

Part Four

Heathcliff *appears like a ringmaster. He has a whip.*

Heathcliff

Are you still hungry?

Do you want more?

Do you want warmth and softness?

Forgiveness and resolve?

The Moor

Well what did you expect?

This man was found in loss,

Grown in hate

And hardened in revenge.

If you want Romance? Go to Cornwall.

If you want hope, look to the stars.

This is harsh harvest of hatred.

Well what did you expect?

Love?

There is no love here.

The Moor *welcomes Catherine into their number. They crown her with a bracken crown.*

Catherine's Ghost and The Moor

Love.

There is no love here.

The Moor *turns away.*

Dr Kenneth *wipes blood from his hands and packs up his things.*

He is like a clown at the circus.

Dr Kenneth Being a doctor, love is rather at the bottom of my list of priorities. I prefer to divert myself with things like life . . . and death. Of which there seems to be an increasing amount of these days. I used to be good at my job. Not the best, but I was adequate for a small Yorkshire town. But something's happened. Life seems to be slipping through

my fingers at the moment. No sooner have I crossed the Moor to one sweaty deathbed, I'm called to another.

You'd think you'd get used to it – but now, they seem to be getting younger. Or am I getting older? I get confused. Frances Earnshaw, deceased. Catherine Linton, deceased. Hindley Earnshaw, deceased, and so many wretched others. And now I hear that poor Isabella Heathcliff has lost her grip, deceased. She lived a dozen years after leaving her husband and she brought up her child Little Linton with no help from Heathcliff – but she could hold on no longer. Her family are of a delicate constitution though. She and her brother, Edgar, both lack the ruddy health that is required in these parts. What her last illness was, I am not certain: a kind of fever, slow at its commencement, and rapidly consuming life towards the close. Totally incurable and there's nothing I could have done. Nothing! And why? Why do these things happen? Who decides who lives or dies? What's the point of it all? What does it all mean?

I'm so sorry. I haven't got time for this. I've got to get to work, I best go and tell Mr Edgar the dreadful news about his sister. Soon he will not only have young Mistress Cathy, born of Catherine Linton, deceased, to take care of but also his nephew, Little Linton Heathcliff, son of Isabella Heathcliff, deceased. I fear Little Linton, son of Isabella Heathcliff, deceased, has his mother's weak disposition and I might not be able to tether him to this earth for long. At least in Miss Cathy, born of Catherine Linton, deceased, we have one from a good hardy stock. Let's hope that she lasts the course. Let's keep everything crossed.

He crosses his fingers and legs.

Edgar *appears.*

Edgar Crossing one's fingers doesn't feel like the cutting edge of medical science, but I will happily join you if it is the best chance of receiving good tidings.

Dr Kenneth I have news of your sister and nephew. Shall we go somewhere private?

Edgar Oh Lord.

They exit. Dr Kenneth still has his fingers crossed.

The Leader Death falls like a blanket of frost, but, like snowdrops in the February ground, fresh shoots push through.

Young Cathy emerges from within their ranks.

Young Cathy My name's Cathy. Cathy Linton. What are we doing today?

The Leader She was a miracle of a child. A wonder of warmth and curiosity but by the age of thirteen she had not once been beyond the range of her father's land by herself. Mr Linton would take her with him a mile or so outside; but he trusted her to no one else. Wuthering Heights and Mr Heathcliff did not exist for her: she was a perfect recluse . . .

Young Cathy I want to go out! I want to go out!

The Moor Ha!

Young Cathy I wonder what lies on the other side? Is it the sea?

The Leader No, Miss Cathy. It is hills again, just like these.

Young Cathy And what are those golden rocks over there? And why are they bright so long after it is evening here?

The Leader Because they are a great deal higher up than we are. In summer I have found snow under that black hollow on the north-east side!

Young Cathy Can I go?

Edgar appears. He seems sad and distracted.

Edgar They are not worth the trouble, my dear. Thrushcross Grange is the finest place in the world.

Young Cathy (*jumping on him*) Pappa! Let me go and find the summer snow! I know every inch and corner of Thrushcross Grange.

Edgar Hush, hush.

Young Cathy Pappa! I want to see the frozen rock!

Edgar Not now, love, not now. I have news.

Young Cathy News?

Edgar Your Aunt Isabella has died and your cousin, Linton needs us to give him a home. I am leaving for London to collect the poor boy. Do you understand?

Young Cathy I understand, Pappa, and will treat him as kindly as I would treat a puppy.

Edgar Good girl.

Young Cathy Pappa?

Edgar Yes?

Young Cathy Whilst you are gone, might I venture out to the fairy cave?

The Leader The road to the fairy cave wound close to Wuthering Heights.

Edgar No. You may not. Not yet, love: not yet.

Edgar puts on his coat and exits.

Young Cathy looks cheekily at **The Moor** and makes a run for it, slipping through their grasp like soap in bath.

The Moor

Ha!

We shouldn't smile, but see how she strays from the path!

Look as she slips from our grasp

Like soap in a hot deep bath.

Oil!

Watch it!

I said watch it wild one!

Ha!

We shouldn't laugh but this is something we don't often see. This is something rare and wild. Like juniper and bog rosemary.

They give chase and catch up with her far away from The Grange. She throws off her cardigan with abandon and breathless joy.

Young Cathy Have you ever been to such a wild and exciting place before?

The Leader Stop this gallivanting and let's get ourselves home.

Young Cathy Make me!

The Leader You are a cunning little fox.

Young Cathy I am almost a woman!

The Leader You are thirteen years old! You are a baby.

