

*De Lacey feels the Creature's head. The Creature is at first tense, but then relaxes.*

Creature Gurrurrgh, eheh.

De Lacey My, you have been in the wars. What happened to you? Where are you from? Where are your mother and father?

*The Creature has lost interest, and concentrates happily on his writing.*

Creature Par – a – dise. Hnagh!

*De Lacey sighs. They stay in the cottage as we cut back to:*

#### SCENE FIFTEEN

*The fields. Agatha is in high excitement.*

Agatha Felix! Felix!

*Felix runs to her.*

Felix What is it?

Agatha Look, just look!

*Felix surveys the field, and gasps.*

Felix But that's –

Agatha It's incredible! It's a miracle!

Felix Or magic.

Agatha Every stone is gone! Every one!

Felix We can till the soil!

Agatha We can sow.

Felix Help me hitch up the plough!

*They exit. We cut back to:*

SIDE # 1

#### SCENE SIXTEEN

*The cottage. Weeks later. De Lacey and the Creature. The Creature is distracted by the snow swirling outside the window.*

START

Creature White! What? White! What?

De Lacey Where?

Creature In the air!

De Lacey That's snow. It's not very interesting – a natural phenomenon, no more. Now please stop leaping about, we need to concentrate.

Creature Snow! Snow!

De Lacey Sit! We've work to do.

*The Creature sits at a pile of books, rather grumpily.*

Thank you. Today: original sin.

Creature (*writing, with a scowl*) Original sin.

De Lacey There are two schools of thought. One says that we are all made imperfect, and require the assistance of a higher authority – a deity – to overcome the sin of being born. The other school of thought – to which I subscribe – insists that when we leave the womb we are pure, that a babe in arms is untainted by sin, that evil is the product of social forces, and that God has nothing to do with how a man turns out, be it good or be it bad.

Creature Me not do bad things.

De Lacey I know you do not do bad things. You have a good heart. I know that.

Creature Why my hungry?

De Lacey Eh?

Creature Why my hungry? Why no food for me?

De Lacey I give you half of my food.

Creature Still hungry.

De Lacey It is the condition of men to be hungry.

Creature (*jabbing a finger at his books*) Not kings! Not emperors!

De Lacey (*laughs*) You're learning fast.

Creature Why my not a king?

De Lacey I don't know. Perhaps you are.

Creature Yes! A king! Is my name?

De Lacey I don't know.

Creature King what?

De Lacey You have never told me your name.

Creature Gnaaagh! Never heard. Not know.

De Lacey You are a poor lost thing.

Creature Lost thing.

De Lacey But I have taught you how to speak! How to read! There is hope. Who knows what you may accomplish?

Creature (*shakes his head*) Hate me.

De Lacey Who does?

Creature Men. Women. Childs. Dogs.

De Lacey No, they don't.

Creature Throw stones. Beat me. Everywhere! Everywhere!

De Lacey Peasants are ignorant people. They do not read like you and I. It's an instinct to protect the home, the family. Perhaps they are – frightened of you?

Creature My look bad?

*De Lacey is silent.*

Not like Agatha.

De Lacey Agatha?

Creature Beautiful wife!

De Lacey Well, Agatha is beautiful, certainly – and Felix is kind. Let me introduce you to them.

Creature No.

De Lacey Why not?

Creature Hate me.

De Lacey No, they don't! They've never met you! Stay, and greet them, when they come home. \_\_\_\_\_

*The Creature jumps up and runs outside.* END

Creature Snow! Snow! Snow!

*He exits. We cut back to:*

#### SCENE SEVENTEEN

*The field. Agatha and Felix enter from different directions.*

Felix Agatha – look what I found!

Agatha And me – look what I found!

*Felix is dragging a huge bundle of chopped firewood.*

Felix It's all chopped – ready for the fire! It was lying at the foot of the field.