

Mrs Barry Another bag.

*Rochester wakes up.*

Rochester I'm dying.

~~Mrs Barry One, two and five is seven . . .~~

Rochester Say you loved me too. Say it. (*Pause.*) You know your problem. You haven't got any feelings. You've squeezed them out to make room for money and success. You think about it. When was the last time you really felt anything. I had too many feelings. That's why I had to drink. But I'd rather be dead dead than living dead like you. Oh you do a good imitation of feeling when you act, but it's an imitation. And soon when you stand up on a stage and try to imitate love or hate nothing will come out. Blank. You'll even have forgotten how the shadow of a feeling felt. You'll stand there squeaking. And the whole audience will know. They pick up things like that, like a beast scents blood, and they'll howl you off the stage. And then what'll happen? You'll sink, sink and my ghost will be there, laughing.

~~Mrs Barry You bastard. You helped me, I looked up to you. You were charismatic, I was grateful. I started to fall in love. But then I thought I know what will happen. You'll tire. I'd be miserable then I'd be cast off, a pauper. There seemed no way out. But luckily I turned out to be an extremely talented actress. Beyond my wildest dreams. I had all the love I wanted - on stage. And then later I went home, safe, and counted my money. You just can't bear it because I've won.~~

Doll He's dead, love.

Mrs Barry Dead? (*Pause.*) Cover him over, Doll.