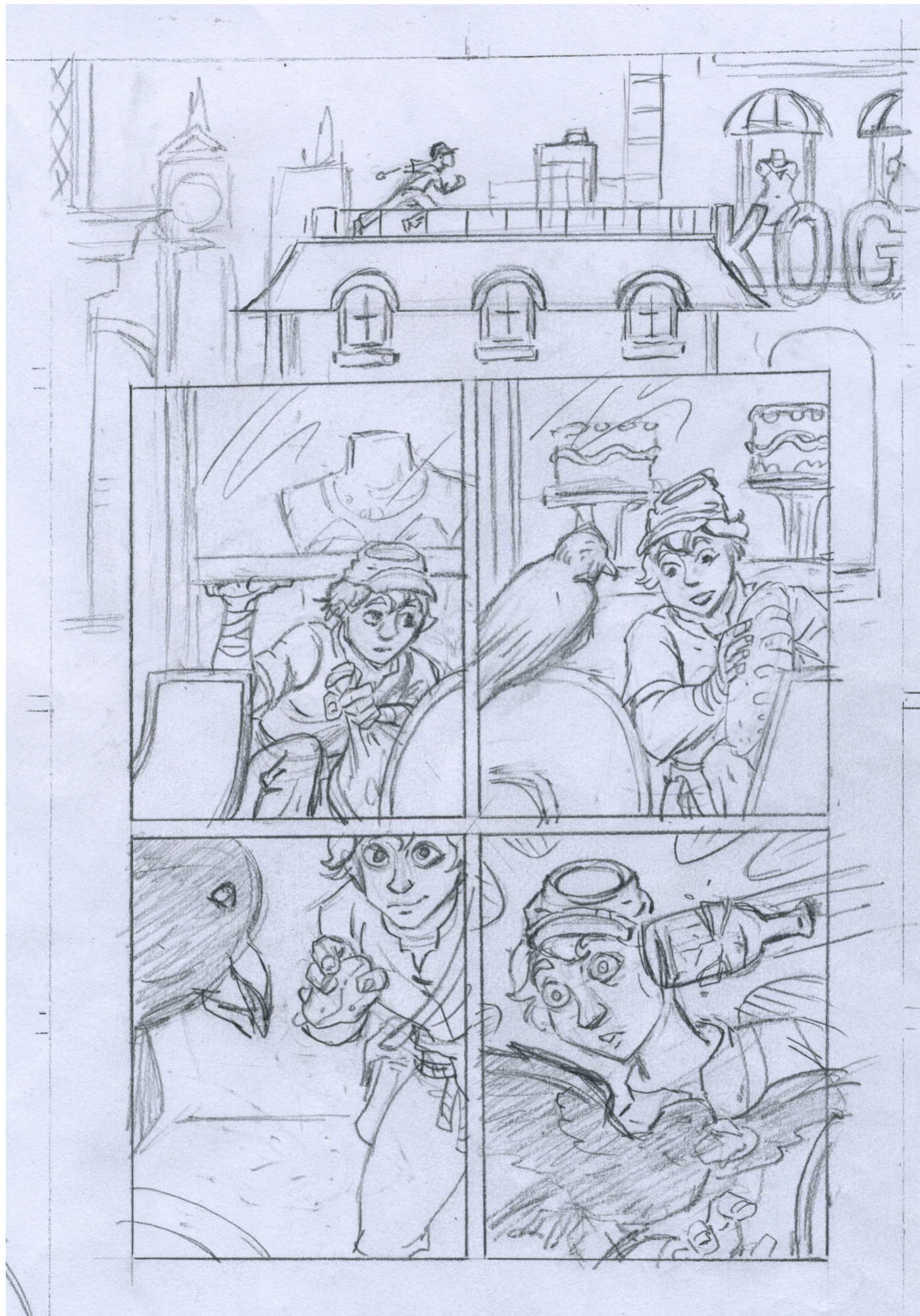


### Scene 1: Stealing along rooftops, caught, beaten, found

The boy is running atop urban rooftops in the night, breaking into an attic window, stealing silverware from one, a loaf of bread from another..

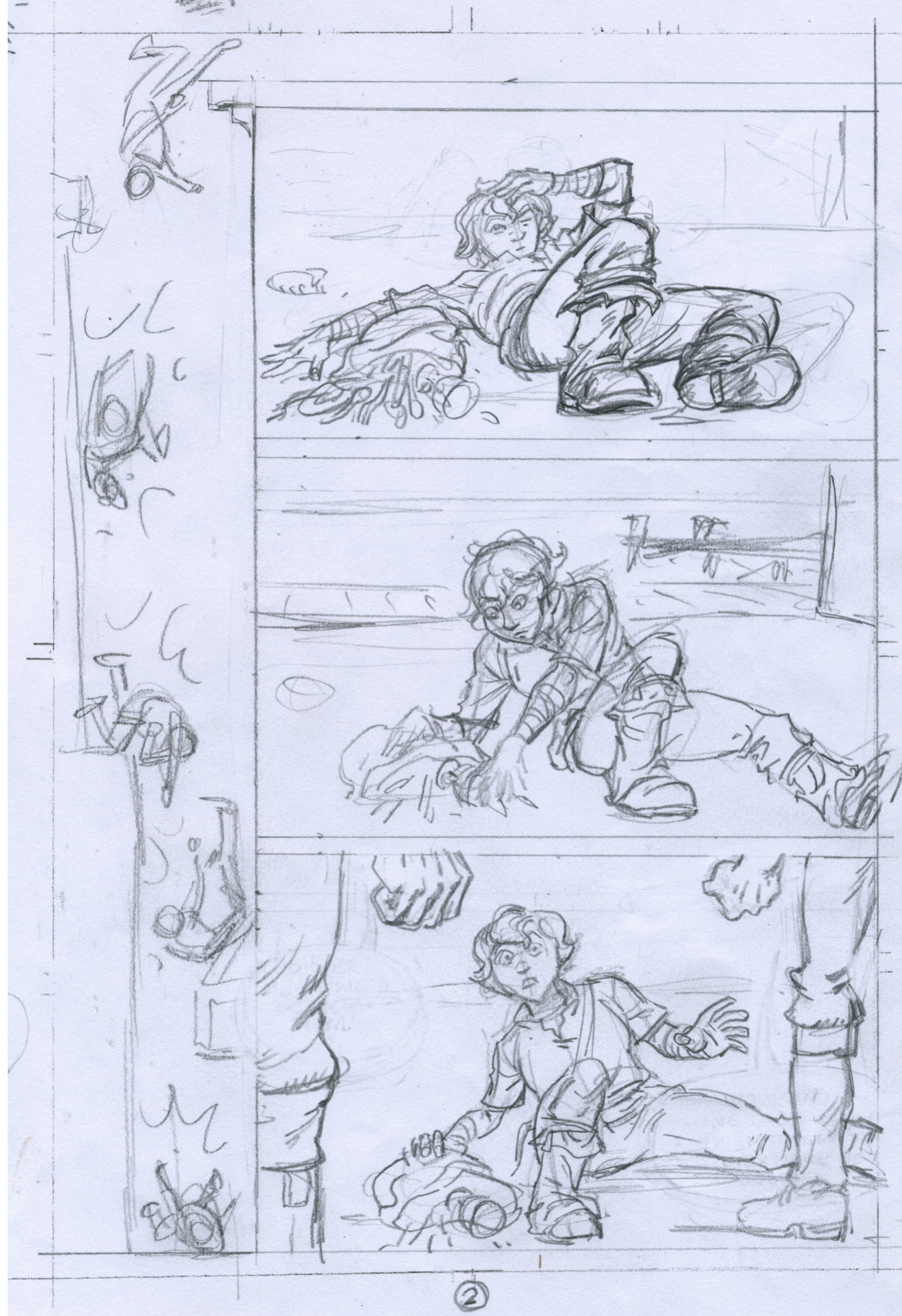
As he offers a piece of bread to a raven, a wine bottle thrown from below slams into his forehead, briefly causing him to lose consciousness, knocking him off his perch, falllllllllingggggg.....





He lands on the concrete below, awakens, tries to gather up the silverware that has spilled out of his pouch, runs, is chased by three men, caught, beaten.

Then:





“Didn’t think we’d catch him,” the biggest one says.

“Wouldn’t have if he hadn’t stopped to get the silverware he dropped,” says the man to his right.

“Is his arm supposed to bend like that?” the short one asks.

“Yeah...” says the man to his right, “just not in so many places.”

“Think he’ll be OK?” the first asks.

“Who cares?” The second replies.

“This alley’s a good place to leave him.” the third says. “I hear that nightboat might be dockin’ tonight.”

“Nightboat’s comin’?”

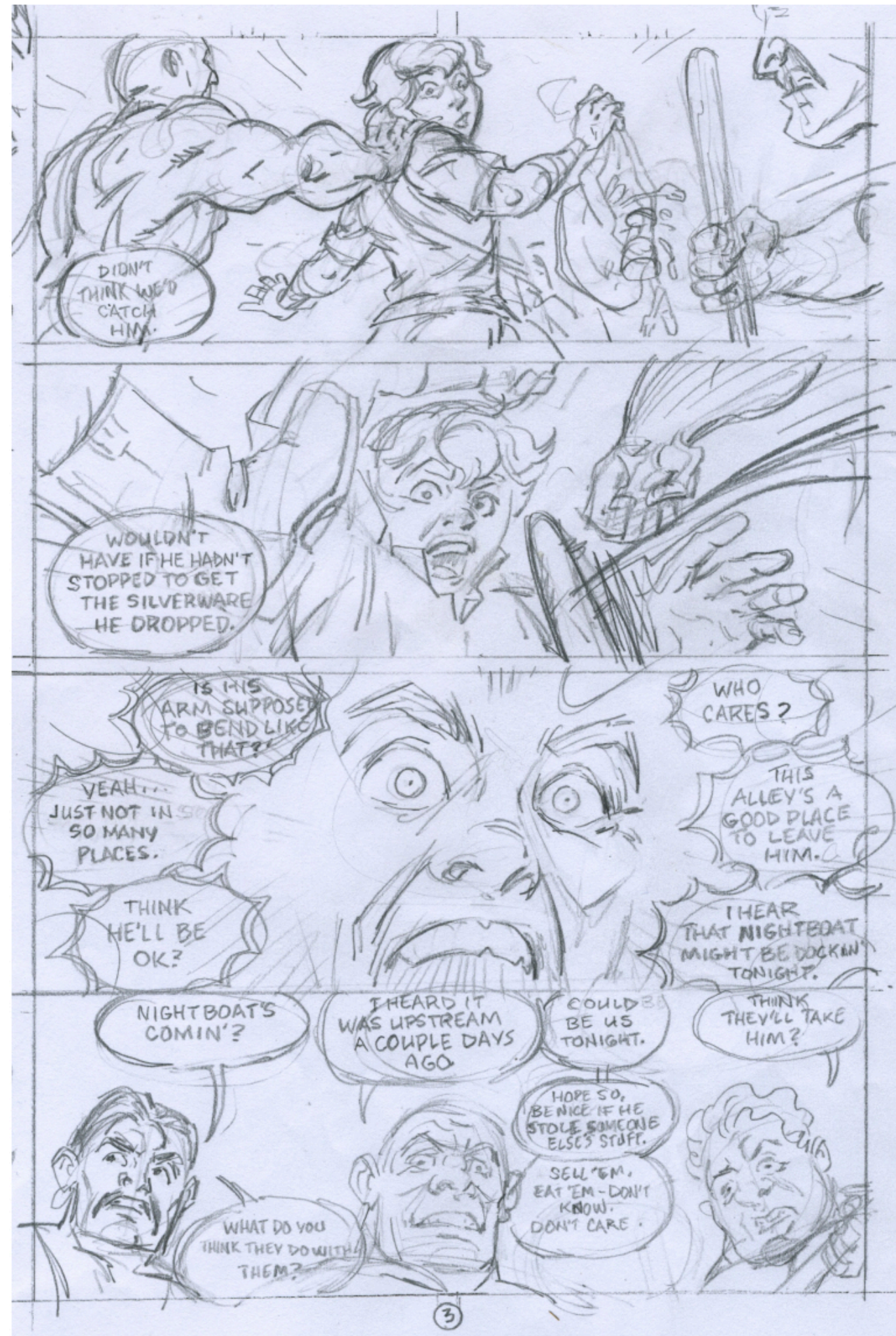
“I heard it was upstream a couple days ago. Could be us tonight.”

