

THE TURN OF THE SCREW  
original story by Henry James. Dramatised by Michael and Patricia Theodorou

CHARACTERS

DOUGLAS  
MR CHARLES GRIFFIN  
MRS GRIFFIN  
MRS BENSON  
HENRY JAMES  
CONSTANCE  
THE GUARDIAN  
THE GOVERNESS  
MRS GROSE  
FLORA - 12 years old  
MILES - 13 years old  
GHOST OF PETER QUINT  
GHOST OF MISS JESSELL  
LUKE, a manservant  
LUCY, a maid  
Two other maids

Though this can be done with quite a large cast, as above, many of the characters play a very small part. The Governess and Mrs Grose are the most important. The first 6 characters appear only at the beginning and the end. They are a group of friends at Christmas telling spooky stories. Douglas tells the ghost story that follows. It would stand as it is for a spooky Christmas play.

For exam purposes, one possibility is to cut the 6 characters who flank the main tale out entirely, to concentrate just on the tale itself. Or you could reduce it and double with other characters. The Ghosts do not speak, but could double with others. Flora has little to say and would need doubling with such as Constance in the beginning and end. Those flanking characters, for exam purposes, could be reduced to two or three and such words that are important divided among those characters or cut out. The Guardian has a fair size scene, but never appears again. The servants have little to do or say. Luke has the most to do of these.

Suggested doubling for exam purposes.

For a cast of 3F, 2M: DOUGLAS, MILES  
HENRY JAMES, THE GUARDIAN, LUKE  
CONSTANCE, FLORA  
THE GOVERNESS  
MRS GROSE

The ghosts can be performed by donning masks, so anyone can do this. Costume would have to age Douglas and make him quite different from Miles. I have had in youth groups over the years quite mature sounding and looking 13 year old boys.

For a cast of 3F, 3M: MILES would be a separate character and DOUGLAS would be paired with LUKE and the GHOST OF PETER QUINT. Here you could make more of the ghost, who even as a spectre can be characterised. Anyone can do the lesser ghost of Miss Jewell, as above. You could use more of the beginning and end sandwich scenes here, since there are 3 women and 3 men in these.

For a cast of 2F, 1M - scenes can easily be picked out to centre on the Governess and Mrs Grose, plus Miles.

By building up the scenes with Flora, where she dances, so that there is more physical work showing how Flora is interacting with an unseen ghost, it would be possible to do this with 3F, 1M

This makes the play a very versatile examination script.

The playwright's instruction is that the play, which uncut lasts about 80 minutes, should be done without an interval.

#### THE STORY:

The date is Christmas Eve 1900. A group of friends gather together to tell each other ghost stories.

The host, Douglas, tells the story of a young woman who obtains the post of Governess to two children, orphaned and, in addition, abandoned by their disinterested uncle. The children, Governess, a housekeeper - Mrs Grose - and a few servants, stay at the uncle's large country house in Essex, while that same uncle stays at his house in London.

We go back in time to 1857 and see how events unfold.

The Governess is charmed by her two handsome charges, though there is a mystery as to why Miles has been forbidden from returning to his school when the summer is over. Walking in the grounds, the Governess sees the figure of someone at the top of the tower. Who is he? Why is he there? Does he exist?

Eventually the Governess comes to believe that the children are under the influence, a malign influence, of two ghosts - that of the Uncle's former valet and of the Governess who our heroine has replaced. Will she be able to save them?

This is a creepy story with a twist in the ending. There is plenty of opportunity for spooky effects - a design/lighting/sound student's dream!

The setting must be simple as many locations are indicated - perhaps too many. These locations could be simplified further still. Keep props/ furnishings to a minimum - just enough to act as an indicator. The maids, or Luke and other members of the cast could set each scene with a quick simple set of moves. Think of ways the changes could be built in, and become part of the whole atmosphere. Perhaps the ghosts could change the settings, making things even more spooky!?

A constant feature of the set must be the gauze, and the lighting of it, to bring ghosts in and out of focus.

Though the author has separated the scenes, this would make for a rather bitty effect. I suggest that you find a way of running the scenes together, leaving out many but the most important blackouts. You could use movement, or make something of the servants, or whoever you are using to change the scenes and bring on necessary furnishings, in costume.

