Act I

1. LOUISA--Which is more'n you kin say fur his wife. Folks all hates her! She ain't the Mannon kind. French and Dutch descended, she is. Furrin lookin' and queer. Her father's a doctor in New York, but he can't be much of a one 'cause she didn't bring no money when Ezra married her.
2. AMES--Secret lookin'--'s if it was a mask she'd put on. That's the Mannon look. They all has it. They grow it on their wives. Seth's growed it on too, didn't you notice--from bein' with 'em all his life. They don't want folks to guess their secrets.
3. LOUISA--The Mannons got skeletons in their closets same as others! Worse ones. (*lowering her voice almost to a whisper--to her husband*) Tell Minnie about old Abe Mannon's brother David marryin' that French Canuck nurse girl he'd got into trouble.
4. LAVINIA--(*stiffening--brusquely*) I don't know anything about love! I don't want to know anything! (*intensely*) I hate love!

PETER--(*crushed by this but trying bravely to joke*) Gosh, then, if that's the mood you're in, I guess I better not ask--something I'd made up my mind to ask you today.

LAVINIA--It's what you asked me a year ago when you were home on leave, isn't it?

PETER--And you said wait till the war was over. Well, it's over now.

LAVINIA--(*slowly*) I can't marry anyone, Peter. I've got to stay home. Father needs me.

PETER--He's got your mother.

LAVINIA--(*sharply*) He needs me more! (*A pause. Then she turns pityingly and puts her hand on his shoulder.*) I'm sorry, Peter.

1. BRANT--Thank you. (*He sits on the bench at her right. He has become wary now, feeling something strange in her attitude but not able to make her out--casually*) Yes, you must be very happy at the prospect of seeing your father again. Your mother has told me how close you've always been to him.

LAVINIA--Did she? (*then with intensity*) I love Father better than anyone in the world. There is nothing I wouldn't do--to protect him from hurt!

BRANT--(*watching her carefully--keeping his casual tone*) You care more for him than for your mother?

LAVINIA--Yes.

BRANT--Well, I suppose that's the usual way of it. A daughter feels closer to her father and a son to his mother. But I should think you ought to be a born exception to that rule.

LAVINIA--Why?

BRANT--You're so like your mother in some ways. Your face is the dead image of hers. And look at your hair. You won't meet hair like yours and hers again in a month of Sundays. I only know of one other woman who had it. You'll think it strange when I tell you. It was my mother.

1. BRANT--(*with forced gallantry*) Aye. But I meant, before I met you. (*then thinking he has at last hit on the cause of her changed attitude toward him--with a laugh*) So that's what you're holding against me, is it? Well, I might have guessed. Women are jealous of ships. They always suspect the sea. They know they're three of a kind when it comes to a man! (*He laughs again but less certainly this time, as he regards her grim, set expression.*) Yes, I might have seen you didn't appear much taken by my sea gamming that night. I suppose clippers are too old a story to the daughter of a ship builder. But unless I'm much mistaken, you were interested when I told you of the islands in the South Seas where I was shipwrecked my first voyage at sea.

LAVINIA--(*in a dry, brittle tone*) I remember your admiration for the naked native women. You said they had found the secret of happiness because they had never heard that love can be a sin.

Act II

1. LAVINIA--Stop lying, I tell you! I went upstairs! I heard you telling him--"I love you, Adam"--and kissing him! (*with a cold bitter fury*) You vile--! You're shameless and evil! Even if you are my mother, I say it! (*Christine stares at her, overwhelmed by this onslaught, her poise shattered for the moment. She tries to keep her voice indifferent but it trembles a little.*)

CHRISTINE--I--I knew you hated me, Vinnie--but not as bitterly as that! (*then with a return of her defiant coolness*) Very well! I love Adam Brant. What are you going to do?

LAVINIA--How you say that--without any shame! You don't give one thought to Father--who is so good--who trusts you! Oh, how could you do this to Father? How could you?

CHRISTINE--(*with strident intensity*) You would understand if you were the wife of a man you hated!

LAVINIA--(*horrified--with a glance at the portrait*) Don't! Don't say that--before him! I won't listen!

CHRISTINE--(*grabbing her by the arm*) You will listen! I'm talking to you as a woman now, not as mother to daughter! That relationship has no meaning between us! You've called me vile and shameless! Well, I want you to know that's what I've felt about myself for over twenty years, giving my body to a man I--

LAVINIA--(*trying to break away from her, half putting her hands up to her ears*) Stop telling me such things! Let me go! (*She breaks away, shrinking from her mother with a look of sick repulsion. A pause. She stammers*) You--then you've always hated Father?

