The Birth of Julia

Creation of a Play Script

An Honors Thesis (HONRS 499)

by

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This thesis covers a two year period during which I have written a short non-realistic play and strove to refine it. Included are three scripts plus the original on which they were based. They show the slow evolution of a completed work. Also included are explanations of my thought processes in their creation.
In 1994, I enrolled in the Theatre department's Playwrighting course. The semester long assignment was to create a one act play on any subject, using any style. This, however, was much more difficult than I had anticipated. Trying to find a plot is similar to fishing for carp when you have no idea what they look like, where to find them, and are without the benefit of a rod and reel.

After searching long and hard, I decided to borrow from a true story which involved a house guest staying at my home who was not very willing to leave. I took my seven page beginning to be critiqued by my fellow writers. While I received some encouraging remarks about my use of language (and swear words) the overall opinion was that it dragged and did not seem to be going anywhere. Therefore, I dropped that plot and tried to find another one.

This time I had true inspiration. It came in the form of a dream about an insane girl who has been locked in the attic by her Victorian family. I pictured the wonderful split stage with action occurring both in the attic and in the main room of the house. This time I took my three page beginning to class. The basic idea was well liked. An insane girl trapped in an attic has many possibilities of action to explore. However, the split stage was not so well liked.

The next time I sat down to create a masterpiece, or at least something my classmates would enjoy, I concentrated on girl. "Who was she?" and "why was she trapped in this attic?" are the thoughts which kept circling in my mind. I used my room as the attic and pretended that I was this girl who had no one to speak to besides herself and the objects surrounding her. What did she see and how did she act with these things? The story begin to create itself and I wrote continuously for two hours until I had
completed the seven page play. I was very satisfied with this product of my imagination which became wonderfully unrealistic and filled with metaphor. The play had a life of its own which I only attempted to capture on the page.

The following script is the original on which I received many good comments. The second version I have included is the one which was done in a staged reading at the end of the class. It is this version which I also submitted to a highly respected theatre faculty member, Judy Yordan, for her comments as suggested by Mark Hillenbrand, the instructor of the playwrighting course. Due to her credits, the copy I have used for this thesis is that which has Judy Yordan's comments written on it.
Lights come up on an attic setting. There is allot of clutter scattered around and a mattress with some old blankets on it. A young woman around age 23 or so is sitting on the floor holding a doll. The doll is one with porcelain head, hands, and feet, dark brown hair and dressed in a long off white lace dress. The doll is obviously old. The color of the doll's dress is due to the yellowing of age. The young woman is wearing an 1890's dress which is a little to big on her and is clearly from the attic and is also yellowed with age. She has long scraggly hair and is very thin and pale.

Julia is lovingly rocking the doll in her arms and singing a lullaby. Perhaps "Hush little baby." Near the end of the song, Julia gets up and walks to the mattress, lays down the doll and tucks it in the blankets and kisses it on the forehead. As Julia turns around she looks around the room as if just noticing where she is. She becomes frightened and goes toward the door. She reaches for the doorknob but is unable to touch it as if she is not ready to try to open it and is afraid it won't open if she does.

She turns back and faces some of the clutter.

J: Why? I don't understand. What did I do to deserve this? What was it, Father.

(A man walks out of the clutter. He is in all grey clothing but of a nice cut. His face is grayed as well. He is around 50 years old. He does not speak but reacts as if he will.)

J: Are you ashamed of me? Are you upset because I'm not "Father's little darling" anymore. Do you really hate me that much?

J: No! I won't listen to your lies. Why must you say such things, Father.
Leave! Just leave me alone.

(The father starts to leave and looks back)

J: Go away!

(The father leaves.)

She looks around and spots an edge of a dress sticking out of a chest. She goes to get it out. It is a yellowed wedding dress and a pair of slippers. She puts on the shoes which are too big and holds the dress to her. She starts humming the wedding march and pretends she is walking down the aisle. She makes her way to one side and looks up as if looking at someone.

J: Darling! Come, dance with me.

(A young man, 24, comes out. Julia dances as if she is at a ball. When she sees that the young man has not joined her, she comes back over near him.)

J: What is the matter. Did your business trip not go well? I suppose the weather in London is rather dismal this time of year. That reminds me, Linnette wrote to me from her Grandmother's home in London just last week. She said she saw you, at some party or another.

(He acts if hiding something.)

J: Darling, I have something to tell you. I'm so happy and I hope you will be too. I love you so much.

(He reaches for his hand)

J: I am going to have your child.

(He backs away and looks shocked and a bit horrified)
J: What is the matter? I thought you would be happy. It will be alright. We can be married right away and no one will know. The timing should be fine. We will just say that the baby was early. That's all.

(He continues to back away and shaking his head in denial.)

J: What do you mean? "Not going to marry me"? Why? I thought you loved me. I thought you wanted to marry me.

(He fades back into the clutter and Julia is getting very upset and angry)

J: You lied to me! You have always lied to me. You never cared about me! You were just using me. You slept with her didn't you. You slept with Linnette. You bastard. You lying bastard. May you rot in hell!

(She is throwing the dress and shoes at the area were he disappeared while raving at him. She begins to cry as she discovers how bad her situation is. She runs to the door and pulls and fights with it, trying to open the door but it doesn't move.)

J: Let me out! Get me out of here. I'm so scared. What I'm I going to do.

(She pounds on the door then sinks to the floor still pounding. she pounds down to the floor then on her stomach.)

J: Why? Why me. What am I going to do now? What am I going to do? Mother, help me. What can I do?

(The mother walks out. Once again is the grayness of dress and skin. The mother puts her hand down toward Julia's shoulder but isn't quite able to touch. Julia's next line comes after a pause as if her mother has told her what to do)

J: Do you think it will work? You will help me, won't you Mother. You
will take care of me, always. Yes, yes. It will work. I can go to my aunt's in the country. I can have my baby in secret. No one will know. No one will know.

(The mother nods in agreement and fades into the background. Julia gets up and appears happy and content. She goes back to the mattress where the doll is and sits and picks up the doll. To her, the doll is her baby.)

J: Don't cry dear. You are the most beautiful baby in the world. Yes you are.

(She stands and walks around with the baby. She goes to a window which only she can see.)

J: Look. Look out there. It's such a big world out there. So many things to see. Perhaps we'll go to Italy or Spain. Oh, I know, China. Yes, that's it. We'll travel to China. I'll buy you the prettiest little red Kimono. Look, there's your grandmother. Out there by the lake. Wave to her dearheart.

(She waves the doll's arm. She takes the doll back to the mattress.)

J: Time for your nap.

(She tucks the doll back into the covers)

J: Sleep well.

(Julia gets up and turns toward one end of the room.)

J: What? You can't do that! She's mine. I won't let you have my daughter. Why are you doing this?

(A woman enters. She is dressed as a nurse and is grayed.)

J: You can't take her away from me. She is all I have. She is my life.
You can't steal my life from me.