I strongly recommend that you get hold of a copy of Henry James's original when tackling this play. There are many subtleties in it. You need to decide how far the Governess is obsessed and deluded. What exactly has Miles got up to at school? James does not answer the questions raised by the story, but reading it may clarify your own feelings about it. And the fact that it is open to interpretation, makes it an interesting story.

## Extract 1

### SCENE ONE: Christmas Eve, 1900, Bramley Hall, Essex.

*Darkness. Distant strains of a Christmas carol. The lights come up on a flickering fire casting its red glow over the guests. All are in evening dress of the period.*

CHARLES GRIFFIN           Gruesome, I call it.  
MRS GRIFFIN               Well, it is Christmas Eve, Charles dear.  
CHARLES GRIFFIN         That's true. But that last story! The way he told it! Shocking! What do you think, Edward?  
REVEREND BENSON        Come, Charles. It is Christmas Eve, and we all know what happens on Christmas Eve. We tell ghost stories.  
MRS BENSON               And in an old house like this, Charles - a beautiful old house like Bramley, in the heart of the country - where else better for strange tales to be told?  
CONSTANCE               It did scare me rather, Henry. I had no idea you knew stories like that. Where did you first hear it?  
HENRY JAMES             Why, Constance, don't you remember? It was at the Palazzo Contarini last year - in Venice - at that reception given by the Whartons.  
CONSTANCE               I cannot remember it, Henry. If I had heard it I'm sure I wouldn't have forgotten. You have made it up!  
HENRY JAMES             I assure you, my dear Constance, I haven't made it up.  
MRS BENSON               And his mother saw the - thing - too, you say?  
HENRY JAMES             She saw it too. The child woke her up, and there it was at the foot of the bed. It didn't disappear, as they usually do, when someone else looks at it.... Well, what do you want? A story on Christmas Eve without a ghost?  
REVEREND BENSON        That would be no fun. You're a capital story teller, Henry. Capital!  
CONSTANCE               Really, Edward, you shouldn't encourage him. And you a man of the cloth!  
CHARLES GRIFFIN         How does the church stand on apparitions? Do you really believe in them?  
REVEREND BENSON        Well, I must confess it is an interesting case, but as to whether I believe ...  
MRS BENSON *excitedly*    I'm not sure if I believe or not. I've never seen a ghost, so far as I can recall. But I just love a good scare - don't you?  
DOUGLAS                 With regard to Henry's ghost, or whatever it was...  
HENRY JAMES             What do you mean, whatever it was? I assure you, dear Douglas, that it was a ghost. But it was certainly not *my* ghost.  
DOUGLAS                 I agree that its appearing to the little boy at so tender an age adds a particular poignancy, but it's not the only occurrence of its kind concerning a child.  
MRS GRIFFIN             Oh, so you have a tale to tell at last, have you? Douglas?  
DOUGLAS                 My dear Mrs Griffin. If one child causes such an effect - a turn of the screw, so to speak - what would you say to two children?  
HENRY JAMES             Two children? Well, I say we want to hear it.  
MRS GRIFFIN             I'm sure we all want to hear.  
MRS BENSON               I can feel the goosepimples on my neck beginning to rise! Do tell, Douglas.

### Extract 2

GUARDIAN           The death of the childrens' parents in India has left me with a heavy burden on my hands. I am no man for children. I am far too selfish for that. [**Silence.**] A lone man without the right sort of experience or a grain of patience. It has all been a great worry to me, I might add. I pity these poor chicks, but I have done all I can. I can do no more.

***He moves upstage of the desk and looks down on the Governess, who continues to sit facing upstage.***

I am quite selfish - I admit it. Why should I lie? [**Pause.**] I have sent them to my country house - Bly - the old family place in Essex.

I have an excellent woman there - Mrs Grose - who by good fortune has no children of her own. She is acting for the time as superintendent to the little girl and is extremely fond of her. But she is strictly below-stairs, a servant you understand, though a very loyal one. Nevertheless, a servant. You understand, do you not? You would have authority over her.

***The Governess nods.***

You would also have, in the holidays, to look after the boy, who is away at school. [**He sighs.**] You will proceed to Bly immediately. [**He smiles.**] If you accept the post.

But no doubt you will wish to know the salary first. There. It is written on this piece of paper.

***The Governess takes up the piece of paper.***

Is it enough?