“Think they’ll take him?”

“Hope so. Be nice if he stole someone else’s stuff.”

“What do you think they do with them - the ones they take?”

“Sell ‘em, eat ‘em - Don’t know. Don’t care,” he said, turning to leave, as they follow in silence.





Two new figures now stand over the boy, looking down at him, their backs to a huge sail boat anchored against the wharf, the sun just beginning to rise behind the boat.

“Look Max, we gotta go. It’s almost sunrise.”

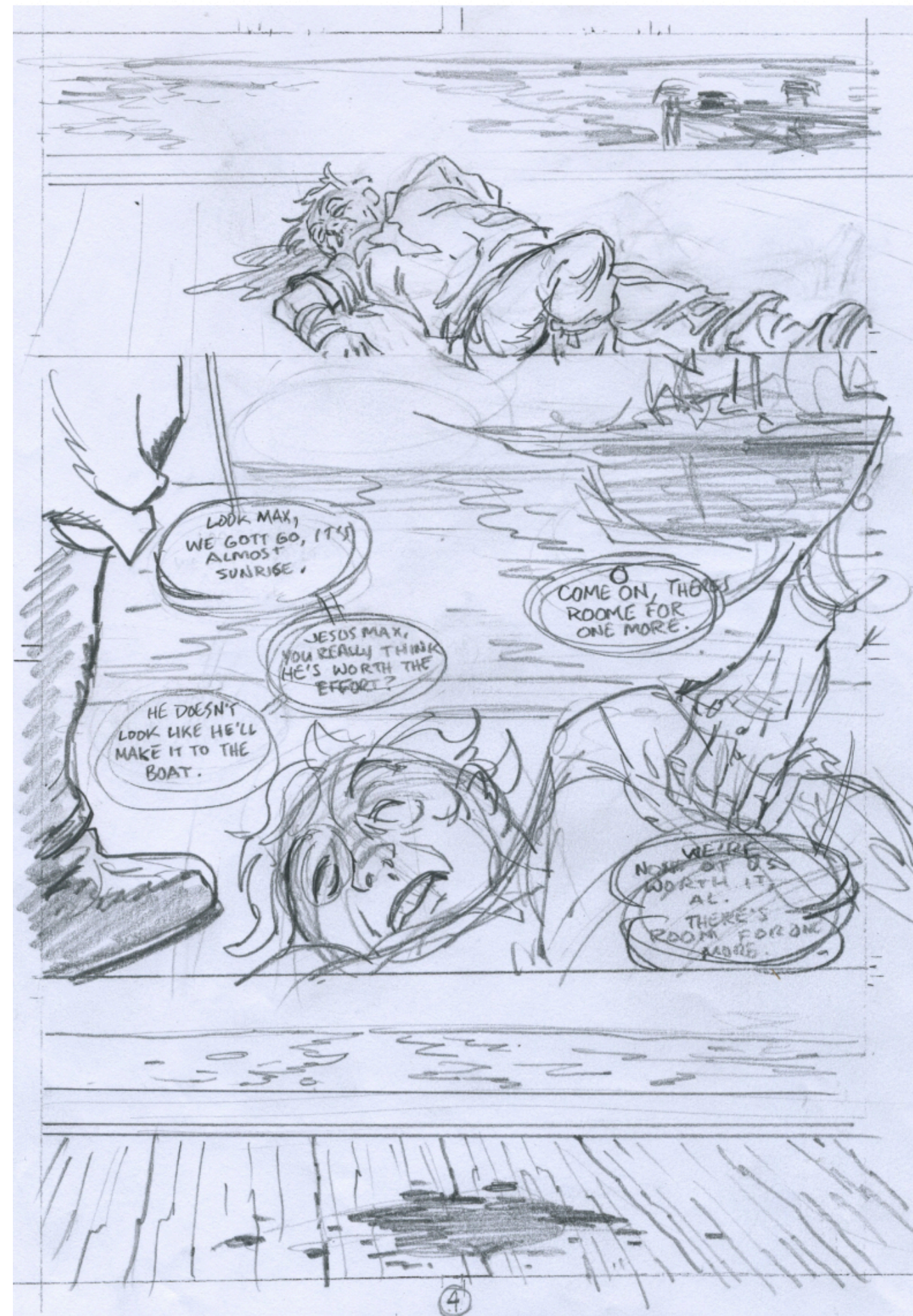
“O come on, there’s room for room one more.”

“Jesus, Max, you really think he’s worth the effort? He doesn’t look like he’ll make it to the boat.”

“We’re none of us worth it, Al,” as she bends down to carry him.

“There’s room for one more.”

[ In the next scene the sun is higher in the sky. It’s a beautiful day. The boat is gone, the men are gone, The boy is gone. A blood stain remains on the dockside alley way where he lay. ]





## Scene 2: Awakening on board the ship

[ The boy slowly is lying in a cot, bandaged with strips of cloth about his head, eyes and upper torso, one leg in a cast. Al and Max are bending over him; Al is changing the dressing on his wounds. ]

Hagen: I can't see! [ screaming as he begins to waken ]

Max: Relax kid. I'm just taking the bandages off your eyes. You've been out of it for days.

Hagen: You can touch me and hear me?

Max: Right. I can touch you and hear you.

Hagen: So I'm not dead then, right?

Max: Not yet. What's your name kid?

Hagen: Where am I?

Max: On the big river, between harbor towns. Floating downstream to the sea.

Hagen: But I mean this - what kinda place is this?

Max: This? It's not exactly a place, kid. You're on big boat.

Hagen: How'd I get here?

Max: Couple of us found you, brought you here

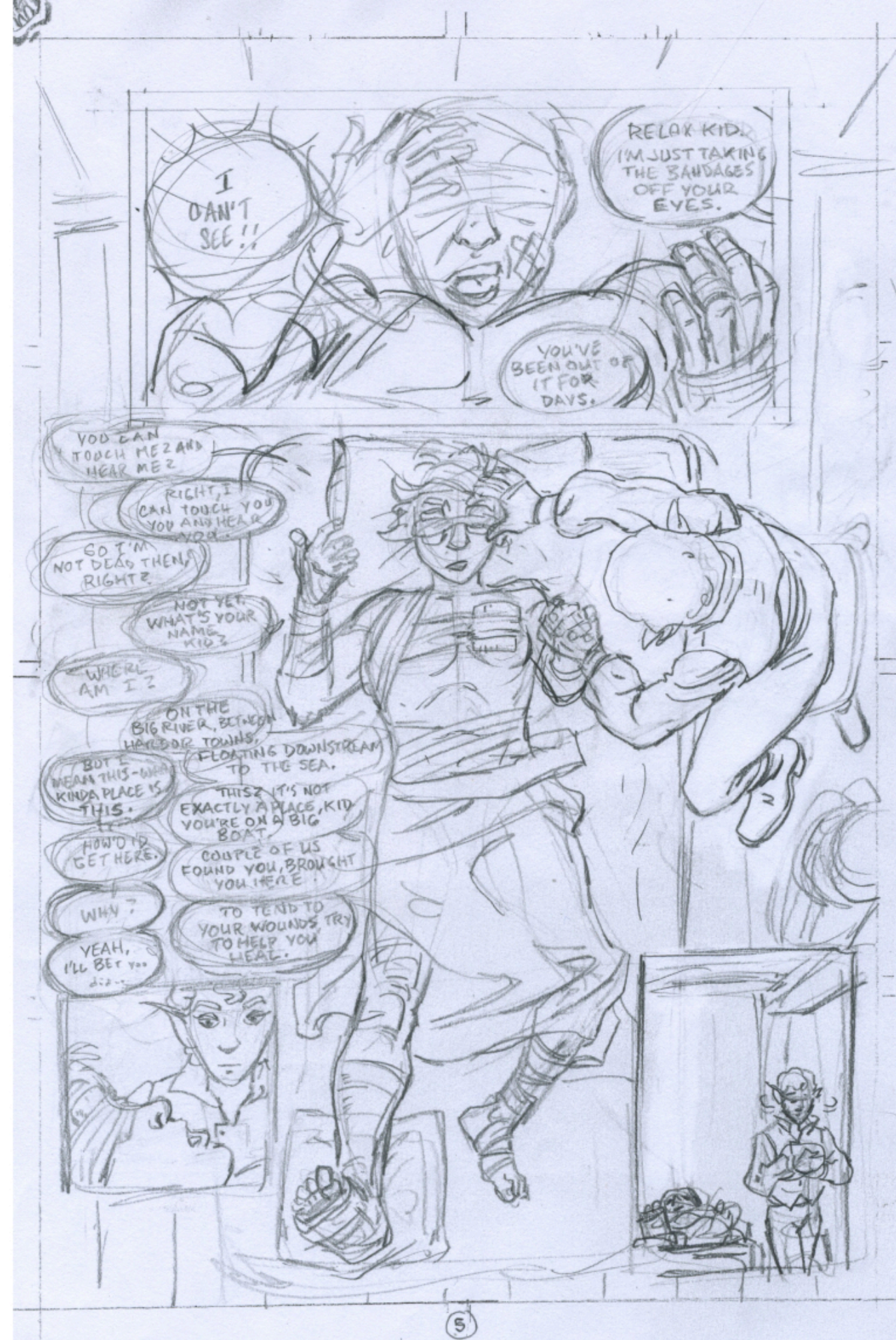
Hagen: Why?

Max: To tend to your wounds, try to help you heal.

Hagen: Yeah, I'll bet you did... [ growing sleepy, groggy ]

Max: What's your name kid?

[ the boy falls asleep, or so it seems. Max stands, shakes his head, walks away. ]





### Scene 3: Discovering the boat's purpose

[ Sunrise the following day, Max again at the boy's bedside ]

Max: OK kid, rise and shine. Let's go.

Hagen: Let's go? Go where? We're on a boat, right?

Max: Yeah, but it's a big boat with a special cargo. You need to see it.

Hagen: Fine [ struggling to get up ]

Max: Lean on me. What was your name again?

