

THE MOORS
by Jen Silverman

About the play (from the playwright):

Two sisters and a dog live out their lives on the bleak English moors, and dream of love and power. The arrival of a hapless governess and a moor-hen set all three on a strange and dangerous path. *The Moors* is a dark comedy about love, desperation, and visibility.

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HULDEY—Female, any, “the youngest sister”

About the scene:

HULDEY is the youngest sister, a would-be author, and is choking on her own invisibility. In this speech, Huldey reads from her diary. The interruption of the family dog provides her with an audience of one, in front of whom she briefly thrives . . . and then crashes.

HULDEY

Monday: I am very unhappy.

Tuesday: It is bleak here, and I am unhappy.

Wednesday: There was fog, and my digestive system was disagreeable, and I was greatly unhappy.

Thursday: I hate Agatha.

(The mastiff enters. He looks at Huldey.)

Go away. I’m reading my diary, and it is very very private, well if you insist, but just a little bit.

(She reads to him.)

Friday: There is nothing good in the world.

Saturday: I am very unhappy, and there is a driving rain on the moors, and today a governess arrived, and I think we shall be best friends, closer than sisters.

Sunday: There was sun, briefly, and it left, and I was unhappy, and Agatha will ruin the governess the way she always ruins everything.

Monday: I had a dream. There was a great hulking awful man, and he came into my bedchamber, and I said, “Go away! Go away!” and he did not go away. I was briefly happy.

(She looks at the mastiff. He looks back. No longer reading from the diary, a sort of free-style aria that becomes more and more urgent.)

Everybody always wants to know what I am thinking. It’s hard to be rather well-known. I wouldn’t say *famous*—but someone else might. Whenever I go to the village, everybody says, “There is the parson’s youngest daughter.” They say, “I wonder what exciting thing she is thinking today!” They say, “I hear she’s a famous writer.” And one doesn’t like to be talked about all the time, it makes one feel quite uncomfortable, so I say, “Oh stop, I’m just like you, there’s nothing special about me at all.” And they just *refuse* to believe me. They think I’m special. They think it’s so very evident, when they look at me, that I was destined for wonderful things, even if I can’t see those things myself, it’s so very evident to every last one of them.