(She grabs the doll and holds it protectively and backs up against the wall during some of the monologue. She moves toward the door and tries to open it. Of course, it doesn't open. While Julia tries the door, the nurse fades back.)

(Julia sets the doll aside on a box reluctantly and gets up.)

J: You lied to me. Even you, Mother. You said every thing would be alright, that you would take care of me. Well, It's not alright.

(Mother appears like before.)

J: You took her. You took my baby away from me, Mother! How could you be so cruel. How could you do this to me. Why!

(Mother shakes her head.)


(The others come out and join the mother. The father appears scared and worried about what has become of Julia. The mother cries. The nurse just nods, she is not surprised by what happened. The young man only stares regretably.)

J: All of you! All of you lied to me!

(The parents move closer to Julia but can't touch.)

J: You lied! Get out! I hate you all. I hate you.

(They all leave accept for the mother who stays at the very edge of the set.)
J: I didn't do it. How could they say that? They did it. They killed my baby. They stole her from me. They stole my life.

(She struggles to repress the memory. She looks around for help. Tries the door, etc.)

J: Help! Help me someone!

(Julia hears her mother.)


(Her mother comes out farther, trying to help.)

J: Remember? No! I can't. I don't want to.

(Mother moves a bit closer.)

J: Accept? No, I can't. It hurts too much. I can't do it.

(She slowly goes to where she left the doll and picks it up. She holds it tightly to her.)

J: I tried. I really tried.

(She re-enacts the next segment while talking of it. She switches back and forth between past and present tense as she is trying to deal with the truth. The mother remains and the others appear one at a time at the very edges.)

J: I could not let them take my daughter away from me. I loved her so much. She was all I had. I carried her out of the house. I walked to the edge of the lake. I can't let them take her away from me. It would kill me. There is no where else for me to go. Nothing for me to do. I started to walk into the water with my baby. If we both die, they can't
ever separate us. Never. I love you dearheart. My own sweet innocent child. I'm sorry. I walked until the water covered my head and I took a deep breath and let the water fill my lungs. It was so peaceful then. So quiet and dark. I opened my eyes and I could see the sun shining through the water. And it was like sinking in silk, soft and cool against my skin. Then I felt hands grabbing at my arms. The hands felt so hot, burning me. They pulled me out. I tried to fight, but I did not have the strength. I still held my baby. So close to me. As if we were still joined together. Then the quiet changed. I heard shouts and felt myself dragged out onto the shore. I was so cold when the air touched my skin, I shivered. They tried to take my baby again, but I wouldn't let them take her from me. They pounded my back until I coughed up all of the water. It hurt. It hurt so much to feel the air rush back in. I tried to escape but the hands were holding me back. I screamed "Let me go! Let me die!" But they wouldn't. They took me into the house and gave me something to drink. I started to drift to sleep and I heard someone say "The baby is dead."

I thought they had lied to me. All this time. I convinced myself that they had killed my baby, while all the time, it was me. I'm the one who lied. It was me.

(The others move a little closer and this time they are able to touch Julia.)

J: I am the one. I don't hate you any of you. I don't hate you. You didn't lie to me at all. It was me.

(The door which she was unable to open before now opens on it's own. The others are able to fade back and remain in memory where they belong. Julia goes to the door. Turns, gives a slight smile, sets down the doll, and leaves the room.)
Jennifer,

Thank you for sharing your play with me. And PLEASE forgive me for correcting grammar and punctuation, etc. I'm sure that's not the kind of feedback you wanted, but I just couldn't help myself.

I really think the play is good. It establishes a very clear premise right from the beginning. The mood is appropriately dark and dusty as is the cloudiness of her memory—at least at first.

I do think option one is best, but they really don't seem like two different options to me—they seem best if combined as one—does that make sense? You could clarify more what you mean. For example, if the others are onstage all the time but resemble shapes of things found in the attic—what makes them suddenly materialize. Does Julia think of them and then they appear, or does she summon them with a line. Do they precede her thoughts about them, or do they appear after she thinks of them? AND, do they appear as they really are or do they appear as Julia remembers them from her unreliable vantage point—at least until her long confession speech on pp. 5-6? Are they different at the end of the play than they are when we first see them?

Since my expertise is in unconventional, presentational theatre, most of my comments deal with the characters with the fewest lines. Julia's lines seem fine to me, very well written. The others are more unconventional because they are not realistic—at least not at first. I would work to clarify how you want them represented. Are they only a product of Julia's mind—or do they have a reality separate from her memory?

I would enjoy reading the play again.

Judy
JULIA
A Play By: Jennifer L. Bolin

Lights come up on an attic setting. There is a lot of clutter scattered around and a mattress with some old blankets on it. A young woman around age 23 or so is sitting on the floor holding a doll. The doll is one with porcelain head, hands, and feet, dark brown hair and dressed in a long off white lace dress. The doll is obviously old. The color of the doll's dress is due to the yellowing of age. The young woman is wearing an 1890's dress which is a little too big on her and is clearly from the attic and is also yellowed with age. She has long scraggly hair and is very thin and pale.

(Note: The other four characters are the mother, father, boyfriend, and the nurse. These four can be on or off stage. One option that was done was to have each assume a shape of something found in the attic so that they were on stage at all times.
Another option is that Julia never looks at or directly addresses the others until the end. However, the others do look at her and react as if she was responding to their presence more.)

Julia is lovingly rocking the doll in her arms and singing a lullaby. Perhaps "Hush little baby." Near the end of the song, Julia gets up and walks to the mattress, lays down the doll and tucks it in the blankets and kisses it on the forehead. As Julia turns around, she looks around the room as if just noticing where she is. She becomes frightened and goes toward the door. She reaches for the doorknob but is unable to touch it as if she is not ready to try to open it and is afraid it won't open if she does.

She turns back and faces some of the clutter. She sits on the floor again and rocks with her arms around herself and looking around the attic.


(Her expression slowly changes as she shifts to a memory.)

J: Why? I don't understand. What did I do to deserve this? What was it, Father?

(A man walks out of the clutter. He is in all grey clothing but of a nice cut. His face is grayed as well. He is around 50 years old. He does not speak but reacts as if he will.)

J: Are you ashamed of me? Are you upset because I'm not "Father's little darling" anymore? Do you really hate me that much?
J: No! I won't listen to your lies. Why must you say such things, Father? Leave! Just leave me alone.

(The father starts to leave and looks back)

J: Go away!

(The father leaves.)

She looks around and spots an edge of a dress sticking out of a chest. She goes to get it out. It is a yellowed wedding dress and a pair of slippers. She puts on the shoes and holds the dress to her. She starts humming the wedding march and pretends she is walking down the aisle. She makes her way to one side and looks up as if looking at someone.)

J: Darling! Come, dance with me.

(A young man, 24, comes out while Julia dances as if she is at a ball. When she sees that the young man has not joined her, she comes back over near him.)

