



Cast

Mrs. Baxter	Maggie Steed 1 st day
Mr Harding	Tim Pigott-Smith
Archdeacon Grantly	Malcolm Sinclair
Eleanor Bold	Claire Price
Obadiah Slope	Richard Lumsden
Madeline Neroni	Katherine Parkinson
Bishop Proudie	James Lailey?(1 st day & PM 2 nd day?)
Mrs. Proudie	Joanna Monro
Bertie/Ist Clergyman	Joel MacCormack
Mrs Quiverful/Ist Servant	Carolyn Pickles
Dr. Stanhope 2 nd Clergymen; 2 nd Servant	John Norton

PRE-CREDITS

MUSIC IN 0'00'': Fallen Heroes Mix 1 (Composers David Tobin, Jeff Meegan, Julian Gallant (ANW 01)

MRS B: There's a country in the west of England, Barsetshire. A quiet place and not much spoken of but very dear to those who know it well. It's very dear to me. It has a Bishop, an Archdeacon, chaplains and vicars. And with such folk as these and all the country gentry roundabout, well what power, what disputes, what goings on. For those of us who live here though, it's a little piece of heaven, conjured by the good Lord out of birdsong, church bells, bee's wings and a slow breeze in the summer leaves.

Credits:

Barchester Towers by Anthony Trollope, dramatized for radio by Nick Warburton. With Maggie Steed, Tim Pigott-Smith and Malcolm Sinclair.

Part 1: The New Bishop

SCENE ONE

ELEANOR'S DRAWING-ROOM. SHE SITS THINKING SADLY ABOUT JOHN BOLD.

1. MRS B: *Anyway, after all that business with the wardenship, the ~~time~~ years went by. Four years or so.*

(MR HARDING OPENS THE DOOR SOFTLY)

2. HARDING: Eleanor?

3. ELEANOR: (She takes a breath) Papa.

4. HARDING: Do you not want a lamp lit?

5. ELEANOR: I'm not working ...

6. MRS B: *You remember Eleanor?*

7. ELEANOR: I was looking out of the window.

MUSIC OUT: duration 1'33"

1. MRS B: *Who married John Bold, remember? The doctor? But is now, sad to say, Widow Bold. Yes, it surprised us all. And came about so suddenly. A fever, and a weakening, and then a conclusion. She wept and wept when he died, poor girl. So ... sometimes she sits and thinks.*

9. HARDING: (Knowing she's sad) Eleanor, my dear.

8. MRS B: *And her father Mr Septimus Harding. Was Warden of Hiram's Hospital and looked after all*

the old gentlemen there, until the newspapers pitched in about it. Then we had quarrels about wills and money and was he being granted too much, until he decided to leave. Now he's settled in Barchester High Street, above the chemist's shop. Though he often visits his younger daughter ...

2. HARDING: I'm just walking over to the palace.

3. MRS B: ~~*I must admit I never much liked John Bold myself. An argumentative young man and not ever worthy of her, I thought.*~~

~~*But time goes by. The question on everyone's lips in Barchester now is: who'll be the new bishop? Though it's a hard question to answer because the old bishop, good old Bishop Grantly, isn't dead yet.*~~

4. ELEANOR: You'll give him my love, Papa, won't you?

5. HARDING: I will. Yes. Although, of course, he might not ...

6. ELEANOR: I know. He might not hear you. But in any case ...

7. HARDING: I'll tell him, my dear, yes.

(AS HE GOES OUT ...)

1. MRS B: *So Mr Harding goes to see his dear old friend,
leaving Eleanor alone with her thoughts. And ...*

**FX: THE BABY LAUGHS AND THE SOUND
QUITE QUICKLY CHEERS ELEANOR UP.**

2. ELEANOR: Johnny? Are you awake, my pet? Are you
awake? **Oh Come here.**

(SHE CONTINUES COO-ING AS WE CROSSFADE TO ...)

SCENE TWO

THE BISHOP'S BEDROOM. IT'S CLOSE AND QUIET. GENTLE BREATHING FROM THE OLD BISHOP.

