

# **THE STATUE**

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Version 1.8**

**Original Cast  
The Statue: Isabelle Perez-Bode  
The Huntsman: Daniel Stein**

HUNTSMAN: We find ourselves in a ruined castle. In the center of the throne room is a broken STATUE, which has fallen off its base and has crashed onto an adjacent pillar base. The throne room has been dragged through time, the crumbling walls and pillars are sprawling with vines. So ancient that dirt and grass has fully replaced the floor, and the structure itself is a faint memory of the grandeur it once was. The broken STATUE lies looking at the sky at a terribly crooked angle. She was carved in the Image of the Sun Goddess, a beauty that is difficult to look at. She was chiseled of a white marble with streaks of gold swirling around her skin and hair. Her right arm is down, but her forearm and palm are towards the sky. Her index finger points out and the other fingers curl as if loosely holding something. Her left arm is down behind her body, gently pointing as well. Her left leg is holding her weight as her right leg was broken off.

STATUE: Slowly an old HUNTSMAN enters. The large and very old man ambles forward. He wears a large cloak of leather, cloth, and furs, which hug his broad shoulders. A thick unkempt beard of brown and gray hairs spread out like roots. His face is textured with injuries, giving his grizzled jaw the look of an elder bear ready to rip apart its food. He is clean- as to hide his scent from prey. He carries a bow and quiver, a dagger, and a cumbersome pack of food, water, supplies and tools. His skin is well tanned from years of hard labor in direct sunlight. His wrinkled flesh is scarred from brutal fights he bearly escaped from.

The HUNTSMAN follows some tracks laid by a rabbit. After looking around he decides to set down his pack of supplies and eat. He takes a large sliver of dried meat and rips into it.

STATUE  
Mmmmhhh.

HUNTSMAN perks up like a deer. He listens... then goes back to eat.

STATUE  
Sounds yummy.

The HUNTSMAN quickly stands and glances around.

HUNTSMAN  
Hello?

The HUNTSMAN draws his dagger. Patiently he listens for whoever spoke to make their attack.

STATUE  
Oh, it's a man! I thought you were a bear.

HUNTSMAN  
Who is there? Who- What lady is out here- watching me?!

STATUE  
Behind you.

The HUNTSMAN whips around to see the broken STATUE lie still. He

approaches slowly, keeping an eye out behind him for an ambush. He stands close studying the fallen body.

STATUE  
...Hi.

The old HUNTSMAN steps back in total shock. He stands just as still as the statue before him. He breathes and points the dagger at the STATUE.

HUNTSMAN  
Did this statue talk to me?

A long pause ensues. The HUNTSMAN relaxes and lowers his guard.

STATUE  
Yes.

Again he points the dagger out and trembles as he questions his mind.

HUNTSMAN  
You're not!

STATUE  
Yes I am.

HUNTSMAN  
NOO!

The old HUNTSMAN turns away and  
tenses his body. Unable to believe.

STATUE

It's alright- *people always freakout*- I can't eat you! Calm down. I  
can't even move...You're safe here with me.

HUNTSMAN

Nothing like this exists! You're not real!

STATUE

Hey. That's not nice. I am real. Just like anything else. I am talking  
to *you*- aren't I?

HUNTSMAN

I've been drunk before- and know reality can be altered... And I  
know stone CAN'T TALK! Only man can talk.

STATUE

I'm a woman and I'm talking!

HUNTSMAN

You're stone!

STATUE

And you're flesh. Honestly, I always thought what *you* are is much weirder than what *I* am. I'm simple. I'm from the Earth. Nothing different than where you came from.

HUNTSMAN

You're just a statue. A lifeless *dead* statue. You're just a nightmare!

STATUE

Quiet your tongue! You are speaking to the Sun Goddess.

HUNTSMAN

Oh- oh- You are not a god. There is no such thing. There are no gods of anything!

STATUE

Then how am I here?

HUNTSMAN

I don't know!

*...Must have been those mushrooms I had for lunch...*

STATUE

Relax. I enjoy talking to those who pass through my kingdom.