Young Cathy Ever seen a baby run as fast as this?

The Moor

Ha!

We shouldn't smile, but see how she strays from the path!

Look as she slips from our grasp

Like soap in a hot deep bath.

She runs away and finds herself not only outside Wuthering Heights, but also face to face with Hareton. Now eighteen, he is a rough and fine-looking fellow.

The Leader Hareton Earnshaw. Last seen trying to rouse the boozy corpse of his broken father. Look at him now! Eighteen, angry and rough as the crags that surround him.

Young Cathy Hello.

Hareton Hello.

Young Cathy Do you live here?

Hareton I do.

Young Cathy Is it your house?

Hareton It is our house.

Young Cathy Good. I am parched from all this running. If you invite me in, I might quench my thirst.

Hareton Might you?

Young Cathy Is this your father's house?

Hareton Nay.

Young Cathy Whose then?

Hareton looks down.

Are you a servant? Does this house belong to your master?

The Leader Hold your tongue!

Young Cathy I will not! When you said 'our house' I assumed you were the owner's son.

The Leader Miss!

Young Cathy Miss! You never called me 'Miss' which you should have done if you are a servant!

The Leader Shhh!

Hareton glances.

Young Cathy If you are a servant, get your horse. I want to see where the goblin-hunter rises in the marsh. What's the matter, boy? Get your horse, I say.

Hareton I'll see thee damned before I'll be thy servant!

Young Cathy How dare you speak to me like that?

The Leader Softly! Softly! Mr Hareton is not a servant, he is not the master's son. Mr Hareton is your cousin.

Young Cathy My cousin!

The Leader Yes.

Young Cathy My cousin is a gentleman's son. Papa has gone to fetch my cousin from London. To bring him home. This rude man is not my cousin!

The Leader People can have many cousins without being any the worse for it.

Edgar *arrives back at Thrushcross Grange with Little Linton. He carries him in his arms, wrapped in a blanket. Little Linton whimpers.*

Edgar Now, Cathy, your cousin is not as strong or as merry as you are.

Remember, he has just lost his mother, so don't expect him to play and run about with you immediately.

Young Cathy *(trying to see beneath the blanket)* Hello Linton.

Little Linton *(pulling the blanket over his face)* Go away!

Edgar And don't harass him by talking too much. Let him be quiet this evening; at least, will you?

Young Cathy Yes, yes, papa. But I do want to see his face. He hasn't looked out once.

Edgar *puts the sleeper down and releases the blanket.*

Edgar Little Linton, this is your cousin Cathy. Cathy, this is your cousin Little Linton.

Young Cathy *smiles. Little Linton grimaces and whimpers.*

Don't cry, boy. Cathy is fond of you already and she doesn't want to hear you weeping.

Young Cathy I do not.

Little Linton *gasps with grief.*

Little Linton Let me go to bed, then.

Young Cathy You cannot go to bed yet! We have so much to talk about.

He begins to cry afresh.

Little Linton I can't sit on this chair. It is too hard.

Young Cathy Go to the sofa, then.

Little Linton *slowly trails himself off and lays down on a sofa.*

Young Cathy *pets her cousin, stroking his curls and kissing his cheek. She sings him to sleep.*

Young Cathy

All hushed and still within the house,
Without – all wind and driving rain;
But something whispers in my mind,
Through rain and through the wailing wind.

Edgar I think he'll do very well here. The company of a child of his own age will instil new spirit into him. Yes. He'll do very well here.

There is a loud knock at the door. Edgar opens the door to Hareton.

Hareton Heathcliff has sent me for his son.

Edgar He is staying with us. Go away!

He tries to close the door but Hareton, strong, stops it.

Hareton I said, Heathcliff has sent me for his son.

Edgar Tell Mr Heathcliff that his son shall come to Wuthering Heights tomorrow. He is too tired to go the distance now.

Hareton I will say it one more time, Heathcliff has sent me for his son!

Hareton *stands firm.*

The cock crows.

Edgar Very well.

The Leader You are letting him go?

Edgar What else can I do? I have no influence over his destiny now; do I? Do I?

The Leader You do not.

Edgar Say nothing to Cathy: The last thing I want is for her to try to visit him at the Heights. I will tell her his father sent for him suddenly, and he has been obliged to leave us.

Take him. Now!

Little Linton *is very reluctant to be roused.*

The Leader Wake up little whitebeam. You must go to your father and try to love him.

Little Linton My father! Mamma never told me I had a father. Why didn't Mamma and he live together, as other people do? And why didn't Mamma speak to me about him?

The Leader *(carrying him to Wuthering Heights)* Make haste!

Little Linton Is she to go with us? The girl I saw yesterday?

The Leader No.

Little Linton Is Uncle?

The Leader No.

Little Linton Is my father as young, handsome and attentive as Uncle?

The Leader He's as young, and handsome, but attentive is not a word I would use to describe Heathcliff.

Little Linton I cannot fancy him then. I need to be surrounded by attentive people if I am to thrive.

The Leader Really little White Admiral? Really?

Little Linton Am I like my father?

The Leader No. You are not like him at all.

Little Linton *is delivered to Heathcliff and Wuthering Heights by The Moor. He is deposited like a white chrysalis at Heathcliff's feet.*

Heathcliff Hello. I feared I should have to come down and fetch my property myself if you didn't arrive soon. Let me see.

Heathcliff examines Little Linton.

Gods! Have they reared it on snails and sour milk? It's worse than I expected!

Little Linton *runs back into the arms of The Moor and clings to them, but they push him away and back to his father.*

Come hither, son.

