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An Actor's Method to Creating the Roles of Harriet and Kate In Shelagh Stephenson's An Experiment With an Air Pump

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An Actor's Method to
Creating the Roles of Harriet and Kate
In Shelagh Stephenson's *An Experiment With an Air Pump*

A Thesis

Submitted to the Graduate Faculty of the
University of New Orleans
in partial fulfillment of the
requirements for the degree of

Master of Fine Arts
in
Film, Theatre & Communication Arts
Theatre Performance: Acting

by

Jennie R. Freeman

B.A. Texas A&M Corpus Christi, 2008

May 2011

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Acknowledgements

I have been performing on the stage since I was three years old. My mother was my first choir teacher at Northwest Bible Church. From that point on I was hooked. Throughout my acting career my parents, Richard and Lana Freeman, have always been nothing but supportive. Coming from the theatre themselves, they have always been able to give me constructive criticism on my performances. Over the years they have driven over 4,000 miles to come see me do shows at various universities, and I thank them for their continued love and support. I also would like to thank God, who has always been the one I could turn to during my schooling.

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Abstract

This thesis is documentation of my efforts to define my process as actor in creating the roles of Harriet and Kate in *An Experiment With an Air Pump*. The document includes research, character analysis, development of the roles, rehearsal journal, and an evaluation of my performance. *An Experiment With an Air Pump* was produced by the University of New Orleans Department of Film, Theatre, and Communication Arts. The play was performed in the Robert E. Nims Theatre of the Performing Arts Center at 7:30 pm on November 4 through 6 and November 11 through 13, and at 2:30 pm on November 14. The play was also submitted as the University of New Orleans entry in the Kennedy Center American College Theatre Festival. It was performed at the Louisiana State Theatre Festival on November 17 at 1 p.m.

An Experiment With an Air Pump, Robert E. Nims Theatre, Kennedy Center American College Theatre Festival

Introduction

I started attending the University of New Orleans as a Master of Fine Arts student in the fall of 2008. I have been a full-time student since then and it has now come time to write my thesis. I always knew this day would eventually arrive, but I did not expect it to arrive so quickly.

I learned in the Spring of 2010 my thesis show would be *An Experiment With an Air Pump*. I also learned I would not be assigned a part and would have to go through the audition process. I had all summer to prepare for the auditions and about a week to prepare for the specific role. We started rehearsal one week after the cast list was posted.

We hit the ground running with five weeks of rehearsal before opening. This was also directing student Marshall Carby's thesis. The show was designed by three students. Chris Hornung designed lights, Mignon Charvet designed costumes, and Michael Krikorian designed props. Professor Kevin Griffith designed the set and Shannon Miller served as the technical director. Alicia Plaisance stage managed and Sarah Chatelaine was her Assistant Stage Manager.

What I thought was going to be an overwhelming task, became a very enjoyable experience.

Research

Shelagh Stephenson was born in Northumberland, England. At age six she decided she wanted to be a writer. However, she took a slight detour when she studied drama at Manchester University and decided to try her hand at performing on the stage. She also acted in movies and television.

After eight years of acting Stephenson wrote her first play, *The Memory of Water*, in 1996. It premiered at the Hampstead Theatre in London and won an Olivier Award for Best Comedy in 2000. *The Memory of Water* was eventually adapted into a motion picture titled *Before You Go*. Stephenson then wrote *An Experiment With an Air Pump* in 1998 after being commissioned by the Royal Exchange Theatre in Manchester. It opened in February of 1998 and shared the Peggy Ramsay Memorial Award with Sebastian Barry's *Our Lady of Sligo*.

Her third play, *Ancient Lights*, premiered at the Hampstead Theatre in 2000, and her fourth, *Mappa Mundi*, at the Royal National Theatre's Cottesloe stage in 2002. In 2005 Stephenson opened her play *Enlightenment* at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin. Her latest published play is *The Long Road* which opened at the Soho Theatre in London, May of 2008.

Shelagh Stephenson has also written many radio plays for BBC radio including *Darling Peidi*, *The Anatomical Venus*, *Five Kinds of Silence*, *Life is a Dream*, and *Nemesis*. *Five Kinds of Silence* won the Writer's Guild Award for Best Original Radio Play in 1996.

Stephenson has written for television and film, including *Helen West* and *Downton Abbey*, English television shows. Stephenson is married to Irish filmmaker Eoin O'Callaghan and continues to write for the stage as well as for film and television.

Shelagh Stephenson's play *An Experiment With an Air Pump* is based on Joseph Wright of Derby's painting "An Experiment on a Bird in the Air Pump". Joseph Wright was born in

Derby, England September 3, 1734 during the earliest beginnings of the English Industrial Revolution.

Wright studied in the studio of painter Thomas Hudson in London as a portrait artist early in his career. He returned to Derby after his studies ended and flourished as a portrait artist. In 1765 at age 31, Wright received his first exhibition in London at the Society of Artists. One of the two paintings shown at the exhibition was “Three Persons Viewing the Gladiator by Candlelight.” This was the first of a series known as Wright’s “candlelight” series. This series is what gave Wright his greatest success as an artist. The other two paintings in the series are “A Philosopher Giving that Lecture on the Orrery in which a Lamp is put in place of the Sun” and “An Experiment on a Bird in the Air Pump.”

“They represent a complex combination of art, science, and philosophy and owe much to the Wright’s circle of friends who included members of an important provincial group of philosophers, scientists and engineers, collectively known as the ‘Lunar Society.’” (Egerton)

His painting “An Experiment on a Bird in the Air Pump” is oil on canvas and is most likely based on lectures by James Ferguson, a Scottish astronomer, who made scientific instruments. Wright’s depiction of the lecture is more dramatic as it depicts an actual bird in the air pump, unlike Ferguson’s demonstration that used a machine called the “lung-glass” in place of a real animal. “Wright is deliberately emphasizing the dramatic and exotic over the scientific and the factual.” (Baird) The themes explored in this painting are mirrored in Stephenson’s play, *An Experiment With an Air Pump*.

Wright lived in Derby for most of his life, but spent some time in Liverpool and Italy. He married Hannah Swift and had six children by her. Joseph Wright of Derby painted until he died August 29, 1797 after suffering from asthma and nervousness.

Character Analysis

One of the challenges with this play is the creation of two different characters. This means not relying on any “bag of tricks.” I felt that if I succumb to habits, I wouldn’t be successful at all. I also decided that if I simply focused on trying to make them different, I would miss who they truly were. I needed to study the characters separately. If any parallels happened then okay, but I didn’t want any decisions made about one character to influence the other character.

Given Circumstances

“During every moment we are on the stage, during every moment of the development of the action of the play, we must be aware either of the external circumstances which surround us (the whole material setting of the production), or of an inner chain of circumstances which we ourselves have imagined in order to illustrate our parts.” Constantin Stanislavski

I started with Harriet. I’m not sure if it was because she is the first that speaks or if it was because I already had immediate thoughts about her upon reading the script. Either way, she was the first.

Harriet Fenwick is the daughter of scientist and inventor, Joseph Fenwick and his wife Susannah Fenwick. She has one younger sister, Maria. Her age is never stated in the play, but Marshall and I decided early on that she would be nineteen. This determination was made because we knew she was of marrying age, with her younger sister already engaged, and Harriet acts like a child at times. There is also desperation from her mother for Harriet to marry soon. If Harriet is nineteen then that means she was born in 1780. The play takes place in 1799 just before the turn of the century.

As the play opens everyone is in tableau except for Ellen. I am holding Maria's hand and we are staring at the air pump experiment being conducted by our father. Harriet's first line, "It's Maria's pet" (Script, 6) suggests that she really does care about Maria, but her very next line "They do have similar intellectual capacities" (Script, 6) turns that upside down and we see her sarcastic side. This only conveys how she feels about Edward, Maria's fiancé, and generally how she feels about the entire institution of marriage. She sees marriage as the end of everything she wants. This is the first glimpse we have of Harriet's opinion of marriage. This very first meeting of Harriet also foreshadows how quickly she is to change, going from sympathy for her sister's pet to poking fun at her sister. In this opening scene we are also introduced to her passion for science. She watches the experiment intently, and while she does care whether the bird will be safe, she cares more about the outcome of the experiment. I also believe Harriet doesn't believe her father would do anything to intentionally hurt the bird, but if the bird were to die I don't think she would cry about it either.

In the next scene with Harriet, Act I Scene i, she comes bounding in with Maria to speak with her father. She is telling him about how the riots are getting worse, but I think she really wants to show him their play they have been working on with the maid, Isobel. There are riots going on outside and therefore it isn't very safe for them outside, which I think is where all the play within the play business comes from. They must keep themselves entertained inside. It is also December in northern England and would be very cold outside. She comes in pleading with her father to do something, and instantly turns on her mother and snaps at her mother because she "accused him [Fenwick] of affectation, and you know how he loathes that." (Script, 13) This sets up the relationship between Harriet and her parents. She is desperate for approval from her father, and could care less what her mother thinks.

She asks her father to watch a rehearsal of their play so he can give his advice on the matter. He completely ignores her at first. He is too involved in his work, which just makes Harriet work even harder for his attention. Right after this, Susannah starts to dote on Harriet as a writer, which makes Harriet completely uncomfortable. While she wants her father's approval she does not like all of the attention, especially from her mother. It is completely foreign to her. However, I don't think she completely hates the attention either, she just doesn't know what to make of it. Roget saves her from her mother's doting by saying "perhaps Miss Fenwick prefers to hide her light at present" (Script 15), and Harriet is thankful.

Maria turns to Harriet when questioned about the play's meaning to which Harriet replies, "it's a hymn to progress." (Script 15) Harriet herself is a very progressive character. She wants to follow in her father's footsteps and has radical ideas regarding what she wants for her life. She will be Britannia in the play, who represents the future, and Maria will be Arcadia, who represents the past. Her play is based on William Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals*. They are two different long poems written in 1613 and 1616, the third of which was never finished because Browne died. However the unfinished manuscript was published in 1852. An excerpt from these poems is included in Appendix E. When Maria keeps trying to explain the play Harriet gets frustrated because Maria doesn't know what she is talking about. Harriet doesn't want Roget and Armstrong to think she is a silly girl, or that it is a silly play. Harriet also mentions a steam hat she is working on for the first time. She uses this to try and get her father's attention, but does not succeed.

However, when Harriet is questioned by Roget about the play she has trouble answering and is very annoyed with his questioning. She snaps at Armstrong for the second time. Harriet doesn't like Armstrong very much, partially because he is "patronizing" and because her father

doesn't like him very much either. Harriet's annoyance with Roget comes from her being annoyed with herself. She feels she has just looked stupid in front of everyone, and more importantly, in front of her father.

Right after this, Harriet snaps at Isobel. This is an interesting relationship. If I had only read this scene I would think Harriet doesn't like Isobel, but I think in this first scene she is mad at herself and takes it out on Isobel. Isobel is a servant and someone whom Harriet can easily talk down to in order to make herself feel better. I find it ironic that Harriet tells Isobel, "some people are not meant to say anything of consequence" (Script 17) considering she is a woman in 1799 and wants to have a career.

Right after Harriet condemns Isobel, Fenwick asks for Isobel's approval, which is basically a slap in the face for Harriet. When Isobel answers the question eloquently, Harriet is shocked as is everyone else in the room. It takes everything she has not to blow up right then and there, but she cools off and asks her father again to watch the play. She is trying to get the ball back in her court, so to speak. When her father rejects the idea again this sends Harriet into a frenzy. She brings up everything she and Maria have done for her father, all of which she actually enjoyed doing, but still attempts to use against her father. Harriet also says they rehearsed the play because they thought he would look at it then. She reveals the true reason for her doing the play which is to get her father's attention. She does not fancy herself a writer, nor does she like literature very much, but she thought by doing the play she would get praise from her father. She finally explodes and tells her father she hates him. Of course this is not true and she says this in anger. She subsequently storms out of the room at this moment after being embarrassed by her sudden outburst. After she leaves, both Susannah and Maria comment on Harriet's temper. Susannah says that she goes from "sweet docility to murderous rage in the

course of a sentence” (Script 18), and Maria says “she has a ferocious temper, always has had.” (Script 18)

Harriet is very short tempered. This is something I had to explore. I didn’t want Harriet to come off as a brat. She is searching for some kind of affirmation. She desperately needs her father’s approval and his love. She is willing to do anything to get it. I knew, at times, she would look like a brat, but as long as I could motivate the outburst, she wouldn’t come off as one.

When Harriet returns later in the scene she has calmed down and comes in apologetically to tell her father there are people in the kitchen. I imagine this happens a lot. Harriet explodes and after she has calmed down it is never discussed again.

The next scene Harriet appears in is when they actually put on the play within the play at the beginning of Act II. She comes in with Maria and Isobel to set up for the play. Harriet is barking out instructions to both girls as they set up. Maria is trying to talk to Harriet about the color of her eyes and Harriet tries to dismiss her, but when Maria insists, Harriet attempts to calm her down.

When everyone else enters Harriet tries to get them to leave as she isn’t ready, and needs everything to be perfect. She tries very hard to control the situation around her. This becomes an ongoing theme of her life. Harriet likes to be in control and in charge which is difficult for a woman of this time period. She doesn’t like to be subservient to anyone. After everyone enters, Maria announces that she can’t do the play and Harriet swiftly takes her out of the room to discuss things.

Upon Harriet and Maria’s return, we discover they have been fighting about Edward. Harriet doesn’t like Edward and finds him to be a fool. She refers to him as a “fool” two different times in the play. When Maria accuses Harriet of being jealous, Harriet quickly snaps back and it

is revealed she doesn't want to marry anyone. This is the first time we discover Harriet has no plans of marriage. This further establishes Harriet as a forward thinking woman. She doesn't want the typical life of a woman of the time. Her mother challenges this statement and Harriet quickly reiterates her views. Harriet keeps arguing with Susannah and Maria until her father stops her. It is only then when Harriet backs off that she and Maria sarcastically apologize to each other.

Maria and Harriet are then asked to start the play. Harriet very quickly starts with self deprecation saying "it won't be very good" (Script 50). Also, she mentions the steam hat she has been working on again. She is still worked up and when Susannah and Maria question her she gets flustered. However, Maria backs off and the play begins. Harriet takes the play extremely seriously and Maria can barely remember her lines. At least that is the way our production interpreted this part. When everyone finds this funny, Harriet loses it lashing out at cast members and audience alike. Harriet is extremely disappointed in the response of the play. She saw this as a way to impress her father and instead is being laughed at by him and his friends. She finally lets her mother have it. She yells that she "doesn't want to write poetry" and that she "never had any desire to be a writer" like her mother wished. Her true desire is revealed; "I [Harriet] want to be a physician like Papa". (Script 52) When her father doesn't say anything she leaves in a hurry completely mortified and hurt by what has just happened.

This is a very important moment for Harriet. This desire to be something different from what society dictates is the genesis of her anger. One of the most tragic parts of Harriet's character is the world into which she was born. She has no desire to marry or be forced into a life she doesn't want. It is a radical thought for Harriet to want to be a physician. It was unheard of and a decision that would make her life more difficult. It also means that she would always be a

burden to her parents if she never married. I don't think Harriet fully understands the consequences of her actions. She is very much in that "in between" phase of life, of childhood and being an adult. She is getting to the age where the decisions she makes now will affect the rest of her life. Most girls her age at this time would be married or engaged. Harriet is struggling to be her own person and to have her own voice. Again, this is from where most of her outbursts derive. She thinks if anyone would be on her side it would be her father and he doesn't say anything.

The next scene with Harriet is the climax of her play, Act II Scene iii. It isn't the climax of the play by any means, but it is a huge moment for her. Harriet comes barging in at the end of dinner with her steam hat on and steam coming from it. Everyone is delighted by the discovery she has made. She asks, "Papa? Are you proud of me?" (Script 60) When he says he is impressed, this is the affirmation for which she has been searching. Harriet's super objective is achieved; to win her father's approval. Her mother of course has no idea why she made the hat, and Fenwick quickly shuts Susannah up. This leads to Susannah verbally attacking Fenwick making the situation very awkward for everyone in the room. Harriet asks to be excused and Susannah says no, but eventually Fenwick urges Maria, Harriet, and the men out of the room.

I made sketches of the hat and the process in which Harriet might have made the hat in 1799. These sketches will be included in Appendix F.

A few minutes later Maria and Harriet enter fighting. They are screaming at each other and pulling each other's hair. They apparently have been fighting about Edward. I think with Harriet receiving the approval she so desperately wanted from her father, she has found a new confidence in her choice to not marry and therefore feels justified in telling Maria how dumb she is about Edward. Susannah and Fenwick try to pull them off each other and Harriet yells at her

mother to get off. Fenwick tells Harriet to listen to her mother. This is something that has not happened before. Harriet has always been short with her mother and has never really been scolded by her father to stop, much less told to obey her. Harriet is shocked by this and can't even speak. Maria and Harriet are then ushered out of the room by their parents.

Harriet is then onstage again when they discover Isobel hanging. Harriet doesn't say anything in this scene, but she is deeply affected by it. Harriet so desperately wants to be a physician, but she has never seen a dead body before, especially not one of someone she knows. Even though in the first scene Harriet scolds Isobel, she is still very close to her, and I believe she genuinely loves Isobel. Isobel wasn't just a maid to the family, but was a nanny and friend.

The last scene of the play, Act II Scene v, is Isobel's funeral. They bring in the coffin and the first line is Harriet's "poor Isobel." (Script 76) She feels sorry for her and is at a loss at what to say, which is new for Harriet. Maria asks her the time and Harriet says it "must be close to midnight" (Script 76), and then comforts her. Even though Maria and she fight, she really loves her. Maria and Harriet are referred to as the "heavenly twins" (Script 59), meaning they are very close. We decided that Maria was sixteen, which makes Harriet only three years older. Because of their father's profession, I imagine they were the only ones with whom each other played. They didn't have much contact with other children their own age. Again this is another reason why they are so attached to Isobel. Though this is where the play ends, I think this incident really makes Harriet think about her decision to become a physician. I don't know what she chooses, but Isobel's death affects her deeply and makes a lasting impact on her life.

Kate was the other character I played. This part of the play takes place in the same house, but in 1999 at the turn of the millennium. Her age, like Harriet's, is never mentioned. After discussions with Marshall we decided she was 28 due to her having a Master's in Genetics, and

her work on stem cell research. The relationship with Ellen is never fully defined, but based on the overall tone she uses when talking to Ellen, they are very familiar. We decided they were friends from graduate school. Ellen is fifteen years older than Kate and Kate has been sent by her company to try and convince Ellen to take a job with them. In fact, that is Kate's super objective for the play; to convince Ellen to work for her company, which she ultimately succeeds in doing. I imagined Kate visiting Ellen and Tom periodically throughout the year for holidays as a result of this friendship.

The first time we see Kate she is on the phone with her boss in Act I Scene ii. She is talking to him about Ellen taking the job with their company. She lets Ellen know "they have to know by New Year's Eve." (Script 24) This establishes Kate's objective and the time of year. She asks if she has talked to Tom, Ellen's husband, about the situation. This provides an additional urgency to the super objective. When Phil, a building surveyor, is introduced to Kate she leaves the room to make tea.

Kate enters later in the scene with tea and whiskey. The fact that Kate is comfortable enough to make tea in Ellen's house suggests the familiarity of their relationship. They aren't acquaintances, they are friends. Phil instantly asks her if she believes in spontaneous combustion. Kate puts an end to this conversation abruptly and moves on to serve the tea. Kate at that moment has already written Phil off as being not very smart. At least, not at the same level she and Ellen are on intellectually.

Ellen mentions selling the house and Kate tells her she doesn't have to. Then an argument ensues between the two about the job. Ellen brings up Tom, and Kate says it isn't Tom's decision. At this moment we don't know Kate's relationship status, but it definitely suggests she isn't married and that Kate makes decisions for herself without regard to anyone else. Through

this argument we also see the first signs of Ellen's hesitation to take the job based on ethical ramifications. When Ellen calls Kate young, Kate becomes very defensive. Even though Kate is younger than Ellen, she is a driven individual. She has a lot of success for a young person and doesn't like to be reminded of how young she is. Kate will not apologize for her age, and doesn't feel she needs to. Her age doesn't stop her from speaking her mind and telling people they are wrong.

Kate makes fun of Ellen for calling her dilemma an ethical crisis. Ellen says Kate has "never had an ethical crisis in her life". (Script 31) Kate doesn't see any problem with their research. This is when we find out the nature of the research. At this time stem cell research was just starting to be debated. Ellen has figured out a way to use pre-embryos to discover problems in the fetus, which Kate is trying to explain to Phil. Phil's constant challenging of this information frustrates Kate. She isn't exactly sure how to phrase it so he can understand the implications. One thing that was important in creating the character of Kate was to not make her come off as an elitist or, for lack of a better word, a bitch. While she might think Phil isn't the smartest person, she does want him to understand their research and tries really hard to make him see her point of view. If she can convince Phil their work is necessary then there is hope the world will too. We also see Kate's passion for what she does. She truly thinks what she is doing will help humanity. It will move genetics into the twentieth-century, simultaneously curing people of disease.

Phil mentions he had an uncle who was a manic depressive and was "magic", but Kate challenges him by asking what happened to his uncle. When Phil says he killed himself Kate feels she has won the argument. She isn't trying to be cold; she is trying to prove a point. Tom

then enters and tells them about the bones that have been found in the basement. This is a very curious thing for Kate to hear. This also ties the two centuries together.

In the next scene with Kate, Act II Scene ii, the audience gets to see the lighter side of her. She comes in and instantly jokes with Tom about bonding with Phil. She is also very matter of fact when she gives the explanation about what happened to the body they found. There is also a line alluding to Kate having been in a relationship. She says, “they had to dig up an old cemetery near us”. (Script 56) The “us” suggests she lives with someone. Based on everything else said in the play I came to the conclusion Kate is in a serious relationship, but she isn’t anywhere near committing to marrying. She is very independent, and I’m not sure she would ever marry or have kids. However, she is still only 28, so her focus might change. But right now she is very focused on her career.

When Kate walks into the room in Act II Scene iv, Ellen is talking about Kate. Firstly, Kate walks in with wine. I think it says something about Kate that in two out of three scenes she walks in with alcohol. I don’t think it suggests she is an alcoholic, but I think Kate likes to have a good time. She isn’t uptight. She also likes to make sure everyone around is taken care of and likes to be the “host,” even if it isn’t her house. She also likes to be in charge. Ellen suggests Kate sees science as value free and morally neutral. I think there is some truth in this statement. I don’t think Kate is without values, but I think she is very willing to make certain sacrifices for the sake of helping science progress. She says she wouldn’t kill or murder, but she is definitely willing to push the envelope. The entire banter she has with Tom reinforces her hope for the future. She accuses Tom of living in the past and in order to move forward society is going to have to make sacrifices. Not everything is black and white.

On the surface Kate can appear to be a flat character, rigid and amoral, but as I dug deeper into her character I found her to be complex. There is a definite humanity to her. Also, you can't play a bitch, because she doesn't think she is a bitch in real life. Everything she believes is completely justified by her actions and she isn't going to apologize for her beliefs. Kate is also everything Harriet wants to be, but can't.

Creating the Role

"The foundation of acting is the reality of doing." – Sanford Meisner

In creating the roles of Harriet and Kate I first wanted to look at them separately, as if they were two characters from different plays. I started with the given circumstances and went from there. Generally speaking, I knew Harriet was nineteen and Kate was twenty-eight. Harriet longs to be a physician, and Kate is a scientist. We were in the year 1799 with Harriet and 1999 with Kate. Harriet was a victim of her status and could never escape the role expected of women in her time period, while Kate had the world at her fingertips.

I worked first on the mannerisms of both characters. The different time periods greatly influenced my movement on stage. Harriet's movements were more reserved and if she used hand gestures at all they were broad and very purposeful. Anne Bogart defines topography as "the landscape, the floor pattern, the design we create in movement through space." (Bogart, 11) Harriet's topography was circular and round. Movements were grander and she tended to walk in more of an arc, except the two instances when she storms out of the room. One specific movement that I remember doing was when Susannah started to dote on Harriet, I grabbed my dress and started playing with it out of discomfort. It just happened naturally one night during rehearsal and Marshall, the director, said he wanted me to keep it, and then I started finding key

moments in the play to do this. Another Harriet trait was to stand with her hands clasped in front of her. The time period also dictated that when Harriet was sitting I needed to cross my ankles.

After figuring out the mannerisms of Harriet, I then started playing with how she relates to others onstage. The only person Harriet touches is her sister, Maria. She touches her to comfort her and Maria is the only person in the play Harriet feels comfortable enough to touch. There are times when her parents touch her, but it is always initiated by her parents. I don't think it is because she is completely uncomfortable with them, but more out of respect for them. She definitely never touches Armstrong or Roget, and there is never any contact with Isobel either.

On the other hand, Kate uses her hands to talk, which made her very contemporary. She put her hands on her hips and sat crossed-legged. Her gestures were more sporadic and less purposeful than Harriet's. While Kate still walked with purpose, her pacing was slower than that of Harriet. Kate also talks about how cold it is in the house which affects her movements. Kate was definitely closer to my actual mannerisms than Harriet.

Kate never makes contact with anyone onstage. This isn't because she is a cold person, but because there is no one in the play with which she would have that kind of relationship. Ellen would be the only character with which she might have this relationship, but there is never a point in the play for us to see this.

The other big part of differentiating characters was through their speech patterns and inflections. Both were done in standard British dialects. However, I tried to distinguish between the two by changing the rate, duration, and pitch. Harriet was slightly higher pitched than Kate. Harriet's speech also had elongated vowels. Kate clipped along with her speech. I also chose specific words to say differently in the same accent. For example, Harriet said "idear" and Kate said "idea". The difference is slight, but it helped me to develop their speech separately while

still doing the same accent. Harriet's speech was slightly more on the winey side. I didn't want her to be winey, but this was an attempt to make her younger.

When the costumes were added, they changed a few things. I talked a lot with Mignon, the costume designer, about the costumes before actually wearing them. In talking with her we discussed character and made sure we were on the same page. I also was lucky enough to be able to talk to her on a weekly basis about what was going on in rehearsal. After discussing what my hair would actually be able to do, we decided to wig Harriet and to have me straighten my naturally curly hair. This gave me the freedom to possibly play with Kate's hair, but it also meant I couldn't touch Harriet's hair. This also meant that Natalie, who played Maria, and I would have to be careful during the fight with the wig.