CHRISTINE--(*bitterly*) No. I loved him once--before I married him--incredible as that seems now! He was handsome in his lieutenant's uniform! He was silent and mysterious and romantic! But marriage soon turned his romance into--disgust!

LAVINIA--(*wincing again--stammers harshly*) So I was born of your disgust! I've always guessed that, Mother--ever since I was little--when I used to come to you--with love--but you would always push me away! I've felt it ever since I can remember--your disgust! (*then with a flare-up of bitter hatred*) Oh, I hate you! It's only right I should hate you!

1. CHRISTINE--I know you, Vinnie! I've watched you ever since you were little, trying to do exactly what you're doing now! You've tried to become the wife of your father and the mother of Orin! You've always schemed to steal my place!
2. BRANT--I remember that night we were introduced and I heard the name Mrs. Ezra Mannon! By God, how I hated you then for being his! I thought, by God, I'll take her from him and that'll be part of my revenge! And out of that hatred my love came! It's damned queer, isn't it?

CHRISTINE--(*hugging him to her*) Are you going to let him take me from you now, Adam?

BRANT--(*passionately*) You ask that!

CHRISTINE--You swear you won't--no matter what you must do?

BRANT--By God, I swear it!

1. CHRISTINE--Oh, I know I've made one blunder after another. It's as if love drove me on to do everything I shouldn't. I never should have brought you to this house. Seeing you in New York should have been enough for me. But I loved you too much. I wanted you every possible moment we could steal! And I simply couldn't believe that he ever would come home. I prayed that he should be killed in the war so intensely that I finally believed it would surely happen! (*with savage intensity*) Oh, if he were only dead!

BRANT--That chance is finished now.

CHRISTINE--(*slowly--without looking at him*) Yes--in that way.

BRANT--(*stares at her*) What do you mean? (*She remains silent. He changes the subject uneasily.*) There's only one thing to do! When he comes home I'll wait for him and not give Vinnie the satisfaction of telling him. I'll tell him myself. (*vindictively*) By God! I'd give my soul to see his face when he knows you love Marie Brantôme's son! And then I'll take you away openly and laugh at him! And if he tries to stop me--! (*He stops and glances with savage hatred at the portrait.*)

1. BRANT--(*yearningly*) That's always been my dream--some day to own my own clipper! And Clark and Dawson would be willing to sell the "Flying Trades." (*then forgetting everything in his enthusiasm*) You've seen her, Christine. She's as beautiful a ship as you're a woman. Aye, the two of you are like sisters. If she was mine, I'd take you on a honeymoon then! To China--and on the voyage back, we'd stop at the South Pacific Islands I've told you about. By God, there's the right place for love and a honeymoon!

Act 3

1. MANNON--Peace ought to be signed soon. The President's assassination is a frightful calamity. But it can't change the course of events.

LAVINIA--Poor man! It's dreadful he should die just at his moment of victory.

MANNON--Yes! (*then after a pause--somberly*) All victory ends in the defeat of death. That's sure. But does defeat end in the victory of death? That's what I wonder! (*They both stare at him, Lavinia in surprise, Christine in uneasy wonder. A pause.*)

1. MANNON--(*as if he had determined, once started, to go on doggedly without heeding any interruption*) It was seeing death all the time in this war got me to thinking these things. Death was so common, it didn't mean anything. That freed me to think of life. Queer, isn't it? Death made me think of life. Before that life had only made me think of death!

CHRISTINE--(*without opening her eyes*) Why are you talking of death?

MANNON--That's always been the Mannons' way of thinking. They went to the white meeting-house on Sabbaths and meditated on death. Life was a dying. Being born was starting to die. Death was being born. (*shaking his head with a dogged bewilderment*) How in hell people ever got such notions! That white meeting-house. It stuck in my mind--clean-scrubbed and whitewashed--a temple of death! But in this war I've seen too many white walls splattered with blood that counted no more than dirty water. I've seen dead men scattered about, no more important than rubbish to be got rid of. That made the white meeting-house seem meaningless--making so much solemn fuss over death!

CHRISTINE--(*opens her eyes and stares at him with a strange terror*) What has this talk of death to do with me?