J: What is the matter? Did your trip not go well? I suppose the weather in London is rather dismal this time of year. Darling, I have something to tell you. I'm so happy and I hope you will be, too. I love you so much.

(She reaches for his hand)

J: I am going to have your child.

(He backs away and looks shocked and a bit horrified.)

J: What is the matter? I thought you would be happy. It will be all right. We can be married right away and no one will know! The timing should be fine. We will just say that the baby was early. That's all.

(He continues to back away and shakes his head in denial.)

J: What do you mean? "Not going to marry me"? Why? I thought you loved me. I thought you wanted to marry me.

(He fades back into the clutter, and Julia is getting very upset and angry.)

J: You lied to me! You have always lied to me. You never cared about me! You were just using me. You bastard. You lying bastard. May you rot in hell!

(She is throwing the dress and shoes at the area were he disappeared, while raving at him. She begins to cry as she discovers how bad her situation is. She runs to the door
and pulls and fights with it, trying to open the door but it doesn't move.)

J: Let me out! Get me out of here. I'm so scared. What I'm I going to do? (She pounds on the door then sinks to the floor still pounding. She pounds down to the floor then pounds on her stomach.)


(The mother walks out. Once again is the grayness of dress and skin. The mother puts her hand down toward Julia's shoulder, but isn't quite able to touch it. Julia's next line comes after a pause as if her mother has told her what to do)

J: Do you think it will work? You will help me, won't you Mother? You will take care of me, always. Yes, yes. It will work. I can go to my aunt's in the country. I can have my baby in secret. No one will know. No one will know.

(The mother nods in agreement and fades into the background. Julia gets up and appears happy and content. She goes back to the mattress where the doll is and sits and picks up the doll. To her, the doll is her baby.)

J: Don't cry dear. You are the most beautiful baby in the world. Yes, you are.

(She stands and walks around with the baby. She goes to a window which only she can see.)

J: Look. Look out there. It's such a big world out there. So many things to see. Perhaps we'll go to Italy or Spain. Oh, I know, China. Yes, that's it. We'll travel to China. I'll buy you the prettiest little red kimono. Look, there's your grandmother. Out there by the lake. Wave to her dear heart.

(She waves the doll's arm. She takes the doll back to the mattress.)

J: Time for your nap.

(She tucks the doll back into the covers.)

J: Sleep well.

(Julia gets up and turns toward one end of the room.)

J: What? (Nurse enters.) You can't do that! She's mine. I won't let you have my daughter. Why are you doing this?
J: You can't take her away from me. She is all I have. She is my life. You can't steal my life from me.

(She grabs the doll and holds it protectively, and backs up against the wall, during some of the monologue. She moves toward the door and tries to open it. Of course, it doesn't open. While Julia tries the door, the nurse fades back.)

(Julia sets the doll aside on a box reluctantly and gets up.)

J: You lied to me. Even you, Mother. You said everything would be alright, that you would take care of me. Well, It's not alright.

(Mother appears like before.)

J: You took her. You took my baby away from me, Mother! How could you be so cruel? How could you do this to me? Why! Why?

(Mother shakes her head.)


(The others come out, or stand, and stay along the edges.)

J: All of you! All of you lied to me!

(The parents move closer to Julia but can't touch.)

J: You lied! Get out! I hate you all. I hate you.

(They turn away from Julia.)

J: I didn't do it. How could they say that? They did it. They killed my baby. They stole her from me. They stole my life.

(Julia crawls to where the doll is set and picks it up humming a lullaby. She returns to where she was at the beginning of the play and she sings softly to the doll as before. She holds the doll close then slowly bends over more as if protecting it. The mood then changes as the next flashback occurs. The others turn and mime pulling her up with ropes.)

J: No! Let go of me! Leave me. NO!

(The others turn around to face outward. Julia releases herself from the grip of the memory. She sinks back down to the floor.)
J: No. Not again. Over and over. It has to stop. Mother? You told me that the pain would end. When? I can't take this anymore.
J: Help! Help me Mother!

(The mother appears again.)

J: What? I don't understand? What do you mean? Only I can help myself? You promised. You said you would help me. That the hurting would stop. But, it hasn't ended. I'm trapped. I'm trapped in here. What am I supposed to do?

(Her mother comes out farther, trying to help.)

J: Remember? I have! I can't stop remembering. The memories never leave me alone. I have no peace.

(Mother moves a bit closer.)

J: Accept? You've said that to me so many times after... No, I can't. It hurts too much. I can't do it. Yes, yes I know. I must if I am to escape.

(She slowly goes to where she left the doll and picks it up. She holds it tightly to her.)

J: I tried. I really tried.

(She re-enacts the next segment while talking of it. She switches back and forth between past and present tense as she is trying to deal with the truth. The mother remains, and the others appear one at a time at the very edges.)

J: I could not let them take my daughter away from me. I loved her so much. She was all I had. I carried her out of the house. I walked to the edge of the lake. I can't let them take her away from me. It would kill me. There is no where else for me to go. Nothing for me to do. I started to walk into the water with my baby. If we both die, they can't ever separate us. Never. I love you, dearheart. My own sweet, innocent child. I'm sorry. I walked until the water covered my head, and I took a deep breath and let the water fill my lungs. It was so peaceful then. So quiet and dark. Then I felt hands grabbing at my arms. The hands felt so hot, burning me. They pulled me out. I tried to fight, but I did not have the strength. I still held my baby. So close to me. As if we were still joined together. Then the quiet changed. I heard shouts and felt myself dragged out onto the shore. I was so cold when the air touched my skin, I shivered. They tried to take my baby again, but I wouldn't let them take her from me. They pounded on my back until I coughed up all of the water. It hurt. It hurt so much to feel the air rush back in. I tried to escape but the hands were holding me back. Let me go! Let me die! But they
wouldn't. They took me into the house and gave me something to drink. I started to drift to sleep and I heard someone say...

All: The baby is dead.

J: I thought they had lied to me. All this time. I convinced myself that they had killed my baby, while all the time, it was me. I'm the one who lied. It was me.

(The others move a little closer and this time they are able to touch Julia and the mother hugs her.)

J: I am the one. I don't hate any of you. I don't hate you. You didn't lie to me at all. It was me.

(The door which she was unable to open before now opens on its own. The others are able to fade back and remain in memory where they belong. Julia goes to the door. Turns, gives a slight, sad smile, puts down the doll, and leaves the room.)
When it became time to chose a topic or creative idea for my senior honors thesis, I wrestled with a number of possibilities. In the end I chose an ambitious project which included taking my script and rewriting and expanding it to better tell the story of Julia. My initial hopes were to create three one-act plays which were linked together by characters and set.

The first play was to remain much the same in style and content. I hoped to add more characters and have them speak. The second play was to tell what truly happened to Julia using the restoration of her daughter, who did not really perish, to her ancestral home. As the daughter made discoveries in the attic, so to did the audience. The third and final play was to have Julia's four great-grandchildren visiting the estate. After hearing a variety of ghost stories, they decide to conduct a seance in the attic. They discover that Julia is trapped in the house due to her guilty feelings of murdering her daughter. As Julia learns that her child actually lived and had a good life, she is able to finally leave the house and rest in peace.