Harriet's costumes had the greatest influence on my physicality. The way the skirts billowed really made the exits more dramatic, while forcing a quickening of pace. The biggest difference came in wearing the various hats coupled with the wig. The struggle began first with the helmet for Britannia. The helmet kept falling off. We fixed it, but it still would shift on my head requiring careful physicality in the play within the play. The steam hat was top heavy. Due to this, it caused me to be restricted in my movements. When Harriet comes in, it is joyous and funny, but after, the scene shifts and the focus isn't on Harriet anymore. I had to be careful because the hat would shift if I turned my head causing me to look at the floor during that scene. I tried to look at Maria upstage, but that required me to move my entire body so I stopped because I thought it would pull focus in a negative way. The adjustments needed ended up being minimal and added value to the characterization.

The costumes for Kate didn't really force much change. The coat was only a little restrictive, but it didn't change anything for me. The only concern I had was sitting on the table with the skirt on, but once I rehearsed in it everything was fine.

Super Objective

"From the super down to the smallest, our lives are full of objectives pursued." - Robert Barton

My character's super-objectives were also very different from each other. Harriet wants to win her father's love and approval and Kate wants Ellen to take the job with her company. Harriet is desperate to prove herself to her father. If she does this she has hope of possibly becoming a physician. If she doesn't achieve this, she will either have to get married, or she will become a spinster and end up living with her sister the rest of her life. By the end of the play Harriet has achieved her super-objective. However, her fate is still undetermined. She finally receives her father's praise, but the play ends before we know the outcome of Harriet's desire to be a physician.

Kate wants Ellen to come work for her company because she believes Ellen and her team can help bring science into the twenty-first century. Kate's research is extremely important to her and she will do almost anything to continue it. However, without Ellen she cannot do this. Kate also gets what she wants at the end of the play. Her success at achieving her super-objective is more definite than Harriet's. Ellen will come and continue her research with Kate's company. Both succeed in their super-objectives, but how they go about achieving this is very different.

Rehearsal Journal

Monday, September 13, 2010

Auditions Day 1

Today we had the first round of auditions for Air Pump. I think it went pretty well. We just had to do two contrasting monologues. I did one from another Shelagh Stephenson play, The Silence of Water and one from Eugene O'Neill's Beyond the Horizon. Marshall asked us to do a British accent with our first monologue, and then to try it in our Scottish. That was actually a little tricky and I asked if I could do the Scottish with my second because I kept going back into British. All and all it was very short.

Tuesday, September 14, 2010

Call-Backs

Day two of auditions; callbacks. Even though I know I have to be cast because it's my thesis and all the parts are really good, I still was a little nervous at auditions. I read for Harriet first, which was a little weird because I didn't see myself as that role. Who would play my mother? I read all the other parts too, except Isobel, which I found a little weird. Who knows though? I guess I will find out very soon.

So, about two hours after auditions the cast list was sent to us via e-mail. I am playing Harriet/Kate. Never saw that coming. My mother is three years younger than me in real life. Completely ironic. I will say I am very excited to play two characters. I think this is the role I would play professionally. I just didn't see myself being cast as this because I wasn't sure who

would play my mother. I am extremely excited about the rest of the cast! Awesome group of actors and people I thoroughly enjoy. The fight between Natalie and me will be hilarious!!!!

Monday, September 20, 2010

Read-Through

First day of rehearsal and the first read-through were tonight. It went fantastically! It truly is a very talented cast and I think it will be an amazing show. We also saw some of Mignon's costume renderings. They look absolutely amazing and I can't wait to put things on! Marshall showed the model of the set that Kevin built and it looks really cool. A few first impressions of my characters are that Harriet is a bit of a brat, and Kate is a bit of a know it all. These are both negative things so I am definitely going to have to get underneath both of these characters and figure out why they are the way they are, and what other qualities they possess. We are doing table talk and dialect work the rest of the week. I can't wait for table talk. It's one of my favorite nights of rehearsal.

Tuesday, September 21, 2010

Day 1 of Table Talk

Tonight we did table talk for Act I. These are some things I wrote down from it:

Harriet

- Harriet is older than Maria
- Not sure on how old she is yet
- Progressive- wants a career
- Doesn't want to get married

- Younger girl in painting
- Sense of mystery in eyes of girl in painting
- Wants to experiments and discover
- Prologue
 - Relationship established
 - Banter between her and Maria
- Live in Newcastle
- Affectation- behavior or speech that is designed to impress
- Scene 1
 - Doesn't really want to do the play
 - Roget very encouraging of us
 - Doesn't get Maria, she is so different from her so it causes tension
 - Susannah tries to control her
 - Seeks approval from her father

Kate

- Geneticist- research what that really means
- Late 20s?
- Old colleague of Ellen's
- There is a familiarity with Ellen and a love for her
- Like modern day Armstrong
- How long has Phil been working on the house? How familiar is she with him?
- How long has she been there? The weekend?
- Visits Tom and Ellen about 4-5 times a year

- Has been sent by company to persuade Ellen to take the job.

I still have a lot of questions about both characters, but tonight I think I am really starting to hear their two different voices. It was also great to be able to discuss our characters openly with the rest of the cast. We could really see if we were on the same page in developing our relationships to one another. We also got a quick dialect workshop. “It’s like a party is happening in the front of your mouth.” -Tim O’ Neal

Wednesday, September 22, 2010

Day 2 of Table Talk

Tonight was Act II table work. I didn’t take nearly as many notes, but I think I am starting to understand these characters better.

Harriet

- Act II starts with the next day
- Very rebellious
- Look up Britannia and Arcadia
- Finally gets approval from father
- “Chum-ley” for Chamondley.

Kate

- Fighting with Tom is interesting.

That’s all I wrote during the talk. I think Harriet is going to be a challenge because I don’t want her to become a whining baby, and I don’t want Kate to come off as a heartless bitch either. After the readings Marshall said that he wants me to lighten up Kate a bit and I agree. Tomorrow is dialect work, thankfully, so the accent can become second nature.

Friday, September 24, 2010

Dialect Work

We did dialect work tonight and it really helped. We were able to go through the entire script and figure out any weird pronunciations. We decided on certain pronunciations for words as a group so we would have a cohesive dialect. We were handed some worksheets to use that I think will be very helpful. Oh, and we need headshots and bios!

Monday, September 27, 2010

Blocking Begins

First day of blocking! Today we blocked the prologue and the first half of scene 1. I kept stumbling over lines with Harriet. I think I need to slow all of her stuff down. She is going to be hard to crack. I talked with Marshall afterward and he doesn't want her temper tantrums to be too young. (We still haven't settled on an age, which I think once we do it will help.) The problem I am having now though is that everyone reacts to my outbursts and talks about how I go from one extreme to the other, so I'm trying to find a happy medium, but it is proving a little difficult. I have noticed that it's really hard for me to act when I have a book in my hand. Some of my other cast members are good at this, but I am definitely not. It takes a little work for me to feel natural on stage. I am not sure if this because of my character or just me. I think it is just me.

Tuesday, September 28, 2010

Some Food for Thought

Tonight I tackled Kate for a brief moment. I think I say about five lines in the part that we blocked. It is the first time we see Kate though so it is very important. It establishes the relationship between Kate and Ellen right off the bat.

Harriet

- Goes from 0-90 in two seconds (have to see her go from 0-90 in that moment)
- Similar relationship between her and Maria and me and Mary, my younger sister in real life, especially around that age. I always have loved Mary, but for a long time we didn't get along because we are just two different people. I have always known what I wanted and she has always been trying to find herself, and I didn't accept that for a while so we would bicker a lot. I also think I can unfairly be hard on her for no reason. (Why is she hard on her?)
- Very rebellious with her parents. I don't think that I am to that degree, but I definitely have always done what I wanted to do. My mom wanted me to study music and I wanted to study theatre. (explore more the relationship with mother)
- Has a desire to impress people. I am always looking for others to affirm me and I think Harriet is too. Even with the play. Although she says it isn't any good and that she doesn't want to do it. I think secretly she does, and she wants the others to like it and tell her she did a good job. (how I felt when I first got here with not being cast first semester)
- Isn't very good with praise from her mother and she finds it slightly embarrassing. I do too when my mom brags on me in public to people I don't know. Even though

secretly I want the praise, I can still find it very uncomfortable. (not receiving praise from who she wants; Armstrong, Roget and father)

Kate

- Doesn't apologize for her age. Just because she is younger than Ellen doesn't mean she won't give her opinion which she of course thinks is right. I am very guilty of this. (always trying to prove herself to everyone because of her age)
- Very work oriented, she socializes but she let's what she does define her and I think I do the same thing. (can put it away but always in the back of her mind. Is she gay?)
- Wants everyone to have good time. I mean even though she doesn't live there she still is offering drinks and including everyone. (can't give up control easily)
- Gets defensive, I'm the same (find it textually)
- Passionate (what is her ultimate goal? Nobel prize? Does she seek fame and fortune? How much is enough?)

Research Arcadia and Britannia. Why does she choose that play and why does she choose to play Britannia?

Monday, October 4, 2010

Questions with Marshall

Questions with Marshall is the time Marshall and I spent after rehearsal asking each other questions and discussing the play. Today was a pretty short rehearsal. We blocked Scene ii of Act I. It went very fast. It feels a little awkward, but I think that is because I was trying to move furniture with my script in my hand. I'm still struggling with Harriet and temper tantrums. They happen almost every time I am on stage and in a scene. I discussed my question with Marshall

tonight and I think we were able to discover some things about my character. I think what we found will help with the outburst. He gave me some really nice feedback on some of my traits. The only thing that struck me as odd was he asked if Kate was gay. He said he doesn't know the answer, but just some food for thought. I had never entertained the idea, but it did give me something to think about. I'm not real sure, I know she doesn't have a boyfriend, but I feel like gay or not she would totally be into one night stands. She does talk about not understanding why Ellen is so tied to what Tom thinks, but that could just be her being young and naïve to what it takes to sustain a relationship. This is all things I need to explore more textually. I think Marshall and I are going to get very personal when we start working acting because he does know me so well. This frightens and excites me. It frightens me because I think I will have to come face to face with a few things about myself that maybe I don't want to deal with, but it excites me because I think it will really help my performance. I have only ever worked with a director as a colleague on this scale once in *Much Ado About Nothing*, but even then I never had the extensive discussions about my character as I am having now. I feel like with Marshall we are able to collaborate more as artist to artist and not teacher to student, which is the relationship I am accustomed to. Marshall gave me my new question for the day. Why does Harriet choose to base her play on Britannia's Pastorals and why does she choose to play Britannia? I will admit I have been bad and don't really know the story yet. I will be researching that tonight and discussing it with Marshall tomorrow? I have thought of a question for Marshall. What is Shelagh Stephenson trying to say with this play? We had discussed this a little bit during the read, but I wanted a more thorough answer.

Tuesday, October 5, 2010

More Blocking

We blocked Act II Scenes ii and iii. I am not in a lot of that, but some very important things happen for Harriet in those scenes. She finally gets the smoke hat to work which is a huge accomplishment for her, and is able to impress her father. We didn't actually block the fight between Natalie and me. David Hoover is coming in to do that at a later date, so that part was a little awkward. I think things are progressing nicely. This cast really seems to get along. Oh Sarah Klocke, our assistant director, blocked one of the scenes tonight. I was not in the scene, but I think she did a good job with it, Go Sarah! I also had a discussion with Mignon about costumes. I brought her a couple of tops to look at and she liked the plum-colored top. I also tried on a mock-up she had ready. I saw the fabric that she is using for my dress and I am very excited about it. It is going to be gorgeous. I think I might end up wearing a wig for Harriet, so I don't know if my hair will be straight or curly for Kate. I think straight might be easier. Chris, the props builder, came into tonight to see if I could hold the shield, which I can and it looks awesome! It is actually pretty light. Not a lot of acting went on tonight for my part. My book keeps getting in the way. Off book on Monday for Act I. I am excited!

So Marshall and I talked after rehearsal as we usually do. We talked about the significance of Britannia meets Arcadia. The idea stems from the poet William Browne's Britannia's Pastorals. The idea of the play the girls put on mirrors the themes of Air Pump. Future versus past is one of many dual themes in the play and Britannia and Arcadia represent just that. Harriet chooses to play Britannia because it represents the future and progress, two things that Harriet herself personifies, and Maria plays Arcadia which is past and ideal. We also discussed more about Harriet's reasons for not wanting to get married. Does Harriet fully

understand the ramifications of this and if she does, does she even care? I haven't quite answered that one yet. I have ordered Britannia's Pastorals so I can actually sit down and study the poetry. Marshall's new question for me was what steps does Harriet go through to get the final product of the smoke hat? How many experiments does she try and what are they? Also, why does she want to make a smoke hat? This will definitely take some time to think about because I am not scientifically able at all. I'm going to have to use some imagination on this one.

Monday, October 11, 2010

Off Book Act I

Tonight was our first night to be off book for Act I, and it was interesting. Some actors were definitely better than others. I was off book for the most part; I really just kept messing up with cue lines. That's really all we did with rehearsal tonight. One more week until we are off book for Act II! Britannia's Pastorals came in the mail today and it is going to be incredibly hard to read. It's in old English and a lot of the letter characters are changed.

Marshall and I talked after rehearsal and he gave me a few notes from the run. He said I needed to motivate my blocking more. I agree, although I wasn't really thinking about that tonight. I was just trying to get the blocking and lines right, so really I just gave line readings tonight. Marshall liked my chance when Susannah is doting on me. I was fiddling with my skirt at that point. (I made a physical choice there, I didn't have lines.) We are going to clean up some of my blocking because Marshall has me downstage a lot which is forcing me to upstage myself at points. He also wants Kate not to cross her legs at the ankle. He wants her to not cross her legs or cross them fully. He thinks crossing at the ankles is too young. More character choices will come as I discover them over the course of rehearsal. Tomorrow we are running Act II.

Tuesday, October 12, 2010

Run of Act II

The run of Act II was interesting. I felt like half the time I was acting and half the time I was just going through the motions because we are still on book for this act. Marshall kind of called me out on this, and then I was asked to go and circle all of my punctuation in the script. I don't know why that annoyed me so much. I think because that is such a basic thing, and I hadn't done it yet so it just annoyed me that I had to be told. Either way it is something I need to do so I will do it for tomorrow.

Wednesday, October 13, 2010

Frustration

Tonight we worked the Prologue and Scene i of the first Act. I think it went pretty well. I felt good about some of the choices I made for Harriet. Marshall and I talked during one of the breaks. We discussed my exit right after she has said "I hate you." He wants me to change the intent of the line. We had a little disagreement about that part. I understand what Marshall is trying to say, but I am having a hard time motivating this within the given circumstances of the show. Right after I leave Susannah says that I am "given to rages" so I feel like she has to have a temper tantrum, not a full blown tantrum, but a slight one. Marshall pointed out the time period and how she wouldn't normally talk to her father like this, and I agree; still struggling with it though. I think I will just have to play with it a few ways and try different tactics. Right now the action I have been using is to accuse, perhaps I should try to guilt, actually that doesn't work there, maybe to accuse is the right action, but yelling is the wrong delivery. I need to fix my

second entrance. She has just told her father she hates him, not that she meant it at all, so she needs to be maybe a little timid when she enters to talk to her father. Definitely have some things to think about before we run this scene again tomorrow. All in all though I thought it was a really good rehearsal. I am very glad to be working on moment to moment now!!!

Thursday, October 14, 2010

Better Night

At the beginning of rehearsal we ran the Prologue and Act I scene i. It felt a lot better than last night. Marshall said he liked my build and to keep working on it. Then we worked the second scene. Marshall gave me some good notes for the scene.

- I'm Sorry- more of a, are you serious delivery.
- Pour whiskey into the glass at the beginning of the line "It's after five..." don't even give him a chance to say no
- More playful with "So don't then"
- "That's what I keep saying." More shocked that Phil had the same idea as me.
- On Ellen's line "You're fifteen years younger..." how does that effect me? Pissed? Annoyed?
- "Ethical crisis" Really?
- Run over the line "we use them in our research..."
- "Anyway my company"...let's get back on track guys
- "It's like a new map..." explain like he is stupid because he kind of is.

- On Phil's line "My uncle Stan..." really listen to what he says...it's ridiculous...so glad we kept him around.

Those were all the notes he gave me while we were working. Kate seems to be coming along though. I think I just need to flesh her out more, make her more human and likable. I am off until Monday!!

Monday, October 18, 2010

Costumes are Amazing

Tonight we worked Act II Scene i. This is really a big scene for Harriet. She completely stands up to her mother and she explodes in this scene. So, for starters we did a line through and were very silly. We laughed at just about everything and it seemed like it might be one of those nights, but after we got all the giggles out we were able to get down to business. Harriet has a nice moment when she finally stands up to Susannah right before she leaves. We changed some of the blocking a little bit so it makes more sense now. I didn't have my shield and spear so I'm sure some things will change when I get both. All in all it was a good rehearsal. Tomorrow we are working the rest of the Act. On a side note, my costumes look great!!! Thank you, Mignon!!!! I'm so excited to wear them!!

Tuesday, October 19, 2010

Best Hat Ever

We were supposed to start with the fight, but David was sick so we weren't able to block it. We did work the first 1999 scene and the scene where I wear the chimney hat. Chris brought

the hat and it is awesome! It doesn't have smoke yet, but it will soon...hopefully. I think in the scene where Harriet comes on with the hat, she redeems herself from the previous scene. I'm not being negative with my character, but I think before that she might come off a little spoiled and bratty. However, when we see how happy she is her father approves I think the audience will finally have the realization she does everything to try and get him to affirm her. We were supposed to go through the rest of Act II, but didn't make it. So we will pick up where we left off tomorrow.

Wednesday, October 20, 2010

Are we ever going to fight?

I didn't do too much in rehearsal tonight. We did the rest of the Act. David wasn't able to come to rehearsal again tonight so we weren't able to block the fight between Maria and me. We did the final scene between Tom, Ellen and Kate, but since not everyone was completely off book, working it was a little futile, so more or less we just ran it. The hanging is going to be super creepy though. I think I am starting to find Kate's sense of humor a little more. It is a little dry, but it's there. I definitely don't want her to come off as a cold-hearted bitch. That's Armstrong's job. Marshall gave us the schedule for the next few days. Hopefully, we will be able to hammer out some things during this time, and I'll be able to try some different things with my characters. I think by the end of this weekend I want to have finished scoring my script, all of which is subject to change, of course. It will at least give me a starting place now that we have a solid skeleton for the play. I need to remind myself to print out a new copy of the script.

Thursday, October 21, 2010

Fight Choreography

Tonight we blocked the fight between Maria and Harriet. It is going to be awesome!!!!
That's all I did at rehearsal tonight. I was able to leave after that, so I went home and worked on lines and actions. Tomorrow we are working two of my bigger scenes so that will be nice.

Friday, October 22, 2010

Play Within a Play

We ran the play scene. I did something wrong and Marshall told me sarcastically to remember his notes, which he then apologized for after rehearsal. I guess he thought I was mad, I really just found it funny more than anything. The play is coming along. Tonight I actually had the shield and triton. They are heavier than I thought. Now I poke Natalie with the triton at one part. It's very silly and funny. I have also discovered I really like being on stage with Natalie (not that I ever didn't like being onstage with her). I have discovered though I can really throw anything at her and totally trust her to use it and react to it. It's very nice to be able to totally trust someone like that. I've noticed I can do that with some others, but I have a lot of stuff with Natalie and every time I change something or give her a look she is right there with me. A note from Sarah was to use my papa as my motivation to leave the scene. I look to him for reassurance and when I don't get it, I leave. We then were supposed to run scene ii from Act I, but I guess it wasn't going well before I enter, and Marshall called rehearsal. I did the first part of the scene and then exited when I'm supposed to, and when I came back on, Marshall stopped rehearsal about three lines after I re-entered. So I don't think it was me, but I guess I can't be

sure. I feel like Marshall would have talked to me if it had been something I did. He said we would work the scene another time, and to go back and look over the scene.

Monday, October 25, 2010

Hangings and Buttons Galore!

In rehearsal we ran the hanging. We changed a little of the blocking and an entrance. That's all I had for rehearsal tonight. Oh, and Michael, take off the damn button bracelet!!!!!!!!!!!!!! (Michael has this button bracelet that he has been wearing and it keeps getting caught in Rebecca's hair during the hanging scene.)

Tuesday, October 26, 2010

Full Run

We did a full run tonight. Marshall had some people come in to watch, including Beau and David. We were given dialect notes after, and now I am extremely tired, so I am going to bed. Although it is worth mentioning that tonight felt very off for me. I don't know if it is because we hadn't done some of the scenes in a long time or what, but it just felt a little weird tonight. Good night.

Wednesday, October 27, 2010

Transitions

Tonight we took care of all the transitions. So we didn't work any acting, but we were able to figure out who is bringing on what and everything like that. We also worked with the

costumes tonight. I don't have a dresser, but I don't think I need one. Tomorrow we will do a stop and go run, and work things.

Thursday, October 28, 2010

Run and Work

Tonight was a run and work night. We didn't actually make it through the entire play so tomorrow we will pick up from where we left off. I'm still struggling with trying to make Harriet and Kate different. I know they are written differently, but I'm nervous they will both come off bitchy and I don't want that to happen. I'm trying to lighten Kate up a bit, and with Harriet I think her rants and outburst come from a place of hurt not anger. I think this will help an audience be more sympathetic towards her instead of just writing her off as winey.

Friday, October 29, 2010

Finishing Business

We finished the run and work, and then did a speed through. This definitely helped a lot of the timing issues. No one, including me, had time to be self-indulgent. Lines are coming along nicer for everyone, thank goodness!! We have tech coming up, and those who have quick changes will be working with costume pieces tomorrow during tech.

Saturday, October 30, 2010

Tech Rehearsal

First tech went pretty smoothly, all things considered. I think we are still working out some cues, but for the most part it was fairly simple thanks to all the work before actors arrived.

I love, love, love all of the costumes!!!! Mignon is a genius! All the transitions are super easy for me. I might need a little help with some of the changes, but nothing that I can't deal with. I am very glad we decided to wig Harriet though, because there is no way on earth I could have gone from 1799 hairstyle to a 1999 hairstyle. This also gives us the opportunity to give Kate straight hair, which Mignon and I both agree we would have. It makes her seem a little more put together. Almost everything I am wearing as Kate is something I own (or bought for the show because I wanted it after), except for the coat, which don't be surprised if it goes missing after the run! It fits perfectly, and looks so good!!

Monday, November 1, 2010

First Dress

First Dress Rehearsal!!!!!! Tonight was a little bumpy. I have also discovered in the opening tableau, if I don't make sure to stand with my feet shoulder width apart, I will never make it. I thought my back was going to scream at Caleigh to go faster with her monologue, not because she was taking too long, just because my back hurt. My fight with Natalie is starting to get ridiculous and awesome! I'm still making some new discoveries with both characters, and Marshall gave a few notes for me to try tomorrow. Okay, so my two hats are a bit of a problem. The Britannia one wants to keep falling off, and the smoke hat starts to hurt after about a minute. They also limit my head movement in both scenes. I don't think it is anything I can't handle, but it does change some things for me. In the scene with the smoke hat I now definitely cannot look around because the hat will probably fall off to the side and be comical; not what we are going for while Susannah is yelling at Fenwick. I now just look down at my wine glass that may or

may not have wine in it, depending on how drunk Susannah is feeling that night. We open in three days!!! Can't wait!!!

Notes from tonight:

- Dialect Notes
 - At All
 - Watch O's, don't change them
- LOUDER!!!!
- Get your faces up
- Drive the play!!!!
- "Oh that" catch up on conversation, then dismiss
- Use cup to warm hands
- Don't stress fuck, but don't swallow it either
- Sit up straight when sitting on table
- Motivate blocking when crossing around table
- Raise visor on helmet
- Sit up straight
- Blow out candles when coffin is set down

Tuesday, November 2, 2010

Second Dress

Everything is really coming together!! The play was always fun, but now it is really fun to do!! I feel like we have grown so much as a cast. Now we just need an audience in the worst way. There aren't any more laughs, just writing. There is the occasional chuckle, but that is it. I

did change the “Oh that” line which seemed to amuse Sarah a bit. The hats are still problematic. We also messed up the smoke tonight. It didn’t want to go out. I think I ran out too soon and they didn’t have time to blow it out, so it was on fire and there was tons of smoke. It made PJ cough a bit and made the whole beginning of that scene quite comical for everyone on stage. The Britannia is getting better though, which is good. And now time for some rest. One more rehearsal!!

Notes from tonight:

- Different tactic on “now that you’ve established that”
- Take moment to realize papa noticed-he is interested
- Don’t lean over table in Scene i
- Butter her up with “Ellen is a brilliant scientist”
- More annoyed with Phil
- Speed up play within a “She wasn’t murdered”

Wednesday, November 3, 2010

Final Dress!!!

Last rehearsal went...well, it went. No it went fine. I just had a big mishap with my hat. So they changed the front of the helmet and now it just doesn’t fit at all with the wig on. We will have to pin it. It fell off during the play and broke. Whoops! It should be getting fixed tomorrow. I tried something different with the play within the play and it didn’t work at all! Oh well, that’s what rehearsal is for and I failed gloriously! I also had to take padding out of the smoke hat, which makes it hurt in the front, but oh well. There isn’t much I can do about that. Other than that, I think we are absolutely ready for tomorrow! This has been an amazing process, and I have

fully enjoyed working with this cast and crew! They are a very talented bunch! I could not have asked for a better thesis experience. Good night! Tomorrow is going to rock!

Notes from tonight:

- Dialect
 - sEntiments
 - Bric a brac
 - Alzheimer's
- Take cue off of PJ for bird
- Go back to play the first way
- Blow out candles after lights come up.

Thursday, November 4, 2010

Opening Night

It's a hit!!!!!!! Chrissy came tonight and gave me a huge bouquet of flowers! She is a little bit amazing!! Everyone I talked to after the show said they really enjoyed the show. It is so good to hear that. It was great to have an audience finally. My hats worked better tonight as well. Time to celebrate a good show!

Friday, November 5, 2010

Second Night Slump...or Not

Another good show! Good audience tonight!! I think as a cast we are still finding things and growing which is good because we still have 5 shows and festival!

Saturday, November 6, 2010

End of a Marathon Week

SO TIRED!!!! It has been a marathon getting to tonight. Finally we have four days off!!!! I don't even know what to do with myself. Oh wait I have a festival to plan. Fantastic! Festival is coming along quite well. It is actually a little unnerving. I swear something is going to happen, but let's think positive!!!

