

PROLOGUE

RUDYARD

Honey, honey .

AURORA

What?

RUDYARD

Honey, it's not good for you to check on the baby every five minutes and imagine one terrible thing after another.

AURORA

I know, I know

(AURORA enters and crosses to the crib, standing a few feet away from it. RUDYARD stands silhouetted in the doorway)

RUDYARD

This is how it starts. Here we go, again.

(AURORA takes a step closer to the crib)

AURORA

Rudyard...she's not breathing

RUDYARD

Honey, she's sleepin'. The baby's sleepin'.

AURORA

No, Rudyard...it's crib death.

RUDYARD

It's sleep. She's asleep, honey .

(AURORA pays no heed and crosses to the crib)

Honey, the baby's asleep.

RUDYARD

(AURORA hikes up her skirt and puts one foot into the crib to better examine the child. She nudges the infant)

I'll just see....Emma! Emma!

AURORA

(Just then the baby begins wailing.
AURORA climbs out of the crib)

Oh good...that's better.

AURORA

(AURORA exits, without a thought of pacifying the crying baby.)