MANNON--(*avoiding her glance--insistently*) Shut your eyes again. Listen and you'll know. (*She shuts her eyes. He plods on with a note of desperation in his voice.*) I thought about my life--lying awake nights--and about your life. In the middle of battle I'd think maybe in a minute I'll be dead. But my life as just me ending, that didn't appear worth a thought one way or another. But listen, me as your husband being killed that seemed queer and wrong--like something dying that had never lived. Then all the years we've been man and wife would rise up in my mind and I would try to look at them. But nothing was clear except that there'd always been some barrier between us--a wall hiding us from each other! I would try to make up my mind exactly what that wall was but I never could discover. (*with a clumsy appealing gesture*) Do you know?

CHRISTINE--(*tensely*) I don't know what you're talking about.

MANNON--But you've known it was there! Don't lie, Christine! (*He looks at her still face and closed eyes, imploring her to reassure him--then blunders on doggedly*) Maybe you've always known you didn't love me. I call to mind the Mexican War. I could see you wanted me to go. I had a feeling you'd grown to hate me. Did you? (*She doesn't answer.*) That was why I went. I was hoping I might get killed. Maybe you were hoping that too. Were you?

CHRISTINE--(*stammers*) No, no, I--What makes you say such things?

MANNON--When I came back you had turned to your new baby, Orin. I was hardly alive for you any more. I saw that. I tried not to hate Orin. I turned to Vinnie, but a daughter's not a wife. Then I made up my mind I'd do my work in the world and leave you alone in your life and not care. That's why the shipping wasn't enough--why I became a judge and a mayor and such vain truck, and why folks in town look on me as so able! Ha! Able for what? Not for what I wanted most in life! Not for your love! No! Able only to keep my mind from thinking of what I'd lost! (*He stares at her--then asks pleadingly*) For you did love me before we were married. You won't deny that, will you?

CHRISTINE--(*desperately*) I don't deny anything!

MANNON--(*drawing himself up with a stern pride and dignity and surrendering himself like a commander against hopeless odds*) All right, then. I came home to surrender to you--what's inside me. I love you. I loved you then, and all the years between, and I love you now.

CHRISTINE--(*distractedly*) Ezra! Please!

MANNON--I want that said! Maybe you have forgotten it. I wouldn't blame you. I guess I haven't said it or showed it much--ever. Something queer in me keeps me mum about the things I'd like most to say--keeps me hiding the things I'd like to show. Something keeps me sitting numb in my own heart--like a statue of a dead man in a town square. (*Suddenly he reaches over and takes her hand.*) I want to find what that wall is marriage put between us! You've got to help me smash it down! We have twenty good years still before us! I've been thinking of what we could do to get back to each other. I've a notion if we'd leave the children and go off on a voyage together--to the other side of the world--find some island where we could be alone a while. You'll find I have changed, Christine. I'm sick of death! I want life! Maybe you could love me now! (*in a note of final desperate pleading*) I've got to make you love me!

CHRISTINE--(*pulls her hand away from him and springs to her feet wildly*) For God's sake, stop talking. I don't know what you're saying. Leave me alone! What must be, must be! You make me weak! (*then abruptly*) It's getting late.

MANNON--(*terribly wounded, withdrawn into his stiff soldier armor--takes out his watch mechanically*) Yes--six past eleven. Time to turn in. (*He ascends two steps, his face toward the door. He says bitterly*) You tell me to stop talking! By God, that's funny!

CHRISTINE--(*collected now and calculating--takes hold of his arm, seductively*) I meant--what is the good of words? There is no wall between us. I love you.

MANNON--(*grabs her by the shoulders and stares into her face*) Christine! I'd give my soul to believe that--but--I'm afraid! (*She kisses him. He presses her fiercely in his arms--passionately*) Christine! (*The door behind him is opened and Lavinia appears at the edge of the portico behind and above him. She wears slippers over her bare feet and has a dark dressing-gown over her night dress. She shrinks back from their embrace with aversion. They separate, startled.*)

Act IV

1. MANNON--Wait! I'm sorry I said that. (*Then, as she sits down again, he goes on gloomily.*) It isn't my heart. It's something uneasy troubling my mind--as if something in me was listening, watching, waiting for something to happen.