1. GRANTLY: (Quietly) Father? Father? It's me.
2. MRS B: *Dr Grantly is the archdeacon. It's pretty well understood in Barchester that he'll be the new bishop.*
3. GRANTLY: (Quietly) Well, it must be now or never.
4. MRS B: *Well, he's already over fifty.*
5. GRANTLY: And I have the prime minister's support. As long as he is prime minister. (To the bishop) Father?
(GENTLE BREATHING THE ONLY RESPONSE.
THE ARCHDEACON SINKS TO HIS KNEES IN SUDDEN PRAYER ...)
6. GRANTLY: Oh, may my sins be forgiven me.
7. MRS B: *Sins? An archdeacon?*
8. GRANTLY: A proud and worldly man ...
9. MRS B: *Perhaps, but not a bad one.*
(MR HARDING COMES IN QUIETLY.)
10. GRANTLY: Ambition, though, ambition ... To sit in full lawn sleeves among peers of the realm, to be called "my lord" ...
11. HARDING: (To the archdeacon) Archdeacon **Septimus**?
12. GRANTLY: Forgive me, Lord, forgive me ...
13. HARDING: Archdeacon?

1. GRANTLY: Hmm ... ? Ah, yes ...
(HE STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET.)
2. HARDING: No, don't get up –
3. GRANTLY: My dear **Septimus** –
4. HARDING: How is he today?
5. GRANTLY: Well, as you see ...
6. HARDING: Yes. Sleeping like a baby. Dear man.
(BUT THE GENTLE BREATHING HAS STOPPED.)
Yes ... yes ... (A thought) You don't think ... ?
7. GRANTLY: What?
8. HARDING: I wonder ... He's not ... ?
9. MRS B: *Nothing easier than the old bishop's passage from this world to the next.*
10. HARDING: I believe perhaps ...
11. GRANTLY: Oh ... Really?
12. MRS B: *No dreadful struggle. His jaw falls a little from its place. And then ... then they don't know what to do next.*
13. GRANTLY: Should I send for Mrs Baxter, do you think?
14. MRS B: *And that they do. And, of course, I can tell at once.*
- (To the archdeacon) Yes, Dr Grantly. It's all over indeed.
(THEIR VOICES REMAIN HUSHED.)
15. GRANTLY: Yes ... thank you, Mrs Baxter.

1. MRS B: A great relief, sir, really.
2. HARDING: It is. And he died as he lived. Peaceably, without pain.
3. MRS B: (To us) *And without excitement.*
4. GRANTLY: You'll ... erm ... ?
5. MRS B: (To Grantly) I'll do what **is** needful, sir, yes.
(Going) If you'll excuse me ...
6. GRANTLY: Yes, indeed. Thank you, Mrs Baxter.
- 6a. MRS. B. **Thank you Sir.**
- 6b. GRANTLY: (To Mr Harding) Erm ... I don't want to appear unfeeling but ...
7. HARDING: Yes?
8. GRANTLY: The prime minister ...
9. HARDING: Prime minister?
10. GRANTLY: Must be told that the diocese is now vacant.
11. HARDING: Tonight?
12. GRANTLY: Everything might depend on it. We must send a message to London.
13. HARDING: Must we?
14. GRANTLY: We don't know what might be the consequence of delay. Say ... let me see ... "Downing Street, by electric telegraph. The Bishop of Barchester is dead. Message sent by the Reverend Septimus Harding."
15. HARDING: Me?
16. GRANTLY: It'll sound better from you. Here's half a crown.

That should cover it.

1. HARDING: (Going) Yes, indeed ... thank you ...

 (HE STOPS.)

 Oh ... erm ...
2. GRANTLY: My dear Harding, pray don't lose any time.
3. HARDING: No, yes ... (Returning) but I forgot to say, the
 prime minister is no longer the prime minister.
4. GRANTLY: What?
5. HARDING: He's out.
6. GRANTLY: Out! (Instantly hushed) Out? Now? He can't be.

CROSSFADE TO ...

SCENE THREE

ELEANOR'S DRAWING-ROOM.

1. ELEANOR: Oh, poor, poor man.
2. HARDING: A peaceful passing, though. A relief.
3. ELEANOR: And we have a new prime minister, so Dr Grantly's chances ... ?
4. HARDING: Gone, I'm afraid.
5. ELEANOR: Then the question everyone's been asking is now a real one.
6. HARDING: Yes, indeed. Who will be our next bishop?

MUSIC IN 7'02": Sneaky Scoundrel 7 (composed by David Tobin, Jeff Meegan, Julian Gallant, Audio Network(AMW 02)

MUSIC TAKES US TO ...

