

EMELINE

(reading:)

“Dearest Benjamin. I sincerely hope your time at the clinic has been fruitful. I very much look forward to observing your new behavior. As it happens, I require your assistance presently and am hoping you’ll be able to journey back to Chicago as soon as possible. Please let me know you are well. Best, HH Holmes.”

(looking up:)

Sounds like a very nice man. He’s your friend?

PITZEL

I don’t want to go.

EMELINE

Chicago, though! Why would you want to stay in Dwight? I read all these things about the city. People think differently there, don’t they? I met a lady here at the clinic that said she’s starting up a whole revolution over there. She sent me pamphlets about it- talking about women having a say finally. I don’t know, but it just makes sense to me. I can’t talk to Momma about it, but I feel like it’s something I can say to you. You seem to like when I talk to you.

Ben happily nods at her.

EMELINE (CONT’D)

Oh, Ben. I really am going to miss you. You’re my very favorite patient. I wish you could stay longer. But... I have noticed... your memory has become somewhat affected by the treatment. I’m awful glad you’ve got someone to go back to. He seems to care about you very much.

PITZEL

Where will you be?

EMELINE

Well. I suppose I’ll still be here after you go.

Pitezal tries to contain his emotions.

PITZEL

I-- I-- I...

EMELINE

It’s okay, Ben.

Pitezal looks down at the straps, then back to her, desperately.

PITZEL

Can you-- uh.

EMELINE

I'll get those straps off you. Hold on.

Emeline releases him out of the chair, he immediately embraces her. She's taken aback by his affection.

EMELINE (CONT'D)

Oh my.

PITZEL

I just... I'm going to-- um...

EMELINE

Miss me? I'm going to miss you too, Ben.