Little Linton *weeps.*

Tut, tut!

Heathcliff *stretches out a hand and drags him roughly between his knees, and then holds up his head by the chin.*

None of that nonsense! Thou art thy mother's child, Little Linton! Where is my share in thee, thou whimpering chicken?

He takes off the boy's cap and pushes back his thick flaxen blond curls, feels his slender arms and his small fingers. During the examination Little Linton stops crying and lifts his great blue eyes to inspect the inspector:

Do you know me?

Little Linton No.

Heathcliff You've heard of me, I daresay?

Little Linton No.

Heathcliff No? Your mother was a wicked slut to leave you in ignorance of the father you possessed.

The Leader Be kind, Heathcliff. He's the only family you have.

Heathcliff I'll be very kind to him! My son is the prospective owner of Thrushcross Grange, and I do not wish him to die until I am certain of inheriting the place. I'm bitterly disappointed with the whey-faced, whining wretch, but now that I own Wuthering Heights the thought of possessing The Grange is sufficient to make me endure him.

Little Linton Don't leave me! I'll not stay here! I'll not stay here!

Heathcliff *closes the door and The Moor leaves the shouting child behind.*

The wind rages and years pass.

The Moor

We're a bit confused,
what's going on?

What the bloody hell is happening?

The Leader Three years just slipped by!

The Moor Oh, you should have said.

Young Cathy *is now sixteen. She bashes the ground and a chaos of grouse fly around her in a panic.*

Young Cathy I am sixteen now!

The Leader Miss Cathy! What are you doing out here?

Young Cathy I can roam where I please.

The Leader *(under her breath)* As long as Mr Linton doesn't find out.

Young Cathy What did you say?

The Leader Nothing.

She bashes the ground again and more grouse fly in a flutter.
Heathcliff and Hareton appear.

Heathcliff What are you doing? Plundering my nests?

Young Cathy Papa told me there were hundreds up here, and I wished to see the eggs.

Heathcliff And who is Papa?

Young Cathy Mr Edgar Linton of Thrushcross Grange. And who are you?

Heathcliff I am Heathcliff. And the owner of Wuthering Heights.

Young Cathy *(looking at Hareton)* I've seen him before. Is he your son?

Heathcliff No, this man is not my son, but I have a son, and you have seen him before too. Will you come into my house? You shall receive a kind welcome.

Young Cathy *goes towards the Heights but The Moor pulls Heathcliff back.*

The Leader What's your plan, Heathcliff?

Heathcliff My plan is that the two cousins will fall in love, and get married.

The Leader But why?

Heathcliff I am not content to own only Wuthering Heights. I will also be master of the Grange.

He goes into the Heights where Young Cathy is face to face again with Little Linton.

Young Cathy What! Is that Little Linton?

Heathcliff Yes, he is Little Linton. He is my son, your cousin and sixteen – just like you.

Young Cathy *(to Heathcliff)* You are my uncle, then! I thought I liked you – though you were a little cross at first. Why don't you visit us at the Grange with Linton? To live all these years such close neighbours, and never see us, is odd!

Heathcliff I visited it before you were born.

Young Cathy *throws her arms around Heathcliff and kisses him. He pushes her away.*

If you have any affection to spare, give it to Little Linton: it is wasted on me.

She sits with Little Linton.

You must not mention coming here to your Papa, unless you do not want to see your cousin again.

Young Cathy Why? Did you and Papa quarrel?

Heathcliff He thought me too poor to marry his sister and was shocked that I married her nonetheless: his pride was hurt, and he'll never forgive it.

Young Cathy Well. If I may not come here, then Linton must come to The Grange!

Little Linton Me? Come to the Grange? How?

Young Cathy You can walk.

Little Linton It will be too far for me.

Young Cathy It's only four miles.

Little Linton To walk four miles would kill me.

Heathcliff *(to The Moor)* Oh, the frustrating rapid thing! He's so absorbed in drying his feet that he never looks at her . . . Little Linton!

Little Linton Yes, father?

Heathcliff *(to Little Linton)* Have you nothing to show your cousin? A rabbit or a weasel's nest? Take her into the garden, before you change your shoes.

Little Linton *(reluctant to move)* Wouldn't you rather sit here?

Young Cathy *(casting a longing look to the door, eager to be active)* Maybe . . .

Hareton *takes off his shirt and washes himself.*

How is he my cousin?

Heathcliff He is your mother's nephew. Ah! I see. You're the favourite among us, Hareton! You take her round the farm and mind you behave like a gentleman!

Hareton and **Young Cathy** *walk into the garden. He keeps his eyes low, she sneaks a peep at his handsome face.*

(To the audience.) I take pleasure in Hareton. Hareton is gold put to the use of paving-stones, whilst Linton is tin polished to imitate silver. If Hareton were born a fool I should not enjoy him so much. But he's no fool. And, having felt all the feelings he feels, I can sympathise with the creature. I know what he suffers and know that this is only the beginning of his suffering. I've broken him faster than his scoundrel of a father broken me. And brought him lower – for he takes a pride in his brutishness, pride in his disdain. I have taught him to scorn everything. I take pleasure in Hareton. But Little Linton. My own flesh and blood . . . Yields me nothing but loathing.

He pulls Little Linton by his arm.

Get up, you idle boy! Go after them!

Little Linton *gathers his energies, and leaves the hearth. He is slow so slow! Young Cathy looks at the inscription over the door. 'Believe in love and joy' 1847.*

Young Cathy Look at that! Hareton, what is the meaning of the words over the door?

