

## Jane Eyre 2006 Film Script



**Much Thanks to Lucia Swiers, Belgium for making this script available**

### Episode One

(Jane daydreaming behind the curtain)  
(crickets chirping)

John: Where is the rat?

Eliza: She's behind the curtain, where she always hides.  
(exclaims) (groans) (panting)

John: Mama! Jane has knocked me down!  
(door slams)

Mrs. Reed: Take her up to the Red Room immediately!

The maid: That child has the devil in her! I've always said!

Jane: No! No! Not the Red Room! No! No! Not the Red Room!  
(door slams)

Jane: Don't come back, Uncle Reed. Please, don't come back!

Jane: Let me out! Please help me! Let me out!  
(panting loudly)

Mrs. Reed: Come along, John.

Georgiana: Yes, come along, John. We haven't got all day.

John: Don't worry. I won't shoot you. Unless we don't like the painting, that is.

Artist: Hello ... Shouldn't you be in the portrait? There's still plenty of room.

John: Jane Eyre?

Georgiana: She's not part of the family.

Mrs. Reed: It's no use looking at me like that, Jane. I have tried my hardest but you have made it impossible. I tried to carry out my dear husband's wishes but you have made it impossible. You know you have. You have deliberately made it impossible for me to love you. (sighs)

Say something, unnatural child!

Jane: You have not tried very hard. My uncle's dying wish was that you treat me as one of your children. You've not tried to.

Mrs. Reed: You dare to tell me ...

Jane: That is why he haunts the Red Room. Because you've disobeyed him. And on the day you die God will know who's telling the truth, whatever you or I say now.

(door opening)

Bessie: Come on, Miss Jane, you have a visitor. You must look your best.

Mrs. Reed: I have tried so very hard. You cannot believe how hard I've tried but ... There is the devil in that child.

Mr. Brocklehurst: What is your name, child?

Jane: Jane Eyre, sir.

Mr. Brocklehurst: Do you know, Jane Eyre, what happens to little children when they die?

Jane: They go to heaven.

Mr. Brocklehurst: And what happens to disobedient deceitful girls when they die?

Jane: They go to hell.

Mr. Brocklehurst: So what must you do to avoid this terrible fate?

(sighs)

Jane: I must take care to keep in good health and not fall ill, sir.

Mr. Brocklehurst: Your aunt tells me that you are a deceitful child. Is that true, Jane Eyre?

Jane: I am not a liar.

Mr. Brocklehurst: So do you say your aunt is a liar?

(girls coughing)

(bell – gasps) (bell ringing)

Mr. Brocklehurst: Ah, Jane Eyre ... How could I forget? Step out here, Jane.

Jane Eyre, I'm sorry to have to tell you, is a liar! The lesson of the day will be that lying is a sin. That all sinners deserve to be shunned by their fellows. Stand on that stool, Jane. You will stay there until midnight and you will not eat or drink but bow to beg God's forgiveness for your sin.

Jane: I wish I could escape to one of these places. Somewhere where it's warm.

Helen: I believe you will. But you'll have to work hard. You have to accept that we've been left here by our families to fend for ourselves. If you take advantage of the education here, if you are not too rebellious, and if you are patient, then you'll find your way out. We will both work our hardest and pray that God spares us until we are grown up.

Jane: And then what do we do? I think when we grow up, we have to be teachers. How do we ever get out of here, Helen?

Helen: We advertise.

(girls coughing) (sighs) (girls groaning)

(Helen coughing)

Jane: There you are.

(Helen coughs)

Helen (whispering): You're very cold, Jane. Come on under my covers.

(door opening) (Jane sobbing)

Jane: No, no, God can't have her! He can't take her!

The servant: God has already taken her, Jane. You must be brave.

Jane: Helen! Helen! Helen!

(church bell ringing)

(birds chirping)

Jane: Girls, look how the sun casts shadows on the flowers.

Jane: Come on, girls, hurry up now.

Headmistress: Miss Eyre. There appears to be a letter for you, Miss Eyre.

*Mrs. Fairfax: If Miss J.E. is in a position to give satisfactory references as to character and competency, then we will be happy to engage her as a governess to Miss Adèle Varens, ward of Mr. Rochester of Thornfield Hall.*

(birds chirping)

Coachman: Ah, there's Thornfield Hall now, miss. There's always a light burning in the tower.

(door creaking open)

Jane: Are you taking me to Mrs. Fairfax?

Old George: In there.

Mrs. Fairfax: Why, it's Miss Eyre! (chuckles) At last! Oh, we've been waiting for you for so long! Oh, I'm Mrs. Fairfax. Welcome to Thornfield.

Mrs. Fairfax: My goodness, Miss Eyre. How hungry you are. You must have been travelling all day. How long is it since you have sat beside the fire and eaten a hearty meal?

Jane: Oh, approximately eight years.

Mrs. Fairfax: Oh, my goodness. Eight years. (chuckles) Hasn't sat by the fire for eight years? Eight years. I'll tell the master that when he gets back from abroad. That will amuse even him. Oh, not that he's without humour, of course. Certainly not. I remember he used to tell jokes as a child. He keeps himself to himself, but you needn't worry. He's hardly ever at home. Always travelling. (sighs)

(birds twittering)

Mrs. Fairfax: Miss Eyre. You are up early. I hope you slept well.

Jane: Yes, thanks you. I was anxious to meet Adèle.

Mrs. Fairfax: Ah, yes. Well, you won't have to wait long.

Jane: Does she play up there?

Mrs. Fairfax: Oh, goodness me, no. No one lives up there.

Jane: Oh, I thought I saw someone at the window.

Mrs. Fairfax: There's only Grace Poole there. She does the laundry.

Adèle: Mrs. Fairfax ...

Mrs. Fairfax: Ah! I don't think Adèle can wait any longer.

Adèle: (in French): Il est jaloux, je suis coquette, j'aime la mode et lui l'argent. A me fâcher, je suis sujette, il a l'esprit contrariant! Ah, bon Dieu, bon Dieu ...

My lover gets jealous, I'm such a flirt! I love pretty dresses... He loves his money. I'm always losing my temper! He's so impossible!

Bonjour, mademoiselle Jeanne, I am so very heureuse de faire votre acquaintance.

Jane: Enchantée, Adèle, moi aussi j'étais impatiente de faire ta connaissance.

Mrs. Fairfax: Oh, thank goodness, you will be able to understand her. Now you can tell me what she is singing.

(Adèle singing)

Jane: Well, I believe it is a romance. The woman is declaring her love for her sweetheart.

Adèle: Merci, merci, merci. I will dance another one.

Jane: Later, maybe. But first you will show me to your schoolroom.

(sheep bleating)

(dog barking)

(neighing)

Man: Damn it! Christ! (dog barking) Quiet, Pilot! Damn it!

Jane: Are you injured, sir?

Man: Get away from me. Witch, you've done enough damage.

Jane: I cannot think of leaving you, until I see you are fit to mount your horse.

Man: You should be at home yourself. Where do you live?

Jane: At Thornfield Hall. I can fetch help, I'll be a little while.

Man: (grunts in pain) (horse neighs) Do you think you can bring him over to me?

(whinnies)

Man: Come over here, come. (groans)

    Come here, come here. Hold this. (grunts) Thank you, Miss ...

Jane: Jane Eyre, sir.

Man: Well, that's what happens when you bewitch a man's horse, Miss Eyre. A lot of pain and cursing.

Jane: I did not bewitch your horse, sir. I was waiting for you to go past.

Man: You were hovering. Casting spells. Now get off back to Thornfield Hall, if that is indeed where you live.

Jane: I do. But I will post my letter first. Before I return.

Man: Don't be late back ... Miss Jane Eyre.

(thunder rumbling) (crockery rattling)

Mrs. Fairfax: Ah, Miss Eyre, there you are. What do you think? The master is back.

Jane: Mr. Rochester?

Mrs. Fairfax: Not a word about his return, as usual, and he had an accident on the road. The doctor is with him in the drawing room now. Adèle, Come away! Time for bed. Mr. Rochester will see you tomorrow.

(knocking)

Mrs. Fairfax: Miss Eyre, make yourself ready. Master had finished his business for the day and wishes to see you.

Jane: Me?

Mrs. Fairfax: Yes. Oh, no, no, no. You must change. This will have to do.

(clock chiming)

Jane: This will have to do.

Adèle: Ah. Miss Eyre. Peut-être vous avez une boîte pour Miss Eyre? Monsieur Rochester?

Rochester: A boîte for Miss Eyre? Does Miss Eyre require a present?

Jane: Excuse me, sir?

Rochester: Does the governess expect me to have brought her a present back from my travels overseas?

Jane: No, sir.

Rochester: What are you doing standing over there where I can't see you?

Jane: Where would you like me to stand, sir?

Rochester: Here. Sit.

Are you fond of presents, Miss Eyre?

Jane: I hardly know, sir. I have little experience of them.

Rochester: Never had a present?

Jane: I believe they are generally thought pleasant things, sir.

Rochester: Hmmm. But this frivolous little doll, this true daughter of Paris, they are the stuff of life, aren't they, my little ... The thought of presents makes her live and breathe.

Adèle: Monsieur Rochester? Ah, ma boîte, merci, merci!

Rochester: Quiet! While I talk to Miss Eyre.

Adèle: Une poupée comme ça!

Rochester: Where are you from?

Jane: Lowood Institution, sir.

Rochester: How long were you there?

Jane: Eight years, sir.

Rochester: I'm amazed you've survived. You're so small. Didn't they feed you?

Jane: No, sir.

Rochester: And how do you find yourself here and not still there?

Jane: I advertised, sir.

Rochester scoffs.

Rochester: Of course you did. What of your family?

Jane: I have none, sir.

Rochester: None whatsoever? Friends?

Jane: None, sir.

Rochester: None at all?

Jane: I had a friend once. But she died a long time ago, sir.

Rochester: You're lucky, Miss Eyre. If you do not love another living soul, then you'll never be disappointed.

Jane: Yes, sir.

Rochester: Adèle tells me you play the piano brilliantly.

Jane: I play a little, sir.

Rochester: Of course, a little, that's what they all say. Go over there and play.

(Adèle talking to herself in French) (Jane continues playing the piano)

Rochester: Enough! Yes. You're right. You do play a little. These yours?

Jane: Yes, sir.

Rochester: These are ... These are interesting. The ideas all yours?

Jane: Yes, sir.

Rochester: Were you happy when you painted these?

(Adèle talking in French)

Adèle: Regarde-moi, Monsieur Rochester?

Jane: I was fully occupied. I was not unhappy.

Adèle: ... ma nouvelle robe! Monsieur Rochester? What do you think of me, Monsieur? Do you think I look beautiful? Shall I dance for you?

Rochester: Miss Eyre, what are you thinking of? It's very late. Adèle should be in bed.

And my foot hurts like the blazes!

Jane: Good night, sir.

Mrs. Fairfax: Well, what did you think about Master?

Jane: He is very changeable.

Mrs. Fairfax: Yes. But he has ... He has had disappointments in his life. I hope you will forgive his rough and ready ways. You will not leave. I've grown used to you. I hope he won't scare you away.

Jane: I am not scared of rough manners.

Mrs. Fairfax: He will be gone soon. He never stays for more than a few days at a time.

Grace Poole: Afternoon, miss.

(door opening)

Rochester: Miss Eyre, come here. Sit! Not you, Pilot! Miss Eyre, excuse me. I am used to giving orders and having them obeyed. Sit, if you please.

Jane: I beg your pardon, sir. I did not ask permission to read the books.

Rochester: Permission? To read the books? You are a thinking, intelligent woman, aren't you? Why ever would you need to ask permission? Who else is to read them? Adèle? (snickers) The venerable Fairfax? I'd more likely find Pilot poring over the flora and fauna of the South American flatlands. So anyway, talk.

Jane: Talk, sir?

Rochester: Yes, talk, if you please. See how I'm learning to be polite. I had a tedious day of mortgages and share prices and I would like to be entertained.

Jane: Entertained, sir?

Rochester: Miss Eyre, can we proceed? When I am tired, I tend to dwell on my darker thoughts.