The following is the first major rewrite I attempted of Julia. However, I was unable to sustain the unrealistic language, staging, and metaphor. The language becomes very modern during the second half. The staging becomes ever more so realistic and rushed. And, unfortunately, the metaphor disappears entirely. I began a second rewrite and half-way through, realized that I was not able to repair the damage. I was not satisfied with the way the script was evolving and decided to begin again. This time, I returned to the original script. The result remains much truer to my beginning intent and I am much happier with it. While I am, as yet, unable to complete my full vision, I hope to in the future. To one day have my scripts produced would truly be honor and an experience that I would love to have.
Julia
By: Jennifer L. Bolin

The setting is an attic in a large country home somewhere in Europe. All actors in this play are on stage at all times. The time period is roughly 1900.

Lights up, Julia is at the door of the attic, sitting on the floor because she has been trying to get out for some time.

Julia: Hello? Can anyone hear me. Help me please. Hello? Is anyone out there. I'm trapped up here. Let me out! Please! I can't bear this any longer! Let me out! I'm so frightened. Please.

Julia hears a baby's cry and goes to another area of the attic where a fragile porcelain doll is lying and she picks it up and softly sings a lullaby to it.

Julia: Everything is all right. Yes, my sweet darling, mommy is here and I will keep you safe. I promise I won't let anyone ever hurt you. I love you.

Julia lays the doll in an old cradle. Julia then goes to look out of the attic window.

Julia: Rain, rain, go away. Come again some other day. For I wish to go out and play.

Julia starts walking around the room and examining various things around the attic. As she reaches the door again, she goes to open it as if she has forgotten that she can't get out. Then she reacts when it doesn't open. She begins to struggle with it.

Mother comes forward.

Mother: Julia dear, what is the matter.

Julia: Mother? Please, you must help me.

Mother: Help you. I'm afraid I do not understand, dear.

Julia: I'm the one who is afraid. Afraid of this place. It is so dark and I don't know how to escape.

Mother: Escape? Why ever would you want to leave here? And it is not so dark all of the time. The sky is merely overcast today. Perhaps it will be sunny tomorrow, or the next day. If every day was a beautiful day, then we would take it for granted that the sun would always shine brightly and then we would not appreciate it nearly as much. And if there were never any clouds then there would be no rain for the flowers to grow.

Julia: Your clouds always have silver linings. No, gold.
Mother: Well, as I always remark, "your life is what you make of it, If you weave it of silk it will be smooth and if you weave it of wool it will be rough.

Julia: I began with silk, but it changed. It's ever so much coarser then even wool.

Mother: Then you must find more silk to make it smooth again.

Julia: I've looked. What if there is no more. What if I don't find any.

Mother: "What if's" have never solved anything. I'm confident you will find your silk. Perhaps not at first, but you must not give up looking. I have faith in you, darling daughter.

Mother begins fading back again.

Julia: No, don't leave me, Mother.

Mother: I have faith in you.

Mother is gone.

Julia starts looking around again.

Julia: Silk, silk, silk. Where does one find silk. China? Papa would never allow me to go to China. Even if some old watchdog governess were to chaperon. Papa is so protective. Lynette, does your Papa ever let you go anywhere without a bothersome chaperon.

Enter Lynette, a friend of Julia's.

Lynette: Without a chaperon? Goodness no. After all, we must at least appear prim, proper, and innocent for the marriage mart.

Julia: Only appear that way? Lynnie, you are absolutely wicked.

Lynette: Little old me? Wicked? But of course. It is no fun being prim and proper and virginal.

Julia: Lynette! Does your mother know you know that word?

Lynette: What word? Virgin? I think my wonderful dear, sweet parents, think I have the brain power of a turnip.

Julia: Honestly, the way you speak, it's not at all acceptable you know.

Lynette: And what, dear Juila, do I care about being acceptable.

Julia: Well, how will you ever find a proper man for a husband.

Lynette: Goodness sakes, there you go again. Proper, respectable, acceptable, satisfactory, seemly, simple, boring. I don't want a "proper" husband. I want a daring, dangerous, aggressive, fun husband who sweeps me off my feet. And, who knows everything about sex.
Julia: Ssshhh! Not so loud. Someone might hear you!

Lynette: Julie, I don't know how we ever became friends. You are such a prude, and a stick in the mud.

Julia: I don't know either. You are such a bad influence. I don't know why I put up with you.

Lynette: Because, if it weren't for me, you would be naive as well as boring.

Julia: I don't think I'm boring.

Lynette: Well, you are definitely not naive, no matter how much you try to hide it, you too have wicked thoughts even if you don't say them aloud.

Julia: Perhaps. Do really think I'm boring?

Lynette: Well, I guess, not really.

Julia: Really?

Lynette: Really. Silly.

Julia: Willy.

Lynette: Nilly.

Julia: Frilly.

Lynette: Billy.

Julia: What would I ever do without you.

Lynette: I hope we never find out.

Lynette fades back.

Julia: Me neither. Friends forever

Lynette: Forever and ever.

Lynette is gone.

Julia goes to pick up a ballgown and hold it up to herself. She takes a few steps dancing around the room. The sound of a baby's cry stops her for a moment before she continues.

Julia: Mother, tell me again how you met Papa.

Mother comes forward.

Mother: Will you never tire of that story.
Julia: Never. It's far too romantic.

Mother: All right. If you insist. I was attending my very first ball. There were so many charming, eligible gentlemen present and I enjoyed all of the attention I was receiving. I had just finished a dance with a rather short gentleman with a tendency to babble and I turned to go to the refreshment table when I happened to glance up toward the hall leading to the front entrance. My heart stopped for what seemed forever and I felt weak. There, standing in the doorway, was the most handsome man I had ever seen. Well, he noticed that I was, quite obviously, staring at him and he smiled. Not one of those large grins, but a very subtle upturning at the corners for myself only to see. Well, I was quite embarrassed, however, I held his gaze a moment longer then was proper and then broke it. I decided, then and there, that he would be the man I married. Oh, he led me a merry chase, and I him. In the end, we caught each other I believe.

Julia: I hope that is how it will happen for me.

Mother: I to. Nothing would make me happier then if you were to find a wonderful husband. If you are happy, then so am I.

Julia: Well, I will be making my coming out next month at Madame Renard's ball. Wouldn't it be wonderful if I met him there. Then we could carry on the tradition that you and Papa began.

Mother: I dislike having to say this Julia, however it must be said. Please do not get your hopes so high that if things do not happen as you would like them you have to far to fall safely.

Julia: I know Mother. If he is not at this ball, he may be at the next or the next.

Mother: Your Father and I are an exception to the rule. Most people do not fall in love at first sight and not everyone chooses the best person to marry.

