. She's right here.

EMILY

Hi, Mrs. Matterly!

NATASHA

She says hi. (pause) Not bad. We've been working non-stop but we haven't found shit. Sorry. We haven't found anything. (pause) What? If Constant wants it he can have it. I'm killing myself already. There are like, a billion boxes, and they're giving me asthma. Yes, of course, I have the puffer, do I go anywhere without the puffer? Anywhere? Ever? Since I was six? Am I still six? Am I still six? Ok then, can you lay off me yet? (pause) No, I don't want a chance to get out. I've got Emily here. She came a million miles, mama. Yeah, I know that but- it's in the grave, mom. Mildred doesn't want it. It's not even a real diamond- It's just a chip of cubic zirconia. No, that's what I heard. Because he's sentimental, mom. God, whatever, I'll get the car.

EMILY

Nat!

NATASHA

What? I'm sorry, I can't hear you when you talk at the same – Em, I gotta go take my mom to Mildred's office because obviously if Constantine wants grandad's stupid lion ring we should take it from him. (into the phone) No, that's exactly what it is. (to Emily). I'll be right back.

EMILY

What about the map?

NATASHA

Yeah-yeah-yeah, I got it, I hear you.

Emily snorts, and looks at the map. Resting it on top of a box, she traces the seacoast with a finger. She cocks her head, as if trying to detect a noise.

EMILY

Constant?

(CONTINUED)

Clutching the map, she walks to the foot of the staircase, and calls upwards.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Hello? Constantine?

She ascends, cautiously.

EMILY (CONT'D)

You up there?

At the top, she stretches out her hand to knock. The door swings open, flattening Emily against the banister. Constantine enters, pounds down the stairs, spins around, rummages through a box (knocking it over) and bolts out the front door.

EMILY (CONT'D)

(Shoving the stair door closed)

G-- Gah! What in the gosh darn heck?

But he's already gone. She descends,, and peers out the front door after him.

EMILY (CONT'D)

The fricative? Hello. You could have said hello. You could have killed me, you freakadelic. Get off the crack. Nat, you are starting to make a lot more sense, in the context of your family

She looks at the map.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Draegermandia. Draegermandia?

The lights shift, just perceptibly. There might even be the softest chord. All of the doors open, and a strange face peers through each. Dactyl enters, and stalks upstage with hungry eyes. They speak freely, but take care to remain out of Emily's sightlines.

DACTYL

It begins. All hands on deck.

CONTINUED: (19)

FIX

But Prince Constant! He got away!

DACTYL

In this moment we must focus on her.

FRANGIBELLE

Her? Paugh! She not even family.

DACTYL

Beloved, blind witch woman, she is better than family. She is bait.

FRANGIBELLE

She does not know us, she does not love us. We do not even know what she loves.

DACTYL

Ask our songbird what she loves. I think you'll be pleasantly surprised.

MR TING

WHEN WE WERE KINGS AND QUEENS
YOU HELD ME BY THE HEART
YOU CALLED ME A THOUSAND NAMES
LANCELOT, CYRANO, LOVE, BUENOPART...

FIX

Mr. Ting can't even talk like a normal person. How come he gets to know anything?

Mr. Ting breaks off singing, wheels, and exits in a huff.

DACTYL

Come back here directly! This is no time for an artistic temperament!

Mr. Ting returns, scowling.

EMILY

The Ice coast in the north- the Enjammed Ocean ... The castle of the Kalendar Prince.
Prince Constant.

FRANGIBELLE

She does not know what she is looking at.

DACTYL

True. She is mistaken. But that is to our advantage. Her heart is a powerful motor, an unlimited source, and it will nicely serve our great endeavor.

(CONTINUED)

FIX

Our great end of what?

DACTYL

The end of nothing, child. Quite the opposite; that thing which will ensure we do not end. In short, poppet, our purpose. Our great purpose.

FIX

Pwhat?

DACTYL

That which we are presently attempting to perform. Look at this girl. Every nerve in her is awake. Every name on that map resonates in her, makes a toe or an eye or a kneecap light up and chime. Are you not stronger, and brighter, more starlike and numberless? Do you not feel that any second now, any door in this house could open and lead us home? She is so... so.....interested.

