

Jane Eyre by T.H. Paul

Act I

Scene 1

Landscape

Enter Robert Leav[e]n R & E

Robert (speaking off): Thankee. I'm all right now, I shall find it. (*Looks off L.*) Why there it is, I can read the name from here (*reads*) Lowood Institute (looks more like a Penitentiary) rebuilt by Naomi Broklehurst Hall in this County – well I can't say as I think much of it – so that's where poor Jane Eyre's been shut up for two years & more. I wonder whether she's altered – she did have a temper of her own and no mistake although my Bessie says the way her Aunt and cousins treated her was enough to rile an angel – Hello, what's this little lot –

Girls enter from 2 EL walk across followed by Jane Eyre

Robert (looks and calls in doubt): Miss Jane (*Jane turns*) I beg pardon ain't you Miss Eyre?

Jane: My name is Jane Eyre.

Robert: I knew it lor bless you – you ain't altered a bit – growed of course and –

Jane: I think I remember you –

Robert: At Gateshead (*Jane starts*) Mrs Reed's (*She shudders*) and you \can/ call to mind Bessie –

Jane: Indeed I can with joy and gratitude for she was the only one who shewed me kindness – hers was the only smile that threw a ray of love and light on the dark days of my miserable childhood.

Robert: She's my wife now and when I tell her what you've just said she'll be proud enough I warrant.

Jane: You shall take some kinder message still – but tell me what brings you to Lowood –

Robert: Your Aunt and cousins have come to look over the Institute and I was told to come up here for orders –

Jane (with an effort): They are well I hope?

Robert: Oh for that matter they're right enough but they nag and quarrel more than ever.

Jane: Robert I cannot listen to such remarks.

Robert: Of course not Miss I ask pardon – Mr John's come with them – he's worse than ever – he is working his quiet dodge now so \as/ to gammon his mother out of some more money –

Jane: Silence – shew respect to those you serve or serve them no longer.

Enter Mr Broklehurst LER comes down C

Mr Brok: What am to infer from what I behold? Answer, Jane Eyre, in the spirit of truth – why you have neglected your trust and elected to listen to the voice of the male stranger whose raiments have dazzled your eyes and blinded your heart to your duty and made you desert the lambkins of my flock?

Robert: I beg pardon, Sir, I –

Mr Brok: Menial – for so I judge you by your garments – be silent – Jane Eyre, speak and do not by falsehood seek to palliate by paltry excuse –

Jane: Mr Broklehurst you are mistaken – this man is a well-tried honest servant and you have no right to insult him if with impunity you can me –

Mr Brok: Oh, misguided child raise not thy voice in wrath or ere the sun goes down punishment may befall thee! (*to Robert*) Whose servant art thou?

Robert: Mrs Reed's – this young lady's rich relation.

Mr Brok (slightly changed tone): Jane Eyre – repine not, you see you are not forgotten by your good and wealthy friends –

Jane: You are mistaken Sir, I am not the object of their visit.

Mr Brok [illegible]: In that case neglect your duty no more – follow your charges (*Points R*) remain firm to your post and see the girls do not pick the buttercups or play at idle games.

Jane: Are they then to have no amusement or pleasure?

Mr Brok: What dreadful words – take this tract, obdurate Jane Eyre, and read it with gleesome spirit to my little flock – go – (*Jane Eyre wearily exit IER*) (*To Robert*) Here is one for you too – (*gives tract*) it is entitled 'A bit of brimstone or a sod in pickle'.

Rochester (calls outside): Hollo! Here, I say, lend me a hand will you!

Mr Brok (looks off IER): A voice raised in distress, a muddy dirty-looking fellow – a beggar perhaps or tramp – let us flee from all such – neither lend or give to such (*to Robert*) follow me and acquaint me with your business here –

Rochester (calls out)

Exit Broklehurst followed by Robert 2EL

Enter Rochester 1ER; he appears suffering from effects of fall

Roch: Christianity and civilization exemplified – that fellow must have seen and heard me and yet in spite of the plight I'm in he walks off unconcernedly – to the devil with such fellows as he. My wrist hurts so confoundedly I –

Enter Jane Eyre 2ER

- Roch:* Hollo! where did you spring from?
Jane: I was in the field by the lane where your horse threw you – he was straying so I took the bridle and fastened him to the gate yonder –
Roch: Bravo, my heroine, my good fairy of the wood – then you are used to horses, not a farmer's daughter I'm sure –
Jane: No, I'm a pupil teacher at the institute here. You seem hurt – shall I get assistance for you?
Roch: No not from there – just take your handkerchief and bind firmly round my wrist (*business*) there, deuce take me but you're a thorough household fairy. Now I must get my horse – have you an umbrella? No stick! Well then I must leave you –
Jane: I am willing to help you, Sir.
Roch: Did I forget to ask your leave? – Ah well – I'm in pain, my little teacher, so forgive me, and I'll not forget the governess of Lowood Institute.
 (*Exit leaning on Jane 2ER*)

Enter Mrs Reed & John Reed followed by Georgina & Eliza Reed

- Mrs Reed (going L looking off):* You're mistaken, my dear John – it never can be Jane!
Georg: I really cannot conceive what it can signify whether it is or not – we have done with the low connexion and I presume none of us wish to renew it –
Eliza: It certainly is not advisable on the score of expense alone – each day brings increase of expenditure and I consider I am sufficiently impoverished by a nearer relative than a cousin (*looks spitefully at John*).
John: Well, book-keeper, anything else spiteful to say? I'll outlive you if it's only to read the interesting account of the death of the notorious female miser, Eliza Reed – (*Eliza & John quarrel, Georgina laughs*).
Mrs Reed: Pray cease this bickering, I'll not call it quarrelling – and for such a subject!
Georg: Indeed yes – absurd –
Eliza: Rediculous and unprofitable! [*sic*]
John (aside): Perhaps – but still let's say no more about it.
Mrs Reed: Quite right, my dear John – Georgina is wise in saying we have no wish to renew the acquaintance of your cousin which, as Eliza says, would be unprofitable in every way –
George & Eliza: Then why bring us here?
John: You can't call it pleasure!
Mrs Reed: No, John, you are quite right – your brother is correct, my dears – it is not a pleasure, it is duty!

- Georg:* A change, certainly!
Eliza: Curiosities are expensive –
John: You would deny yourself the luxury of wondering –
Mrs Reed: Pray cease – left as this child was to my care, I did my best, but her evil temper would not allow her even to agree with us though as cousins –
Georg: Cousin indeed – (*Turns up stage R*)
Eliza: Prospectless and penniless! (*Turns up stage L*)
John (aside): I'm not so sure of that –
Mrs Reed: I dare not tell them of Jane's good fortune – the envy, covetousness and greed of my own children might ruin their chance of sharing in the fortune that awaits her – as a child she defied and terrified me but the discipline and usage of Lowood may have made her more tractable –

Enter Mr Broklehurst L; bows obsequiously to Georgina & Eliza who are L. John lights cigar & lounges on bank.

Mr Brok (bowing): Your servant, ladies.

Georg: Mama (*Nods superciliously*).

Eliza (who has been looking at contents of purse and closes it quickly): Mama!

Mrs Reed (turning): Ah, Mr Broklehurst – delighted to renew our acquaintance. My daughters you have met – my son, John Reed (*introducing; Brok bows*).

John: That's me – How are you?

