

# OUT OF THE DARKNESS

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## CHARACTERS

JO

A young woman who is on the verge of discovering more than a piece of jewelry.

## SETTING

A basement storeroom.

SCENE

*(JO enters a musty basement storeroom. She pokes around some boxes for a moment before calling out.)*

JO

Are you sure it's down here? I don't see it.

*(She listens to something we can't hear.)*

What? Can you...

*(Pause as she listens again, then she calls out...)*

I can't... Hang on.

*(She takes out a cell phone, dials.)*

What did you... *(Pause.)* I said I don't see it. *(Pause.)* Alright, hold on.

*(Jo moves a box out of the way and finds a small keepsake box.)*

Wait, I think I...

*(She opens the box, rummages through it, knocking out a piece of paper before pulling out a necklace or other piece of jewelry.)*

Yeah, this is it. Thank you. Honestly, mom, I don't know how you remember where everything is. *(Pause.)* Well from the looks of it, no one's been down here in this little corner of Dante's Inferno since the Civil War.

*(During the next line she starts putting everything back in the box.)*

No. *(Laughs.)* It doesn't sound like that will ever be on my travel list either.

*(She is about to put the piece of paper back in when her curiosity gets the best of her. To herself...)*

What's this? *(Pause, as she opens it.)* No, not you. I found a little piece of paper in the box. It has a poem written on it. The Light of Catherine... Mom, did dad write this for you? It doesn't look like his handwr... Oh. Oh ohh *(A good-natured chuckle like she's found a just a little nugget of naughtiness.)*. Who's Julius?

*(She looks at the poem closer.)*

The stars in your eyes... Hair of fine... This is... Pretty uh...

*(She sees something in the poem that makes her stand up straight, with a look of confusion.)*

Mom? Why does he talk about the touch of your hand on his breast?

*(She scrutinizes the bottom of the poem.)*

That doesn't say Julius, does it? That... Julia? Oh my god. Mom... Are you... Were you... *(Pause.)* Why didn't you ever say anything? *(Pause.)* No, it *shouldn't* come to light like this. That's why you maybe should have said something. *(Pause.)* Does dad know? *(Pause.)* Well, don't you think he should? *(Pause.)* I mean,...

*(Jo listens as she puts the note back in the box.)*

No, of course I won't say anything if you don't want me to, but... *(Pause.)* Yes, I do think it's a mistake. Look, I don't love you any less than I did two minutes ago, and dad's going to feel the same. *(Pause.)* Yeah, I am sure. Well, as sure as I can be. I don't want you to feel like you have to live a lie. I can't imagine he would either. He loves you.

*(She has finished putting things back the way they were, but then a thought occurs to her and she grabs the box.)*

I'm coming up, mom. And I'm bringing the poem. Let's take this out of the darkness.

*(She hangs up, and exits. Lights out.)*