Thursday, November 11, 2010

Back in the Saddle

Tonight was very weird for me performance wise. It felt a little foreign. I don't think it was an amazing performance, but I also don't think it was completely horrible. Phil came tonight so maybe I will see how it went when I talk with him. My family and friends come in tomorrow!!!! Unbelievably excited!!!!!!!

Friday, November 12, 2010

Family Time

Performance went fine and now to see my family! Not much to say tonight, a little too excited to see everyone!

Saturday, November 13, 2010

It's Approved

So my family and friends approve!!!! I was exhausted when I got to the theatre at first from playing tourist with everyone (there was a total of seventeen people here to see the show).

However, focused and then an allergy attack came on. I literally cried during the opening tableau because I couldn't snuffle. I asked my friends if they noticed and they said they didn't but they might be lying. It was great having everyone there. Some of my friends that came have never seen what I do, so it was really nice to share it with them and their parents. My parents were super proud of me, this is the first show they have been able to come to since I've been here! All eighteen of us went to IHOP after the show and everyone was discussing it, and not just oh Jennie we thought you were good. They were talking about themes and what everything meant, which was awesome to see how the audiences reacted to everything. I also will add some of these people don't go to theater, so it was an even bigger compliment when they said they would see it again since it is a two and half hour play!

Sunday, November 14, 2010

Photo Call and Matinee

Went to Café du Monde this morning with everyone in the quarter which was just silly because it was incredibly busy and I had to be at the theatre early for photo call. However, I made it and photo call went fine. The show was good today, and the audience was about average. I can't believe we are already done with the run. Next stop, festival!!! Oh goodness so much to do in the next two days!

Wednesday, November 17, 2010

Festival Show

Could not have asked for a better audience! They about died with laughter! Zach literally stopped the show with his line, "Any chance of seeing the show." And then Miss Natalie, being

brilliant with comedy, knew that if she waited long enough to say her next line the laughter would die and then start again. Well that is exactly what happened. I really almost lost it on stage at that point. I started cracking a smile, but luckily held it together. It was an awesome performance!!! I can't believe it is over (unless it gets held for consideration). Our response is tomorrow morning.

Thursday, November 18, 2010

Response

We received a extremely positive response from the respondent. He thought I did a good job at differentiating the two characters. He also really liked when Natalie and I came on stage. He thought our dynamic was great and that we gave the audience a nice breath of air when we came out. Honestly, I don't think he could have been more positive.

Friday, November 19, 2010

Awards

I GOT A RYAN!!!!!!!!!! Completely surprised and happy about it!!! Caleigh, Michael, and I all received them. The show also was held for consideration by the respondent, and we received an Outstanding Ensemble award! Michael received an Excellence in Properties Design Award. As a side note, Caleigh and I received an award for hospitality at the festival and I received one for hosting. It was very nice to be recognized for coordinating the festival. It is now done though. We will find out in December about the show. I would love to remount this!

Sunday, December 12, 2010

Officially Over

The show was not held. A little disappointing, but *The Night of the Iguana* is going. Which is very exciting and I am very happy for Beau. It has been quite an experience working on this piece, and I am a little sad to see it officially be over. Thank you to everyone involved. I thoroughly enjoyed every moment of it.

Project Evaluation

After finishing my performance I talked with my committee member, Phil Karnell, my major professor, David Hoover, and my director, Marshall Carby.

In my meeting with Phil we discussed my progression as an actress over the last year. I had Phil for Graduate Acting and Acting for the Camera and we were able to talk about how I have grown over the last few years. Phil said he didn't have too many notes to give me on my performance. He thought it was a solid performance and I should be happy with my work. He said he appreciated that Kate was cold in the first scene. He thought I reacted well to the environment. Phil said I hit all my beats and stayed within the parameters of the play. Everything was clear and credible in my performance. Phil thought my dialect work was also really good as well. I asked him if he thought I was successful in creating two characters and he said I was. Phil thought I did a nice job in making clear distinctions between Harriet and Kate. We discussed how I have changed as an actor and the main point Phil made was he thought I was more economical as an actor now. He said I have always had good instincts, but I now know how to utilize them and realize that less is more.

I spoke with David next about the performance, and the main note he gave me was that at times he thought I could project more. Since this was Marshall's thesis as well, David gave Marshall notes and some of those notes were given to me. For instance, David thought I could go further with the play within the play. That note was given to me and corrected before we opened.

Director's Feedback

I then spoke with Marshall about the process and the final result. We talked about my strengths and my weaknesses. We also discussed what I could do to improve my acting skills. One of the greatest strengths Marshall thought I had as an actor was being a team player. I

always came in off book when asked and knew my blocking and was in the proper rehearsal attire. He also thought one of my strengths was I gave a lot to other actors onstage. He thinks I absorb things very well. I really listen to everything being said to me and respond accordingly. Marshall said I do a good job at using the environment around me to help my performance. Nothing is there arbitrarily, but it is there to amplify the performance like costumes, set and props. The last strength we talked about was my change throughout the process. He thought I grew enormously throughout the process. Where I started as an actor, day one of the process, was not where I ended opening night.

We then moved on to my weaknesses as an actor. He thought one of them was that while I do grow throughout the process, he thinks sometimes it might take awhile to have a break through. He also thinks I get defensive when given criticism and I can work on that. He thought one of my biggest weaknesses was auditioning. We spent a lot of time talking about auditions. He thinks I can choose better pieces. We also came to find we have different ideas when it comes to auditions. Marshall likes to have people read parts over and over and wants to see different choices being made, and I don't always do that. He thinks I should work on making more specific choices in an audition. I'm not very used to reading the same part over and over again. A lot of times I know I make a choice and tend to stick with it during the audition process, and maybe I need to change it up. However, I wasn't directed to change anything during the audition process.

Self Evaluation

This process was a very positive experience for me overall. I think I grew a lot as an actor throughout the rehearsal and performance. I learned about my strengths and weaknesses as an actor.

I would agree with most of what Marshall said about me as an actor. I have always felt one of my main strengths is being prepared. I always used to think everyone was like this and it was just a given, but I have discovered not all actors are as prepared for rehearsal as they should be. I take great pride in everything I do and take even more pride in my craft. I know I am diligent in my work ethic.

I would also agree with what he said about me being a giving actor. I know I always make sure I'm actively listening onstage and giving another actor everything they need to have a good performance. I try to not be selfish onstage and give focus where focus is needed. I also listen so if someone changes their performance, my performance changes accordingly. Having Marshall tell me this definitely affirmed what I thought I was doing.

My dialect was another strength I thought I had during this process. I have always been decent at accents, and think it comes from having a musical background. Accents are very musical and from playing piano for so long my ear is decently trained. This helps me as an actor. However, David did mention my volume and I would agree. Sometimes I was too quiet onstage. I am not sure why because I know better, but I know at times I needed to pump up the volume. I have always thought of my voice as one of my strengths, and have received compliments on it from other directors, so in the future I just need to be more aware.

I definitely have weaknesses as an actor. I think I am very "in my head" about acting. I have always been this way and tried to work on that. I need to trust my instincts more. I tend to have decent instincts, but don't always trust them and tend to second guess them. I over analyze situations and end up hindering myself. I have this desire to be perfect on stage, or to give the director exactly what they want instead of focusing on what the character is doing. I'm my own worst enemy when it comes to this. I need to relax and know that it will never be perfect and

there is no problem with failing during rehearsal. I believe this has improved over the last year, but I know I have a long way to go. I think it comes from me not trusting myself as an actor, and being self-conscious onstage. I have a lot of confidence, but a lot of times it is false confidence.

I know as an actor my process can sometimes take awhile. It usually takes me a couple of weeks of rehearsal to really get underneath a character. I need to work on getting there faster. With this process we only had a week between auditions and rehearsal so there wasn't a lot of time to prepare, but when I do have time I need to spend more of it developing my character outside of rehearsal so it doesn't take up so much time during rehearsal.

During this production I was able to really define my process. Every show is different and because I played two different roles I really had to make specific choices. I thought I was successful in creating two different people. Playing two roles forced me to think of every aspect of the character and to dig deeper than I have in the past. This will help me greatly in the future. I will be able to bring more dimensions to future roles.

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Appendix A
Scored Script

AN EXPERIMENT WITH AN AIR PUMP

BY
SHELAGH STEPHENSON



★
DRAMATISTS
PLAY SERVICE
INC.

AN EXPERIMENT WITH AN AIR PUMP received its United States premiere at the Manhattan Theatre Club (Lynne Meadow, Artistic Director; Barry Grove, Executive Producer) in New York City on October 5, 1999. It was directed by Doug Hughes; the set design was by John Lee Beatty; the lighting design was by Brian MacDevitt; the original music and sound design were by David Van Tieghem; the costume design was by Catherine Zuber; and the production stage manager was Charles Means. The cast was as follows:

FENWICK/TOM	Daniel Gerroll
SUSANNAH/ELLEN	Linda Emond
HARRIET/KATE	Ana Reeder
MARIA	Clea Lewis
ROGET	Christopher Duva
ARMSTRONG/PHIL	Jason Butler Harner
ISOBEL	Seana Kofoed

AN EXPERIMENT WITH AN AIR PUMP was first performed at the Royal Exchange Theatre, Manchester, England, on February 12, 1998. It was directed by Matthew Lloyd; the set design was by Julian McGowan; and the lighting design was by Peter Mumford. The cast was as follows:

FENWICK/TOM	David Horovitch
SUSANNAH/ELLEN	Dearbhla Molloy
HARRIET/KATE	Louise Yates
MARIA	Sarah Howe
ROGET	Tom Smith
ARMSTRONG/PHIL	Tom Mannion
ISOBEL	Pauline Lockhart

AN EXPERIMENT WITH AN AIR PUMP

ACT ONE

Prologue

Chiaroscuro lighting up on slow revolve tableau involving the whole cast (except Susannah/Ellen), which suggests Joseph Wright's painting "An Experiment on a Bird in the Air Pump." Fenwick takes the role of the scientific demonstrator. Revolve continues slowly throughout this scene.

The bird flutters in the glass dome. Strategically placed above the audience are four large projections of Wright's painting.

Ellen, dressed casually in loose trousers, T-shirt, deck shoes, is looking up at them. Two dressers come on with her costume, wig, shoes, etc., for the part of Susannah.

ELLEN. I've loved this painting since I was thirteen years old. I've loved it because it has a scientist at the heart of it, a scientist where you usually find god. Here, centre stage, is not a saint or an archangel, but a man. Look at his face, bathed in celestial light, here is a man beatified by his search for truth. As a child enraptured by the possibilities of science, this painting set my heart racing, it made the blood tingle in my veins: I wanted to *be*

Harriet Super Objective:
To win her father's
love.

Harriet Beat 1:
To understand her
father's experiment
① To defend

② To criticize

this scientist; I wanted to be up there in the thick of it, all eyes drawn to me, frontiers tumbling before my merciless deconstruction. I was thirteen. Other girls wanted to marry Marc Bolan. I had smaller ambitions. I wanted to be god. (*The dressers hook her into a tight corset over her tee shirt.*) This painting described the world to me. The two small girls on the right are terrified he's going to kill their pet dove. The young scientist on the left, is captivated, fascinated, his watch primed, he doesn't care whether the dove dies or not. For him what matters is the process of experiment and the intoxication of discovery. The two young lovers next to him don't give a damn about any of it. (*The dressers help her into her dress and shoes, put on her wig.*) But the elderly man in the chair is worried about what it all means. He's worried about the ethics of dabbling with life and death. I think he's wondering where it's all going to end. He's the dead hand of caution. He bears the weight of all the old certainties and he knows they're slipping away from him, and from his kind. But when I was thirteen, what held me more than anything, was the drama at the centre of it all, the clouds scudding across a stage set moon, the candlelight dipping and flickering. Who would not want to be caught up in this world? Who could resist the power of light over darkness? (*The dressers hand her a fan and leave. The lights change, the projections fade, and as Susannah, she joins the tableau.*)

MARIA. Will he die papa?

FENWICK. We'll see, won't we?

MARIA. I don't want him to die.

ARMSTRONG. It's only a bird.

HARRIET. It's Maria's pet ①

ARMSTRONG. The world is bursting with birds, she can get another — (*Maria bursts into tears.*)

MARIA. I don't want another one. I want this one! I named him for my fiancé.

HARRIET. They do have a similar intellectual capacity. ②

SUSANNAH. Don't start Harriet.

ROGET. Perhaps we could use a different bird ...

ARMSTRONG. D'you happen to have one on you?

ROGET. Well, I could — I'm sure we could find one —

SUSANNAH. Mr. Roget, there's really no need to go trampling round the garden with a net, I'm afraid Maria is being a dreadful baby.

MARIA. I don't want Edward to die papa —

SUSANNAH. Maria, show a little faith, your father would never conduct an experiment unless he was quite sure of the outcome, isn't that so?

FENWICK. You haven't quite grasped the subtlety of the word "experiment," Susannah —

MARIA. He's going to kill Edward!

ARMSTRONG. This goes to prove the point I made earlier sir: Keep infants away from the fireplace and women away from science. (*Fenwick gives him a long look.*)

FENWICK. How old are you now Armstrong?

ARMSTRONG. I'm about to be twenty-six sir.

FENWICK. You're an awful prig, has anyone ever told you that? (*He performs the experiment. Gasps. The bird flutters out, unharmed. Maria gives a cry of delight, general clapping, laughter. Blackout.*)

Scene 1

Bring sounds of rioting going on outside — breaking glass, a baying mob, crashes, screams etc. A chandelier descends from the ceiling and throws out scattered, shimmering light.

A bewildering variety of stuffed birds, animals, and reptiles are suspended on strings, mounted on plinths, displayed in cases. A large cluttered desk, piled up with books, a microscope, a skull, bits of bodies and organs pickled in jars, nearby a telescope. Various bits of machinery.

Fenwick sits at his desk, writing calmly, ignoring the tumult outside.

Susannah sits at a small card table endlessly playing

Patience, drinking brandy, and growing steadily more intoxicated.

Roget hovers anxiously, wincing at some of the more alarming crashes. Occasionally he peers through the telescope.

Armstrong is agitated, glancing at his pocket watch.

ARMSTRONG. D'you think we're trapped? *(Roget looks through the telescope.)*

ROGET. I can't see a thing. Apart from smoke.

FENWICK. *(Not looking up.)* Stop fretting for god's sake.

SUSANNAH. That's right Mr. Armstrong. Stop fretting. It's merely a crazed mob, mad on drink and wild for blood. Nothing to fret about.

FENWICK. Any more proposals for the New Year lectures?

SUSANNAH. We could all be burnt in our beds. Probably will be. Hey Ho. *(Turns over a card.)* Excellent. Three of spades.

ARMSTRONG. *(Very agitated.)* I have an appointment.

FENWICK. I'd advise you to forget it. What about these proposals Roget? *(Roget rummages around in his pockets and produces some sheets of paper. He looks through them.)*

ROGET. A marked pre-occupation with all things dental. *(A roar from the crowd outside. He winces at the sound of a huge crash.)*

ARMSTRONG. Someone ought to put a stop to this.

ROGET. Go on then.

FENWICK. Stop agitating and sit down Armstrong, you're not going anywhere at present —

ARMSTRONG. I was expected ten minutes ago! *(Fenwick turns round to look at him.)*

FENWICK. What's the nature of this pressing appointment? *(Armstrong is hesitant. He glances at Susannah.)*

ARMSTRONG. Dr. Farleigh is giving ... a demonstration. *(Pause. Fenwick gives him a long look.)*

FENWICK. I see. Well I'm sure there'll be others.

ARMSTRONG. This is a particularly interesting one.

SUSANNAH. A particularly interesting what?

ARMSTRONG. It's an unusual — it's a very um, singular ... case, anatomically speaking ... woman of thirty years, enormously malformed skull —

FENWICK. (*Briskly.*) Well it can't be helped. Unless you want to risk your neck out there. Roget, where were we?

ROGET. Mr Matthews is offering "Notes on the Development of Wisdom Teeth" and Mr. Devenish offers "On the Early Failure of Pairs of Grinding Molars." (*Armstrong is still in a state of agitation, pacing up and down, glancing at his watch, and then through the telescope.*)

FENWICK. God save us. What else? Oh sit down Armstrong for god's sake. You've missed your appointment and that's the end of it. There's no need to make us all suffer for it. (*Armstrong sits down, furiously.*)

ARMSTRONG. This is a bitter disappointment.

SUSANNAH. All life's a bitter disappointment, Mr. Armstrong. Take it from me.

ROGET. Moving on from teeth, Mr. Percy Fellowes would like to offer a learned paper on "Left Leggedness." He points out that "The rule in nature seems to be to bear to the right, and this phenomenon would seem to be universal."

FENWICK. When Kant said we were living in an age of enlightenment he reckoned without the existence of Percy Fellowes.

SUSANNAH. A very dreary man. Last year he delivered a lecture on pimples Mr. Roget. Unsavoury and quite unnecessary.

ROGET. The piece comprises twenty-three pages and comes complete with illustrations "which may be passed amongst the audience."

SUSANNAH. Fortunately his last offering came without supporting diagrams.

FENWICK. Tell him to go hang himself. Perhaps he could produce a learned paper on the universal rules of that particular phenomenon. Give us all some peace.

ROGET. (*Checking off his list.*) Then I take it that's a no to the teeth, and a no to the legs —

SUSANNAH. — I do hope so —

ROGET. — moving on, in that case to the next sub-section,

what about Reverend Jessop's offer? "On the Fundamental Laws of Vegetable Bodies, Whether Plants Have a Principle of Self Preservation, and the Irritability of Plants in General" (*Fenwick turns around.*)

FENWICK. We're talking about New Year's Eve for god's sake. The last night of the century. Has this fact by-passed these people? We want something worthy of the past and fired by visions of the future. We want to excite the audience, exhilarate them, we want to celebrate the intellect, march towards a New Jerusalem with all our banners flying. We discussed all this at the last meeting. What did we say our aim was? "A lively ferment of minds producing a radical vision for the new century." And what do we get? A botany lesson.

ARMSTRONG. I think botany does come within the brief of Literary and Philosophical Dr. Fenwick —

FENWICK. Bugger it. Bugger botany —

SUSANNAH. He's quite foul mouthed when he's riled, have you noticed Mr. Armstrong —

ROGET. — to be fair sir, I think you'll find the paper neither dull nor irrelevant, in fact it seems to me quite stimulating —

FENWICK. — bugger constipated, dull as ditch water musings —

SUSANNAH. — It's almost a nervous twitch —

FENWICK. — from a bunch of retired curates. They should all be shot.

ROGET. I'll put that down as a possible then —

FENWICK. Have you ever met the Reverend Jessop? A milky, self righteous, insipid little mannikin with a handshake like a dead fish. The man has piss where his blood should be —

SUSANNAH. Now there I must agree with you.

FENWICK. If he's to lead us into the new century we're all doomed.

ARMSTRONG. With respect, I think you confuse a personal antipathy towards Reverend Jessop with the quality of his proposed lecture.

FENWICK. Rubbish, one look at the man is enough to tell you he's a complete fool. He sets out with a premise and trims the

world to fit it. What he practices is not science, but a branch of theology.

ARMSTRONG. Objectivity is paramount in these things, you said so yourself sir. One set of prejudices is as dangerous as another, I think that's how you put it.

ROGET. And besides, you've not read the paper. I think you'll find there's not a mention of god in it anywhere —

FENWICK. Very well, very well, you've proved your point. I concede defeat. Passionate aversion has indeed muddled my strict impartiality. I admit it, I make no excuses for it. And I still won't give the man house room. Next.

ARMSTRONG. It's a lost cause Roget.

ROGET. On a lighter note there's Mr. Charlton's paper on "Suffocation and Resuscitation from Apparent Death." Very popular with the ladies according to the author.

SUSANNAH. Then that's the man for me. Hire him immediately.

ROGET. Or Mr. Cowgills' on "The Cunning Ways in Which Animals Conceal Themselves from Their Enemies"?

FENWICK. For god's sake, we want to storm into the next century not doze through it —

ROGET. (*Scanning his list.*) "The French Revolution. Success or Failure? Its Lessons for the New Century." Dr. Cavendish. Or Dr. Farleigh: "Is Progress an Illusion and the Past a Myth?" Now that sounds tremendously interesting —

FENWICK. Better. Depressing, and hardly a celebration, but better.

ROGET. A good point for debate though, surely you must admit —

SUSANNAH. Speaking personally, I'd rather have Reverend Jessop and his legs.

FENWICK. What else?

ROGET. But sir, I do think the notion of a mythological past —

FENWICK. Yes yes yes Roget, stop whimpering, we'll come back to it later. What else?

ROGET. A History of the Flute from Roman Times to the

Present Day, I don't think so ... Whelks and their Habitat ... I think that fails on the visionary count ... A History Of Northumberland in Water-colours, no ... The Colour Green and Why it is so Generally Diffused in the Plant Kingdom —

FENWICK. Reverend Jessop?

ROGET. I'm afraid so. That seems to be it.

FENWICK. What a collection of dismal drips — *(There is an enormous explosion. Susannah stops playing cards.)*

SUSANNAH. This is past a joke.

FENWICK. I love a good explosion, don't you? The best tonic in the world is the sound of institutions tumbling. If I could bottle it I'd take a draught every day and live to a hundred. Though sadly, this is merely a lot of noise signalling nothing whatsoever. Tomorrow morning the only thing to have changed will be the price of fish. If they're lucky. *(He turns back to his desk with a sigh.)* Armstrong, when you see Farleigh, ask him to call in. There might be something in his gloomy little sermon. And try and find a few more radical offers can you Roget? I don't think we could stomach an entire evening listening to that other rot. *(He concentrates once again on his work.)*

ROGET. I was wondering sir if I might —

SUSANNAH. *(Peering at the card table.)* Can you see a ten of clubs anywhere Mr. Roget, or am I going blind?

ROGET. I'm sorry?

FENWICK. *(Not looking up.)* Wondering what?

ROGET. Well, whilst I was cataloguing your collection, it occurred to me that a cross-referencing system might render it more accessible. A link perhaps, not only between artifacts, but between categories, in accordance with their differing provenance and varying uses, both real and symbolic. Egyptian amulets, for example, of which you have several, might be located under the heading Egypt — obviously — but also under Religion, or Votive Objects, or indeed Insects in the case of scarabs —

FENWICK. Are you volunteering for this thankless task Roget?

ROGET. Well, I — *(Harriet, Maria and Isobel come in, breathlessly. Harriet is dressed as Britannia, Maria as a Shepherdess, with crook etc. A reluctant Isobel brings up the rear, dressed as a sheep.)*

HARRIET. They've just put a brick through the greenhouse

Harriet Beat 2:
To make her father
watch her play.

① To warn

papa. ^① (*Fenwick doesn't look up.*)

FENWICK. I'm sure they didn't mean it.

SUSANNAH. Take a leaf out of your father's book Harriet. View it with sublime equanimity. You see in his eyes, it is not a brick, not at all, but more a sort of proletarian calling card.

MARIA. They're setting carts on fire. The poor horses are screeching with panic.

FENWICK. It will all blow over presently Maria.

HARRIET. Papa for goodness sake. They'll tear the house down around our heads. ^②

FENWICK. They wouldn't dream of such a thing, I can assure you —

HARRIET. Can't you do something? ^③

SUSANNAH. Yes Joseph, do something, why don't you — (*There is an almighty crash in the distance, and a roar from the mob.*)

FENWICK. What do you suggest?

HARRIET. I don't know. Talk to them. They'll listen to you. Calm them before they burn the house down. ^④

FENWICK. They know I'm on their side, they won't touch us.

SUSANNAH. All this hooah hah about corn —

FENWICK. Fish. Corn was last week.

SUSANNAH. Always on the side of the mob, I don't understand it, It's pure, what's the word I'm looking for —

FENWICK. Perhaps you'd prefer them to burn the house down.

SUSANNAH. Pure affectation, don't you think so Mr. Armstrong? (*Fenwick puts down his pen.*)

FENWICK. We are trying to work Susannah. Do you mind?

SUSANNAH. Good god. I have your attention. What did I do?

HARRIET. Accused him of affectation and you know how he loathes that. ^⑤ (*There is another roar and a crash.*)

MARIA. Go and talk to them father, please!

FENWICK. Maria. A riot is like a play. Action, reversal, climax, catharsis and we all go home. A relief, generally speaking, in a play. Disappointing in a riot, but true nevertheless. (*The noise dies down slightly.*)

ISOBEL. I think they're moving off sir. (*They all listen. Another*

② To charge

③ To prompt

④ To console

⑤ To chastise

crash of glass, another louder roar.)

SUSANNAH. There go the cucumber frames.

FENWICK. Let us hope that's the catharsis. They'll all trail home soon, tired but happy. Twopence off fish and that's all they want. We demand our rights as Englishmen, we demand that herrings be less expensive. Universal suffrage? Not interested. Revolution? Bugger it. We demand fish. No one dreams of taking over the fishmongers. Not a revolutionary amongst them.

SUSANNAH. Thank god. *(He turns back to his desk.)*

HARRIET. You said you wanted to see a rehearsal of our play
papa. And I'd rather like to get it over with. ⑥

FENWICK. *(Reading.)* Gentlemen of the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society, Ladies, we stand on the cusp — *(He pauses, considers, scratches out and replaces words.)* threshold — the very brink — no, that sounds ominous. Cusp or threshold then, which d'you prefer?

HARRIET. I don't know, cusp. So can we show you our play?
Mama says we would benefit from your advice and criticism. ⑦

FENWICK. When have you ever taken my advice Harriet? And as for criticism, the last time I dared to utter mild dissent you threw a pot of tea at me. *(Fenwick turns back to his desk. Maria gives a twirl.)*

MARIA. What do you think Mr. Roget?

ROGET. Sorry? Oh, I see, very, yes, most ... affecting.

FENWICK. Cusp? Doesn't sound right to me somehow.

MARIA. I'm playing an Arcadian Idyll.

ARMSTRONG. We guessed immediately.

HARRIET. It's metaphorical. ⑧

ARMSTRONG. Oh, obviously.

MARIA. It was Harriet's idea.