Mr Brok: With gratitude I may say I am well and with pleasant fervour welcome my dear friends – you have come to see the humble work of a weak but worthy servant of Eleemosary [*sic*] offerings. (*Coughs & points*) This institute was erected –

Mrs Reed: Yes, we had a circular – but Jane Eyre?

Mr Brok: Good heart? benevolent fount overflowing with milk and honey for the orphan and the friendless – she has risen through the humble merits of my tuition to a pupil teacher –

Mrs Reed: But is her temper changed?

Mr Brok: Dear friend, first let me ask you your views as to her future –

Mrs Reed: That depends upon herself (*with meaning*).

Mr Brok: Will you not enter our humble though hospitable if not noble pile – we there can review the past and exchange ideas as to the future.

Georg: It would be as well, Mama – I am fearfully faint – I wonder wonder if Jane can make me a welsh rarebit?

Mr Brok: She may have neglected that branch of her education –

Eliza: Education in many cases of the lower classes means extravagance – meat seven times a week – wicked and preposterous –

Mrs Reed: My dears, do not discuss (*to Brok*) is Jane out?

Mr Brok: Yes with the flock in yonder field.

- John:* What – sheep-shearing –
Mr Brok: No, tempering the elements to the rough winds of the youthful minds by reading one of my tracts to my dear little charges.
John: Oh then, see, [I'll] soon fetch her (*to Mrs Reed*) you and the girls go in the house and I'll trot her in –
Mr Brok: Ah then, you are old friends.
John: Oh yes – you ask her, we liked each other – we did – I shall carry the scar she gave me to my grave and she can't forget my simple childish vengeance – if she should why I'll soon call it to her memory, never fear. (Exit)
Mrs Reed: My dears, we'll do as your brother says – if Mr Brokleshurst will give me his arm –
Mr Brok (business): My dear Madam, let us lead the way to the institution which you will be pleased to observe was built or rather rebuilt by me (*walks off describing to Mrs Reed L*).
Georg: With somebody else's money – (*following L*).
Eliza: At a very great expense to outlay I'll be bound. (Exeunt L)

Enter Jane followed by John Reed

- Jane:* John Reed, I beg you will not speak to me – time has not yet taught me to forget your cruel usage to a helpless child.
John: You are powerful now, are you? and can defy me more than ever, Eh! –
Jane: Yes I can, and will – for Heaven in its mercy has strengthened my heart – not with revengeful feelings either for my past wrongs or fears for future evil, firm in resolves to neither scorn nor threaten, but content to trust to that power which protects and punishes in its own good time. (Exit L)
John: Well, that shews a better feeling than before for my purposes – more easily worked on – cant takes the place of viciousness – I hate her more than ever but if that precious letter mother keeps so closely to herself and never dreams that I know of is true, Jane Eyre would be worth marrying – I must prevent all chance of her reconciliation with any of my family but myself – then by shewing her a way to change her misery and poverty to affluence and happiness time will then let me mould circumstances to my will – I can't afford to lose a chance so for the present need Jane Eyre shall be my sport and profit. (Exit L)

Scene 2^{12*}

School room at Lowood – 2 desks R & L – forms – bare walls – raised desk for Miss Temple C. Girls at desks over slates, books etc.
Mrs Reed, Georgina, Eliza, Miss Temple, Mr Brokleshurst

A Bell rings as Scene opens

- Mr Brok:* This, my friends, is our Educational Mill – where we grind into the youthful mind the rudimentary basis of future knowledge –
Miss Temple: I have no reports to make or complaints today Sir.
Mr Brok: Indeed – but I have some enormitie[s] to call your attention to, Miss Temple, and but for the presence of strangers –
Mrs Reed: Pray proceed, Mr Brokleshurst, with your discipline – we should prefer to see the usual working of the admirable Institute –
Georg: It's a novelty to us.
Eliza: And not expensive –
Mr Brok: Dear \honoured/ Friends, if you will let me call you so, for are we not fellow workers in the good cause of humanity and truth? I would willingly proceed as you wis[h] but justice will compel me to speak in terms of reproof to one in whom you are interested (*this is spoken down the stage to Mrs Reed*).
Mrs Reed: I should prefer that you did so – it will enable me to judge if I dare take her back to the bosom of my family.
Mr Brok: Then with a double zeal will I test her humility. Hem! (*Coughs loudly and goes to desk*) Miss Temple (*pulls out a long list*) I have here a few complaints and corrections I wish to bring to your notice – the first comes under the head of Domestic Stockings – Hem – I was struck with grief when I saw a quantity of black hose hanging on the line drying in the sun – now from the size of the holes in those stockings I'm sure they have not been mended from time to time –
Miss Temple: They are of an inferior quality –
Mr Brok: Impossible – I bought them myself – attend to it do not give out more than one darning needle to each pupil. Then I see in last week's account there are two extra tuckers – the rule limits to one.
Miss Temple: I gave permission for two pupils to take tea with some friends.
Mr Brok: I was not aware that our pupils had any – I'll see into it – but here is a thing that surprises and pains me – my friends, bear with me, it is very serious (*movement*). I find in the accounts a mention of lunch of bread and cheese twice in the past week – the regulations allow no such meal – whence the invitation – by whose authority –

¹² * Fragile paper begins here.

Miss Temple: By mine, Sir – each day the breakfast was so ill prepared it could not possibly be eaten.

Mr Brok: One moment – are you aware my plan and rule is to make these girls hardy and able to dispense nay positively despise luxury and indulgence – if accident spoils the meal what a glorious opportunity for causing them to exercise self denial – such an incident should not be neutralized by pampering them – Miss Temple do not let it occur again – a glorious opportunity has been lost by feeding their bodies with bread and cheese and willing by pernicious indulgence their immortal souls –

Miss Temple: Jane Eyre pleaded so hard for them –

Mr Brok: You hear, my dear Madam – Jane Eyre (*looks round*) why she is not here –

Miss Temple: She complained of headache and I gave her leave to remain in the dormitory.

Mr Brok: This is very sad – send for her at once –

Miss Temple (*sends off girl R*): You will feel faint with the delay, I fear, let me advise some sherry and a biscuit (*Brokleyhurst goes off taking girl with him*).

Mr Reed: Georgina will you –

Georg: Much pleasure – I'm dying with hunger.

Eliza: I think it might have been offered before.

Brokleyhurst returns, child carrying tray and four glasses. Brokleyhurst hands [them] to the ladies and takes one.

Mr Brok: Miss Temple, that child has dirty hands – make a note for punishment –

Enter Jane Eyre R. Mrs Reed & daughters [are] L.

Mr Brok (C): Jane Eyre – I regret to hear of your duplicity and deceit – why seek to hide yourself from your friends under the canopy of a headache?

Jane: You are mistaken, Sir. I am friendless as I have ever been.

Mrs Reed: Jane – do you not see us?

Jane: Yes, and the sight of you reminds me of the agony I suffered as a child at your hands – left to your mercy – how did you fulfill the trust committed to your care? I freely forgive you the cruelties of the past, and only ask to be left in peace in my lonely wretched life –

Mr Brok: What words are these – ingratitude is a black spot on the human heart – has your elevation to the position of teacher made you forget the first precepts taught you, the principles of truth? To overcome the vanity that consumes you I'll ask you the elementary questions before the younger members of the School – Where do the wicked go?

Jane (*steadfastly looking at Mrs Reed*): To the bottomless pit.

Mr Brok: What is the bottomless pit?

Jane: A pit full of fire – so pictured by you and such as you to children's minds – but the conscience of the wicked must ever foreshadow the punishment which awaits the evil doer – (*Goes up to place [?] Mrs Reed seems overcome*).