Hareton I don't know. I cannot read it.

Young Cathy What do you mean you can't read it?

Little Linton *joins them and giggles, the first show of humour he has exhibited.*

Little Linton He does not know his letters! Could you believe in the existence of such a colossal dunce?

Young Cathy Is there something the matter with him?

Little Linton There's nothing the matter but laziness is there, Hareton Earnshaw?

Hareton If you weren't more of a lass than a lad, I'd fell thee this minute!

Little Linton Catherine, come. We can have a nice biscuit.

Young Cathy helps Little Linton to run away from Hareton and she embraces him.

Young Cathy I will return. I promise I will be back tomorrow! And every day. My dear Linton.

She leaves.

Back at The Grange. Edgar is clearly unwell. Dr Kenneth is examining him.

Young Cathy Papa! I really am extremely angry with you – only I'm also so pleased that I can't hide it! My cousin, Little Linton, is but a few miles away and you knew it.

Why did you deceive me? Is it because you disliked Mr Heathcliff? If so I...

Edgar It is not because I disliked Mr Heathcliff, but because Mr Heathcliff is a most diabolical man, delighting to ruin those he hates.

Dr Kenneth Try not to exert yourself sir.

Young Cathy But Mr Heathcliff was quite cordial, Papa, and he didn't object to our seeing each other.

Edgar No.

Young Cathy Yes! He said I might come to his house when I pleased; only I must not tell you, because you had

quarreled with him, and would not forgive him for marrying Aunt Isabella.

Edgar No.

Dr Kenneth Please, sir . . .

Young Cathy You are the one to blame! Mr Heathcliff is willing to let Linton and I be friends and you are not.

Edgar No!

Dr Kenneth Sir!

Edgar Heathcliff is to blame. Heathcliff is to blame for everything.

Isabella might have been living yet, if it had not been for him! Your mother might have been living yet if it were not for him!

Young Cathy Papa!

Dr Kenneth Mr Linton, your heart!

Edgar Cathy. You may not visit Wuthering Heights or Mr Heathcliff again. Do you hear? I said do you hear?

Young Cathy Yes Papa.

Edgar Now return to your old amusements, and think no more of Linton or Heathcliff or the godforsaken dwelling that is Wuthering Heights.

Edgar collapses and is tended to by Dr Kenneth. Young Cathy crumples and cries.

The Leader Why are you crying? Pity for yourself?

Young Cathy I'm not crying for myself.

The Leader Then for your father?

Young Cathy I cry for Linton. He is expecting to see me tomorrow, and he'll be so disappointed. He'll wait for me, and I shan't come!

The Leader He'll survive.

Young Cathy He won't.

The Leader You could write him a letter?

Young Cathy I could!

The Moor delivers letter after letter from Young Cathy to Little Linton.

Catherine's Ghost

Paper love

Spins in the cooling breeze.

Young Cathy I need paper.

Catherine's Ghost

Paper love

Runs in the rain.

Young Cathy Bring me a quill.

Catherine's Ghost

Paper love lives

Like a butterfly,

Young Cathy Send this to Linton.

Catherine's Ghost

Only to entertain.

Paper love sings for a few short breaths

Blows for a few sharp cheers.

It gasps and rattles for a few small deaths

And sobs with a tiny tear.

Paper love

Cannot stand the fire.

Paper love

Drowns in the flood

Paper love

Is a fool's desire.

For it's paper.

Not blood.

The wind takes all the love letters into the air and they fly above the Moor. Heathcliff catches them, one by one, like a frog catching flies.

Heathcliff *(calling across the Moor from Wuthering Heights)*
Ho, Miss Linton! Miss Linton!

Young Cathy *(calling back across the Moor)* I mustn't speak to you, Mr Heathcliff. Papa says you are a wicked man. I will not speak with you.

Heathcliff You will. I've got your letters, and if you show me any more attitude I'll send them directly to your father.

Young Cathy No!

Heathcliff Good. Then we understand each other. Linton is in love with you. He's dying for you; breaking his heart for you. He gets worse daily; and he'll be under the earth before summer, unless you restore him with your presence.

Young Cathy Linton!

She runs out of The Grange and leaps straight to Little Linton who she showers with tears and kisses.

Little Linton Is that you, Miss Linton? No! Don't kiss me, it takes my breath and I will not be able to get it back.

Will you shut the door, if you please? You left it open and it's so cold!

Young Cathy If you're cold I'll stoke the fire . . .

Little Linton No! I will be covered with ashes if you do that.

Why didn't you come before? You should have come, instead of writing. It tired me dreadfully reading those long letters.

Young Cathy Linton? Are you glad to see me?

Little Linton Yes, I am, Miss. But I have been upset that you did not come sooner, Miss.

Young Cathy I wish you would say Cathy.

Little Linton Catherine. Shall we, shall we have a little rest together? Resting is one of my favourite things to do.

She strokes his soft hair.

I don't like this pillow. It's not high enough.

Young Cathy brings another:

That's too high.

Young Cathy How must I arrange it then?

He wheels up to her and puts his head on her lap.

Little Linton Like this. I will sit on it like a precious gem. We can be quite still and not talk. But you may sing a song. Begin.

Young Cathy sings *All Hushed and Still Within the House* by *Emily Brontë*.

Young Cathy

All hushed and still within the house
Without – all wind and driving rain;
But something whispers to my mind,
Through rain and through wailing wind.

All

Never again.

Never again?

Why not again?

Memory has power as real as thine.

Little Linton Never again? You must! Will you come again tomorrow?

