

DIFF 'RENT

Eugene O'Neill

EMMA:

Yes, I forgive it. But don't think that my forgiving is going to make any diff'rence -'cause I ain't going to marry you, Caleb. That's final. Oh, I wish I could make you see - my reason. You don't. You never will, I expect. What you done is just what any other man would have done - and being like them is exactly what'll keep you from ever seeing my meaning. Maybe it's my fault more'n your'n. It's like this, Caleb. Ever since we was little I guess I've always had the idea that you was - diff'rent. And when we growed up and got engaged I thought that more and more. And you was diff'rent, too! And that was why I loved you. And now you've proved you ain't. And so how can I love you any more? I don't, Caleb, and that's all there is to it. You've busted something way down inside me - and I can't love you no more ... Wait. I don't want you to go out of here with no hard feelings. You 'n' me, Caleb, we've been too close all our lives to ever get to be enemies. I like you, Caleb, same's I always did. I want us to stay friends. I want you to be like one of the family same's you've always been. There's no reason you can't. I don't blame you - as a man - for what I wouldn't hold against any other man. If I find I can't love you - that way - no more or be your wife, it's just that I've decided - things being what they be and me being what I am - I won't marry no man. I'll stay single. I guess there's worse things than being an old maid... It ain't a question of time, Caleb. It's a question of something being dead. And when a thing's died, time can't make no diff'rence.