

PLAYHOUSE CREATURES

~~Mrs Barry I don't feel anything.~~

~~Doll Well it's a year ago now.~~

~~Mrs Barry About him. Rochester~~

~~*Nell is rocking herself with the dress. Doll tries to tell a story to calm them down, slowly they begin to listen to her.*~~

Doll Before this place turned playhouse it was a bear pit. My dad was the bear keeper. One day this bear turned on him. The whip came down and down on her but still she came. Slashed his chest here to here. That night they took out her claws and teeth. Ripped them out. And she howled and screamed and rocked in pain. There was blood on the floor. 'No, Dad, no,' I says. And he said, 'You let one of them get away with it and tomorrow none of them bears'll dance.' The bear had gone still and her head was hanging and I said 'Why should you whip her?' He took my hand and put it in the blood that was on the floor and then he wiped more on my face. 'She dances and we eat meat,' he said. 'Never let me hear you speak on it again.' The blood was warm at first and then it started turning cold on me and it seemed to turn me cold. I never did say nothing again.

*Pause. Both Nell and Mrs Barry are looking at her.*

Till now. Playhouse creatures they called you like you was animals. What I always thought but never said out aloud till now was I was glad she went for him. I was glad she did it. She had spirit.

~~Mrs Barry (*completely calm*) Yes, yes, she did. (*She continues to count her money.*)~~

~~*Nell begins to dance with the dress.*~~

Nell Beautiful.