SCENE FOUR

A TRAIN RATTLES BY. WE'RE IN A
CARRIAGE, SOME WEEKS LATER. THE NEW
BISHOP (PROUDIE) IS SNORING GENTLY.
MRS PROUDIE AND SLOPE ARE WIDE
AWAKE.

1. MRS P: What Barchester needs is a man of austere doctrines.
2. SLOPE: Yes. A London preacher, a new man.

FX: A STEAM WHISTLE. THE BISHOP SNUFFLES.

3. MRS B: *And that man's Dr Thomas Proudie who, after a week or so, comes down by train, with his chaplain Obadiah Slope. And with Mrs Proudie.*
(THE BISHOP SNORES ...)

MUSIC OUT: duration 30"

4. SLOPE: Bishop?
(HE SNORES ...)
5. MRS P: Bishop!
(HE'S INSTANTLY AWAKE.)
6. BISHOP: Yes, my dear?
7. SLOPE: Would you like the window open, my lord?
8. BISHOP: Ah, yes ... what?
9. SLOPE: The window? For a little air?
10. BISHOP: I don't think so ...
11. MRS P: The window, bishop. Mr Slope asks if you wish to have it open. Which, I believe, you do.

1. BISHOP: Yes, yes ... of course. (Pause) I'll do it, then, shall I?

(HE GETS UP AND STRUGGLES WITH THE WINDOW. AS HE DOES SO ...)

What will Barchester make of us, I wonder, my dear?
2. MRS P: More to the point, what will we make of Barchester?

(THE BISHOP MANAGES TO OPEN THE WINDOW.)
3. BISHOP: There. How's that?
4. SLOPE: I'm sure you don't intend to bury yourself there, my lord. London should still be your ground.
5. BISHOP: Well, yes ...
6. MRS B: *Personally I find Mr Slope has a greasy way with him. His hair's lank and reddish, in three straight, lumpy masses, each brushed with precision and cemented with grease. But I don't want to be unfair.*
7. SLOPE: Observance of the Sabbath in Barchester is not all it might be.
8. MRS P: Well, if there's backsliding you can make it the subject of a sermon.
9. BISHOP: Well, yes, I suppose –
10. SLOPE: Oh, I will, I most certainly.

11. MRS B: *They say Mr Slope's a gifted man in a pulpit. Very fierce. Some women quite like that. Though I don't, particularly.*
1. SLOPE: (Head) *I have influence, yes. So I will in effect be*
2. MRS P: (Head) *In all but name, I will be ...*
3. SLOPE/MRS P: (Head) *Bishop of Barchester.*
4. MRS P: (To the bishop) Bishop?
5. BISHOP: Hmm?
6. MRS P: We're sitting in a draft.

FX: A STEAM WHISTLE TAKES US TO ...

SCENE FIVE

**THE BISHOP'S STUDY, A FEW DAYS LATER. MR HARDING AND
THE ARCHDEACON ARE WAITING.**

1. MRS B: *The bishop's study, a day or so later.*
2. HARDING: (Hushed) I suppose we have to visit.
3. GRANTLY: (Hushed) Of course.
4. HARDING: I don't much like the idea.
5. GRANTLY: Neither do I but we must show respect. Anyway
he'll appoint the warden of Hiram's Hospital ...
6. HARDING: Well, yes but –
7. GRANTLY: And we must see he understands: the job is
yours.
8. HARDING: Well ...
9. GRANTLY: No, it's yours by right. There can be no one else.
10. HARDING: (SIGHS.)

They've already made changes to the study, I
see.
11. GRANTLY: The new sofa, you mean? Horrid chintzy thing.
Perfectly irreligious. And those new curtains are
quite without –

(THE DOOR OPENS AND THE BISHOP, MRS
PROUDIE AND MR SLOPE COME BRISKLY IN.)
12. SLOPE: Dr Grantly.
13. MRS P: Archdeacon.
14. GRANTLY: Ah, yes, indeed. Bishop ...
1. BISHOP: Good morning.

