

**CLOVIS.** Thank you, Madame Arcati. I know I have unfinished business. But I don't know what it is.

**GARBIELA.** It must have to do with what happened up there. What do you see when you go up?

**CLOVIS.** I don't know. I go up there but I never remember what happens.

**GARBIELA.** Everyone thinks Fantine started the fire, but you were up there too.

**CLOVIS.** I didn't start it.

**GARBIELA.** You just said you don't know what happened up there.

**CLOVIS.** Fantine got kicked out of the play at the last minute.

**GARBIELA.** Were you angry at your mother for some reason? Did you sneak backstage?

**CLOVIS.** I wouldn't have done that.

**GARBIELA.** She thinks you did. I'm going up.

**CLOVIS.** Do me a favor?

**GARBIELA.** What?

**CLOVIS.** If it turns out it was me, don't tell anyone.

**GARBIELA.** I can't promise that.

**CLOVIS.** Then how about this: If it was me, don't tell me.

**GARBIELA.** *(To the audience:)* The journey into the theatre was scary and difficult to stage. I'm just gonna narrate the way in, with a little help from The Oasis.

*(And now, most likely without moving, RILEY narrates to GARBIELA, and GARBIELA narrates to the audience.)*

**RILEY.** I was shooting free throws after school, and the ball got away from me. I followed it behind the bleachers. And there was a vent that had come loose. When I looked in, it was a shaft that led way up. There were little rivets that I could put my feet on . . .

**GARBIELA.** *(To the audience:)* So I climbed.

**RILEY.** At the top, it went sideways, farther than I could see. An air-conditioning vent.

**GARBIELA.** *(To the audience:)* I fit, barely. And I started to crawl. It was easier to move forward than back. And the farther I crawled in, the smaller it got.

**RILEY.** I could see a light ahead. When I wriggled up to it, I was suddenly in the theatre, but only halfway, up to my waist. I got lucky. Just within reach was a ladder. I grabbed it and climbed down. But *you* can't do that.

**GARBIELA.** Why not?

**RILEY.** I left through the doors. I just had to get out of there. But I wanted to make sure no one else would get in. So I moved the ladder.

**GARBIELA.** *(To the audience:)* I was suddenly in the theatre, but only up to my waist, fifteen feet in the air. There was nothing to grab on to, and no way to move back. I could yell for help, or I could let myself fall, headfirst. Yell or fall?

**A THOUGHT (SFX).** Yell or fall.

**GARBIELA.** *(To the audience:)* For ten minutes.

**A SECOND THOUGHT (SFX).** Yell or fall.

**GARBIELA.** *(To the audience:)* And finally:

**A THOUGHT (SFX).** Fall.

*(Blackout. From GARBIELA, a sharp cry of pain. Then: The ghost light turns on.)*

**RILEY.** There's some sort of after-hours light.

**GARBIELA.** *(To RILEY:)* It's called a ghost light. It's there to keep you safe.

**RILEY.** When I saw the theatre, I couldn't believe it.

**GARBIELA.** Couldn't believe what?

**RILEY.** It's not burnt out. They rebuilt it. It's beautiful.

*(RILEY exits. GARBIELA takes in the theatre. She can't quite believe it either.)*

**GARBIELA.** State of the art. Thrust stage. Plush seating. LED lights.

*(Now our attention is called to a prop table. Perhaps GARBIELA notices it, or it lights up. Or it creaks onstage magically. The appearance of the table begins a brief journey into the past.)*

**ANNOUNCEMENT (SFX).** Places everyone! Places! Five minutes 'til curtain.

*(A small ball rolls onto stage. This intrigues GARBIELA, who goes to it. As she picks it up, she becomes THREE-YEAR-OLD GARBIELA. We're in the past.)*

**JACKSON.** *(Offstage:)* Where is she?