KRISTINE: Your ambitions, yes! Well, you have obligations, too! Think about them!

JEAN: Don't start nagging me about obligations. I know what I have to do! *(Listening for something outside.)* Besides, this is something we have plenty of time to think over. Go and get ready for church.

KRISTINE: Who's that walking around up there?

JEAN: I don't know, unless it's Clara.

KRISTINE *(going):* You don't suppose it's the Count, who came home without us hearing him?

JEAN *(frightened):* The Count? No, I don't think so. He'd have rung.

START

KRISTINE *(going):* Well, God help us! I've never seen anything like this before. *(The sun has risen and shines through the treetops in the park. The light shifts gradually until it slants in through the windows. Jean goes to the door and signals. Miss Julie enters, dressed in travel clothes and carrying a small bird cage, covered with a cloth, which she places on a chair.)*

JULIE: I'm ready now.

JEAN: Shh! Kristine is awake.

JULIE *(very nervous during the following):* Does she suspect something?

JEAN: She doesn't know anything. But my God, you look awful!

JULIE: Why? How do I look?

JEAN: You're pale as a ghost and - excuse me, but your face is dirty.

JULIE: Let me wash up then. - *(She goes to the basin and washes her hands and face.)* Give me a towel! Oh - the sun's coming up.

JEAN: Then the goblins will disappear.

JULIE: Yes, there must have been goblins out last night! - Jean, listen, come with me! I have some money now.

JEAN *(hesitantly):* Enough?

JULIE: Enough to start with. Come with me! I just can't travel alone on a day like this — midsummer day on a stuffy train — jammed in among crowds of people staring at me.

Eternal delays at every station, while I'd wish I had wings. No, I can't, I can't! And then there'll be memories, memories of midsummer days when I was little. The church — decorated with birch leaves and lilacs; dinner at the big table with relatives and friends, the afternoons in the park, dancing, music, flowers, and games. Oh, no matter how far we travel, the memories will follow in the baggage car, with remorse and guilt!

JEAN: I'll go with you - but right away, before it's too late. Right this minute!

JULIE: Get dressed, then! *(Picking up the bird cage.)*

JEAN: But no baggage! It would give us away!

JULIE: No, nothing! Only what we can have in the compartment with us.

JEAN *(has taken his hat):* What've you got there? What is it?

JULIE: It's only my greenfinch. I couldn't leave her behind.

JEAN: What? Bring a bird cage with us? You're out of your head! Put it down!

JULIE: It's the only thing I'm taking from my home - the only living being that loves me, since Diana was unfaithful. Don't be cruel! Let me take her!

JEAN: Put the cage down, I said! - And don't talk so loudly — Kristine will hear us!

JULIE: No, I won't leave her in the hands of strangers! I'd rather you killed her.

JEAN: Bring the thing here, then, I'll cut its head off!

JULIE: Oh! But don't hurt her! Don't... no, I can't.

JEAN: Bring it here! I can!

JULIE *(taking the bird out of the cage and kissing it):* Oh, my little Serena, must you die and leave your mistress?

JEAN: Please don't make a scene! Your whole future is at stake! Hurry up! *(He snatches the bird from her, carries it over to the chopping block, and picks up a meat cleaver. Miss Julie turns away.)* You should have learned how to slaughter chickens instead of how to fire pistols. *(He chops off the bird's head.)* Then you wouldn't feel faint at the sight of blood.

JULIE *(screaming):* Kill me, too! Kill me! You, who can slaughter an innocent animal without blinking an eye! Oh, how I hate, how I detest you! There's blood between us

now! I curse the moment I set eyes on you! I curse the moment I was conceived in my mother's womb!

JEAN: What good does cursing do? Let's go!

JULIE *(approaching the chopping block, as if drawn against her will):* No, I don't want to go yet. I can't... until I see ... Shh! I hear a carriage - *(She listens, but her eyes never leave the cleaver and the chopping block.)* Do you think I can't stand the sight of blood? You think I'm so weak ... Oh — I'd like to see your blood and your brains on a chopping block! - I'd like to see your whole sex swimming in a sea of blood, like my little bird... I think I could drink from your skull! I'd like to bathe my feet in your open chest and eat your heart roasted whole! - You think I'm weak. You think I love you because my womb craved your seed. You think I want to carry your spawn under my heart and nourish it with my blood - bear your child and take your name! By the way, what is your family name? I've never heard it. - Do you have one? I was to be Mrs. Bootblack — or Madame Pigsty. – You dog, who wears my collar, you lackey, who bears my coat of arms on your buttons — do I have to share you with my cook, compete with my own servant? Oh! Oh! Oh! — You think I'm a coward who wants to run away! No, now I'm staying — and let the storm break! My father will come home... to find his desk broken open... and his money gone! Then he'll ring — that bell... twice for his valet — and then he'll send for the police... and then I'll tell everything! Everything! Oh, what a relief it'll be to have it all end — if only it will end! And then he'll have a stroke and die... That'll be the end of all of us — and there'll be peace... quiet... eternal rest! - And then our coat of arms will be broken against his coffin — the family title extinct — but the valet's line will go on in an orphanage... win laurels in the gutter, and end in jail!