Hagen: I like the hat [ stovepipe hat ]

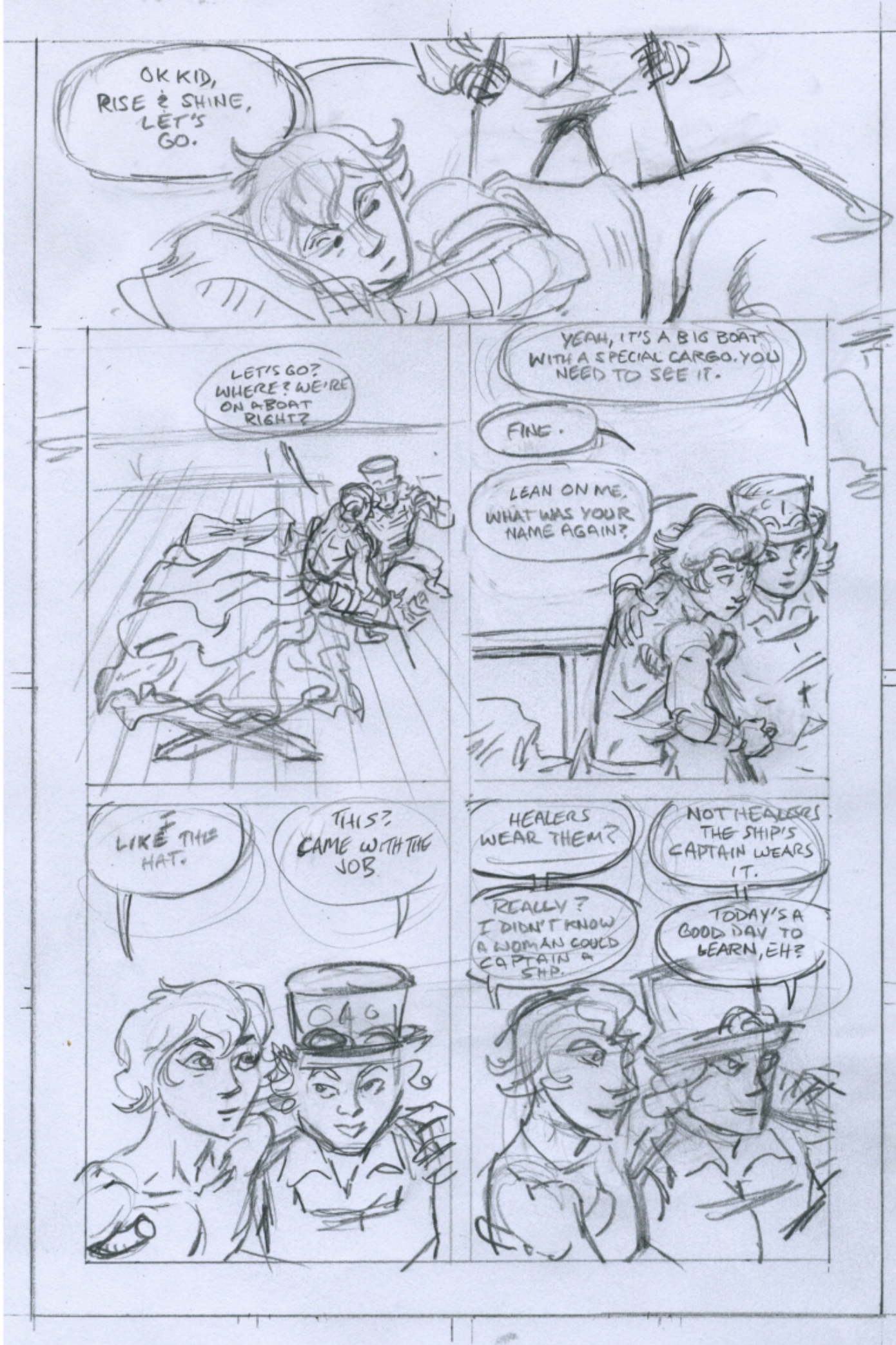
Max: This? Came with the job.

Hagen: Healers wear them?

Max: Not healers. The ship's captain wears it.

Hagen: Really. I didn't know a woman could be a ship's captain.

Max: Today's a good day to learn, eh?





[ The boy rises, begins to walk leaning on Max, arms around each other's shoulders, and for the first time sees the company he's sailing with. He is visibly shocked. Then...]

Hagen: These people lying in cots on the deck ...

Max: Yeah, we found them too.

[ Throughout this discussion they are walking past different people, beds, parts of the boat ]

Hagen: Why are they all out in the open like this, outside on the top deck?

Max: Because below decks is full.

Hagen: They're all sick?

Max: Sick or dying. or broken, like you... broken by what life's done to them or what they've done to themselves... or lost, lots of them are just lost, till we find them.

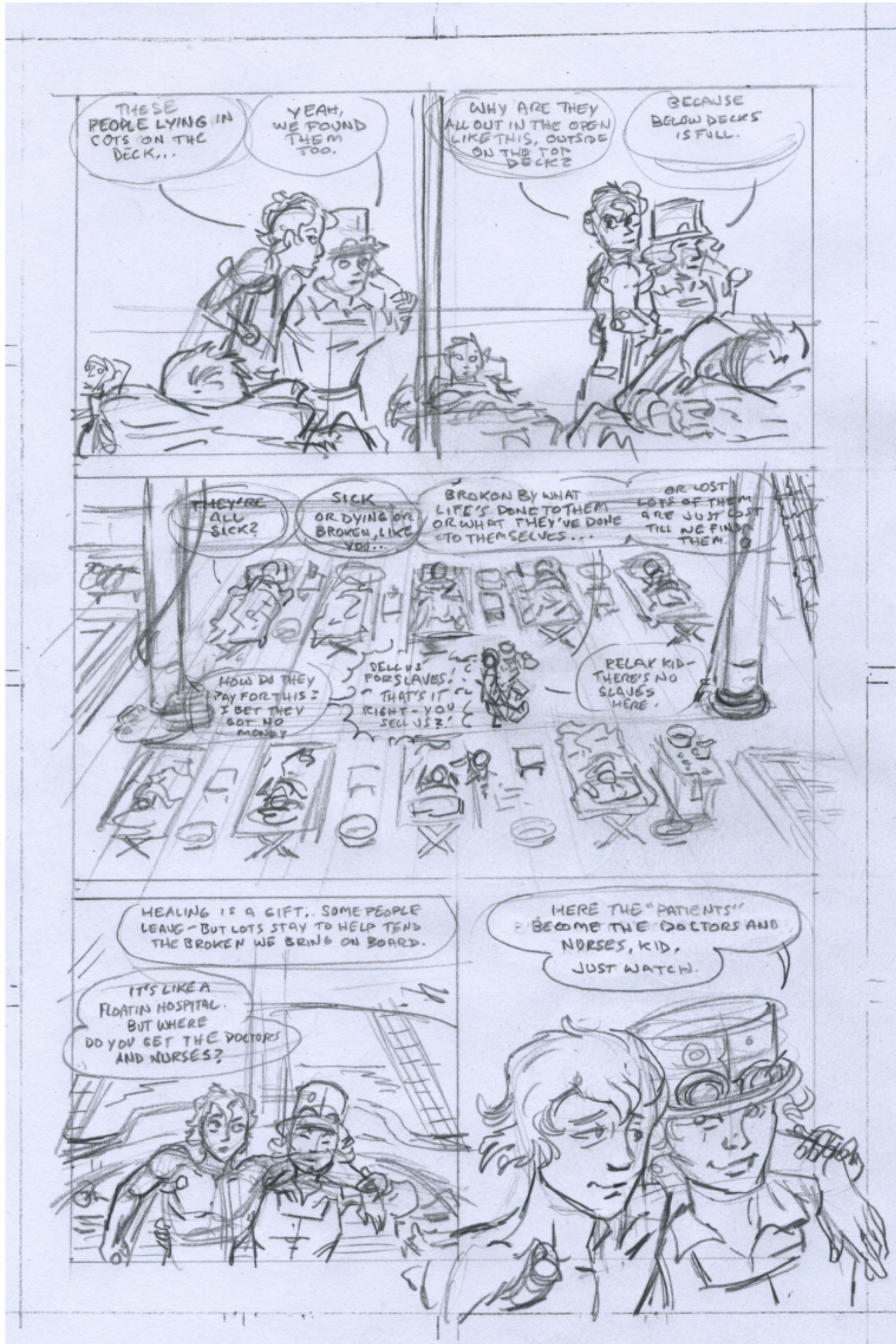
Hagen: How do they pay this? I bet they got no money.

[ fear suddenly in his face ] Sell us for slaves? That's it right - you sell us?

Max: Relax kid - there's no slaves here. Healing is a gift. Folks decide for themselves what to do with that gift. Some people leave - but lots stay to help tend the broken we bring on board.

Hagen: It's like a floating hospital. But where do you get all the doctors and nurses?

Max: Here the "patients" become the doctors and nurses, kid. Just watch ...





Scene 4: Night time; Hagen comforting a soldier fighting a nightmare





## Scene 5: What's worth stealing

[ The following morning. Al is at the boy's bedside ]

Al: Hey, kid, it's me. Time for your morning walkabout.

Hagen: [ Groggy ] Uh, OK sure... Al... [ Getting up ] Where's Max? She's the one's been walking with me.

Al: It's getting late and we're almost to port - Max is probably on the bridge, behind the wheel. She likes to dock the ship herself.

Hagen: Well let's check out the bridge then, OK?

Al: Sure kid. Why the sudden interest?

Hagen: Well, you know, I might want to be captain of a ship like this myself some day...

Al: Hmm [ he chews on that for awhile as they walk. Then ]

Al: Speaking of personal relationships - what'd you do to get so beat up?

Hagen: It was just a simple misunderstanding...

Al: Over...?

Hagen: Over who owned a drawerful of expensive silverware.

Al: So...?

Hagen: So I guess I was wrong.... Unless you happened to find a bag full next to me on the dock. I don't suppose....?

Al: Nope. Just you. Or what was left of you. How about a name though? Aren't you getting tired of people calling you 'kid'?

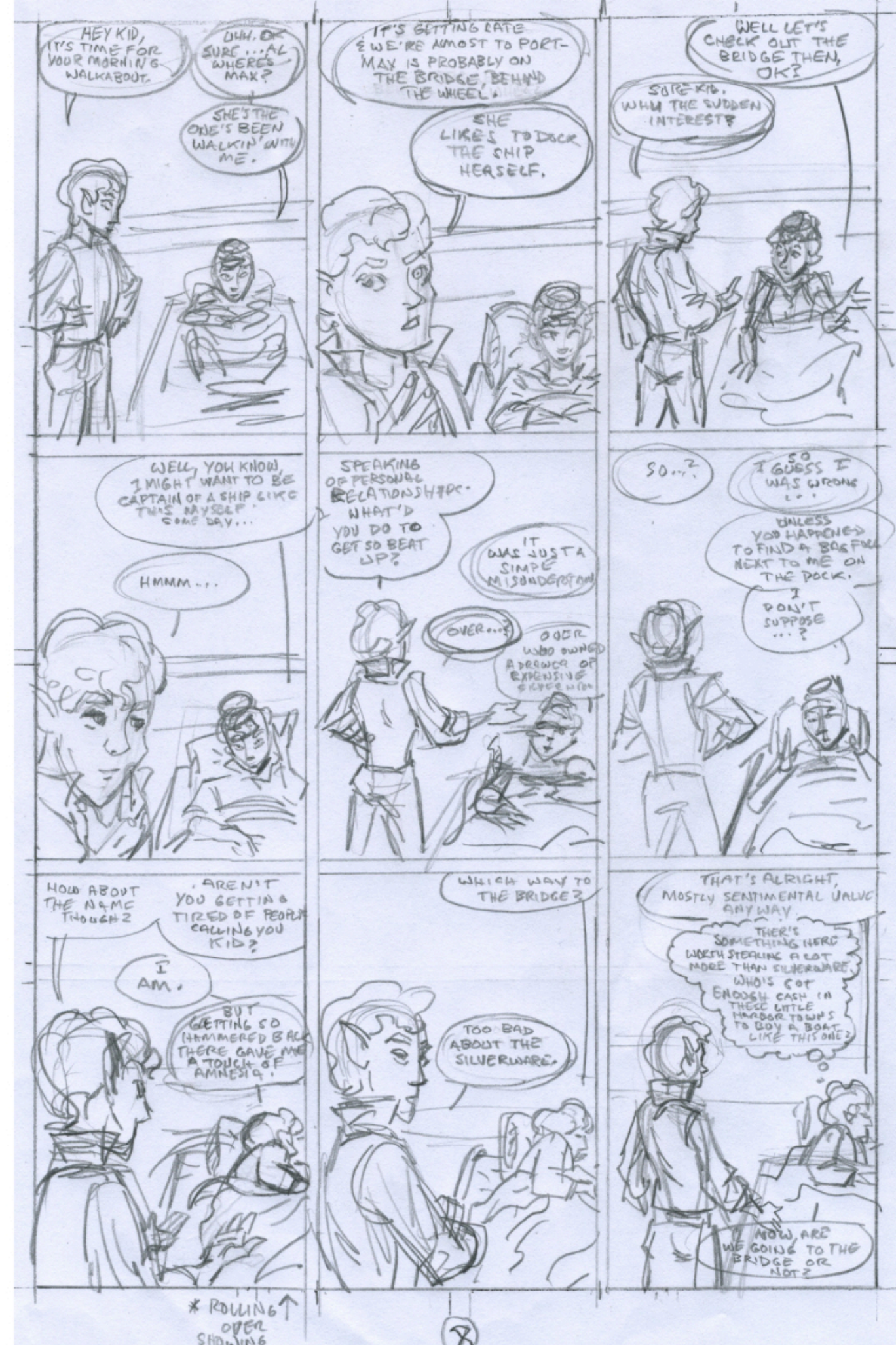
[ boy rolls over so his back is to Al ]

Hagen: I am. But getting so hammered back there gave me a touch of amnesia. Which way to the bridge?