2. GRANTLY: Mrs Proudie ... We weren't quite expecting –
3. SLOPE: (Cutting in to introduce himself) Slope. Obadiah Slope.
4. HARDING: Delighted ...
5. SLOPE: And you are ... ?
6. HARDING: Harding.
7. SLOPE: Harding, yes. (Turning from him) Archdeacon, a question, if I may. What arrangements do you have for Sabbath-day schools in Barchester?
8. GRANTLY: Ah ... I don't know. None to speak of.
9. BISHOP: Oh dear.
10. MRS P: Oh dear. And Sabbath travelling? Three trains in and three out. Can nothing be done about that?
11. GRANTLY: Done?
12. MRS P: Surely we should do all we can to control so grievous a sin. Don't you think?
13. GRANTLY: Well, I ... erm ...
14. HARDING: I hope you've found everything to your liking in the palace.
15. SLOPE: To our liking? I'm not so sure.
16. HARDING: Oh dear.
17. SLOPE: The stalls in the second stable are not perfect.
18. GRANTLY: Oh. Well, I –
1. BISHOP: And the coach-house, there's hardly room for a

second carriage.

(FROM HERE THE COMPLAINTS COME THICK
AND UNNATURALLY FAST.)

2. SLOPE: And the gas.
3. MRS P: The house needs pipes for gas.
4. SLOPE: And hot water.
5. MRS P: Essential for comfort.
6. SLOPE: The coping on the garden wall ...
7. MRS P: A large hole ...
8. SLOPE: The work of rats ...
9. MRS P: In the servants' hall.
10. BISHOP: The locks on the outhouses ...
11. MRS P: Not good enough!
12. SLOPE/MRS P: Not good enough!

(THEIR DECLARATION IS UNNATURALLY LOUD AND
REVERBERATES AS WE GO TO ...)

SCENE SIX

THE CATHEDRAL GROUNDS. THERE ARE RAVENS ABOUT.

1. GRANTLY: (Striding forward) Good heavens! Good heavens!
2. MRS B: *The archdeacon removes his hat and smoke issues forth. An angry cloud, with visible steam.*
3. GRANTLY: Nothing shall induce me to touch the paw of that impure and filthy animal again.
4. HARDING: No, I don't think I shall ever like him.
5. GRANTLY: Like him! Like him!

FX: RAVENS CAW AND TAKE TO THE AIR.

No Barchester-bred living thing should like him!

6. HARDING: Nor Mrs Proudie either.
7. GRANTLY: Mrs Proudie is a –

FX: A SINGLE RAVEN, CLOSE, REPLACES THE WORD ...

And she stayed! She stayed in the room with us!
I've never known the wife to be present.
(Mimicking) 'Sabbath travelling. Three trains in
and three out.' The impudence!

8. HARDING: Still –
9. GRANTLY: And to dare cross-examine me about Sunday-schools. The most thoroughly bestial creature I ever set eyes on. How on earth he got ordained, I **do not** know. They'll ordain anybody these days.
10. HARDING: The bishop seems to be quiet enough.
11. GRANTLY: Idiot!

PasB Script for Barchester Towers Part One: The New Bishop

1. HARDING: Well ...
2. GRANTLY: Puppet. You know what this means?
3. HARDING: What it means?
4. GRANTLY: War. We must do battle with Slope or he'll drive Barchester into the arms of non-conformists and dissenters. And walk all over us!

CROSSFADE TO ...

SCENE SEVEN

THE BISHOP'S STUDY.

1. MRS P: Arrogant.
2. SLOPE: I did think we might conciliate the archdeacon by flattering him.
3. BISHOP: Well, yes ...
4. SLOPE: But I see that cannot be.
5. MRS P: Far too arrogant.
6. SLOPE: No, it must be open battle against Grantly and his adherents.
7. BISHOP: Battle? But surely –
8. SLOPE: Dyed-in-the-wool traditionalists.
9. MRS P: You're right, Mr Slope. The man must be made to submit. And the first chance to strike a blow should come in a sermon in the cathedral, before all **of** Barchester.
10. BISHOP: Well, my dear, I'll see what –
11. MRS P: (Warmly) From you, Mr Slope. A taste of your power from the pulpit. See how they like that.

MUSIC IN 12'40": HALLELUJAH (ANW 1236-08)

MUSIC OUT: duration 9"

FX: THE SOUND OF A HYMN SUNG IN THE CATHEDRAL TAKES US TO ...

SCENE EIGHT

A WEEK OR SO LATER, INSIDE THE CATHEDRAL. THE HYMN
CONCLUDES. WE ARE WITH THE ARCHDEACON.

1. MRS B: (Hushed) *When Mr Slope gives his sermon we're all in the cathedral to hear it.*
2. GRANTLY: (Hushed) And here we sit – while Slope preaches to us.