Young Cathy We'll see.

They kiss.

Hareton interrupts them.

Hareton Miss Catherine! I can read the words, now.

Young Cathy Wonderful! Let us hear you if you are grown so clever!

Hareton Believe in love and joy.

Young Cathy And the figures?

Hareton I cannot tell them yet.

Young Cathy You dunce!

Little Linton Yes. Dunce, dunce, dunce, dunce, dunce!

Young Cathy and **Little Linton** laugh and turn backs to **Hareton**. **Hareton** seizes **Little Linton** by the arm and swings him off his seat.

Hareton Get to your own room! And take her there if she comes to see you and you alone. Begone with you both! I don't want to watch your triflings!

Little Linton starts to shriek.

Little Linton I'll kill you! Devil! Devil! I'll kill you! I'll kill you!

He shrieks shockingly until his cries become choked by a fit of coughing; blood gushes from his mouth, and he falls to the ground.

Young Cathy Dr Kenneth! Please help me. Linton is dying. Please! Someone . . .

We see Dr Kenneth running from the other side of The Moor but before he can get there, Hareton carries Little Linton to the sofa. Young Cathy tries to follow him.

Hareton Go home Miss Catherine. Go home. It is too bad here.

Young Cathy You will not tell me what to do! I will tear the hair off my head if you do not let me see him! I will tell Papa what you did to him and you shall be put in prison and hanged!

Hareton (*tearful*) Miss Catherine, I did not do this to him. He is sick. Please go home.

Young Cathy *pushes past the distraught Hareton. Little Linton is in a messy, sick, rage. He is being seen to by Dr Kenneth.*

Young Cathy How is he, Doctor?

Dr Kenneth Try not to worry.

Little Linton Get away from me!

Dr Kenneth *goes to leave.*

Not you Doctor!

Dr Kenneth *returns to his side.*

You Catherine! You! You cause uproar and trouble.

Young Cathy Me? It was him!

She points to Hareton.

Little Linton It was not Hareton, it was you! I will not speak to you, I will not look at you, I will not abide you!

Young Cathy Oh! If this is how you feel, I shall not stay. Goodbye.

Heathcliff Tut tut.

Heathcliff *catches Little Linton's eye sternly.*

Little Linton Stay, Catherine. Please stay. I cannot help showing my nature to you. I regret it and repent it but it is because I love you!

Young Cathy And I love you!

Young Cathy *and Little Linton embrace.*

Edgar *is in his deathbed at Thruscross Grange.*

Edgar Death. I've prayed often for the approach of what is coming, but now I begin to fear it. I thought the memory of the hour I came down that glen a bridegroom would be less

sweet than the anticipation that I was soon to be carried up, and laid in its lonely hollow, with my Catherine!

But now I fear what I will leave behind. I cannot leave Cathy to a fate at Wuthering Heights. She has been a living hope by my side and I'd rather resign her to God, and lay her in the earth before me than see Heathcliff steal her light.

He calls across the Moor.

Come home! Cathy, come home!

Dr Kenneth Miss Cathy, you must return.

Young Cathy Linton, My father is very ill, I need to go to his bedside.

Little Linton Don't leave me Catherine. I need you.

Young Cathy I can't dance attendance on your affections always. I don't only love you, I love my Papa. I need to go home.

Dr Kenneth Miss Linton! Please.

Little Linton Catherine!

He grabs at her.

Young Cathy Get off me.

He grabs her skirt.

Rise, and don't degrade yourself into an abject reptile. Don't!

Little Linton *throws his nerveless frame along the ground. He seems convulsed with exquisite terror.*

Little Linton I'm a traitor and I dare not tell you! But if you leave me, I shall be killed! Dear Catherine, my life is in your hands. Consent!

Young Cathy Consent to what?

Little Linton To stay. My father threatened me, and I dread him!

Young Cathy I'm no coward. Save yourself for I am not afraid!

Young Cathy goes to leave but Heathcliff blocks her way.

Heathcliff Get up, Little Linton!

Young Cathy Mr Heathcliff.

Heathcliff Miss Linton.

Edgar calls across the Moor:

Edgar Cathy! Get away from Wuthering Heights!

Heathcliff Get up, Linton! Don't grovel on the ground.

Get up, this moment!

Little Linton I will, Father. Catherine, give me your hand.

Heathcliff No, stand on your own two feet.

Little Linton stands.

Young Cathy I am leaving Wuthering Heights, Mr

Heathcliff. Papa needs me. Linton, he'll not harm you, why are you so afraid?

Little Linton You cannot leave.

Heathcliff I am feeling hospitable today, Miss Linton. You must stay.

Young Cathy I will not.

Edgar Cathy!

Young Cathy runs to the door but Heathcliff grabs her arm.

Heathcliff Sit down, and allow me to shut the door.

He throws Young Cathy to the ground and locks the door:

Miss Linton, I am not an ungenerous man. I am giving you the boy.

Young Cathy glowers.

How she does stare! What an unsettling urge I have to destroy anything that seems afraid of me!

He draws in his breath, and strikes the table.

By hell! I hate them.

Young Cathy I am not afraid of you! Give me that key!

Heathcliff Stand off, or I shall knock you down.

She grabs his hand and tries to wrestle the key from him.

Young Cathy I will go!

Heathcliff drops the key, she grabs it and he grabs her. He slaps her across the face over and over again. Young Cathy, released, puts her hands to her temples, not sure whether her ears are off or on. Heathcliff picks up the key.

Heathcliff Go to Linton as I command, and cry at your ease! Tomorrow, when you and he are married, I shall be your second father. And, in a few short days when Edgar Linton meets his maker, I shall be your only father.

