

# DRAFT COPY. NOT FOR USE OR PUBLICATION.

*The Saints retreat as morning breaks and BISHOP CAUCHON enters, dressed for trial, with a jug of water and a sack of clothes. Joan has fallen asleep. He looks at Joan from behind before dumping the jug of water on her. She rises with a start and coughs. The SAINTS watch from afar.*

CAUCHON

Up.

JOAN

What was that for?

CAUCHON

We will not accommodate your sloth. Or have your demons kept you sleepless?

JOAN

They are not demons.

CAUCHON

Do not lie yet, today's proceedings have not even begun. Unless you agree to confess your crimes.

JOAN

I have nothing to confess, certainly not to you. My sins are between me and God.

CAUCHON

I speak for God, I am his vessel.

JOAN

There is only one of us who is God's vessel.

CAUCHON

You insolent/

JOAN

/Why must I endure this? Why must I be subject to ice baths for doing the Lord's work?

*CAUCHON approaches her.*

CAUCHON

Allow me to educate you, little girl/

# DRAFT COPY. NOT FOR USE OR PUBLICATION.

JOAN (very seriously)  
/Never call me that.

CAUCHON (mockingly)  
Is that not what you wish to be known as? La Pucelle?

JOAN  
La Pucelle is no little girl.

CAUCHON  
So it is your *delusions* that cause you to transvest. Or are you truly too ignorant to understand the differences between sexes?

JOAN  
Answer my question first.

CAUCHON  
There is only one of us standing in this cell who is doing the Lord's work.

JOAN  
Ah! You're daft *and* blind. You cannot even register the presence of saints in this very room!

CAUCHON  
Ah, your voices are here. (*calling out to them*) Surely, they would make their presence known to a holy man?

JOAN  
If there was one here, they would.

*CAUCHON raises a hand to Joan, expecting her to retreat. She doesn't. He backs off.*

CAUCHON  
The guards will be coming to collect you shortly. Make yourself presentable, you are in a house of God.

*He drops the sack to her feet. Joan examines the contents and pulls out a skirt.*

JOAN

# DRAFT COPY. NOT FOR USE OR PUBLICATION.

I have told you once before, I will not wear these.

CAUCHON

You do understand this is not a request? You are already insolent enough to transvest at mass.

JOAN

The clothing of those who receive the Sacrament is of little importance.

CAUCHON

You will not be seen by holy men in men's dress.

JOAN

I shall not attend trial today, then.

CAUCHON

You are to be ready for trial at once.

*He begins to leave and stops at the door.*

CAUCHON (cont'd)

If you are attempting to not be executed, you are doing a poor job of it.

*He exits. The Saints reappear. Catherine goes after Cauchon for a moment. Michael holds her back. Margaret picks up the skirt off the floor and examines it.*

MARGARET

The least he could do is give you something that isn't rags.

JOAN

Even if he did, I would not wear them. He could give me the gown of the queen and I wouldn't.

MICHAEL

Why?

JOAN

To wear them would be to lie before God. These garments are not who I am.

*The Saints seem confused.*

# DRAFT COPY. NOT FOR USE OR PUBLICATION.

JOAN (cont'd)

It is as plain in my mind as any of you are. Why is this difficult to comprehend?

MARGARET

We didn't know it was so important to you.

JOAN

It is second in importance only to God and my mission. I shall not give up belief and present myself as something I am not, as they have accused me of.

MICHAEL

But you are a woman.

JOAN

That is not important! I was not put on this Earth by God to be a woman, there are plenty fulfilling that duty for me. I was made to be something else.

MARGARET

A man, then?

JOAN

No, you do not understand.

MICHAEL (somewhat sternly)

Be careful. It is not wise to tell angels that they do not understand.

JOAN

But you don't! Am I meant to pretend you do?

*Commotion of guards and chains from outside. CATHERINE takes the skirt from Margaret. She balls it up in her hand and approaches JOAN warmly. JOAN kneels before her.*

JOAN

I do not mean to doubt you or God.

CATHERINE

I know.

# DRAFT COPY. NOT FOR USE OR PUBLICATION.

JOAN

But this is as clear to me as you are.

CATHERINE

Go. Answer boldly. We will be waiting for you.

*CATHERINE touches JOAN'S forehead. They hold there a moment before JOAN rises and exits to follow the guards.*

MICHAEL

I worry her head isn't in the right place.

CATHERINE

It's exactly where it's meant to be! Sitting on her shoulders like a crown, with faith and intelligence and pride. She is nothing but honest and true to herself, why are you so harsh with her?

MICHAEL

It's going to lead her to the pyre, Catherine, don't you understand?

MARGARET

But we cannot ask her to lie about who she is.

CATHERINE

Was it not you, Michael, that said she was meant to die anyway?

MICHAEL

I only said that so she would feel better about it. You two said the very same thing, preaching on and on about what martyrdom means.

CATHERINE

You were never a martyr, Michael, I'll ask you not to pretend like you understand them.

MARGARET

It's not important who was and who wasn't a martyr.

*MARGARET takes the skirt back.*

# DRAFT COPY. NOT FOR USE OR PUBLICATION.

MARGARET (cont'd)

Is this what we're fighting over? A piece of cloth?

CATHERINE

It means a lot more to her than that.

MARGARET

Alright. (beat) And so what? If she's going to be put to death anyway, what's a little violation of divine law on top of the heresy?

*MICHAEL takes the skirt.*

MICHAEL

Because what if it really is a violation of divine law?

CATHERINE

We don't know?

MICHAEL

I don't. He's never told any of us otherwise.

MARGARET

I'm worried.

CATHERINE

About?

MARGARET

He hasn't been talking to us very much lately.

CATHERINE

I know.

*Catherine looks at Michael.*

MICHAEL

What?

# DRAFT COPY. NOT FOR USE OR PUBLICATION.

CATHERINE

He's spoken to you, hasn't he?

*Michael shakes his head.*

MARGARET

I don't understand, what have we done wrong?

MICHAEL

Maybe it's not what we've done but what we're going to do.

CATHERINE

Well, maybe he trusts us to make decisions for ourselves. As we should trust her.