

The grounds.

4 .

Mrs Grose: You're as white as a sheet.

Governess: I...I went into the drawing room to pick up my gloves for church and I saw... Outside –

Mrs Grose: What?

Governess: Outside the window, looking in... A figure.

Mrs Grose: What figure?

Governess: I don't know. I can't say. Peering in at me. As soon as the first shock subsided, I bolted out of the house to meet him. I ran along the terrace and came full in sight – but of nothing. The lawn, the garden, the park, they're deserted. He's vanished.

Mrs Grose: Where's he gone?

Governess: I know still less.

Mrs Grose: Have you seen him before?

Governess: Yes. Once.

Mrs Grose: And you didn't tell me?

Governess: No. I was...

Mrs Grose: Was he a gentleman?

Governess: No. No.

Mrs Grose: Nobody from the village?

Governess: I made sure.

Mrs Grose: But if he isn't a gentleman –?

Governess: He's a horror. God help me if I know *what* he is.

Mrs Grose: (*Offering the coat*) It's time we should be at church.

Governess: Oh, I'm not fit for church.

Mrs Grose: Won't it do you good?

Governess: It won't do them any good.

Mrs Grose: The children?

Governess: I can't leave them. (*Pause*). You go to church. I must watch.

Mrs Grose: I don't believe I could have followed him out.

Governess: (*Laughs*) Neither could I. But I *did*. I have my duty.

Mrs Grose: (*Offended*) So have I mine. What was he like?

Governess: Like nobody I've... A long, pale face, with straight, good features. Eyebrows darker than his hair, eyes sharp, clean-shaven, without a hat. Tall, active, alive. Never, no never a gentleman.

Mrs Grose: A gentleman? A gentleman – *he*?

Governess: You know him?

Mrs Grose: He *is* handsome?

Governess: Remarkably.

Mrs Grose: And dressed...?

Governess: In somebody else's clothes. They're smart, but I'm sure they're not his.

Mrs Grose: They're the master's!

Governess: No, I tell you, it's not the master! At first I thought it was, but –

Mrs Grose: It's Quint.

Governess: Quint?

Mrs Grose: Peter Quint – the master's own man, his valet when he was here. He never wore his hat, but he did wear – well, there were waistcoats missed. The master believed in him and placed him here because he was supposed not to be well and the country air good for him. Then the master went, and Quint was alone.

Governess: Alone?

Mrs Grose: Alone with *us*. In charge, with everything to say.

Governess: And what became of him?

Mrs Grose: He went, too.

Governess: Went where?

Mrs Grose: God knows where. He died.

Governess: Died?

Mrs Grose: Yes. Mr Quint is dead.

[REDACTED]

Flora: She saw nothing.

Governess: She identified Quint as the man who had been seen by her.

Flora: But she saw nothing. Not a shadow of a shadow.

Governess: Not then perhaps, but she believed she saw.

Flora: That you saw a ghost?

Governess: Yes, yes! She told me. I told her. She was my counsellor.

Mrs Grose enters

[REDACTED]

Scene Four

[REDACTED] than her position obliged her to be.

1840

Later the same night

The governess thoughtfully

Mrs Grose: Peering at you through the drawing room

Governess: Yes, our eyes met. I turned. It was as if I'd been looking at him for years and had known him always. But this time, something was different.

Mrs G

Governess: I saw, through the glass, a face as deep and hard as before. It came to me in

Mrs Grose: Little Miles? How do you know?

Governess: Now! I feel it! And you know, my dear!