Young Cathy No!

Heathcliff And there is plenty more of this. *(He raises his hand.)* You shall have a daily taste if I catch such a temper in your eyes again! Naughty pet.

Young Cathy weeps aloud. Little Linton shrinks into a corner, as quiet as a mouse, congratulating himself that the violence alighted on Young Cathy rather than him. Heathcliff leaves and Young Cathy immediately tries to escape. It is impossible.

Young Cathy Linton! What is your diabolical father after? What is your diabolical father after? Tell me, or I'll box your ears, as he has done mine.

Little Linton smiles cruelly.

It was for your sake I came. Tell me what he wants.

He drinks his tea before speaking again. His anguish has subsided.

Little Linton Papa wants us to be married.

Young Cathy Married?

Little Linton Yes, Catherine. Married. He knows your Papa would forbid it and he's afraid I will die if we wait. If I die before we are married, you will inherit Thrushcross Grange. So we are to be married in the morning and you must stay here the night. If you do as he wishes, you shall return home next day, and take me with you.

The Leader Pitiful changeling! Do you imagine that a healthy, hearty, shining girl like Cathy Linton would willingly tie herself to a little perishing stoat like you? You want whipping for trapping her with your dasardly tricks I shake you for your treachery; I shake you for your conceit!

Little Linton, *in alarm for his dear self again, clasps her in his two feeble arms, sobbing.*

Little Linton You must obey my father and you must obey me. You must.

Young Cathy I must obey my own. What will he think when I do not return home? I'll either break or burn a way out of the house. I love Papa better than you so don't test me!

Heathcliff *enters and holds the door open for Little Linton to slide through like a guilty spaniel. The lock is re-secured.*

Young Cathy Mr Heathcliff, let me go home! I promise to marry Linton in good time.

Heathcliff You shall not leave until it is done.

Young Cathy Then marry us now and let me go home, for I must let Papa know I'm safe! He will fear I am lost.

Heathcliff He'll fear you are tired of waiting on him and run off for a little amusement. His happiest days were over when your days began, Cathy.

He cursed you for coming into the world as did I, and he will curse you as he leaves. You remain a prisoner.

Young Cathy If Papa dies before I return, how could I bear to live?

She kneels.

I'll not get up, and I'll not take my eyes from your face till you look back at me! Look! Have you never loved anybody in all your life? Never? Please. Look at me.

She reaches to touch him.

Heathcliff Keep your fingers off me or I'll kick you! I'd rather be hugged by a snake! I will have my way.

He shakes himself, as if his flesh crept with aversion, then backs her away until she can no longer be seen.

The Moor One day passes.

We see Little Linton and Young Cathy married.

Two days.

We see them fighting.

Three, four and five . . .

We see Young Cathy locked in a room. We see Little Linton. He sucks a stick of sugar-candy.

The Leader Where is Miss Cathy?

He sucks on his lolly like an innocent.

Is she gone?

Little Linton Gone? No! She's not to go. We won't let her. Papa says I'm not to be soft with Catherine. She's my wife now, and it's shameful that she should wish to leave me.

Papa says she wants me to die so she can have my money, but she can't have it. She may cry, and she may be sick as much as she pleases but she never shall go home!

The Moor

Be careful what you seed.

This black bog will close its fist around
anything it can snag.

Cloudberry and Crowberry might dance
on the surface –

But the bullish bracken grips the bog in
a headlock.

At Thrushcross Grange Edgar is being tended to by Dr Kenneth.

Edgar Cathy . . . Cathy . . . Cathy . . .

Young Cathy Papa . . . Papa . . . dear Papa . . .

Little Linton She cries so much I can't bear it. Moaning
and grieving all night long and so loud that I can't sleep.

*Heathcliff beckons Dr Kenneth away from Edgar and talks to
him in earnest. Hareton listens at the door to Young Cathy's room.*

The Moor

A scatter of yellow stars might
seem to welcome hope

But the adder slides beneath
The adder slides beneath.

Edgar My darling girl, my darling poor girl.

Little Linton I'm glad my uncle is dying, for I shall be
master of the Grange when he is gone. Catherine always
speaks of it as her house. But it isn't hers! It's mine!

Heathcliff talks to lawyers and hands over money.

The Moor

And what of the rage that is planted?

The hate and jealousy that has
slipped into our watery beds?

Oh they grow alright. They are
coming along nicely, thank you.

Young Cathy sits with her face to the wall.

Little Linton Papa says everything she has is mine. All her
nice books are mine; she offered to give them to me if I
would give her the key to our room and let her out. I told
her she had nothing to give, they were all, all mine. And
then she cried, and took a little locket from her neck, and
said I should have that; two pictures in a gold case, on one
side her mother, and on the other uncle, when they were
young. I said they were mine, too; and tried to get them
from her. The spiteful thing wouldn't let me: she pushed me
off, and hurt me. I shrieked out and Papa came in. Papa
asked what was the matter, and I explained. He ordered her
to resign the pictures to me; she refused, and he struck her
down, and wrenched it off the chain, and crushed it with his
foot.

The Moor

In the warm wet earth it grows.

Be careful what you seed.

Little Linton She's a naughty thing for crying continually;
and she looks so pale and wild, I'm afraid of her.

*Unseen by Little Linton, Hareton releases Young Cathy from
her room. She scrambles her way across the Moor to Thrushcross
Grange and throws herself into Edgar's arms. He dies blissfully
kissing her cheek and murmuring.*

Edgar Cathy!