Jane: I would like to entertain you, sir. I am not sure what would interest you, though.

Rochester: A smile. A very small one. The mere glimpse of a smile. At last! Tell me your thoughts? I command you.

Jane: I was just thinking, sir, it's ... Not many employers would ask the opinion of someone they pay £30 a year to.

Rochester: I pay you a salary, do I? Well, of course I do. Well, I should have my money's worth, then. Oh! I can see there is another problem. Out with it.

Jane: You haven't actually paid me anything yet, sir.

Rochester: Ah! Mercenary girl! Fetch me my keys now! You want my money in your hand before you will amuse me?

Jane: No, sir. That will not be necessary, sir. Maybe you could ask me questions, sir?

Rochester: Have you travelled, Miss Eyre?

Jane: No, sir.

Rochester: All young people wish to travel. Even if they find kindness and food and a fire, they wish to be gone. I have travelled all over the world, Miss Eyre. And it's very overrated.

Jane: Yes, sir.

Rochester: When I was a young man, I was your equal. I had a clear conscience, unpolluted by sin. I took the wrong path. It wasn't my fault that I took it, but ... I must bear the blame for continuing on it. (scoffs) I think you may have a little of the witch about you. You bewitched my horse. You sit there, patiently, and would draw out secrets of my past.

Jane: I do not wish to pry, sir.

Rochester: I know, Jane. Do you think me handsome, Jane?

Jane: No, sir.

Rochester (laughs) : Look carefully. If I were to tell you that I'm worth £20,000, surely the light of the fire would soften my features. Do I not now seem to you the very model of a fashionable man?

Jane: I do not think there is anything in science that will allow that, sir.

I spoke hastily, sir. I did not mean that I find you repellent ... What I meant is that it is the character inside that determines a person, not the outer shell.

Rochester: Take care, Jane. Don't look too closely inside of me. You might not find anything within at all beautiful. And then where would we be?

(Grace muttering)

Jane: Is that Grace Poole?

Mrs. Fairfax: Ahem. Hmm.

Jane: Does she live alone in the North Tower?

Mrs. Fairfax: North Tower catches the wind. I don't know why, it makes me shiver just to think of it.

(door closing)

Rochester: Miss Eyre, you're required! This way, hurry up!

Mrs. Fairfax: Oh, goodness, Miss Eyre. The master has taken it into his head to give Adèle a biology lesson and we all have to hunt beetles. Poor Sophie can't understand a word he says and neither can I, really.

Adèle: Monsieur Rochester, we are bored with looking at the English water beetles. They are not beautiful like the ones in your study. Can I go with you, Monsieur Rochester, when you set off on your travels once more? I will always wear my best dress and everyone will think I am pretty.

Rochester: Yes, but if they see you for the shallow little creature that you are, no more substance than one of those meringues over there, well, then they will find you disgusting, my little Parisienne.

Adèle: They would find me disgusting!

Rochester: You are mistaken, Adèle, if you do not think to find interesting creatures here in England. There's a bird? It's a ... It's a quite nondescript grey colour and it's accustomed not to moving too quickly not to draw attention to itself for fear of being beaten. It wishes it could be in a cage. But, sooner or later, slowly, day by day, its wings grow very strong and if you were to look very closely, you would see brilliant scarlet feathers hidden under its drab wings. Until one day, it has grown so confident that it flaps its red wings and flies straight upwards into the sky and those lucky enough to catch it in flight think that they have caught a glimpse of a firebird.

Adèle: And then?

Rochester: Well, then it flies away somewhere warm and never comes back.

Adèle: I don't think I believe in this bird.

Rochester: It's true. There is one here at Thornfield in the gardens if you look very hard.

Adèle: Madame Fairfax, Monsieur Rochester said that the ladies will say I'm disgusting.

Mrs. Fairfax: Oh, that's nice, dear.

Rochester: Come, Miss Eyre, you have something to say?

Jane: You should not tease, sir. She is just a child.

Rochester: She is. But she's also self-obsessed, thoughtless, vain. You've made great headway with her even in the past few months, but look at her. Just like her mother. (Adèle giggling) I saw what the mother became.

Jane: That is no reason to despise the child.

Rochester: Do you really think? If the blood is tainted, won't I be failing in my duty to her to let her remain like this and not try my best to correct her ways?

Jane: She does not deserve to be ridiculed or despised. She's a child. She deserves that you should trust her. (Adèle humming) That she'll grow and learn and ...

Adèle: Miss Eyre?

Jane: No, thank you, Adèle.

Rochester: We shall see, Miss Eyre.

Jane: Come on.

Jane: Adèle, don't run! What's the matter with Sophie?

Adèle: She doesn't like "Les Malades", the mad people.  
(footsteps approaching) (door closing)

(distant banging) (echoing yell) (door rattling) (thumping)  
(sighs in relief)

Jane: No, Pilot. No, you don't belong here. Go back to your master.

Rochester: Pilot, come here!

Rochester: Jane, come and look at this fellow. Come here. Look at his wings. I've seen one like this in the West Indies, but never here. That will teach me to tease Adèle. Come, sit down with me for a while. Sit. (sighs) As it is now your job as well as mine to bring up Adèle correctly, I am going to tell you about her. About where she came from and who she belongs to. Maybe you'll understand.

Jane: You do not need to tell me anything.

Rochester: I know. You understand too much without me saying anything. It is the witch in you. You have to imagine a young man. Well, one who is still youngish and who has made a mistake, not his fault, but this mistake and the darkness that follows it have set him helter-skelter around the world in search of beauty to ease help his soul. And he does find beauty or rather, beauty finds him because, as you will guess, this is a very rich youngish man.

That look. No judgement, no pity. That look could prise secrets from the blackest souls. Where were we?

Jane: Beauty finding a youngish man.

Rochester: Ah, yes. So, on our whirlwind tour, we alight in Paris. Now, Jane, imagine, I know it's difficult. Imagine a suite of rooms in a particularly gorgeous Parisian hotel. It is upholstered with velvets and furs. Everything is sensuous to the touch, the best that this youngish man's money can buy. It is a summer evening and there is perfume in the air. The young man breathes in the scent of his lover, musk and amber. Her name is Céline Varens. She is very beautiful. She is a dancer. An exotic bird. She dotes on him and he is passionately in love with her. He's had a fortunate night gambling, and he waits for her now in anticipation of the dark, intoxicating hours ahead.

Are you still with me, Jane?

Jane: I am here, sir.

(Celine giggles)

Rochester: At last, he hears the sound of her return. Only a few more seconds' wait until he sees her. An eternity passes. (voices talking in French) At that very moment ... as I stood in the shadows, the green snake of jealousy bit into my heart.

Soldier: Where is your beast of an Englishman tonight?

Céline: Gambling.

Soldier: Someone else can look at his unpleasant face.

Céline: He is very presentable, really, for an Englishman. £20,000 makes him very presentable.

Rochester: She wasn't as clear-sighted as you, Jane. You found me unattractive despite my wealth. You do not know what it is to feel jealousy, do you, Jane? Because you have no idea what it is to love. You have no idea what it is to feel the very beat of someone's heart within one's breast.

Jane: No, sir. Do you still love her, sir?

Rochester: Who?

Jane: Céline. I mean, Miss Varens?

Rochester: Good God, no. No, I threw her out of the hotel and I shot him ...

Jane gasps.

Rochester: ... in the shoulder or some insignificant place. No, when I saw what a wretched fool she had meddled with, I knew that she could never love me. That's obvious, surely.

Jane: And Adèle?

Rochester: She left her in the hotel when she ran off. Céline claimed that I was the father, but a fairly elementary study of biology would prove that impossible. Tell me, Jane, is there anything about me that remotely resembles Adèle? Look at me carefully.

Jane: No, sir.

Rochester: She left her in the hotel. A parcel, a label on with my name. What was I to do? Leave her there to starve? I provided for her in France. Then, a few months ago, it was necessary to bring her here. She was not my responsibility but I took her on just the same. So, as her guardian and your master, what do you think of my behaviour, Miss Eyre? Did I do the right thing? It was the right thing to do, wasn't it, Jane?

Jane: Yes, sir.

(door closing)

(scratching at door)

Jane: Go away, Pilot. Pilot, go back to your master.

(footsteps approaching)



(woman laughing)  
Jane: Who is there?  
(footsteps in distance)  
(footsteps pounding)  
(door closing)  
Jane: Hello? Hello.  
(opens door and gasps)

## Episode Two

Jane: Sir! Mr. Rochester, sir, wake up! For heaven's sake, sir, wake up!  
(grunting) (Jane grunting) (both panting)  
Rochester: Jane, are you hurt?  
Jane: No, sir. But you were nearly killed in your bed.  
Rochester: What happened here?  
Jane: I don't know. I heard a noise and I followed it here. Shall I fetch Mrs. Fairfax?  
Rochester: No, what can she do?  
Jane: I must fetch someone to help, sir.  
Rochester: No! Sit Jane, quietly. Wait here for me. Can you do that?

(door opening)  
Rochester: It's settled. It is as I thought.  
Jane: How, sir?  
Rochester: I forgot. Did you say you saw anything? Anyone?  
Jane: No, I heard a laugh. I ... I think it was Grace Poole, sir.  
Rochester: Of course. You're right. She's a singular sort of person. She's often careless and accidents happen. We'll say no more about it. Go back to your room. The servants will be up in an hour or two.  
Rochester: Well, are you going without saying goodnight? Jane, you just ... you just saved my life. You might at least shake hands. I knew you'd do me good the first time I met you. I knew I wouldn't mind being in your debt.  
Jane: There is no debt, sir. There is no debt, sir. I'm glad I happened to be awake.  
(laughing)  
Rochester: She saves me from an inferno and she's glad she happened to be awake. Still she tries to go.  
Jane: I am cold, sir.  
Rochester: Of course. Of course. And we agreed that you'd never be cold again. Well, if you must leave me, you must.

Maid: It's a mystery how he wasn't burnt in his bed.

Mrs. Fairfax: He will read with a candle burning. I told him how dangerous that is. Morning, dear.

Jane: Morning.

Grace Poole: Morning, miss.

Jane: Morning, Grace. What has happened here?

Grace: Master was reading in bed again. Fortunately, he woke up and no real harm was done.

Jane: That's very strange. Did no one hear anything?

Grace: Mrs. Fairfax said she heard nothing. She sleeps heavily. You're young, miss. Maybe you heard a noise.

Jane: I did. At first I thought it was Pilot, but Pilot cannot laugh. And I'm certain I heard a laugh. A strange one.

Grace: Hardly likely the master would laugh. Not when he was in such danger. I think you must have been dreaming, miss.

Jane: I most certainly was not dreaming.

Grace: Did you open your door? Did you see who or what it was you thought laughed?

Jane: On the contrary, I locked my door.

Grace: Very wise. It would be wise to lock your door the moment you go to bed. Who knows what might happen?

Mrs. Fairfax: You're not eating again. You ate very little at lunch time, Miss Eyre. I hope you're not sickening. You're very flushed.

Jane: I'm very well, thank you. Never better.

Mrs. Fairfax: Hmm. Oh, it's a fine night. On the whole, a very good day for Mr. Rochester's journey.

Jane: Journey? I didn't know he was going out.

Mrs. Fairfax: Oh, he set off right after breakfast. He's gone to Mr. Eshton's place over the other side of Millcote. He'll likely stay a fortnight or more at the house party.

Jane: A fortnight.

Mrs. Fairfax: Yes. I told you, he's hardly ever here for more than a few days. And you can't say he hasn't been starved of company these last two months. Oh, I mean, fine and proper company, of course, my dear. When these fashionable, beautiful people get together, they're in no hurry to separate. Single gentlemen are especially sought after. And Mr. Rochester is so talented in society. The ladies are very fond of him. He's a very fine singer.

Jane: He sings?

Mrs. Fairfax: Oh, yes! He and Miss Blanche Ingram sang at a Christmas party here some years ago.

Jane: This Miss Ingram, is she very beautiful?

Mrs. Fairfax: Oh, good Lord, yes. She has very fine features, brilliant eyes. Very striking. Well, she's the belle of the county.