Mr Brok: And what must the wicked do to prevent going there – [Jane's reply is not given] strange unorthodox and obdurate girl – young ladies, I regret you should hear such words – now you see this child – (*draws their attention to girl at desk R, leaving Mr[s] Reed L*).

Mrs Reed: She is the same as ever, seems to se[e] my thoughts – but she shall not fri[ghten] me into weakness – this letter which [should] give her happiness she shall never [see] (*tears letter*). Now, Jane Eyre, you little know wha[t] your defiance has cost you –

John enters suddenly L

John (*takes pieces of letter from her hand*): Don't destroy it altogether, it may [be] useful yet –

Mrs Reed: You know its contents then?

John: Every word – don't be afraid, I'm not going to tell her though, until she's willing to come to our way of thinking – there, leave it to me, Mother, we must crush her still more, get her turned out from here if necessary – why, you look frightened!

Mr Brokleyhurst, Georgina and Eliza come down L, business of school going on at back

Mr Brok: Mr Reed, welcome to Lowood Institute – we will now leave this – (*Child enters L and hands card [to Bro?]¹³*) Mr Rochester* (*as he speaks Rochester enters L, mud removed but arm in sling*).

Mr Brok: Delighted at the honour – permit me to introduce to you, ladies, Mr Rochester, the most recent and liberal donor to our institute.

Roch: Mrs Reed's know[n] to me already – may I dare hope that I am remembered?

Georg: Indeed, yes – last season in town we met.

Eliza: Grieved we were at missing Mr Rochester from our circle – Mama (*aside*) he's from India and wealthy!

Mrs Reed: Delighted to meet Mr Rochester, whose name is so distinguished – my son – John Reed – (*they exchange bows*).

Roch: Distinguished? And for what? you do me too much honour, Madam – the giving of a few hundred pounds which does not deprive me of o[ne] luxury or expensive whim scarcely deserves distinction or mention.

Mr Brok: What we have we value not.

13 * Edges of page have crumbled leaving lacunae.

- Roch:* It is not so in my case – my visit here today proves it, for though I answered your appeal for funds, I have called to see for myself the workings of the place you pleaded.
- Mr Brok:* My dear Sir, you are quite right – I would there were more like you – you will readily see there is no extravagance here, no waste of substance in idle luxury.
- Roch:* It appears not – frivolities of life are scarcely the ideas to plant in the minds of those who have to start life depending on their own exertion – such things make the struggle for bread harder to bear.
- All:* Indeed, yes – (*a buzz of admiration*).
- Roch:* Have you a girl here called Eyre – Jane Eyre?
- Mr Brok (Movement):* Oh, Yes – Yes – (*Groans*).
- John (to Mrs Reed aside):* Now's your time – tell him not to spare her –
- Mrs Reed (aside to Brok-lehurst):* Do not mention the relation for the dear girl's sake – I have done with her for ever – I cast her off as a disgra[ce] as you will find her.
- Mr Brok:* In that case I too have done with her. Excuse me, I am sorry to say it, and it is with pain and regret, believe me, that this roof does shelter the girl you speak of – Jane Eyre – stand out. (*Jane advances R*) There she is, an example, Sir, of the vanity you so justly condemn – Miss Temple, the pupil teacher's hair will be cut and worn from now according to regulation 9 – may I ask your reason for enquiring for her –
- Roch:* Well, she was in the fields today, she spoke to a man – and –
- Reeds:* It was her then – we saw her.
- Mr Brok (groans):* My honored friends and patrons, let me speak a word of warning to my little flock – Dear children, there is an interloper, an alien and not a member of our true flock amongst you – guard against her, shun her, no longer shall she teach you and while she remains here exclude her from you –
- Jane:* What do you mean? What am I charged with and who is my [accuser]?

John (urges Mrs Reed)

- Mrs Reed:* I am – you are unworthy in every way for the position you hold, both false and deceitful –
- Jane:* I am not deceitful – if I were, I should say I loved you and I don't, I hate you –
- Mr Brok (explanation to Rochester):* This lady has been her benefactress –
- Jane:* I see your motive – fear not, I do not own you as a relation – I'll never call you Aunt again – the very thought of all your cruelties drives me nearly mad –
- Mrs Reed:* How dare you affirm that –

- Jane:* How dare I Mrs Reed? Because it's the truth – you think I have no feelings, that I can do without one bit of love or kindness – but I cannot live so longer! Heaven help me – what shall I do?

Mrs Reed and daughters turn from her

- Mr Brok (with severity):* Leave this house – th[is] home that you have cast your evil blight upon – Begone!
- Jane:* Oh, Sir – what have I – do not believe me wicked entirely – at the sight of these enemies of my childhood I was betrayed into passion – I hardly know what I'm saying – Oh Forgive me Sir, Forgive me –
- Mr Brok:* Never.
- Roch:* Then she is expelled from Lowood Institute.
- Mr Brok:* Yes – for ever – my doors are closed against her.
- Roch:* The[n] mine are open to receive her!
- All:* What!
- Roch:* As governess to my adopted child.

Picture

Music[?]

Act Drop

Act II

Scene 1

Thornfield. Handsome chamber, elegant furniture. Doors R & L. Bay window. C. Middle portion must open to admit entrance to room. Set[tee] by window – Armour – Stand for [illegible] etc. – long bright Spanish knife – old fashioned hearth fire burning. R. Piano. View of open country from window – Snow scene. Door 3 L L. 2 L 4 Candelabras about, wax lights & Xmas festoons. 2 LR.

Enter Grace R. She [has] pint measure etc in her hand. Followed by Robert she points by window.

- Grace:* Put the rubbish there since you have been told to bring it into the house –
- Robert (carrying holly, firs):* Rubbish do you call it, wait till you see how Mrs [E]yre will arrange them, then you won't say so –
- Grace:* Yes I shall, you don't know me.
- Robert:* What's more – I don't want to, you don't say much, but think a lot I'll be bound – (*He turns to holly etc. Grace gives one glance L and exits quickly – terrific scream heard. Robert looks up 3 LL.*)

- Robert:** What's that! – she's gone, it's my opinion she's either a supernatural being, or else she takes too many pints of porter. (*Jane enters R*) Anything wrong, Miss?
- Jane:** No, Robert, I trust not. The screams I thought came from here.
- Robert:** I believe, Miss, it's that Mrs Poole, she was here not a minute ago and vanished all of a sudden.
- Jane:** I will speak to Mr Rochester about it – (*Busies herself with the holly etc*) Robert, send Miss Adele to me –
- Robert:** Yes miss – beg pardon, miss but don't it seem strange to have the Reeds here –
- Jane:** Strange – not at all – your master has invited them as his guests –
- Robert:** But still after them behaving so badly to you, and master thinking such a lot of you –
- Jane:** Silence – or serving as I do the same employer it will be my duty to report your remarks to him – Tell Miss Adele to come to me.
- Robert:** Yes Miss. (*Aside*) I've offended her, I wouldn't have put my foot in it for anything, for she's – no – she's better than gold, that's what she is – (*Exit R*).
- Jane:** I wish I could stifle my own thoughts as easily as silence the remarks of others – what right have I to rebel even by the shadow of a thought against the wishes, free act and will of a man of so noble, generous, honest heart and mind as him I serve – an air of mystery clings alike to him and to his house. I know not, nor do I seek to know the cause except it be to shew my loving gratitude and serve the man whose hand was stretched out to save the orphan and helpless girl from misery and shame –

Enter Adele R. She runs to Jane. (If child can speak, a few lines of dialogue follow.)

