

just go away. Big awful dog. Snuffling on everything. I hate it here. I hate everything. I hate you.

She throws her diary at him.

The Mastiff sighs and leaves.

6.

The Moor-Hen sits, leg at a bad angle.

The Mastiff approaches.

MASTIFF: Hello.

MOOR-HEN: Aaaaah!

MASTIFF: It's just me.

MOOR-HEN: Have we met?

MASTIFF: Yes! You fell from the sky. You dislike flying. I asked you about God.

MOOR-HEN: Oh! Yes. You were difficult. To understand. But not disagreeable.

MASTIFF: Thank you.

MOOR-HEN: But uncomfortably large.

MASTIFF: What's wrong with your leg?

MOOR-HEN: Crash landing.

MASTIFF: That looks painful.

MOOR-HEN: It isn't the most fun I've ever had.

MASTIFF: Do you need help?

MOOR-HEN: What help! You stay over there.

MASTIFF: Good help. Nonviolent help.

MOOR-HEN: Unless you can grow me another leg, I don't see how you'd help.

MASTIFF: I could set your leg at a better angle. I could make you soup.

MOOR-HEN: Why would you do any of those things.

MASTIFF: I want us to talk.

MOOR-HEN: Why?

MASTIFF (*Faster and faster*): Because nobody ever talks to me, and I never talk to anybody. And I have so many thoughts.

I stay up late at night. With all my thoughts. They echo around inside my head.

Until it gets so everything seems terrible and sharp-edged and awful.

I can't remember that there was ever anything good at all.

And people look at my face. They look at my face and they see nothing.

They think there are no expressions on my face, just because they don't know how to look for the expressions that *are* on my face.

They think I'm guarded. But actually, if anybody truly *asked* me anything, I would tell them! I don't want to be all alone with my thoughts! It's like being in a dark room all the time and you don't have any hands and nobody thinks to open the door for you!

(Deep breath) Sorry.

I'm sorry.

I didn't mean to say all of that.

I'm just not used to anybody listening.

MOOR-HEN: How do you know I'm listening?

MASTIFF: You might not be, but you're sitting still and looking at me, and that's good enough.

Beat.

He approaches. This time, she lets him get pretty close. And then stops him.

MOOR-HEN: That's close enough.

MASTIFF: I've been thinking about you a lot.

MOOR-HEN (*A little flattered, also alarmed*): Have you?

MASTIFF: I addressed God, and then there you were. It can't be a coincidence.

MOOR-HEN: Look, I don't know what a coincidence is, but sometimes things just happen, you know?

MASTIFF: That's called a coincidence.

MOOR-HEN: Oh!

Beat.

MASTIFF: But I've just been talking about me. I want to know about you.

If flying doesn't make you happy, why do you do it?

MOOR-HEN: Happy?

MASTIFF: We talked about this.

MOOR-HEN: I have a terrible memory. It's why I never really learn new things. But also, I don't worry all that much, so it works for me, in a limited way.

MASTIFF: It's this clench-knot—never mind. Tell me about flying.

MOOR-HEN: Well. When I'm up, I'm up and up and up!

...And then I'm DOWN.

And then usually something hurts. And this time, something hurts a lot.

MASTIFF: Are you sure you don't want me to take a look at it?

MOOR-HEN: You just stay right where you are.

MASTIFF: I used to imagine that if you could fly, it would make me happy.

To just...from high above, looking down at things.

I imagine that if you can see things from meters of things, you can love them. I imagine that's why God loves everybody. And also because he doesn't actually have to be touched by us.

MOOR-HEN: I've been up there. It's not that great.

MASTIFF: Oh.

Beat.

MOOR-HEN: Look.

MASTIFF: Yes?

MOOR-HEN: You look like a squashed grub. Like a little flat grub with its insides coming out of its outsides.

MASTIFF: I'm depressed.

MOOR-HEN: I don't know what that is.

MASTIFF: It's a little flat grub with its insides coming out of its outsides.

MOOR-HEN: Shouldn't you do something

about that?

MASTIFF: I'm talking to you.

MOOR-HEN: Oh.

And are you feeling less...“depressed”?

MASTIFF: I think so, yes.

MOOR-HEN (*Baffled, flattered*): Oh!

Beat. It starts to rain.

MOOR-HEN: Great. Just great.

This day sucks.

MASTIFF: Can I come closer?

MOOR-HEN: Why?

MASTIFF: Because I am very big and you are very small and it's raining, and if I stand over you, I will get all the rain, and none of it will reach you.

MOOR-HEN: Oh.

Well.

Hmm.

MASTIFF: And I won't eat you at all.

MOOR-HEN: Well okay but just this time.

The Mastiff walks to the Moor-Hen.

He shields her from the rain.

It's intimate and amazing and terrifying.

MOOR-HEN: Are you cold?

MASTIFF: No.

MOOR-HEN: You're shaking.

MASTIFF: I've never been this close to someone.

MOOR-HEN: That can't be true.

MASTIFF: I've never been this close to someone who was actually looking at me.

MOOR-HEN: I can close my eyes.