JEAN: There's the blue blood talking! Very good, Miss Julie! Just don't let that miller out of the closet! *(Kristine enters, dressed for church, with a psalm-book in her hand.)*

JULIE *(rushing to Kristine and falling into her arms, as if seeking protection):* Help me, Kristine! Help me against this man!

KRISTINE *(unmoved and cold):* What a fine way to behave on a Sunday morning! *(Sees the chopping block.)* And look at this mess! - What does all this mean? Why all this screaming and carrying on?

JULIE: Kristine! You're a woman and my friend! Beware of this swine!

JEAN *(uncomfortable):* While you ladies discuss this, I'll go in and shave. *(Slips off right.)*

JULIE: You must listen to me so you'll understand!

KRISTINE: No, I could never understand such disgusting behavior! Where are you off to in your traveling clothes? - And he had his hat on. - Well? Well? -

JULIE: Listen to me, Kristine! Listen, and I'll tell you everything -

KRISTINE: I don't want to hear it ...

JULIE: But you must listen to me...

KRISTINE: What about? If it's about this silliness with Jean, I'm not interested, because it's none of my business. But if you're thinking of tricking him into running out, we'll soon put a stop to that!

JULIE *(extremely nervous):* Try to be calm now, Kristine, and listen to me! I can't stay here, and neither can Jean — so we must go away…

KRISTINE: Hm, hm!

JULIE *(brightening):* You see, I just had an idea

What if all three of us go — abroad — to Switzerland and start a hotel together? - I have money, you see — and Jean and I could run it — and I thought you, you could take care of the kitchen... Wouldn't that be wonderful? - Say yes! And come with us, and then everything will be settled! - Oh, do say yes! *(Embracing Kristine and patting her warmly.)*

KRISTINE *(coolly, thoughtfully):* Hm, hm!

JULIE *(presto tempo):* You've never traveled, Kristine. You must get out and see the world. You can't imagine how much fun it is to travel by train — always new faces — new countries. - And when we get to Hamburg, we'll stop off at the zoo - you'll like that. - and then we'll go to the theater and the opera - and when we get to Munich, dear, there we have museums, with Rubens and Raphael, the great painters, as you know. - You've heard of Munich, where King Ludwig lived - the king who went mad. - And then we'll see his castles - they're still there and they're like castles in fairy tales. And from there it isn't far to Switzerland — and the Alps. – Imagine - the Alps have snow on them even in the middle of summer! And oranges grow there and laurel trees that are green all year round — *(Jean can be seen in the wings right, sharpening his razor on a strop which he holds with his teeth and his left hand. He listens to the conversation with satisfaction, nodding now and then in approval. Miss Julie continues tempo prestissimo.)* And then we'll start a hotel — and I'll be at the desk, while Jean greets the guests... does the shopping... writes letters. - You have no idea what a life it'll be — the train whistles blowing and the carriages arriving and the bells ringing in the rooms and down in the

restaurant. - And I'll make out the bills — and I know how to salt them!... You'll never believe how timid travelers are when they have to pay their bills! – And you — you'll be in charge of the kitchen. - Naturally, you won't have to stand over the stove yourself. And since you're going to be seen by people, you'll have to wear beautiful clothes. And you, with your looks — no, I'm not flattering you — one fine day you'll grab yourself a husband! You'll see! A rich Englishman they're so easy to *(Slowing down.)* catch — and then we'll get rich - and build ourselves a villa on Lake Como. - It's true it rains there a little now and then, but - *(Dully.)* — the sun has to shine sometimes - although it looks dark — and then... of course we could always come back home again - *(Pause.)* here — or somewhere else -

KRISTINE: Listen, Miss Julie, do you believe all this?

JULIE *(crushed):* Do I believe it?

KRISTINE: Yes!

JULIE *(wearily):* I don't know. I don't believe in anything anymore. *(She sinks down on the bench and cradles her head in her arms on the table.)* Nothing! Nothing at all!

END

KRISTINE *(turning right to where Jean is standing):* So, you thought you'd run out!

JEAN *(embarrassed; puts the razor on the table):* Run out? That's no way to put it. You hear Miss Julie's plan, and even if she is tired after being up all night, it's still a practical plan.

KRISTINE: Now you listen to me! Did you think I'd work as a cook for that.

JEAN *(sharply):* You watch what you say in front of your mistress! Do you understand?

KRISTINE: Mistress!

JEAN: Yes!

KRISTINE: Listen to him! Listen to him!

JEAN: Yes, you listen! It'd do you good to listen more and talk less! Miss Julie is your mistress. If you despise her, you have to despise yourself for the same reason!

KRISTINE: I've always had enough self-respect

JEAN: To be able to despise other people!