Jane: She's not yet married?

Mrs. Fairfax: No, the Ingram's estate will pass to the son. The daughters have only very small fortunes.

Jane: But if she's so very beautiful, she must have wealthy suitors. Mr. Rochester, for example.

Mrs. Fairfax: Well, yes, but there's a considerable difference in age.

Jane: What of it? There are more unequal matches made every day.

Mrs. Fairfax (chuckling) : Why, yes, dear, but I scarcely can think Mr. Rochester would think that a good idea. You've eaten nothing again. I'm sure you're sickening for something and the master's away. I must decide whether to send for Dr. Crawford.

Jane: I'm perfectly well, as I said. Never better.

*Grace: Are you sure you weren't mistaken, Miss Eyre?*

Jane: You were mistaken, Jane Eyre.

*Mrs. Fairfax: Miss Blanche Ingram is the most beautiful and accomplished young lady. She is the right and proper company for the master.*

(Sophie laughing) (whooping)

Adèle: Who are you writing to, Miss Eyre? I thought you had no one to write to.

Jane: I don't.

Adèle: We are your family now. I wish Mr. Rochester would come back. I am so bored.

Mrs. Fairfax: I wouldn't wish for long. Sometimes he leaves us for many a month, especially in the cold winter season. Once, he left us for a whole year and a quarter. Oh, that was a very long winter. I can remember it well.

Adèle; Miss Eyre, are you sick? Your cheeks are pink.

Jane: It's very hot in here this morning, Adèle.

Mrs. Fairfax (sighs): Oh, from the master. (Mrs. Fairfax humming) (clears throat) Oh, well ... Well.

Jane: Mr. Rochester is not likely to return home soon?

Mrs. Fairfax: He's returning, all right. Leah, come quickly!

(serving bell ringing)

Mrs. Fairfax: You open all the rooms, all the windows. The rooms look a bit ... Logs over here, please. In this grate, not upstairs, thank you. Ah, Mr. Roberts. Would you be so kind as to joint the meat for me? Thank you. The silver needs a thorough polishing, please. Thank you, Polly. In the scullery, thank you. A thorough polishing. Good, more flowers.

Adèle: Oh, the flowers are so pretty. Let me help you.

Mrs. Fairfax: Nice display in the centre there, thanks you. Ah, thank goodness! Now, I wanted an extra four pounds of baking apples and plums. Can you check for me that they are here, please?

... always use goose eggs. If you'll come with me, I'll show you where we keep them.

Jane: Are you sure all this is necessary?

Mrs. Fairfax: Oh, yes, I think so. Well, we're not sure how many houseguests he's bringing, but we must be sure to have more than enough to feed them. Oh, dear, I've never done this before. Well, the master's never been home long enough to have a party. Goose eggs.

Maid 1: Mrs. Poole gets good wages, I suppose?

Maid 2: Yeah, about five times what I get. The master's not stingy.

Maid 1: I wonder ...

(hoofs clomping)

Rochester: I'll race you over to the river.

(whinnying)

Mrs. Fairfax: Oh, there they are at last.

(Adèle gasps)

A guest: My dear, how lovely to see you.

Adèle: Oh!

Mrs. Fairfax: I must go down and greet them.

Adèle: That is Mademoiselle Ingram. She has a French name, Blanche. And that is her sister. I think it must be. And that's Lady Ingram, her mother.

(Jane and Adèle spying on the lady house guests)

(laughing)

(Jane and Adèle watching from the gallery)

(All laughing)

Mrs. Fairfax: Master says you may join the ladies this evening.

Adèle: Oh, I must start to prepare at once. I must wear absolutely my best dress.

Jane: Adèle, you think too much of your appearance. It's the person inside you that matters. No one will love you for how pretty you are.

Adèle: I do not think that can be right, Miss Eyre.

Mrs. Fairfax: You must take her into the drawing room before the guests finish dinner.

Jane: Oh, no, surely I don't have to be there? Adèle can go with Sophie.

Mrs. Fairfax: Master's orders. He said you must be there, or he will come to your room and bring you down himself.

(Adèle gasps) (chuckling)

Adèle: Des bonbons! Des amandes!

Jane: Adèle, come on. (whispering)

Eshton: You look alike, you move alike, you sound alike. You are, if I may say so, a particularly fine example of the split female embryo. I hope you'll permit me to ask you some questions.

Twin 1: Oh, of course. Everybody is.

Twin 2: Yes, that's right, everyone is interested in us.

Rochester: Lady Ingram, you don't escape our argument so easily.

Lady Ingram: Oh, Rochester, I don't understand you. If some people are rich and some poor, then that is God's will? So be it, I am satisfied.

Jane: Sit, Adèle.

Adèle: Miss Eyre, s'il vous plait?

Rochester: I'm sure you are, if you're one of the predetermined rich.

Colonel Dent: And it's a scientific fact ...

Jane: Adèle!

Colonel Dent: ... that many more grow up poor ...

Mrs. Dent: All this nonsense ...

Jane: Adèle, sit down!

Mrs. Dent: ... and revolutions, can't we talk about something else? There are children and servants present.

Blanche: Oh, good Lord. What on earth is this?

Lady: It is Mr. Rochester's ward, I suppose. The little French girl.

Blanche: Mr. Rochester, I thought you were not fond of children.

Rochester: I'm not.

Blanche: Then what on earth made you take on that little doll? Where did you pick her up?

Rochester: I didn't pick her up, she was left in my hands.

Blanche: Well, you should send her to school where she belongs.

Rochester: Our schools are expensive.

Blanche: But you have a governess, I see. There, hiding behind the screen. Now, that's expensive, for you have to feed them both.

Lady Ingram: What are you talking about now, Rochester?

Blanche: Oh, no, we don't want Mother getting started on governesses.

Rochester: We're talking of governesses, Lady Ingram.

Lady Ingram: Oh, don't mention them. I'm so glad that Blanche and Mary have no longer any need for them. Governesses are a nuisance, all of them. If they're not eating you out of house and home, they're carrying on with the tutor, or even worse, making eyes at the master of the house.

Rochester: Really? You surprise me.

Blanche: Mary, do you remember Miss Twisk or Twitt, or whatever she was called? We pretended she was harbouring a passion for Bradstock.

Mary: It was your idea.

Blanche: Yes; We were very naughty. She was so boring, poor thing. Mother had her leave instantly, in case she should set us a bad moral example.

Lady Ingram: You cannot be too careful, Rochester, with a young, impressionable mind in the house. (chuckling)

Rochester: How do you do, Jane?

Jane: I am very well, sir.

Rochester: Why did you not come up and speak to me?

Jane: I did not wish to disturb you. You seemed engaged, sir.

Rochester: It is a while since we've seen each other. What have you been doing?

Jane: Nothing in particular. Teaching Adèle, of course.

Rochester: You look a good deal paler. What's the matter?

Jane: Nothing at all, sir.

Rochester: Then return to the drawing room.

Jane: I'm tired, sir.

Rochester: Hmm. And a little depressed, I think. What about? Tell me.

Jane: I am not depressed.

Rochester: I tell you that you are. So depressed that you're almost ... Let me look at you. You're about to cry. Tell me, Jane. Why are you crying?

Jane: I am not crying.

(footsteps approaching)

Rochester: Tonight, you're excused. But I expect you to appear in the drawing room every evening after dinner. Every evening, mind. It is my wish.

Twin 1: Where did I put it? I'm sure I left it somewhere here.

Rochester: Miss Eyre, why are you not dressed for riding?

Jane: I do not ride, sir.

Rochester: Well, then you must learn. Come, join us by the fire.

Young gentleman: We will not be able to hunt today, I'm afraid, with the weather so changeable.

Twin 1: No, or go on a walk. And my book has gone missing again. My book, you know, *The Beast Within*.

Mrs. Dent: Oh, I wish you wouldn't, my dear. How do you dare read those novels?

Twin 1: Oh, but it's very exciting. It is about a man who commits a crime. He spends the dark hours raging about like an animal, and then, in the morning, he goes about his business and no one suspects a thing.

Sir Lynn: Nonsense!

Eshton: You don't think it possible that someone who seems perfectly serene and unspectacular from the outside could be capable of committing horrific crimes?

Lady Ingram: Certainly not a Christian man. Although I'm sure that Mr. Eshton has all sorts of new ideas about that.

Eshton: For once, I must admit ignorance. The brain is a vast and wonderful landscape. We've not even begun to navigate its mysteries. We do not know why it malfunctions. We are in the very infancy of its science.

Lady Ingram: Science again. You make it all sound so very grand. God gives people good blood and bad blood, and there's an end to it.

Blanche: When Mary and I were in Paris, we went to see the savage boy. The one who had lived all his life in the woods and could only talk a little gibberish. If you could call it "talked".

Lady Ingram: That's what I'm talking about. That child had bad blood. You can clean it, dress it up, but you will never make it good.

*Aunt Reed: You were born bad, Jane Eyre, and you will die bad!*

Eshton: Miss Eyre, is it your opinion that children are born the way God intended them to be, that bad blood will always be bad blood? Or can you discipline such a child?

Jane: Excuse me?

Lady Ingram: Of course you should. That's common sense.

Jane: I think it wise that ... Since we must live with the adult, I think it prudent to treat a child as if they had feelings.

Lady Ingram: Really? Feelings? A child has no more feelings than that dog over there.

Jane: I would have thought that if you ...

Blanche: Please, Miss Eyre, continue. Mr. Eshton wishes to hear your opinion.

Jane: I think that all children, whether they are thought to be of good blood or bad blood, deserve to be given a chance to love and to be loved. I do not see the use of punishing a child with beatings and harsh words.

Lady Ingram: What's the use of punishment from a governess? You must send that child off to school immediately, Rochester.

Rochester: All this talk of tainted blood is wearisome. I know my blood's up. You're the best horsewoman in the county. Shall we ride?

Adèle: Oh, regarde.

(woman laughing)

Rochester: Jane. Where are you going?

Jane: I have to speak to Mrs. Fairfax. She allows Adèle to eat too many sugary things. Afterwards, I'll join you in the drawing room.

Rochester: You might even enjoy yourself. We'll be playing games later. Don't tell me you don't approve of games, Jane. What do you think of Miss Ingram, Jane? I suppose I must chose a bride, as all about me seem to wish it. Is that what they're saying? To preserve this great estate of mine, I must have an heir. Is that what the gossip requires?

Jane: I know nothing of gossip, sir.

Rochester: Well, then, Jane, your honest opinion. Do you think Miss Ingram a good choice? Do you think I'm in love with Miss Ingram, Jane?

Jane: I know nothing of love, sir.

Rochester: Don't be late, Jane. It won't be long before the games begin.

Twin 1: Oh, now, there it is! There is my book, *The Beast Within*. It was sitting there all the time. No, but I'm sure I looked there this morning.

Adèle: Maybe the *ghoost* took it.

Twin 2: The ghost?

Adèle: The *ghoost*. Sophie says it walks the corridors at night. It eats the gateaux from the kitchen and it laughs in the dark.

(thunder clapping) (shreaking)

Blanche: A ghost at Thornfield? How exciting. You never mentioned it.

Adèle: She walks in the corridor with the painting of the mad people. Sophie says she goes cold and shivers when she ...

Rochester: Sophie is from Marseilles, which means that she wears three or four outer garments even in July. Our English weather feeds her overactive French imagination.

Blanche: Oh, you disappoint me. Maybe we could tell each other ghostly stories. I'm in need of a little danger.

Rochester: Ghost stories are not of interest. How do you know if they're true? But, my dear Blanche, if the ladies are interested, I know a game, if you're not afraid of things that we might not be able to explain.

The Twins: The supernatural?

Eshton: What are you up to, Edward?

Rochester: You're interested in experiments, aren't you?

Eshton: Well, I hope you know what you are doing.

All: L-O- ... V-E.

Twin 1: Love.

Rochester: Who's next? Blanche, are you ready?

Blanche: Of course I am.

All: H-E ... A ... R-T.

Twin 2: H-E-A-R-T. Heart. Oh, Blanche. It means that you have given your heart to someone. Do tell us, as if we didn't know.

All: L-E ... S-S.