Al: Too bad about the silverware.

Hagen: That's alright. Mostly just sentimental value anyway. [ There's something here worth stealing a lot more than silverware, he thought - but whose got enough cash in these little harbor towns to buy a boat like this one? ]

Hagen: Now, are we going to the bridge or not?





## Scene 6: Max and Al alone on the bridge

Max: Did he tell you his name?

Al: Nope

Max: Me neither. Avoids the question, changes the subject, falls asleep.

Al: Well we gotta get that name outta him Max. We can't keep calling him "the-kid-we-thought-was-gonna-die-before-we-could-get-him-on-the-boat"

Max: He's hiding something

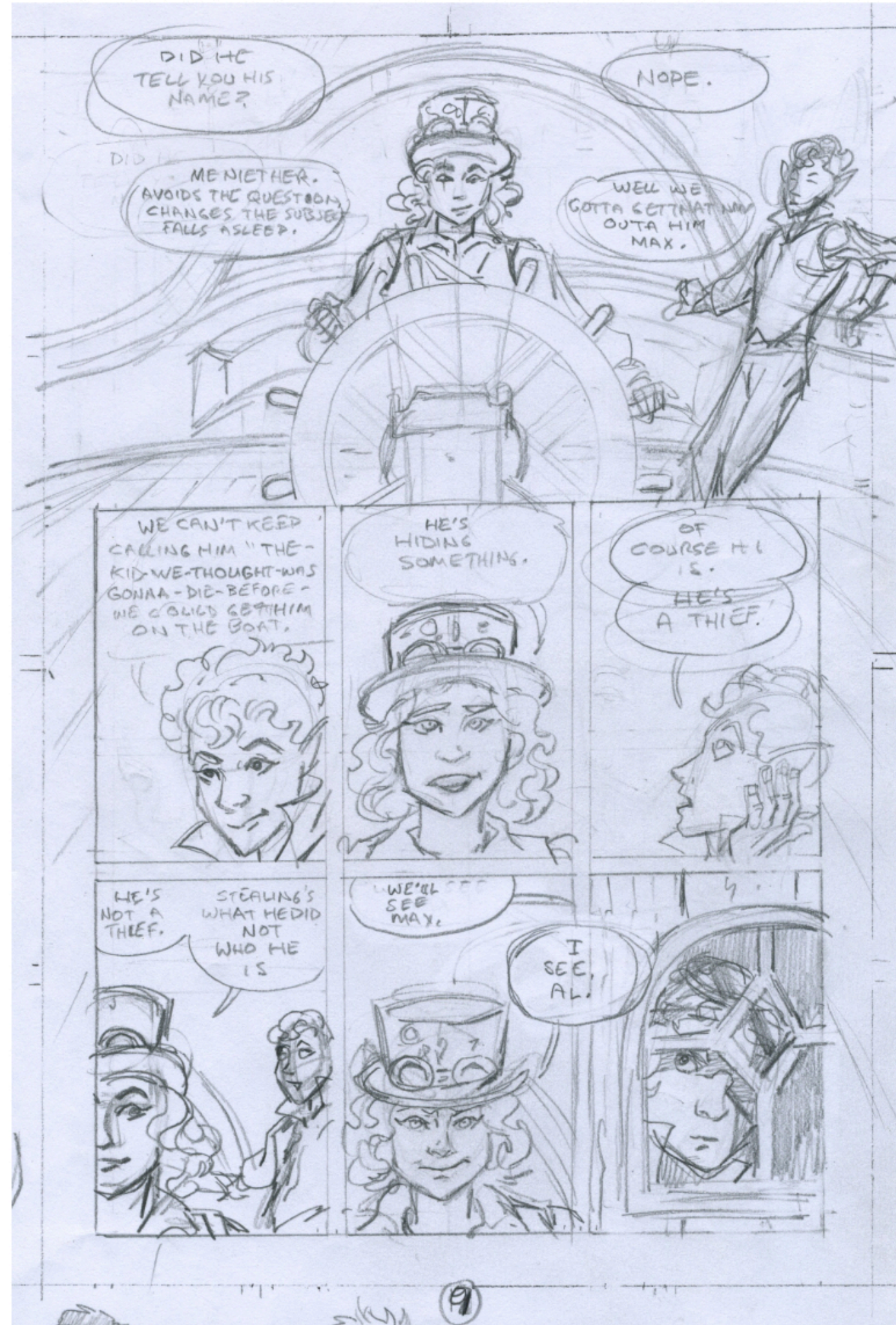
Al: Of course he is. He's a thief.

Max: He's not a thief. Stealing's what he did, not who he is.

Al: We'll see Max.

Max: I see, Al.

[ The boy secretly listening, ear to the window ]





**Scene 7: Who are the crew? It's all in the name. See one, do one, teach one.**

[ Afternoon, days later. Hagen looks better every day. He and Max are waking along the deck, stopping to watch two crew members tend to one of the broken, lying on a cot. Of those two: one, a young woman, has tiny, pointed ears, like a fairy. The other, a young man, distinguished, looks normal enough, wearing a cloak; but peeking out the bottom is a barbed tail.]

Hagen: Max, you ever look real close at the crew?

Max: Every day.

Hagen: No - I mean real close.

Max Every day.

Hagen: So you ever noticed their ears maybe, or, uh, maybe their, uh, rear ends? Don't some of them seem just a little bit different?

Max: Different? O hell yeah. They're all really different - different from each other, different from the harbor folk. That's why they're here. This is the only place they fit in, the only place they belong. That's why they like you so much.

Hagen: They like me?

Max: Surprised me too.

Hagen: They wouldn't like me if they knew what I've done.

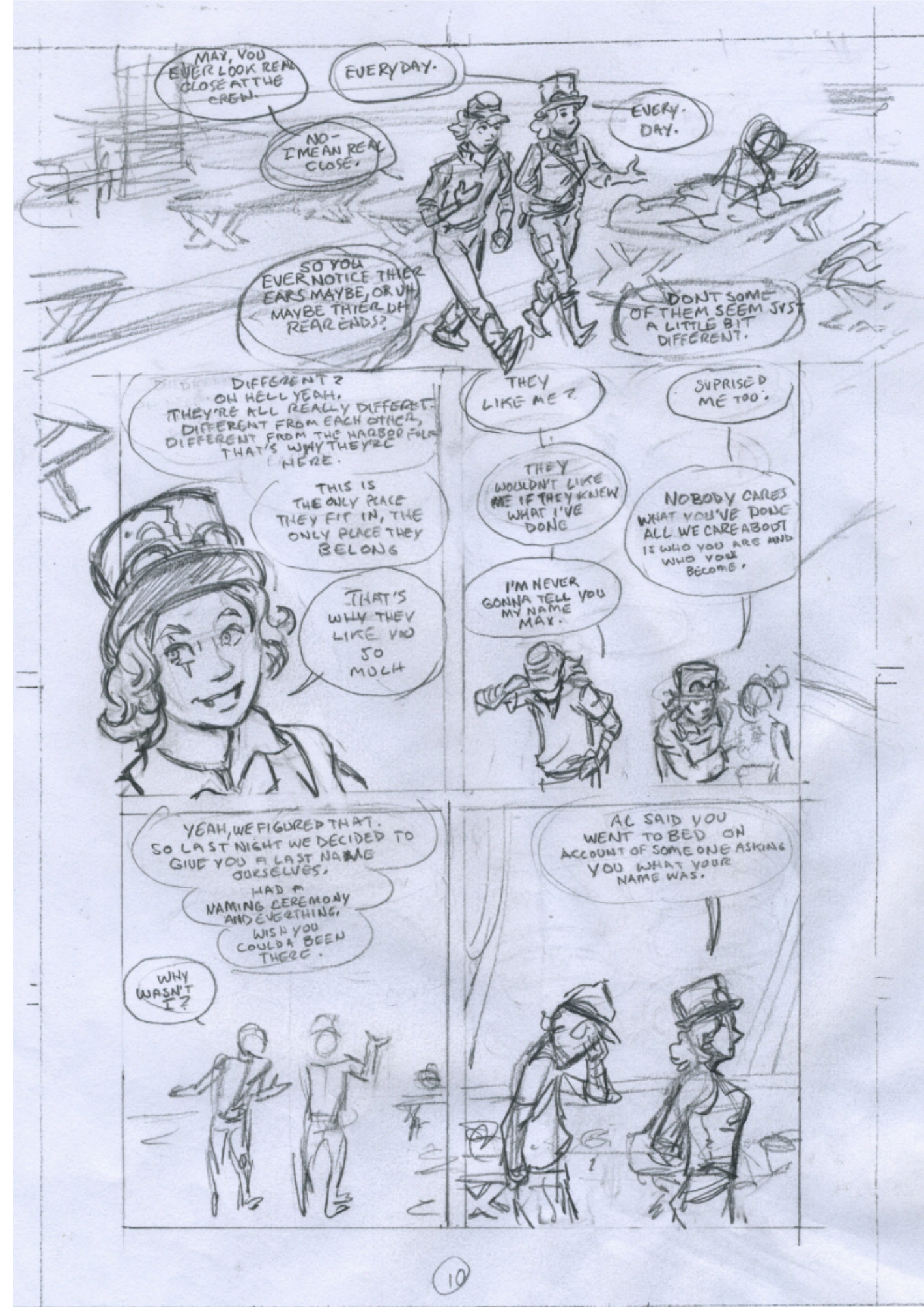
Max: Nobody cares what you've done. All we care about is who you are, and who you become

Hagen: [ Looking away ] I'm never gonna tell you my name Max.

Max: Yeah, we figured that. So last night we decided to give you a name ourselves. Had a naming ceremony and everything. Wish you coulda been there.

Hagen: Why wasn't I?

Max: Al said you went to bed early on account of someone asking you what your name was.





Hagen: Where was the ceremony?

Max: Below decks, where we store those big barrels of wine. Somebody started "sampling" one and we decided to just finish it off. A nice merlot, I think.

Hagen: And my name?

Max: I'm getting to that. It's "Hagen." We've decided to call you Hagen.

Hagen: "Hagen." What kind of name is that?

Max: It's a good name. We all knew a Hagen who was really good to us. If you don't like it, tell me your real name.

Hagen: Never. Hand over your name and you hand over your soul

Max: Fair enough, "Hagen." Today we give you back your soul. Take this [throwing him a damp washcloth] and help these two tend to the one on that cot. Then see if anyone else needs help.

Hagen: I don't know how to help.

Max: Just watch them. Then do what they do. "See one, do one, teach one." It only takes one.

Hagen: I really don't know how to heal, Max.

Max: Today's a good day to learn. Now take this wash cloth. Go.

