

(Pause, honest:)

SCRATCH. And then you said No.

ELIZABETH. Right.

SCRATCH. And I got even more interested.

(Beat.)

ELIZABETH. *(A certain guarded honesty.)* It's not that I don't want it. What you're selling.

SCRATCH. Yes?

(A beat, in which ELIZABETH almost says any number of things. And then:)

ELIZABETH. I'll think about it.

7.

*Winnifred
Frank*

(In the castle. WINNIFRED and FRANK have stolen a moment alone. WINNIFRED tries to keep her voice down, but sometimes it sparks in indignation. There is a rushed, hushed quality to the scene.)

WINNIFRED. But when are you getting me a ring?
And when can I start telling people?
And actually, when are you gonna tell Sir Arthur?

FRANK. Whoa whoa whoa
calm down.

WINNIFRED. If Sir Arthur knew we were married, he might be happy.

FRANK. *(“You’re being so naïve.”)* Baby...

WINNIFRED. He never really talks to me but if he talked to me, he might like me.

FRANK. *(“I can’t believe how naïve you’re being.”)* Baby.

WINNIFRED. What!

FRANK. I love you. And you love me. And little things like a *ring*, little things like a *dress*, those little things can wait right now. We’re playing the smart game. We’re playing the long game. And this is the part where we stay quiet. Right?

WINNIFRED. ...I guess.

FRANK. You guess, or I’m right?

(Beat.)

WINNIFRED. I just feel like
sometimes
I forget what the plan is
and then it feels like

we're just drifting farther and farther away from each other
 even though we grew up together and
 you married me and
 then Sir Arthur invited you here and then
 I *came* here for *you*, I became a servant in the castle to
 be close to *you*
 but
 now
 I'm like, dusting a portrait
 and like, serving drinks,
 and you're like, sitting there next to him
 at the head of the table
 laughing at all his jokes
 and pretending you don't know me at *all*,
 pretending I'm just the girl who's serving you,
 and not the girl who you said you wanted to spend your
 whole *life* with
 and
 then that starts to feel really really sad.

(*A beat.*)

FRANK. You know what the plan is.

WINNIFRED. Do I?

FRANK. Come on, of course you do.

When Sir Arthur makes me his heir, I'll be able to do
 whatever I want.

You'll be right there with me, we'll run the castle
 together - eventually.

But right now, I can't rock the boat.

And, you know, part of that is being, uh, friendly to his
 friends' daughters.

WINNIFRED. ...But what if he doesn't make you his heir?

FRANK. (*"You're being naïve again."*) Baby.

WINNIFRED. I mean he *has* a son.

FRANK. Cuddy likes *Morris* dancing.

WINNIFRED. Okayyyy but someday he's gonna meet a girl,
 and -

FRANK. Uhh, yeah, no.

WINNIFRED. How do you know?

FRANK. Believe me.

(*A beat, faux-casual:*)

WINNIFRED. About those daughters you mentioned...

FRANK. *Okay*, Winn, look -

WINNIFRED. Those *very* important daughters of a station
 higher / than -

FRANK. C'mon, stop that Winn. It's just part of the plan.

WINNIFRED. Maybe that's the part where the plan starts to
 suck.

(*Low and desperate.*) We don't need Sir Arthur, we
 could go back home -

FRANK. And do what?

(*His vehemence has silenced her - he tries to
 find a gentler tone with her:*)

Sweetheart, we have to ask for more than what we were
 born with.

WINNIFRED. Why?

FRANK. Because if we don't ask for more, we'll end up
 with less.

WINNIFRED. But right now, I don't even have you.

FRANK. You *have* me, we're just -
 ugh, Winn
 it's gonna be fine.

(With great care.)

WINNIFRED. Well
I hope so, Frank, because
here's the complicated thing:
I'm pregnant.

FRANK. ...You're what??

WINNIFRED. Sorry - I should say:
We
are pregnant.

FRANK. Since when?

WINNIFRED. I wasn't sure for about a week.
And then I became sure.

FRANK. Oh.
Oh my god.

WINNIFRED. That doesn't sound like a good "oh my god."

FRANK. Oh my god.

WINNIFRED. Right.

OK.

Well

let me put it this way.

If your Sir Arthur hooked you up with somebody's rich
daughter,

and you let him,

and then everybody found out you actually have a *wife*
and she's having your *kid*,

I think you might not be as shiny as you are right now,
you know?

You might...tarnish. A little. In the eyes of Sir Arthur.

So. Let's lock it down, Frank Thorney.

end

(Something shines in FRANK - that cold edge.)

(He leans in. His aria.)

FRANK. (Soft, menacing.) Here's the thing, my love
maybe I didn't explain this clearly
so let me try it again:

Sometimes men come along
born under a special star
and that's me.

I've always known it's going to be different for me.

I didn't scrape by for nothing,
working the land - that shitty rocky soil,
half the time you can't even get a potato out of it,
and some winters we get by, but some winters there's
just nothing,
so we pull our belts tight and wait for spring and then
spring comes
but actually there's *still* nothing -

I don't plan to be nothing.

I got by because I could feel what I *could* be
just under the ribs, waiting to grow,
waiting for the right soil
and here it is
and here I am
and I am ready to be great.

You too, if you want greatness,
but maybe not you, maybe you don't
and that's OK -
people grow apart - and that's sad, when it happens,
but it does happen.

You're gonna be a great wife, Winn
and I love you to death but
nobody is getting in my way
not even you.

WINNIFRED. ...Frank?