

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

MRS OSGOOD

Careful, little flower. A voyage into love with Mr. Poe is not something to be set upon lightly. His romantic passions are fully as savage as his criticism.

MRS. ELLET

I do not shrink from passion, Mrs. Osgood.

MRS OSGOOD

Nor do you follow my meaning, Mrs. Ellet. To be loved by Mr. Poe is not merely to be loved, it is to be adored, worshipped, idealized. With such a man as he, even a love platonic can be exhausting. He is not merely a frigate in pursuit, one must prepare to be boarded, taken by storm, carried away in triumph. I have seen it happen. It can be a frightful thing.

MRS. ELLET

Yet many women never know such love.

MRS OSGOOD

You do not know his history, Elizabeth. He loves as one accursed by loss, conditioned by experience to never know when death will intervene. He clings to love as if it were a shipwrecked spar mid-ocean.

MRS. ELLET

(in wonder)

And yet his passion burns fiercely on. She will be happy indeed who brings this man to heel!

MRS. OSGOOD

And so she is. He is *already* brought to heel, as well you know.

MRS. ELLET

His little wife Virginia is no impediment. What love dares, that will love accomplish.

MRS. OSGOOD

His "little wife Virginia" is formidable beyond your comprehension.

