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THEODORA – Have you seen this? It's unbelievable. Dr. Montague says it's a scrapbook that Hugh Crain put together for his daughters – for their education and enlightenment, of all things. Come on, sit down and put your mind on someone else's troubles. Lesson one – humility. Illustrated by a delightful Goya etching of some poor things being disemboweled.

ELEANOR – It's awful.

THEODORA – But there's more. An inscription by Hugh Crain himself. "Honor thy father and thy mother, upon whom a heavy charge has been laid, that they lead their children in innocence and righteousness along the fearful narrow path to everlasting bliss." He should have added, "or else."

ELEANOR – Poor kids.

THEODORA – Next comes hell. Don't look if you're squeamish.

ELEANOR – I think I'll skip hell.

THEODORA – You're wise. The illustration is one of the less attractive deaths, with some words of wisdom about agony and screaming and undying pain.

ELEANOR – He probably read it aloud every night at bed time.

THEODORA – And now, the seven deadly sins. Looks like the old boy drew these himself.

ELEANOR – He really put his heart into gluttony. I'm not sure I'll ever be hungry again.

THEODORA – Wait till lust. He really outdid himself. Here.

ELEANOR – Good heavens! For children?

THEODORA – Their very own scrapbook. The last page is the nicest, I think. He signed it in his own blood. Want to see it?

ELEANOR – No thank you.

THEODORA – No? Something about sacred pacts being written in blood, and instructions to his daughters about living virtuously and being preserved from the pitfalls of this world.

ELEANOR – But they must have been very small when their father left Hill House. The girls, I mean. Maybe he never read it to them.

THEODORA – Oh, but I'm sure he did. Leaning over their cradles, and spitting out the words so they would take root in their little minds. Hugh Crain, you were a dirty old man, and you made a dirty old house. If you can still hear me from anywhere, I would like to tell you to your face that I genuinely hope you will spend eternity in that foul, horrible hell you pictured so accurately for your children. And may you never stop burning for a minute.

ELEANOR – Stop! ...Do you hear it...?