***The Governess slowly nods.***

One thing I insist upon- I have not made a secret of my selfish motives - you must never, and I mean NEVER bother me, appeal, or complain, or write about anything to me. Do you understand? You meet all questions yourself. You receive all monies from my solicitor. You take the whole thing over and you leave me alone. [**Pause.**] Are these conditions acceptable to you?

***Pause. After some hesitation, the Governess nods affirmatively. The Guardian smiles.***

### Extract 3

MRS GROSE           I'm so pleased you like Flora, Miss.

GOVERNESS          Like her? I think she's the most wonderful child I've ever met. And I haven't even met Master Miles yet.

FLORA ***entering and running over to take the Governess's hand***   Come on, I'll show you the house.

MRS GROSE           Good Lord, child. Let her have some peace. She's not even had time to

change yet.

GOVERNESS It's all right, Mrs Grose. Strangely, I don't feel tired.

MRS GROSE Well, if you're sure, Miss.

FLORA Oh Mrs Grose... please!

MRS GROSE But when the governess says you should go to bed, you must go.

GOVERNESS Well, Flora?

FLORA Please let me show you the house. Please, oh, please! [*She looks at her pleadingly.*]

GOVERNESS Oh, all right then. Just tonight you may stay up a little longer. [*To Mrs Grose.*] She'll be fine, Mrs Grose. Leave her to me and she can go to bed later.

MRS GROSE All right. If that's your wish.

GOVERNESS *holding out her hand* Come then Flora. I am relying on you to show me the whole house. Show it to me step by step, room by room. All your secret places. I want to see it through your eyes.

#### Extract 4

GOVERNESS Mrs Grose, this is a letter from Miles's headmaster. Miles has been dismissed. What do you think that means?

MRS GROSE Dismissed? But *all* the children are being sent home, Miss - for the holidays.

GOVERNESS Yes, but only for the holidays. Miles must never return. They won't have him back at all.

MRS GROSE But what has he done?

*The Governess holds out the letter.  
Mrs Grose takes a step back.*

GOVERNESS I'm sorry, Miss. I can't read. I never learned. Has he been so very bad? They go into no particulars. They simply regret it would be impossible to keep him and they say ... [*Pause.*] ... that he is an injury to the other boys.

MRS GROSE *flaring up* Master Miles an injury to other boys! It's too dreadful - to say such cruel things about a child. Why, he's just thirteen years old.

GOVERNESS Yes, yes. It does seem incredible.

MRS GROSE See him first, Miss, and then judge for yourself.

GOVERNESS *bewildered* I make no judgement, Mrs Grose. How can I? I shall meet him tomorrow for the first time but you.... You know him. Have you ever known him to be bad?

MRS GROSE *hesitant* No, Miss.

GOVERNESS You don't sound too sure.

MRS GROSE Well, Miss, I can't pretend he's never done anything - wrong.

GOVERNESS Then you have known him to be bad.

MRS GROSE Yes, Miss, I have. [*Pause.*] Thank God!

GOVERNESS You mean?

MRS GROSE As my father used to say, a boy who is never bad is not a real boy.

GOVERNESS *smiling* You like them with spirit... So do I ... but not to the degree which would ... contaminate.

MRS GROSE Contaminate?

GOVERNESS           Corrupt. That's the word they use.  
MRS GROSE *laughs*   Oh no, Miss, surely not. Corrupt, you say?  
GOVERNESS           That's what the letter says.  
MRS GROSE           Do you think he might - corrupt - you then, Miss?

*Uneasy pause.*

GOVERNESS           Tell me about the governess who was here before me.  
MRS GROSE *still uneasy* Miss Jessel? She was very pretty too. Almost as young and pretty as yourself, Miss.  
GOVERNESS           It seems he likes us young and pretty.  
MRS GROSE           Oh, he did. It was the way he liked them! [*Stops and bites lip.*] I mean, of course, the Master - *he* likes women to be young and pretty.  
GOVERNESS           But to whom did you refer first?  
MRS GROSE           I beg pardon, Miss?  
GOVERNESS           To whom did you refer first?  
MRS GROSE           Why - to him.  
GOVERNESS           The Master?  
MRS GROSE           Who else?

