

## PROLOGUE

Materializing from darkness, Diana awakes after 100 years of deep sleep. Her eyes flutter open as she basks in still, lactic moonlight, granted by a kind constellation. As she dresses, the canopy bed above her begins to undulate, its carved wooden surface morphing, revealing images of a mythic landscape filled with chaos and disease. To soothe the ancient wood, Diana embraces the post closest to her, gently caressing the bewitched intarsia with her body.

Diana falls to the ground as the bed's tantrum ceases, overtaken by fatigue. The relics demented spirit vanishes through the window.

## SCENE I

A band of field mice, having viewed the scene from a small hole within the floorboards, emerge and gather around Diana's frozen form.

Atallo  
Is she alive ?

Eadlin  
Quiet child. Winifred, check the pulse I beg you.

Winifred nuzzles her whiskered head into Diana's wrist, inspecting for a pulse.

Winifred  
Alive (pause) but barely.

The field mice sigh in relief.

Eadlin  
Come my children, we must safely transport this mortal human from her wicked lodging.

As the field mice disperse around him, gathering supplies to build a pulley system, Eadlin stares in distrust at the ajar window.

Eadlin  
(speaking to Atallo) My friend, Advise Mrs Harries and the colony of tonight's happenings. An unleashed form such as this does not bode well. What has been scribed in such kindling seldom lies. Hurry! Hurry!

Atallo hurriedly exits through the floorboards.

## SCENE II

Mrs Harries and her son Gertie are seated in a corner of their hovel.  
With a hairbrush, Mrs Harries untangles Gerties matted coat, a patch of which has been stained green.

Mrs. Harries

Oh Gertie, you're always getting yourself into trouble, why must you allow your curiosity to get out of hand like this?

Gertie

(excitedly) But Mother I promise you it wasn't my fault! I -

Mrs Harries

(interrupting) That's the third time this season you've directly disobeyed your father and ventured outside the colony's jurisdiction into the cellar.

Gertie

(pleadingly) Mother but it wasn't my idea! The harvest mice promised me three gold coins in exchange for a few droplets of printing ink. Mother, I had to try! We could feed the entire family for weeks (pause), if only I hadn't woken the guard cat and spilled the ink ...

Mrs Harries

Nonsense! Enough excuses, as punishment I'm taking away your roaming and gathering privileges - you can help your sisters with the mending and cleaning.

Gertie

(sheepishly) Very well...

Mrs Harries finishes combing out Gerties Hair, rises from her seat, and begins exiting the hovel as Atallo rushes in.

Atallo

(out of breath) Grave news my lady.

**FADE TO BLACK**

Text by Connor Bokovay

Isabella Kressin (b. 1996) lives and works in Montreal. She was born in Toronto, Ontario, and spent her adolescence in Prince Edward Island, Canada. She has previously shown at Gern En Regalia in the duo exhibition entitled *A Mirror to Forget* with Jessica Butler, 2021. Recent group exhibitions include Pangée, Montreal, QC, Andrew Edlin, New York, NY, and Tilling, Montreal, QC. *Written in Mischief* is her first solo exhibition.