HUNTSMAN

How could *you* be the ruler of this land?

STATUE

I never said that, merely I live here, so this is *my* kingdom. I hope you'd treat a lady with more respect when you enter her own home, but I guess the youthful are always ignorant.

HUNTSMAN

Youth? I'm old! Look at me.

STATUE

I can't move my head, you must stand closer so I may see you!

I may look youthful and perfect, but I am actually *very* old compared to you.

HUNTSMAN

...I guess you are made of stone...

How long have you been here?

STATUE

It's been a while since someone passed through here. I try my best to keep track of each passing day, but I seem to doze off sometimes and stop counting for a while. If I had to guess... maybe 450 years... maybe 500.

HUNTSMAN

*500 years?*

STATUE

All I do is watch that ball of light watch over me, the moon waltzes through, the stars chase each other like children, and the soft

clouds take it all away. Oh, I *love* when an animal passes by and I get to see it!

HUNTSMAN

You don't do anything, but look at the sky?

STATUE

The sky is very beautiful!

And yes... That's all I can do- just lay here...

HUNTSMAN

How does it feel? To lay there after all this time?

STATUE

Oh nothing, really. I don't feel. No warmth or cold either. Nothing. All I have is my sight and my hearing- which honestly is not as good as it used to be!

HUNTSMAN

*You're telling me-*

STATUE

-I've heard of smelling and taste, but I still can't understand those very well...

HUNTSMAN

Oh, I use my sense of smell constantly. I use it to find the secrets of the past, it helps me track down my prey.

STATUE

Prey? You kill animals? You want to kill my animals?

HUNTSMAN

Yes. I'm a *Huntsman*. I *hunt* for the King, and I've been sent to hunt this illusive rabbit. It's been almost a year now and I still can't catch it... I always catch my *prey*.

STATUE

...my animals..?

HUNTSMAN

They do not belong to you! They are wild and free. Unlike me, who is bound to work for a brutal King. A King that treats his subjects like dirt.

STATUE

Well, I like the dirt. Being made of the Earth is actually nice.

HUNTSMAN

Pfff- I would be happier as dirt. Then my bones can finally stop aching from chasing this rabbit- a rabbit I don't even get to eat!

STATUE

It can't be that bad, *walking around*... and living, right?

HUNTSMAN

It's awful. Life is a brutal joke, where you're born- get broken- bleed- then die.

STATUE

Oh, there's plenty more than just those things. Those are the big things, but the small things make life beautiful.

HUNTSMAN

Like what?

STATUE

Bugs are small.

I like when they walk across my eyes... or when I hear them sing around me. The dirt is small, yet everything grows from it. Raindrops are small, yet I still like when they all pour down on me. Even if I don't feel it.

HUNTSMAN

...

STATUE

I like to imagine walking around to be fun. It must be. *You* can choose any direction you'd like, and you simply walk away, towards anything in the world.

HUNTSMAN

It's not as fun as it sounds. Being alive doesn't mean you're free. It means you need to survive! I need to eat food- which I hunt and *kill* for. I need to drink water and to go without it is hell. I need to sleep, yet when I do I ache even more still and my mind drowns in a sea of nightmares. When I'm awake, I must serve my King- whether I want to or *not*. Every moment is painful. You know *Nothing* of pain!

STATUE  
Nothing?

HUNTSMAN  
Yes. You don't need anything. You can just lie there and live for hundreds or thousands of years! Watch as we all die around you!

STATUE  
...

HUNTSMAN  
Can you even die? Have you feared death? What can you feel inside yourself if you don't even feel the world around you? You're just an empty husk!

STATUE  
...

The HUNTSMAN turns away from the STATUE. He huffs, sits down and ravenously eats his food and drinks water. After a while, the STATUE speaks again.

STATUE  
I forget how bitter people become.

HUNTSMAN  
I've always been like this.

STATUE

A child is not bitter. A baby is not bitter.

HUNTSMAN

Maybe the wealthy and privileged babies you saw, but I was born onto a farm as cattle.

STATUE

Cattle?