**Extract 5**

*The Governess hurries in and meets Mrs Grose.*

GOVERNESS           Mrs Grose! Mrs Grose!  
MRS GROSE           Yes, Miss?  
GOVERNESS *hesitates* I've been walking in the grounds and ... I thought I saw a man on the old tower.  
MRS GROSE           A man?  
GOVERNESS           Yes. Does anybody live up there?  
MRS GROSE           Oh no, Miss. It's almost derelict. That tower's not fit for human habitation. Never has been, so far as I know.  
GOVERNESS           I saw him as clearly as I see you.  
MRS GROSE           What was he doing on the tower?  
GOVERNESS           Standing and looking down at me.  
MRS GROSE           Was he a - gentleman?  
GOVERNESS           No, no. I don't think so.  
MRS GROSE           Well, I can't think who it could be, Miss. None of the servants would ever venture up there. I'll ask Luke.  
GOVERNESS           No, please don't, Mrs Grose. I don't want to alarm the household.  
MRS GROSE           Well - if it's some vagrant, Miss, we'll have to send for the constable. I'll ask Luke to go up there and have a look. Just to check.  
GOVERNESS *suddenly* Where are the children?  
MRS GROSE           In bed, Miss. Where else would they be?  
GOVERNESS           Of course. It's late. I had no idea it was so late. What time is it?  
MRS GROSE           It must be gone nine o'clock. I was about to turn in when you called.  
GOVERNESS           Please don't disturb yourself any more. Do go to bed.  
MRS GROSE           I think I ought to have a word with Luke.  
GOVERNESS           Leave it till the morning. I may have been tired myself. I may have ... imagined it. [*She touches her forehead.*]

MRS GROSE You seemed pretty certain when you came in.  
GOVERNESS I was, but ... it may have been the evening light ... or a shadow.  
MRS GROSE Well, there are plenty of shadows in the evening. So many trees in that park. ...And there's no way into that tower. Unless you can fly.  
GOVERNESS *smiling* Perhaps that's it. Somebody flew into the tower.  
MRS GROSE You scared me, Miss. Are you sure you're all right?  
GOVERNESS Yes. I'm fine, Mrs Grose. Now. I think I've just been out in the sun too long. I'll go to bed. After I've looked in on the children.  
MRS GROSE It's all right, Miss. I saw them just now as I passed their rooms. Like a couple of angels they were. Fast asleep. A couple of angels.

***Blackout.***

### **Scene 12 Flora's bedroom**

***Darkness.***

***The ticking of a clock. The sound of the musical box.***

***A faint eerie light picks out Flora in her ballet dress, dancing to the tune.***

FLORA *drowsily* Je danse pour vous, Madame. Je danse pour vous.

***Fade to blackout as the music comes to an end and Flora stops and bows.***

### ***Extract 6***

Go to church, Mrs Grose. I think I ought to stay here and watch. In case he comes back.  
MRS GROSE What did he look like?  
GOVERNESS He was like nobody. Nobody I know anyway. A pale face, long in shape, and straight well-proportioned features. His eyebrows were dark and particularly arched. His eyes were strange - sharp and very fixed. His mouth was wide, with cruel, thin lips. He was quite clean shaven. And wore no hat.  
MRS GROSE You say he was handsome?  
GOVERNESS I suppose he was.  
MRS GROSE And how was he dressed?  
GOVERNESS Smartly, but his clothes were ill-fitting..  
MRS GROSE *groans* The Master's clothes!  
GOVERNESS You know him?  
MRS GROSE *hesitates and then cries out* Quint! Peter Quint! The Master's valet. He never wore a hat, but he did wear ... well, there were waistcoats missing from the Master's closet. Both he and the Master were here together for a while. Then the Master had to go away and Quint was left alone with us. In charge of us.  
GOVERNESS What became of him?

***Long pause.***

MRS GROSE He went away too.

GOVERNESS Went where?  
MRS GROSE God knows where. He died.  
GOVERNESS Died?  
MRS GROSE Yes, Miss. Mr Quint's dead.

**Blackout.**

**Scene 15. The sitting-room. Later the same evening.**

*In the darkness we hear the whispering and quiet laughter of two children.  
The lights come up slowly on Mrs Grose at the gauze window and the Governess seated at the table.*

MRS GROSE *turning* You think he was looking for someone?  
GOVERNESS He was looking for Miles.  
MRS GROSE But how can you know that?  
GOVERNESS I know! I know! And you know, too - don't you?  
MRS GROSE No. I don't know.  
GOVERNESS Miles! That's who he wants.  
MRS GROSE No! Heaven forbid!  
GOVERNESS Does it not strike you as odd that neither of the children have ever mentioned him?

