

Bertha + Caleb #1

BERTHA

I hear the rain.

CALEB

It's warmer today. Yesterday, there was snow. Maybe sunshine on Christmas?

BERTHA

Did you go out in the rain in your fancy new coat?

CALEB

Taking off his old, shabby, torn, wet coat, and hanging it up.

I did. But it's waterproof.

His right shoulder is wet, because that's where the coat is torn.

BERTHA

I'm glad you bought it.

CALEB

Me, too. And from a fashionable tailor, too. I think it's too good for me.

BERTHA

Nothing is too good for you, father. It's – blue, isn't it?

CALEB

Bright blue.

BERTHA

The color of the outside on a day with no rain. Did Mr. Tackleton liked your new dog, father?

CALEB

The figurine? He loved it. He said it's as near the real thing as a dozen of halfpence is to a sixpence.

BERTHA

He's so kind to us.

CALEB

He is.

BERTHA

I am never tired of you telling me of him, father. I know he does not like being thanked and tries to hide his kindness – but I know he is noble.

CALEB

Yes. He is.

BERTHA

You are speaking softly. Are you tired, father?

CALEB

Tired?! Of what?! I'm never tired. What does it mean?!

Hums; he'd have a good singing voice if he ever truly sang.

Thou sparkling bowl! Thou sparkling bowl! Though lips of bards thy brim may press – and eyes of beauty o'er // thee roll –