HUNTSMAN

My own father made me work every single day of my life. From the moment I could walk I was spreading seeds for the chickens. The moment I could run I was sent to chase down sheep. My muscles ached as I slept in the barn right next to the horses and their shit!

STATUE

Why would your parents ever do such a thing to a child?

HUNTSMAN

My father needed to eat, so I was born to feed him. I was livestock. He punished me for bleeding from his own attacks-

STATUE

Oh God.

HUNTSMAN

That's why I left. I had to take my sister away from that man. That pathetic *man*...

STATUE

Where is your sister now?

HUNTSMAN

I don't know whether my sister is alive or dead. I lost track of her...

STATUE

What happened?

HUNTSMAN

I don't like to talk about it...

STATUE

Oh...

HUNTSMAN

Talking about it doesn't change anything- It doesn't change what I did!

STATUE

What did you do?

HUNTSMAN

You ask so many questions.

STATUE

Well, I must... That's all I can do. Please tell me. I will listen...

HUNTSMAN

I lost my sister... I lost her- because I was arrested... for killing my father.

STATUE

You murdered your own father?

HUNTSMAN

To escape that farm- I had too! I tried to leave with her before and he'd catch me and... I did what I had to do. For my sister... She never deserved any of it- she couldn't escape- she couldn't defend herself.

I don't regret killing that animal.

STATUE

I don't blame you.

HUNTSMAN

My King disagreed. I was hunted down and imprisoned for my crime. They took her away from me and forced me to work in his fields. *Again*, I was forced to sweat and burn under that harsh unforgiving sun. A sun which rips into my flesh, where my mouth cracks and bleeds.

STATUE

I'm sorry that you've had to slave under the Sun...

I always heard light felt warm and lovely. Plants and animals alike bathe under it every day. Even shining on me every day, I've never felt the burning of its rays.

HUNTSMAN

Your stone skin would never feel that sickly heat. Heat that makes you feel like you're a bag of blood, boiling over, and you feel the water leaving your flesh as you tirelessly work from rise to set.

STATUE

*I've never felt the warmth of the Sun. I'm a goddess of something I've never even experienced...*

HUNTS turns around and gazes upon the STATUE. He rubs his hands in a worried way, only the way a brother would feel after upsetting his little sister.

HUNTSMAN

Well... maybe the sun isn't all that bad... The night is cold and dark. The sun gives us light, and I guess the warmth does feel good, sometimes...

STATUE

I'm sorry you were enslaved under the burning Sun.

HUNTSMAN

You already apologized! No point in feeling sorry for me. I will die soon anyway and all these painful memories can wash down stream...

(A long pause)

What do you remember?

STATUE

I remember it all... Sometimes when I think about it, it feels like I'm back then, back when people used to dance and sing around me. When children gave me flowers and shells.

HUNTSMAN

What do you first remember?

STATUE

Being alone in the dark. Then this loud banging. Then light. My eyes were chiseled out and my expression was set in stone. I was chiseled here inside the throne room- unable to turn my head- unable to blink. I was carved in the image of the Sun God. I stood proud and saw the rise of a prosperous kingdom and all the struggles after. Father to son, Mother to daughter. I watched my family born, live, have babies of their own, then die. I watched- loving all of them- for lifetimes...

HUNTSMAN

...then?

STATUE

...then my world burned. We finally lost and everyone was slaughtered right in front of me...

HUNTSMAN

...oh-

STATUE

-That night... That night my base was heavily damaged and I fell. In a moment of pure terror and fear- I fell. For the first time in my life, I felt movement. My vision *changed*. I went from the perfect center of the throne room- everything balanced and perfect.

Now I look out at the beautiful sky, and watch it cycle between light blue and deep violet.

HUNTSMAN

I understand what you went through.

STATUE

You do?

HUNTSMAN

Eventually I earned my freedom, which was being sent to distant fields. I was sent into villages and into homes...

I am the same as those who stole your life away.

STATUE

Did you... murder innocent people?

HUNTSMAN

Yes.

STATUE

How could you do that? How could you slaughter people? People who just wanted to live like you. What kind of monster are you?!