SUSANNAH. Harriet is an uncommon genius Mr. Armstrong, to read her poetry is to be reminded of, oh, Milton, Shakespeare, Southey, that other fellow, you name it, you must show the gentlemen your poems Harriet, no point in them languishing in a drawer —

HARRIET. Mama, please — ⑨

SUSANNAH. But they're such pretty little verses dear —

⑥ To urge

⑦ To dismiss
⑧ To flatter

⑨ To refute

⑩ to dissuade

① To contest

② To commend

③ to educate

④ To hush

⑤ To inspire

⑥ To excite

⑦ To silence

⑧ To impress

⑨ To challenge

HARRIET. Do we have to talk about them Mama? ①

ROGET. I'm sure they're very fine, but perhaps Miss Fenwick prefers to hide her light at present. Very understandable.

HARRIET. Thank you Mr. Roget. ②

ARMSTRONG. What's the plot to this entertainment then?

MARIA. I'm sorry?

ARMSTRONG. Your play. Is it comedy or tragedy?

MARIA. How would you describe the plot to our play Harriet?

HARRIET. It's a hymn to progress. ③

ROGET. How apt.

MARIA. Of course when we say hymn, we don't mean it literally —

HARRIET. They're not completely stupid Maria — ④

MARIA. Because in any case Harriet has rejected established religion, haven't you Harriet —

ARMSTRONG. Very wise.

HARRIET. Maria represents the past, and I represent the future. ⑤

ROGET. Arcadia meets Britannia, very neat.

HARRIET. I am Empire, Industry, Science, Wealth, and Reason. ⑥

MARIA. For the most part I sit on a hillock and wave at my flock. According to Harriet, this suggests Pastoral Innocence, —

HARRIET. I think the gentlemen have grasped the general principle Maria — ⑦

MARIA. I must say it's terribly dull, I don't know how those poor shepherdesses stood it.

HARRIET. I plan to have a sort of chimney, here, as a head piece, but the steam is proving a little complicated at present. ⑧

ROGET. I see. We look forward to that. But tell me, I'm interested in your idea of pastoral innocence. Where does it come from?

HARRIET. I don't quite catch your drift. ⑨

ROGET. Shepherding's a harsh trade. Living in this region you cannot fail to have noticed that. Bo Peep might freeze to death on these hillsides. Drifts ten feet deep on the Cheviots last year, and no sign of Spring until May. Hardly an Arcadian Idyll.

HARRIET. Maria represents an ideal. That's what idyll means

20 To qualify

21 To scold

22 To appease

23 To chastise

24 To chide

25 To reprimand

26 To rebuke

Mr. Roget. 20

ROGET. Of course. But is this ideal based on truth? Does an idyll have its basis in reality?

HARRIET. Yes. No. You are being very difficult. 21

ARMSTRONG. Leave her alone Roget.

HARRIET. It's a fable. Our play is a fable. And that's a sort of universal truth. 22

ARMSTRONG. Of course it is.

HARRIET. You're even more irritating than Mr. Roget. He at least resists the temptation to patronise. 23

ARMSTRONG. I'm sorry. Forgive me. No doubt all will be revealed when we see the performance.

HARRIET. Exactly. 24

SUSANNAH. It's best not to cross her Mr. Armstrong. She's as stubborn as her father.

ARMSTRONG. Yes I can see that.

SUSANNAH. But sweet, sweet — (*Harriet glares.*)

ROGET. So. Anyway. I'm sure the play will be a delight. Isobel you're obviously playing ... what?

ISOBEL. A sheep sir.

ROGET. Of course. A sheep. Yes.

ISOBEL. I've the wrong ears.

HARRIET. Oh for goodness sake, stop complaining about your wretched ears — 25

ISOBEL. Sheep don't have ears like this.

SUSANNAH. She's right of course, they don't

MARIA. They're perfectly adequate for a small, unimportant part. No one will notice them Isobel.

ISOBEL. To my mind, if you'll excuse me, it's a very low sort of play —

MARIA. No one's interested in your mind dear —

ISOBEL. — for a start, sheep don't speak.

HARRIET. That's the magic of theatre Isobel. Anything is possible. 26

SUSANNAH. I had a pet lamb once. Judith. She was a Welsh Ewe, and one would almost swear she could speak. Such a plaintive little bleat, of course she's cutlets now, poor thing. Do you

bleat Isobel?

ISOBEL. My lines are ridiculous. They're infantile. Why can't I say something of consequence?

HARRIET. Primarily because you're playing a sheep. And besides, some people are not meant to say anything of consequence. As in life, so in a play, certain rules must be obeyed. And one of them is you stick to your own lines. You can't swap them round as it takes your fancy. Think of the chaos. Think of the audience.

FENWICK. What do you think Isobel? Cusp or threshold?

ISOBEL. It depends on the context sir. In this instance I think threshold is the word you want. Cusp is too poetic, and also imprecise. (*Silence. They all stare at Isobel.*)

FENWICK. (*Reads.*) "We stand on the threshold of a new century, we stand at the gates of a New Jerusalem ..." Thank you Isobel.

HARRIET. Now that you've established that Papa, would you like to see our play or not?

FENWICK. I will see it, but not now Harriet.

HARRIET. You are impossible Papa. How many times have we sat through your experiments, your visiting speakers droning endlessly about combustible gasses and electricity?

FENWICK. You enjoyed every moment of it —

HARRIET. That's not the point! We've spent hours labelling every piece of your useless bric-a-brac, arranging in alphabetical order your rhinoceros horn, your dried walrus flipper, tooth of hippopotamus, pointless chunks of volcanic lava, even the hair balls of an ox —

FENWICK. Calculi they're known as —

MARIA. He even made us attend the dissection of a dear little spaniel —

FENWICK. Which was quite dead, I assure you gentlemen —

MARIA. — because he said it would be illuminating —

SUSANNAH. You got quite sick didn't you dear —

HARRIET. But you see Papa, how d'you know our play is not equally illuminating?

FENWICK. I've told you, I will watch it Harriet but not

27 To humiliate

28 To scold

29 To nag

30 To prod

31 To contest

32 To challenge

- 33 To accuse
34 To ridicule
35 To denounce

now — (*Harriet stamps her foot.*)

HARRIET. We have rehearsed and rehearsed the wretched thing because you told us you'd look at it now — 33

FENWICK. Then I'm afraid I must disappoint you.

HARRIET. You're selfish and cruel and you think of nothing but your own concerns. I hate you. (*She storms out.*) 35

SUSANNAH. Such an awkward age. They can move from sweet docility to murderous rage in the course of a sentence. It's quite unsettling. But just a phase —

MARIA. It's got nothing to do with her age Mama. She has a ferocious temper, always has had. I'm not given to rages at all. I'm the quiet one, gentlemen, which is why I have a fiancé and Harriet has not. Excuse me. Harriet dear ... (*She hurries after Harriet.*)

ISOBEL. Will that be all sir?

FENWICK. Stay a moment Isobel. Sit down.

ISOBEL. I'd rather not sir.

FENWICK. I'm sorry?

ISOBEL. My back. I cannot sit.

FENWICK. You must sit sometimes, surely?

ISOBEL. Yes sir, but there are occasions when it is painful. And then it is better that I stand. (*Armstrong goes to her and looks at her twisted back. Takes hold of her.*)

ARMSTRONG. Is it getting worse? By that I mean, is the degree of malformation increasingly pronounced?

ISOBEL. It is a long time since I looked in a glass. But I imagine it is more severe. It feels to be. My clothes twist and pull more. (*Armstrong feels her shoulders and back.*)

ARMSTRONG. Does that hurt?

ISOBEL. The pain is not in my back. It is in my hip. (*He moves his hands to her hips, and she jerks away.*) There's nothing you can do about it sir.

SUSANNAH. Quite right Isobel. They're all quacks. A quart of brandy's what you need for pain, whatever noxious remedy they might prescribe.

FENWICK. Susannah —

SUSANNAH. And don't tell me I'm drunk because I'm not.

I'm merely pointing out that physicians never cure anything. That's a well established fact. None of you know what you're talking about —

FENWICK. And you do I suppose —

SUSANNAH. I don't pretend to —

FENWICK. Can we discuss this later Susannah —

SUSANNAH. A discussion? With me? How novel. D'you think I'm up to it? Goodness, what shall we have as our topic? "One Shakespeare is worth ten Isaac Newtons. Discuss." My dear I'm in a lather of expectation.

FENWICK. Not half as much as me, I can assure you. (*He turns away from her.*) I'm sorry you're in pain Isobel. Are we working you too hard?

ISOBEL. No sir. The work is not burdensome.

FENWICK. You like words don't you? I've noticed it before.

ISOBEL. I suppose I do sir.

FENWICK. Can you read?

ISOBEL. All Scots can read sir.

FENWICK. I wasn't aware of that.

ISOBEL. It's generally the case sir.

ARMSTRONG. All Scots are born literate, is that what you're saying?

ISOBEL. All Scots learn to read. Most of them anyway.

FENWICK. But the English are ignorant?

ISOBEL. I wouldn't go so far as that sir. Of course I wouldn't.

FENWICK. Don't worry, we're not angry with you. But I'm interested in your opinion of the English.

ISOBEL. I don't have any opinion sir.

FENWICK. Be as bold as you please. Is there something you dislike?

ISOBEL. I never said I disliked the English, I merely said that the Scots read a lot of books.

ARMSTRONG. You must have some feelings on the subject surely.

ISOBEL. It's hard to say sir.

FENWICK. In what sense?

ISOBEL. I'm not sure what "English" means. In Scots we have

a word for it and it's "Sassenach." But they tell me that means only "Saxon." And as I'm a lowland Scot, and therefore a Saxon, it seems that I too am a Sassenach.

ROGET. So the word has two meanings. The literal and the commonly understood. Perhaps in time, the latter may come to supersede the former, d'you agree?

ISOBEL. Perhaps sir. Unfortunately.

ROGET. Would you call me English?

ISOBEL. Yes sir.

ROGET. Even though my father was Swiss?

SUSANNAH. My mother was French and my father grew up in Leitrim. What does that make me?

FENWICK. Isobel?

ISOBEL. The English are hard to place. Englishness is difficult to pin down. It is like a tide which swallows up everything in its wake, and whilst altered in its constituents, appears outwardly little changed.

ARMSTRONG. Bravo. Who told you that?

ISOBEL. Why do you assume that I was told it sir?

FENWICK. So the English are infinitely adaptable and mindlessly rapacious. That's interesting. Are you aware of any other qualities by which we may be identified?

ISOBEL. Not especially sir.

FENWICK. None?

ISOBEL. I only know words sir. Words are what interest me.

FENWICK. And?

ISOBEL. The English have a single word sir, nursery, for the place where both children and plants are raised. Perhaps that is telling. Apart from that, I only know that I am a Scot sir. I am not one of you.

FENWICK. Might that not be class, rather than race Isobel?

ISOBEL. I'm sorry sir but I find this discussion very difficult.

FENWICK. Why is that?

ISOBEL. Because I'm wearing these ears. You cannot take me seriously whilst I am disguised as a sheep.

SUSANNAH. I think "disguised" is rather overstating the case, Isobel.

Harriet Beat 3!
To warn her father
about unexpected
visitors

① To beckon

② To caution

FENWICK. I'd quite forgotten about the ears actually.

SUSANNAH. You see how much attention he pays to a woman's appearance gentlemen? Sometimes I think it hardly worth dressing in the morning. (*Harriet comes in.*)

HARRIET. Papa, there are some men in the kitchen. The cook has let them in. They say they'd like to "hide" for a while. ①
(*Susannah gets up unsteadily.*)

SUSANNAH. That cook's been drinking again. She opens the house to anyone after a bottle of brandy. Last week it was a woman with two pigs, I found them asleep in the library. I've warned her it must stop. Leave this to me. (*She goes. Fenwick gets up.*)

FENWICK. Susannah, let me deal with this please — excuse me gentlemen — (*He hurries out after her, followed by Harriet.*)

HARRIET. The men seem quite docile, papa, but one of them has a badly sliced head ... (*Isobel is left with Roget and Armstrong.*)

ISOBEL. May I go now? ②

ROGET. Of course Isobel.

ARMSTRONG. No, stay a while. Tell us about yourself.

ISOBEL. I'm sorry sir?

ARMSTRONG. Tell us about your life.

ISOBEL. Why would you want me to do that sir?

ARMSTRONG. It might be interesting.

ISOBEL. It's not.

ROGET. Let her go Armstrong.

ARMSTRONG. You're rather pretty, d'you know that Isobel?

ROGET. Armstrong —

ARMSTRONG. I don't suppose anyone's ever told you that before have they Isobel?

ISOBEL. Only a blind man or a liar would say such a thing sir.

ARMSTRONG. You think me a liar?

ISOBEL. I won't tell you what I think of you.

ARMSTRONG. You're a pretty woman, accept the fact.

ISOBEL. I know what I am. I am a serving girl, a waiting woman, a maid, hireling, drudge and skivvy. I am a lackey, an underling a menial and a minion. I am all these things but I am not pretty.

ROGET. A general factotum.

ISOBEL. A slave.
 ROGET. And retainer perhaps?
 ISOBEL. A dogsbody. (*Roget laughs.*) I know twenty seven words for what I am sir. And none of them corresponds to pretty.
 ROGET. Twenty seven words for servant, that's remarkable, but yes I suppose it's possible —
 ARMSTRONG. Beauty is more complex than mere appearance Isobel.
 ROGET. And of course there are different *categories* of servant aren't there? What about amanuensis? Slightly more democratic but certainly a possibility — I presume you're only counting the female variants are you —
 ARMSTRONG. I wish you'd take me seriously Isobel.
 ROGET. We're trying to have a discussion Armstrong —
 ISOBEL. I believe you're making fun of me sir.
 ARMSTRONG. I swear on my life, I am not —
 ISOBEL. And I would ask you to stop —
 ARMSTRONG. Very well. It seems I can't persuade you. I wish I could.
 ISOBEL. May I go now sir?
 ROGET. Of course you may, and please believe me, Mr. Armstrong means no harm, I can assure you — What about scullion — did you count that?
 ISOBEL. I did sir. Thank you sir. If that's all, I will go now. (*She hurries out.*)
 ROGET. Pretty?
 ARMSTRONG. She loves it. Every woman loves a compliment.
 ROGET. You're toying with her. It's cruel beyond belief.
 ARMSTRONG. No, I'm not actually. I find her quite fascinating. (*He pours himself a glass of brandy.*) A strange little thing isn't she? I wonder ...
 ROGET. What?
 ARMSTRONG. I wonder what caused the hump ... (*He sips his brandy thoughtfully. Blackout. Fade up dim lighting. English pastoral music in background. Maria enters during scene change, and reads out a letter from Edward.*)
 MARIA. "My dear Maria,

A chapati is a sort of thin, flapping bread, since you ask. This morning on rising, I found a fierce boil beneath my ear, the size of a gull's egg. The boy wanted to apply some sort of dung to it, but as he was loathe to divulge which animal it might originate from I declined his offer. I am in great agony. Yesterday one of our bearers was crushed by an elephant. His head popped open like a pomegranate. So now we are one bearer short, and the remaining are in a very sullen mood. We visited some of their temples on Saturday, and were all agreed that many of the statues are quite disgraceful. The Collector said it makes one wonder what sort of jinks they get up to when they are out of our jurisdiction. A Miss Cholmondley, out on a visit from Yorkshire, quite fainted away from shock at the sight of one of them. We had done our utmost to preserve her from the spectacle, but she would insist. Whereas gentlemen are able to appreciate the instructional aspect of such things, women for the most part, are merely affronted, or as in the case of Miss Cholmondley, quite prostrated. Afterwards, she remembered nothing of the incident, or indeed the statues, which is a blessing. The natives seemed to find the episode faintly entertaining. Their temperament is generally placid, I find, but not in the English manner. An Englishman has a modesty of demeanour, a judicious thoughtfulness and an equanimity of temperament which makes him a stranger to passionate outbursts. The native composure is altogether different. One might almost feel that they were hiding something. Please write soon.

Your affectionate servant, Edward."

Scene 2

Lights up. Same room, 1999.

The stage is now almost bare apart from the desk, now free of its clutter, and from a one bar electric fire which glows weakly. A single electric light bulb casts a thin light. Tea chests are scattered round the room, some full, some still in the process of being packed. Piles of books and clothes. Ellen is sorting through stuff and packing it up. Kate wearing scarves and a coat, is talking on her mobile phone.

KATE. ... no, she's right here in front of me ... yes I'll tell her ... she hasn't had time to sit down and think about it that's all ... no honestly, I don't foresee any problems at all ... OK ... bye Mike. ^① *(She clicks off the phone.)* He says they have to know by New Years Eve. ^② *(Ellen carries on packing.)*

ELLEN. Yes, OK. ^③

KATE. I just think it's a wonderful opportunity that's all. ^④

ELLEN. Yes. I know. *(Pause.)*

KATE. So have you talked to Tom about it? ^⑤

ELLEN. Sort of. Look, I'll sort it out, OK — *(Phil comes in carrying clipboards, tape measures etc.)*

PHIL. D'you mind if I take a few measurements in here?

ELLEN. No, no of course not. Kate this is Phil, he's doing a building survey.

KATE. I think I'll go and make some tea, it's bloody freezing in here. *(She goes out. Phil looks slightly awkward.)* ^⑥

PHIL. Did I interrupt something?

ELLEN. Not at all. Kate's an old colleague of mine. She staying with us for New Year but I think the cold's getting to her. *(Phil takes out his tape measure and looks round the room.)*

PHIL. By, it's a canny size, this place.

ELLEN. That's why we have to sell it. It's crippling us. I got it

Kate Super Objective:

To convince Ellen to take the job with her company.

Kate Beat 1:

To persuade Ellen that this is a good opportunity

① To excuse

② To warn

③ To counsel

④ To probe

⑤ To excuse

from my mum. Her parents had it before her. But we can't afford it so that's that. (*She looks at her watch.*) What exactly is Tom doing in the basement?

PHIL. Showing us where the pipes run under the floors. They've got to come up. Most of them are lead. I'm surprised you've not been poisoned. You wouldn't believe what you find when you start poking around the foundations of some of these old houses. We were sorting out a place in Corbridge last year and we found a Roman bathhouse. Well, they said it was Roman. Which was a bit of a blow like, because I fancied a few of the tiles for our kitchen, but with it being that old they slapped a preservation order on it.

ELLEN. What's the plan for this room then?

PHIL. Corporate hospitality. Private bar in here, private conference facilities through there, private gym. Private sauna for the Scandinavians. Good views of the park, handy for the miniature railway in case any of them are steam train enthusiasts —

ELLEN. A miniature railway?

PHIL. Actually they call it a heritage railway.

ELLEN. They told us they just wanted to restore it to its former glory.

PHIL. Aye but everything has to be on a heritage trail now and you can't be on a heritage trail unless you've got attractions. I mean this is a nice enough house and that, but it's not got much going for it in your commercial sense. People like to feel they're getting their money's worth. I think they want to re-open one of the mines down the road as well. You know. Employ some ex-miners to dress up as miners and pretend to dig coal and then charge people a tenner to go down and experience life at the coal face.

ELLEN. You're not serious?

PHIL. Well, why not? They've Disneyfied everything else, why should the miners get off scot free?

ELLEN. It's such ... what's the word I'm looking for ...

PHIL. Shire.

ELLEN. I mean why fill it with ersatz history when it's already got a proper history? It doesn't need to be ponsified and half timbered. The Newcastle lit and phil had its first meetings in this

room, did you know that?

PHIL. I didn't, no —

ELLEN. Lavoisier visited this house. Tom Paine was given secret readings in this very room. It's a big, plain, solid house, it's not quaint or charming. The history of this house is the history of radicalism and dissent and intellectual inquiry and they're going to turn it into a tin of souvenir biscuits.

PHIL. Well don't sell it then.

ELLEN. I told you. We can't afford it. Tom's been made redundant, and it just eats up money —

PHIL. Is he in the same line of business as you then?

KATE. No. He's an English lecturer.

PHIL. Actually, I meant to ask you something, seeing as I'm here like. My seven year old daughter, we think she's allergic to jam. Big red hives on her arms every time she eats it. And I wondered if it was common, like. A jam allergy.

ELLEN. I've no idea. I would have thought it was some additive rather than the jam itself.

PHIL. You don't see many cases of it then?

ELLEN. Oh, I see, no, I'm sorry, I'm not a medical doctor, I'm a research scientist.

PHIL. So you're not a doctor?

ELLEN. Yes. But not a medical one.

PHIL. Oh. *(Pause.)* So you don't know anything about medicine then?

ELLEN. No.

PHIL. What, nothing at all?

ELLEN. Not in any helpful way, no. I'm sorry.

PHIL. You must know a bit like, being a scientist.

ELLEN. I don't actually.

PHIL. I bet you do really.

ELLEN. No I don't, honestly.

PHIL. So what d'you do then?

ELLEN. I'm sorry?

PHIL. What d'you research?

ELLEN. Oh, it's boring.

PHIL. Why d'you do it then?

ELLEN. Well, not to me. It's not boring to me. *(He taps the*

floor, gets down on his knees, jots notes down on his clip board.)

PHIL. I tell you something, black holes, I like the sound of them, it's like the bloody *X-Files*. Apparently, light goes into them, right, but it never comes out again, and if you're hanging around on the edge of one, time slows down until you get to the horizon and then it stops altogether. They're like sort of worm holes, right, and if we could go down one of these worm holes we'd come out in different universe. Incredible. Now I wouldn't mind researching them. Mind you, I suppose you'd need the qualifications.

ELLEN. I don't know much about any of that I'm afraid. Not really my area.

PHIL. So what is your area then?

ELLEN. I'm doing ... well I work in genetics, that sort of thing ... *(She looks at her watch again.)* I wish Tom'd hurry up, he's been down there for ages.

PHIL. Cloning, is that the sort of thing?

ELLEN. No no, nothing like that.

PHIL. I bet it is.

ELLEN. No, it's not.

PHIL. Actually, I've always wanted to ask a scientist this: What d'you make of spontaneous combustion?

ELLEN. I'm sorry?

PHIL. Because a mate of mine said a friend of his found the lad next door fried to a crisp, well a pile of ashes actually, apart from his slippers, which he said were just sitting there, smouldering. *With the feet still in them.* Not a mark on them, he said. Apparently it's very common.

ELLEN. It is?

PHIL. So what d'you make of that then?

ELLEN. Well, I'm not sure. I think it's probably an urban myth.

PHIL. You see, that's the sort of science that interests me. The tricky stuff.

ELLEN. Well, it's certainly ... that ...

PHIL. What about alien invasions then? D' you think we're being visited by extraterrestrials?

ELLEN. Er, I don't think so, no.

PHIL. Now, no disrespect, don't get me wrong, but that's what I hate about scientists. Closed minds.

ELLEN. Oh. Sorry.

PHIL. So why don't you believe in them?

ELLEN. It's not a matter of belief. It's a matter of evidence, and I don't have any that persuades me they exist.

PHIL. I don't know how you can be so sure —

ELLEN. I'm not sure. If someone can present me with compelling evidence of their existence, I'll accept it —

PHIL. Well a friend of mine, right, said him and his wife were followed home from the races one day by a lozenge shaped thing, a bit like a Victory V but green, sort of hovering and swooping, just above the hedge. Followed them for twenty miles. And then shot off in the direction of the power station. And this lad works for the council, so you couldn't call him a nutter.

ELLEN. Is this the same one who found the smouldering slippers?

PHIL. No, that was his mate. So you see, you say you've got no evidence and I've just given you two very compelling bits of it if you ask me.

ELLEN. Anecdotal doesn't count. They could be making it up. Or elaborating something much more explicable.

PHIL. Why would they want to do that?

ELLEN. Because people like telling stories. They like sitting around and telling tales for which there's no rational explanation. Like ghost stories. And crop circles. And being a reincarnation of Marie Antoinette. I'm not entirely sure why. You'd need to ask a psychologist.

PHIL. Well, I know what I think, and I think we'll have to agree to disagree on this one.

ELLEN. Fair enough.

PHIL. Mind you. This cloning lark. I bet that could get a bit out of hand couldn't it?

ELLEN. In what way?

PHIL. Well, it'll be people next, everyone knows that, I mean they say it won't but it will. And what worries me is, well, can you imagine, I mean, say if, I don't know, William Hague decided to clone himself. There'd be two of him then. Or hundreds even.

Imagine that.

ELLEN. I can't see why he'd want to clone himself. What's in it for him? And even if he did, you wouldn't get hundreds of William Hagues. They'd be genetically identical, but culturally and socially and chronologically completely different.

PHIL. Well, you say that ...

ELLEN. It's true —

PHIL. No but just imagine it for a minute. William Hague looks like something that needs to be put back in the oven, right?

ELLEN. No he doesn't —

PHIL. He does, man. He looks like he's not cooked properly. D'you remember Pillsbury Dough men? You got them in little tins. He looks like one of them. And if there was hundreds of him, quite apart from the politics, which'd be very fucking scary, it'd be like a science fiction film, *Invasion of the Pastry People* —

ELLEN. Yes, well that's science fiction, not science —

PHIL. Well the whole thing's very dodgy, you don't know what you're dabbling in, if you ask me. I think I'll stick to re-wiring. That's as far as my technological know-how goes.

ELLEN. Probably just as useful as what I do.

PHIL. You still haven't told me exactly what that is.

ELLEN. Foetal diagnostics. Detecting genetic abnormalities in the foetus. Well, attempting to anyway.

PHIL. I thought you said it was nothing to do with cloning?

ELLEN. It isn't —

PHIL. It's as close as makes no difference —

ELLEN. It's very complicated —

PHIL. Oh aye ...

ELLEN. I'm sorry. I'm not used to talking about my work, OK? People get the wrong end of the stick. They jump to insane conclusions and accuse me of all sorts of things. Creating monsters that are half man half muffin, secretly cloning Dan Quayle, single-handedly destroying the family, you name it. The fact that they have only the haziest idea about any of this stuff doesn't seem to hinder them at all. *(Kate appears with a tray of tea and a bottle of whiskey.)*

KATE. Hi. Hot toddies all 'round, and if you think it's cold in here, try the kitchen. I don't know how you live here. ①

Kate Beat 2:
To argue her
point about research
to Phil and Ellen.

① To coax

② To challenge

③ To dismiss

④ To invite

⑤ To justify

⑥ To aid

⑦ To prompt

⑧ To corroborate

⑨ To object

⑩ To query

⑪ To criticize

⑫ To reiterate

⑬ To defend

ELLEN. You get used to it.

PHIL. So what's your opinion on spontaneous combustion then Kate?

KATE. I'm sorry? ②

ELLEN. Phil has a friend of a friend of a friend who burst into flames. ③

KATE. Oh that. Absolute bollocks. Are you having your tea straight or with a shot of this? ④ (Phil looks at his watch.)

