

Jason, hands in his pockets, staring at the grave at his feet, alone. He looks up and stops to see a lone figure, dressed in black, approaching.

It is Caddy. She is 21, grown into a young woman, mature, beautiful, but her face is withdrawn, as if she has lived a lifetime of experiences since we saw her last.

Jason does not look surprised to see her, nor she him.

CADDY

Hello, Jason.

JASON

What are you doing here? You promised mother you wouldn't show your face around here. I thought you had more sense than to show up here.

CADDY

(sadly amused)

You did?

She looks back at the grave. We see now that the freshly dug grave reads JASON LYCURGUS COMPSON III, BELOVED FATHER; xxxx-1912. Immediately beside it is another tombstone, only slightly older. It reads: QUENTIN COMPSON III, BELOVED SON; XX 1890 - June 2nd, 1910.

JASON

I'm not surprised though. You don't give a damn about anybody else but yourself. Never have.

She looks up from the graves, lost in thought and grief, Jason's words barely registering.

CADDY

Oh, the bank job? I'm sorry about that, Jason. I am.

JASON

(bitterly)

I bet you are. You'll talk mighty meek now, won't you? But you should know, there's nothing left. Not even any scraps for you.

Caddy looks confused for a moment before she realizes Jason's assumption.

CADDY

I don't want anything. I don't need money.

(beat)

Why didn't anybody let me know?

(looking back to father's grave)

I just happened to see it in the paper.

Jason doesn't say anything. He stands beside her, and they both look down at the graves, each lost in their own private thoughts. Caddy's face shows a deep yet composed sorrow; Jason looks like he might become emotional, but he lashes out bitterly instead.

JASON

A fine lot you care, sneaking in here soon as he's dead. Don't think you can use this to come crawling back in - mother won't have you. I won't. We don't even know your name in that house anymore. Did you know that? You'd be better off if you were down there with him and Quentin.

CADDY

(half to herself, sadly)

You're still an angry child, aren't you?

(beat)

You're right though.

Jason doesn't know how to respond to her passive response. Caddy looks up with a sudden thought, a glimmer of hope in her eyes.

CADDY (CONT'D)

If you get mother to let me have her back I'll give you a thousand dollars.

JASON

You ain't got a thousand dollars.

CADDY

I can get it.

JASON

I have an idea or two how you'd get it too. You'll get it on your back the same way you got her -

Caddy steps toward him like she's about to hit him. He flinches, tries to laugh it off. She stops, clenches her fist, wheels away, taut with anxious energy.

JASON (CONT'D)

Say it out. I don't reckon it's any secret what you and I think about one another.

CADDY

...Just promise that she'll - that she...be kind to her. Please.

(beat)

But you won't, will you? You never had a drop of warm blood in you.

She paces away, turns back to him. She grabs his arm.

CADDY (CONT'D)

Take care of her. Promise - she's kin; your flesh and blood. You have Father's name - do you think I'd have to ask him twice?

JASON

That's easy for you to say, you don't have -

Caddy starts to laugh and cry at the same time, borderline delirious.

CADDY

What? Anything? You're right. I have nothing. Nothing!

Jason is disconcerted by her behavior.

JASON

That's it, I'm going home. You get on out of town now. There's no place left for you in Jefferson, you hear?

He turns, she composes herself, barely.

CADDY

Jason, if I send other checks, beyond the ones that mother takes, can you use it if...just take care of her, please.

He turns to go again.

CADDY (CONT'D)

Jason.

He turns back.

CADDY (CONT'D)

If you fix it so I can see her for
a minute - just a minute - I'll
give you fifty dollars.

JASON

You don't have fifty dollars.

CADDY

I do. Will you do it?

JASON

Let me see it. I don't believe you.

She pulls a bundle of money from her cloak, far more than
fifty dollars. Jason eyes it greedily.

CADDY

I'll give you a hundred. Please. I
need to see her.

JASON

For a hundred? All right. But only
for a minute.

Caddy looks hopeful for the first time, her face lighting up
ever so slightly.

CADDY

Yes, even just a glimpse. Give me
that and I'll go on right away.

JASON

Gimme the money first.

CADDY

(firmly)
No, after.

JASON

Don't you trust me?

CADDY

Of course not. I know you. I grew
up with you.

Jason scoffs and turns to go.

CADDY (CONT'D)

Jason, stop!

She reluctantly hands him the money. He takes it, but she doesn't let go. They lock eyes.

CADDY (CONT'D)

You promise?

JASON

Yeah, yeah. Give it over, before someone comes along and sees you here. Lord knows this town has enough to talk about already.

She lets go.