- Jane:** There, darling – sit there (*ottoman*) and help me with these Christmas signs (*business*). No more lessons for a long time now.
- Adele:** What must I do then?
- Jane:** Why try to love Papa more than ever –
- Adele:** And will you try to? (*Enter Rochester overhearing*)
- Roch (R L):** Well said, Adele – the ruling passion of woman's nature is shown by your remark –
- Jane:** And that is, Sir?
- Roch:** Lovemaking – why, I declare – Jane Eyre you have quite a colour, your cheeks outdo the holly berries – but there, Adele, we must not tease or be troublesome, else kind governess will leave us – (*Child on his knee*) Do you know what today is? – (*Adele shakes head*) Well, it's my birthday – and what have you to give me – (*Adele thinks – puts arms about his neck – kiss*) There again – lavish of her kisses like her – (*puts her from him roughly – Adele holds down her head & runs to Jane*).

- Jane:** Oh Sir, she thinks you are angry.
- Roch:** No, no, my little poor child, not with you – not with you – there, darling, see what I have for you – (*puts chain & locket round her neck*) won't you like to go and look in the glass, and see how handsome and becoming it is, eh – (*Adele runs quickly out R*) The floweret is like the root from whence it spring, gold its sole idol, its life, and love – (*Jane Eyre is going Door R*) Where are you going?
- Jane:** To Adele, Sir.
- Roch:** She has more attractive metal now, never fear – you are afraid of me because I talk like a sphynx –
- Jane:** I am bewildered Sir, not afraid –
- Roch:** Then sit – draw your chair. Miss Eyre, I cannot see you without disturbing my comfortable position – come closer – I have performed the part of a good host, put my guests in the way of amusing each other – what do you think of my choosing your enemies for friends, eh?
- Jane:** Mr Rochester forgets that he pays for receiving his orders – few masters study the thoughts and feelings of their paid subordinate –
- Roch:** I forgot the salary – well in consideration of it, consent to dispense with conventional forms and phrases, without thinking the omission arises from insolence –
- Jane:** Informality I like – and can never mistake it for an insult, but a salary would never reconcile anyone to the latter –
- Roch:** Humbug – most people submit to anything for money – speak for yourself, and I'll listen and perhaps believe – do you think me handsome?
- Jane:** No Sir.
- Roch:** A plain answer indeed.
- Jane:** I beg pardon Sir, tastes differ, beauty is of little consequence.
- Roch:** Bah! Don't try to soften the previous outrage – Am I a fool?
- Jane:** Far from it, sir, but I hope a philanthropist –
- Roch:** You say that because I don't like the society of children and old women – I have been knocked about by fortune, she has knocked me with her knuckles until I'm as hard and tough as an india rubber ball – and yet ugly and heartless as I am women lay matrimonial snares for me – even your handsome cousin has smiled upon me – well, why shouldn't I marry her – (*Screams of laughter heard – both start – Rochester goes L, listens, returns to chair*). You look scared and afraid –
- Jane:** I have heard the screams before and,
- Roch:** And wondered why I could be so foolish as to keep a servant who has fits and makes such horrid sounds – Jane Eyre – sit down, obey your master – tell me then why I should not cheer my lonely life and marry your cousin Georgina Reed –
- Jane:** I know of none sir –
- Roch:** Once more quiet – then you cannot possibly have any objection –

- Jane: I, Sir – Oh, no, except the day I wish you happiness I must resign my post as governess here –
- Roch: And wherefore?
- Jane: As a dependent my duty is to honour your guests, but in the event of your marriage with my cousin, I must not – nay will not remain here –
- Roch: Well, when the contingency arrives I and Adele must suffer our loss with calmness and becoming fortitude * but you may wish to desert us before then – I'll no longer detain you here under false pretences –
- Jane: Sir!
- Roch: Yes, I have deceived you inasmuch as your pupil Adele is not my adopted but my own child – you may have guessed it – no. Others less pure and not so intensely ignorant of the world as you are would have done so – Adele's mother was a French opera dancer – in my wildest moments I never thought there was any consecrated virtue about her, more of musk and amber than any odour of sanctity – but still I invested her with fidelity and charm she did not possess. I found her false, so gave her notice to quit the hotel I had taken for her, shot her companion, which provoked her into abandoning her child – no natural claim will I acknowledge on Adele's part to be supported by me, but I could not leave the poor child to sink in the mud and slime of Paris, so I transplanted it here to grow up in the wholesome soil of an English country garden – you have taught, may have learnt to love her, but now you know who and what your protégé is, I suppose you'll beg of me to look out for a new governess – Eh? –
- Jane: No – the poor child is blameless – forsaken by her mother and disowned by you, she has more need of my care and love now.

Enter Georgina, Eliza, Broklehurst & John Ree[d]

- Roch: Ah, my friends, you look charming (*Broklehurst smiles[]*) – at least the ladies, while you all seem better for your walk (*Broklehurst appears very cold*).
- Georg: But we found it dull without you –
- Roch: I was forced to forego the pleasure – wealth has its troubles and cares –
- Eliza: Ah! but it's nice to be rich –
- Mr Brok (*sentimentally to Eliza*): Money cannot always obtain for us what we value most in this vale of tears –
- Roch: You are quite right, Mr Broklehurst, what say you Mr Reed? –
- John: My life has taught me another creed –
- Roch: I daresay, but your cousin Jane Eyre tries to think differently – (*Jane has been up at window unnoticed till now*). Bye the bye, you did not see her on your arrival – here, Miss Eyre, let me introduce you to your old friends and relatives – (*Jane advances*) – This, as you know, is Adele's

- governess, and for the time being my deputy housekeeper, through the illness of Mrs Fairfax – I mention it as your comfort during your visit depends on her – (*Each receives her with silent recognition according to character*). This will never do at [all.] Time [now to forget] and forgive. (*To Broklehurst*) [Can you not] as a Christian minister improve the opportunity by reading a homily on 'Peace & Goodwill.' –
- Mr Brok: If I thought the good seed would not fall on barren soil –
- Roch: Remember, Sir, from rocks and mountains wild flowers grow, *while hidden gems* securely rest unsuspected by us wise judges of each other.
- Georg: Cousin, I bear you no animosity. I am sure in your position you will do your duty and make me as comfortable as you can – (*Gives tips of fingers, Rochester looks at Jane who takes them*) –
- Eliza: I am pleased you are able to earn your own living and trust you are trying to save a little against a rainy day, it's sure to come sooner or later and of course you know you have no one to look to but yourself now your Aunt Reed is very ill and –
- Jane: I am sorry to hear that, how is it you have all left her alone –
- Georg: I couldn't do her any good – she has a nurse and besides (*to Rochester*) I did so long to see Thornfield (*They converse together*).
- John (*aside*): And its owner –
- Eliza (*aside to Jane*): You see it will make such a difference in the expenses and we are so dreadfully impoverished by John's conduct –
- John (*coming between them*): Eh! (*Eliza goes up*) – There, Jane, will you shake [ha]nds and as Mr Rochester says forget the past, [it's?] not because you are a servant I'm [not?] proud to acknowledge your relationship, [?] my fault we have not renewed it befo[re] –
- Jane: I will try my best to forget the past, and wis[h] you happiness in the future –
- Roch: Now, Miss Eyre, if you have welcomed your friends, you will please attend to my guests –
- Jane: Yes, Sir. (*To ladies*) Shall I show you your rooms?
- Georg: Yes – Eliza come –
- Eliza (*who has been talking apart to Broklehurst*): No, I have a duty to which I have devoted myself –
- Mr Brok: Yes, your noble-minded sister accompan[ies] me on a mission of charity – at such a season of the year one must open their heart and think of the starving poor in this inclement weather –
- Roch: Where are you going and what are you going to do?
- Eliza: To the cottages we passed this morning –
- Mr Brok: We purpose leaving a tract at each –
- Eliza: We shall not forget the dinner hour – for the present au revoir – come, Mr Broklehurst. ([*exeunt*] 2 LR)