MASTIFF: No! No.

Don't close your eyes.

Please.

MOOR-HEN: Okay then.

MASTIFF: I have the strangest...sensation.

MOOR-HEN: Is it the typhus?

MASTIFF: It's this feeling

in my heart-cavern

as if spring has come

and all the birds are falling upwards.

They stand. It rains.

The Mastiff falls in love.

7.

Marjory polishes shiny things in the scullery.

Emilie appears in the doorway.

EMILIE: There you are!

Marjory is startled.

EMILIE: I didn't mean to startle you.

MARJORY: I'm not startled.

EMILIE: Are you Marjory or Mallory right now?

MARJORY: I'm in the scullery, so I'm the scullery maid.

EMILIE: ...Is this the scullery?

MARJORY: What does it look like.



SID JAYNE PHOTO

Jessica Love (Moor-Hen) and Jeff Biehl (Mastiff) in the Yale Rep production.

A beat. Let's not answer this.

Emilie zeroes in on Marjory.

EMILIE: Yes typhus, no baby?

MARJORY: Very good.

EMILIE: How's the baby?

MARJORY: Unwanted.

EMILIE: Which is preferable, typhus or a child?

MARJORY: Well, neither is preferable.

EMILIE: You have a point.

MARJORY: Which is preferable, being a governess in London, or being a governess here?

EMILIE: London, probably. Maybe not.

MARJORY: Which is preferable, being eaten by wolves, or being a governess?

EMILIE: Is that a joke?

MARJORY: Did you find it funny?

EMILIE: Not particularly.

MARJORY: Then it wasn't a joke.

Beat.

EMILIE: You knew that Master Branwell was dead, and you didn't say a word to me.

MARJORY: I don't know anything.

EMILIE: He's been dead three months.

MARJORY: If you say so.

EMILIE (*Alarmed*): Is he dead or isn't he?

MARJORY: He's whatever Mistress Agatha says he is.

EMILIE: I don't like that answer at all.

MARJORY: I have to go polish things.

EMILIE: You just keep on polishing. Right here.

MARJORY: No, I have to go to a place where

you aren't, and polish things.

Beat.

EMILIE: Do you like sweets? I'll give you a sweet.

MARJORY: God doesn't like sweet things.

EMILIE: Or a pretty piece of lace. I have some pretty lace I brought all the way from London.

MARJORY: God doesn't like pretty things either.

EMILIE: What do you want?

Beat.

MARJORY: You do this.

EMILIE: What?

Marjory hands her the polishing cloth.

MARJORY: You.

Beat. Emilie laughs. Marjory doesn't.

Beat. Emilie takes the cloth.

Beat.

MARJORY: Go on.

EMILIE: I— What do I—?

MARJORY: You scrub.

EMILIE (*Laughing*): This is really rather...

MARJORY: God loves women. On their knees. Scrubbing.

Beat. Emilie sees Marjory isn't kidding.

Beat. Emilie tentatively polishes.

MARJORY: Harder.

She scrubs harder.

MARJORY: Harder.

She scrubs harder.

MARJORY: Harder than that.

Emilie scrubs harder than that.

Marjory watches, no expression on her face.

EMILIE (*Scrubbing*): Is Branwell dead or alive?

MARJORY: You have to put your back into it.

EMILIE (*Putting her back into it*): And where is the child I'm to watch? I've been here two days already.

MARJORY: You're not doing it right.

EMILIE (*Frustrated*): How am I not doing it right!

MARJORY: You'd do it better if you had the typhus, I think.

EMILIE: This is all a little much.

MARJORY: Come closer.

EMILIE: What.

Marjory leans forward and coughs in Emilie's face. Emilie steps back, shocked.

MARJORY: There you go.

Now scrub.

EMILIE: Now look here—!

MARJORY: Master Branwell is living in the attic. If you want to call that "living."

You want more? Scrub like you mean it.

A shocked beat. Emilie does want more.

She scrubs again.

EMILIE: Whatever is he doing in the attic?

MARJORY: You'd scrub better if you were pregnant, I think. Come here.

EMILIE (*Completely alarmed*): No!

MARJORY: Do you want to know what it is to scrub well, or don't you?

EMILIE: Why is he in the attic!

MARJORY: Before she laid the last brick. There

was a small ray of light coming through the brick wall, where the hole was, and he put his face to it. He could barely reach, because of the chains. But he put his mouth to it as if he could drink the sunlight. He said: "Don't do this." But he knew she would do it, of course.

EMILIE: Who? Who would do such a thing?
Marjory approaches her, with a cold stare.

It's utterly disconcerting.

MARJORY: Close your eyes.

EMILIE: I don't want to.

MARJORY: But I didn't ask. What you wanted. I didn't ask that.

EMILIE (*Backed into a corner*): I want to go home.

MARJORY: This is your home, isn't it? This is your home now.

Agatha enters.

AGATHA: Mallory.

MARJORY (*Immediately transformed*): Yes ma'am.

AGATHA: What are you doing.

MARJORY: Showing Miss Vandergaard the... scullery, ma'am.

AGATHA: She does not need to see it.

