

(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 – nevermind.

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 I could fly, it would make me happy.

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

I imagine that if you can see the parameters 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.

HEN + Mastiff

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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.*)

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.)

Finish

7.

(MARJORY polishes shiny things in the scullery.)

(EMILIE appears in the doorway.)

EMILIE. There you are!

(MARJORY is startled.)

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.

(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.