- Georg:* Come, Jane, take me to my room and get me some mulled Port – Au Revoir till we meet in the billiard room – don't forget the challenge Mr Rochester.
(*Exeunt 2EL, shewn off by Jane*)
- Roch:* Ah, John Reed, what a happy man you must be with two such sisters.
- John:* So wealthy bachelors like you Rochester often think – why don't you marry?
- Roch:* For many reasons – possibly I may fear the chance of a refusal from the lady I should wish to make my wife –
- John (aside):* Can he mean Georgina?
- Roch:* But what of yourself – what's to hinder you from the happiness you would frame for me – you have the advantages of youth and looks –
- John:* Oh, it's all very well – no advantages in the matrimonial market outweigh wealth and position – besides my health for the last few months has prevented me –
- Roch:* Marrying – this is news – and who was to have been the happy woman?
- John:* Well, as it has not come off, we leave it from discussion until it does.
(*Turns surlily away*)
- Roch:* Are you afraid of my poaching? Suppose I were to guess –

Enter Jane Eyre 2EL with packet – Rochester turns & says 'Jane Eyre' – John makes movement of surprise

- Jane:* Excuse me intruding, Sir, but one of the servants just fetched me to see a gentleman who is now in the grounds waiting for you –
- Roch:* Waiting to see me – why not shew him in here?
- Jane:* He refused to enter the house until you had received his message – in case you would not see him, he gave me this packet to hand to you –
- Roch:* The devil he did. What's his name?
- Jane:* Mason, Sir – from the West Indies.

Rochester starts

- Jane:* Why, you turn pale, Sir, are you ill? Let me fetch you some water.
- Roch (aside):* No, my little friend, don't stir, I've got a (*staggers*).
- John (aside):* Some secret here – why, what's wrong can I –
- Roch (rallying):* Nothing, it's an attack I'm subject to. (*Aside to John*): One of the reasons I don't marry – (*aloud*): I must see my friend Mason at once, he was always eccentric. I must go now, this packet, you, Jane, take charge of this. I have no time to lock it up – (*aside*): do not leave it about – secure it safely in your own room till I ask for it – (*aloud*): There, I am quite recovered now, excuse me, Reed, I rejoin you directly. (*Goes to Door 2. Screams of laughter heard. Exit calling*): Grace Poole, Grace Poole –

- John:* Why, Jane, what mean those horrible screams? Have you heard them before?
- Jane:* Yes – but – I don't know –
- John:* What! You mean to tell me you've lived in here for months and can listen unmoved to sounds like these?
- Jane:* I do not say so and yet for all that I am ignorant of the cause – Mr Rochester thinks –
- John:* No matter what he thinks – what does he say?
- Jane:* That a servant who has been here for years breaks out in these wild fits –
- John:* Desirable party – why does he keep her –
- Jane:* I don't know –
- John:* There's some secret mystery here – why was he so startled when you told him of his friend –
- Jane:* It is not my business or yours John Reed –
- John:* Suppose it means harm to you – being here your reputation perilled and character lost for ever –
- Jane:* You dare to insinuate or insult –
- John:* Neither, Jane – but I am your only male relative, the only one you have in the world that loves you –
- Jane:* You love me – your lips pollute the word –
- John:* No, don't say that, you'll find me a better fellow than you think for – cousins often marry, why should not we – (*John mistakes her silence.*) I'm not well off but still we can do well in many ways – why that packet might be some value suppose we see –
- Jane:* John Reed, stand out of my way. Never dare speak to me again –
- John:* If you won't love me, you shall learn to fear me –
- Jane:* My heart is filled with scorn and loathing and has no room for fear of such as you – let me pass I say (*R*) insult or molest me again at your peril. (*Exit R*)
- John:* We shall see who succeeds in the long run, my charming, amiable cousin – I've crushed you before and I will again or my name's not John Reed. (*Looks after*)

Enter Grace 3EL – pint measure etc. under apron. Touches John's arm – he turns.

- John:* Hollo, who are you? What do you want?
- Grace:* You are looking after our governess.
- John:* Our's? What, are you one of the household?
- Grace:* I rather think so, as you will find, if you stay here long enough –
- John:* Indeed! what are you?
- Grace:* A tried, trusted and confidential servant.
- John:* What's that you have? (*Business*) Why, it's beer –

- Grace: Yes, don't drink it, it's my privilege – at times when I'm peculiar, I like to take my meals alone – I'm privileged –
- John (aside): Now to fathom the secret of Thornfield – then you are an old servant of the family –
- Grace: Yes, Sir, and although I'm afflicted the kind master still lets me stay –
- John: Bah – (*Turns from her*) A drunken idiot – the mystery is explained – I'll have that packet though Jane Eyre –

Enter Rochester & Mason

- Roch: Ah! still here – John Reed – (*introduces*) Mr Mason whom I met years ago in India. (*They exchange greeting*) – Grace, show Mr Mason to my private study – (*Grace curtseys – shews Mason, who seems bewildered, off 3EL*) You will excuse my friend but he has come over about property he is interested in and I must write immediately – he will rejoin us later on.

Scene gets darker

- John: I shall be glad to know him – he must be a good fellow since he seems to have such a hold on you – (*Starts*): by the way, what a singular woman that is whom you sent away just now –
- Roch: Oh yes, Grace Poole – well sometimes we make ourselves the victim of our weaknesses knowingly – she's harmless though – (*Screams heard louder than before*)
- John: There is nothing harmless in that it means –

Enters all but Jane Eyre, Robert 1E

- Roch: It means what is the matter – no danger – a mere rehearsal of Much Ado About Nothing, the poor nervous, excitable servant's in a fit again. (*To Robert*): What now?
- Robert: Dinner is served, Sir.
- Roch: There you are, don't wait, I must see to this to prevent its occurring again. Shall be with you directly – now help me in my difficulty to support the dignity of my home – (*They move off.*) Thanks, not a word –

When all off 2EL, enter Jane 2ER as Rochester rushes to 3EL

Roch (*calls across*): Wait here, Jane, you may save me yet –

Grace appears at door – exchanges hurried whisper to Rochester –

- Roch: Jane, a bowl of water, and some linen quickly – (*She Exit 2ER.*) –

Enter Mason from 3EL – torn & bleeding – Jane re-enters with bowl etc – Rochester supports Mason to chair

- Roch: There, never mind. The water, bandage his hand – (*business*) fool to venture –
- Mason: I thought I might do good – I
- Roch: It's idle to talk now, away at once for all our sakes – or there'll be no peace now – (*Screams – Mason starts*) Come, man try the window – straight to the gate to save time – Carter the chemist will know what is best for the bite of a dog –

Rochester looks at¹⁴ Jane and assists Mason to the window. Exit Mason. Rochester watches – Jane stands amazed. Rochester closes window.*

- Roch: Heavens, when w[i]ll th[is] end – Jane, you look pale – the danger's past – the enemy is gone.
- Jane: That man can harm you, Sir, he dare not –
- Roch: Right – little friend, he never will without he knows he can – it is imperative that I should keep him ignorant that harm to me is []possible – I puzzle you – I'll do so no more for you are my friend are you not?
- Jane: I like to obey you, Sir, and if you have no more to fear from others than from me you are safe.
- Roch: Heaven grant it may be so.