PHIL. Well ... (She slugs whiskey into his mug and hands it to him.)

KATE. It's after five, and it's starting to snow out there. Give yourself a break. Ellen ⑤

PHIL. What d'you mean it's bollocks? It's very well documented, actually —

ELLEN. Did you know they want to turn the house into a theme park?

KATE. So don't let them. Don't sell it. You don't have to ... ⑥

ELLEN. It's not as straightforward as that.

KATE. Yes it is. ⑦ (She hands her a mug of tea. Pause.)

ELLEN. Kate's company is offering me a job, Phil, which will pay me a great deal of money, which might even mean we can pull out of selling the house, and I'm not sure whether to take it.

PHIL. So what's the problem?

KATE. That's what I keep saying. ⑧

ELLEN. Well, firstly, it's not just my decision, it's Tom's too —

KATE. It hasn't got anything to do with Tom. ⑨

ELLEN. He's my husband, that's one consideration. It means moving two hundred miles away —

KATE. But what exactly is he objecting to apart from that? ⑩

ELLEN. Nothing. He's not objecting to anything. He just ... he has a problem with some aspects of the research, that's all.

KATE. Like what? Anyway, he won't be doing the research, you will. ⑪

ELLEN. Yes, but ... oh never mind. You won't understand what I'm talking about.

KATE. What's that supposed to mean? ⑫

ELLEN. You're fifteen years younger than me and nothing frightens you. You still want to be god.

⑭ To criticize

⑮ To chide

⑯ To flatter

⑰ To tease

⑱ To interject

⑲ To correct

⑳ To admonish

㉑ To probe

㉒ To bait

KATE. Christ you do talk shite sometimes. ⑭

ELLEN. You're still in love with the work —

KATE. So are you — ⑮

ELLEN. But with me it's been a long marriage and some of the romance has worn off —

PHIL. If you don't mind me asking, what is this job?

KATE. Ellen is a very brilliant scientist, did she tell you that? ⑯

PHIL. I'm sure she is. In her own field.

ELLEN. Phil believes in flying saucers.

PHIL. That's not what I said actually. But you're being very cagey about this job. You see that's why people don't trust scientists. They're always up to something.

ELLEN. I'm having an ethical crisis Phil —

PHIL. What did I tell you? I knew it was dodgy —

TOM. (Off.) Ellen?

ELLEN. We're up here.

KATE. Ethical crisis, for fuck's sake — ⑰

ELLEN. The fact that you've never had a moral qualm in your life doesn't mean you have superior reasoning power, it just means you have a limited imagination. One of the difficult areas, not for me, but for some people —

KATE. Like Tom — ⑱

ELLEN. — OK, like Tom, is the idea of research using embryos —

KATE. — pre-embryos — ⑲

ELLEN. In his mind they're embryos, OK?

KATE. It's a fourteen day old bunch of cells. It's not a foetus, it's a cluster. ㉑

ELLEN. You can call it what you like, he's still uneasy with it —

PHIL. I don't blame him.

KATE. Have you got children Phil? ㉒

PHIL. Two. Boy and a girl.

KATE. If, very very early in your wife's pregnancy, you were able to discover in your child the gene for say, Alzheimer's disease, or asthma, or maybe something more alarming like schizophrenia, would you be grateful for that information? ㉒

PHIL. Er ... I'm not sure ...

KATE. Ellen's team have perfected a technique that does this.

23 To qualify

It's completely safe, and it can be done very very early. And the most important thing is it's non-invasive, so there's no risk to the foetus. And I just want to point out that this is pretty radical stuff. Now, wouldn't you say this was a good thing? 23

24 To evade

PHIL. Aye, I suppose so. Where do the pre-embryos come in?

KATE. We use them in our research. They're left over from in vitro fertilisation. 24

PHIL. What d'you mean, left over?

KATE. Sometimes too many eggs are fertilised and the mother doesn't need them all — 25

PHIL. Bloody hell.

KATE. Anyway my company wants Ellen to come and work for us because we can invest a lot of money in the development of her technique, so that eventually, it'll be available to a mass market. Everyone benefits, nobody suffers. 26

PHIL. Apart from the pre-embryo.

KATE. Which, as I've explained, is nothing more than a mass of cells. Now. Can you see a problem with that Phil? 27

PHIL. I can actually.

ELLEN. Forget the embryos for a minute.

PHIL. Aye, OK. What's the point of any of it?

KATE. Well, you might want to terminate the pregnancy, for example. 28

PHIL. What, because the kid might get asthma?

KATE. Well, not for something like that, obviously. But eventually we'll be able to apply gene therapy in the womb. We'll be able to eradicate all sorts of things. Schizophrenia, manic-depression — 29

PHIL. My uncle Stan was manic-depressive and he was magic. He built us a tree house covered in shells and bits of coloured glass. He used to play the Northumbrian pipes.

ELLEN. We're mapping the human gene system at the moment. There's something called the Human Genome Project. Have you heard of it?

PHIL. You what?

KATE. It's like a new map of humanity, every element described and understood. It's breathtaking — 30

PHIL. Oh aye.

25 To discard

26 To entice

27 To bait

28 To lead

29 To tempt

30 To excite

- ③① To thrill
- ③② To press
- ③③ To challenge
- ③④ To extinguish
- ③⑤ To evade
- ③⑥ To stop

KATE. We'll be able to pinpoint genes for particular types of cancer, for neurological disorders, for all sorts of things, some of them benign, some of them not, but what it really means is we'll understand the shape and complexity of a human being, we'll be able to say this is a man, this is exactly who he is, this is his potential, these are his possible limitations. And manic-depression is genetic. We'll pin it down soon. ③①

PHIL. And then what? No more uncle Stans.

KATE. How is your uncle Stan these days? ③②

PHIL. Dead.

KATE. What happened to him? ③③

PHIL. He killed himself.

KATE. I rest my case. ③④

PHIL. You never met him. You don't know anything about what went on in his life, or what things meant to him —

KATE. I'm just saying manic-depression can be fatal — ③⑤

PHIL. Bollocks, man, you don't know what you're talking about — *(Tom comes in, in thick outdoor clothes. He looks white and shaky. Kate beams at him.)*

KATE. Tom. Hi. D'you want whiskey with your tea? ③⑥

TOM. What? Oh ... um ... yes ... yes please ...

ELLEN. Is something wrong?

TOM. Yes ... yes I suppose there is ...

ELLEN. Well what?

TOM. We've found something a bit odd underneath one of the kitchen cupboards. In the extension.

PHIL. If it's the electrics, I could have told you that. Whoever did your wiring was a bloody menace.

TOM. No, no. It's a box of um ... it's a box of bones. *(Blackout. Music. Maria comes on with a letter which she reads in a pool of light during the scene change.)*

MARIA. "My dear Maria,

I hope you are well. My neck has subsided, but now my gums feel all wrong. They are white at the edges and bleed when I eat. Please send one bottle Daffy's Elixir and two of Spilsbury's Efficacious Drops by return of post. Yesterday the Collector's horse was bitten by a snake, and one of our party beat it to death with an ivory club. The snake, not the horse. It was an enormous size,

and the sight of it made me long quite childishly for our own gentle land, where one can walk a country road without being threatened by vicious nature on all sides. Do English animals kill? I can think of none. One never feels apprehensive about sheep for instance, or cattle. Bulls can be unpredictable, of course. I dream of England, and yet I must own that my dreams are strangely imprecise. I cannot place the images at all, yet I know that I dream of home. The mere word, *England* conjures up a landscape in my head, and although this picture is familiar, it is not a place I have ever visited, but rather, *almost* such a place.

It is unbearably hot here, and though I stay indoors a great deal, I cannot think such extremes are good for one's general health. I think of you often, in the cooler, gentler climes of home, and I am glad that you are safe and far from harm and strife.

Your most affectionate servant, Edward."

Scene 3

Lights up. 1799. One day later.

The Dining Room. A large table center stage. Chairs around it. Chandelier.

Isobel is polishing the table. Roget comes in, wrapped up in coats and scarves.

ROGET. Isobel? (*Isobel turns. She looks disappointed.*) I was looking for Dr. Fenwick.

ISOBEL. He's not here sir.

ROGET. No. (*Uneasy pause.*) I was wondering, Isobel, whether you'd care to take a stroll with me later today.

ISOBEL. No thank you sir.

ROGET. Oh. (*Awkward pause.*) Perhaps I'll just wait here for Mr. Fenwick then. (*He goes to the window.*) Awful weather. (*Pause.*)

ISOBEL. Yes sir. (*Silence.*)

ROGET. I'm afraid I can't get used to the northern climate. Can't seem to get warm. In Edinburgh I was chilled to the marrow, even in summer. That terrible wind off the sea. And the same here. Relentless, unforgiving cold. All year round.

ISOBEL. Perhaps you should go back to London if you can't stand the climate. (*Roget looks at her.*) I didn't mean to offend you sir.

ROGET. No offence taken. Slavey. I thought of that in the night. (*She looks at him.*) Another word for servant.

ISOBEL. I counted that.

ROGET. Did you count Scots dialect words?

ISOBEL. Some. D'you have a particular interest in the word servant sir?

ROGET. It's not the word itself that interests me. I just like lists. How are we to understand the world unless we organise it coherently? The world is a web of connections and affinities, don't you think? I have a systematic mind. I get it from my mother. You should see her household accounts. The cross-referencing would stump a mathematician. I'm a good physician because I'm methodical and intermittently inspired. (*Isobel is silent.*) Have you tried laughing gas?

ISOBEL. No sir.

ROGET. I thought Dr. Fenwick may have offered you some. We once thought it might cure consumption but it all proved rather inconclusive. It has a remarkably pleasant effect though, I can thoroughly recommend it as a tonic — (*Fenwick comes in, with Susannah.*)

FENWICK. What are you doing Roget?

ROGET. Waiting for you sir.

SUSANNAH. Isobel the table is quite polished enough. We don't want to be blinded over supper.

ISOBEL. Yes madam. (*She goes. Susannah settles down to some needlework.*)

FENWICK. Not putting ideas in her head were you?

ROGET. What about?

FENWICK. I don't know. You tell me.

ROGET. We were talking about words.

FENWICK. I've seen girls like her ruined, that's all. Taken advantage of. Men think they're game for anything because no one will marry them. And I don't want her ruined, I don't want her heart broken, d'you understand me?

SUSANNAH. So noble of you.

ROGET. I had no intention of ruining her.

FENWICK. We have an enlightened view of servants in this household. We think of them as family —

SUSANNAH. Of course you don't Joseph, you like to think that, but you don't really —

FENWICK. (*Ignoring her.*) — and you don't fuck your family. Whatever they might do in some of the more remote areas. Now, to the point. I want you to look out of this window. What do you see? (*Roget goes and looks, uncertain of what is required of him.*)

ROGET. Um ... A view ... A vista? ... A prospect?

FENWICK. Specifically Roget, specifically ...

ROGET. A city landscape ... An urban panorama?

FENWICK. It's not a word game Roget. An urban panorama composed of what? (*Roget looks again.*)

ROGET. Oh. I see. Banks running down to the Tyne sir. The bridge. Smoke curling into the frozen air. Ships. Coal barges.

FENWICK. D'you know what I see? Bridges. Plural. Can you imagine?

ROGET. Bridges, plural ... Well, yes, I think I can imagine that.

FENWICK. Huge, graceful bridges. Triumphs of engineering. Hymns to invention and the conquest of nature.

ROGET. I see.

FENWICK. You don't sound inspired.

SUSANNAH. That's because he's not, Joseph.

ROGET. Well, yes, bridges. There's no doubt, that would be a very good thing.

FENWICK. This is a great city Roget. It could be the Athens of the North.

ROGET. I understand Edinburgh has already claimed that particular title sir.

FENWICK. Bugger Edinburgh. You know who lived here in the sixties? You know who chose to make Newcastle his home?

No less a man than —

ROGET and SUSANNAH. (*Together.*) — Jean Paul Marat —

ROGET. You told me.

FENWICK. Of course what he was doing practising as a vet is beyond me. No feel for it at all. Could kill a creature just by looking at it.

SUSANNAH. That's one skill he took back with him to France then.

FENWICK. He was great man Roget. An inspiration. A terrible vet but a great republican.

ROGET. Of course it hasn't been huge success in France. Republicanism.

FENWICK. They got rid of the king. That's what the word means for god's sake.

ROGET. But at what cost sir?

SUSANNAH. My husband doesn't like to sully himself with such vulgarities as *cost* Roget —

FENWICK. We'll do it differently here. It may take longer, but I guarantee you, one hundred years from now, there will be no monarchy in England. —

SUSANNAH. Take my advice Mr. Roget, and stop him before he starts —

FENWICK. (*Ignoring her.*) — and how will we get there? By the relentless, irresistible advance of science and the consequent wider dissemination of knowledge.

ROGET. Dr. Guillotine managed to dispatch the king quite effectively purely by the application of science. Are you planning something similar here?

FENWICK. The monarchy will disappear Roget, it's inevitable. Logic demands it. Science is inextricably linked with democracy. Once people are released from their ignorance, they will demand universal suffrage, and once we have it, it follows as night follows day that we will vote the monarchy out of existence.

ROGET. How do you propose to achieve this spectacular release from bondage?

FENWICK. By the end of the nineteenth century everyone will understand how the world works. By the end of the following century, if you can imagine that far, every man or woman in the

street will understand more than we can ever dream of. Electricity, the stars, the composition of the blood, complexities beyond our imagination will be as easily understood as the alphabet. Magic and superstition won't come into it. And it stands to reason, any citizen with the facts at his disposal could not tolerate a monarchical system unless he was mentally-impaired or wilfully resistant to reality.

ROGET. It seems to be a condition of existence to resist an idea of reality when it threatens a tradition of mystery.

FENWICK. What?

ROGET. People like the monarchy because it's got nothing to do with reality.

FENWICK. Oh they bang on and on about our mystical, pageant filled past, and I say bugger it, it's a myth. The British monarchy doesn't bear too much close scrutiny Roget, let me tell you.

SUSANNAH. I feel sorry for them, poor creatures. So much responsibility, so much money, and so badly dressed. The last time I saw the queen she looked like a catastrophe in a cake shop —

FENWICK. Susannah, what exactly are you doing here?

SUSANNAH. I'm sewing.

FENWICK. Is there any need for you to do it here? Why are you following me around the house?

SUSANNAH. For the simple reason that if I didn't, you'd forget I existed.

FENWICK. Don't be ridiculous —

SUSANNAH. He doesn't listen to me, have you noticed Mr. Roget? I said, Joseph, that I pitied the king and queen. They are mere mortals, like the rest of us.

FENWICK. The Hanoverians are, to a man, philistine, dull, and profoundly stupid, not to mention vulgar.

SUSANNAH. Exactly. Just like the rest of us. That's precisely why they're popular Joseph.

FENWICK. If they're just like us, why don't they live like us? Why are we keeping them in palaces? Our people cannot afford to feed themselves adequately, our children sleep in the streets, with vermin for company, and we still think it reasonable to fund

a drab family of feuding Germans who do nothing more than wave at us from their carriages occasionally. Ask yourself this simple question Roget. Are we all mad?

SUSANNAH. Note, again, Mr. Roget, how he addresses his question to you, rather than to me —

FENWICK. Susannah, in god's name, stop interrupting me —

SUSANNAH. I'm sorry if I exasperate you Joseph, but I prefer it to being ignored. Excuse me. *(She throws down her needlework and goes out, furious. Silence.)*

FENWICK. Sorry about that Roget. She's er, very highly strung.

ROGET. Perhaps she feels — perhaps you —

FENWICK. What?

ROGET. Nothing sir ... These things are clearly ... not my affair ... *(Awkward Pause.)*

FENWICK. Where were we?

ROGET. You were being dangerously seditious.

FENWICK. Not that you'd dream of turning me in.

ROGET. So science is what, as far as you're concerned? A sort of philanthropic odyssey? Its sole purpose to rescue people from ignorance and dissolve the state?

FENWICK. We're scientists because we want to change the world.

ROGET. We're scientists because we want to understand the world.

FENWICK. We're scientists because we want to change the conditions under which people live. *(Roget says nothing.)* Well. Go on. Argue with me. *(Pause.)*

ROGET. Well. I er, I don't think Armstrong would agree with that at all ... sir.

FENWICK. Fuck Armstrong. What about you?

ROGET. I ... I reserve judgement sir. I take no ethical position. I do what I do because it fascinates me. I don't question its purpose.

FENWICK. Piddling niggler. *(Pause.)* I'm not very keen on Armstrong. I don't suppose that's slipped your notice has it. Only got him here because Farleigh asked me to take him on for three months. Clear eye, sharp brain, ruthless logician. In short, a

clever young bastard, but cold of heart.

ROGET. Does good science require a warm heart?

FENWICK. I like to think so Roget. In fact I suspect pure objectivity is a fallacy. When we conduct an experiment we bring to bear on it all our human frailties, and all our prejudices, much as we might wish it to be otherwise. I like to think that good science requires us to utilise every aspect of ourselves in pursuit of truth. And sometimes the heart comes into it. *(Pause.)* I'd better go and find my wife. Excuse me, will you?

ROGET. Of course. *(He goes out. Roget picks up the needlework from the floor and follows him. As they leave by one exit, Isobel comes in by another, followed by Armstrong. He takes her hand. She pulls away.)*

ARMSTRONG. I know you thought my behaviour a little forward yesterday, and I apologise for it Isobel.

ISOBEL. I accept your apologies sir. For the third time. Please, no more.

ARMSTRONG. However I must point out that I meant every word. I do think you're very pretty. Is that so odd?

ISOBEL. It is unusual sir, that's all. *(Armstrong takes a book from his pocket.)*

ARMSTRONG. Will you at least accept this small gift from me?

ISOBEL. That is not ... it is not necessary sir.

ARMSTRONG. Oh, reason not the need, Isobel.

ISOBEL. *King Lear.*

ARMSTRONG. Really? Please, take it, will you? *(He tries to hand her the book. She refuses.)* So you refuse my present? *(Pause. Isobel is confused.)*

ISOBEL. I've never had a gift before sir.

ARMSTRONG. What, never?

ISOBEL. I have never, to my recollection, inspired material generosity in others.

ARMSTRONG. Well in that case, let this be the first time — *(He thrusts the book at her. She looks at it.)*

ISOBEL. *Shakespeare's Sonnets* ... Oh sir ... I am most ... thank you sir ... *(They stand, quietly looking at the book and frozen in time as Tom comes on, wrapped up in outdoor clothes over pyjamas, heavy boots. He has a pair of shears in his hands and an*

armful of cuttings from the garden. Ellen enters, dishevelled, in her dressing gown.)

ELLEN. There you are. Where have you been? I woke up and you'd gone. *(He doesn't turn round.)*

TOM. I was just getting some air. *(Pause.)* I took a few cuttings from the garden. I thought we could plant them in the new one. Lavender. Honeysuckle. Some of the old white roses. Otherwise it'll all disappear under a car park or something. Roses are all hybrids now. You don't get them like this any more. These ones are older than the century. We should save them.

ELLEN. What?

TOM. The roses. I'm going to have a lot of time for gardening now.

ELLEN. You'll get another job.

TOM. No I won't. You know I won't. I'm too old, I'm too expensive and I don't give a fuck about postmodernism. *(Pause. He starts trimming the cuttings.)*

ELLEN. I have to give Kate an answer by tomorrow.

TOM. So give her one.

ELLEN. That's what I've been trying to talk to you about.

TOM. I know.

ELLEN. So talk to me.

TOM. What is there to say?

ELLEN. Tom, look, I know you're depressed —

TOM. I'm not depressed. I'm redundant. And there's a dead body under the kitchen sink.

ELLEN. It's not a dead body —

TOM. That's what it started out as —

ELLEN. A long time ago —

TOM. So what's the difference? At what stage does it stop being disturbing and start being archaeology?

ELLEN. What did the coroner say?

TOM. The skeleton's small, so she's quite young.

ELLEN. She?

TOM. It's a young girl apparently. She's been there since at least the first World War, which is when they extended the kitchen. Where we found her was part of the garden originally. And that's all they told me. You'd think you'd sense something. You'd think

something like that would taint the place somehow. I've never felt anything have you?

ELLEN. No, but people don't —

TOM. I do. Remember the house in Coldstream?

ELLEN. Yes but that was just — well I mean I don't know, you were in a weird mood.

TOM. No I wasn't. I couldn't go across the threshold because I felt chilled to the marrow. The hairs stood up on the back of my neck.

ELLEN. No one else felt that.

TOM. The dog did.

ELLEN. So what are you trying to say? *(Pause.)*

TOM. That we've lived with a dead girl under the floor for twenty years. And I find that disturbing. It makes me feel strange. That's all. *(Pause.)*

ELLEN. OK. But to return to more practical matters. The job. Shall I take it or not?

TOM. I can't make the decision for you.

ELLEN. You could try and make it with me. We'll be moving away. That involves you too.

TOM. It's got nothing to do with moving. *(Pause.)* I feel responsible somehow.

ELLEN. Sorry?

TOM. For the girl. Now that we've found her.

ELLEN. Tom, she's dead, she's been there for years and we've no idea who she is. How can we be responsible for her?

TOM. She was in our house.

ELLEN. But we didn't put her there.

TOM. She was a person, she had a name.

ELLEN. I know, I'm sorry, look, the thing about the job, they're now offering me even more money. We need it —

TOM. Rub it in, why don't you — *(He sweeps the trimmings into a plastic bag.)*

ELLEN. — but how can I possibly take it if you're going to freeze me out with this prim, disapproval thing?

TOM. I'm sure you'll manage somehow

ELLEN. Oh for Christ's sake. I feel like I'm walking on eggshells. Half the time, I'm frightened to bring the subject up

because ... because ...

TOM. Because what?

ELLEN. In case it offends your self-esteem. Because you've lost your job. And I'm being offered one.

TOM. It's got nothing to do with that. Nothing at all.

ELLEN. OK, listen, I have some qualms about the job myself — not the same as yours, but qualms nevertheless. But I don't have a problem working with pre-embryos. I'm sorry but I don't. What I do have a problem with is you thinking I'm some sort of murderess because of that.

TOM. I never mentioned the word murder. (*Pause.*) I just want to remind you of something that's all.

ELLEN. What?

TOM. How many times have you been pregnant?

ELLEN. Oh don't start this Tom.

TOM. How many times?

ELLEN. Five.

TOM. Six.

ELLEN. OK, five, six, what difference does it make?

TOM. D'you remember how you felt every time?

ELLEN. I try not to think about it actually.

TOM. Ecstatic. From the very first moment.

ELLEN. Thank you for reminding me.

TOM. On at least two occasions, when it was no more than what you now refer to as "a cluster of cells" you called it a pregnancy. You knew from the very moment of conception. You knew it was a potential person.

ELLEN. Potential. That's the key word Tom. I mean you know, I might just as well have flushed them down the toilet because in my particular case they never got beyond the most minimal potentiality. Any of them.

TOM. I just wonder, that's all. When you're poking at these cells in a petri dish —

ELLEN. — which is just the stupidest way of describing what I do —

TOM. — d'you not think about who they might have become?

ELLEN. They were never going to become anyone Tom,

because if we didn't use them, they'd be discarded.

TOM. Discarded. You see, that word doesn't really get it for me.

ELLEN. I'm sorry. I can't help that.

TOM. Look, I'm not saying don't take this job, truly I'd never say that to you —

ELLEN. You could have fooled me —

TOM. It just unsettles me, I couldn't do it, something in me rebels against it, and I don't now why it doesn't unsettle you —

ELLEN. Because it just doesn't.

TOM. And the other thing, is what are you doing these experiments *for*?

ELLEN. You know why —

TOM. I mean for whose benefit?

ELLEN. Everybody's.

TOM. It's a totally commercial operation. Kate's firm exists to make money above and beyond anything else

ELLEN. That's the nature of the world we live in Tom —

TOM. I mean where's it all leading? If you can eventually determine the genetic code of any given foetus, all I know is that's going to lead to trouble. Can you imagine what insurance companies will do with that information? Mortgage companies? Heath insurers? As soon as you put this stuff into the marketplace —

ELLEN. Oh for god's sake Tom, d'you think I don't worry about these things? Every scientist is aware of the implications, but we all live in the market place. Even you. I want to do the job I love and unfortunately funding is a prerequisite. At the moment, I don't have enough. It's easy to have rarefied ethics if all your job involves is decoding bits of Shakespeare. It's not so bloody easy if you're trying to move genetics into the twenty-first century. All you have is moral principles Tom. You don't have any solutions.

TOM. I know. I'm just saying you don't either. (*He clears up the rest of the mess.*) Did I tell you there was a tiny gold chain there?

ELLEN. Sorry?

TOM. With the body. The coroner found it. (*He picks up his cuttings and bag.*) Right. Rooting powder. I bet we haven't got

any. *(He goes out. She's left, brooding. Exits other side of stage. Isobel shuts the book.)*

ISOBEL. I'll take great care of it sir. It's beautiful.

ARMSTRONG. Why did you agree to meet me today?

ISOBEL. I'm not sure. I think perhaps it was the novelty. No man has ever asked such a thing of me.

ARMSTRONG. Surely that can't be true. What about at home, in Scotland?

ISOBEL. Do not ask me to talk about myself.

ARMSTRONG. Why not?

ISOBEL. I'm unused to answering questions. When I talk about myself my face feels hot. When I talk about myself I feel that I am lying.

ARMSTRONG. Are you?

ISOBEL. I'm not sure. I try not to. But we all lie about ourselves.

ARMSTRONG. Do we?

ISOBEL. We don't mean to but we do.

ARMSTRONG. Do you lie in general?

ISOBEL. No. Do you?

ARMSTRONG. Inconsequentially. *(He kisses her. She is taken by surprise, and pulls away.)* Don't you trust me?

ISOBEL. I do not know you sir.

ARMSTRONG. You've allowed me to kiss you. What does that mean?

ISOBEL. That I am susceptible to flattery ...

ARMSTRONG. So you don't trust me?

ISOBEL. No sir.

ARMSTRONG. Don't call me sir.

ISOBEL. I would prefer to.

ARMSTRONG. My name is Thomas.

ISOBEL. I know that.

ARMSTRONG. I kiss you, call you pretty, I give you a book of sonnets. What could be my motive other than genuine affection?

ISOBEL. I have no idea sir. That is what bothers me. I am confused. Men do not, in general, show such interest in me.

ARMSTRONG. You must have been wooed from time to time.

ISOBEL. Once. By an old man with a face like a goat. Perhaps he thought the fact of my hump cancelled out the fact of his face.

