

GASLIGHT

Paula: I want to speak to my husband alone.

Cameron: Mrs. Anton I don't think that's advisable

Paula: I want to speak to him alone.

Cameron: I'm afraid that's impossible

Gregory: I assure you I'm quite helpless

Paula: please

Cameron: very well. I'll be waiting on the stairs

Gregory: look, go and see if he's listening.

Paula: He is not listening

Gregory: You have great confidence in him. He told you a lot of things about me didn't he?

Paula: Yes

Gregory: They were lies.

Paula: Why should he lie to me?

Gregory: Because he's in love with you. I can tell. I can feel it.

Paula: Do you. Do you really Gregory, or should I call you Sergis?

Gregory: Oh he told you that too. Well what of it. Haven't you heard of an artist taking a stage name? Well Sergis Bauer was mine. It was a part of my life I didn't wish to tell you about. I was a failure then. They don't hang a man for that, do they?

Paula: No, they don't hang a man for that.

Gregory: Paula, you remember our first days. You remember Italy.

Paula: There have been times when I thought that I only dreamed those days.

Gregory: Come closer Paula. Closer. Look into my eyes. If I ever meant anything to you, believe I did, then help me Paula. Give me another chance. Look, in the drawer of

that cupboard over there is a knife, get it and cut me free. Be quick Paula. Get me the knife and cut me free. Will you do it Paula, will you get it for me.

Paula: Yes, yes I'll get it for you.

Gregory: Good. Hurry Paula.

Paula: There's no knife here.

Gregory: Yes it's there, I put it there.

Paula: I don't see any knife.

Gregory: I put it there tonight.

Paula: It isn't here. You must've dreamed you put it there. Are you suggesting this is a knife I hold in my hand? Have you gone mad my husband. Or is it I who am mad. Yes of course, that's it. I am mad. I'm always losing things, and hiding things, and I can never find them. I don't know where I put them. That was a knife wasn't it, and I have lost it....

Gregory: Paula.....

Paula: I must look for it, mustn't I? If I don't find it you will put me in the mad house...

Gregory: No, no...

Paula: Where could it be now? Perhaps it's behind this picture. Yes it must be here. No, no, where should I look now. Perhaps I put it over here. Yes, I must've done that. My brooch. The brooch I lost at the tower. I found it at last, you see, but that doesn't help you now does it and I'm trying to help you aren't I; I'm trying to help you to escape. How could a mad woman help you to escape...?

Gregory: But you're not mad....

Paula: Yes I am mad. My mother was mad.

Gregory: No Paula, that wasn't true.

Paula: If I were not mad, I could've helped you. Whatever you had done I could have pitied and protected you. But because I am mad, I hate you. Because I am mad I have betrayed you. And because I am mad, I am rejoicing in my heart without a shred of pity, without a shed of regret, watching you go with glory in my heart. Mr. Cameron come. Come Mr. Cameron, take this man away. Take this man away. Take this man away.

Cameron: Are you ready?

Gregory: quite ready. I don't ask you to understand me. Between us all the time were those jewels, like a fire. A fire in my brain that separated us. Those jewels which I wanted all my life. I don't know why.

Officer: The cab is coming, Mr. Cameron.

Gregory: Goodbye Paula.

Paula: Goodbye Gregory.