Enter Robert 1EL

- Robert: Your guests are anxious for you, Sir. (*Exit Robert.*)
- Roch: Enough – I am free now and will join them. And you, Jane Eyre?
- Jane: I am going to hear Adele say her evening prayers.
- Roch: Then frame one that she may whisper to heaven for me.

Jane exit to ER

- Roch: What's the feeling that overcomes me? I have lived it down till now – Oh God grant it may kill rather than conquer me. (*Enter Robert.*) Lights here and make the house seem gay with merriment and joy and drown the curse. Now for my friends and, as the world says, my future bride. (*Exit 1EL.*)

Robert lights candles about stage

¹⁴ * New hand begins here.

Robert: Well, Master does seem strange – he is a good fellow, I’m sure and yet I don’t like living in the house – I never look at the curtain without I think – hollo, what’s that? Oh, its only the wind –

Enter Grace 2EL – glass of water & decanter on tray

Robert: Hollo, how quiet you are – I never heard you come in.

Grace: No need to make a noise unless you get something for it.

Robert: I don’t know how it is, but you always frighten me.

Grace: Fools are easily frightened – (*Robert still lighting & arranging room.*)

Enter John 1EL

John: What’s this, more beer?

Grace: No, Sir, it’s water for the Governess – who I have to attend to every nigh[t] – least way put this here for he[r] to take with her the last thing – such fads and fancies – (*She place[s] tray on small table R Robert [?].*)

John: *Indeed!* If I was sure that she would drink any of it that packet should at lea[st] be mine – it would be eas[y] to ascertain her room – first^{15*} [I] must get the op[i]ate – but – Grace – is there a doctor near here –

Grace: Oh, yes, quite close to the gate – are you ill?

John: No, a neuralgia pain – I was forced to leave the table – direct me to his house.

Grace: Shall I go, Sir?

John: No, my good woman – I know what I require.

Grace: You can see his lamp from the window – (*They go to the window.*) The snow has covered the path that leads to the gate –

John: Why, what are those footprints by the window there? They go right along the way you point – why it’s quite close to the ground – I can get out by here –

Grace: No, Sir, go round the door – I daren’t let you this way –

John: Hollo – what’s frightened you? There’s something red upon the snow – it looks like blood – there (*gives mone[y]*) You needn’t direct me further – I’ll find my way, and solve the mystery of Thornfield [three or four words illegible.]

Enter Jane 2ER

Jane: What are you doing here, Grace?

Grace: I’m going up to my own room directly – did you come here for Master?

¹⁵ * Original hand resumes here.

Jane: No, why do you ask?

Grace: Nothing particular except you seemed frightened a bit ago and I thought perhaps you wanted to talk to him about the noises. Do you bolt the door of a night? It will be wiser to do so in case of danger – robbers you know – though we can trust in Providence we must not dispute the means for securing – I’m going to my own room now – Good night, Miss – (*Exit 3EL*)

Jane: Can it be that meditates evil against me [*sic*]? I must and will speak to Mr Rochester, or the strain will be too much for my mind – and yet should I not bear something for his sake – I’ll try, heaven help me, I’ll try.

Enter Georgina & Eliza 1EL

Georgina: By no means a lovely dinner party.

Eliza: The repast was perfect but an amount of extravagan[ce] which you should see to if you accept Mr Rochester –

Georg: I’ll wait until he proposes, Eliza.

Eliza: He is sure to do so before our visit is [over?]

Georg: Well, when he does I think I shall accept him – the place is desirable and his wealth is not in Bank shares or any fluctuati[on] See [S]aw fund – you, Eliza, shall be my Secretary & Book-keepe[r].

Eliza: Provided my future husband does not object I may accept such a post –

Georg: You don’t mean to say –

Eliza: Anything premature – we’ll not discuss it further – Jane, open the piano – Georgina let us entice these haughty men from their wine – it will be society for all and a saving of useless expense – (*Plays*).

John enters hurriedly 2EL. Seeing who is in the room he saunters careless by R as Rochester & Broklehurst enter 1EL. Eliza ceases to play as Rochester enters.

Roch: Brav[o]! that is, (*entering*) do not let us lose the charms of music it – [soothes] the savage bre[ast] [Edge of page crumbled; difficult to tell where words may be missing.]

Broklehurst (who is slightly elevated): Harmony shed[s] its soothing ray upon my troubled hear[t] [?] I adore it – pray proceed –

Georg: Perhaps Eliza’s tired –

Eliza: Spiteful! Ah, dear, you can’t play – it is a pity isn’t it –

Georg: Thanks, dear, I’m not fond of display or exertion – do you sing, Mr Rochester[?]

Roch: Well, no, but our good friend will help me in the difficulty (*to Broklehurst*).

Mr Brok: I do not lack the power or the will but tho' the spirit and voice be strong the knowledge of words and melody [are] weak yet still I will join[?]
– let us lift our organs and exclaim altogether – Oh let us be joyful –
Eliza: I will try a little air. (*She sings – business ad lib.*)

Jane has been sitting hidden and unobserved.

Roch: Jane Eyre, I missed you – play to us –
Jane: Pardon me, Sir – I was merely waiti[ng] your orders before retiring.
Roch: No, come, let your friends hear one of your qualifications for the post you hold.
Eliza: Play your scales, Jane, then –
Jane: Sir, I beg you'll excuse my staying in this room – (*Takes tray with water bottle & glass on R*)

John is R. Screams of laughter from L. All turn – John, who has been watching opportunity, pours contents of phial in water bottle.

Georg: How dreadful – I feel quite frightened!
Eliza: I cannot remain here, Georgi, let us say Good night –
Roch: Ladies – sorry to lose your society – but you are perhaps tired with travelling – these sounds disturb you – \you/ will not hear the[m] tomorrow – the cause shall be removed – Good night –

Exeunt Georg & Eliz after business

Mr Brok: Now we are deserted indeed – no mo[re] shall the children of Judea sing – then what are we to do –
Roch: I have important letters to read and ans[wer].
John: What – the packet you received today[?] By the Bye, where's your friend Ma[son?]
Roch: He's gone.
John (aside): Yes, but not far.
Jane: Here is the packet you gave me to mind.
Roch: Take charge of it (*to [Jane]*). I shall sit here and read my letters, so excuse me for at least the present – I will perhaps join you in the billiard room – if not, Good night – to morrow morning I will prove a [b]etter [h]ost.

Jane strikes bell. Robert enters [and] puts out light.

Roch: I shall go to bed. (*Goes up [to] arm chair*)
Mr Brok: Don't apologize – I shall not play billiards –
John: You should as a commercial of the Church on the Green as well as black cloth there's cannons to be made such things is Flukes and double pockets while sinecures we call the rest [*sic*].

Mr Brok: I don't understand the game – Good night.
(*Robert shews [him] off 2LE*)

John: Well, good night – I'll not intrude on your correspondence – I am sure it's urgent – and to you, cousin Jane, Good night – I am glad you have so good and kind [a] master.