ARMSTRONG. Will you trust me in time?

ISOBEL. I cannot say sir.

ARMSTRONG. Nevertheless, your face did light up when I appeared in the hallway.

ISOBEL. I was not aware of that.

ARMSTRONG. You know it did. You gave me a ravishing smile.

ISOBEL. Now you are most definitely making fun of me.

ARMSTRONG. But it is a most beautiful, transforming smile, like sunlight on a glacier —

ISOBEL. Stop it, please. I am not used to such remarks. They do not make me happy, as you no doubt believe, they make me confused — *(He takes hold of her, turns her round, covers her twisted back with kisses and caresses, fascinated and bewitched by it.)*

ARMSTRONG. Isobel — *(She pulls away, confused.)*

ISOBEL. Go sir, you ... muddle me ... Leave me, please — *(Pause.)*

ARMSTRONG. Very well. If that's what you wish. I'm sorry if I've offended you. My feelings ran away with me. Forgive me. May we meet tomorrow? Please say yes, please.

ISOBEL. Perhaps. I don't know. Perhaps. *(He kisses her hand.)*

ARMSTRONG. Till tomorrow then. I have taken the liberty of marking some lines in your book. Look at them, won't you? Page seventy-three. *(He goes. Isobel sits down at the table, opens the book at the marked page.)*

ISOBEL. *(Reading.)* "All days are nights to see till I see thee, All nights bright days when dreams do show me thee." ... He thinks my smile ravishing. He thinks it transforming ... like sunlight on a glacier ... His name is Thomas ... Thomas ... *(She stretches round to feel her twisted back. Fade down lights. End of Act One.)*

ACT TWO

Scene 1

Same room as first scene.

Maria comes on in her shepherdess outfit.

MARIA. (*Reading.*) "My dear Maria,

Miss Cholmondely has invited several of us to a party to celebrate the new year, and I have decided to attend. She plays the harpsichord with great skill, and I hear there is to be dancing. Strangely, after all my homesickness, I now feel apprehensive about my return. I know that it is winter in England, and although the heat is oppressive here, one is forced to admit that there is little to recommend a Northern English January. Chilblains hold no romance for me. I like the thought of home, but I shiver at what I know to be reality. Last year, two of our lads died of cold, do you remember? We found them in the top meadow, frozen, rigid as stone, clinging together like babes, and were quite unable to prise them apart until we had thawed their corpses before a fire. This memory oppresses me every time I think of England. However I long to see you, and that is what sustains me. I dream of your soft blue eyes — " (*She breaks off.*) Blue? My soft blue eyes? Oh Edward. What are you talking about? (*Harriet and Isobel come on dressed for their play, clutching pieces of paper on which the script is written. Harriet begins to move furniture, sets out four chairs. Isobel and Maria watch mutely.*) ①

HARRIET. I hope you've made a start on your lines Maria, Isobel for goodness sake, lend a hand, don't just stand there like a, like a — ②

ISOBEL. — sheep. (*She picks up a chair.*) Where d'you want

Harriet Beat 4:
To impress her father
with her play

① To belittle

② To command

- ③ To direct
- ④ To dodge
- ⑤ To placate
- ⑥ To appease
- ⑦ To appeal
- ⑧ To stop
- ⑨ To usher
- ⑩ To challenge
- ⑪ To excuse

these?

HARRIET. Over here, thank you — ③

MARIA. Harriet dear, what colour would you call my eyes?

HARRIET. I'm sorry? ④

MARIA. Would you call them blue at all?

HARRIET. Only if I was utterly unfamiliar with the word. Your eyes are a pronounced and definite brown Maria. Like mine. ⑤

MARIA. Are there any conditions of lighting, any curious atmospheric distortions under which they might show themselves to be azure?

HARRIET. They are very pleasing as they are Maria. They will never be blue, and you mustn't wish it. ⑥

MARIA. Have they ever looked blue to you Isobel?

HARRIET. Oh for goodness sake — ⑦

ISOBEL. They've never looked blue to me.

MARIA. They have always looked brown?

ISOBEL. Most markedly. It is not a thing one would forget.

MARIA. Exactly. That's what I thought. (*Fenwick and Susannah come in.*)

HARRIET. No! No! We're not ready — ⑧

FENWICK. Oh. Sorry —

ISOBEL. We're as ready as we're ever going to be.

SUSANNAH. I thought it was just a rehearsal dear?

HARRIET. Oh very well, come in, sit down, no not there! Here, look where we've set out the chairs. ⑨

MARIA. I don't think I can perform today. I'm sorry.

HARRIET. What? ⑩

MARIA. I'm afraid I'm not in the humour. ⑪

HARRIET. Excuse me a moment. Maria — (*She takes hold of Maria's arm and drags her out, passing Armstrong and Roget who enter as they leave.*)

ROGET. Oh. Have we missed it?

FENWICK. Unfortunately, no. (*Isobel looks awkward.*)

SUSANNAH. Still the same ears, I see Isobel.

ISOBEL. Yes madam.

ARMSTRONG. I think they're very fetching.

FENWICK. You're to sit here I think. (*Roget and Armstrong sit down next to him.*)

- ARMSTRONG. What's happening?
- SUSANNAH. One of the actresses is temporarily indisposed.
- FENWICK. But the actor-manager is placating her with the promise of her name appearing most prominently on the hand-bill, and a solemn vow that Wakefield will not be included in the tour. (*Maria returns, followed by Harriet.*)
- MARIA. Papa —
- HARRIET. Maria — (12)
- MARIA. Papa, Edward thinks my eyes are blue, he said so in a letter, and Harriet says this is because he's a complete fool and that she never liked him anyway, but I think, perhaps he has a tropical fever and his mind is wandering or perhaps he meant brown but wrote blue —
- FENWICK. Perhaps he has an inability to distinguish one colour from another. It is not so rare.
- HARRIET. He cannot tell brown from blue? Don't be ridiculous (13)
- FENWICK. It's possible, Harriet, can we simply say that it's possible —
- HARRIET. Edward's problem is that he's awash with milky sentiments lapped up from bowls of cheap poetry. In which of course the heroine's eyes are *always* blue — (14)
- MARIA. Harriet —
- HARRIET. And I lay money on it, were you to cut his heart out, you would find it indistinguishable from tripe — (15)
- MARIA. Oh. How dare you! Poor Edward —
- SUSANNAH. I think you've made your point Harriet —
- MARIA. You're jealous of me.
- HARRIET. Of course I'm not jealous — (16)
- SUSANNAH. Girls, girls —
- MARIA. Because he asked me to marry him and not you —
- HARRIET. Why would I want to marry Edward? I don't want to marry anyone (17)
- SUSANNAH. Don't be silly Harriet of course you do —
- HARRIET. I do not — (18)
- SUSANNAH. Now look what you've started Joseph!
- FENWICK. Me?
- SUSANNAH. Your daughter doesn't want to marry. Who put

that idea into her head?

FENWICK. As far as I recollect, I suggested that Edward might have a problem with recognising colours. Harriet's marriage plans were not mentioned —

SUSANNAH. Not in this instance perhaps —

ROGET. Any chance of seeing the play?

MARIA. I don't want to be in her wretched play.

ROGET. Oh.

HARRIET. You may not be given to rages Maria, but you are most expert at sulking —

ARMSTRONG. This is as good a play as I've ever seen. Carry on, do.

SUSANNAH. Girls, girls, now come along, make up and apologise to each other, and Harriet, stop making foolish pronouncements.

HARRIET. It's not foolish, I mean it, I never want to marry —

SUSANNAH. You're over-excited dear, perhaps it's stage fright —

HARRIET. I am not over-excited!!! *(Fenwick rises up.)*

FENWICK. For god's sake stop it, all of you! *(Silence.)* We have guests. *(Awkward silence.)* Now. When we've all calmed down, we might begin the entertainment. Perhaps you could bring everyone a glass of wine Isobel.

ISOBEL. Yes sir. *(She goes to pour wine.)*

SUSANNAH. Harriet, Maria, kiss and make up. *(Harriet and Maria kiss each other on the cheek reluctantly.)*

MARIA. Forgive me dearest Harriet.

HARRIET. Forgive me dearest Maria. *(They both look at Susannah.)*

HARRIET and MARIA. There. *(Isobel hands out wine.)*

SUSANNAH. Excellent. *(Silence as Isobel puts the tray back on the table. She goes to join Harriet and Maria. They search for scripts and fiddle with them sullenly. The audience sip their wine and wait expectantly.)* Well?

HARRIET. All right. It won't be very good. I'm Britannia, she's Arcadia —

SUSANNAH. Yes yes yes, we know that. Get on with it. *(Har-*

19 To insult

20 To reiterate

21 To blast

22 To appease

23 To satisfy

24 To apologize

- (24) To divulge
 (25) To notify
 (26) To avoid
 (27) To dispute
 (28) To chastise
 (29) To illustrate
 (30) To impress
 (31) To shut up
 (32) To declare
 (33) To present

riety takes a deep breath, coughs, rustles her script.)

HARRIET. Well, first of all, there'll just be me on stage ~~and~~ I'll be reading a Brief Prologue ~~but~~ I haven't written that yet, and then possibly a song, which we'll all sing — (25)

MARIA. Which one?

HARRIET. I don't know yet. One which we all know. (26)

SUSANNAH. Greensleeves perhaps.

MARIA. Or a hymn. I like a hymn.

HARRIET. It's not important at the moment — (27)

MARIA. What sort of atmosphere must this song provoke?

SUSANNAH. D'you want a happy song or a sad song?

HARRIET. For heavens sake I don't know yet. I wish I'd never mentioned the wretched thing. (Pause.) (28)

MARIA. Sorry.

HARRIET. Anyway, then we all come on dressed more or less like this — (29)

SUSANNAH. I do hope you'll be doing something about Isobel's ears —

HARRIET. — and I will have some steam coming out of a chimney here, at least I hope so — (30)

MARIA. I think perhaps you should start Harriet.

HARRIET. I'm trying to start! (31)

MARIA. Sorry, sorry. (Pause.) (32)

HARRIET. So. I'm Britannia. *(She clears her throat, looks at her script.)* I am Britannia, spirit of our age, champion of our nation.

Fair play and enterprise are my guiding lights, industry and endeavour are my saviours. *(She coughs.)* (33)

I stand atop these lonely hills, from whence

This land I view, all sage, soft gold spread out.

The slate grey sea, the dry stone walls I know,

The shepherdess, her flock —

ISOBEL. Baaa.

HARRIET. — the frisking lambs.

MARIA. But lo, on the horizon now we see —

What can this be, what towers are rising here,

What lights that burn so late into the night?

That smoke that billows forth, what fires are these?

HARRIET. The future's ours, these chimneys belch out hope,

(34) To perform

These furnaces forge dreams as well as wealth.

Great minds conspire to cast an Eden here

From Iron, and steam bends nature to our will — (34)

MARIA. The future is a new Jerusalem —

ISOBEL. But not for sheep, for sheep it's looking grim. (*The audience can contain their laughter no longer. Maria throws down her script.*)

MARIA. That line ruins the entire piece Harriet —

ISOBEL. I told you this yesterday. I don't know why you want sheep in it anyway —

HARRIET. The line won't work if you say it like that — (35)

ISOBEL. — unless it's just an exercise in humiliation. That strikes me as a distinct possibility —

FENWICK. Harriet, perhaps you should — (36)

HARRIET. You're the audience, shut up — (*The audience roars.*)

ARMSTRONG. This should transfer to Drury Lane immediately —

HARRIET. It wasn't my idea in the first place! You made me write it mama. I don't want to write plays! I don't want to write anything! Why will you insist that I am a poet? I am nothing of the sort — (37)

SUSANNAH. Oh, come come Harriet —

HARRIET. I have no talent for it whatsoever. You might wish me to be a poet, but I am not. I cannot bend words to my will, I don't want to be a poet — (38)

SUSANNAH. We heard you the first time dear — (39)

HARRIET. I want to a physician, like papa — (*She throws down her script and storms out. Silence.*)

SUSANNAH. Did I hear her correctly? Did she say physician? Has she taken leave of her senses? Harriet? (*She goes after her. Maria follows.*)

MARIA. Oh lord ... Harriet, dear ... (*Fenwick gets up.*)

FENWICK. Well, that's that. House full of madwomen. What about a stroll gentlemen? Let's take a little wander down to the river —

ROGET. There's a blizzard out there —

FENWICK. Nonsense Roget, you've never *seen* a blizzard, we

(35) To correct

(36) To chastise

Harriet Beat 5:
To declare what she
wants to her parents

(37) To blame

(38) To announce

(39) To profess

call this bracing, come along — *(He strides off and Roget follows him. Isobel is left alone with Armstrong. She goes over the table and begins to pull off her ears. Armstrong comes over and helps her.)*

ARMSTRONG. Oh, Isobel, Isobel let me ... *(He nuzzles her. She is embarrassed. Pushes him away.)*

ISOBEL. Sir, this is not the place ... *(He looks at her, pulls her into his arms, kisses her passionately before she can resist.)*

ARMSTRONG. If I give you a guinea will you let me see you naked? *(Isobel pulls away, horrified.)*

ISOBEL. What?

ARMSTRONG. A joke, a joke, and a very bad one at that —

ISOBEL. I am bewildered at such a jest sir —

ARMSTRONG. Isobel, surely you did not take me seriously? Oh god, I am mortified, why did I say that? I'm sorry. I am most truly sorry and ashamed. It's a thing I do.

ISOBEL. What is?

ARMSTRONG. I make inappropriate remarks in certain situations.

ISOBEL. What sort of situations?

ARMSTRONG. Those in which ... I find myself in the grip of bewildering and powerful feelings. *(He goes to the desk and sits down.)* When my mother died I made jests at the funeral. Can you imagine? My mother whom I loved beyond anything, whom I nursed through the most wretched agony of her final illness. I don't know why I behaved as I did. I can only say that it was at odds with how I felt.

ISOBEL. I'm sorry for your trouble sir.

ARMSTRONG. Don't you see Isobel, that I am beside myself with longing for you? I dream of you, your imprint is stamped upon my mind indelibly, I cannot help myself. Forgive me, I beg of you, and I will go, and never trouble you again. *(Pause.)*

ISOBEL. There is nothing to forgive sir. *(He goes to her, kisses her hand.)*

ARMSTRONG. But can you love me Isobel? *(Isobel looks away.)*

ISOBEL. Can you love me sir? Surely that is more to the point.

ARMSTRONG. *(Tremulously.)* I do Isobel ... I do ... *(He dashes from the room. Isobel hugs herself delight, bewilderment and uncertainty battling for supremacy. Fade down lights.)*

Scene 2

Lights up. Main room. 1999. Still full of packing cases etc. Phil is sitting at the top of a ladder, dressed in overalls, covered in dust. He's drinking a mug of tea. Tom is sorting through books, papers, old photos, general junk, and packing it into boxes.

PHIL. The whole ceiling'll have to come down.

TOM. Yeah, well wait till we've moved out will you ...

PHIL. Have you heard anything else about the body?

TOM. I've just spoken to the coroner's office. They've done a preliminary report. Female Caucasian, between twenty and thirty, probably been there a couple of hundred years. Much longer than they thought at first. And the skeleton's incomplete.

PHIL. How d'you mean?

TOM. Some of it's missing.

PHIL. Poor lass. I wonder what happened to her. That's if she is a lass of course.

TOM. What d'you mean?

PHIL. Well, there's some strange things go on round here. Friend of mine says they found a body up by Holy Island that's not human and it's not animal. They've never seen anything like it apparently.

TOM. Who's "they?"

PHIL. The authorities man. They don't want to cause mass panic so they like to keep these things quiet.

TOM. Phil, they were human remains. Female human remains.

PHIL. Well, they say that —

TOM. They are. I saw them. They're not Venusian or extraterrestrial in any way.

PHIL. OK. Fair enough ... D'you think she was murdered then?

TOM. The bones cut clean through, they said, with a knife or a cleaver. And crammed into a hole any old how.

PHIL. In that case ... *(Phil comes down the ladder. He goes to his tool bag and rummages around. Brings out a candle.)*

TOM. What are you doing?

PHIL. Emergency supplies. In case all else fails. *(He sticks the candle in a piece of putty, sets it on the floor, and lights it.)*

TOM. What's that for?

PHIL. For her soul.

TOM. Oh.

PHIL. It's about time somebody did it if she's been there that long.

TOM. Oh. Right ... Of course. *(Pause.)* You're a Catholic then?

PHIL. Was. I still do this though.

TOM. What is it, superstition or habit?

PHIL. D'you not believe in souls?

TOM. I'm not sure.

PHIL. I do. I believe in reincarnation.

TOM. Is there anything you don't believe in Phil?

PHIL. Acupuncture. And the Tory party. But I still go into churches sometimes, light a candle for my mam. And I just think about her for a few minutes. I give her all my attention. I think attention's a form of prayer.

TOM. Oh. Right. *(Phil laughs.)*

PHIL. You think I'm mental don't you? *(He blows the candle out.)*

TOM. No, no, don't do that, no please, light it again — *(Phil tosses him the matches.)*

PHIL. You do it. *(Tom lights the candle and sets it on a packing case. They both sit on the floor and look at the flame. Silence for a while.)* How's the wife's ethical crisis?

TOM. Still bubbling along nicely.

PHIL. I had a thought.

TOM. Did you?

PHIL. Aye. *(Pause.)*

TOM. What was it then?

PHIL. Bar codes.

TOM. Sorry?

PHIL. Well, along those lines. Like you know, if they can map

Kate Beat 3:
To explain what
happened to the body

① To tease

② To reveal

③ To expound

④ To rationalize

your genes before you're born, they'll soon be wanting a little plastic card with your DNA details on. And if it says anything dodgy, it'll be like you're credit blacked. And then imagine this, people'll say I can't have this kid because it'll never get a mortgage. I mean that's bloody mad, that. I bet your wife hasn't thought about that has she?

TOM. I think she's starting to — (*Ellen and Kate come in, wearing outdoor clothes.*)

ELLEN. What on earth are you doing? (*Phil blows the candle out. He gets up.*)

PHIL. Just messing around. I'd better take this downstairs. (*He goes over to his ladder, picks it up and goes out.*)

ELLEN. Did I say something?

TOM. He was going anyway. (*He goes back to packing.*)

KATE. That looked very cosy. Doing a bit of male-bonding were you? ①

TOM. We were talking about the body in the basement.

ELLEN. I wish you wouldn't call it that.

KATE. She probably wasn't murdered. She was dissected. That's why some of her's missing. ②

TOM. How did you come to that conclusion?

KATE. I remember years ago, they had to dig up an old cemetery near us, to widen the road. And when they came to move the coffins, lots of the really old ones were empty. The bodies had been snatched. Probably by medical students, before the anatomy act, which was about eighteen-thirty-something. ③

ELLEN. So why then bury her in our garden?

KATE. I don't know. Nearest place maybe. It'd be a bit risky trying to put her back in her grave. Risky enough getting her out in the first place. ④

ELLEN. There you are Tom. Not a murder victim at all. Just the equivalent of leaving your body for medical research. Feel better now? (*He stares into the candle flame, and blows it out. Blackout. They leave. Roget and Armstrong enter, in outdoor clothes, carrying racquets. The two men blow on their hands, stamp to keep warm. Roget takes a shuttlecock from his pocket and they begin to play.*)

ARMSTRONG. You should have been there. A growth the size

of a potato.

ROGET. Jersey or King Edward?

ARMSTRONG. Bigger in fact. As big as my fist. In the upper abdominal cavity. Smaller ones in the lungs. The smell was abominable of course.

ROGET. Where did you get him from?

ARMSTRONG. Who?

ROGET. The unfortunate stinking corpse.

ARMSTRONG. I've no idea. Farleigh saw to it.

ROGET. Ah.

ARMSTRONG. Ah what?

ROGET. Was it still in its grave clothes by any chance?

ARMSTRONG. It was stark naked on a slab. I don't know why you're playing holier than thou. *(He stretches for a shot and misses, crashing his racquet down on the table.)* Damn.

ROGET. Mind the table! *(He goes over and rubs at it with his coat sleeve. Armstrong picks up the shuttlecock and bats it back to Roget.)* The whole thing sticks in my craw ever since two students in Edinburgh acquired for us a lovely fresh corpse which turned out to be our tutor's grandfather. The poor man clean fainted away when he pulled back the sheet.

ARMSTRONG. What difference does it make if they're dead? The dead are just meat. But meat that tells a story. Every time I slice open a body, I feel as if I'm discovering America.

ROGET. I do see the relatives' point. If you believe in bodily resurrection, the minimum requirement is a body.

ARMSTRONG. I'd happily allow you to slice mine into porterhouse steaks, as long as I was definitively dead.

ROGET. When's Farleigh's next demonstration?

ARMSTRONG. Depends on the supply. D'you want to come?

ROGET. I'm torn. I'm fascinated by the thing itself but slightly uneasy at the methods used to procure the bodies.

ARMSTRONG. We've got our eye on an undersized fellow, about three foot tall. He's not at all well. He'll not see out the winter.

ROGET. You seek out potential cadavers before they're even dead? *(Roget catches the shuttlecock and stops playing.)* Good god

man, that's appalling.

ARMSTRONG. Needs must. We can have any number of average, everyday corpses. They're two a penny. Literally, at this time of year, when people are dropping like flies. But an unusual specimen must be ordered in advance. I thought you knew that?

ROGET. I suppose I didn't think about it. I didn't ask where they came from, I assumed ...

ARMSTRONG. What? That they climbed onto the dissecting table of their own accord?

ROGET. No no no, of course not, I just ... well I suppose I chose not to wonder. (*He bats the shuttlecock to Armstrong.*)

ARMSTRONG. You didn't want to sully yourself with thoughts of such vile trade. You're a romantic Roget —

ROGET. I think more precisely, I am a man of delicate sensibilities —

ARMSTRONG. Useless, not to say dangerous qualities in a man of science.

ROGET. D'you never have qualms? D'you exist solely in the burning fires of certainty?

ARMSTRONG. Digging up corpses is necessary if we're to totter out of the dark ages. You can dissect a stolen body with moral qualms or with none at all and it won't make a blind bit of difference to what you discover. Discovery is neutral. Ethics should be left to philosophers and priests. I've never had a moral qualm in my life, and it would be death to science if I did. That's why I'll be remembered as a great physician Roget, and you'll be forgotten as a man who made lists. (*Roget passes him a drop shot which he fails to anticipate and misses.*) Bastard. (*Fenwick appears. They stop playing, guiltily.*)

ROGET. Sir — we were just, er —

ARMSTRONG. It was very cold outside sir.

FENWICK. Useless girls, both of you. Anyway. Supper's about to be served. (*They go with him. Lights down. Maria reads a letter over scene change.*)

MARIA. "Dear Edward,

You are right, England is cold and bleak, and so, I might add is my heart. Either distance has dimmed your perception of me,

or you never looked properly at me from the start. Imagine my eyes again Edward. Now write and tell me what colour they appear in your imagination. Your early letters were so full of longing for me and for home, but now I sense a reluctance to return which cannot entirely be explained by the prevailing weather conditions. I hear, via a Mr. Roger Thornton, who has recently returned from Lucknow, that a certain Miss Cholmondely has stayed in India rather longer than expected. Could this be the same musical creature you mention in your letters? She who sinks into a dead faint when confronted by native antiquities? Her eyes, I gather, are a quite startling blue. I note that when you think of England now you remember dead boys frozen in the top meadow. Hitherto you imagined soft sunlight and balmy breezes and gentle Englishmen full of decorum and equanimity. I now realise that your vision of England was as flawed as your recollection of my eyes. Yes, it is true that here we may freeze to death in Winter. Indeed our Summers are mild. But temperate we are not. Need I remind you that we have had bloody riots here for at least six months, and that my father, the finest Englishman I know, has never been anything less than passionate. As you know Edward, I have long been regarded as the mild, perhaps even silly half of the heavenly twins, very much in Harriet's poetic shadow. That, presumably, is what attracted you to me in the first place. (But Miss Cholmondely is clearly the better swooner) I find now however, that anger has provoked my intellect like a spark igniting a long dormant volcano. I await your reply with interest.

Sincerely, Maria Fenwick."

Scene 3

Lights up. A long table, lit with candelabra. Fenwick, Susannah, Maria, Roget and Armstrong. Supper is over, and they are eating fruit, drinking. Isobel is clearing away plates and glasses. Everyone is a little the worse for wear, particularly Susannah.

FENWICK. When you've finished Isobel, you may come and join us if you wish.

SUSANNAH. You prefer to talk to the servants than to me Joseph.

FENWICK. Don't be ridiculous Susannah.

SUSANNAH. I am not being ridiculous. It's patronising to ask the girl to fetch and carry on the one hand and join us for elevating conversation on the other. *(She pours herself more wine. Hands Isobel the empty bottle.)* Bring up another bottle please Isobel.

ISOBEL. Yes madam. *(She goes out with tray of crockery etc. as Harriet comes in wearing her bonnet with the chimney. The chimney is now belching puffs of steam.)*

HARRIET. Papa, Mama! Here you are. Look! I told you I would get it to work. ① They all look. Murmurs of delight.

FENWICK. Oh well done Harriet —

ROGET. I say! Look at that!

SUSANNAH. Look at what? What am I supposed to be looking at?

MARIA. Her bonnet Mama!

SUSANNAH. What about it?

ARMSTRONG. The steam, madam, the steam —

SUSANNAH. Good god — *(The steam stops puffing.)*

HARRIET. Oh. It's stopped — ②

ROGET. Nevertheless Harriet, a remarkable achievement —

HARRIET. Papa? Are you proud of me? ③

Harriet Beat 6:
To impress her father
with her invention

① To promulgate

② To alert

③ To elicit

④ To justify

FENWICK. Impressed beyond words. It was almost worth sitting through that dreadful play, if this is one of the serendipitous results —

SUSANNAH. But when would you wear such a thing dear?

HARRIET. That's not the point mama, the point is that through experiment I have made a discovery — ④

SUSANNAH. But a singularly useless one —

FENWICK. Susannah, shut up. Harriet my dear, sit down and have some wine. I'm delighted and impressed. (*Harriet sits down, glowing.*)

SUSANNAH. Mark the contemptuous way my husband speaks to me gentlemen —

FENWICK. Susannah that's enough —

SUSANNAH. Tell me Mr. Roget, do you think my husband a saint?

ROGET. I'm sorry?

SUSANNAH. St. Joseph of Newcastle upon Tyne. How would that suit him?