Twin 1: Less heart. What can that mean?

Twin 2: Less heart. Heart less.

Twin 1: Oh, heartless!

Twin 2: Oh, dear Blanche. No, I'm sure it's made a mistake. It must think you're someone else.

Blanche: You're right, Mr. Eshton. This is a silly game. I'm rather tired. I think I shall read in bed.

Lady Ingram: Be careful of your candle, my darling.

Grace: Morning.

Eshton: *You don't think it possible that someone who seems perfectly serene and unspectacular from the outside could hide a beast within them?*

Rochester: I'll be away all day on business. I'm sure you'll be able to amuse yourselves.

Blanche: Don't be too late.

Rochester: I'll be back by sundown. Don't misbehave now. Pilot!

Adèle: I think that gown Miss Blanche Ingram has, the blue, I think it the most beautiful dress I have ever seen. It is Monsieur Rochester! He is back! You said we could finish.

Jane: He's early.

Adèle: Oh! Who is this? He is très beau, mademoiselle, n'est-ce pas?

Colonel Dent: A foreigner, I think. Although, quite a nice chap. Mason's the name. Says he met Rochester in the West Indies. And I think the twins have taken a bit of a shine to him.

Lady Ingram: Speak up, man. What's the matter?

George (stuttering): It's an old gypsy lady, madam. Come to tell fortunes. She refuses to leave, and with the master away ...

Colonel Dent: Tell her to go or we'll set the dogs on her.

Blanche: No, no, no, tell her to stay. There are ladies present who wish to have their fortunes told.

Colonel Dent: But what would Rochester say?

Blanche: Well, he's not here, is he? I'm brave enough, if you aren't.

Dent twins: (squealing and giggling) (sighing)

Adèle: Bonjour! Now, where's your lover? Bonjour, mon chéri! (imitating a kiss)

Twin 1: Blanche, what's happened? What did the gypsy lady say to you?

Blanche: Rochester was right. She talked absolute nonsense, nothing in it. You can amuse yourselves with her if you want.

Twin 1: Yes!

George; I'm sorry, miss. She said she wouldn't leave until she had seen everyone, and you're the only one who hasn't had her fortune told. She would not leave until I had brought you here.

Jane: That's alright, George. Don't worry.

George: I'll wait outside in case there is trouble.

Jane: No, George, you may go. I'm not frightened.

Gypsy woman: You're not afraid?

Jane: Of course not; Do you wish me harm?

Gypsy woman: The others were afraid of my magic. Of my dark arts. Of what I knew of their worst thoughts and desires. Surely you noticed that some who entered this room with confidence are now disappointed with what I've revealed? Do you not believe in hell and the supernatural, Miss Eyre?

Jane: I believe what I believe.

Gypsy woman: You're a very confident young woman for someone who has never loved. Who has only had one true friend who was snatched away prematurely. Where was it? Lowood School. There now. I've impressed you.

Jane: These matters are not generally known, for sure, but they are facts. They are the truth. You may have found them out by mortal means.

Gypsy woman: (chuckling) Well said, Miss Eyre. I can see I'm going to have to prove my powers. To see into your soul. To reveal a hidden secret that no one else could possibly know.

What were your thoughts, for instance, when you came to me this evening? It's very pleasant company, is it not? Such as you've never known. And after the long months here alone at Thornfield, with only the child and the housekeeper. What do you think of them?

Jane: I do not think of them.

Gypsy woman: Of their opinions and their tastes?

Jane: I do not care for theirs any more than I'm sure they care not for mine. Is there no one in the company who you share feelings with? What about the master of the house?

Jane: He is not here today.

Gypsy woman: He is soon to be married, is he not, to the beautiful Blanche Ingram?

Jane: I don't know. I thought it was you that could predict the future. Anyway, I have paid you for my future, not Mr. Rochester's.

Gypsy woman: Oh, Mr. Rochester is to be married. I know that for sure, everyone does. Oh, I see that this news affects you.

Jane: You talk nonsense, old lady. I shall leave you now and send in the next fool.

Gypsy woman: It is over. What do you wish me to do?

Jane: What is it? Who is there? Show yourself immediately or I'll call a servant! Sir!

Rochester: (chuckles) Thank you. You've done well today. You've given me a deal to think about and you've amused me greatly. (snickers) No, Jane, don't be too cross.

Jane: I'm not angry, I'm surprised.

Rochester: Surely you don't begrudge me this little diversion. The old lady provided me with an afternoon's amusement, and our guests were given a mirror to hold up to themselves. Not undeservedly, surely?

Jane: They are your guests, sir, not mine. But I believe you got that woman in to talk nonsense to me so that I might talk nonsense back, and that was not fair, sir.

Rochester: No. No, it was not fair. But how else am I to find out what you think, Jane? But don't worry, you didn't talk nonsense, so, er, all's well, isn't it. And you're not angry with me?

Jane: I don't know. I have to think about it. But I expect I'll manage to forgive you, eventually.

Rochester: (chuckles) Aren't you curious to find out what my gypsy predicted for Miss Ingram? I bet the drawing room is buzzing with excitement.

Jane: They have plenty to discuss, sir. Even the stranger who arrived this morning.

Rochester: What stranger?

Jane: Oh, his name is Mason. I believe he's visiting from overseas. What is it, sir?

Rochester: Oh, Jane. I wish I were on a desert island somewhere with only you for company. Tell me. If all those people in the drawing room, if they cast me out and spat at me, what would you do?

Jane: I should try to comfort you, sir. Can I help you, sir? I'd do anything for you.

Rochester: What if I asked you to do something for me that was wrong? I know, I know. I know the answer, Jane. You could not. Thank you. Jane, do you believe in redemption?

Jane: If you have sinned, you can be redeemed.

(door closing)

Eshton: Do you mind if I ask some questions about your habits? How about your clothes? Did you come down this morning and find that you had dressed the same?

Both: Yes.

Rochester: Mason, my dear fellow! What a surprise! How good to see you again!



(both chuckling)

(Jane dreaming at night) (little girl screaming)(Jane gasps)

(people chattering)

Blanche: What was it?

Mrs. Dent: Did you hear it?

Twin 1: Yes, I thought it was ...

Rochester: Really, I only go away for a day on business and you overexcite yourselves like children with your occult games and conversations.

Blanche: But we all heard a cry. Didn't we, Lady Lynn?

Lady Lynn: Yes.

Blanche: Surely we all heard something.

Rochester: Someone had a bad dream. Brought on by the combination of the visit of our gypsy friend and too much grouse at dinner.

Blanche: Are you sure we're all save?

Rochester: I am sure. Anyway, my amazon, what have you to fear from the night hours? (chuckles)

Blanche: It's bad enough having strange shrieking, never mind governesses creeping up on us. She's pale as a ghost.

Rochester: Well, my lady, I shall escort you back to your room personally. Come, everyone, back to bed.

(all chattering)

(knocking at door)

Jane: I'm ready. Are you hurt, sir?

Rochester: It's nothing. Come, we must be silent.

Jane: Are we going to the North Tower?

Rochester: Do you want to go back?

Jane: No, sir.

Rochester: I forgot to ask, do you faint at the sight of blood?

Jane: I don't know.

Rochester: Wait here. Here.

(Rochester grunting) (door rattling) (door opening)

Rochester: Richard? (Mason moans) Jane, come here. You must press this hard on the wound.

(Mason groans) I'm going down to get the doctor. He'll have you as good as new by morning.

(whispers) Richard, do not say anything of what has happened or I will not be responsible. Jane, I have to leave you here while I'm gone for an hour or so. No conversation.

(bird cawing)

Mason: I could not stop her.

Jane: Shhh. Be calm.

Mason: She has killed me.

(rattling)

Jane: You will not die. (banging on door) I will not let you die.

(door opening)

Mason: She's ... She's done for me.

Rochester: Nonsense. The doctor's here, you're in no danger.

Doctor: There are teeth marks here.

Mason: She sucked my blood. She said she would drain my heart.

Rochester: I warned you not to do anything until I could be with you. Hurry up, Carter, we need him out of here before sunrise.

(door creaking)

Rochester: Take care of him at your house. I'll head over in a day or two to see how he does.

Doctor: Very well.

Mason: Take care of her as tenderly as you can.

Rochester; I'll do my best, as I always have and always will.

Rochester: Stay awhile outside with me. This house is a dungeon. It's a prison. It's a lovely morning after such a turbulent night, hey, Jane?

Jane: Yes, sir.

Rochester: Were you frightened?

Jane: I was afraid, sir.

(men chattering)

Rochester: Quietly, go in the back entrance.

Grace: Everything all right, miss?

Jane: What do you want?

Grace: Mrs. Fairfax asked me to tell you, you have a visitor.

Bessie: Oh, excuse me, miss. It is you, Miss Jane. Don't you recognise me?

Jane: Bessie!

(laughing)

Bessie: Oh, look at you! Miss Eyre. I always said Jane Eyre would grow up to be a fine, accomplished young lady. Not quite a beauty, all told, but a credit to us.

Jane: I'm glad not to be of discredit to you, Bessie. Oh, Bessie, what's happened?

Blanche: And I'm hoping you're not going to disappear once more on your travels.

Rochester: I suppose you might like to travel yourself one day.

Blanche: Does Miss Eyre need to speak to you?

Rochester: Excuse me. Well, Jane?

Jane: Sir, I need to have a leave of absence for a week or two, to see a sick lady who's asked for me.

Rochester: What sick lady?

Jane: Her name is Reed. She's my uncle's wife.

Rochester: Uncle? You told me you had no family.

Jane: My aunt cast me off when I went to school.

Rochester: Why?

Jane: Because I was poor. And she did not like me.

Rochester; And she sent you to Lowood, without so much as a word or a visit in nearly 10 years? So why does she suddenly wants to see you now?

Jane: Her son John is dead. He ruined himself. She is now struck with this misfortune. I'll only be gone two weeks, I hope.

Rochester; Two weeks? That's not possible.

Jane: And you have company, sir.

Rochester: Very well. But promise me that you will not stay with this undeserving aunt more than a week.

Jane: I cannot promise. She is dying. I cannot set a time on that.

Rochester (sighs): Of course you will go. How have I the power to stop you? Well, you must have some money. You can't travel without money. I haven't given you any salary yet, remember? How much have you, Jane? In all the world?

Jane: Five shillings, sir.

Rochester: Here. Take £ 50.

Jane: No, sir. You only owe me 15. I have no change.

Rochester: I don't want change, Jane, you know that. Take your wages. You're right. Better not give you all that. You might stay away for three months. Her, there's ten. Well, isn't that enough?

Jane: Yes, sir. But you still owe me five.

Rochester: Then come back for it.

Jane: Sir? I have to ask you something else, a matter of business. You have as good as said you intend to be married.

Rochester: Really? That's been settled, the, has it? You've decided that Miss Ingram is to be my bride? Now I see it. You're going to prevail upon this miserable family to find you a new situation. Ungrateful girl. Admit it!

Jane: No, sir. I told you, they do not like me, sir. To offer such a service ... I shall advertise.

Rochester: Devil you will! Advertise! I wish I'd only offered you a sovereign, not 10 whole pounds. Give me back nine. Jane, I have need of it.

Jane: No, sir. I do not trust you.

Rochester: Hmmm. So, Jane ... Etiquette. How do we say goodbye? Teach me. I'm ... I'm not quite up to it.

Jane: We say "farewell", or anything else we might prefer. Farewell, Mr. Rochester, for the present.

Rochester: And what must I say in return?

Jane: The same, if you like.

Rochester: Then I will say ... Don't go, Jane. What will I do without your help?

Jane: Sir, you will not be in danger?

Blanche: Rochester? Edward?

Jane: Sir, please?

Footman: Get along!

(Person in the tower room breathing heavily)

### Episode Three

*(Young Jane panting)*

*Young Jane: No! Not the red room! No! Not the red room! I've not been wicked! No! Not the red room! No! Don't take me to the red room!*

*John: Jane Eyre?*

*Young Eliza: She's not part of the family.*

Eliza: Miss Eyre? You have not grown tall.

Jane: How is Mrs. Reed?