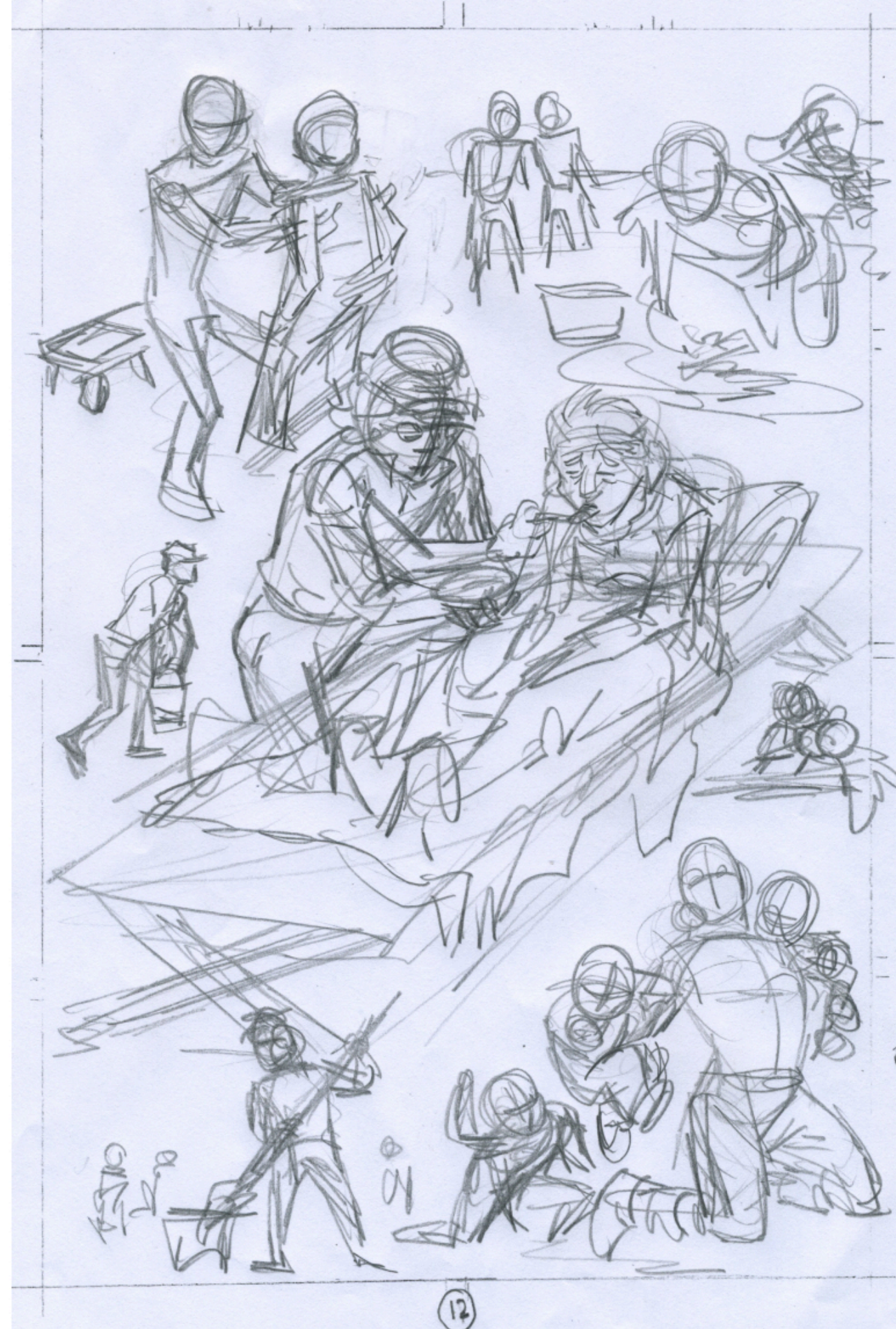




## Scene 8: Why do they work here?

[ Images then of Hagen tending the broken, wiping a forehead, listening, talking, weeping...]

[ ...and crew unseen by Hagen, watching him, commenting on how good he was with the broken, how patient he was becoming, how he would sometimes cry but never laughed ]





Hagen: [ sitting in the crow's nest, spotting Max making her rounds, calling out ]

Max. Hey, MAX!

Max: How goes it Hagen?

Hagen: Livin' the dream, Max. Listen, I've got a question for you.

Max: [ grimacing ] Of course you do. Shoot.

Hagen: [ Sliding down the mast to the deck, facing Max ] It's about the crew, these wizards and fairies and Southern Belles and soldiers with their nightmares - what do they get out of this? Moving from cot to cot all day long, changing bandages, feeding them, reading to them, cleaning then up - "Tending the broken" you call it, but to me it looks a lot like work. Why do they do it?

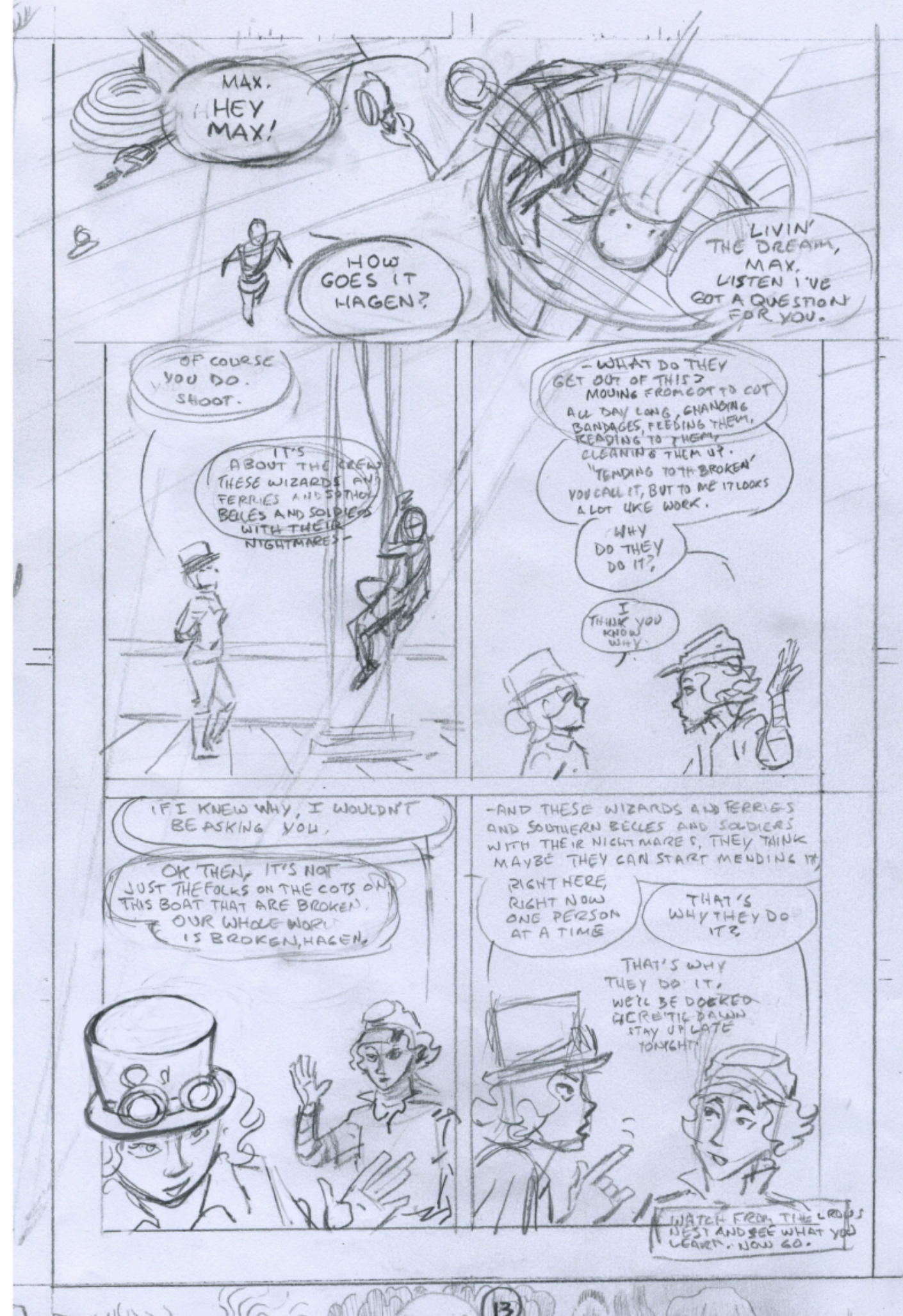
Max: I think you know why.

Hagen: If I knew why I wouldn't be asking you.

Max: OK then. It's not just the folks on these cots on this boat that's broken. Our whole world is broken, Hagen, and these wizards and fairies and Southern Belles and soldiers with their nightmares, they think maybe they can start mending it, right here, right now, one person at a time.

Hagen: That's why they do it

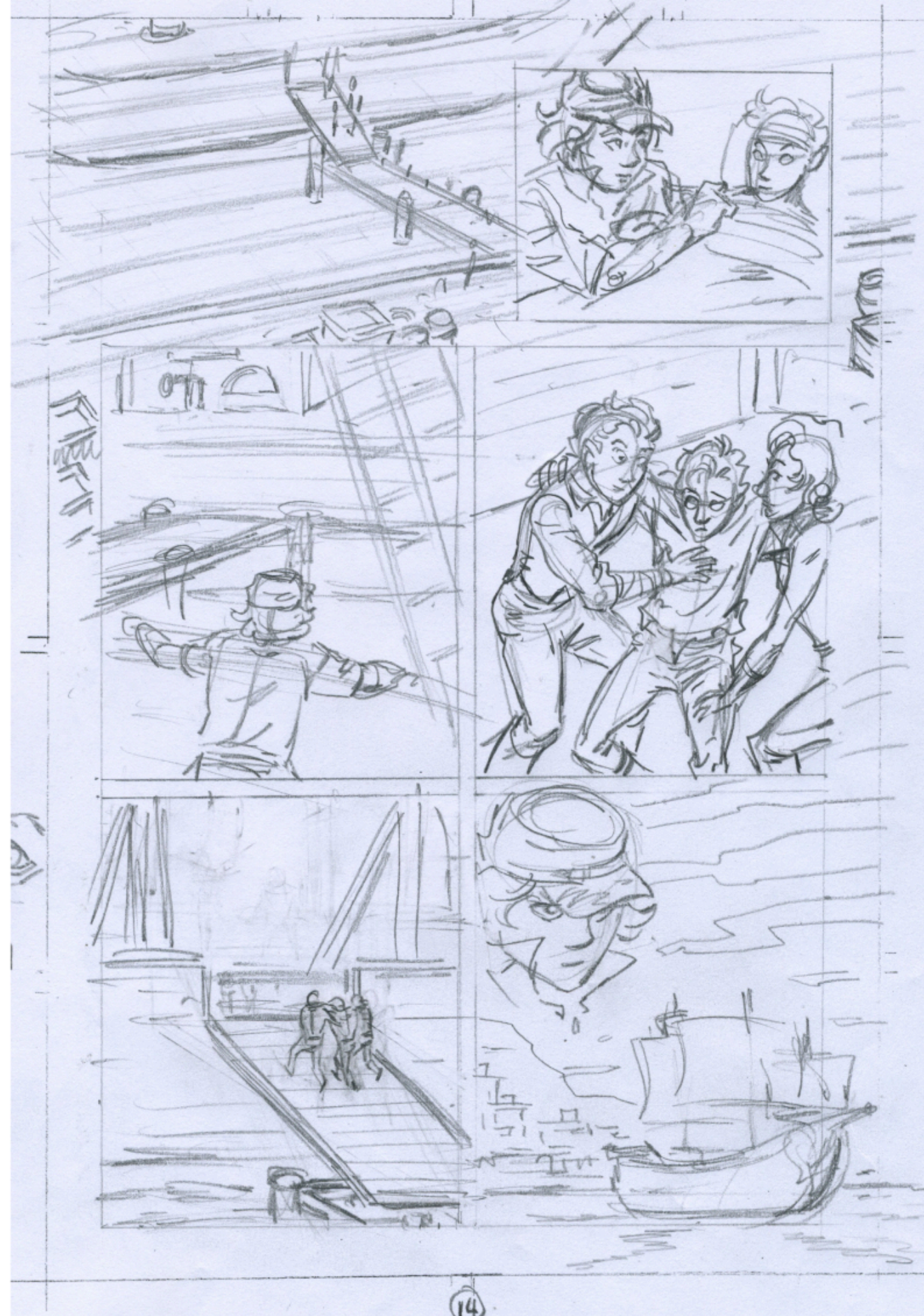
Max: That's why they do it. We'll be docked here till dawn. Stay up late tonight. Watch from the crow's nest and see what you learn. Now go.