ROGET. I think him a exemplary man, a great scientist and fine physician. However sainthood would seem to be stretching a point.

SUSANNAH. But you think him a man of great principle, with a finely tuned conscience, considerate to servants, indulgent to his family, yes?

ROGET. Well ... on balance, I would say so, yes.

SUSANNAH. Then allow me tell you how profoundly wrong you are.

FENWICK. Susannah —

SUSANNAH. Don't worry, I'm not about to reveal any scandal. Oh, gentlemen, if only he were scandalous, but I'm afraid he's much too dull for that. What he is, is indifferent. To me. And what wife can stand that?

ARMSTRONG. I wonder if we should perhaps retire to the drawing room Roget — (*He begins to get up.*)

SUSANNAH. Sit down!

ARMSTRONG. Of course. (*He sits down again abruptly.*)

HARRIET. May Maria and I be excused, papa? ⑤

SUSANNAH. No! (*Silence.*)

⑤ To pardon

FENWICK. Susannah —

SUSANNAH. And because you all admire him, that makes you indifferent too! It is intolerable. In my own house to be constantly ignored, to be held in no account —

ROGET. Madam, I assure you that this is not the case, please, I beg of you —

SUSANNAH. And if I am a little drunk, what of it, you too would be drunk if you had to bear what I must bear —

FENWICK. Susannah, no one is indifferent to you —

SUSANNAH. Liar! *(Isobel returns with more wine. Susannah takes it from her, pours herself more.)* You don't love me. *(Awkward silence. Isobel hovers.)*

FENWICK. What's this nonsense now?

MARIA. Mama we all love you. Indeed we do.

SUSANNAH. The most respected man in the region, the most philanthropic, whose learning is universally admired, has no time for his own wife.

ARMSTRONG. I'm sure you are grossly mistaken —

SUSANNAH. He has turned me into a joke. I could play patience stark naked and he'd not notice.

ROGET. Madam —

SUSANNAH. And neither would you.

HARRIET. Mama, please! ⁽⁶⁾

SUSANNAH. I even embarrass my own children. I sit in a corner and chirrup away like a canary. Why don't you get a cage for me and a nice bit of cuttlefish. In fact, when we had a canary, he paid more attention to it than to me, he thought it intriguing and fascinating, all the things he once felt about me —

FENWICK. You have had a little too much wine Susannah —

SUSANNAH. I am shut out from everything you do. You think me a fool!

FENWICK. Of course I don't think you a fool —

SUSANNAH. Because I care more for Shakespeare than for Newton.

FENWICK. They are not in competition Susannah. One does not cancel out the other. They form a complementarity, not a state of siege.

SUSANNAH. I admit I had little education when I married him, but that was no fault of mine. I painted, read poetry and

⁽⁶⁾ To insist

plays, a little Greek of course, but obviously that counts for nothing.

ROGET. On the contrary, it sounds quite admirable. (*Susannah gets up and thumps her breast theatrically.*)

SUSANNAH. I am an artist gentlemen! I have a soul! (*Silence.*)

MARIA. Mama, do stop it.

SUSANNAH. I am full of feeling and passion and I am wedded to a dried cod. (*She sits down again, in tears.*)

ISOBEL. Um. Will that be all sir?

FENWICK. Of course Isobel, off you go. (*He gets up.*) Please don't feel you must stay, gentlemen. My wife is a little overwrought —

SUSANNAH. Overwrought!

FENWICK. Harriet, Maria, go with the gentlemen into the drawing room will you?

HARRIET and MARIA. (*Together.*) Yes papa. (*They get up.*)

ROGET. Madam.

ARMSTRONG. Madam. (*They get up to leave.*)

SUSANNAH. That's right, go. Leave me to fend for myself — (*Roget and Armstrong hesitate.*)

FENWICK. We'll join you presently gentlemen. (*They all go out. Silence. Susannah continues to cry.*) Susannah —

SUSANNAH. I'm sorry. I'm sorry Joseph.

FENWICK. So you should be.

SUSANNAH. Don't speak to me like a child! I am not a wayward infant to be scolded indulgently, I am your wife! Listen to me when I talk to you, take notice of what I say. Do not dismiss it as precocious whimsy! I want you to take me seriously, do you understand Joseph? (*Fenwick is flustered.*)

FENWICK. I'm very ... I'm sorry Susannah —

SUSANNAH. So you should be.

FENWICK. Very well, now we're all square.

SUSANNAH. Stop it! Stop patronising me. It's like a twitch Joseph, you do it without thinking. (*Pause.*)

FENWICK. I don't know what you want me to say Susannah.

SUSANNAH. When you married me Joseph, you thought me beautiful.

FENWICK. I still think that.

⑦ To excuse

SUSANNAH. But you never mentioned any other requirements. The fact that I knew nothing of politics or science seemed a matter of supreme indifference to you. In fact you found my ignorance delightful, charming even.

FENWICK. I didn't know it was ignorance. I thought it an affectation of your sex and class.

SUSANNAH. You loved me Joseph, you pursued me with such tenderness, such dogged devotion, how could I not love you in return? Because the choice was not mine, d'you understand? I never had the freedom to choose as you did —

FENWICK. I didn't force you to marry me Susannah —

SUSANNAH. I was a passive thing, waiting to be filled up with love and ooze it out in return. That is what young women do. Joseph, they wait to be loved, they wait for a man to bestow his mysterious gift upon them. I loved you because you loved me. That was my criterion. What else did I have to go on? What else did I know? You caused this love in me! You planted it in me and then you abandoned it!

FENWICK. I haven't abandoned you Susannah.

SUSANNAH. But that is what it feels like Joseph. I am lonely. It is a lonely thing to be married to you. *(Pause.)*

FENWICK. It seems I've been remiss in my affection, and I am most profoundly sorry. Perhaps I've been too bound up with my work —

SUSANNAH. Bound up? You have given your entire life over to it! Oh certainly you have feelings, indeed you do, you are stuffed to bursting point with feelings about this injustice here, that cruelty there. You have feelings for every passing stray but none whatsoever for me. I've watched you weep bitter tears, I've watched you tear your hair at the misfortunes of utter strangers, whilst my most palpable misery goes sublimely unacknowledged —

FENWICK. It was never my intention to make you unhappy Susannah —

SUSANNAH. How could you love me so much then and so little now? Am I not the same person? Perhaps the woman you professed such tenderness towards then was an invention, a construct of your imagination —

FENWICK. I did love you Susannah —

SUSANNAH. Did? What good is did to me?

FENWICK. Do, I do love you, but perhaps we interpret the word in different ways. You talk of tenderness when you talk of love, you talk of dogged devotion, you make it all sweet nothings and new hair ribbons —

SUSANNAH. I dispute the last, but for the rest, what else is love but tender devotion —

FENWICK. I was in thrall to you Susannah. Sick, weak with longing at the merest hint of your presence. I couldn't sleep for thinking of the web of veins that traced the inside of your arms. I dreamt of the scent of your neck, the soft, suckable lobe of your ear. I wanted to crush your mouth against mine, I wanted to run my tongue down the cleft your breasts —

SUSANNAH. Joseph, please, this is bedroom talk —

FENWICK. — I wanted to lose myself inside you. Your beauty possessed me, it made my blood dance. I could watch the pulse flickering in your wrist and feel sick with desire. But because you were beautiful I imagined you to be wise, and yes I know now, as I knew then, that one has nothing to do with the other. I asked myself even then, do I love her because she is beautiful or is she beautiful because I love her. I couldn't answer and I didn't care. Passion distorts, it makes things seem what they are not. Because you had the face of the Madonna, I imbued you with her qualities. You had no conversation then, and I told myself that still waters run deep. Your looks of blank incomprehension I read as philosophical musing. When I talked of politics or science, and your face betrayed no expression whatsoever I saw it as profound spiritual calm, a stillness which put my passion to shame, I saw in you a wisdom which I could never hope to attain. The less you said the easier it was to invent you. You could have sat at my side and warbled in Japanese and I would have hung onto your every word. I dreamt of your flesh, I wanted to lick your eyes, I wanted to leave children inside you ... *(Pause.)*

SUSANNAH. Joseph, if you bear any vestige of that love for me, you must make it manifest. You must talk to me in a language which does not exclude me. Do not shut me out. Do not humiliate me in front of your friends, but include me, ask my advice, my opinion. I know I behave ridiculously, don't imagine I

Harriet Beat 7:
To discredit
Edward to Maria
① To argue

② To slander

③ To throw off

am unaware of it. I loathe the role I have taken on, but you forced me to it, d'you understand? It's the only part you have left open to me and I have played it to the hilt. You talk always of equality. Why don't you practice it? I want to be your equal, not a fawning, yapping lap dog — *(Isobel appears. Screaming and shouting off stage.)*

ISOBEL. I'm sorry sir, madam ... *(Harriet and Maria come hurtling in, screaming at each other and wrestling each other to the ground.)*

MARIA. Take that back! Take it back!

HARRIET. Never! Argh ... get off me, get off — Papa, Papa — ①

SUSANNAH. Girls, girls, what on earth — *(Harriet manages to disentangle herself slightly.)*

HARRIET. Edward is a fickle fool, Maria, anyone could have told you that, the whole world knew of his passion for Miss Cholmondely apart from you — *(Maria goes for her again.)* ②

MARIA. How dare you, how dare you —

FENWICK. Harriet, Maria! *(They ignore him and continue fighting.)*

MARIA. I hate you, I hate you — *(Fenwick grabs Maria and Susannah drags off the struggling Harriet.)*

SUSANNAH. Stop fighting immediately! ③

HARRIET. Stop it, stop it, get off me — *(She tries to kick Susannah.)*

FENWICK. Harriet, for once in your life, listen to your mother and do as she says — *(Harriet is so stunned she shuts up. Both girls are carted offstage. Maria bawling "I hate her! I hate her!" Isobel begins to clear away the rest of the debris from the table. Armstrong comes in, unnoticed. He tiptoes up behind her, puts his arms around her waist. She gasps, and he puts his hand over her mouth, turns her round towards himself and kisses her passionately. He pushes her over the table.)*

ARMSTRONG. Isobel ... I adore you Isobel ... I adore you ... *(He kisses her again.)* I want you to take this. It belonged to my mother. *(He hands her something wrapped in a piece of silk.)* Just tell me, I just want to know, that's all ... Just tell me that you might be able to love me ... *(Pause. Isobel clutches the gift and*

speaks in a shy whisper.)

ISOBEL. I believe I might sir ... *(She kisses him. He pushes her onto the table, kisses her again. Suddenly Roget appears.)*

ROGET. Armstrong? What in god's name d'you think you're doing? *(The two spring apart. Isobel pulls herself together and slithers off the table.)*

ISOBEL. Excuse me sir, excuse me — *(She dashes out. Armstrong straightens his clothes and pours himself a drink.)*

ARMSTRONG. You shouldn't burst in on people like that.

ROGET. What were you doing?

ARMSTRONG. I was kissing her passionately. What did it look like?

ROGET. How could you?

ARMSTRONG. It was quite easy actually, she didn't object in the least. Why should she?

ROGET. You can't play with her like this.

ARMSTRONG. Oh, I think perhaps jealousy rears its ugly head.

ROGET. It's nothing of the sort, I just can't bear to see the girl led by the nose.

ARMSTRONG. She knows the state of play, she's not stupid.

ROGET. Far from it, but she's ignorant when it comes to these particular matters, and you know it.

ARMSTRONG. I enjoy her company.

ROGET. So do I.

ARMSTRONG. I think you might find she enjoys my company rather more extravagantly than she does yours. I sorry, but there it is. What can I do about it?

ROGET. What do you want from her? *(Armstrong laughs.)*

ARMSTRONG. I love her, it's as simple as that.

ROGET. So you love her. But not enough I presume, to marry her.

ARMSTRONG. Marriage is a different thing entirely. I'll probably marry a woman with face like a horse but a great deal of money in the bank. I don't expect it will have anything much to do with love.

ROGET. What is it that you particularly love about Isobel? *(Isobel appears in the doorway. Neither notice her. She stays in the*

shadows and listens.)

ARMSTRONG. Oh, this and that. Who can say really? Love's such an indefinable thing isn't it, I mean ... *(He begins to giggle.)* Oh for god's sake Roget, I can't keep this up another minute, of course I don't bloody love her. *(Pause.)*

ROGET. I knew you didn't.

ARMSTRONG. I almost had you convinced though didn't I?

ROGET. Not for a moment actually.

ARMSTRONG. "Oh Isobel, Isobel I adore you!" *(He giggles.)* God, I don't know how I managed it. She really is very hard work.

ROGET. So why in hell's name are you doing it to her?

ARMSTRONG. It's all in a good cause, I assure you.

ROGET. What cause?

ARMSTRONG. There's nothing sinister in it honestly, it's all rather innocent actually. I don't know why you never thought of it yourself. So. I tell her I love her and so forth, right?

ROGET. Yes ...

ARMSTRONG. I flatter her, look suitably love struck when she comes into a room, I call her beautiful —

ROGET. But why? —

ARMSTRONG. And eventually I get her into the sack.

ROGET. That would seem to be a logical, if cynical progression. It's not in itself an explanation.

ARMSTRONG. Oh for god's sake man, I get her into the sack which means she takes off her clothes —

ROGET. Not necessarily —

ARMSTRONG. I make sure she takes them off, that's the whole point because then I get to examine her beautiful back in all its delicious, twisted glory, and frankly that's all I'm interested in. D'you know the first time I saw it I got an erection?

ROGET. You find it arousing?

ARMSTRONG. In the same way that I find electricity exciting, or the isolation of oxygen, or the dissection of a human heart. *(Roget stares at him.)* I told you it was all in a good cause didn't I? I mean obviously, she's not the sort to just take her clothes off and let me have a look for a few bob, I spotted the Presbyterian bent right away. In fact I almost scuppered my chances at one point, before I'd got the full measure of her. I had to make up some awful rub-

bish about my mother being dead, which of course she isn't. So unfortunately we have to go the long route. But I'm patient, I've got all the time in the world. Farleigh showed us a similar torso once but it was much milder. Extraordinary malformation of the upper vertebrae, with resultant distortion of the rib cage. And hers you see is much more severe, much more interesting, I mean it's exquisite, it's almost a poem — *(Isobel runs off, stifling a cry. Roget turns round.)*

ROGET. What was that?

ARMSTRONG. What? Nothing. *(Roget looks at him.)*

ROGET. Can I say something? *(Armstrong grins.)*

ARMSTRONG. Go ahead.

ROGET. You are amoral, corrupt and depraved. You are cruel, heartless, mean-spirited, barbarous. You are treacherous, despicable, and vilely contemptible. You are a low-down seducer. You're a cunt Armstrong. A complete and utter cunt. *(He goes out. Armstrong shrugs, genuinely baffled at this response.)*

ARMSTRONG. Why? What have I done? *(Fade down lights. He goes out. Enter Maria who reads a letter over scene change.)*

MARIA. "Dear Edward,

Thank you for your sloppily written missive. I note that you and Miss Cholmondley have indeed become 'firm friends' and I am not at all sorry that you will no longer be returning to England. You have recently been the source of great animosity between my dear sister and myself, for which rupture I blame you entirely. Our quarrel resulted, I am sorry to say, in no small degree of violence. I long for something similar, but more extreme, to light upon yourself, and only wish I were able to deliver the blows myself. Please do not write to me again.

Maria Fenwick."

Scene 4

Bring up lights. 1999. Same room as before, one tea chest left. The table bears the remnants of a meal, as in the previous scene. Tom is sitting at the head of the table, in what was previously Susannah's place. Ellen is next to him.

TOM. I suppose I should say congratulations. *(He raises his glass.)* What was it that tipped the scales? Goodbye schizophrenia or hello big bank balance?

ELLEN. You don't think I'm a murderess then?

TOM. Would it make any difference if I did?

ELLEN. No. It's just a word. I can live with it. *(Pause.)* I know you think I'm hyper-rational, but d'you want to know the real reason I'm going to take the job? Because I can't resist it. It's too exciting. It wasn't an intellectual decision at all. It was my heart. I felt it beat faster when I thought of the all the possibilities.

TOM. D'you think the heart *is* involved in the choices we make?

ELLEN. What d'you mean?

TOM. Literally. I read it somewhere. That your heart's not just a pump. It's what defines us. Apparently, if you give someone a new heart, they quite often take on some of the characteristics of the donor. That's a scientific fact —

ELLEN. Have you been talking to Phil?

TOM. Well why shouldn't it be true? When you talk about grief, you talk about heartache. Same when you talk about love. You just said it yourself. You said you took the job because your heart told you to.

ELLEN. You make it sound poetic.

TOM. Isn't it?

ELLEN. Science is supposed to be cold and considered and rational.

TOM. But it's not is it?

ELLEN. Up to a point. But maybe you're right. I suppose my urge to pursue it is a passion, it's intense, the same as yours for George Eliot or John Webster. Actually, it's more than that. It's sexy. It makes me fizz inside. To me it's a form of rapture. Yeah, you are right ... To me, an exquisitely balanced formula is a poem.

TOM. So we're not that much different after all. Art and science, waves and particles, it's all the same thing.

ELLEN. But the bottom line is: I don't actually think science is value free, I don't think it's morally neutral. Kate does, but I don't — *(Kate comes in with two more bottles of wine.)*

KATE. What do I do? ①

TOM. You're unscrupulous, ambitious, and you'd dissect your own mother if you thought it might give you the answer to something.

KATE. Yeah, I probably would. But only if she was dead already. ②

TOM. So where would you draw the line?

KATE. Well, I wouldn't kill. I wouldn't murder. But apart from that ... white or red? ③

TOM. Red please. But would you have worked on, I don't know, developing the atomic bomb, say —

ELLEN. She's a geneticist Tom.

TOM. You know what I'm getting at —

ELLEN. You can't not pursue something. You can't say that road might have complications so I won't go down it. Once you know something, you can't unknow it —

KATE. The thing is Tom, I can't make you see the world the way that I do. For me it's all potential, it's all possibility, everything's there to be unravelled and decoded. We're discovering things so fast now, we're falling over our feet. It's like for me everything is total possibility and for you everything is total remembrance. ④

TOM. Well I don't know, shall I just cut my throat now? Why wait?

KATE. I want to eat up the world, I want to tear it apart and see what it's made of. And you're just conscious of this weight all the time, of the past bearing down on you — ⑤

Kate Beat 4:

To convince Tom that there is more to life than history

① To interrupt

② To joke

③ To qualify

④ To point out

⑤ To insinuate

- ⑥ To agree
- ⑦ To debate
- ⑧ To refute
- ⑨ To dismiss
- ⑩ To challenge
- ⑪ To counter
- ⑫ To qualify
- ⑬ To banter
- ⑭ To bother
- ⑮ To excite

TOM. The past's always with us —
 KATE. There's nothing wrong with Milton, there's nothing wrong with Shakespeare — ⑥
 TOM. I'm glad we've sorted that out then —
 KATE. But it's history, and I'm hooked on the future. ⑦
 TOM. Don't you think there is something to be said for acknowledging the weight of history?
 KATE. Yes but — ⑧
 TOM. No you don't, you don't even know what history is —
 KATE. Oh please — ⑨
 TOM. You don't respect ambiguities —
 KATE. What on earth does that mean? ⑩
 TOM. You bandy these words about, like manic-depression and schizophrenia, and you don't even know what they mean. Schizophrenia is just a label, it's not a finite quantifiable thing —
 KATE. Schizophrenics stab people in tube stations — ⑪
 TOM. Most of them don't, and not that you care anyway, I mean that's not why you do it is it —
 KATE. No, why should it be — ⑫
 ELLEN. Tom, we've been through this —
 TOM. James Joyce probably had a schizophrenia gene, his daughter certainly did. It's a continuum, at one end you get poetry and at the other confusion, you can't just swat it like a fly.
 KATE. Tom, that's a very nice romantic idea, but it's not necessarily true, you're hopeless, you're a dinosaur — ⑬
 TOM. Yeah, well we look around, us dinosaurs, and we know we're old and tired, a bit cynical, a bit ironic, but we know the score, we can see the arc of things. We've seen things come and go. And one of the things we know is that the messiah's not coming. We know that much. *(She laughs and hands him his wine.)*
 KATE. How d'you know? How come you're so certain? ⑭
 TOM. Oh for goodness sake —
 KATE. I'm telling you Tom, we don't know anything, but it's out there now, within our grasp. Does that not blow your mind? ⑮
 TOM. Not in the way you'd like it to — *(Phil appears.)*
 PHIL. Right, I'm off then, have a good new year.
 ELLEN. Phil, stay, have a drink before you go —
 TOM. Have one to see in the new century, stop us arguing for

⑩ To celebrate

god's sake —

PHIL. Oh, go on then, a quick one — *(Kate hands him a glass of wine. They all drink.)*

ALL. Cheers — ⑪

PHIL. In twenty four-hours it'll be the twenty-first century then. It doesn't feel like it does it?

TOM. How's it supposed to feel?

PHIL. I don't know. Futuristic. Not like this. It feels a bit old-fashioned like. You know, you think it's going to be robots and everything shiny white and new and clean. That's what it's like in the films. The future. But it's just the same old shite really, isn't it? *(He looks at his watch.)* I'd better go. I've got to take my daughter to the hospital. *(He downs his drink.)* Thanks a lot then. Have a good new year. *(They get up and raise their glasses.)*

⑪ To send off

ALL. Happy New Year! ⑫ *(He goes out. The others are frozen, glasses aloft, as Isobel comes in with paper and pencil and the silk wrapped gift from Armstrong. She opens it: a gold chain. She holds it up to the light and puts it around her neck. She reads through a letter she has just written.)*

ISOBEL. "Loving words as I do, I now find my vocabulary insufficient to describe my anguish. How may I explain to you my fall from contentment to despair? I was never a loved thing; it was not a condition I had ever known. Recently, and most fleetingly, I discovered the rapture of that state. Now I know it to have been a fiction. My life stretches before me, and it is now a bitter road. All pleasure's pale now that I have felt love and may never feel it again. You will say that it was not a real love, and I would agree. It was a lie and it was moonshine, but how happy I was to bathe in its watery glow. Now my mouth is full of ashes. He caused dreams in me where none had thrived before, and I am without hope or consolation. Isobel Bridie" *(Isobel folds the letter. Blackout.)*

Scene 5

Lights up. Isobel is hanging from a rope in the middle of the stage, the chair overturned beneath her dangling feet.

Maria comes on. She screams. Armstrong comes running on.

ARMSTRONG. Oh my god, oh my god — *(He runs to the body, climbs on the chair, tries to get her down. Harriet is frozen with horror.)* Help me, help me Maria for god's sake — *(She helps him and together they get Isobel down.)*

MARIA. Oh Isobel, Isobel, I don't understand — *(She feels for a pulse. Armstrong puts his ear to Isobel's chest.)* I can feel a pulse, it's weak but it's there — *(Armstrong takes off his coat and places it under her head.)*

ARMSTRONG. Fetch help Maria, find your father, anyone —

MARIA. They're out walking —

ARMSTRONG. Well find them! *(She goes. Armstrong feels the side of Isobel's neck for a pulse.)* Isobel? Can you hear me? *(There's no response. He hesitates. Then puts his hands over her nose and mouth, presses down. Her heels flutter almost imperceptibly. In a second it is over. He feels her pulse again. He gets up, shakily and notices the letter lying underneath the chair. He picks it up, unfolds it. Reads.)* "Loving words as I do ..." *(He reads to the end, then crumples the paper and puts it in his pocket. Fenwick, Roget, Harriet, Maria and Susannah come in.)* She's gone. I couldn't save her. *(Fenwick and Roget go to her. The three women hold onto each other in horror.)*

FENWICK. Why? Why did she do this?

SUSANNAH. She left no note, no explanation?

ARMSTRONG. It seems not.

FENWICK. Isobel, did we not care for you enough? Were we harsh? What did we do? *(Susannah goes to her.)*

SUSANNAH. Oh, her poor neck. *(She takes her hand.)* Are you

sure she's dead Joseph?

FENWICK. Gone. Snuffed out. *(He picks her up in his arms. Tears run down his face.)* I'll take her to her room. She should lie on a soft bed not a cold floor. Come with me. *(He goes out. The women follow. Roget and Armstrong are left. Silence.)*

ARMSTRONG. Why did you tell her, you stupid fool?

ROGET. I didn't. She was at the door. She heard what you said about her. *(Pause.)*

ARMSTRONG. Well how was I to know? It's not my fault, I didn't know she was ...

ROGET. What?

ARMSTRONG. Unstable. I didn't know. Don't say anything, eh? *(Silence.)* I mean we don't know for a fact that it was me who drove her to it, do we? It could have been anything.

ROGET. Of course it was you.

ARMSTRONG. Where's the evidence?

ROGET. You disgust me.

ARMSTRONG. I never wished her dead.

ROGET. Much more convenient that she is. I expect she won't be in her grave five minutes before Farleigh has her dug up. *(Armstrong giggles nervously.)*

ARMSTRONG. Oh well. Waste not want not ... *(Roget walks over to him and punches him hard in the stomach. He doubles over in agony as Roget walks out. He staggers out after him as Tom and Ellen come in. They look round the empty room.)*

ELLEN. We could still pull out. Contracts aren't signed yet.

TOM. No. Let's sell up and get out. Let's start again.

ELLEN. Are you sure?

TOM. Yes. It's just a house. I think they should knock it down actually.

ELLEN. What?

TOM. It's had its day. Its worn out. You can't keep adapting this bit and converting that bit. Knock it down and build something new. Something wonderful. There was a medieval almshouse on the site before they built this place and they knocked that down with confidence. Kate thinks I worship the past but I don't. I just liked this house, but fuck it, I want to be free of it now. I'm sick of being shackled to dry rot and death

watch beetles. We'll start again. It could be exciting even.

ELLEN. You'll get another job.

TOM. I doubt it. I'm going to sail into the twenty-first century as a middle-aged redundant man supported by a younger, sexier wife who works at the cutting edge of technology. Maybe there's a sort of poetic justice to it.

ELLEN. You're only redundant as an English lecturer. You're not redundant as a human being.

TOM. This time next year, this room will be full of Scandinavian businessmen leaping out of saunas and drinking schnapps and shouting skol.

ELLEN. I bet it's not. They'll probably run out of money by June. This time next year there'll be pigeons in here and security fences outside. And in five years time they'll pull it down. And build a car park.

TOM. I keep thinking about the dead girl. No upper vertebrae. Missing ribs. I don't understand.

ELLEN. I don't suppose we ever will.