HUNTSMAN

I AM NOT A MONSTER! ...I'm a boy. I am a foolish boy...

STATUE

A boy does not murder. Men murder.

HUNTSMAN

What of your precious animals? They murder too.

STATUE

They have no choice.

HUNTSMAN

I had no choice!

STATUE

You always have a choice.

HUNTSMAN

That's not true.

STATUE

To live as a human is to choose. You chose to kill children!

HUNTSMAN

Then stand up! Then get off the ground and look me in the eyes!  
But you can't. You can't choose to stand. You can't even walk! So  
what say you of free will, when you can't even do something all  
living creatures do?

STATUE

Trees and grass don't-

HUNTSMAN

-YOU ARE NOT GRASS. You aren't alive. Do not judge mortals  
for their actions when you- yourself cannot suffer. Pathetic gods,  
sit on their throne, then burn men for their actions. When does  
god burn for her actions?

STATUE

You are a terrible person.

HUNTSMAN

At least I am a person. You're an imitation of a person. You have  
hands and feet, yet you don't use those. You were made to look  
like you have ribs and organs, yet inside is solid. You were  
designed to look human, yet you never felt the warmth of your  
own mother's womb. Everything alive came from their mother- yet  
you came from a slab of *rock*.

STATUE

I am a GOD!

HUNTSMAN  
THEN SMITE ME! NOW! DO IT!

STATUE

...

The HUNTSMAN breathes heavily. He stands over the STATUE.

HUNTSMAN

You don't even get to breathe. Don't claim you're a god. If you continue- I'll smash you into pieces. Then we'll see what you're made of.

STATUE

How dare you. You are filthy. I can't leave, yet you come into my world and threaten me... to kill me... I have never met anyone like you. You can blame your father and your king for how you act, but I truly see into you... You're not even alive.

HUNTSMAN

What?

STATUE

You're dead inside.

You poor thing.

To be born of flesh, yet to wither. You're empty. You are a husk...

HUNTS steps back. Truly targeted, he feels arrows pointed at him. She is right.

HUNTSMAN  
You're wrong.

STATUE  
Your soul is dried from your pain. I'm so sorry.

HUNTSMAN  
Stop that! Stop feeling sorry for me. Stop talking. If you continue I will smash your body!

STATUE  
...and kill me... like all the others you've killed? What's one more added onto the pile of corpses you've left in your wake? Wait. I guess I don't even count as a kill... since I'm not even alive. So do it. End me.

The HUNTSMAN storms over to his pack, he pulls out a small hammer. He holds it like a weapon, a weapon he's used to kill others before. He walks and stands over the STATUE. He lifts his hammer to kill again...

He screams and swings into her old base and begins to brutalize the stone. Loud cracks echo in the forest as birds flee away. He is the most violent

animal in the forest. The STATUE watches in fear...

He finishes his rampage and drops the hammer. He stumbles back and falls down and screams into the sky. He would weep if he could.

HUNTSMAN

You... BASTARD! I didn't ask for any of this! What did I do to be put in this body? To be me... what a perfect curse...

STATUE

I understand...

HUNTSMAN

You don't!

STATUE

I do.

HUNTSMAN

No-

STATUE

Shut up! I was placed in this body for some reason too. I'm just as stuck in this world as you are. At least you can die easily. I will have to wait until I slowly erode...or be crushed quickly.

(Moment)

I've always wanted to do what you just did. To go wild and tear something apart. I've watched animals rip into each other... I've always wanted to do it...

HUNTSMAN

It doesn't feel good...

STATUE

Then why do it?

HUNTSMAN

Your body and mind force you to.

STATUE

...That makes it seem like you are not your body... or your mind.

HUNTSMAN

I don't believe in a sol.

STATUE

Then what do you believe in?

HUNTSMAN

Stop asking me these questions. I don't want to hear your questions anymore!

STATUE

Then leave! I cannot. So if you choose to stand here, in my world, you will listen to me!

HUNTSMAN

I will leave.

STATUE

Good. Go. Take your sadness and pathetic life away from my garden.

HUNTSMAN

I am not pathetic...