[ So Hagen tends the broken by day; and when they dock at harbor towns, begins to watch at night as the crew leaves in groups of two or three to search the back alleys for more of the broken to bring aboard. As they sail downstream, the number to tend begins to outnumber the crew, and the broken who are able are one by one invited to tend to their care. ]

[ Images of people with arms in slings or using crutches, spoon feeding or washing those lying in cots ]





## Scene 9: Working the night shift

[ Nightfall, Hagen watching seekers preparing to leave.]

Crew Chief: Hagen, put this on, you'll need it.

Hagen: What's this chief?

Crew Chief: We call it a life vest. Identifies us as seekers from the boat. Cops won't think we're out mugging people then.

Hagen: And, why am I putting one on?

Crew Chief: Captain says it's time for you to seek.

Hagen: Do I have to?

Crew Chief: Don't have to do anything. But we're leaving right now.

Hagen: Aaagggghhhh... alright, fine. Sure, I'll go...

[ Turns out Hagen was pretty good at this too. ]

Seekers: "Who'd think of looking for the broken in dumpsters under bags of fish heads - or if he heard a moan, that Hagen would be the first to wade into that mess?"

[Yet always as he returns to the boat he can't help thinking: "Every day there's more broken aboard than crew. I could steal this ship some day.' ]





## Scene 10: Leaving home

[ As Al stands leaning against the railing, looking down at the dock. Hagen comes up from below decks and walks over to talk.]

Hagen: Al, have you seen the wizard?

Al: The wizard?

Hagen: Yeah, you know: pointy ears, spiky hair, black goatee, red cape.

Al: Oh, you mean Harold. Why?

Hagen: We were gonna play chess after supper. I can't find him anywhere.

Al: He left the ship Hagen. That's him down there.

[ Hagen looks down to see his friend tearfully hugging a handful of friends gathered around him, waving goodbye to other friends on the boat. Another group of two or three are doing the same ]

Hagen: Why is he leaving? Max told me that this is the only place they feel like they belong.

Al: It is.

Hagen: So how can he leave?

Al: You think it's easy for him? Look at him! It's breaking his heart.

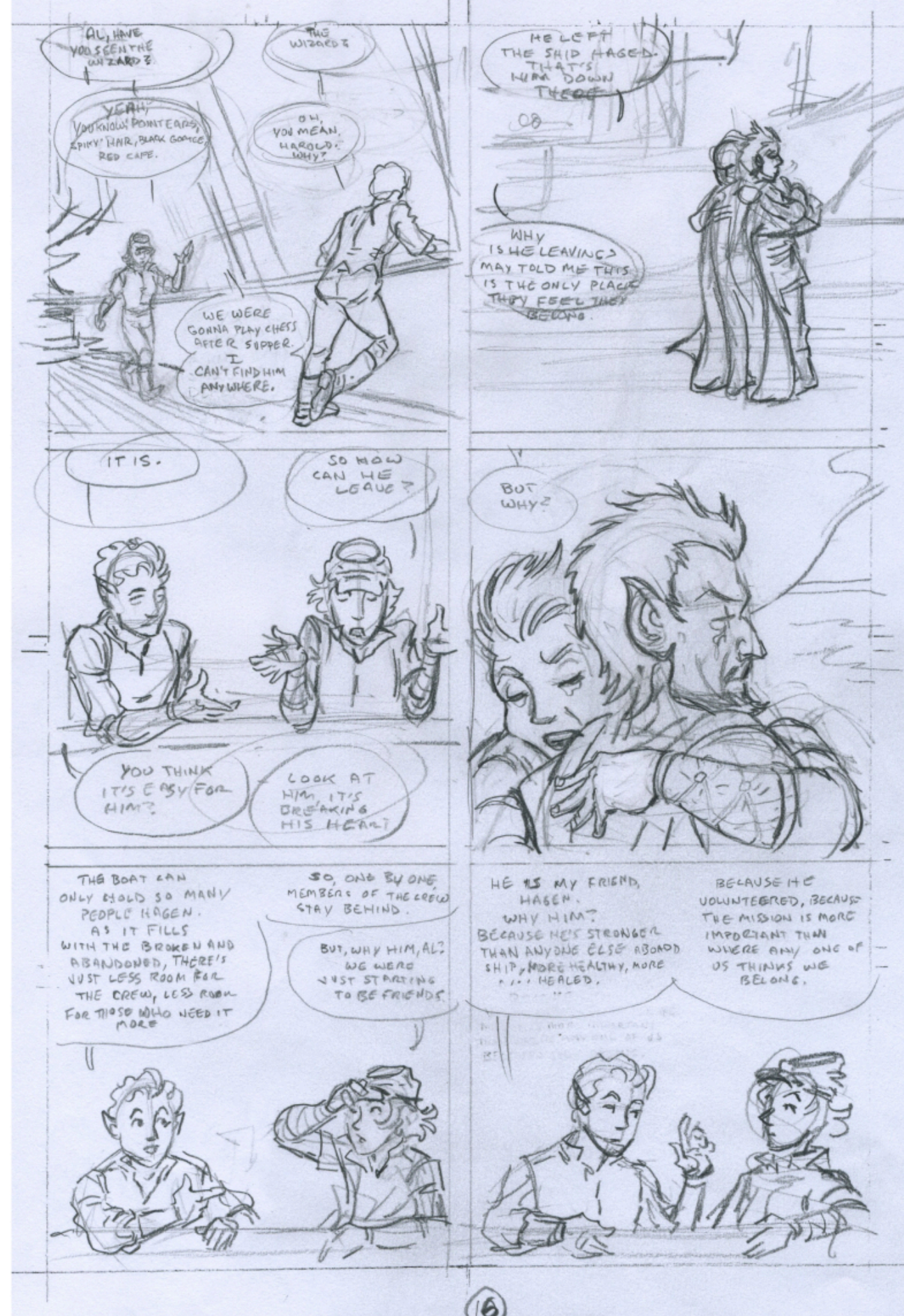
[ As Hagen looks closely at the wizard's face he realizes the wizard is weeping... and discovers tears welling up in his own eyes as well ]

Hagen: But WHY?

Al: The boat can only hold so many people Hagen. As it fills with with the broken and abandoned, there's just less room for the crew, less room for those who need it more. So one by one, members of the crew begin to stay behind.

Hagen: But why him, Al? We were starting to be friends.

Al: He's my friend, too, Hagen. Why him? Because he's stronger than anyone else aboard ship, more healthy, more... "healed." Because there's broken need his space more. Because it was his turn. Because he volunteered. Because the mission is more important than where any one of us believes they belong.



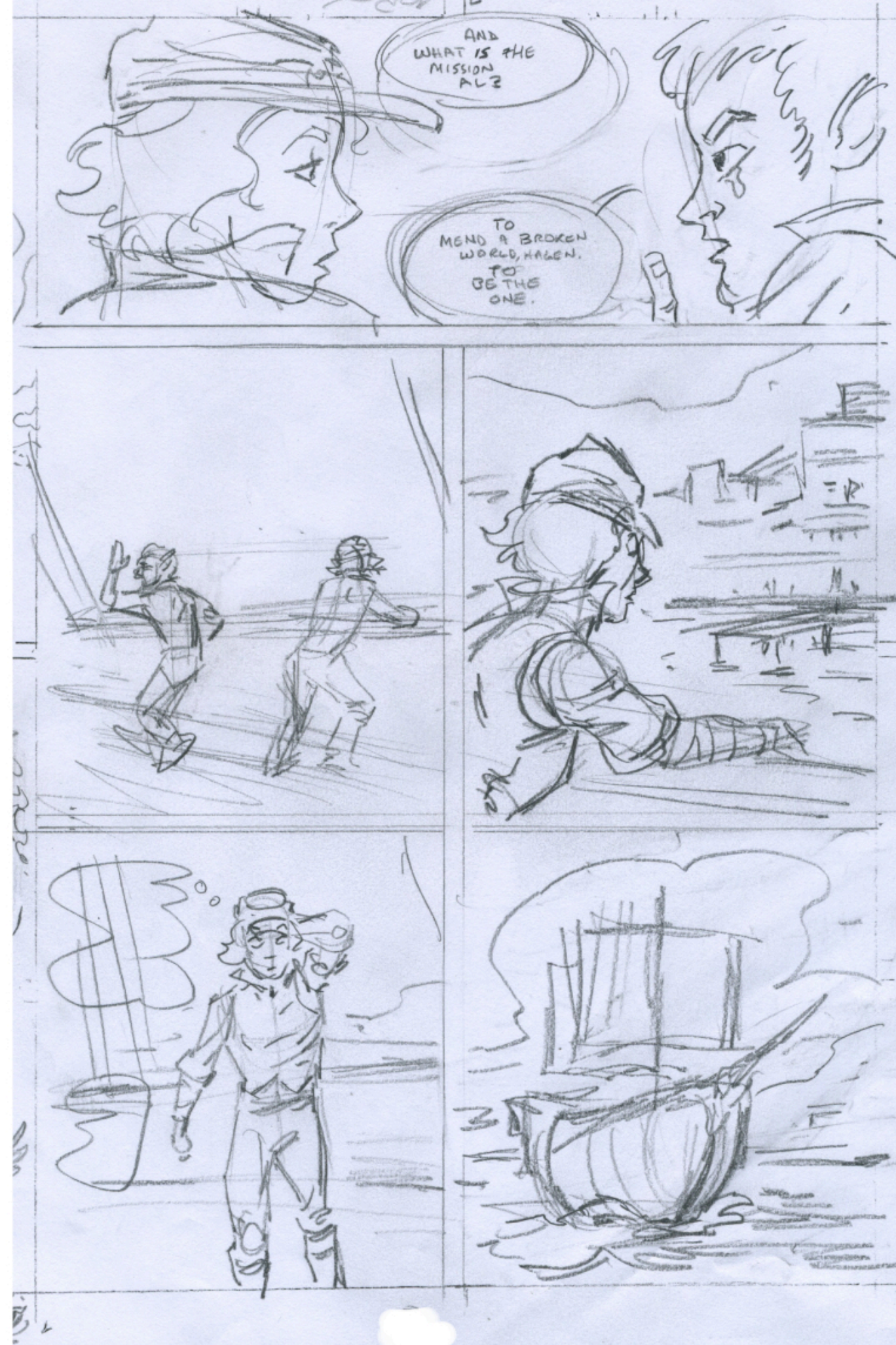


Hagen: [ Looking Al in the eye, whispering ] And what is the mission, Al?

Al: [ Weeping, looking now at Hagen ] To mend a broken world, Hagen. To be the one.

[ Both turn to watch their friend, now alone on the dock, as the boat slowly drifts downstream. Al mumbles about something caught in his eye and walks away ]

[ Hagen watches till he can no longer see his friend, rubs his eyes on his sleeve, then tells himself that a day will come when he will be the only fully capable person left, and that's when he can steal the boat and sail away — his last big steal, if he could only find a buyer ]





## Scene 11: They still don't trust me

[ Max and Al, alone on the bridge, Max at the wheel ]

Max: Where's Hagen?

Al: Snooping around all over the boat - lookin for stuff to steal.

Max: You don't know that.

Al: Like hell I don't know that. He's got those thievin' eyes.

Max: Al, come on. "Thievin' eyes"?

