

SIDE 1- HELEN / YOUNG JANE

YOUNG JANE

But what have I to do with millions? The eighty, I know, despise me.

HELEN

Jane, you are mistaken: probably not one in the school either despises or dislikes you: many, I am sure, pity you much.

YOUNG JANE

How can they pity me after what Mr. Brocklehurst has said?

HELEN

Mr. Brocklehurst is not a god: nor is he even a great and admired man: he is little liked here; he never took steps to make himself liked. Had he treated you as an especial favourite, you would have found enemies, declared or covert, all around you; as it is, the greater number would offer you sympathy if they dared. Teachers and pupils may look coldly on you for a day or two, but friendly feelings are concealed in their hearts; and if you persevere in doing well, these feelings will ere long appear so much the more evidently for their temporary suppression. Besides, Jane...

(pause)

YOUNG JANE

Well, Helen?

HELEN

If all the world hated you, and believed you wicked, while your own conscience approved you, and absolved you from guilt, you would not be without friends.

YOUNG JANE

No; I know I should think well of myself; but that is not enough: if others don't love me I would rather die than live--I cannot bear to be solitary and hated, Helen. Look here; to gain some real affection from you, or Miss Temple, or any other whom I truly love, I would willingly submit to have the bone of my arm broken, or to let a bull toss me, or to stand behind a kicking horse, and let it dash its hoof at my chest.