15-CHRISTINE--(*her voice grown strident*) Did you think you could make me weak--make me forget all the years? Oh no, Ezra! It's too late! (*Then her voice changes, as if she had suddenly resolved on a course of action, and becomes deliberately taunting.*) You want the truth? You've guessed it! You've used me, you've given me children, but I've never once been yours! I never could be! And whose fault is it? I loved you when I married you! I wanted to give myself! But you made me so I couldn't give! You filled me with disgust!

1. CHRISTINE--Yes, I dared! And all my trips to New York weren't to visit Father but to be with Adam! He's gentle and tender, he's everything you've never been. He's what I've longed for all these years with you--a lover! I love him! So now you know the truth!

THE HUNTED

Act I

1. CHRISTINE--I was like you once--long ago--before--(*then with bitter longing*) If I could only have stayed as I was then! Why can't all of us remain innocent and loving and trusting? But God won't leave us alone. He twists and wrings and tortures our lives with others' lives until--we poison each other to death! (*seeing Hazel's look, catches herself--quickly*) Don't mind what I said! Let's go in, shall we? I would rather wait for Orin inside. I couldn't bear to wait and watch him coming up the drive--just like--he looks so much like his father at times--and like--but what nonsense I'm talking! Let's go in. I hate moonlight. It makes everything so haunted.
2. ORIN--(*as they enter looks eagerly toward the house--then with bitter, hurt disappointment in his tone*) Where's Mother? I thought she'd surely be waiting for me. (*He stands staring at the house.*) God, how I've dreamed of coming home! I thought it would never end, that we'd go on murdering and being murdered until no one was left alive! Home at last! No, by God, I must be dreaming again! (*then in an awed tone*) But the house looks strange. Or is it something in me? I was out of my head so long, everything has seemed queer since I came back to earth. Did the house always look so ghostly and dead?

PETER--That's only the moonlight, you chump.

ORIN--Like a tomb. That's what mother used to say it reminded her of, I remember.

LAVINIA--(*reproachfully*) It is a tomb--just now, Orin.

1. CHRISTINE--(*immediately recovers her poise--to Orin, as if Lavinia hadn't spoken*) Come on in, dear. It's chilly. Your poor head--(*She takes his hand and leads him through the door and closes it behind them. Lavinia remains by the foot of the steps, staring after them. Then the door is suddenly opened again and Christine comes out, closing it behind her, and walks to the head of the steps. For a moment mother and daughter stare into each other's eyes. Then Christine begins haltingly in a tone she vainly tries to make kindly and persuasive.*) Vinnie, I--I must speak with you a moment--now Orin is here. I appreciate your grief has made you--not quite normal--and I make allowances. But I cannot understand your attitude toward me. Why do you keep following me everywhere--and stare at me like that? I had been a good wife to him for twenty-three years--until I met Adam. I was guilty then, I admit. But I repented and put him out of my life. I would have been a good wife again as long as your father had lived. After all, Vinnie, I am your mother. I brought you into the world. You ought to have some feeling for me. (*She pauses, waiting for some response, but Lavinia simply stares at her, frozen and silent. Fear creeps into Christine's tone.*) Don't stare like that! What are you thinking? Surely you can't still have that insane suspicion--that I--(*then guiltily*) What did you do that night after I fainted? I--I've missed something--some medicine I take to put me to sleep--(*Something like a grim smile of satisfaction forms on Lavinia's lips. Christine exclaims frightenedly*) Oh, you did--you found--and I suppose you connect that--but don't you see how insane--to suspect--when Doctor Blake knows he died of--! (*then angrily*) I know what you've been waiting for--to tell Orin your lies and get him to go to the police! You don't dare do that on your own responsibility--but if you can make Orin--Isn't that it? Isn't that what you've been planning the last two days? Tell me! (*Then, as Lavinia remains silent, Christine gives way to fury and rushes down the steps and grabs her by the arm and shakes her.*) Answer me when I speak to you! What are you plotting? What are you going to do? Tell me! (*Lavinia keeps her body rigid, her eyes staring into her mother's. Christine lets go and steps away from her. Then Lavinia, turning her back, walks slowly and woodenly off left between the lilac clump and the house. Christine stares after her, her strength seems to leave her, she trembles with dread. From inside the house comes the sound of Orin's voice* *calling sharply* "Mother! Where are you?" *Christine starts and immediately by an effort of will regains control over herself. She hurries up the steps and opens the door. She speaks to Orin and her voice is tensely quiet and normal.*) Here I am, dear! (*She shuts the door behind her.*)

Act III

1. ORIN--(*goes on with the same air*) Before I'd gotten back I had to kill another in the same way. It was like murdering the same man twice. I had a queer feeling that war meant murdering the same man over and over, and that in the end I would discover the man was myself! Their faces keep coming back in dreams--and they change to Father's face--or to mine--What does that mean, Vinnie?
2. LAVINIA--(*unafraid--looking up into his eyes--coldly*) You know I'm not lying! She's been going to New York on the excuse of visiting Grandfather Hamel, but really to give herself to--!