Julia: I know, I know. Perhaps I dream to much, but I can't help hoping.

Mother: I just do not want to see you get hurt, is all. I worry about you. You are my only daughter and I love you so very much. I want you to be happy.

Julia: Don't worry about me, Mother. I will be happy, wait and see.

Mother leaves.

Julia: Oh, Lynnie. Can you believe it? Our first ball. I am so terribly excited. Aren't you?

Lynette enters.

Lynette: Oh course I am.
Julia: How do I look? Is my hair all right?

Lynette: You look fine and hair is fine.

Julia: Fine? Just fine?

Lynette: I was only joking with you.

Julia: Well, that wasn't a very kind thing to do. You know how nervous I am.

Lynette: Yes, yes, I know and I apologize. You look wonderful. As beautiful and frail as a spring flower.

Julia: Sarcasm! Now? Please Lynette, I don't think I can handle your wit at the moment.

Lynette: You are stalling. Let us go in and have the time of our lives.

Julia: All right. I suppose I am ready.

Lynette: Good!

They move as if entering the room where the ball is being held.

Julia: Oh my.

Lynette laughs at Julia's nervousness. They continue moving as if looking at people.

Lynette: Look, Julia, there's Margaret Slocam. Her mother must have chosen that hideous color for her gown. It makes her look jaundiced.

Julia: She looks lovely.

Lynette: Well, I wouldn't be caught dead in that color.

Julia: Lynette, do I hear a bit of jealousy in your tone or am I imagining it.

Lynette answers with a look.

Julia: You have nothing to fear. You look beautiful as always tonight. You will surely find a handsome young beau who would follow you to the ends of the Earth just to gaze into your eyes.

Lynette: Now who is picking on who.

Julia: Only paying you back for earlier. However, I was sincere when I said you looked beautiful. You truly do.

Lynette: Thank you.

Suddenly, Lynette sees a young man appear. He is not yet seen by the audience.
Julia: Lynnie, do you know who that young man is?

Lynette: Who?

Julia: Over there, by the refreshment table.

Lynette: The one with the brown hair?

Julia: Yes. Who is he?

Lynette: I believe he is John Montgomery's son.

Julia: The one that moved to America?

Lynette: The very one. I wonder what brought him back here?

Julia: It must be fate. I've wanted to go to America for quite some time.

Lynette: You have not.

Julia: Yes I have. I only never mentioned it to you.

Lynette: I don't believe you.

Julia: Believe what you like.

Lynette: Don't look now, but he is headed this way.

Julia: He is? How do I look?

Lynette: Like a rabbit about to become dinner. Just joking. You look perfect.

The young man appears and moves toward the two girls. He is actually coming over to talk to Lynette but Julia doesn't notice.

Richard: Good evening ladies. Pardon me for being so forward, however, since there seems to be no one nearby to introduce us, it appears that we must fend for ourselves in that manner. My name is Richard Montgomery. And you are...?

Julia: This is my dear friend Lynette Jamison and I am Julia Bunbury. You must be Mr. John Montgomery's son.

Richard: Yes I am. Are you acquainted with my parents then Miss Bunbury.

Julia: I believe my father is Mr. Montgomery. Are you really living in America?

Richard: Well, you seem to know quite a bit about me already. And, yes I have been living in New York City for a few years now. It quite agrees with me I must say.

Julia: I would certainly enjoy learning about your experiences, Sir.
Richard: And I would certainly enjoy relating my escapades with you. Would you be so kind as to except this dance?

Julia: I "would certainly."

They move off slightly and dance a Waltz. Lynette is left alone be the wall. Lynette and Richard make eye contact many times while Julia is oblivious to his interest in Lynette. The dance ends.

Richard: Thank you for the pleasure of your company Miss Bunbury.

Julia: Please call me Julia, Mr. Mongomery.

Richard: Then I insist that you also use my first name.

Julia: Richard.

Richard: That's much better. I hope to see you again soon, Julia.

Julia: And I you, Richard.

Richard kisses her hand, takes one more glance toward Lynette, then leaves. Julia returns to Lynette.

Julia: Lynnie! He is so very nice and easy on the eyes, is he not?

Lynette: Who?


Lynette: One dance and already using first names? That is quite unlike you Julia.

Julia: Well, I see no reason why I shouldn't call him by his first name since we will be married.

Lynette: What? He has proposed so soon after meeting you?

Julia: No, that would be to presumptuous, don't you think?

Lynette: Then why did you say you were to be married if he has not proposed?

Julia: He hasn't proposed yet, however, he will soon.

Lynette: He will. How can you tell he will.

Julia: I just know. That's all. That first moment I saw him I knew that he would be my husband.

Lynette: Juila, I don't intend to sound cruel, however, perhaps you shouldn't presume so much so soon. Now, don't make that face at me. I am only reminding you to look at the situation realistically, after all. I do not want to see you get hurt. Promise me that you will behave and
let everything take its own due course. Don't try to push everything to fit into a mold you have created. Promise me.

Julia: I promise.

Lynette: Very well. There's Papa, I have to go speak with him a moment. I'll see you again in a few days. Take care of yourself, Julia.

Lynette leaves.

Julia: I promise. I love him. I'm sure Richard will want to marry me. I will only show him that he loves me also.

Father: Julia, dear, a young gentlemen has asked permission to call on you.

Father appears.

Julia: Oh, Really Papa?

Father: Yes. I would not say so if it were not true.

Julia: Yes, of course Papa.

Father: He seems a fine young man. And he is from a prominent family.

Julia: Who is it?

Father: Richard Montgomery. He mentioned that you two had met at one of the balls you have attended. Do you recall him, my dear.

Julia: Yes, Papa. I certainly do.

Father: Are you agreeable to his calling on you. I wouldn't want to be thought an ogre to force a suiter on my only daughter.

Julia: I would never think you an ogre. And I am agreeable.

Father: Good! I enjoyed speaking with young Montgomery the other day. I will notify him and his family that he may come calling tomorrow...?

Julia nods her head in agreement.

Father: At three in the afternoon...?

Julia nods again.

Father: Wonderful. I shall have Lenard take a message over straight away.

Julia: Thank you Papa.

Father: And you, dear child, are welcome.

Father leaves.
Julia: Goodness, gracious, it is almost three o'clock. Richard will be here at any moment. Molly? Molly!

Molly the maid appears.

Molly: Yes miss?

Julia: Hurry, fix my hair. I don't have much time left.

Molly: Of course, miss.

Molly gets a brush and works on Julia's hair as they talk.

Julia: Molly, do you have a gentlemen friend?

Molly: I don't believe that is something I ought to be discussing with you miss.

Julia: Please. It is important. I have never had a caller before. I do not know what to do.

Molly: It's not hard.

Julia: But, what do I say. How do I act. Do I bat my eyes and faint or do I just act the way I do with Mother and Father.

Molly: Well, first off, most men don't really like having to fuss over a fainting woman.