(SLOPE SPEAKS FROM THE PULPIT.)
3. SLOPE: I take as my text a verse from St Paul's epistle to Timothy. It sets out for us, as I'm sure you're aware, the conduct necessary in a spiritual pastor and guide.
4. GRANTLY: Meaning us, I suppose.

(SOME DISTANT SSH-ING ...)
5. SLOPE: "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."
6. GRANTLY: (Head) *He means to give us all a lesson. Impudence.*
7. SLOPE: I wonder how many of us can make that claim with proper confidence. (He continues under the mutterings of Grantly) How many of us can claim that there is nothing for us to be ashamed of? We must look into our own hearts ...

1. GRANTLY: (Head) *He shouldn't even be preaching. It should be the canon in residence. This is Stanhope's duty. And where's Stanhope? Skipping round the shores of Lake Como with a butterfly net!*
2. SLOPE: (Cont.) For there are indeed some workmen here who do need to be ashamed.
3. GRANTLY: Yes, you, for a start.
4. SLOPE: And God will surely *not* approve those who fail in this respect. So we, here in Barchester, must study to show ourselves approved! Let us, for example, turn our attention to matters of intonation and music ...
5. GRANTLY: What?
6. SLOPE: (Building powerfully) Music elevated over meaning when surely simple words are enough. Indeed St Paul himself tells us to "shun profane and vain babblings!" And we must mark this well! Profane and vain babblings! We must shun them!

MUSIC IN 14'23": JERUSALEM (arr. James Thoma (ANW1232-09)

Music out: (DURATION 4")

FX: A SUDDEN MILITANT ORGAN CHORD TAKES US TO ...

SCENE NINE

AFTER THE SERVICE, THE IRATE CONGREGATION EMERGES.

GRANTLY IS RANTING IN THE BACKGROUND ...

1. ELEANOR: Oh, Mrs Baxter, intonation and music ...
2. MRS B: (To Eleanor) I know. And Mr Harding looks after the music.
3. ELEANOR: Poor Papa.
4. MRS B: Barchester won't like it, Mrs Bold.
5. GRANTLY: (In the distance) Impudence!
6. ELEANOR: Well, the archdeacon certainly doesn't ... Oh, there's Father. (Calling) Papa! Over here ...
(MR HARDING JOINS THEM.)
7. HARDING: (Approaching) Did you hear that, Eleanor? Our music ... *My* music.
8. ELEANOR: I'm sure he didn't mean you –
9. HARDING: But I'm responsible for the cathedral's music. So it must follow ... I am to be shunned ... a useless sham.
10. ELEANOR: Oh, don't say that. Come back to the house with me.
11. HARDING: (Moving off) No ... thank you. I must walk a while, and think ...
12. ELEANOR: (Watching him) Oh dear. He doubts himself, Mrs Baxter. He always does.
13. MRS B: That he does, my dear.

1. ~~GRANTLY:~~ ~~(Still distant) Nonsense! Arrant, puffed-up~~
~~nonsense!~~
2. MRS B: (To herself) Not the usual fault of his order.

CROSSFADE FROM THE DEBATING CROWD TO ...

SCENE TEN

THE BISHOP'S STUDY, A LITTLE LATER. THE BISHOP SINKS INTO HIS CHAIR WITH A SIGH.

1. BISHOP: (Muttering) Oh dear. That was no help. Ill-timed, impertinent –

(THE DOOR OPENS SHARPLY AND MRS PROUDIE ENTERS.)

2. MRS P: Did you hear that?
3. BISHOP: I certainly did.
4. MRS P: The man is so ... *able*. Was there ever a more sublime sermon?
5. BISHOP: Oh ... Well, my love ...
6. MRS P: Yes?
7. BISHOP: Erm ...
8. MRS P: I hope, my lord, you don't mean to say you disapprove.
9. BISHOP: (Head) *Well, if I do, it must be now or never.*
10. MRS P: My lord?
11. BISHOP: (Head) *But I don't quite feel it can be now.*
- (To Mrs Proudie) No, a very clever sermon, very ... well intended.

CROSSFADE TO ...

SCENE ELEVEN

**THE NEXT DAY, A ROOM IN THE CATHEDRAL. THE MURMUR OF
DISGRUNTLED CLERGY.**

1. GRANTLY: Order, gentlemen, order ...

(THE MURMURING DIES DOWN.)

We must decide what's to be done about this.
2. 1st CLERGY: May we not let the bishop know how we feel?
3. GRANTLY: Hardly. The bishop and Mrs Proudie have
returned to London.

