

MOIRA

I thought I'd knock this time so you didn't have a heart attack. Though Lord knows I wish you were dead.

CONSTANCE

Do me a favor, will you? Before I take this one, polish it up. Look, it's cruddy with corrosion. And you know why? Because you're a shitty maid.

MOIRA

Adding those to your magpie stash?

CONSTANCE

Until I have a full set. Then it's off to eBay, where I'll make a pretty penny and you'll be accused of theft. You are a thief of biblical proportions, after all. Your specialty being weak husbands.

MOIRA

I don't want to be here anymore! I'm frightened! I miss my mother!

CONSTANCE

You think I want to stay in this world of death and rot and regret? Try to find some dignity in the situation. Move on, missy.

MOIRA

I can't. I want to, but I can't!

CONSTANCE

Every time... I find my heart breaking just a sliver for you, I suddenly remember, you made this mess for yourself. And I also remember, every time I see that ghostly eye, that I was and continue to be a hell of a shot.

MOIRA

You need to pay for what you've done.

CONSTANCE

Oh, I do. Every goddamn day.