TOM. Let's go and put the champagne in the fridge. *(They go out as the lights dim. Music, distant sounds of what could be celebrations, or could be riots. Chandelier descends, Roget and Armstrong carry on Isobel's open coffin. Harriet and Maria follow them with tall flickering candles. The coffin is placed gently on the table. They gather round to look at her.)*

HARRIET. Poor Isobel. ①

ROGET. She looks almost beautiful. Pale as wax. One might hardly notice her poor back. It seems now, the least significant thing about her.

ARMSTRONG. *(Gazing at her, fascinated.)* She is exquisite. She makes a beautiful corpse. *(They look at him.)* As Roget said ...-So pale and waxen.

MARIA. What time is it?

HARRIET. It must be almost midnight. ② *(Fenwick and Susannah come in. They go to the coffin. Fenwick kisses Isobel's forehead, Susannah strokes her hair.)*

FENWICK. So this is how we're seeing out the century. Not the way we'd imagined it, not with a flurry of trumpets and beacons blazing. I thought it would be a golden night, full of hope

Harriet 8 eat 7:
To mourn the loss
of Isobel.

①-To mourn

②-To comfort

and anticipation, and instead, this. Groping blindly over the border in a fog of bewilderment. The future looks less benign now Isobel. We're a little more frightened than we were. *(He kisses her again. Susannah strokes her hair.)*

SUSANNAH. I don't understand ... I don't understand ...

FENWICK. Goodbye Isobel ... *(The lighting changes as they gather round the coffin, to the chiaroscuro effects of the very first montage. Their positions and attitudes once again suggest the painting, but this time Isobel, in her coffin has taken the place of the bird in the air pump. The rioting continues from outside. He looks at his pocket watch.)*

SUSANNAH. Are they rioting or celebrating out there?

FENWICK. It's hard to tell ... *(He lifts his right arm for silence as the bells ring out the chimes of midnight.)* Here's to whatever lies ahead ... here's to uncharted lands ... here's to a future we dream about but cannot know ... here's to the new century ... *(They raise their glasses. Bring up music. Hold on montage. Fade down lights. End.)*

Appendix B

Poster



DEPARTMENT OF
FILM, THEATRE,
& COMMUNICATION ARTS
THE UNIVERSITY of NEW ORLEANS

*An Experiment
With An Air Pump*
by Shelagh Stephenson

Robert E. Nims Theatre
Nov. 4-6, 11-13 at 7:30pm
Nov. 14 at 2:30pm

"Does good science require a warm heart?"

Appendix C
Production Photos











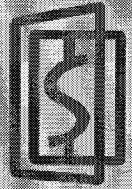
Appendix D

Program



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AN EXPERIMENT WITH AN AIR PUMP



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by

Shelagh Stephenson

Directed by
Marshall Carby

Assistant Director
Sarah Klocke

Scenic Design
Kevin Griffith

Costume Design
Mignon Charvet

Lighting Design
Christopher Hornung

Stage Management
Alicia Plaisance

November 4th - 6th & 11th - 14th, 2010

Robert E. Nims Theatre

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An Experiment With An Air Pump

By Shelagh Stephenson

About the Painting

An Experiment on a Bird in the Air Pump is a 1768 oil-on-canvas painting by Joseph Wright of Derby, one of a number of candlelit scenes that Wright painted during the 1760s. The painting depicts a travelling scientist shown demonstrating the formation of a vacuum by withdrawing air from a flask containing a white cockatoo, though common birds like sparrows would normally have been used. Air pumps were developed in the 17th century and were relatively familiar by Wright's day. The artist's subject is not scientific invention, but a human drama in a night-time setting. The bird will die if the demonstrator continues to deprive it of oxygen, and Wright leaves us in doubt as to whether or not the cockatoo will be reprieved. The painting reveals a wide range of individual reactions, from the frightened children, through the reflective philosopher, the excited interest of the youth on the left, to the indifferent young lovers concerned only with each other. The figures are dramatically lit by a single candle, while in the window the moon appears. On the table in front of the candle is a glass containing a skull.

About the Artist

Joseph Wright of Derby was an English landscape and portrait painter. He has been acclaimed as "the first professional painter to express the spirit of the Industrial Revolution." Wright is notable for his use of Chiaroscuro effect, which emphasizes the contrast of light and dark, and for his paintings of candle-lit subjects. His paintings of the birth of science out of alchemy, often based on the meetings of the Lunar Society, a group of very influential scientists and industrialists living in the English Midlands, are a significant record of the struggle of science against religious values in the period known as the Age of Enlightenment. Many of Wright's paintings are owned by the Derby city council, and are on display at the Derby Museum and Art Gallery, from where they are occasionally loaned to other galleries. Wright is seen at his best in his candlelit subjects of which the *Three Gentlemen observing the 'Gladiator'* (1765), his *A Philosopher Lecturing on the Orrery* (1766), in the Derby Museum and Art Gallery, and *An Experiment on a Bird in the Air Pump* (1768), in the National Gallery are excellent examples. His *Old Man and Death* (1774) is also a striking and individual production.

An Experiment With An Air Pump

CAST

Fenwick/Tom P. J. McKinnie
Susanna/Ellen Caleigh Quirin
Harriet/Kate Jennie Freeman
Maria Natalie Boyd
Roget Zach Rogers
Armstrong/Phil Michael Krikorian
Isobel Rebecca Laborde
Dresser #1 James Vitale
Dresser #2 Kaitlyn Heckel

About the Playwright

Shelagh Stephenson was born in Northumberland and read drama at Manchester University. She is the author of several original radio plays written for BBC Radio, including *Darling Peidi*, *The Anatomical Venus* and *Five Kinds of Silence* (1997), which won the Writer's Guild Award (Best Original Radio Play). Recent plays include *Life is a Dream* and *Nemesis*, broadcast in 2004 and 2005 respectively. Her first stage play, *The Memory of Water* (1997), which opened at the Hampstead Theatre, London in 1996, won the Laurence Olivier Award for Best Comedy. This was adapted for film, and produced as *Before You Go* in 2002, starring Julie Walters. Her second stage play, *An Experiment With An Air Pump* (1998), was joint winner of the 1997 Peggy Ramsay Award, and premiered at the Royal Exchange Theatre, Manchester, in 1998. *Ancient Lights* (2000) was produced at Hampstead Theatre in 2000, and in 2002, *Mappa Mundi* (2002) opened at the Royal National Theatre. Her play, *Enlightenment*, opened at Abbey Theatre, Dublin in 2005.

THERE WILL BE ONE FIFTEEN MINUTE INTERMISSION

An Experiment With An Air Pump

CAST BIOS

Caleigh Quirin is performing on the UNO stage for the first time and is delighted to do so as a first-year MFA student in Performance. She is from Roanoke, Virginia and doesn't quite know how she got so far away from home, but the cast has been more than welcoming. She has been seen most recently as Abigail in *The Crucible*, Tybalt in *Romeo and Juliet*, Helen in *The Miracle Worker* and Anne in *The Diary of Anne Frank*. She gives all her love to her wonderful and supportive husband, Scott and thanks especially her beautiful mother and Charles and Rebecca, without whom she would not know who Laurence Olivier is.

Jennie Freeman* is a third year M.F.A. Acting candidate at UNO. She was last seen in *Our Town* as Mrs. Gibbs at Theatre UNO. She received her A.F.A. in Musical Theatre from Lon Morris College and her B.A. in Theatre from Texas A&M- Corpus Christi. She was a partner for Joyce Deal in the Irene Ryans in 2009 that went to the Kennedy Center. Some of her favorite roles include Mae- *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, Stella- *A Streetcar Named Desire* and Helena- *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. She would like to thank Marshall, the cast and crew, family and friends, and God. Also, a HUGE thank you to her mom and dad who have always supported her in all she does.

P. J. McKinnie is a second-year MFA acting student at UNO and is incredibly stoked to be working with this amazing cast and crew. Recent credits: *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead* (Rosencrantz) at UNO; *Wine Lovers* (Brian) at Le Petit; *The Music Man* (Tommy Djilas) at Tulane Summer Lyric; *Our Town* (Stage Manager) at UNO, *Altar Boyz* (Luke) at Harrahs Casino, Southern Rep, and Le Petit; *Footloose* (Ren) at JPAS; and *The 25th Annual Putnam County Spelling Bee* (Leaf Coneybear) at Le Petit. P.J. will be appearing next as "Bunny" in the upcoming JPAS production of *Goodnight Moon* in January. Love to CEB and BUM!

Michael Krikorian is a first year MFA student from Rockwall, Texas. He received his BA in Musical Theater from Ouachita Baptist University, where he appeared as numerous roles including: "The Cat in the Hat" in *Suessical*, "Son" in *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, "Jimmy" in *Thoroughly Modern Millie*, and "Christy" in *The Playboy of the Western World*. He was most recently seen on the UNO stage as "Polonius" in the UNO/Theatre 13 production of *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead*. Michael is proud to have had the privilege to work with such a stellar and talented cast and crew.

*In partial fulfillment for MFA in Performance

An Experiment With An Air Pump

CAST BIOS

Zach Rogers is a native of Shreveport. He attended Bossier Parish Community College and received his Associate of Arts in theatre. Shreveport credits include Arthur Kipps in *The Woman in Black*, Robert in *A Life in the Theatre*, Van Helsing in *Dracula*, and Martin Vanderhoff in *You Can't Take it With You*. He received two best actor awards from BPCC, as well as a SB memory award nomination for his performance in *Dracula*. He is a third year undergraduate in pursuit of a B.A. in Theatre. N.O. credits include UNO's production of *Our Town* as Charles Webb, M.I.C.A.'s production of *The Lower Depths* as Peppel, Dave Winfrey in Southern Rep at Le Chat's production of *Zombie Town*, and David in SRT at LC's production of *The Four of Us*. He would like to thank the talented cast and crew for their commitment and hard work.

Rebecca Laborde received her BA from UNO in Film, Theatre, and Communication Arts last semester. Recent credits include the roles of Kerk in *Tio's Blues* and Hilda in *The Night of the Iguana*, both of which performed at UNO and the Tennessee Williams festival earlier this year. She looks forward to her future theatre endeavors including her upcoming role as Cathy in InSideOut's production of *Cat's Paw*. She would like to thank her family, the wonderful cast and crew, and of course Marshall and Sarah. She is absolutely elated to have been given the opportunity to work on this amazing production!

Natalie Boyd is overjoyed to have finally been cast in a MAC production. Previous UNO credits include: *The Night of the Iguana* (Maxine Faulk), *Much Ado About Nothing* (Hero), and *Metamorphoses*. Natalie has also recently appeared in Le Chat Noir's *Blue Plate Special* (performing monthly!) and the infamously long running, *Zombie Town*. She is also a member of the NOLA Project, having last appeared in their production of *Mr. Maramalade*, for which she received her second Big Easy Award for Best Actress in a Comedy. As always, love love love to the parentals and the bro and the friends who are simply swell. Lots of awkward hugs to Marshall, and special thanks to my iguana for keeping me company in my nook!

James Vitale is a Senior at UNO, majoring in Film, Theatre, and Communication Arts, with a focus on Theatre. James was last seen on the UNO stage as Horatio in *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead*. "Those that never stop dreaming and believing will eventually obtain the seemingly impossible."

An Experiment With An Air Pump

CAST BIOS

Kaitlyn Heckel is a sophomore at UNO majoring in theatre. She has been performing since the age of two and took an interest in acting at the age of ten. This is her first production at UNO, but she is no stranger to the stage. One of her favorite performances was as Liesl in *The Sound of Music* with Wing and a Prayer Players in 2009. She is very excited to be involved in *Air Pump* and can't wait to find out what else Theatre UNO has in store for her. She wants to congratulate everyone who was involved with this wonderful production, and of course, break a leg!

PRODUCTION TEAM

Director **Marshall Carby**
Assistant Director **Sarah Klocke**
Stage Manager **Alicia Plaisance**
Assistant Stage Manager **Sarah Chatelain**
Scenic Design **Kevin Griffith**
Lighting Design **Christopher Hornung**
Costume Design **Mignon Charvet**
Costume Construction **Lindy Bruns,**
..... **Katie Hess, Mandi Houser**
Sound Design **Marshall Carby, Shannon Miller**
Props Master **Michael Krikorian**
Assistant Props Master **Shelby Butera**
Dialect Coach **Timothy O'Neal**
Dramaturg **James Vitale**
Fight Choreography **David W. Hoover**
Set Crew **Practicum & Production Students**
Light Board Operator **Christopher Hornung**
Sound Board Operator **Catherine Todaro**
Run Crew **Shelby Butera, Robert Facio,**
..... **Julian Quebedeaux**
Box Office Manager **Adam Falik**
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Publicity and Program **P. J. McKinnie**

An Experiment With An Air Pump

PRODUCTION TEAM BIOS

Marshall Carby* (Director) is in his third and final year at UNO. He has enjoyed working with so many amazing people. His favorite shows he has directed at UNO are *Indifferent Blue*, and *Verses From Jordan*. He has enjoyed his time in New Orleans and looks forward to what the future might hold.

Sarah Klocke (Assistant Director) is extremely excited to be working with such a talented cast and crew. She received her BA in Speech Communication/Theatre from Arkansas Tech University in 2008. Her professional experience includes work with the Williamstown Theatre Festival, Kentucky Shakespeare Festival, and the Blowing Rock Stage Company. This is her second year at UNO. She expects to graduate in May 2012 with an MFA in directing.

Alicia Plaisance (Stage Manager) is a theatre major at UNO. Her past credits include *Our Town* at UNO, *Jewtopia* at Le Chat Noir, and *Pinkalicious* at JPAS' Westwego Theatre. She is very excited to work with Marshall and Sarah on *Air Pump* in her final year at UNO. Much love to Sarah C., Chris, Shannon, and the cast and crew.

Sarah Chatelain (Assistant Stage Manager) is a film major from New Roads, LA. Her first show with the Theatre Department at UNO was *Our Town*, where she also ASMed. She then helped with UNOLYTE's production of *Alice's Wonderland Adventures* during the summer. She is excited and overjoyed to be working on *Air Pump* and would like to thank Alicia and Shannon for helping her make a good transition into the theatre, and would also like to thank the entire department for being so patient with her this past year!

Mignon Charvet (Costume Designer) is pursuing her MFA in Costume Design at UNO after earning her BFA from the Savannah College of Art & Design in Fashion & Accessory Design. Previous design credits include last season's production of *Tio's Blues* and the NOLA Project's production of *The Cripple of Inishmaan*. She would like to thank her friends and family for their tremendous support.

*In partial fulfillment for MFA in Directing

An Experiment With An Air Pump

PRODUCTION TEAM

Kevin Griffith (Scenic Designer) is an Associate Professor with UNO's FTCA department. He has a BFA in Theatre with emphasis in Design from Arkansas State University and an MFA in Design and Theatre Technology from the University of Southern Mississippi. Kevin has designed professionally for regional theatre, dance, and opera. Recent design work includes scenery for *Katrina's Path*, *Metamorphoses*, *Verses from Jordan*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Weird*, and last spring's *The Night of the Iguana*.

Christopher Hornung (Lighting Designer) is a second year MFA student at UNO studying lighting design. His previous works include lighting design for *Tio's Blues*, crew work for *The Night of the Iguana*, *Versus From Jordan*, *Last Days of Judas Iscariot*, and camp counselor for the past summer of UNO Lyte's production of *Alice in Wonderland*. Chris would like to thank his fellow graduate students for their continuous encouragement and his girls of summer Sarah and Alicia.

Michael Krikorian (Props Master) Michael has worked as a Prop master and artisan for several productions and theatres around the country. He served as Prop Master and lead artisan for the Stephen Foster Drama Association with shows including *Annie*, *Stephen Foster the Musical*, and *The Civil War*. The last two summers Michael has worked as an artisan for the Public Theatre in New York where his credits include the Central Park productions of *Twelfth Night*, *The Bacchae*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *The Merchant of Venice* (NYSF). He has also worked as an artisan for the Off-Broadway productions of *Idiot Savant*, *Bloody Bloody Andrew Jackson*, and *Othello* (Public Theatre).

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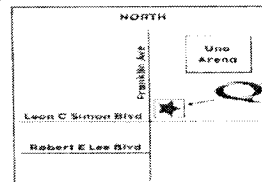
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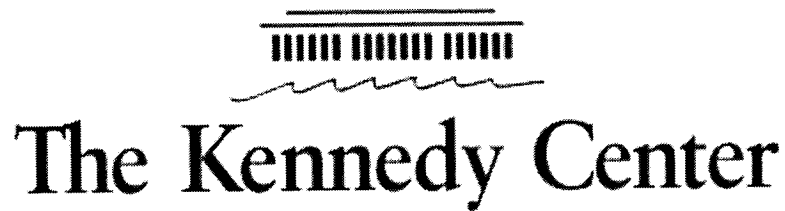
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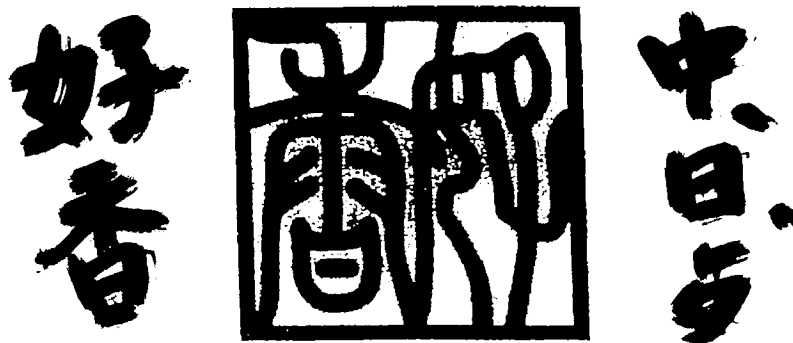
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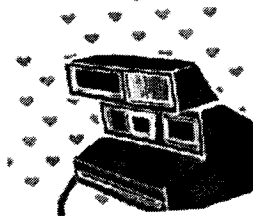
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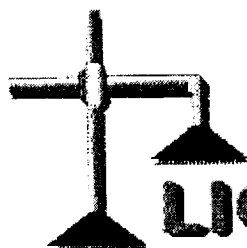
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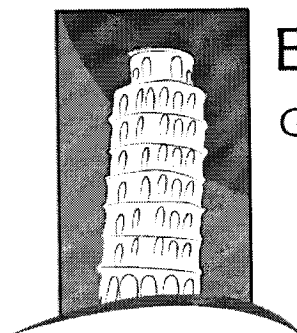
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GRADUATE ASSISTANTS

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Mignon Charvet	James Davis	Adam Falik
Jennie Freeman	Ryan Harris	Chris Hornung
Michael Krikorian	David LeBlanc	P.J. McKinnie
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Theatre UNO

2010 - 2011 Season

Rosencrantz & Guildenstern Are Dead
By Tom Stoppard
Directed by Gary Rucker
Co Produced with Theatre 13
Robert E. Nims Theatre
Sept. 9-11 & 16-19

Outside Sitka
By Josh Billig
Directed by Timothy O'Neal
Tennessee Williams One-Act Play Winner
UNO Lab Theatre
February 4-7

An Experiment with an Air Pump
By Shelagh Stephenson
Directed by Marshall Carby
Robert E. Nims Theatre
Nov. 4-6 & 11-14

The Glass Menagerie
By Tennessee Williams
Directed by David W. Hoover
Le Petit Theatre * March 25-26
Robert E. Nims Theatre * Mar. 31-Apr. 2

2010 KCACTF
Kennedy Center
American College Theatre Festival
Hosted by University of New Orleans
Nov. 17-20

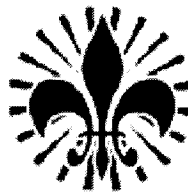
Hay Fever
By Noël Coward
Directed by Sarah Klocke
Robert E. Nims Theatre
May 3 - 8

Evening curtains at 7:30 pm
Sunday matinees at 2:30 pm

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<p>NEW! JPAS THEATRE FOR YOUNG AUDIENCE SERIES* PRESENTED BY AT&T WHITNEY BANK & COCA-COLA</p> <div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-around;"> <div data-bbox="446 1360 592 1518">  <p>PETTIE ROUGE A CALYPSO RIDING SMOOD</p> <p>SEPT 17, OCT 3, 2010 WESTWEGO PERFORMING ARTS THEATRE</p> </div> <div data-bbox="597 1360 743 1518">  <p>goodnight moon</p> <p>JAN 14-30, 2011 WESTWEGO PERFORMING ARTS THEATRE</p> </div> </div>				<p>SPECIALS</p>	<p>SAMMY L. STEELE & THE DONALD AND J. DOUGLAS FUND PRESENT</p>  <p>CHRIS O'NEIL'S CABARET</p> <p>SEPT 10, 11 & 12, 2010 WESTWEGO PERFORMING ARTS THEATRE</p>	<p>SAMMY L. STEELE & THE DONALD AND J. DOUGLAS FUND AT&T REAL YELLOW PAGES PRESENTS</p>  <p>PASTA PUCCINI</p> <p>OCT 29, 2010 INTERCONTINENTAL NEW ORLEANS</p>	<p>PRESENTED BY NASS JAZZ TUN with THE ASHLEY KALIA ARTS CENTER</p>  <p>FEB 13, 2011 JEFFERSON PERFORMING ARTS CENTER</p>

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Appendix E

***Britannia's Pastoral* Excerpt**

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

The second Booke.

HORAT.


Carminē Dīj superi placantur, carminē Manes.

LONDON:

Printed by THOMAS SNODHAM for GEORGE
NORTON, and are to be sold at the signe of
the Red Bull without Temple-barre.
1616.

TO THE TRVELY NOBLE AND LEARNED

WILLIAM Earle of *Pembrooke*,
Lord Chamberlayne to his
MAIESTIE, &c.

 NOT that the gift (*Great Lord*)
deserues your hand,
(Held euer worth the rarest
workes of men)
Offer I this ; but since in all
our Land

None can more rightly clayme a *Poet's Pen* :
That Noble Bloud and Vertue truely knowne,
VVhich circular in you vnited run,
Makes you each good, and euery good your owne,
If it can hold in what my *Muse* hath done.
But weake and lowly are these tuned Layes,
Yet though but weake to win faire Memorie,
You may improue them, and your gracing raise ;
For things are priz'd as their possessers be.
If for such fauour they haue worthlesse striuen,
Since *Loue* the cause was, be that *Loue* forgiuen !

Your Honors,

W. BROVNE.

A



To my Browne, yet brightest Swaine
That woons, or haunts or Hill or Plaine.

Poeta nascitur.

Pipe on, sweet Swaine, till Ioy, in Blisse, sleepe waking;
Hermes, it seemes, to thee, of all the Swaines,
Hath lent his Pipe and Art: For, thou art making
With sweet Notes (noted) Heav'n of Hills and Plaines!
Nay, if as thou beginn'st, thou dost hold on,
The totall Earth thine Arcadie will bee;
And Neptunes Monarchy thy Helicon:
So, all in both will make a God of thee.
To whom they will exhibir Sacrifice
Of richest Loue and Praise; and, enuious Swaines
(Charm'd with thine Accents) shall thy Notes agnize
To reach about great Pans in all thy Straines.
Than, ply this Veyne: for, it may well containe
The richest Morals vnder poorest Shroud;
And sith in thee the Past'rall spirit doth raigne,
On such Wits-Treasures let it sit abroad:
Till it hath hatch'd such Numbers as may buy
The rarest Fame that e're enriched Ayre;
Or fann'd the Way faire, to ÆTERNITY,
To which, vnsoild, thy Glory shall repaire!
Where (with the Gods that in faire Starrs doe dwell,
When thou shalt, blazing, in a Starre abide)
Thou shalt be stild the Shepherds-Starre, to tell
Them many Mysteries; and, be their Guide.
Thus, doe I spurre thee on with sharpest praise,
To vse thy Gifts of Nature, and of Skill,
To double-gilde Apollos Browes, and Bayes,
Yet make great NATURE Arts true Sou'raigne still.
So, Fame shall euer say, to thy renowne,
The Shepherds Starre, or bright'st in Sky, is Browne!

*The true Louer of thine
Art and Nature,*

JOHN DAVIES of Heref.

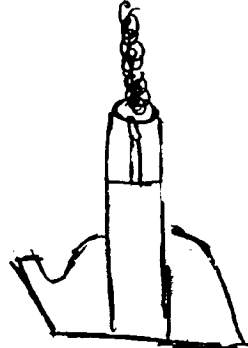
Appendix F
Drawings of Harriet's Hat



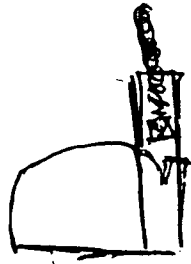
- GOT IDEA FOR STEAM
WHEN SHE DECIDED TO USE
TEA KETTLE TO MAKE HAT
FOR BRITANIA



- 1st TRY - USED CANDLE
IN BOTTOM OF KETTLE
BUT IT IS TOO HOT B/C
THERE IS NO CASING. NEED
TO BUILD SOMETHING TO
HOLD CANDLE.



- 2nd TRY - BUILT A SHAFT
TO GO INTO KETTLE - SHAFT IS A
GLASS CYLINDER I FOUND IN
FRAN'S LAB WHEN REARRANGING
IT. CAN SEE CANDLE SO I DON'T
LIKE IT IT ALSO DOESN'T
PUT OUT ENOUGH SMOKE



TRY #3 - TURNED KETTLE AROUND
COVERED THE SPOUT W/ METAL
TIN AND MADE SHAFT FOR COALS.
FOUND THAT COAL PUTS OUT A LOT
MORE SMOKE AND ~~MAKES~~ NEW
DESIGN MAKES IT NOT LOOK LIKE A TEA
KETTLE. BUT I THINK I NEED MORE
COAL, SO I'M GOING TO HAVE TO
USE KETTLE



TRY #1 - TOOK OFF BOTTOM
OF KETTLE SO IT WOULDN'T
BE HOT ON HEAD, AND
PUT A SHELF IN IT. PUT
COAL IN KETTLE AND TUBING
FOR SMOKE TO GO FROM SPOUT
TO THE SHAFT. SEEMS TO BE
WORKING!

Vita

Jennie Freeman was born in Dallas, Texas in 1986. She started performing on stage at the age of three in church. She has continued performing onstage since then. She started studying theatre more thoroughly at Bryan Adams High School. She graduated from there in 2004. She attended Lon Morris College in Jacksonville, Texas and received her A.F.A. in Musical Theatre in 2006. In 2008 she graduated from Texas A&M Corpus Christi with her B.A. in Theatre.