Georgiana: Mrs. Reed? Oh, you mean Mama. She's extremely unwell. I doubt you can see her tonight.

Jane: If you would just step upstairs and tell her I have come, I would be much obliged to you. She has asked for me to come. I would not like to keep her waiting.

Bessie: Missus is awake. I have told her that you're here.

Mrs. Reed: Who are you?

Jane: I'm Jane Eyre. How are you, Aunt?

Mrs. Reed: You are not Jane Eyre. I have had such trouble with that child. She was mad. A fiend. I sent her away to Lowood where the fever broke out and many died, but she didn't die. I wish she had.

Jane: Why do you hate Jane Eyre so?

Mrs. Reed: I hated her mother. She was my husband's favourite sister. When she died, he cried like a baby, and he insisted on sending for the child. Sickly, whining thing. It wailed in its cradle all night long, and Reed doted on it, the fool. Even in his last illness, he called for it rather than his own children. Where's John? He always wants money. He's a fine boy, and he loves me, but I don't know where to get the money. (shouts) Where's John? (door opening) (shouts) Where's John?

Bessie: She knows well enough he's gone. That's why she'll never leave this bed.

Mrs. Reed: Where's John?

*(Bessie sushing)*

Bessie: She doesn't mean it, Miss Jane, half of what she says.

Jane: It's alright, Bessie, I don't mind. No, really, I don't.

Bessie: You used to get upset. More than upset. But now you've grown into such a confident young woman. Who could have known it? I suppose you have friends now to confide in, so your troubles don't plague you so much. That must be it.

Jane: Yes, I do have a friend. Someone who ... When I talk to them, they understand everything I say. They would laugh if I told them about Mrs. Reed. They are so in tune with me, and they know my thoughts before I even think them. Certainly, before I put them into words.

Bessie: I always said you'd do well. I'm pleased that when you leave here, you can go home to such people.

Jane: My friend is to be married soon. It's almost certain.

Bessie: But she would not live far away. Maybe you can visit.

Jane: Yes, of course. That may be so.

(Lady Ingram laughing)

Lady Ingram: Eshton here says that, that swallow there heads south at the merest shiver of winter. Travels all the way to the most southern tip of Africa, and then comes back here to this precise spot. And I say how do you know, as they all look exactly the same?

Blanche: And why would they come back here and not stay where it is warm?

Eshton: It is in their nature. It is what they must do. They must come home. What do you think, Edward?

Lady (to Adèle): That's enough. Get along now.

Lady Ingram: Shouldn't you be in bed?

Adèle: No, Madame. Oh, that necklace is so beautiful.

Lady Ingram: I wouldn't have thought I'd say it. It's a pity the governess isn't here. I expect you're glad she stays away so long.

Adèle: Oh, no, I wish she would come back. I like her best of all. Except for Monsieur Rochester, of course.

Lady Ingram/ When Monsieur Rochester sees fit to make a certain announcement, that young lady will feel the benefits of a good English boarding school.

(all laughing)

Rochester: Is there a problem?

Blanche: Not at all. I was just taking a stroll through the hall before dinner.

Rochester: And did you like what you saw?

Blanche: Naturally. It could, of course do with a little management. A few new furnishings, here and there.

Rochester: And you think you'd like to take all this on? What do you really want, Blanche?

Georgiana: If only Aunt Gibson would invite me up to town. (clock chiming) It would be so much better if only I could get away for a month or two until it was all over.

Eliza: Georgiana, if there were ever a more vain, absurd animal than you. You are completely useless, and in being useless, seek only to cling onto others. If no one can be found to burden themselves with such a fat, weak, puffy, useless thing, you complain that you are ill-treated and neglected. You must be flattered, you must be admired or you languish and die away.

Georgiana: Well! Everyone knows that you are the most selfish, heartless creature in existence. I know very well your spite and your hatred. You ruined my chances with Lord Vere. You could not bear the thought that I would be raised into circles where you dare not show your face.

Eliza: Let me give you this advice. It is the first and the last I shall offer you. If you divide each day into sections and perform some useful task to timetable, the day will be over before you know it. You'll be dependent upon your own senses and not have to be flattered and admired in order to know that you exist. (Georgiana bursts into tears) After my mother's death, the hour of her burial, I wash my

hands of you. It will be as if you and I had never known each other, and if we were the only two human beings left alone on Earth together, I would not address one more word to you.

Mrs. Reed: Who is that?

Jane: It is I, Aunt Reed. Jane Eyre. You asked to see me.

Mrs. Reed: Yes, I did. I am very ill, you know. I need to ease my mind before I die. I have done you wrong twice, Jane Eyre. One was to break the promise I made to my husband to bring you up as my own child. You know that. (groans) Go to my dressing table. Open it. Take out and read the letter you find there.

Jane: "Madam, will you have the goodness to send me the address of my n... of my niece, Jane Eyre? I wish her to join me in Madeira. Fortune has blessed me, and as I am unmarried and childless, I wish to adopt her and bequeath to her all have when I die. I am, Madam, sincerely yours, John Eyre." This was written three years ago. Why did you never tell me I had an uncle who was alive?

Mrs. Reed: Because I hated you too much. I could not forgive you.

Jane: Forgive me, I ...

Mrs. Reed: For your conduct. I take you and you treat me with contempt. You talk to me like a vile, wild animal.

Jane: Forgive me my passionate nature. I was a child, Aunt. Let us forgive each other now.

Mrs. Reed: I could not forget. I took my revenge. I wrote to your uncle. I told him Jane Eyre was dead, that she had died of a fever at Lowood School. See? I had my revenge. Now, you may have yours. You can tell him of my falsehood. I will be dead by morning, so I don't care. (coughing weakly) Please.

Water. Quick! (wheezing)

Jane: I forgive you, Aunt Reed. Whether you wish it or not, I do truly forgive you.

Coachman: Whoa!

Jane: Take my trunk on up to Thornfield, would you?

Coachman: Won't you ride, Miss? You've had a very long journey.

Jane: No, I'm nearly home. It's my favourite walk.

Rochester: There you are! You're back. Ungrateful thing. I give you leave for a week and you're gone a whole month. I want my money back, since you've had me so little in your thoughts.

Jane: I said I would be gone for as long as I was needed, and I was. And you still owe me wages.

Rochester: Come, let's get you home. Adèle will scream and shout, "Bienvenue".

Jane: Thanks you. For your great kindness. I'm ... I'm strangely glad to get back again to you, and ... wherever you are is my home. Is my true home.

Jane: Are you going?

Rochester: See, Eshton? Our swallow has come home. Eshton is using my coach to pursue some unusual twins.

Eshton: Yes. One, a Belgian, has been in a sort of deep sleep for some eight months, and he has been woken by a twin, now living in Toulouse, by the way, that he never knew existed. It's amazing. Well, you don't think it possible that two minds can so be in tune that they communicate across the country and call out to each other across space and time?

Rochester: You're one of the world's most curious people, Eshton.

Eshton: And you're one of the most cynical, Rochester.

Rochester: Nonsense! I'm the most romantic person I know. (Eshton laughs) Be off with you.

Adèle: Miss Eyre! Miss Eyre!

Rochester: Amazing minds await your magnifying glass.

Mrs. Fairfax: Miss Eyre. Oh, Jane. You're back.

Adèle: Miss Eyre! Miss Eyre!

Jane: Hello.

Lady Ingram: Ah, at last, the governess has returned from her travels. Can't you teach that child something so she won't be under our feet?

Twin 1: It's just such a pity we can't stay for longer.

Twin 2: But it's the Warreners' summer ball next week.

Lady Ingram: Well, Blanche and I, we won't be there. We will be occupied with a more important event, I am certain.

Lady Ingram: Don't worry. You'll see her again soon. Ingram Park is a short journey for an enthusiastic rider.

Rochester: Indeed. Safe journey.

(door opening)

Rochester: Ah, there you are. Is Adèle in bed? You're back to our routine very quickly. Now that all our house guests are gone, it's like it has always been. What's that?

Jane: It's a book I used to read as a child. My escape book. I used to imagine that one day I could go anywhere I wanted. I took it with me to Lowood.

Rochester: And now?

Jane: Now I think it can go here very well.

Rochester: Now, Miss Eyre, if we're very lucky, we might see some dragonflies. Did I ever tell you of my travels into the blue mountains of Mongolia? And you can tell me of your travels in the black and gloomy forests of your childhood memories.

Rochester: So the vain, facetious cousin, Georgiana, found a mate within days of your aunt's funeral?

Jane: So it seems.

Rochester: And what of the nun?

Jane: I believe Eliza will settle in her French convent, never to return to worldly pleasures. I give her a few years to become Mother Superior.

Rochester: So you returned to Gateshead half knowing you wouldn't find the old lady repentant, or forgiving, or the least bit pleased to see Jane Eyre and this is how things transpired. And yet Jane Eyre doesn't seem to be troubled that she has no family, no one in the world outside of Thornfield who wishes her well.

Jane: I have no family to speak of. But I hear you have been making plans of your own? I assume Miss Blanche's departure from Thornfield is only temporary. I mean, as Adèle's governess, it is my duty to help you decide on a suitable school.

Rochester: Yes. Yes, indeed. And we mustn't forget that, when I do finally relinquish my bachelor ways, we must find you a suitable position. What do you think of Ireland? We don't have to worry about that now. Not for a good while yet. Oh, look, look. See the emerald wings? Come.

Jane: So to find half of anything, we divide it into two equal parts.

(carriage pulling up)

Adèle: Elle est arrivée! Oh, elle est très belle!

Jane: In English, please, Adèle!

Adèle: But I think it must be française, Miss Eyre. Surely it must be.

Rochester: What do you think? A beauty, isn't it? Do you think it'll do for Mrs. Rochester? Won't she look like Queen Boadicea ...

Adèle: Oh, thank you.

Rochester: ... leaning back on those purple cushions? Hmm? You know, Jane, I wish I were a little better suited to matching her in looks. Tell me, magician that you are, are you absolutely sure you don't have a potion that can make me more handsome?

Jane: I have told you before that would be past the power of magic, sir. Come, Adèle.

Adèle: Monsieur Rochester, I want you to tell me about the Caribbean Islands again. Sophie has taught me a song.

“Moana, la fanna, la vière, Madame, marie ...”

Rochester: All right, all right, incorrigible one. You must imagine a restaurant. No, let’s say a meeting place where many respectable people come here at night to socialise. You must imagine brilliant reds and pinks, the most exotic perfumed flowers, delightful, passionate music. The women, of course, are very beautiful. They wear bright silks, ambers, sapphires, emeralds. They are very seductive, but they are also mysterious, tantalising, dangerous.

(imaginary voices singing)

(Adèle sings)

Rochester: Stop that noise! Or I’ll send you to school in the morning. You’re like a wild animal. The Caribbean is not as beautiful as it seems, Adèle. I came back to escape.

(female voice humming)

Mrs. Fairfax: Summer’s been with us forever this year. I can’t remember when it’s stayed so long, and Mr. Rochester has stayed with it. He has never been here at Thornfield for this length of time. He found something to keep him from his travels. Mind you, I think there must have been a little disagreement.

Jane: Really?

Mrs. Fairfax: Well, Ingram Park is not very far away, not for an ardent suitor, yet he has not saddled his horse for several weeks. He spends his evenings either talking to you or prowling the lower gardens like a bear, the gardener says. (sighs) Of course, he’s got the household business to worry about.

Jane: What do you mean?

Mrs. Fairfax: He’ll be wanting to find us suitable positions. For after the wedding. Oh, no. He will take care over that, I’m sure. I told you, he’s a good master.

Rochester: Thornfield is pleasant in the summer, isn’t it, Jane?

Jane: Yes, sir.

Rochester: You’ve become attached to the place?

Jane: Yes, sir.

Rochester: And you’ll be sad to leave?

Jane: Yes. Must I leave, sir? Must I leave Thornfield?

Rochester: Yes, I’m sorry, but I’m afraid you must.

Jane: You’re to be married?

Rochester: Exactly. Precisely. As you, with your usual acuteness, have already predicted, when I do marry, Adèle must go to school and you must find a new situation.