Julia: What else.

Molly: Let the man lead the talk. They like to feel that they have control.

Julia: I think Papa is like that.

Molly: Let the man make the decisions about where to go and what you should eat. But, if it's something you don't want to do or don't want to eat, then it's all right to say so.

Julia: But, what do I do to make him want to really like me.

Molly: Just be yourself and I think you'll do all right.

Julia: No, I mean, "like me," you know, in the way a husband likes his wife.

Molly: Miss, I shouldn't be telling you things like that!

Julia: Please. Please tell me. If you do not, no one will.

Molly: Oh, all right. Well, you look into his eyes and think to yourself, I want you. I need you. I want to feel your skin pressed to mine.

Julia: Molly!
Molly: You asked.

Julia: I know. I'm sorry. Please, continue.

Molly: Maybe I shouldn't.

Julia: Please?

Molly: When you thank these things, it shows in your eyes and the man feel start to feel warm all over. He will look you up and down and try to imagine you without your clothes on.

Julia: Oh my! Really.

Molly: Yes. If he tries to take your hand or touch you. Don't let him at first. But if he tries again, then you let him. but only if you are comfortable with it. That's it.

Julia: That is all. It seems simple enough.

Molly: It is. Men are easy to control, especially when they think they are in charge.

Julia: Thank you Molly. Will you be chaperon for today's outing?

Molly: Yes, miss.

Julia: If Richard, I mean Mr. Montgomery, and I were to go for a walk, could you stay behind in the carriage.

Molly: Well, my right ankle has been paining me today. Maybe it would be better for me not to walk on it to much today.

Julia: Thank you Molly.

Molly: Yes miss. Only, don't let your parents find out I did it.

Julia: I promise not to tell any other living soul.

Molly leaves.

Richard enters.

Richard: Julia, how about a nice stroll through the park. I know of a wonderful secluded area where we can...talk.

Julia: What a splendid idea, Richard. I would love to.

They walk to a section of the attic.

Richard: I do hope that your maid's ankle is soon better.
Julia: I am certain that tomorrow she will be just fine.

Richard (under his breath): I thought so.

Julia: What did you say?

Richard: Oh nothing of importance, my dear.

Julia: Is this the area you spoke of?

Richard: It is.

Julia looks up into his eyes as Molly instructed and as Richard first attempts to pull her to him, she resists. As he tries again she lets him and they kiss lingerly. It progresses he takes advantage of her with her partial consent until they have sex with only her skirt lifted. I leave the manner in which this is presented totally up to the director's discretion. When they finish, Julia is not totally sure what has happened.

Richard: Julia, dear sweet Julia.

The sound of a clock striking five is heard.

Richard: Five o'clock all ready. Julia, I must take you home now. I have an important meeting at six. Come along. It is all right.

He leads her a short distance then kisses her hand.

Richard: Until next time, darling.

He leaves whistling. The sound fades as he does.

Julia: What have I done? What have we done? He must surely love me. He must want to marry me. Of course he does. I must send him a note asking when he will come calling again.

She hears the baby's cry again and it gets louder and louder.

Julia: Stop. Stop that sound. Stop! Leave me be! Stop. Stop. Stop.

On her last word the sound stops. As she is released from the sound, she sees a folded letter and picks it up to read.

Julia: Dear Miss Bundury, My son has not yet returned from his trip. I will notify you when does so. I have kept your letters for him. Do not fear that they have been opened by myself or any other. Sincerely, Mr. Johnathan Montgomery. Not returned yet? Where can he be? Why has he not written me even to say that all is well.

She begins to get quite upset and sees another letter.

Julia: Dear Miss Bunbury, My son has not returned as of yet. However, I have received a correspondence from him indicating that he is currently in Rome and should return next month. I continue to hold your letters.
for his return. Sincerely, Mr. Johnathan Montgomery. Another month? He has been gone for two months already and not a word from him. Certainly he must be quite busy not to have a spare moment to send me at least some word of where he is or how he fairs. Does he not realize what his inattention is doing to me. How can he be so callous!

She finds another letter.

Julia: Dear Miss Bunbury, I am please to tell you that my son has finally returned to us. I gladly invite you to call tomorrow at two o'clock to share in his visit before he returns to America. I have given him your letters which he is even now reading. Sincerely, Mr. Johnathan Montgomery. He has returned! My Richard has returned. I must get ready to see him.

The baby's cry returns.

Julia: No, not again. Not now. Stop. Stop. Stop!

the cry ends.

Julia: That is better. Now to see my darling Richard.

Lynette and Richard appear together and as Julia sees them, she stops. She overhears the following conversation without them being aware that she is present.

Lynette: Richard, why did you never tell Julia the truth about us?

Richard: My dear, I did not realize that she was that close of a friend of your's. Why did you not tell me sooner.

Lynette: Because I thought you knew. For goodness sake, she and I were standing together at that ball where you met her.

Richard: I assumed you had only met that evening. I should have asked you. However, you cannot possibly lay all of the blame on me. Why did you never tell her that we were engaged.

Lynette: The subject never came up. And then we were married so quickly that I did not even see her before we left for our honeymoon.

Richard: I thought you wrote to her later.

Lynette: I did. I suppose my letters never made it here.

Richard: So, what do we do now. We leave in a few days for New York.

Lynette: Well, she is coming here to see you, so you must tell her,

Richard: And why should I be the one. You are her friend afterall.

Lynette: Because darling, you are the one she believes she is in love with. Besides, I am weary from the trip and must get my rest while I can.
Richard: Very well. I shall do it when she arrives.

Lynette: Thank you my dear. I shall see you after I nap awhile.

They kiss and she leaves. Julia approaches Richard. She tries to act as if she has not heard the conversation between the two.

Julia: Richard, darling. How was your trip? I have missed you.

She goes to kiss him and he retreats.

Richard: Julia. Miss Bunbury. I must tell you something of great importance.

Julia: And what, my dear, is that?

Richard: I have married.

Julia: Oh? Anyone I know?


Julia: Lynette? My very best friend in the world? You get me with child and marry my best friend!

Richard: What did you just say?

Julia: What? Which part did you not understand?

Richard: You are pregnant?

Julia: Oh, that part? Yes I am. I am quite pregnant and I believe you know who the father is.

Richard: How in the world did that happen?

Julia: Do you not recall our little party in the park?

Richard: Why did you not take any precautions.

Julia: Precautions? Precautions! Even if I had known what you had in mind when you led me to that little secluded area I wouldn't have known what kind of "precautions" to make!

Richard: You most certainly knew what I was thinking! You threw yourself at me like a common whore. I thought you were hoping to become my mistress or some such thing. I thought you were aware of what you were doing.

Julia: Well, I guess I didn't. I was a virgin, you bastard.

Richard: You certainly didn't act like a virgin!

Julia: Why! Why did you make me think you wanted to marry me?
Richard: I don’t have any idea where you would have gotten that impression.