MARJORY: Yes ma'am.

AGATHA: You are a very idle girl, Marjory. Go and make yourself useful elsewhere.

MARJORY: Yes ma'am.

She exits.

A beat between Agatha and Emilie.

AGATHA: Did she upset you?

EMILIE (*Very upset*): Not at all.

AGATHA: You seem as if you might cry.

EMILIE: I don't believe in crying.

Agatha takes Emilie in, with grudging respect. The thing she felt during the song flickers for her again.

AGATHA: ...Perhaps you would like to take a walk.

EMILIE: A walk?

AGATHA: We have some matters to discuss. Where better to do so than on the moors. The fresh air. The day light. The brisk wind.

EMILIE: And the quicksand? And the ravenous birds?

AGATHA: You shall enjoy it all immensely.

And as they move, the whole world transforms...

8.

The moors. Agatha and Emilie.

The sky goes on forever.

The light is hypnotic and terrifying and beautiful.

AGATHA: What do you think?

EMILIE: It's rather...large.

AGATHA: Yes.

EMILIE: And cold.

AGATHA: Yes.

EMILIE: One might get lost out here, so easily.

AGATHA: One wrong turn and it's all over.

EMILIE: I don't even know where the house is.

AGATHA: One might look around in all directions and see no sign of civilization whatsoever.

Beat.

EMILIE: Does it not seem very lonely to you?

AGATHA: I find it comforting.

EMILIE: Comforting?

AGATHA: I cannot stand weakness. I cannot stand it in myself, and I cannot abide it in others.

There is no weakness in the moors.

When I come out here, I am surrounded by merciless strength.

EMILIE: But mightn't it turn on you? Mightn't you be devoured by it?

AGATHA: Yes, absolutely.

A beat. Emilie is impressed despite herself.

EMILIE: The maid says you bricked Master Branwell in the attic.

AGATHA: Which maid was it?

EMILIE: Marjory.

Mallory.

Is it untrue?

AGATHA: No, no. All true.

EMILIE: That's horrible!

AGATHA (*A real question*): Why is it horrible?
Emilie thinks about this.

EMILIE: Well. He was your brother.

AGATHA: He gambled. He deflowered virgins. He ran up considerable debts.

EMILIE: So you chose to punish him for his ungodly ways?

AGATHA: Oh. No. One gets tired of cleaning up after others. And then one wishes to be rid of them.

EMILIE: That's it?

AGATHA: After father died, Branwell's indiscretions made life particularly irritating. Life became much less irritating when Branwell was in the attic.

EMILIE: Is he dead?

AGATHA: I left him with a loaf of bread.

Of course, one loaf of bread does not last for three months.

Beat.

EMILIE (*This isn't a bad thing*): You are very heartless, Agatha.

AGATHA: Yes, but that is a common fallacy. The part of humans is cruelty.

EMILIE: In the moors, do you think one is cruel? No. A bird or a fox or a dragonfly, it must survive from sheer strength and will alone. And does one call the moors "cruel"? "Heartless"? No. One accepts them for what they are. Inhospitable, perhaps. But that is

their nature. One accepts that nature—and only by accepting, nay, embracing it, can one truly be at home here.

EMILIE: You are unlike anyone I have ever met.

AGATHA: And what do you make of it?

Beat. The spark between them intensifies.

EMILIE: Did you truly write those letters?

AGATHA: I did.

EMILIE: And you read my letters.

AGATHA: Of course.

EMILIE: Did you read them in the parlor? Or did you wait until you were in your bedchamber?

AGATHA: Oh, I chose the privacy of my bedchamber.

EMILIE (*Shy*): And did they...delight you?

AGATHA: I found them very instructive.

EMILIE: Instructive...?

AGATHA: I found them quite telling. I read into them a great deal about your character, and its weaknesses, and how easily you find yourself at the mercy of the world.

EMILIE (*Bold*): But pleasure, Agatha. Did you find in them any...pleasure?

Agatha sizes her up. Agatha smiles.

AGATHA: Have you ever had a love affair, little Emilie?

EMILIE: One doesn't talk about such things.

AGATHA: One doesn't. You're right. One does not.

But here we are, and we are entirely alone...

EMILIE: When I— When I read his letters— your letters—they made me strangely—warm.

AGATHA: Did they.

EMILIE: A sort of a...pins and needles feeling. In all my extremities. Even my toes.

AGATHA: And did you like it?

EMILIE: Oh, it was very dangerous.

AGATHA: Did you take these letters to bed with you? Did you sleep with them against your skin?

EMILIE: I might have.

AGATHA: And you did it so you could dream of him.

EMILIE: I—yes, maybe I did.

AGATHA: And you did, you did dream of me, and it was very nice. Wasn't it.

EMILIE: It was.

AGATHA: In your dream you came to this house. And that first night at the dinner table, he had eyes only for you.

EMILIE: He stared at me with bright, dark eyes. He saw me.

AGATHA: And you were seen, as you had never before been seen.

EMILIE: And days passed, of course. One doesn't move too quickly.

AGATHA: And then one night I came to your room, I stood in your door.