

MISS JULIE. I don't understand you. Is...is it possible you think that anything could ever conceivably...happen / between us?

JEAN. I don't, but they might.

MISS JULIE. What, that I'm smitten with my *servant*?!

JEAN. It's—not about me, I'm not conceited, Miss, but one reads and hears of many cases, and for them, believe me, nothing is sacred.

MISS JULIE. Oh you're an aristocrat.

JEAN. Yes.

MISS JULIE. Then I step down.

JEAN. Don't. Listen to me: No one is going to say you stepped down by choice; they'll say you fell.

MISS JULIE. I, obviously I have a much better opinion of people than you. But come, let's go and see. Who's right.

JEAN. You're...so strange, Miss.

MISS JULIE. So? So are you! Everything's strange, life, people...it's all just bits of dirt floating on water till it turns to mud and sinks. I have a dream I'm sitting up on a pillar and see no way to get down. I'm dizzy, but I have to come down, and I'm not brave enough to jump. I can't stay and I want to fall, but I don't, and I can't rest until I'm off, and down on the ground, and when I'm there, I know I'll want to dig lower, still, into the dirt, six feet down. Have you felt that?

JEAN. No. I lie under a tree in a dark forest; and I want to climb up all the way and look around and see light and sun and rob birds' nests and suck out the eggs, and I climb up the trunk, but it's so thick and slippery, I would go all the way if I could reach the first branch, but I can't, I can't quite make it— But I will. I will. If only in the dream.

MISS JULIE. I don't want to talk about dreams. Let's go in the garden.

(She offers her arm.)

JEAN. We'll...

MISS JULIE. What?



JEAN. ...sleep on a bed of midsummer flowers, and dream of our true loves, then, Miss?

*(Beat. He turns and stops suddenly, holding his eye.)*

MISS JULIE. Did, what, did you get something in your eye?

JEAN. It's just a speck, hold on.

MISS JULIE. No, it was my sleeve, sit, I'll...

*(She takes him by the arm and sits him, seizes his head and leans it backwards; with the corner of her handkerchief she tries to remove the speck of dirt.)*

MISS JULIE. Hold still. Hold still. Stop— *(Slaps his hand.)* Is that you, are you shaking? Big strong man, with such arms?

*(She feels his biceps. KRISTINE stirs. JEAN mouths: Shhh. They breathlessly watch as KRISTINE sits up, half asleep; she stands and heads unsteadily for her bedroom; at no point does she realize she is being watched by them.)*

JEAN. *(Warningly:)* Miss Julie!

MISS JULIE. Yes, monsieur?

JEAN. Attention! *Je ne suis qu'un homme!*

MISS JULIE. Oh, sit still. See? Gone. Kiss my hand and thank me.

JEAN. Miss Julie, listen, Kristine's gone to bed, you have to—

MISS JULIE. Kiss my hand first.

JEAN. Please, just listen.

MISS JULIE. Kiss my hand.

JEAN. You'll have no one to blame but yourself, Miss.

MISS JULIE. For what?

JEAN. You're still a child?, you don't know it's dangerous to play with matches?

MISS JULIE. Not for me, I'm insured.