Julia: Why? Why did you do it?

Richard: Because, dear lady, you are the type of woman men fuck and Lynette is the type men marry. Now I suggest you leave before anyone sees you.

Julia: What about our child.

Richard: Get rid of it. I will not claim your bastard as mine.

Richard leaves and Julia falls to the floor, sobbing.

Julia: Oh Richard, how could you be so cruel. I loved you. I thought, I thought I would be your wife. Now I am ruined. Oh, Mother! Mother, help me please. What can I do!

Mother appears and kneels beside Julia to comfort her.

Mother: Oh my dear sweet girl. I wish this had never happened to you so that you could have had a happy life.

Julia: Have you told Papa.

Mother: Yes.

Julia: What am I going to do now? Help me please, Mama.

Mother: There is only one possible solution. We must go to my Mother's home in the country until you bear the child. I will find a suitable family to raise it.

Julia: Mama, I'm so scared.

Mother: Do not worry, Julia dear, I will take care of you.

Julia: Thank you Mama. I love you.

Mother: And I love you, my dearest daughter.

Mother helps Julia to get off of the floor and sit down. Mother then leaves.

Mother: Do not be afraid. I will take care of you.

Julia: A baby. I am going to have a baby. Maybe a little girl.

Julia begins to sing a lullaby and the time jumps to just after she has had the baby girl. She sings to a doll which represents the child.


The Mother enters.
Mother: Julia, it is almost time.

Julia: So soon? I have to give her up so soon?

Mother: It is best this way. Before you...

Julia: And I have just a few more minutes?

Mother: Yes.

Julia: Please. Just a few more. Then I'll let her go. I promise.

Mother: All right. But only a few.

Julia: Thank you Mother. For everything. I love you, Mama.

Mother: I love you too.

Mother leaves.

Julia: Baby girl. My baby girl. Don't worry, I will never let them take you from me.

Julia goes over to a window.

Julia: I have a plan baby. Do you see that lake down there? We are going to go for a little walk and go down to the lake. I'll take you with me and then they can not take you from me, ever.

Julia walks as if now walking into the water.

Julia: I love you baby girl.

Julia's name is called by her Mother and sobbing is heard, but the Mother stays in the shadows. Julia sinks to her knees then lies down cradling the doll and humming.

Mother: Julia! Julia! Help, she is drowning! Help!

As the mother calls, her voice fades away. Julia lies on the floor sobbing. She puts the doll aside and sits up.

Julia: No! NO! I am still here. It's still the same!

Julia crawls over to the door, pounding and crying. She repeats the first lines of the play to show the repeating of the cycle she goes through.

Julia: Hello? Can anyone hear me. Help me please. Hello? Is anyone out there. I'm trapped up here. Let me out! Please! I can't bear this any longer! Let me out! I'm so frightened. Please.

The baby's cry is heard again as at the beginning. Lights and sound fade to black as Julia is still at the door.
JULIA
By: Jennifer L. Bolin

Lights come up on an attic setting. It is filled with a large amount of clutter and a mattress with old, tattered blankets sits to one side. A young woman about 23 years of age is sitting on the floor holding a fragile porcelain doll. Both the doll and woman are dressed in yellowed gowns dating to around 1890 to 1900. The woman is thin with long scraggly hair and is very thin and pale.

The woman, Julia, is lovingly rocking the doll in her arms and singing a lullaby. Perhaps "Hush little baby." Near the end of the song she stands and takes the doll over to the mattress, lays down the doll and tucks it in the blankets, then kisses it on its forehead. As Julia turns around, she looks at the room as if noticing for the first time where she is. She becomes frightened and goes toward the door. She reaches for the doorknob but is unable to touch it, as if she is not ready to try to open it and is afraid it won't open if she does. She turns back and faces some of the clutter.

JUL: Why? I do not understand. What have I done to deserve this horrible treatment. Incarcerated in this gloomy hell. Surrounded by trash which no one wishes to see yet cannot bear to part with. Is this my fate? To be trapped here, forever? Forgotten, yet ever present. Why? What is the reason, Father. Help me to understand so that I may at least be able to bear this torment. Father?
(The Father walks out of the clutter. He is dressed in the same 
period as Julia, and as are all the other characters. Unlike Julia, 
however, he is grey in appearance. All other characters are similarly 
grey, from clothing, to hair and skin. The Father is about fifty 
years old.)

JUL: Father? Are you ashamed of me?

FTH: No. I am not ashamed.

JUL: Are you upset because I am not your "little darling" anymore.

FTH: I am not upset. However, I must admit that I am dissappointed.

JUL: Do you hate me then?

FTH: Julia...

JUL: Do you really hate me that much?

FTH: Darling, I lov...

JUL: NO! I will not listen to your lies. Why must you confuse me? You 
no longer love me. That is why you keep me here. You hate me.

FTH: Jul...
JUL: Leave! Just leave me to myself.

(The Father begins to go, yet looks back.)

JUL: Leave. Take your awful, hateful lies with you.

(The Father leaves.)

(Julia looks around and spots the edge of a dress poking out of a chest. She goes to get it out. It is a yellowed wedding dress with a pair of slippers. She puts on the shoes and holds the dress up to her. She starts to hum a wedding march. She then sees someone over to one side.)

JUL: Darling! Come. Dance with me.

(A young man, 24, comes out from the clutter and stands looking at Julia. She begins to sing a waltz and dances around. When she notices that he has not joined her, she comes over to him.)

JUL: Whatever is the matter? Did not your business adventure go as planned?

MAN: The business went well.

JUL: Then why so sad, my darling Darling. Was it perhaps the weather? I hear the spring rains in London are rather dismal.

MAN: The weather was satisfactory.
JUL: "The weather was satisfactory" Why the formal language dearheart?

MAN: I must tell you something of great importance.

JUL: And I must tell you something of great importance, and urgency.
I simply cannot restrain the information any longer. I have waited so impatiently for your timely return. I am so happy and I do hope you shall be also. I love you so very much.

(She takes his hand in both of hers during the last few lines.)

JUL: Darling. I am going to have your child.

(He pulls his hand back and steps away, horrified.)

MAN: What?

JUL: What is the matter? I thought you would be pleased.

MAN: I am not sure what would be the appropriate response, considering...

JUL: Please, do not look so worried, darling. Everything will work just perfectly. We can be married right away and no one will be the wiser. We will only need to say that the baby was a bit early. That is all.
MAN: You do not seem to understand. I am not going to marry you.


MAN: I care for you. I do not love you. And, while I was away, I became engaged to another.

JUL: I thought you wanted to marry me!

(He fades back and Julia is getting very upset and angry.)

JUL: You lied to me! You have always lied to me. You never cared about me! You were just using me. Since the beginning...using me.

(She throws the dress and shoes at the area were the man disappeared. She begins to cry as she discovers how bad her situation is. She runs to the door and pulls and fights with it, trying to open the door but it doesn't move.)

