

MR. WHITE. Jenny! For God's sake! What's the matter?

MRS. WHITE (*with dreadful eagerness.*) The paw! The monkey's paw!

MR. WHITE (*bewildered.*) Where? Where is it? What's wrong with it?

MRS. WHITE. I want it! You haven't done away with it?

MR. WHITE. I haven't seen it—since—why?

MRS. WHITE. I want it! Find it! Find it!

MR. WHITE (*groping on the mantelpiece.*) Here! Here it is! What do you want of it? (*He leaves it there.*)

MRS. WHITE. Why didn't I think of it? Why didn't *you* think of it?

MR. WHITE. Think of what?

MRS. WHITE. The *other two* wishes!

MR. WHITE (*with horror.*) What?

MRS. WHITE. We've only had one.

MR. WHITE (*tragically.*) Wasn't that enough?

MRS. WHITE. No! We'll have one more.

(WHITE crosses to R.C. MRS. WHITE takes the paw and follows him.)

Take it. Take it quickly. And wish——

MR. WHITE (*avoiding the paw.*) Wish what?

MRS. WHITE. Oh, John! John! Wish our boy alive again!

MR. WHITE. Good God! Are you mad?

MRS. WHITE. Take it. Take it and wish. (*With a paroxysm of grief.*) Oh, my boy! My boy!

MR. WHITE. Get to bed. Get to sleep. You don't know what you're saying.

MRS. WHITE. We had the first wish granted—why not the second?

MR. WHITE (*hushed.*) He's been dead ten days, and—Jenny! Jenny! I only knew him by his clothing—if you wasn't allowed to see him then—how could you bear to see him *now*?

MRS. WHITE. I don't care. Bring him back.