

2.

(EMILIE's bedroom, that seems to be the exact same room as the parlor. MARJORY leads EMILIE in, coughing from time to time. It's a deeply jarring machine-gun noise.)

MARJORY. And this will be your bedroom.

EMILIE. Oh...uh...

MARJORY. Is there a problem?

EMILIE. ...Is this not the parlor?

MARJORY. It's your bedroom. Ma'am.

EMILIE. ...Oh, but, you see, it looks like...?

(She trails away under MARJORY's baleful eye.)

I see. Yes. Of course.

(A beat.)

MARJORY. Mistress Agatha asked to see you were settled. You look settled.

(She puts on her scullery maid cap.)

Now there's dishes to attend to in the scullery.

EMILIE. Just a moment.

MARJORY. Yes ma'am?

EMILIE. Which maid did you say you were?

MARJORY. *(Takes off the cap.)* I'm the maid. Your maid.

EMILIE. And you have the typhus?

MARJORY. Sort of everybody's maid.

Yes, yes I do.

EMILIE. Are you the one with the typhus, or the one with the baby?

MARJORY. I'm both, sort of both.

EMILIE. How are you both of something? Either you are something, or you are another thing.

MARJORY. When I'm in the scullery, I have the typhus.

When I'm in the parlor, I have the baby.

EMILIE. Oh.

MARJORY. It's how the time passes here.

EMILIE. I see. That is one way of doing things.

MARJORY. Indeed it is.

EMILIE. I'm terribly sorry to hear about your...conditions.

MARJORY. I don't need you to be.

(She turns to go again.)

EMILIE. Ah – just a moment?

MARJORY. Yes ma'am.

EMILIE. How long have you worked for this household?

MARJORY. Oh. Forever, ma'am.

EMILIE. How old are you?

MARJORY. I haven't been counting. Ma'am.

EMILIE. But you were raised out here on these savage moors, you were treated kindly, perhaps they took you to church on Sundays to hear their father's sermons...? Master Branwell said –

MARJORY. *(Alarmed.)* You spoke to him!

EMILIE. In the letter. He wrote me a letter.

MARJORY. *(Relieved, subsiding.)* Oh.

EMILIE. ...What surprises you?

MARJORY. Nothing. I'm not surprised.

EMILIE. You seem so. You seem greatly surprised.

MARJORY. No, not I.

(Stand-off.)

EMILIE. Is Master Branwell very frightening? Are you frightened of him?

(MARJORY puts the scullery maid cap back on.)

MARJORY. You'd have to ask the parlor maid about that.

(She leaves.)