

GRANITE

CLEMENCE DANE

JUDITH: Oh, how it hurts! Did I hurt you, Penny? And won't you hurt me in a year or two? You'll go away, marry, forget me. I know it. You'll leave me alone with Jordan again, for all your loving and hugging. *(She crosses L. and sits in the chair above the fireplace.)* I know. *(She pauses, and sits quietly staring into the flames: presently she laughs.)* Little Penny and her devils! The good child! "The devil always gives you your wish and then when he does, you're sorry!" Sorry! I'd risk it, if I could have my one wish! My wishes have grown so few. *(She tries over the names.)* Prosper Morris! Judith and Prosper Morris Judith and Jordan Morris I "You call him and he comes." Oh, easy, easy, Penny! "You just pray, ma'am" *(She rises and moves about the room as if, without knowing it, the rising wind had forced her into stirring with it.)* I've prayed enough, God knows! Yes, You know that, God! I've wearied You, I know! But what if You have wearied me? What if I change? *(Again she is silent. Her hand has fallen on PROSPER'S cloak which he has left lying across the chair L. of the table. She fingers it, absently at first. Then she begins to smile.)* Why did you send Prosper to me, eh Lord? English law doesn't run on Lundy, Jordan says. I thought maybe You were out of power too. Yet You've sent me Prosper. Or wasn't it You? He's set me dancing, heels and heart. But You and Jordan aren't ones for dancing, are You? This is queer now. *(She flings up her head: her eyes shine.)* Listen! Whoever you are, God or devil, my God, not Jordan's, my new God who sent me Prosper! Listen to me now! Let me keep him. Let him stay here on Lundy, a year, only a year—oh less, six months—less than that a month—let him stay—let him dance with me and kiss me—let me have a month's summer like other women have, and I'll sell my soul to You for him, if You'll tell me how! I will, you laughing God, I will, whatever Hell You send me to! *(Again she is silent, then she laughs harshly.)* Fool I am! Sell my soul That's a safe vow. As if Jordan would let me own it or sell it! It's his and he'll spend it—on the faun. And so I've nothing left to buy him with, O God that sent me Prosper: *-(Her-face-works-childishly:- she-sinks into the chair R. of the table, and with her head on her arms, sobs bitterly.)* Nothing, nothing! Not even my own soul! *(A laugh is heard from outside the window.)* *(She lifts her head.)* Who's that? Who's there? Who laughed at me?