ORIN--(*in anguish*) You lie, damn you! (*threateningly*) You dare say that about Mother! Now you've got to prove it or else--! You're not insane! You know what you're saying! So you prove it--or by God, I'll--!

LAVINIA--(*taking his hands off her shoulders and rising*) All I ask is a chance to prove it! (*then intensely*) But when I do, will you help me punish Father's murderers?

ORIN--(*in a burst of murderous rage*) I'll kill that bastard! (*in anguished uncertainty again*) But you haven't proved anything yet! It's only your word against hers! I don't believe you! You say Brant is her lover! If that's true, I'll hate her! I'll know she murdered Father then! I'll help you punish her! But you've got to prove it!

1. CHRISTINE--(*Her eyes, which have been avoiding the corpse, now fasten on the dead man's face with fascinated horror.*) No--remember your father wouldn't want--any scandal--he mustn't be worried, he said--he needs rest and peace--(*She addresses the dead man directly in a strange tone of defiant scorn.*) You seem the same to me in death, Ezra! You were always dead to me! I hate the sight of death! I hate the thought of it! (*Her eyes shift from his face and she sees the box of poison. She starts back with a stifled scream and stares at it with guilty fear.*)

ORIN--Mother! For God's sake, be quiet! (*The strain snaps for him and he laughs with savage irony.*) God! To think I hoped home would be an escape from death! I should never have come back to life--from my island of peace! (*then staring at his mother strangely*) But that's lost now! You're my lost island, aren't you, Mother? (*He turns and stumbles blindly from the room. Lavinia reaches out stealthily and snatches up the box. This breaks the spell for Christine whose eyes have been fixed on it hypnotically. She looks wildly at Lavinia's frozen accusing face.*)

LAVINIA--(*in a cold, grim voice*) It was Brant who got you this--medicine to make you sleep--wasn't it?

CHRISTINE--(*distractedly*) No! No! No!

LAVINIA--You're telling me it was. I knew it--but I wanted to make sure. (*She puts the box back in the bosom of her dress--turns, rigid and square-shouldered, and walks woodenly from the room.*)

CHRISTINE--(*stares after her wildly, then her eyes fasten again on the dead man's face. Suddenly she appeals to him distractedly.*) Ezra! Don't let her harm Adam! I am the only guilty one! Don't let Orin--! (*Then, as if she read some answer in the dead man's face, she stops in terror and, her eyes still fixed on his face, backs to the door and rushes out.*)

Act IV

1. CHRISTINE--I feel so guilty! I've brought you nothing but misfortune!

BRANT--You've brought love--and the rest is only the price. It's worth it a million times! You're all mine now, anyway! (*He hugs her to him, staring over her head with sad blank eyes.*)

CHRISTINE--(*her voice trembling*) But I'm afraid I'm not much to boast about having--now. I've grown old in the past few days. I'm ugly. But I'll make myself beautiful again--for you--! I'll make up to you for everything! Try not to regret your ship too much, Adam!

BRANT--(*gruffly*) Let's not talk of her any more. (*then forcing a wry smile*) I'll give up the sea. I think it's through with me now, anyway! The sea hates a coward.

CHRISTINE--(*trying pitifully to cheer him*) Don't talk like that! You have me, Adam! You have me! And we will be happy--once we're safe on your Blessed Islands! (*then suddenly, with a little shudder*) It's strange. Orin was telling me of an island--(*On the deck above, Orin, who has bent closer to the transom, straightens up with a threatening movement. Lavinia grips his arm, restraining him.*)

BRANT--(*with a bitter, hopeless yearning*) Aye--the Blessed Isles--Maybe we can still find happiness and forget! (*then strangely, as if to himself*) I can see them now--so close--and a million miles away! The warm earth in the moonlight, the trade winds rustling the coco palms, the surf on the barrier reef singing a croon in your ears like a lullaby! Aye! There's peace, and forgetfulness for us there--if we can ever find those islands now!