**Silence.**

It is odd, you must admit. Never the least reference to him and you told me they were great friends.  
MRS GROSE Yes, but Quint was ...  
GOVERNESS Was what?  
MRS GROSE He was much too free with them.  
GOVERNESS Free in what sense?  
MRS GROSE *turning away* I can't say, Miss. [*She begins to exit.*]  
GOVERNESS Wait! I have it from you, then - and this is of the greatest importance - that Quint was ... an influence?

**Extract 7**

GOVERNESS *quietly* They know. They know! It's too horrible! Monstrous! They know. [*She grabs Mrs Grose's arm.*]  
MRS GROSE *wildly* What do they know?  
GOVERNESS All that we know. Two hours ago... in the garden ... by the lake... Flora saw!  
MRS GROSE She told you?  
GOVERNESS Not a word. That's the horror. She said nothing; she kept it to herself.  
MRS GROSE Then how do you know she saw anything?  
GOVERNESS I was there. I saw her. She was perfectly aware.  
MRS GROSE Of him?  
GOVERNESS No! Of her! The other one. A woman, dressed in black, pale and dreadful - with such a face! On the other side of the lake. I was there, with Flora. We had been sketching quietly for an hour - and then... she came.  
MRS GROSE Came from where? And how?



GOVERNESS Wherever they come from. She just appeared and stood there by the lake.  
MRS GROSE Without coming nearer?  
GOVERNESS She may as well have been as close as you are, the effect she had.  
MRS GROSE Was she someone you'd seen before?  
GOVERNESS Never. But the child had. Someone you know. My predecessor, I imagine.  
MRS GROSE *aghast* Miss Jessell?  
GOVERNESS You don't believe me?  
MRS GROSE How can you be sure?  
GOVERNESS Ask Flora. She's sure. [**Stops.**] No. Don't ask her. She'll only lie.  
MRS GROSE How can you say such a thing, Miss?  
GOVERNESS Because it's clear in my mind. Flora doesn't want me to know.  
MRS GROSE Then perhaps it's because she wants to spare you.  
GOVERNESS There are such depths. The more I go over it, the more I see - and the more I fear.  
MRS GROSE You mean, you're scared of seeing her again.  
GOVERNESS No. That's nothing. I'm scared that the child may keep it up. See her - and she will - without my knowing.  
MRS GROSE *crumpling* We must keep our heads. We must remember Flora's innocence. We must cling to that. As for Miss Jessell - the woman is an abomination.  
GOVERNESS Yes. An abomination. That's exactly right. She never gave me a glance. She was fixed on the child, and with such awful eyes. With a determination, an indescribable fury of intention ... to get hold of her.

### Extract 8

*The Governess is standing behind the desk.  
Miles is sitting.*

GOVERNESS *sternly* I have asked Flora to step outside because I want to speak to you alone.  
MILES *archly* Oh?... Why?  
GOVERNESS You know why, Miles. What were you doing out on the lawn late last night?  
It's no good denying it. Flora told me she saw you.  
MILES *after a pause* If I tell you, will you understand?  
GOVERNESS I don't know. You'll have to try me.  
MILES It's exactly in order that you should do that.  
GOVERNESS What do you mean?  
MILES *smiling* Why - so you should think me bad, of course. For a change.  
GOVERNESS Tell me exactly what you did.  
MILES I sat up and read, and at midnight I went down into the garden.  
GOVERNESS And exactly how long were you out there?  
MILES A long time. A very long time.  
GOVERNESS Catching your death in the night air!  
MILES *taking her hand* Don't be so concerned, my dear. I can take care of myself.  
GOVERNESS Miles, did you see anyone when you were out on the lawn?  
MILES *taking his hand away* See? Whom should I see?  
GOVERNESS Anyone at all.  
MILES Of course not. I saw Flora at the window. But she knew about it; I arranged it with her. How else could I have made myself appear bad enough?  
GOVERNESS Are you not frightened I might tell your uncle?

MILES Oh, he doesn't care about us.  
GOVERNESS But I do, Miles. I want to help you. Tell me why you really went out?  
MILES I've told you.  
GOVERNESS I know you're not telling me the truth. Please, Miles. I want to help you - but you have to trust me. Who did you see? [**Pause.**] Whom did you want to meet out there?