Young Cathy Papa. Papa! Papa!

Edgar I am going to her. And you, darling child, shall
come to us.

*Edgar reaches his hand to Catherine's Ghost. She lies beside him
then slowly turns her back.*

*The mourners stand at the graveside. Young Cathy stands alone.
Heathcliff arrives and Young Cathy tries to run away.*

Heathcliff Stop! No more running away! I've come to
fetch you home where you'll be a dutiful daughter. Linton's

your concern now; I yield all my interest in him to you. He's such a cobweb, a pinch would annihilate him.

Young Cathy I wish to stay at The Grange. Send Linton to me and I will look after him here.

Heathcliff The Grange is mine now and I'm seeking a tenant. I want my children about me. Besides you owe me your services for your keep. I'm not going to nurture you in luxury and idleness after Linton is gone.

Come. Don't make me force you.

Young Cathy I shall come. Linton is all I have to love in the world, and though you have done everything that you could to make him hateful to me, and me to him, you cannot make us hate each other.

Heathcliff It is not I who will make him hateful to you, it is his own sweet spirit.

Young Cathy Mr Heathcliff you have nobody to love you; and, however miserable you make us, we shall still have the revenge of knowing that your cruelty arises from your misery. You are lonely, like the devil.

Nobody loves you. Nobody will cry for you when you die! I wouldn't be you for the whole of the Moor!

Heathcliff I am Nero. I am no ordinary man. I care deeply and care not at all.

Young Cathy makes her way back to Wuthering Heights leaving Heathcliff at Edgar's grave. Catherine's Ghost, lying beside him, looks up at Heathcliff and holds out her hand.

Heathcliff lies beside Catherine's Ghost. They sing intimately, nose to nose as Edgar lies apart, silent and alone.

Catherine's Ghost

The Bluebell is the sweetest flower,
That waves in summer air,
Its blossoms have the mightiest power,
To soothe my spirits care.

Catherine's Ghost and Heathcliff

The Bluebell cannot charm me now,
The heath has lost its bloom;
The violets in the glen below,
They yield no sweet perfume.

The Leader Get out of that grave, Heathcliff! You must not disturb the dead!

Heathcliff Me? Disturb her? She has disturbed me, night and day for eighteen years. Incessantly. Remorselessly. When I am dead . . .

The Leader No, no Heathcliff!

Heathcliff When I am dead, my body is to be carried to this grave. No minister need be called and no words be said over me.

The Leader Leave the dead alone Heathcliff!

Heathcliff I have struck loose one side of Catherine's coffin. When I'm laid there, one side of my coffin should be struck loose also. By the time Edgar gets to use in the afterlife, he'll not know which is which.

The Leader No!

Catherine's Ghost and Heathcliff embrace. The Moor breaks them up and leads Catherine's Ghost and Edgar away, leaving Heathcliff alone.

Young Cathy Doctor Kenneth! Doctor! Linton is gravely ill.

Dr Kenneth comes running.

Heathcliff His life is not worth a farthing, and I won't spend a farthing on him.

Dr Kenneth turns and runs away.

Young Cathy Doctor, please! If nobody will help me, he'll die!

Heathcliff None here cares what becomes of him. If you care, act the nurse; if you do not, lock him up and leave him to die.

The Moor One day passes.

We see Little Linton close to death and Young Cathy nursing him.

Two days.

We see him fighting for life.

Three, four and five . . .

Little Linton dies. *He leaves his body, picks up his candy and wanders across the Moor.*

We see Young Cathy, knees pulled up to her chest. She rings a bell

. . .

Heathcliff How do you feel?

She is silent.

How do you feel, Catherine?

Young Cathy Feel? I should feel glad to be alive. But I don't. You have left me alone for so long to struggle against death, that now I feel and see and smell only death.

Heathcliff Good. You felt deeply and now you feel nothing. I smudge you.

Heathcliff smiles. *He walks away and sits on the Moor alone.*

Epilogue

There is a huge gust of icy wind and Wuthering Heights as we saw it in the opening scene appears around them.

Lockwood (*in a panic*) What's happening? Where am I? Who am I?

The Moor slaps him and he calms immediately.

The Leader You are Mr Lockwood, tenant of Thrushcross Grange. Time has passed and we are almost back where we started.

Lockwood Thank you. Oh God. I remember now.

What became of Mr Heathcliff? I must make my peace with the troubled man.

The Leader Heathcliff is dead. Three months since.

Lockwood Dead? I am so, truly, truly sorry. How did it happen?

The Leader One night, I heard him leave and he didn't return until morning. When he returned he looked different from his usual self.

Lockwood Different? How?

The Leader He was almost bright and cheerful. No, not cheerful – excited, and wild, and glad . . .

Heathcliff Last night I was on the threshold of hell. Today, I am within sight of heaven. I am going to her.

Finally, finally, I will be with my Catherine again.

The Leader You've been out all night. You have to rest.

Heathcliff You might as well bid a man struggling in the water to rest when he is within reach of the shore! I have opened my eyes a hundred times a night to see her, only to be disappointed. But not anymore. Now I am with her again. I am pacified.

Catherine's Ghost appears.

There she is. Here is one who won't shrink from my company.

He holds out his hand.

By God! She is too much to bear.

Heathcliff dies.

Catherine's Ghost takes Heathcliff's hand and he rises. They rest forehead to forehead in deep peace before walking off together on the moors.

The Moor (softly)

I am the Moor

My story was wide as the melting horizon

Deep as the roots that nurture.

My story was bigger than bitter revenges

Bigger than anger.

