

All Their Worlds

A Script
(736 Words)

Humanitix Order Number XGCYJ8S3

ACT 1

INT. DAY. GEORGE'S COLONIAL-STYLE BEDROOM. A LOOSE STRAW MATTRESS ON THE BED. ADZE IN THE CORNER. GEORGE (18) STANDS SINGING HYMNS. JOHN (17) SEATED ON THE BED.

GEORGE

(sits next to John)

That should pacify my old mother.

JOHN

That and the medicinal you put in her drink.

GEORGE

Too much, perhaps?

JOHN

The doctor didn't say.

GEORGE

She seemed quite taken by it.

JOHN

She suffers from the loss of your sister. But her
headache is likely from this heat.

GEORGE

It came on strongly though.

JOHN

(smiles and kisses cheek)

Better for us.

GEORGE

Quiet. Did you hear her stir?

JOHN

(listens)

Nothing.

GEORGE

(stands, checks doorway)

I should sing another Hymn.

JOHN

God doesn't abide the likes of us that you should sing
another.

GEORGE

How fearless of God you are! But my mother doesn't
warrant such fearlessness.

JOHN

(removes straw from the mattress,
throws it to the floor, lies back,
reposition himself)

Sing then. Perhaps it will put me to sleep as well.

GEORGE

(sits next to him again)

Stop pulling the straw!

JOHN

(throws another handful)

I think not.

GEORGE

(holds hand, amused)

Be still!

JOHN

She sleeps.

GEORGE

How can you be sure?

JOHN

She's a nightmare when awake.

GEORGE

(laughs)

That's my mother you're speaking about.

JOHN

Fishwife.

GEORGE

Pillar of the community, unlike you.

JOHN

And what am I?

GEORGE

Trouble!

JOHN

It's my troublesome nature that brought me to you.

GEORGE

(kisses him)

I love your troublesome nature.

JOHN

(laughs cheekily)

It rests well in your hand!

MRS POLLARD GROANS AND SHOUTS OUT GEORGE'S NAME ANGRILY.
SILENCE.

JOHN (CONT'D)

We should run away now.

GEORGE

No. We'll add to the coins we have hidden under the
kitchen dresser and when your time's done, we'll
leave.

JOHN

I'd get us more coins too, if I had a chance.

GEORGE

(chastises)

There will be no pick-pocketing in the Swan River
Colony!

JOHN

(stands, pouts, dramatically)

Anyway, I could earn an honest living as a shepherd,
now I'm skilled.

GEORGE

(points to the corner)

And I'll take that adze and work the land.

JOHN

(dramatically)

Farewell to my old world and this new one.

GEORGE

(throwing straw high)

Yes, farewell to them both.

JOHN

The other world!

TOGETHER

America!

GEORGE

(laughing)

Sh! Or it'll be the next world for us.

JOHN

(checks doorway)

She sleeps soundly now.

(returns, pulls covers up)

FADE TO BLACK. BOYS LOW CHUCKLING. THEN MOTHER'S SCREAMING
'WHAT ARE YOU DOING?' 'YOU DEVILS, STOP THAT!'

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2

INT. DAY. SETTING CONTINUED. MRS POLLARD SITS ON THE EDGE OF GEORGE'S BED WITH HER BLOODIED HANDS HOLDING HER HEAD. ADZE IS ON THE FLOOR. GEORGE'S BODY IS COVERED.

MRS POLLARD

(maniacal)

Johnny Gavin! Johnny Gavin! I have sent for the law!

What are you looking for in the kitchen? Did you forget you murdered my son?

JOHN

(enters the bedroom)

What ails you so that you could harm your child?

Make bandages.

MRS POLLARD

You ran from this room. It is you who has murdered George.

JOHN

I ran from fear of you and returned out of -- Dead?

(rushes to the bed)

George! George!

MRS POLLARD

(kicks, lurches) You murdering villain!

JOHN

(backs away)

Don't come near me. Don't put a drop of his blood on me.

MRS POLLARD

(vicious)

I will say I suspect you for this!

JOHN

I didn't murder him and if you won't admit to it, then
you should say he did it to himself.

MRS POLLARD

(defiant)

My son could not strike the back of his own head.

JOHN

(pleads)

Ma'am please.

MRS POLLARD

I hear the soldiers now.

JOHN

Don't say I murdered George.

MRS POLLARD

(sly)

You know the truth of what you have done in this
room.

JOHN

(falls to knees - weak.)

Forgive me! I loved dear George. I will repent what
was done and pray for George's soul for all my days.

MRS POLLARD

(points to adze)

George did not have the time to pray for God's
forgiveness. Why should you?

JOHN

(desperate)

Then smash my brains out too! Don't let me be
hanged with this lie. Smash my brains out!

MRS POLLARD
(formidable)

I will not stain my hands with your blood. I deliver
you to the law.

Murderer.

JOHN
(grabs skirt)

But I didn't. I didn't. I didn't.

SOLDIERS ENTER AND TAKE JOHN FROM THE ROOM.

END