Jane: Yes, sir, I will advertise immediately.

Rochester: No, you won’t. I’ve already found you a place.

Jane: Ireland is a long way away, sir. From Thornfield. It is a long way away from you, sir.

Rochester: (sighs) We have been good friends, haven’t we, Jane? It is difficult to part from a friend and know you will never meet them again. And you and I, it’s like we’re a pair of Eshton’s twins. Bound together in some unworldly way, sharing a spirit. We’re so alike. When we are parted ... When you leave me, I believe that bond will snap and I will bleed inwardly. But you will forget me after a while.

Jane: I would never forget you. How can you imagine that? What do you think I am? Oh, I wish I’d never been born. I wish I’d never come here. I wish I’d never grown to love Thornfield. I love Thornfield. I love it because I have lived a full life. I have not been trampled on. I have been treated as an equal. You have treated me as an equal. You are the best person I know and I cannot bear the thought of having to leave you.

Rochester: Must you leave me, Jane?

Jane: Why, of course I must, because you have a wife.



Rochester: What do you mean?

Jane: Blanche Ingram, of course. You ... You're as good as married to her. You promised her.

Rochester: I have not promised Blanche anything.

Jane: To someone who is inferior to you. Someone who you have no sympathy with. Of course I must go. Do you think that I'm a machine? That I can bear it? Do you think because I am poor, plain, obscure and little that I have no heart? That I am without soul? I have as much heart as you and as much soul. And if God had given me some beauty and wealth, I would make it as hard for you to leave me as it is now for me to leave you.

Rochester: You will not leave me, Jane.

Jane: No, let me go.

Rochester: Jane, Jane, don't struggle so.

Jane: I am a free person and I will go and do as I please.

Rochester: Yes, yes. Yes, you will. You will decide your own destiny. Jane, I offer you my hand, my heart and all my possessions.

Jane: You laugh at me.

Rochester: No, no. Jane, I want you to live with me, to pass through life as my second self, my best earthly companion. Jane, have you no faith in me?

Jane: None whatsoever.

Rochester: You doubt me?

Jane: Absolutely.

Rochester: Jane, you know I do not love Blanche. I love you like my own flesh. Jane, say that you will marry me. Say it quickly. Jane, do you accept me?

Jane: Are you in earnest? I can hardly believe you.

Rochester: I swear.

Jane: The, sir, ...

Rochester: Call me by my name, call me Edward.

Jane: The, Edward, I will marry you.

Rochester: God forgive me. And let no man meddle with me. I aim to keep her.

Jane: There is no one to meddle. I have no family to interfere.

Rochester: No.

(thunder crashing)

Rochester: Run and take off those wet things. Good night. Good Night, my darling.

Mrs. Fairfax: I feel so astonished. I hardly know what to say to you, Miss Eyre. Mr. Rochester came in here about five minutes ago to tell me he had asked you to marry him. This cannot be true. But why? I am sorry to offend you, Jane, but you are so young. You know nothing of men. I have noticed that Mr. Rochester seemed to make you a favourite, but I thought ...

Jane: That I was too monstrous to love?

Mrs. Fairfax: No. I meant that you were too level-headed, too sensible a young woman to be so overwhelmed.

Rochester: Overwhelmed? (they kiss) Well, are you overwhelmed?

Jane: I believe the good woman thought I'd forgotten my station, and you yours.

Rochester: Little does she know that I am the servant and you the mistress. I'm sorry. I know that look.

Jane: She thinks I do not know myself, and that you are doing as all men must.

Rochester: Jane, she doesn't know us.

Jane: All the same, sir ...

Rochester: Sir? When did I become sir again? Last night you stood before the heavens and pronounced yourself my equal. That's the Jane I want to marry. To share my life. Will you dine with me tonight?

Jane: No, sir.

Rochester: Edward. You promised to call me Edward.

Jane: Until we marry, if we marry ...

Rochester: In one month. One short month, you'll be Mrs. Rochester, or I'll be damned.

Jane: Then, until that morning, I will call you Mr. Rochester. That is halfway between Edward and sir. I will continue to teach Adèle. We will go on as before. Then it will be seen that this idea, this marriage is a sensible proposition.

Rochester: I'm not interested in pleasing Mrs. Fairfax. But for you ... For you, I will obey. Now, hurry up and get your bonnet, or we'll be late.

Jane: For what?

Rochester: We're going to town.

Rochester: Oh, no. No, no, no. You're not coming. Out of there, now.

Adèle: Oh, please let me come, Miss Eyre.

Rochester: No, absolutely NON. Jane and I ... Miss Eyre and I are going shopping by ourselves.

Jane: Shopping? Were you listening to a word I said?

Rochester: Just today. To celebrate. Now, come, come. You can't get married in that.

Jane: I will not be married at all if you force me into that ridiculous carriage.

Rochester: John, bring up the other carriage.

Coachman: Sir.

Jane: And Adèle should come too.

Jane: No.

Rochester: I'll send her to school yet.

Adèle: Will I go without *mademoiselle*?

Rochester: Absolutely *sans mademoiselle*. I'm going to take *mademoiselle* away to Europe first, where I will take her to all the grand palaces and present her to all the kings and queens.

Adèle: You cannot do that because she has no jewels.

Rochester: Well, she will have. In London, there's a very special bow filled with jewels. I will send for them immediately. And *mademoiselle* will be covered in them from head to toe while she teaches you mathematics. And when *madame*, as she will be then ... When *madame* is tired of all those kings and queens, I will take her to a villa, whitewashed and secluded on the edge of the emerald Mediterranean.

Rochester: Yes, yes. This will do very well. We need at least six day dresses. Are these the evening fabrics?

Jane: We'll need three at the most.

Rochester: And this for the veil?

Jane: No. Even Adèle would draw a line at that. There. This is much more suitable.

Rochester: Now. Evening dresses. For *mademoiselle*. What do you think? No?

Adèle: This is for *mademoiselle*.

Rochester: Child knows you better than I do. I'll take it.

Jane: Jane Eyre will not be overwhelmed.

Adèle: Miss Eyre, you will really be going the minute after the wedding?

Jane: Yes.

Adèle: You will stay the night at the Grand London Hotel and then take the steamboat to France?

Jane: Yes.

Adèle: I wish I could go with you.

Jane: You must stay here. But don't worry, Mr. Rochester ... We will pick out a good school for you.

Adèle: They will hit me and starve me.

Jane: No. I promise I won't let that happen.

(Jane dreaming)(baby crying)

Blanche: Go!

(Jane screaming inaudibly)

Jane: Who's there? Who is it?

Jane: George, what time did your master say he would be home?

George: Don't worry, miss. He has been away one night already. He will not stay away another.

(thunder rumbling)

Rochester: So I am only gone for 24 hours and I return to this. You can't do without me, clearly. Is anything wrong?

Jane: It was not Sophie. It was not Mrs. Fairfax. It was not even Grace Poole.

Rochester: But you were dreaming.

Jane: I had been dreaming, but then I awoke.

Rochester: Thank God nothing worse happened. Thank God you're safe.

Jane: It was not Grace Poole.

Rochester: Who else could it have been?

Jane: I was not dreaming.

Rochester: And the rest of your dream? Is Thornfield a neglected ruin? Have I left you without so much as a word?

Jane: No.

Rochester: So? Put it down to your anxieties, your natural anxieties about the new life you are about to enter.

Jane: Yesterday I was very busy and happy packing. I was not worried about the future. I think it a glorious thing to have the hope of living with you, because I love you. It was a fine day yesterday.

Rochester: Look! The storm has gone.

Sophie: *Voilà. C'est très jolie, ça. Laissez-moi voir. Attendez. Voilà.*

Jane: *Merci, Sophie.*

Sophie: *Attendez, mademoiselle. Regardez-vous. Vous êtes très belle, madame.*

Rochester: At last! There you are. Oh! How could I have thought that that gaudy veil would have suited you better? Is John getting the carriage ready?

Footman: Yes, sir.

Rochester: Is the luggage brought down?

Footman: Yes, sir.

Rochester: Good. Have it strapped and ready on the carriage. We're leaving the moment we return from the church.

John: Yes, sir.

(Jane gasping)

Rochester: I'm sorry, Jane. Are you ready?

Priest: I require and charge you both, as ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgement, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, that if either of you know of any impediment why you may not lawfully be joined in matrimony, ye do now confess it. Be ye well assured that so many as are coupled together otherwise than God's word doth allow are not joined together by God, neither is their matrimony lawful.

Lawyer: The marriage cannot go on. I declare the existence of an impediment.

Rochester: Proceed. I said, proceed.

Priest: I cannot proceed without some investigation.

Assistant priest: Perhaps it might be got over? Explained anyway?

Lawyer: I hardly think so. It is insuperable. Mr. Rochester has a wife, now living.

Rochester: Who are you?

Lawyer: My name is Briggs, a solicitor.

Rochester: And you would thrust on me a wife?

Lawyer: I would remind you of her existence, sir, which the law recognises, if you do not.

Rochester: I have no wife.

Briggs: (showing a document) "Edward Fairfax Rochester of Thornfield Hall was married to Bertha Antoinetta Mason at San Benedictus Church in Spanish Town, Jamaica, on the 18<sup>th</sup> day of March, 1825."

Rochester: If that is a genuine document, it doesn't prove that the woman mentioned there is still living.

Briggs: She was living three months ago. I have a witness to the fact.

Rochester (to Mason) What have you to say? (shouting) What have you to say?

Priest: Gentlemen, this is a place of God.

Mason: My sister is living at Thornfield Hall. I saw her there last June.

Assistant priest: Impossible. I am an old resident of this neighbourhood, sir, and I have never heard of a Mrs. Rochester at Thornfield Hall.

Rochester: No, by God. I took care that none would. (scoffs) Enough. That is enough. Clear the church. There will be no wedding today. Before you go, however, I bid you come up to the house. I have someone I wish you to meet.

Rochester: Take it back to the coach house, John. It won't be needed today.

John: Very good, sir.

Rochester: Away with your congratulations! You're fifteen years too late.

(to Mason, while he unlocks the door to Bertha's room) Do you remember this room, Mason, where you almost lost your life? (to Grace Poole) Morning, Mrs. Poole, how's your charge this morning?

Grace Poole: A little touchy, sir. We're having some breakfast, but she is calm now. Be very careful, sir.

Rochester: Aren't I always, Grace?

Mason: We'd better leave.

Rochester: Why, Richard? Why, are you frightened? Ladies and gentlemen, may I introduce you to my wife.

Bertha (seeing Jane): Puta! Puta! Puta! (screaming)

Grace: Just leave quickly, sir, and she will be calm again. I will handle her, sir. There. (Grace shushing)

Rochester: That was my wife. As some of you know, my father was a greedy man, who wanted to preserve his estate by marrying his younger son off to a wife who would bring him a rich dowry. I was sent to the Caribbean, where, knowing my predilection for dark, handsome women, I was tricked by Mason and his father into pursuing his sister Bertha, who was as beautiful as the glittering stars and just as tantalising.

*I was married before I knew it. Before I had met the mother, who was, I found out later, at that time and had been for many years, incarcerated in a mental asylum, and that insanity ran through the family like a black river of disease. It was but half a day before I realised what manner of a wife I had been tricked into. (Bertha coupling and giggling) It was but a few weeks before the full extent of her illness was made clear to me.*

*Bertha screaming and scratching hysterically)*

*Rochester: Bertha, calm down.*

*An illness which has grown in violence and foulness at an ever increasing pace.*

*(Bertha grunting)*

Rochester: (continues) Then, serves him right for his wickedness, my father died, and my brother straight behind, so I, er ... I inherited everything anyway. The Rochester fortune intact. I brought her back with me to England, intending to make Thornfield a comfortable prison for her and for me. I have another house, hidden away, I could have kept her there, where the damp, inclement air might have rid me of her burden. I could have done that and no one would have blamed me. But I left her here, with Grace, while I travelled the world, trying to forget the horrors at home. Until one day ... One day, this girl appeared who knew nothing of this. This girl, who stands so quiet and grave at the mouth of hell. This girl, who is all quietness and sanity and innocence. Do you wonder why I wanted her? Why I risked the wrath of God to get her? And now I must ask you to leave. I must see to my wife.