My story turned the planet.

And it's turning now.

But I let go . . .

I am the Moor

Lockwood And what became of Young Cathy? My poor beneficent fairy.

The Leader Why don't you knock on the door and find out?

Lockwood looks reticent.

Go on.

Lockwood knocks at the door of Wuthering Heights.

Lockwood Hello. It is I, Lockwood.

Hareton opens the door of Wuthering Heights. He is warm and friendly and wearing an apron. He wipes his hands as if he has been baking.

Hareton Mr Lockwood! Come in. Come in! (Shouts.) Cathy!

Young Cathy (shouts) What is it?

Young Cathy appears in the garden with a basket of flowers. She is in trousers and seems happy and free.

Hareton Mr Lockwood is paying us a visit.

Young Cathy joins Hareton in the kitchen.

Young Cathy Welcome, Sir. It is good to see you again.

Hareton Can I make you a cup of tea? I've got a Victoria sandwich in the oven as well, if we can tempt you to stay.

Lockwood Tea? Victoria sandwich? Thank you, dear friends for this unexpectedly warm welcome. I would dearly love a cup of tea. But first, pray, tell me one thing.

Young Cathy What would you like to know, Sir?

Lockwood What gentle magic has happened here? How did you two souls come to look so happy? Please tell me how this wonder came to pass.

Young Cathy It did not happen swiftly, sir. Our battered hearts took quite some time to heal.

Hareton What she is trying to say, Sir, is that, after Heathcliff died, she was very cross with me.

Young Cathy (laughing) And you with I, Hareton!

The Moor crosses and we are back in time.

Young Cathy, sullen again, goes to get a book from the shelf but cannot reach. Hareton gets the book for her but she still sits separately and silently. He watches as she reads. He goes behind her and points at one of the pages. She pushes his hand away. Almost without thinking, Hareton reaches out and touches her hair, as gently as if it were a bird.

Young Cathy Get away this moment! How dare you touch me? I'll go upstairs again, if you come near me.

Hareton retreats, but keeps watching the reading young woman. He hurries to The Moor and talks to them out of a window.

Hareton Will you ask her to read to me? I'm tired of doing nothing; and I do like – I would like to hear her voice. Don't say I want it. Ask for yourself . . .

The Moor knocks on the door and Young Cathy answers.

The Leader Hareton would like you to read to him, Cathy.

Hareton I said don't say it was me!

The Leader He'd be happy if you did him the kindness.

Young Cathy I reject any pretence at friendship he has the hypocrisy to offer!

The Moor She rejects any pretence at friendship you have the hypocrisy to offer.

Hareton I heard her, thank you.

Young Cathy (to Hareton) I despise you, and have nothing to say to you!

Hareton I just wanted to . . .

Young Cathy I would have given my life for one kind word, to see your face when Linton was sick, but no, you all kept off.

Hareton What could I have done? How am I to blame?

Young Cathy Be silent!

Hareton But I tried! More than once . . .

Young Cathy I'll go out of doors rather than have your disagreeable voice in my ear!

Hareton Go to hell!

Young Cathy and Hareton stubbornly turn their backs on each other.

The Moor

Home can come in many forms
Person, place or beast

It soothes the soul and strokes the brow
Gives rest, for now, at least.

Petals start to fall.

Hareton goes back to work.

Young Cathy Do you ever dream, Hareton? And, if you do, what do you dream about?

Hareton is silent.

Hareton, if I gave you a book now, would you take it?

Hareton is silent.

I shall try!

She places one she had been perusing in his hand; he flings it away.

Hareton I'll break your neck if you do that again!

Young Cathy Well, I shall put it here in case you change your mind.

She places it on the floor.

The Leader He did not touch the book. His young eyes hid from certain pain. Her young eyes watched for certain pleasure.

Young Cathy Hareton, I don't know what to do to make you talk to me.

She stamps her foot.

You shall take notice of me.

Hareton I shall have nothing to do with you and your mucky pride! I'll go to hell before I look at you again!

Young Cathy Hareton. Please. Be my companion.

Hareton Companion! When you hate me?

Young Cathy It is not I who hate you, it is you who hate me!

Hareton You're a damned liar. I made him angry a hundred times by taking your part?

Young Cathy I didn't know you took my part, and I was miserable and bitter at everybody; but now I thank you, and beg you to forgive me.

The Moor

Time can cool the heat of youth

Calm replaces rage

Silence now a scream drowns out.

Peace does war assuage.

Sun shines through the darkest clouds

Rainbow peeps through rain

Hate and fear all melt away

Hope and love remain.

Young Cathy wraps her book neatly in white paper and ties it with a bit of ribbon. She leaves the gift on the floor. Hareton, softened, opens it and starts to read. Young Cathy sits beside him and gently helps him. Heathcliff, Catherine, Linton and The Moor gather to watch what is happening.

The Moor Look!

Lockwood Something seems to have found its way in.

The Moor What is it?

The Leader It's love.

The Moor Love?

The Leader It must have bubbled up from a spring whilst we looked away.

Lockwood Together, these fine young people will brave Satan and all his legions.

Young Cathy (*reading*) And on New Year's Day, as they stepped through the door of Thrushcross Grange as wife and husband . . .

Hareton They halted to take a last look at the moon.

They all look up to the sky.

Young Cathy Or, more correctly, they took a last look at each other.

They all look at each other.

Hareton Yes. They took a last, and first, look at each other by the light of the moon.

They all look to the audience and sing quietly until night, peace and hope fall . . .

The Moor The End!

The End.