JUL: Let me out! Help! Get me out of this prison. I am so frightened. Whatever am I to do to escape.

(She pounds on the door then sinks to the floor still pounding. She beats on the floor, then on her stomach.)

JUL: Why? Why must this happen to me? What am I going to do now?
What am I going to do? Mother? Mother, help me. What can I do?

(The mother comes forward. She sits and motions for Julia to sit on the floor in front of her. Mother is holding a hairbrush and begins brushing Juila's hair.)

JUL: Is there anything which can be done, Mother?

MTH: I am afraid that there is only one solution, dear.

JUL: Tell me, please. What am I to do?

MTH: We must go to the country estate. Word must be spread that you are ill from the fumes of the city and have been told by a physician to seek the fresh air found in the country. There you shall remain until the child is born. Then it will be carried off to an orphanage.

JUL: That is the only solution.

MTH: Yes.

JUL: Then, I have no choices left. You will help me, will you not, Mother?

MTH: Yes.
(Mother rises and recedes back into the clutter.)

JUL: You will take care of me, always. Yes, yes. It shall work. I can visit the country and have my baby in secret. No one shall ever know how far I have fallen. No one shall know.

(Julia rises and appears happy and content. She returns to the mattress where the doll is and sits and picks it up. To her, the doll is her child.)

JUL: Do not cry dear. You are the most beautiful baby in the world. Yes you are.

(She stands and walks around with the baby, humming a tune. She goes to a window which only she can see.)

JUL: Look. Look out there. It is such a large world out there. So many things to see and places to travel. Perhaps we will travel to Italy or Spain. Oh, I know, China. Yes, that is where we shall go. China. I will buy you the prettiest little red Kimono. Look, there is your grandmother, dearheart. Over by the lake. Wave to her, darling.

(Julia waves the doll's arm. She then takes the doll back to the mattress.)

JUL: It is time for your nap now, dear baby.
(She tucks the doll into the covers.)

JUL: Sleep well.

(Julia stands and turns toward one end of the room.)

JUL: What? You can't do this! She is mine. I will not let you take her away from me!

(A woman enters dressed as a nurse.)

WOM: Miss, I am truly sorry, however, I must take the little one now.

JUL: I will not let you take my daughter from me! Why are you doing this?

WOM: I was told that all was approved by your Mother, miss.

JUL: She is all I have. She is my life.

(The nurse tries to get past Julia to get the doll, but she stops her, and Julia picks the doll up herself and holds it protectively.)

WOM: Please, miss, you are only making this harder for everyone.

JUL: Leave! Get you out of this house. You cannot steal my life from me.
(Julia rushes to the door as the nurse fades back. Julia tries to open the door and it doesn't open. She takes the doll back to the mattress and lays it down again.)

JUL: You lied to me. Even you, Mother. You told me that all would be fine, that you would care for me and protect me. Well, all is not fine. The happy ending to the nightmare. The garden is filled with snakes and there is no sun.

(The Mother appears, but stays at the edge.)

JUL: You stole my child from me. How could you be so uncaring, so cruel to your own daughter and to hers? How could you betray my trust?

MTH: I did not steal your child from you. In the end, it was all your doing. The thief was yourself, though you deny it.

JUL: You lie. You confuse me to remove the blame from yourself.

MTH: The truth, Julia. You must accept it. It was murder, and the guilt is yours.

(The others appear and stay on the fringes. The father appears worried about Julia. The mother cries. The nurse is not surprised by the outcome. The young man only stares, regrettably.)

JUL: All of you! All of you lied to me! You lied! Get out of my sight! I hate you. I hate you all.

(They all recede except for the mother who lingers for a moment longer.)

JUL: I did not do that! How could they accuse me of such a horrid crime? They did it. They killed my child. They stole her from me. They stole my life.

(She struggles to repress the memory. She looks around for help. Tries the door, etc.)

JUL: Help! Help me someone. Please!

MTH: Julia.

JUL: Mother?

MTH: I understand that this is very difficult for you. However, it is necessary.

JUL: What is necessary?
MTH: Everything which is happening to you now. This place.

JUL: Why?

MTH: You are the only one who can enable yourself to escape this torment.

JUL: I am trapped in here. How do I help myself?

MTH: Remember.

JUL: No! I cannot. I do not wish to. It is too painful.

MTH: Remember, and accept.

JUL: No. I cannot do it alone.

MTH: You must. There is no alternative. You must remember, then accept, then...

JUL: Then?

MTH: Forgive.

JUL: Forgive.

(Julia slowly goes to where she left the doll and picks it up.)
She holds it tightly to her.)

JUL: I tried. I truly tried.

(She re-enacts the next segment while talking of it. She switches back and forth between past and present tense as she is trying to deal with the truth. The mother remains and the others appear one at a time at the edges.)

JUL: I could not let them take my daughter away from me. I loved her so very much. She was the most precious and important thing in my life. I carried her out of the house. I walked across the green, green lawn to the very edge of the lake, where the water lapped at my feet like a puppy. I can't let them take her away from me. She is my life and I hers. Without the one, the other has no purpose. There was no where I could run. Nothing I could do to change my fate. I begin to walk into the water holding my child close to my heart. If we both die together, they cannot ever separate us. Never. I love you dearheart. My own sweet, innocent child. I am sorry. I walked until I felt the water cover my head and I opened my mouth and took the water deep into my lungs. It was so peaceful then. So quiet and dark. I opened my eyes and I could see the sun shining through the water. And it was like sinking in silk, soft and cool against my skin. Then I felt hands grabbing, pulling, at my arms. The hands felt so hot, burning me. They pulled me out like some bloated fish. I tried to fight, but I did not have the strength. I still held my baby.

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So close to me. As if we were still joined together. Then the quiet changed as sound found its way back into my ears. I heard shouting and felt myself being dragged out onto the shore. I was so cold when the air touched my wet flesh, I shivered violently. They tried to take my child again. I wouldn't let them take her from me. They pounded my back until I begin to cough. The water poured from my lips. Kisses to a lover forever gone. Pain. Pain as the air rushed back into my tortured lungs, forcing me to breathe. I attempted to escape, back into the cool water, death. The cruel hands held me back from freedom. I screamed "Let me go! Let me die!" But they wouldn't allow me that wonderful release. They carried me inside the house and forced some fiery liquid down my throat. As I began to drift to sleep, I heard someone say...

ALL: The baby is dead.

JUL: I thought they had lied to me. All this time. I convinced myself that they had killed my daughter, while all the time, it was I. I am the one who lied. It was I.

(The others move a little closer and touch Julia in a forgiving and loving manner.)

JUL: I am the one. I do not hate any of you. I don't hate you. You did not lie to me at all. It was I. I remember. I accept. And I forgive...myself.
(The door which never opened before now opens on its own.

The others are able to fade back and remain in memory, where
they belong. Juila goes to the door, turns, gives a slight smile,
sets down the doll, and leaves the room.)