**Pause. Miles moves away, turns slowly.**

MILES *in a strange voice* Why, you, of course. Who else?

**Blackout.**

### **Extract 9**

**Lights come up on the Governess talking to Mrs Grose.**

MRS GROSE Do you mean she spoke?  
GOVERNESS Yes.  
MRS GROSE *stupified* What did she say?  
GOVERNESS That she suffers the tortures of the damned, and she wants to share them. [**Pause.**] She wants Flora. That's why I've made up my mind to send for their uncle.  
MRS GROSE Oh, Miss. For pity's sake, do!  
GOVERNESS It's the only way. If I need a reason, it will be the letter from his school.  
MRS GROSE You'll show that to the master?  
GOVERNESS I should have done so before. I'll put it to him that I can't undertake to work with a child who has been expelled.  
MRS GROSE We've never known what for.  
GOVERNESS It can only be for some wickedness. What else can it be, when he's so clever and perfect? Is he stupid? Is he untidy? Is he ill-natured? No, to all of these. It can only be ... some wickedness. After all, it's their uncle's fault, for leaving such people in charge.  
MRS GROSE He didn't really know them. The fault's mine.  
GOVERNESS Why blame yourself?  
MRS GROSE The children mustn't suffer.  
GOVERNESS Then what am I to tell him?  
MRS GROSE You needn't tell him anything. I will.  
GOVERNESS How can you? In what way can you communicate with him?  
MRS GROSE I'll tell the bailiff. He'll write it for me.  
GOVERNESS And would you really like him to tell our story?  
MRS GROSE *crushed* No, Miss. You will have to write after all.

**Fade to blackout.**

*Extract 10*

*Piano music. Music stops as the lights go up.  
Miles is sitting as if he's just finished playing.*

MILES *suddenly* What are you up to, my dear?  
GOVERNESS *entering with a candle* How did you know I was outside?  
MILES I heard you, of course! Did you fancy you made no sound? You're like a troop of cavalry! [*He laughs.*]  
GOVERNESS Can't you sleep?  
MILES No. I lie awake and think.  
GOVERNESS What about?  
MILES Why - you, of course.  
GOVERNESS I'm flattered. But I'd much rather you slept.  
MILES You see, I keep thinking about - you know - this strange business.  
GOVERNESS What strange business is that, Miles?  
MILES The way you bring me up. And all the rest of it.  
GOVERNESS What do you mean by all the rest of it?  
MILES Oh, you know. ... You know.  
GOVERNESS Certainly you shan't go back to school if that is what troubles you. Not to the old place, anyway. We must find you another school. A better school. [*Pause.*] You do know that you've still not said a word to me about what happened at your old school.  
MILES Haven't I?  
GOVERNESS No. Never. You've never mentioned to me any of your masters, or your comrades. Not the least little thing that ever happened to you there. Until this morning, you never even made a reference to your previous life. You seemed to perfectly accept the present - what is happening to you now. Here. I thought you must want to go on the way you are.  
MILES *sounding tired* I don't. I don't. I want to get away.  
GOVERNESS Are you tired of Bly?  
MILES No. I like Bly..  
GOVERNESS Well then?  
MILES Oh, you know ... I just want a normal life. Like other chaps.  
GOVERNESS Do you want to go to your uncles? If your uncle comes down, you must understand that we will settle everything completely and you may be sure, you will be taken away.  
MILES *with exultation* Don't you understand - that's exactly what I want? What I've been working for? You'll have to tell him. Tell him everything.  
GOVERNESS It'll have to be you that tells him. There are things you've never told me. Things he will ask about. He'll have to know why you can't return to your school.  
MILES *desperately* I don't want to go back there.  
GOVERNESS *embracing him* Poor dear Miles. Are you sure there is nothing at all you want to tell me?  
MILES I told you. I told you this morning. To let me alone.  
GOVERNESS I've just begun a letter to your uncle. Tell me what happened before.  
MILES Before what?  
GOVERNESS Before the school sent you home. What happened?

*Miles says nothing.*

*The Governess drops to her knees beside him.*

GOVERNESS        Dear Miles. If you only knew how much I want to help you. I'd rather die than give you pain or hurt a hair of your head. I just want you to help me save you.

*The candle gets blown out.*

GOVERNESS        The candle's gone out!

MILES *menacingly* It was I who blew it out, my dear.