Al: You know what I mean. The second he steps into a room he sees everything at once and inventories every single thing he sees. He could be gone for six months and come back, look around and without blinking an eye tell you where you dusted, what's missing and what's new. Thievin' eyes.

Max: What do you suggest we do?

Al: For starters, lock up all the expensive stuff.

Max: Like what?

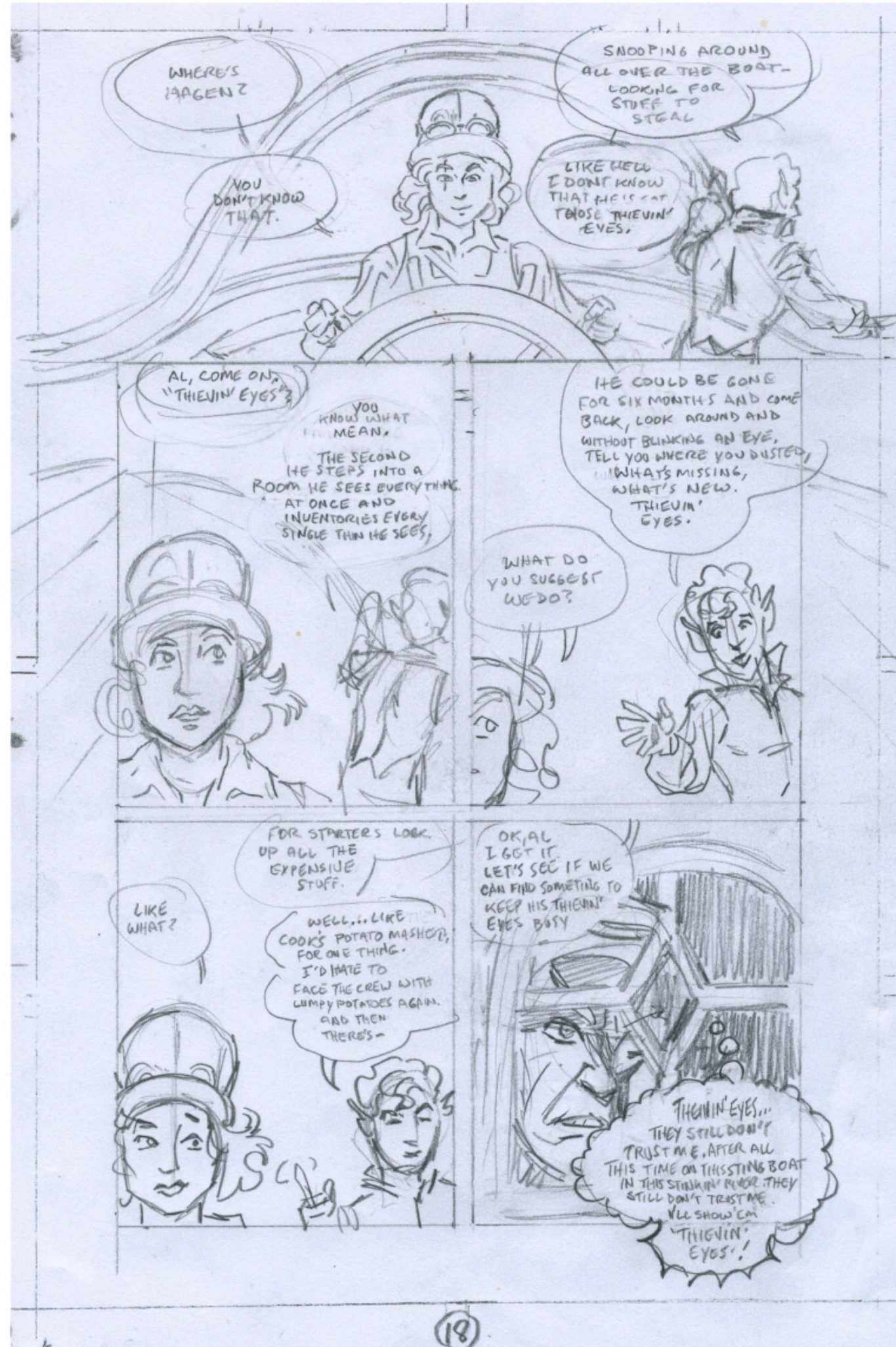
Al: Well... Like Cook's potato masher, for one thing. I'd hate to face the crew with lumpy potatoes again. And then there's —

Max: OK Al, I get it. Let's see if we can find something to keep his thievin' eyes busy, eh?

[ Hagen is secretly listening, ear to the window, like always ]

[ Christy's imagery here ]

Hagen: Thievin' eyes... They still don't trust me. After all this time on this stinking boat in this stinking river, they still don't trust me. I'll show 'em "thieving" eyes!





## Scene 12: Ocean City

There is an air of excitement growing throughout the ship that Hagen does not understand. He finds Max in the crow's nest, high above, looking straight ahead through a telescope.

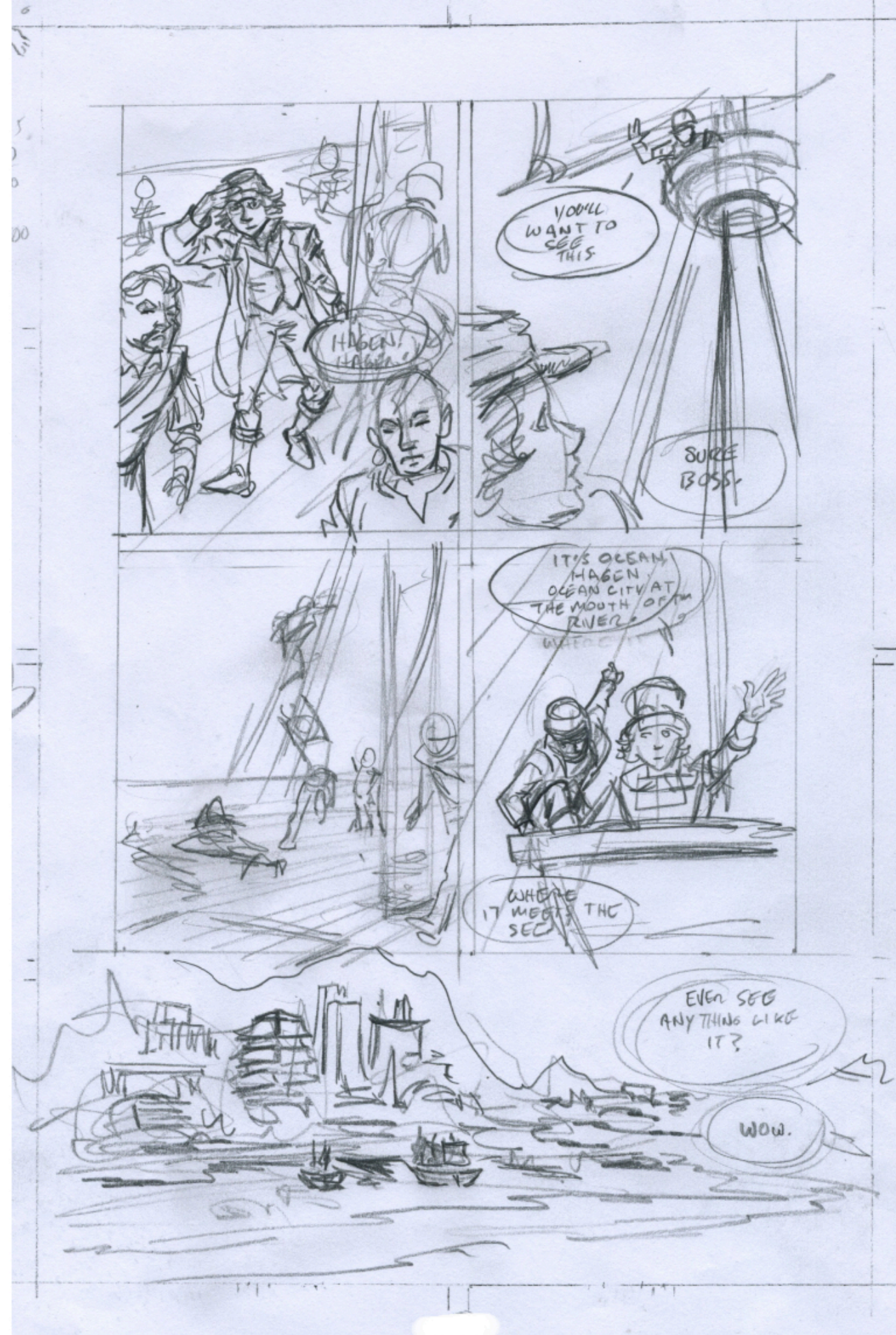
Max: Hagen, HAGEN! You'll want to see this.

Hagen: Sure boss. [ running / jumping / climbing up the mast ] What do you need ...

Max: It's Ocean, Hagen. Ocean City - at the mouth of the river where it meets the sea. Ever seen anything like it?

Hagen stands, transfixed, perched on the top rail of the crow's nest, watching Ocean unfold on the far horizon, the cityscape glistening and expanding before them as the ship draws near. The river itself is huge and bisects the city, but Ocean is larger, extending to the horizons on in front and either side, its bridges and skyways dwarfing the river below. Though the sun has finally set, the city sparkles and glows with light of its own.

Hagen: Wow.





Hagen: Max, tell me again, why we're not gonna stay here forever ...

[ and thinking ] This is where the money is. Someone in Ocean has the money to buy this boat. And I'm the one to sell it.

Hagen finally slides down a rope to the deck towards Max, to help her dock the ship.

Hagen: How long will we dock here? It'll take forever to comb all of Ocean's back alleys.

Max: Ocean's our turn-around point, Hagen. No broken to look for here.

Hagen: Money enough to pay for doctors and nurses and hospitals that don't float?

Max: Money enough to pay for doctors for the rich.

Hagen: And the poor?

Max: Money enough to buy rowboats to send them upstream.

Hagen: But they've got so much money!

Max: In their purses and pockets.

[ Hagen turns away, leans against the deck railing, gazes wistfully at Ocean City and says: ]

Hagen: Beautiful city though

Max: Pretty on the outside

[ Just then Al emerges from below with a sad look on his face. He turns to Max and whispers something in her ear. ]

Max: It's time then? [ to Al ]

Al: According to the count, yeah.

Max: [ Sighs ] OK then, let's go.

