

Side 4

Jackie monologue

shines you can't see the moon. I was the moon. When the sun came out Simon couldn't see me any more. He was dazzled. He could only see the sun – Kay.

CANON. So that is how you see it? *(He moves a few steps up right center.)*

JACKIE. Glamour. She went to his head. There's her complete assurance, too, her habit of command. She's so sure of herself that she makes other people sure. Simon was weak, perhaps, but then he's a very simple person. *(She moves down left center.)* He would have loved me and me only if Kay hadn't come along.

CANON. That is what you like to think.

JACKIE. It's true. He did love me – he always will love me.

CANON. Does he love you now?

(JACKIE starts. Her face changes. She speaks bitterly.)

JACKIE. One up to you on that. *(She moves away to left.)* You don't hit softly, do you?

CANON. I'm afraid for you.

JACKIE. Afraid?

CANON. Yes. What you are doing is dangerous.

Start JACKIE. Not as dangerous as what I once thought of doing. Do you know what I felt when it first happened? *(She takes a small pistol out of her bag; crosses to him and shows it.)*

~~CANON. *(Leaving it and reading the initials.)* J.S.~~

JACKIE. Nice little thing. Looks like a toy, but a bullet from it would kill a man or woman. And I'm a good shot. *(She takes back the pistol and weighs it in her hand.)* I meant to kill one or other of them. Not both – that wouldn't have been satisfactory. If I'd thought Kay would have looked afraid – but she wouldn't. She's got plenty of physical courage. And then I thought I'd wait. After all, I could do it any time – it would be more fun to wait – and think about it – *(Her face changes as she pauses and visualises revenge.)* And then this idea came to my mind – to follow them. *(She moves up right center*

to up center.) Whenever they arrived at some far away spot and were together and happy, they should see me! And it worked. It got Kay badly – in a way nothing else could have done. That was when I began to enjoy myself... *(As she comes down to the chair left of the center table.)* And there's nothing she can do about it. I'm always perfectly pleasant and polite. And it's poisoning everything – everything for them... *(She sits and laughs hysterically.)*

~~*(CANON PENNYWORTH crosses swiftly above the table to her and catches her by the wrist.)*~~

CANON. Be quiet – quiet, I tell you!

JACKIE. Why should I? *(But she stops.)*

CANON. Because that is how the devils in Hell laugh.

JACKIE. I'm in Hell all right.

CANON. *(sitting center above the table)* Listen Jacqueline, don't open your heart to evil, because if you do – evil will come.

JACKIE. Isn't evil rather a strong word?

CANON. It is the only word.

JACKIE. You can't stop me.

CANON. No, I cannot stop you.

JACKIE. Even if I were to kill her, you couldn't stop me.

CANON. *(with deep sadness)* No.

JACKIE. Is it so wrong to kill a person who has taken away everything you had in the world? Is it? Is it?

CANON. Yes!

(JACKIE looks at him, then laughs – the tension slackens. She speaks mockingly.)

JACKIE. You ought to approve of my present scheme of revenge, because as long as it works, I shan't use that pistol. But I'm afraid sometimes.

CANON. What are you afraid of?

JACKIE. Sometimes – everything goes red – I want to hurt her.