(*Exit 2EL. Rochester follow[s] & closes door.*)

Roch: Jane, for the love of heaven give me a glass of water or as the play is finished the actor faints – (*Jane gives him water – he drinks & sinks into arm chair LC*)

Roch: Jane, you appear to me tonight like the quiet good fairy in humble guise I saw first in the lane – I had no presentiment then my genius for good or evil stood before me – it was so – would to heaven I had d[i]ed then!

Jane: If the past is painful, Sir, why think of it – (*Snow comes*) I will leave you, Sir – Good night!
(*Taking candle Exit Jane LER*)

Rochester, who has followed her, leans wearily by it then with an effort locks door. Only lamp burns. Stage dark.

Roch: Safer for you, Jane Eyre. I wish I could [stamp?] out from your life all further misery and trouble – (*sits*) – I am strangely sleepy – I must not stay here or doze – Jane – I love you with love as strong as you are pure and good – my own own wife –

Maniac appears at window – hair showing – she plays with falling snow – looks in – falls along window – at last gets on sill or parapet. Window C flies open – she crouches, then enters – looks about – at last sees knife – the brightness attracts – she holds [it] in light by open window – feeling the cold – moves away goes to fire – still holding knife, takes half-burnt stick – tosses it about as a child would – she gets near curtains where Rochester sleeps – [br]and starts into a flame – she yells out with delight –

Act III

Scene 1

Exterior of Thornfield House. Built out L – Balcony – Steps return pce 3EL. Backing Landscape – Church in distance R.

Mason discovered looking up at house

Mason: No signs of any one about – I'm afraid to ring – she might hear my voice and break out again – besides Rochester might suspect me – Oh! how I wish I had never seen John Reed – since that fearful night he has held me completely in his power and swayed my every act – if I only had nerve enough to leave here for ever, and make my escape from the man

who is leading me hour by hour into greater danger. Once away I can make terms with Rochester – he has always treated me liberally. I will – I'll go – he shall tempt me no more – (*Is going R – met by John*)

Mason (aside): Too late.

John: No reply as yet to our letter?

Mason: I don't know – I have not seen anyone – besides it's your letter.

[John:] Miserable fool. What are you afraid of? Haven't we got this man in our power to increase the value of the secret we possess? I have waited until today – and do you think he'll defy us now and run the risk of exposure on this his wedding day for the sake of the paltry sum we ask –

Mason: But he does not know or suspect that –

John: You would turn against him – I thought you said he knew you – so why not eh?

Mason: Because he has always treated me well and kindly, helped me no end of times – while you –

John: Yes, me – see what I've done for you!

Mason: Brought me lower than ever eve[r] I imagined I could be.

John: How so?

Mason: A weak and vacillating man with fortune at his command beca[m]e a fit prey for you and when driven by desperation and poverty he forgot the ties of gratitude and betraye[d] a noble and generous man.

John: That's a very pretty sentiment but I've no fine feelings – so I'll ring the bell – and get the answer to our letter – I say ours because you are the 'proof' – failing that cursed packet I fall back on you – I don't seek 'War to the knife' – I'll sink all revenge for the sake of a lump sum down – why man – what do you fear, keep up – in a few hours you will be well reconciled to your own fortune – let the devil take every body else's.

Mason: Well, if he will agree to anything like your – I mean our terms –

John: Never fear – here goes to prove it! (*Rings bell*)

Enter Robert

John: Mr Rochester?

Robert: What name, Sir?

John: John Reed –

Robert: Oh, you left the letter last night – there is no answer and here is your letter – (*Closes door*)

Mason: There – I knew it – his indomita[ble] will and nerve of iron you will ne[ver] conquer or shake.

John: That['s?] my work – if I fail I'll call on you – at least we shall thwart his intention and mar his happiness – to say nothing of the revenge I shall have on my cousin Jane Eyre.

Mason: Your satisfaction is good for yourself but it won't pay the hotel bill here – what am I to do?

John: Why get out – don't go far in case you are wanted – Go! (*Shout[s?]*)

Exit Mason R

John: Fool! he can't think what it is to be a broken man as I am – I've treasured the thought that will stand me in good stead today – now then find the marketa[ble] price – is *going up* – (*Grace at door*).

Grace: Your business Sir?

John: Mr Rochester.

Grace: He can't see you.

John: Won't, you mean – well, I'll wait here – he's bound to pass this way to the church[.]

Grace: But surely on a day like this you'[ll] not trouble him? Won't I tho' – he'll see!

Grace: Your sisters are here – do you wish to see them?

John: Yes, I do, so tell them – their affectionate brother waits for an interview. (*Grace goes in leaving door open.*) Just as well – I might get a trifle out of them to keep me going altho' the big thing may come off yet.

Georgina & Eliza – from house on steps

Georg: We heard you were here.

Eliza: So we came to enquire what you wanted.

John: Can't you guess – money.

Georg: I can't supply you. I have none – if I had I should not be here [to see?] Jane Eyre married to –

Eliza: The man you though[t] safe for yourself – never mind – of course the money [is?] a loss and we suffer by this besides since [now?] we have been impoverishe[d] so much that we could not with wisdo[m] refuse the invite to our relative['s] weddin[g].

John: Well if there's anything to be got out [illegible] you'll have but to the [sic]. Can either of you help me – come exercise your sisterly love.

Georg: I have some – I mean money and that's all you want –

Eliza: Why not be careful, John – I can only give you advice –

John: To the devil – (*Eliza screams*).

Georg: I have done with you for ever! (*E[xit] in[to] house*)

John: Always selfish –

Enter Broklehurst from house

Broklehurst: I heard you were here, dear Miss Reed[.]

Eliza: Yes, I was summoned to a most painful interview – I couldn't discuss it now, I only say 'Bro[ther] John I've done with you for ever'!
(*Exit into house*)

Mr Brok: What can be the meaning?

John: Well – that she is turning against [me] so I suppose we had better go [!]

- Mr Brok:* I am respected and invited to the wedding – you my friend are as a Black Sheep – you have called the wolf and provoked in the shape of the animal of annoyance you ask for help – why not help the friend [?]
- John:* I would if I could escape with impunity like you've done.
- Mr Brok:* Severity – severity – severity. As [blank] I will entice him from here – let us take a stroll –
- John:* A drink you mean – I'm staying at the 'Bee'.
- Mr Brok:* Dear John, you may drive forty horses to the pond but not one will drink – but still on certain occasions the *animals will* not be obstinate – let us seek the [blank] and try the milk –
- John:* And Rum!
- (Exeunt R)

Church bells heard – Rochester enters from house.

- Roch:* At last my dream of happiness is realized – in a few hours I'll be far away with all I love and value on earth and so at last burst the bond of misery that binds to the place – the bells ring out then to your peal which sends me echo in my heart of future hope and happiness [*sic*].

Enter Jane Eyre, Georgina & Eliza

Children from R then flowers. Villagers enter R. Cheer – Broklehurst hastens to help ladies down steps of house.