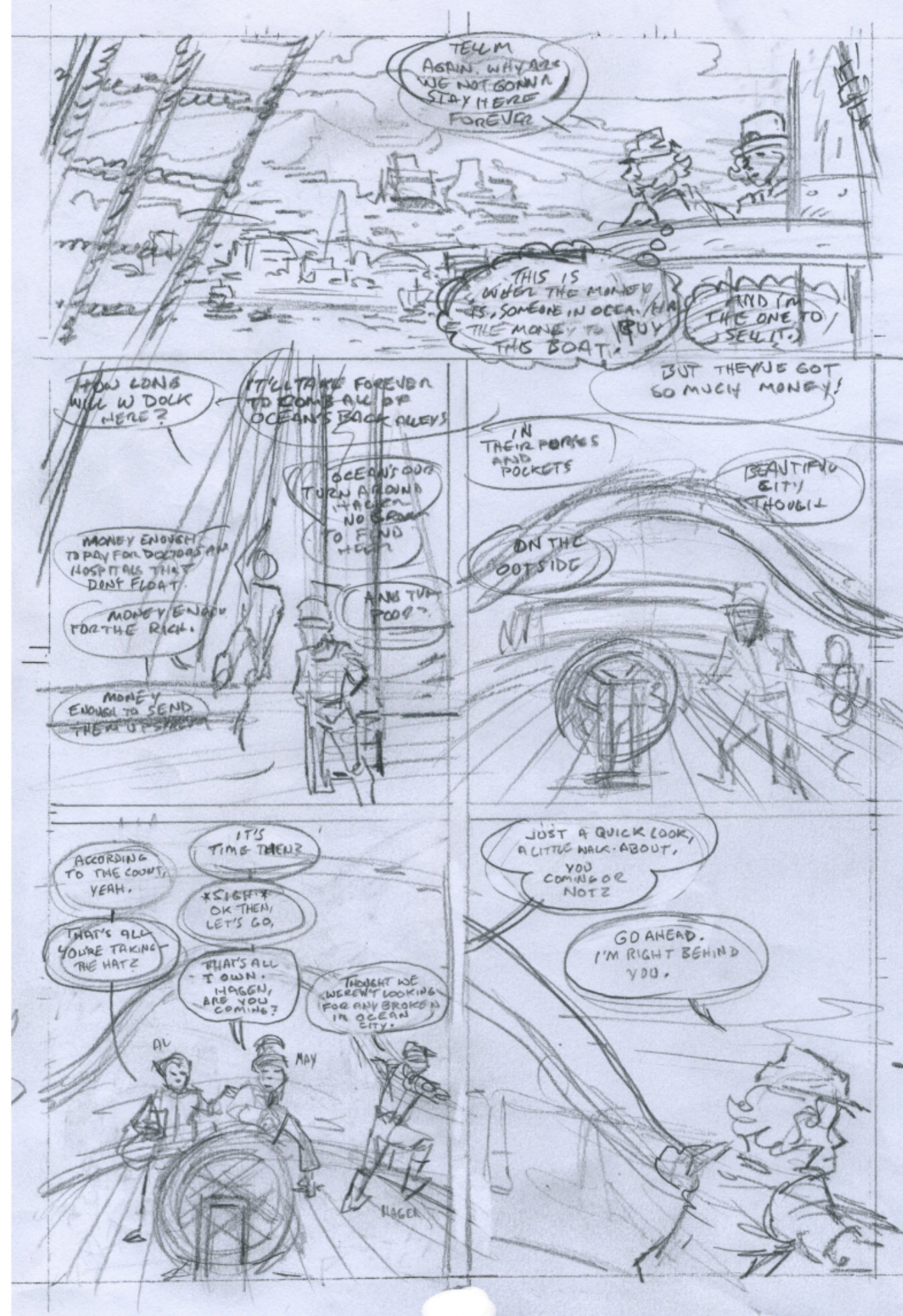
Al: That's all you're taking - the hat?

Max: That's all I own. Hagen, are you coming?

Hagen: Thought we weren't looking for any broken in Ocean City.

Max: Just a quick look, a little walk-about. You coming or not?

Hagen: Go ahead. I'm right behind you.





## Scene 13/Final: Stealing the boat

Hagen waits till Al and Max are ashore, then kicks away the gangplank and shouts out at them:

Hagen: On second thought - I changed my mind. I'm gonna steal your boat instead!

When Al and Max hear him they turn around, look at him and smile.

Hagen: Seriously. Gonna sail right through Ocean, find a buyer for this boat and get rich! I'm stealing the whole thing!

Max: Good deal Hagen. [ trying not to laugh ] There's only room for one of us now anyway.

Al: Anyhow - you can't steal a gift. [ now laughing ] You sure can't steal what's yours.

Hagen: [confused} What do you mean?"

Max: Read the name on the hull [ releasing its moorings ]

Hagen: It says...Ha..g...gen...Hagen, it's the name you gave me..."

Al: Yah, Hagen, it's your name [ pushing the boat away from the dock ] "It means 'Safe Harbor.' Good name for a boat, eh? Good name for a healer."

[ Released from the dock, the boat begins to drift down stream ]



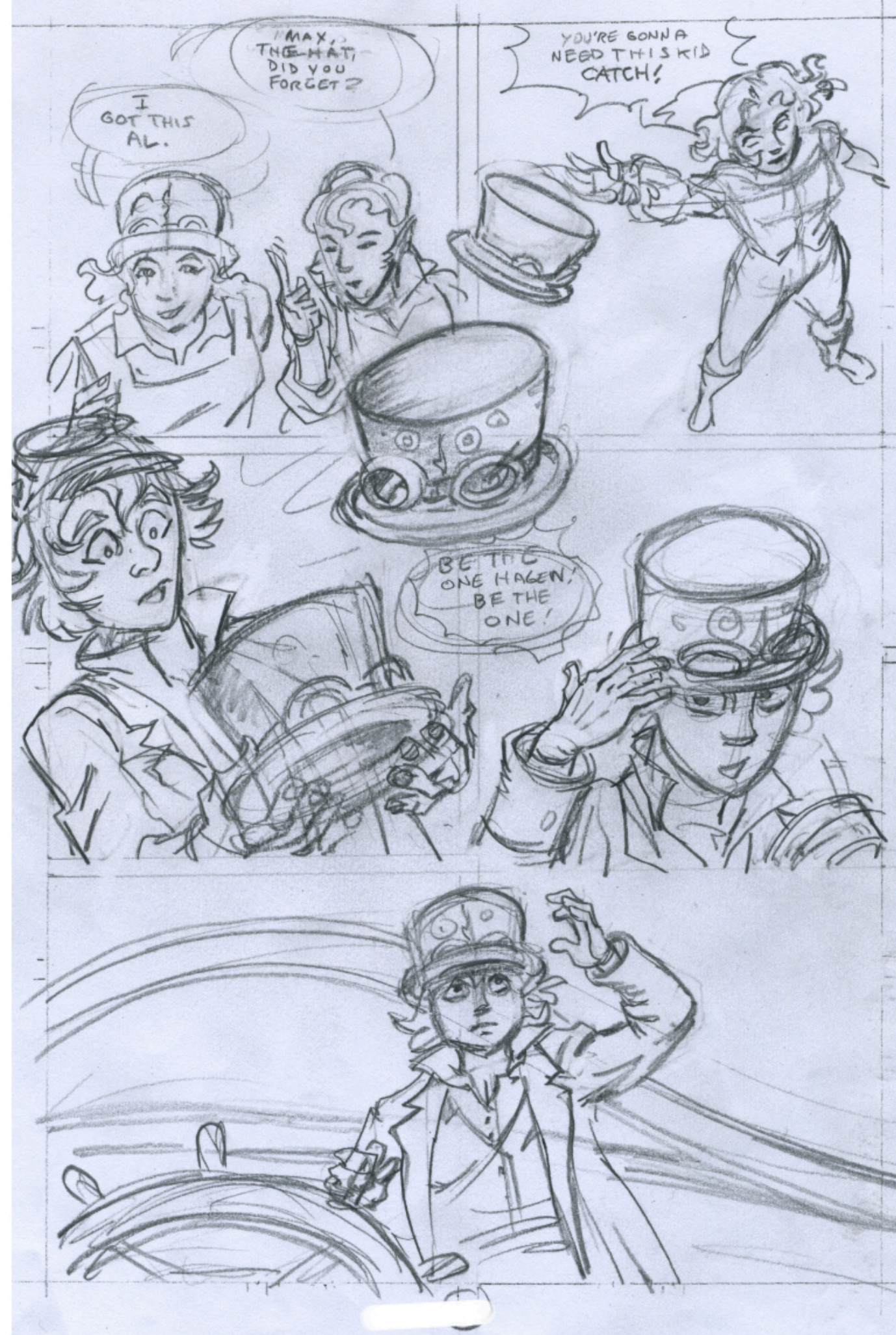


Al: Max, the hat, did you forget ...

Max: I got this Al [ her hand on his wrist, then turning again toward Hagen ] You're gonna need this kid. CATCH!!

[ She smoothly throws the hat like a frisbee, Hagen catches it without thinking and places it on his head]

Be the one Hagen [ she yells out ] BE THE ONE.





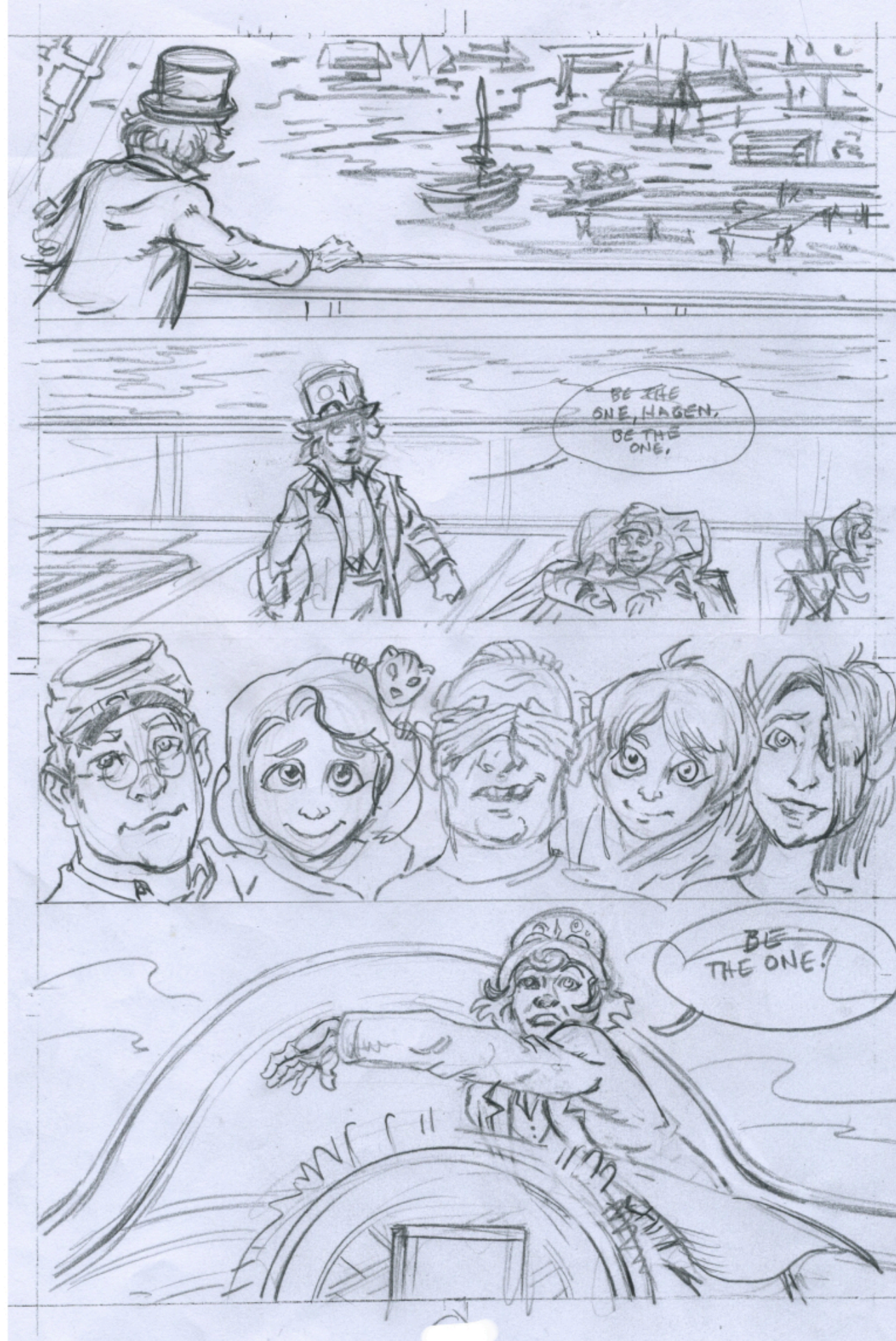
[ He stands motionless, staring at Max and Al, growing smaller as the boat drifts deeper downstream into Ocean.

He turns to look across the deck at each cot, each face, and begins to whisper to himself: ]

Hagen: Be the one, Hagen. Be the one.

[ as he takes the ship's wheel - ]

[ - and spins it hard. ]





[ As the boat begins to turn, its sails suddenly, untended, unfurl, billow out, catch the wind off the sea, and slowly send the boat upstream against the current.]

Hagen: Be the one.

[ and for the first time, sun and wind to his back, Hagen smiles ]

Be the one.

