

## SCENE EIGHT | ORAL PRESENTATION

STUDENT 1 *A spotlight*  
*A STUDENT.*

STUDENT 1 Bonjour Miss Dunkirk.  
And class.  
*[Nervously drops her palm cards. They flutter to the ground.]*  
Sorry.  
I'm sorry-

Another spotlight.  
Another STUDENT.

STUDENT 2 But rather than apologise,  
rather than surrender,  
Joan held true.  
When she was captured by the Burgundians  
(her own people!)  
then sold to the English,  
she didn't fight.  
This girl who had slept in her armour,  
cut off her hair,  
who'd rode out to battle,  
suddenly went –

STUDENT 3 Silent:  
a poem for Joan.  
Miss Dunkirk, you asked us for our take on The Maid.  
And I have chosen to express my thoughts through verse.

STUDENT 1 Sorry –  
I'm sorry-  
Hold on -  
Just give me a second -

STUDENT 2 The Church were infuriated.

They wanted remorse.

STUDENT 1 I should have numbered these...

STUDENT 2 A confession –

STUDENT 1 I shouldn't have started this assignment last night...

STUDENT 2 An admission of some kind.  
They wanted to sweep everything Joan stood for under  
the carpet.  
Away.  
Out of sight.  
She was too powerful a symbol. Too mythic a presence.  
They had to rebuke her / holiness.

STUDENT 3 Whole blue sky.  
Stretching out  
out  
out above.  
I am the trees.  
I am the rivers.  
I am the deer, the fox, the boar.  
My womb is full of France.  
Fecund.  
I hold all her history.  
I hold all her future.  
Here are the shores.  
Here are the cobblestones of Monmartre.  
Here are the glittering lights of Paris.  
Here is Euro Disney.  
'Let's ride Space Mountain Madeline!'  
'Oui'  
'ARGHHHHHHHHH!'  
SOW!  
BITCH!  
/WITCH!

STUDENT 2        Which maybe explains why Joan chose to say nothing at all.  
                      She didn't talk.  
                      She refused to answer their questions.  
                      She gave them no ammunition with which to prosecute her.  
                      And her silence was deafening.  
                      Infuriating.

STUDENT         And then she died.  
                      *[Looks at her cards, looks up.]*  
                      Wait.  
                      That's wrong.

STUDENT 3        I hear the mob.

STUDENT 2        They offered to save her life...

STUDENT 3        I smell the gasoline.

STUDENT 2        ... if she renounced what she stood for ...

STUDENT 3        I taste the smoke.

STUDENT 2        But she didn't.

STUDENT 1        *[She has control of her palm cards]*  
                      OKAY.

STUDENT 2        She held strong.

STUDENT 1        Bonjour.  
                      *[She drops the cards.]*

STUDENT 3        Fin.