

Juliana

JULIANA. I perceived Him only in sickness. When I was young and an idiot, I prayed for Him to give me a mortal sickness. You've never prayed for that have you?

MARGERY. No.

JULIANA. Good girl. I was stupid. I wanted to understand what it was to die, and by understanding that come to know Him. I was no older than that little red-haired witch – check out there one more time please. She's there isn't she?

MARGERY. (*getting up to look*) ...No.

JULIANA. Ten years passed and I completely forgot that I had ever asked for such a foolish thing. And then when I was thirty, God sent me the terrible sickness I had requested! (He has a wonderful memory, God.) I lay dying for three days and three nights, and in the darkness lurked hundreds of demons...but then suddenly I was totally well and I had sixteen visions in the course of an hour! And that was it! It was all over!

MARGERY. Have you prayed for more?

JULIANA. No. Nooooooooooooo. I don't want *more*! My mind is already too burdened thinking about those sixteen. The sixteenth itself was especially confusing. What's your name again?