CHRISTINE--(*desperately*) We will find them! We will! (*She kisses him. A pause. Suddenly she glances frightenedly at the clock.*) Look at the time! I've got to go, Adam!

1. ORIN--Do you remember me telling you how the faces of the men I killed came back and changed to Father's face and finally became my own? (*He smiles grimly.*) He looks like me, too! Maybe I've committed suicide!

LAVINIA--(*frightenedly--grabbing his arm*) Hurry! Someone may come!

ORIN--(*not heeding her, still staring at Brant--strangely*) If I had been he I would have done what he did! I would have loved her as he loved her--and killed Father too--for her sake!

LAVINIA--(*tensely--shaking him by the arm*) Orin, for God's sake, will you stop talking crazy and come along? Do you want us to be found here? (*She pulls him away forcibly.*)

ORIN--(*with a last look at the dead man*) It's queer! It's a rotten dirty joke on someone! (*He lets her hustle him out to the alleyway.*)

Act V

1. CHRISTINE--(*with a shudder*) Please don't talk about--He is buried! He is gone!

HAZEL--(*gently*) He is at peace, Mrs. Mannon.

CHRISTINE--(*with bitter mockery*) I was like you once! I believed in heaven! Now I know there is only hell!

HAZEL--Ssshh! You mustn't say that.

CHRISTINE--(*rousing herself--forcing a smile*) I'm not fit company for a young girl, I'm afraid. You should have youth and beauty and freedom around you. I'm old and ugly and haunted by death! (*then, as if to herself--in a low desperate tone*) I can't let myself get ugly! I can't!

HAZEL--You're only terribly worn out. You ought to try and sleep.

1. LAVINIA--(*finally speaks sternly*) He paid the just penalty for his crime. You know it was justice. It was the only way true justice could be done. (*Her mother starts. The words shatter her merciful numbness and awaken her to agony again. She springs to her feet and stands glaring at her daughter with a* *terrible look in which a savage hatred fights with horror and fear. In spite of her frozen self-control, Lavinia recoils before this. Keeping her eyes on her, Christine shrinks backward up the steps until she stands at the top between the two columns of the portico before the front door. Lavinia suddenly makes a motion, as if to hold her back. She calls shakenly as if the words were wrung out of her against her will*) Mother! What are you going to do? You can live!
2. ORIN--Vinnie! (*He grabs her arm and stammers distractedly*) Mother--shot herself--Father's pistol--get a doctor--(*then with hopeless anguish*) No--it's too late--she's dead! (*then wildly*) Why--why did she, Vinnie? (*with tortured self-accusation*) I drove her to it! I wanted to torture her! She couldn't forgive me! Why did I have to boast about killing him? Why--?

LAVINIA--(*frightenedly, puts her hand over his mouth*) Be quiet!

ORIN--(*tears her hand away--violently*) Why didn't I let her believe burglars killed him? She wouldn't have hated me then! She would have forgotten him! She would have turned to me! (*in a final frenzy of self-denunciation*) I murdered her!

LAVINIA--(*grabbing him by the shoulders*) For God's sake, will you be quiet?

ORIN--(*frantically--trying to break away from her*) Let me go! I've got to find her! I've got to make her forgive me! I--! (*He suddenly breaks down and weeps in hysterical anguish. Lavinia. puts her arm around him soothingly. He sobs despairingly.*) But she's dead--She's gone--how can I ever get her to forgive me now?

LAVINIA--(*soothingly*) Ssshh! Ssshh! You have me, haven't you? I love you. I'll help you to forget. (*He turns to go back into the house, still sobbing helplessly. Seth's voice comes from the drive, right, close at hand:*

"She's far across the stormy water  
Way-ay, I'm bound away--"

*He enters right, front. Lavinia turns to face him.*)

SETH--(*approaching*) Say, Vinnie, did you hear a shot--?

LAVINIA--(*sharply*) I want you to go for Doctor Blake. Tell him Mother has killed herself in a fit of insane grief over Father's death. (*then as he stares, dumbfounded and wondering, but keeping his face expressionless--more sharply*) Will you remember to tell him that?

SETH--(*slowly*) Ayeh. I'll tell him, Vinnie--anything you say. (*His face set grimly, he goes off, right front. Lavinia turns and, stiffly erect, her face stern and mask-like, follows Orin into the house.*)

The Haunting

Consult the whole part for better learning. All lines of this part are important.