Rochester: Jane? Jane? Forgive me. I couldn't tell you. I knew you'd never stay. Jane, come away with me. We'll go and live together in that whitewashed villa, away from everyone. You have no family to care. To interfere with us. Jane? Jane, can you hear me? Jane?

#### **Episode 4**

*(Jane lies on a rock in the moors)*

*(wind howling)*

*(She wanders around in a state of confusion)*

*(She sobs)*

Jane: Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name.

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on Earth, as it is ...

Jane: Wait, Helen, wait for me.

Diana: She must have been on the moors for days. Weeks, even.

Mary: Poor creature. She looks so pale. St John found her just in time. Who do you think she is?

Diana: Where did she come from?

*(Jane dreaming of her ruined wedding)*

Rochester: Jane! Jane!

*(Jane drinking from a cup and breathing heavily)*

Jane: I'm sorry to be such trouble.

Diana: You cannot remember your name?

Mary: Or your family?

Diana: Why don't we try to help?

Mary: We can tell you what we know.

Diana: Oh, yes! We think you must have wandered on the moors for many days, maybe weeks. We do not know where you travelled from.

Mary: With no money or support of any kind.

Diana: So you see, you are a mystery. We've made up our own story. We think you are a young, well-bred woman who has run away from home because of family disapproval, some romance ...

Mary: Diana, not now.

Diana: All right then. We will not speculate yet. But this is not the hand of a working woman, so you are a well-bred lady. A governess. A teacher of some kind.

Mary: You speak French extremely well.

Diana: And you know geography.

Mary: Or you've travelled widely. You talked of foreign places as if you had felt their heat, smelt their smells.

Jane: I've not travelled beyond England.

St John: How can you be sure if you can't remember anything?

Diana: Hannah has washed your dress. See here. So, J.E., "L" School? Is that any help?

Hannah: It might not have been her dress.

(Diana laughs)

Jane: I do not know what this means, but I know that I am honest.

Mary: Diana.

St John: It seems that she does not remember yet but surely we have conscience enough not to play games with her identity.

(Jane in her room before her mirror)

(Ladies laughing)

(Speaking in German)

Hannah: Good Lord, Miss! You look like a ghost. Here, sit down. Though I think you're so faded you might melt away with the heat. Careful.

Jane: I love the fire. I think I must have been very cold at one time in my life.

Hannah: The misses will be angry with me if I don't get you back to bed.

Jane: I have spent long enough in bed. I must try to repay everyone's kindness. Do the young ladies live here alone?

Hannah: Since their father died. Mr. St John lives in his parish over at Morton. I don't know how long they'll last here. They haven't a penny between them. The girls will have to go for governesses soon. You have book learning, I suppose? So you could earn your own living if you chose?

Jane: I have done, and I will, just as soon as I can advertise.

Hannah: Advertise? Well, you are a surprising little thing.

Jane: And how long have you been looking after the family?

Hannah: Thirty year. I saw all the children born. Young St John came out of the womb already a clergyman.

St John: I'm glad you're up and about, Miss Jane Elliott. I believe in the absence of knowledge, that my sisters have christened you.

Jane: They think it suitable.

St John: But is it your name? No matter. Jane Elliott it is. My sisters would like to keep you, like a stray off the moor. Do you intend to live off their charity? For they have very little to spare.

Jane: Of course not. I wish to be put to work. I will do anything honest.

Mary: But surely the cuckoos are too fat to fly thousands of miles.

Jane: They go somewhere. Maybe to the corners of Europe.

Diana: You're full of information. Not only do you know all about European birds, but South American birds, Patagonian lizards! Someone must have taught you.

(Jane hears Rochester calling: Jane.)

*Rochester: I have seen one like this in the West Indies, but never here. You see there?*

Mary: Have you had an unpleasant memory?

Jane: No, it was not. Not unpleasant.

Rosamond: Good evening.

Diana and Mary: Good evening.

Rosamond: This must be the mysterious Miss Elliott. I'm Rosamond Oliver. I live with my father at Vale Hill. Good evening, Mr. Rivers, and good evening, Carlo. Would I forget you? Your dog is quicker to recognise his friends than you are, sir.

St John: A lovely evening, Miss Oliver, but a little late for you to be out alone.

Rosamond: Papa says you never come to see us now. You are quite a stranger. He is alone tonight and not very well. Won't you come back with me?

St John: It is not a reasonable hour to intrude on Mr. Oliver.

Rosamond: Reasonable hour? But I declare it is. It is just the hour when Papa most needs company, and you would not be intruding, because I have invited you. Do come.

Mary: Poor Rosamond.

Diana: Honestly, St John. He's as inexorable as death!

Mary: She adores him.

Diana: And he adores her.

Jane: Is there some obstacle? Her family?

Mary: No, her father adores him too.

Jane: He doesn't mind that St John is not wealthy?

Diana: No, it's St John. He's perverse. He will not allow himself to have her. Oh, if only I were so in love.

Mary: We should embrace it.

Diana: It is a crime against God to deny yourself love. It should be the 11<sup>th</sup> Commandment.

(Jane enters the church)

*Clergyman: ... that these two persons present now come to be joined. Therefore, if any man can show any just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak or else hereafter forever hold his peace.*

St John: Miss Elliott? Are you feeling unwell?

Jane: I am quite well, thank you. The church is well attended?

St John: And we are lucky in our benefactor, Mr. Oliver. You met his daughter, Miss Rosamond. He owns a needle factory in the valley. He's very generous. Mr. Oliver, in fact, was the inspiration for the employment I have found for you. If, of course, you wish to take it. When I first arrived in Morton, there was no school. The children of the poor had no hope of progress. I have established one for boys. Now it is the turn of the girls. There is a cottage available, simply furnished. The mistress's salary will be £30 a year. Will you take the job?

Jane: I could organise the studies as I wished? No beatings? And enough food for dinner?

St John: As long as you taught God's word.

Jane: Then I accept, with all my heart.

St John: You understand that this will be a village school? Poor girls, to whom you will teach knitting, sewing, reading, writing and maybe arithmetic at the very most. What will you do with your accomplishments?

Jane: Save them, until they are wanted.

St John: I do not think that you will stay here long.

Jane: I am not ambitious.

St John: No, but you are impassioned. Excuse the word. I mean that, for you, human affections and sympathies have the most powerful hold.

(Jane in her room)

*Rochester: You cannot hate me, Jane. I didn't mean to deceive you. Unlike you, I cannot live alone without the warmth of human companionship. I roamed the world, then, returning one night to this cold, dark place ...*

(Rochester and Jane together on her bed at Thornfield)

Rochester: ... I saw this ... This magical thing. You were in my path. Do you remember? And since that moment, I have never wanted to leave the place that you were. Though you left, I remained. Waiting for my little bird to return. We are one, you and I. We have to be together. We are like those twins,

so intertwined in their senses and feelings that they can cry out to one another across continents, so close are their thoughts. Say that you don't love me. I dare you. You cannot.

Jane: I will not. I will love you until I die.

Rochester: And yet you will leave me? You mean to go your way and for me to go mine?

Jane: Yes, sir.

Rochester: Sir, again? Not Edward?

(Jane sighing)

(sobbing)

Diana: By tomorrow, Mary and I will be blown to the ends of the earth.

Jane: Derbyshire and Nottingham are not so very far away.

Diana: We have to go and teach fat, little boys lessons they do not want to learn, and we will never see our cottage again!

Mary: She fears she will not see St John again.

Jane: Why not?

Diana: Because he's so pig-headed. He will be a missionary. He will go to a really hot place and that will be the end of him.

Mary: It is his chosen path. He thinks it's the only way to serve God.

Diana: But why can't he serve God here?

Mary: You know that's never been enough. He needs to make a grand gesture.

Diana: You must keep him here. Look after him and don't let him out of your sight.

Jane: I don't think I could ever change St John's mind against anything he'd decided on.

Hannah: Bye, miss.

Diana: Don't forget, Jane. We're relying on you.

(In class)

Jane: Now, this is Morton. Can anyone point out where we are?

(girls muttering)

Jane: Alice. Alice, the clock. The time? It's home-time. The bell.

Still getting used to the clock. Never mind, we're coming along. I'm determined to make scholars of all of them.

Rosamond: Hallo, Miss Elliott. I am so glad you decided to stay in Morton to be mistress of our endeavour. I have brought you a pretty little pair of doves. The dovecote has been empty for some years. I thought you might conduct nature classes. Diana said you were an expert on birds.

Jane: She exaggerates.

Rosamond: And do you like your house? Have I furnished it nicely?

Jane: Very much, thanks you. St John.

Rosamond: Miss Elliott approved of my arrangements.

St John: Why should she not?

Jane: Come along, girls, home.

Rosamond: I have just remembered that now Diana and Mary have left, you must be so lonely. Please, come home with me and see Papa.

Jane: Mr. Rivers, can I speak with you a moment?

St John: That is a very graceful and correct drawing.

Jane: Correct? That word is a little lacking in passion, isn't it? I mean, for someone who loves Miss Oliver as you do. Would it comfort you when you're in Madagascar or the Cape? Or would the sight of her distress you?

St John: You are very direct, Miss Elliott.



Jane: You must know me well enough to know I mean no mischief or disrespect. She likes you, I am sure, and so does her father. She's a sweet girl. A little lacking in reserve, but you have more than enough for both of you, surely. Why do you not marry her? Why ... Why do you resist her?

St John: Does she like me?

Jane: She is always talking of you. There is no other subject she's more interested in.

St John: It's very pleasant to talk like this? You may on for another quarter of an hour.

Jane: Well, what's the use of that? When you are only planning an even crueller way to resist her. St John, you tremble when she comes into a room!

St John: You don't understand! I love Rosamond Oliver wildly, more intensely than I will ever love anyone again.

Jane: So why not marry her?

St John: Because I know she would not make me a good wife. We would have a lifetime's regret. Can you see Rosamond as a sufferer, a labourer, a missionary's wife? No, you cannot.

Jane: You need not be a missionary. You may do God's work here.

St John: I will not give up my life's ambition. Dearer to me than anything.

Jane: And Miss Oliver? Are her feelings nothing to you?

St John: She is surrounded by suitors. She will forget me and marry someone who can make her far happier than I could. No, Jane. You do not know me. I do tremble at the sight of Rosamond, but it repulses me. It has nothing to do with me. My skin may burn with fever, but in my heart I am a cold man.

Jane: Don't! You have the chance to love someone who loves you with all her soul. Not many people are that lucky. You may never find that again.

St John: You are an enterprising young woman, Miss Elliott. An unusual specimen. You've made a good start. I look forward to your career with interest.

(Jane sits and thinks of Rochester)

*Jane: I must leave Thornfield, Mr. Rochester.*

*Rochester: Now, now. Do you mean that?*

*Jane: I do.*

*Rochester: And now what do you say? You cannot leave me. You cannot leave me. Confess it.*

*Jane: I will leave you.*

*Rochester: How can this flesh be so soft and yielding, and yet your heart be like an iron fist? There is a place I know, a villa in the Mediterranean. It is far from anywhere. Come and live with me there. No, Jane. Jane, Jane, listen to me. Listen. Listen to me. We would live as brother and sister. We'd have our separate chambers. Come together in the afternoons for tea or to play bowls, something sedate and traditional. I give you my word. I wouldn't touch you. Maybe a chaste peck on the cheek on birthdays. I wouldn't tempt you into a life of sin, Jane. I wouldn't do that.*

*(thunder rumbling)*

*Jane: I must rest now.*

*Rochester: Yes, yes, you must rest.*

*Jane: We'll talk in the morning.*

*Rochester: Yes, in the morning. You will think about the villa?*

*Jane: We will talk in the morning.*

*(Jane leaves by dawn)*

*Coachman: Whoa, boys! Whoa, whoa!*

*(Jane sobbing)*

One year later

Jane: Girls, this is a butterfly. Now, pass that round. Can any of you tell me how a caterpillar turns into a beautiful butterfly?

All: Miss Elliott! Miss Elliot!