- Roch:* See, Jane, your friends of former days have not forgotten you –
- Jane:* Their presence and humble offering indeed make me happy – but another instance of your thought and love –
- Roch:* The same that shall encompass thee through life – now friend[s] to the Church – (*Enter John R followe[d] by Mason*)
- John:* Stop –
- Roch:* At whose command?
- John:* At mine (*aside to Rochester, who has seen Mason*): – It is not too l[ate] [this is the end of the line & bottom of the page] will you the money.
- Roch:* To be your victim – Never!
- Jane:* Rochester, what does this mean?
- John:* He can't answer so I will – if he marries you it is not legal!
- All (general movement):* Why?
- John:* He has a wife already – now, Mr Mason, it's your turn – (*Screams. To Mason*): If you are silent your sister the Maniac proclaims her right!
- All:* His sister!
- John:* Yes and his wife –

Maniac appears at open window – Grace rushes from house

Grace (to Rochester): She has \escaped and/ fastened the door of the passage that leads to her cell – the place is in flames and I cannot get near her –

Flames burst out – Maniac on parapet

- Roch:* What can I do?
- Jane:* Do? Why, your duty – save your wife!

Rochester makes movement to her – she draws back and points at Maniac. Business until Rochester rushes out of house – figure falls – from return pce.

Scene 2

Front Chamber – Broklehurst supporting Eliza

- Broklehurst:* Lean on me – you need support indeed at this trying moment – droop not my lilly – you Broklehurst –
- Eliza:* Oh!
- Mr Brok:* No – be Mrs Broklehurst!
- Eliza:* At such a moment –
- Mr Brok:* That is why I avail myself of it, that I may point a moral and ado[rn] a tale – Eliza, I am no more decep[5 or 6 characters] dwelleth not here – (*Strikes breast*) – When first my eye fell upon thee I wa[5 or 6 characters] resolve at least to try to win the priz[5 or 6 characters] tell me may I call you min[e] and extend my School –
- Eliza:* Oh! how can you talk to me so – I don't dislike it – but the terrible example we have just seen and loo[k] at the waste of money – the breakfas[t!]
- [Mr Brok:]* Then fix an early date it may do for a [5 or 6 characters] to regale our friends with –
- Eliza:* I can't refuse you – but not a word before Georgina yet –
- Mr Brok:* I'll not breathe a syllable until our happiness is confirmed – (*about to embrace*)
- [Eliza:]* Don't! Oh here comes Georgina!
- Enter Georgina L*
- Georg:* A lucky escape indeed for me – but if I had been his victim the law should have punished him –
- Mr Brok:* He is a wolf with a raging tooth seeking to devour the young lamb –
- Georg:* I have no sympathy for the young lamb as you call her –
- Eliza:* An artful designing cat –
- Mr Brok:* Quite so – the simile is perfect.

Georg: I shall pack up and leave at onc[e].
 Eliza: It will never do to stay, altho' it's a sad waste of money –

Enter Grace L

Georg: Acquaint your master that I cannot remain here after these terrible disclosures –
 Eliza: That we regret coming –
 Grace: The doctor is with him now in the drawing-room – master was taken there and must not be moved yet – as you will have to pass through may I ask you to delay your departure until we can get Mr Rochester to his room –
 Georg: Decidedly not. I'll not remain here a moment more than is absolutely necessary for my own comfort –
 Eliza: I quite agree with you, sister – the dreadful place might corrup[t] any of us –
 Mr Brok: Then let us depart – for fear of contamination – for though my friend we have our armour buckled on we may fall beneath temptation. Let us gird up our loins and pack our portmanteaus – come – I will lead the way. And, my good woman, if you have any regard for yourself, you will not remain here – come my friends – *(Exeunt L)*
 Grace: Indeed – well, as my patient is dead, my work is over, yet still I'll stay to help if possible the man who now is blind and helpless – *(Exit R)*

Scene 3

Chamber same as Act II

Rochester seated in chair. Jane standing at door dressed as in first Act.

[Roch:] Jane – Jane – what, gone from m[e]? Then I am indeed alone and helpless, the light of my soul lost to me for, what matters then the¹⁶* power of night – since she has left me life is dark indeed. *(Sinks back. Jane hands him a glass of water.)*
 Roch: This is not Grace nor – no, no, I cannot be mistaken – speak to me or I shall go mad! tell me I am not dreami[ng!] Is it? Is it? Jane –
 Jane: Yes, Sir.
 Roch: And by now I should have called you Wife – my dream of happiness is over.
 Jane: Thank heaven the waking came to save you from crime – bless and forgive me. I do those whose vengeance spared us both from sin and shame.

¹⁶ * New hand begins here.

Roch: Do you turn from me, Jane?
 Jane: No, Sir, never in heart, but respect to the dead as well as duty to myself makes me say farewell.
 Roch: Respect and duty – cold words compared with love and worship – listen to me – hear my story, if not to forgive, at least to pity me – my father['s] idol was gold and for me, his second son, he arranged a marriage with the daughter of a wealthy Indian merchant – I did not oppose his will and before I was two and twenty I found myself cursed with a wife in whom there was the taint of madness. For years I kept the secret of my misery but at last her conduct and violence through her own excess became dangerous – by the death of my father and brother, I succeeded to Thornfield. I left India and returned to England, bringing with me the wretched woman whose existence I have since then hidden from the world. I sought by travel and dissipation to kill the horrors of my home while my heart was yearning for the holy love of a pure minde[d] and honest wife.
 Jane: Do not speak farther I implore – I both pity and forgive you.
 Roch: Then why withhold your love from me – let the world and society say and think what it may – can you not defy them and give your life and happiness to me?
 Jane: Master – friend – husband – for so by the right of our love you are – do not tempt me to what in after years even you might condemn.
 Roch: Then you'll leave me here to die uncared for and alone.
 Jane: No, no, I cannot bear to hear you talk so – do not think lightly of me if I cast aside all womanly reason and tell you, as I do, my love for you is unchanged and as great as ever – the world say what it may I will not – cannot desert [you.]
 Grace: Mr Mason wishes to see you, Sir – may he come in?
 Roch: Yes.
Enter Mason
 Roch: Let him speak quickly and be gone.
 Mason: I am here to make the only restitution in my power. Here is a letter for Jane Eyre. I know by its contents its value and importance. *(Jane takes letter.)*
 [Jane:] It bears a date of more than two years ago.
 Mason: Yes – has been kept back by your Aunt that you might never know the wealth your Uncle had left you.

Enter John

John: You miserable thief – you have robbed me – give me back those papers or I'll –

Mason: It is too late to threaten – she knows her good fortu[ne] and can defy you – as I do!

John: What – you dare –

Mason: Yes! Weak and false as I've been, I have at last had the resolution to do an act of right and justice and save you from further crime –

[Enter Mr Broklehurst]

Mr Brok: I am pained to be the bearer of sad and sorrowful news but this is a v[a]l[e] of tears – John Reed, your mother's dea[d] and your sisters are poor now, as you are.

Jane business

John: Dead!

Mr Brok: Alas, yes. Flesh is grass/ Grass is clay / We're here sometime / Then called away. I will see them to the coach and then depart on my way – they are here!

Enter Georgina & Eliza

Jane: Cousins, I am sorry for your loss.

Georg: What – is it possible?

Eliza: And can you condole with us?

Jane: And willing to help you – you look incredulous. I have the power – this letter informs me I am rich and you both shall share my property!

Georg & Eliza: Cousin Jane!

Jane: Not a word – forget the past as I forgive it. (*Movement [as] John Reed goes toward door*) Stay, John Reed, you need help to save you from your worst enemy – yourself. Will you not speak to him? (*To Rochester*)

Roch: Say and do as you will – I'll not mar your angel[ic] work by word or deed.

John: Coals of fire – may time prove their worth and my repentance to be true.

Jane: And to that same future do we all look for hope and happiness – while memory leads us back with tend[er] care to thoughts we love and cherish may all pas[t] wrongs and evils be forgotten and cloud no more the life and joy of Jane Eyre.