

10.

*Gil and Joan and Mim in the flooded basement.
Gil sits, arms folded, not happy about any of this.
Joan acts as Mim's Executor, and enjoys the hell out of it.
She's never felt quite this important before.*

JOAN

So now you make a video.

MIM

What do I say?

JOAN

Just—you know, say what you're thinking. What you're feeling.

GIL

She doesn't need to make a video because this isn't going to be Terminal.

MIM

(into the camera)

Hey. My name is Mim. What's up.

GIL

This is modified. We agreed. Like—this would be the PG-13 version. Nobody reaches Terminus in PG-13 versions.

MIM

I'm gonna play a Game with leeches now. Leeches scare the shit out of me. They're ugly and gross and they look like rubberbands and they kinda leech around and if you look at them up close they have these tiny little circular mouths, like bathroom drains—with fangs.

GIL

I think we should stop this now.

JOAN

Shhh, she's recording.

MIM

Seriously, I *hate* leeches.

(to Joan)

Bring on the leeches!!

*Joan gestures to turn the camera off.
Mim turns the camera off.*

Doesn't anybody ever record their turn?
MIM

(*same time, shocked*)
No!
GIL & JOAN

Whoa, OK. Why not?
MIM

GIL
Because this isn't some prurient S&M dungeon thing, Mim, this is spiritual! This is transcendent! This is— there's no way for you to understand. We should just stop this now.

(*to Joan*)
He's upset.
MIM

(*to Gil*)
One turn, we said. And then she goes back to her mom. Come on.
JOAN

Yeah, Gil. Come on.
MIM

Beat.
Gil shrugs: do what you want.
With great ceremony and flourish, Joan takes out a jar of leeches.
Mim shivers. This is so gross.
Joan unscrews the lid of the jar.

(*solemnly*)
Mim to Joan of Arc.
Mim enters the Game.
(*her usual tone*)
I should strip.
MIM

Don't strip!!
GIL

MIM
I should. So there's more body-surface for the leeches.

JOAN

She's got a point.

MIM

If I'm gonna do something—modified or not—I really *do* it. I'm ambitious. That's how I got to be captain of my soccer team.

JOAN

You play soccer? I hate soccer.

GIL

(as Mim strips)

Please—God—please don't take your clothes off—stop that—Mim—please stop that—

Mim stops when she's down to her panties and bra.

JOAN

(with some envy)

I didn't need a bra when I was twelve.

MIM

I'm fourteen, OK? FourTEEN.

*For emphasis, she plunges her hand into the jar of leeches.
Even Joan draws back, a little grossed out.*

JOAN

I'm supposed to be your Executor.

MIM

Oh. Sorry. Go ahead.

*Using cooking tongs, Joan plucks leeches out of the jar.
She puts them on Mim's body. Arms, shoulders, chest, legs.
Mim is crawling with leeches.
She is simultaneously disgusted, scared, and ecstatic.*

MIM

Ewwww. This is so gross. This is so disgusting. Oh God. Fuck. Shit this is sick. Oh Jesus. Shit shit shit. Fuck!

GIL

She didn't learn those words from me.

JOAN

Shhh! Don't distract her!

*She covers Mim with leeches.
When Mim is leeches, Joan takes a step back.
She and Gil stand and watch Mim writhe, gasp, and struggle with the darkest
corners of her soul.*

GIL

Just this once.

JOAN

You think I want a kid hanging around? You think I want her Obstacling our Game?

GIL

Just this once and then she goes home.

JOAN

You think I'm gonna want to keep her around?

Beat.

GIL

You were really enjoying being her Executor.

JOAN

No I wasn't.

GIL

Yeah you were.

JOAN

I was just doing a good job. That's all.

GIL

This isn't even the real Game. This is PG-13 Game. You don't have to do *that* good a job.

JOAN

If I'm gonna do something—modified or not—I really *do* it. I'm ambitious.

She and Gil look at each other.

GIL

You like her.

JOAN

She's kind of a brat. She's smart.

GIL

Joan— *(warning)*

JOAN

She's fine! OK. She's fine.
She seems to be enjoying herself.

GIL

Tell her to put her clothes on.
Leeches off, clothes on.

JOAN

You're so concerned about her? You didn't even tell me that she existed.

GIL

Don't start with me.

MIM

Hey, look at this!!

Surprised, they look.
Mim holds a wriggling dangling leech right above her face.

MIM

See Dad, no hands.

She lets go of the leech and catches it in her mouth.
She swallows the leech.
Gil and Joan stare at her, wide-eyed, nauseated.

MIM

I was right. I like this Game. It makes me feel strange.