STATUE

...

The STATUE remains still and quiet, as if it never spoke. The HUNTSMAN gathers his things and storms off into the dusk forest. Alone again the STATUE lies. She sings as the light slowly darkens, and the moon lights the throne room as twilight envelopes her world. Her song floats in the air, so gentle, yet so sad...

STATUE

*Oh ho... ohhhhh hooooo...*

*The Sun does shine on the Earth*

*Once a king, now new birth*

*Bright and high above*

*A boy long lived, never loved...*

*Ohhhh hooooo... oh ho...*

*The Moon does float in the sea  
Dancing round so gracefully  
Both are lost, both have found  
Life once more, underground...  
Ohhh... hoho...*

HUNTSMAN enters carefully. He listens to the STATUE weep. She hears him.

STATUE

What are you doing back here? I told you to leave!

HUNTSMAN

I just felt I should be back here...

STATUE

Humans are so ridiculous! Always contradicting yourselves.

HUNTSMAN

You have to!

You have to contradict yourself... Every mistake I've made, every wrong choice was an attempt at me doing the right one. But later you realize- you realize you hurt others, or yourself, even when you didn't mean to. When you mean to do harm... You can do a lot of damage... Human's bleed too easily, we're so so soft...

I don't want to be that man anymore. I don't want to be like my father. But I was, I am, but I won't be. I'm done lying to myself- but I can never stop contradicting myself. I need to contradict what I've said- what I've done- or else I stay where I was! I stay that same hateful man. Even at the end- I want to do better- I

want- I want what's best- I want to move on- I WANT TO SEE MY SISTER!

STATUE

...

HUNTSMAN

Without fail humans destroy- just like those who took away your family- just like my bloody past. I'm sorry...

STATUE

You're sorry?

HUNTSMAN

I almost attacked you... I saw it in you. I saw it in your eyes. I've seen it before. I'm sorry to make you feel...fear.

STATUE

Thank you... for coming back to say that. I wasn't expecting you too.

HUNTSMAN

Once I left- I just wandered- pissed off- mumbling to myself... then I look up and see the rabbit...

STATUE

The rabbit you were sent to hunt?

HUNTSMAN

Yes. It was ghostly. It was within reach- just me and it- staring at each other... It was beautiful. Then it was gone. I didn't chase it... I realized why. I don't want to hunt anymore. I wanted to come back and talk to you.

STATUE

Oh *really*?

HUNTSMAN

As I was walking back- I then realized what you said- the pain of being imprisoned- here- alone... and I thought of something.

STATUE

You thought of something? What?

HUNTSMAN

You've been stuck here for so long.

STATUE

Uh Huh-

HUNTSMAN

-Unable to see the world outside of these ruins.

STATUE

Just say it already!

HUNTSMAN

Will you travel with me?

STATUE

What.

HUNTSMAN

Will you travel with me?

STATUE

ARE YOU INSANE? In what world can I get up and travel with you?! I can't move!

HUNTSMAN

I know... I could carry you.

The STATUE begins to giggle, then laugh, then snort and cackle at the idea.

HUNTSMAN

What? Stop laughing- I'm serious!

STATUE

I'm a solid marble statue! You can't lift me. I weigh that of three people!

HUNTSMAN

I *am* an old man... but I've spent this long tiresome life plowing fields and lifting rocks.

I've always been a beast of burden.

STATUE

Impossible!

HUNTSMAN

I could try. Everyday we move a little further from here... Some days just steps. Maybe we don't move at all other days- But eventually we can travel away from here... wherever you like.

STATUE

You're lying to me!

The HUNTSMAN stands next to the STATUE. He touches her face.

HUNTSMAN

Will you let me try?

STATUE

...Yes.

The old HUNTSMAN pulls out some leather straps and ties the STATUE. He turns away and tightens the straps around his shoulders like an ox. He gets under her and heaves and the STATUE shifts. She inhales as her vision moves for the second time. HUNTS pushes himself harder and pulls the STATUE

away. Every step is difficult, every step is worth it. Both leave this world.

The audience is left in these ruins.