The doorbell rings. Emily stands up and walks to the door, leaving the map. Dactyl, reflexively, grabs for her with both hands, then ducks behind the armchair. Mr. Ting vanishes into the basement. Frangibelle drops into a low crouch that makes her look like a heap of rags. Fix puts its hands in front of its eyes, peekaboo style. Dactyl reaches out one long arm and pulls Fix down behind the chair. Emily opens the door, revealing Constantine, shivering. They stare at each other.

CONSTANTINE

I left my jacket. And my wallet. And my keys.

EMILY

You were in a hurry.

CONSTANTINE

I'm sorry.

Frangibelle, at the top of the steps, gradually stands up. This catches Constantine's eye, and makes him nervous.

EMILY

I'm sure it was something very important.

Yes.

CONSTANTINE

And pressing.

EMILY

Yes, very.

CONSTANTINE

Frangibelle lets a single hand emerge from her cloak, and beckons.

What was it?

EMILY

What?

CONSTANTINE

The very pressing matter.

EMILY

Oh. That's not important

CONSTANTINE

He lets the door close behind him, and looks fixedly at Emily's face. Frangibelle beckons with both hands.

I'm sorry, have we met?

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

Briefly. Twice. I'm your cousin's friend. Emily.

EMILY

She sticks out her hand for a shake. Constantine clutches her hand with both of his. She staggers back into the house, and he follows her. Frangibelle now appears to be belly-dancing.

Emily. Emily. Emily, will you... will you talk to me for a little bit?

CONSTANTINE

Um... Golly. Are you ok, man?

EMILY

CONTINUED: (22)

CONSTANTINE

I'm fine. I just get low blood sugar sometimes.

EMILY

Do you want me to get you a snack?

CONSTANTINE

No, no.

*(He places himself deliberately on the couch,
with his back to Frangibelle)*

I like it. It's a cheap high. Please. Have a seat. Let's talk.

*Dactyl and Frangibelle begin to silently, enthusiastically
to argue about something.*

EMILY

What about?

CONSTANTINE

Anything. You.

EMILY

What about me?

CONSTANTINE

Everything. You should tell me everything. Begin at the beginning, end up in this chair.

EMILY

I'm sorry, I can't do that.

CONSTANTINE

You can't tell me anything about you?

EMILY

Ask me a question.

CONSTANTINE

All right. When you were small.... did you have.... an imaginary friend?

EMILY

Hordes. Yourself?

CONSTANTINE

We were talking about you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (23)

Frangibelle is running her hands just above Emily's head as if it were a crystal ball.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

Don't change the subject. What were their names?

EMILY

I can't remember.

CONSTANTINE

Do you think that ... upsets them?

Frangibelle threatens Emily's throat. Dactyl is shocked. He scolds her, threatening her with the sword.

EMILY

I don't think they still exist. I mean, I don't still think they exist.

CONSTANTINE

Let's not get all mired up in semantics.

EMILY

Besides, they weren't exactly friends. They were just some people, who were around, who weren't actually.

CONSTANTINE

Imaginary acquaintances.

Constantine is beginning to master himself. Dactyl grabs Frangibelle by the collar and drags her offstage.

EMILY

Your cousin... Natasha... had an imaginary friend.

CONSTANTINE

That's true.

EMILY

She wouldn't tell me what it was.

CONSTANTINE

Of course not. It's a very personal thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (24)

EMILY

Do you know?

CONSTANTINE

His name was Scatter. He was a bunny.

EMILY

A bunny?

CONSTANTINE

He was very sweet. And lavender.

EMILY

A bunny – that doesn't seem like her.

CONSTANTINE

You're wrong. It's more like her than anything else.

EMILY

But bunnies are so soft, and she isn't ... she isn't a soft person.

Frangibelle has run back on stage and is threatening Emily with the sword/stick.

CONSTANTINE

How do you know? How do you know what ... what volume of a person Natasha is, if you haven't met Scatter? Is what she says to you all that important?

EMILY

Ok, I don't know why you're yelling at me. I've just met you. What in Christmas is wrong with this family?

She leans forward, putting herself unnervingly in way of the sword.

CONSTANTINE

I'm not shouting. Your hearing has recently become ultra-sensitive.

EMILY

You're still shouting.

CONSTANTINE

There may be some discomfort, but soon you'll come to recognize your extraordinary abilities for the blessing they are. No! Don't get up.

(CONTINUED)