(school bell ringing)

Jane: Good afternoon, girls.

Girls: Good afternoon, Miss Elliott.

(girls giggling)

Jane: Is everything all right?

St John: Yes, of course. You look very well. You have performed wonders in this colourful universe. You have given it discipline and individuality.

Jane: I wish Diana or Mary could come home to live with you. You're reckless with your health.

St John: I'm well enough.

Jane: Oh, forgive me. One of the girls saw Miss Oliver in her wedding dress and the others begged me to imagine a painting for them.

St John: I told you she would forget about me. You must allow me to be right sometimes.

Jane: Mr. Rivers, what are you doing here?

St John: I have often wondered where you got that forthright quality. I've come to have a little talk with you, or rather, I have a story to share with you. Just over twenty years ago, a poor curate fell in love with a rich man's daughter. They married, and she was cut off from her family entirely. Within two years, they were both dead. They left a daughter, and she was cast out onto the very cold charity of an aunt by marriage. Now we come to details. A Mrs. Reed of Gateshead, who kept the orphan ten years and then sent her to one Lowood School. I calculate she would have been approximately your age. It seems she did very well there, with qualities very similar to your own, and another coincidence, she rose to be a teacher. She left Lowood to become a governess to the ward of a Mr. Rochester ...

Jane: Mr. Rivers!

St John: I know nothing of this Mr. Rochester's character, but I do know that he offered marriage to this young woman, but at the altar she discovered he had a wife still living, a lunatic. For another quite different reason, one Mr. Briggs, a solicitor, was searching for this young lady, but by then she had disappeared, was never seen again. Is that not a very strange ...

Jane: Since you appear to know so much, tell me this. Mr. Rochester. How is he? Where is he?

St John: I know nothing of him.

Jane: But you said they were looking for me. Did they write to Thornfield?

St John: Yes, of course, but received no reply. He must have been a bad man.

Jane: You do not know him.

St John: Very well. But maybe you should ask me how I come to know your story. What inspired our Mr. Briggs to look for you and to write to me. As you know, I travelled to Derbyshire a few days ago. I had dinner with a family who had a housekeeper who was related in some distant way to a Mrs. Alice Fairfax. Now, she provided me with such an exact description of the mysterious Jane Eyre to relieve me of any doubt.

Jane: Did they tell you anything of Mr. Rochester?

St John: I told you, Mr. Briggs was not interested in him. Don't you want to know why he was interested in you?

Jane: What did he want?

St John: Simply to tell you that your uncle had died and had left you all his property and fortune.

Jane: Oh, I am sorry.

St John: Sorry? For £ 20,000?

Jane: I am sorry my uncle is dead. I might have wished to have seen him one day.

Jane: Wait! Wait! Why would you ever know about Mr. Briggs and his search for me? Why would he write to you?

St John: There is more, but I fear you've had too much surprise for one evening. I will tell you tomorrow.

Jane: You will tell me now.

St John: He wrote to me because your uncle was also my uncle. I am your cousin. Your half-cousin, that is.

Jane: Your mother was my father's sister? We are half-cousins?

St John: You're a strange young woman. I tell you you've inherited a fortune and you are very serious. I tell you something of little importance and you dance with excitement.

Jane: You have two sisters. A mere half-cousin may be of no importance to you but to me ... I have no-one. I've never had anyone. You must go. Write to Diana and Mary and tell them to come home immediately.

St John: But why?

Jane: Because we are rich.

St John: You are rich, Jane. We may do anything we like. We may live as we choose. Write to them tomorrow.

Jane: Hurry, Hannah. We must light the fires before they arrive.

Hannah: She wants fires in every room, in places where they never were.

Jane: What's the use of £5,000 if you can't light a few fires at Christmas?

St John: £20,000.

Jane: St John, I will not hear another word. We have been over it again and again. Our uncle left a nephew and three nieces. We must all profit from his will equally.

St John: Jane, you have never had money. You do not know what use you may put it to.

Jane: And you have never been without family. I will have a brother and sisters, and a home.

St John: I will be brother to you whether you share the money our uncle chose to leave you, you and only you, or not.

Jane: Leaving you with nothing, unable to realise your dreams, and me with a fortune? I know enough of money to realise that will not make me happy.

St John: What of the future? If you should marry?

Jane: I will never marry.

Hannah: They're coming!

(all exclaiming)

Hannah: Oh, miss! Oh, miss!

Mary: Hello!

Diana: Was ist das?

Jane: Das ist ein Schuh.

Diana: Sehr gut! Und was ist das?

Jane: Das ist ein Handschuh.

St John: You are enjoying your German lessons?

Jane: Yes, it is easier than French, but not so ...

St John: I want you to start learning a new language. We will begin tomorrow.

Jane: Go with you? To the Cape?

St John: To share my missionary work. I've been watching you for over a year now and I am convinced you are equal to the task. Have you never asked yourself why God led you here? On that evening, at the very moment you were ready to die, he led me through all this wilderness to find you. You have always felt you must travel the world. Jane, it is your destiny.

Diana: He has asked you, hasn't he? I knew it.

Jane: St John has asked me to marry him.

Mary: Thanks heavens. Now he'll stay home, safe with us.

Jane: He has asked me to marry him that I might accompany him on his missionary work.

Mary: The two of you will shrivel up and die. You are both too pale to go to Africa!

Diana: You did not agree to go, Jane? Jane, you cannot.

St John: We sail in six weeks. We must make marriage preparations.

Jane: Why can we not travel as brother and sister? As equals?

St John: That would be impossible.

Jane: St John, you do not love me.

St John: Love is not an ingredient in this matter. I fear you have not forgotten your old association, despite the harm he tried to do you.

Jane: I will never see any of them again but I owe a debt to my friends at Thornfield Hall. In many ways, I started my life there. I became Jane Eyre.

St John: God made Jane Eyre! You surely don't give this man Rochester any credit for that?

Jane: Of course not. I have always known myself. But he was the first to recognise me and to love what he saw. I will give you your answer, St John, soon. Don't worry. And if I go with you, it will be my decision. You'll have him to thank for that.

(Jane on a walk)

*Rochester: Jane! Jane!*

*(thunder rumbling)*

*Rochester: Jane! Jane! Jane!*

Coachman: Whoa! Whoa! Walk on.

Shepherd: Aye, it's a pity, all right.

Jane: Did you know Thornfield Hall?

Shepherd: Aye, miss, I used to work for the late Mr. Thornfield in his stables.

Jane: He is dead.

Shepherd: I mean the present Mr. Edward's father. I'm guessing you're not from these parts, miss, so you don't know what happened a while or so back. It were almost a year ago now. Mr. Edward had sent away most of the servants, so nobody knows exactly what happened.

*(Bertha wanders through the corridors carrying a lamp, she sets fire to Jane's wedding dress and drags it through the castle)*

*(She then climbs onto the battlements)*

*Rochester: Bertha. Bertha, come down. Take my hand. Bertha, it's not safe up there. Will you take my hand? Come, we'll go down together. Will you take my hand? Bertha, come down. Bertha, no!*

(Jane, walking through the woods)

(door opening)

(twigs snapping)

Rochester: Who's there? Damn it. Where are my candles? Do you think because I'm blind I don't need them?

(barking)

Rochester: What's the matter now? Has Pilot gone mad like the rest of us? Well, man, what's the matter? George? That is you, isn't it?

Jane: George is in the kitchen, sir.

Rochester: Who is that?

Jane: Pilot knows me, sir.

Rochester: These are Jane Eyre's fingers. I'd know them anywhere. It is Jane.

Jane: It is me, sir. I'm come back.

Rochester: You are real? I dream of you often and in the morning, you're gone. You always were a witch.

Jane: Does that seem real?

Rochester: You always did torment me.

Jane: I'm very real, sir. I'm an independent woman. My uncle died and left me £20,000, but I gave most of it away.

Rochester: No, I could never have dreamt such detail. You will stay with me?

Jane: I will stay with you as long as I live. Unless you would prefer I go.

Rochester: No, no. Stay. You shall stay. It is a ghastly sight, isn't it, Jane? I knew if you ever saw me again, you would be revolted by me.

Jane: I'm sorry for this. And this. And this. The worst of it is, one's in danger of spoiling you too much. When do you have supper? I never take supper.

Jane: Well, you shall tonight, for I am very hungry. Have you a pocket comb about you, sir?

Rochester: What for?

Jane: I need to comb out this shaggy black mane. I find you quite alarming when you're this close, and you accuse me of being supernatural.

Rochester: Am I hideous, Jane?

Jane: Very, sir. You always were, you know.

Rochester: You haven't lost your wickedness, wherever you've been.

Jane: Yet, I have been staying with good people. Far better than you. A hundred times better. Altogether more refined and exalted than you will ever be.

Rochester: Who the devil have you been with?

Jane: There. You are decent, at least. I will tell you about them tomorrow. I have been travelling for days and I'm tired. Good night.

Rochester: Jane? Where there only ladies, at the house where you were?

Jane: The grass is soft and mossy in that little patch, and the blackbird's wing is like coal with an emerald sheen.

Rochester: So this St John person you have been mentioning so often, what of him?

Jane: Well, he is tall, with blue eyes and a Grecian profile.

Rochester: He's handsome then, compared to me?

Jane: Oh, he's much more handsome than you! And he's a far better Christian, of course, than you ever were.

Rochester: Well, I thanked God last night for your sudden reappearance. The other night, I cried out to him in my despair. I called your name too. What about his brain, this Rivers fellow? Find yourself getting bored when he speaks?

Jane: He doesn't say very much, but what he says is to the point. His brain is first-rate.

Rochester: Did he study much? Taught you things?

Jane: Oh, yes. He taught me languages.

Rochester: All right. Why did he do that?

Jane: He wanted me to go with him to Africa.

Rochester: He wanted you to marry him?

Jane: He asked me to marry him.

Rochester: You're lying. You've made this up to torment me.

Jane: Aye, he asked me more than once.

Rochester: Well, then, I think you might take yourself off and go elsewhere. Why are you still here? You've done your duty. You've assured yourself that I am still living. Well, still living a tenth of a life. You, heiress.

Jane: Well, if you want me to go ...

Rochester: No.

Jane: I'll pack my bags.

Rochester: No, no. Humour a foolish old ranter for a little bit longer before you go, hmm?

Jane: St John does not love me. I do not love him. He's good. Great, even, but severe. Cold as an iceberg.

Rochester: He's heartless?

Jane: Oh, worse than that. He has a heart. I've seen it overflowing with passion, but he just keeps it buried in stone with a tenacious willpower. He's much more frightening than you. It's turned chilly. We've been sitting here too long.

Rochester: No, I want to stay out here. You can go on in if you wish.

Jane: The night I left ... The night I left you told me of a villa you own in the Mediterranean, where we might go for refuge and live as brother and sister.

Rochester: I remember. Jane? Jane, are you still there?

Jane: I'm here, sir.

Rochester: Jane, that villa I mentioned, the ... The separate bedrooms, the peck on the cheek on birthdays, that sort of thing?

Jane: Yes?

Rochester: Well, that plan doesn't strike me as so attractive as it once did.

Jane: Do you not want to be friends?

Rochester: Jane, would you be so good as to come back here and sit beside me? Jane, I want a wife. I want a wife. Not a nursemaid to look after me. I want a wife to share my bed every night. All day, if we wish. If I can't have that, I'd rather die. We're not the platonic sort, Jane.

Jane: Can you see me? Then hear this, Edward. Your life is not yours to give up. It is mine, all mine, and I forbid it.

(Rochester laughing)

Jane: No, George, I told you. You're not to work today. You are part of the enterprise. Sit down and don't move.

Rochester: What's he doing?

Jane: Moving chairs.

Grace: See the man over there?

Jane: Come on, everyone.

Diana: What a pretty dress.

Jane: You must take your place.

Grace: There. Right there.

Jane: When you sit down, you must go directly behind us. Grace. Pilot, not on the chairs. Now, stand there.

Rochester: Where's the baby?

Jane: Diana.

Rochester: Jane?

Jane: Okay, everybody, all ready?

Rochester: Jane, take your place beside me.

Jane: Come, little one.