(MURMURS OF IRATE SURPRISE.)

Oh yes. But never fear. Slope remains, flattering
those who'll listen and whispering twaddle in the
ears of foolish women.
4. HARDING: When he spoke about music, I thought he was
referring to me.
5. GRANTLY: He was. Of course.
6. 2nd CLERGY: But it's not just you, Mr Harding. He means to
attack us all.
7. 1st CLERGY: Exactly. High church, the old traditions –
8. GRANTLY: Yes, and who is he? A mere chaplain, raked up
from the gutters of Marylebone.
9. HARDING: He can't help that –
10. GRANTLY: And we had to sit through it!
11. HARDING: And there are those who agree with him.
12. CLERGYMEN: No, no ... No one here ... No one with any sense

...

1. HARDING: (Over) But there are. Mr Slope is certainly not
 delightful ...

 (LAUGHTER.)

 But there is a party formed on his side.
2. 1st CLERGY: Consisting chiefly of Mrs Proudie!
3. GRANTLY: Well, of course, Mrs Proudie ...
4. 2nd CLERGY: So what should be done?
5. GRANTLY: Can she not see beyond that damp, sandy-
 haired, saucer-eyed –
6. 2nd CLERGY: Archdeacon. What can we do?
7. GRANTLY: Well, in the first place, he should never again
 preach in the cathedral. We can prevent that.
8. HARDING: We shouldn't be ashamed to hear what any man
 might preach.
9. GRANTLY: Apart from Slope.
10. HARDING: Yes but –
11. GRANTLY: No, Mr Harding, his object is to give offence. He
 comes here to tell us we're old-fashioned and
 useless! Slope has thrown down the gauntlet!
 Such an attack, from such a quarter, is
 abominable.
12. 1st CLERGY: Abominable.
13. GRANTLY: Abominable!
14. HARDING: Yes, well, perhaps ...

MUSIC IN: 17'36": Sneaky Scoundrel 7 Composers David Toibin/Jeff
Meegan/Julian Gallant (Audio Network)

(OUT ON THE UPROAR OF RIGHTEOUS AGREEMENT.)

SCENE TWELVE

SOME DAYS LATER. ELEANOR BOLD'S DRAWING ROOM. SHE'S WITH THE BABY. A DOOR BELL SOUNDS.

1. MRS B: *A day or so after this meeting, Eleanor Bold has a visitor.*
2. ELEANOR: Visitors? Who can be calling here?
3. MRS B: *Well, we might guess.*

MUSIC OUT: duration 16"

FX: THE BELL AGAIN.

4. ELEANOR: Who's come to see us, Johnny? Who's this at our door?

FX: THE BABY LAUGHS.

Shall we see? Shall we?

(A SERVANT KNOCKS AND ENTERS.)

5. 1st SERVANT: Mr Slope to see you, ma'am.
6. ELEANOR: Mr Slope! Oh ... ah ... yes, show him in.
(THE SERVANT GOES.)
7. MRS B: *Well, you knew it was going to be Slope.*
8. ELEANOR: What does he want?
9. MRS B: *The enemy of all that's good in Barchester, in her own drawing-room.*
10. ELEANOR: Quick, quick! (Picking up the baby) Come to me, Johnny, come to me.
(THE DOOR OPENS AND SLOPE COMES IN.)

11. 1st SERVANT: Mr Slope, ma'am.

(SHE GOES.)

1. SLOPE: Mrs Bold?

FX: THE BABY CHUCKLES.

Oh! How delightful! My blessing upon you,
sweetest of infants.

2. ELEANOR: Oh. (A little thrown) Thank you, Mr Slope.

3. SLOPE: Charming, utterly charming.

4. MRS B: *Well, he knows how to say a soft word in the right place.*

5. ELEANOR: (To the baby) He is a charming boy, he is. Have you got a smile for Mr Slope?

6. SLOPE: I do hope so.

7. ELEANOR: A nice smile for Mr Slope.

8. SLOPE: Lovely. (Turning to her) Mrs Bold, may I also say how much I admire your father?

9. ELEANOR: Oh? You mean the man you attacked so publicly –

10. SLOPE: Ah –

11. ELEANOR: And from the pulpit in the cathedral?

12. SLOPE: Yes, I was afraid you might've got that impression.

13. ELEANOR: But, really, what other impression –

14. SLOPE: (On) And it pains me that I may have inadvertently offended the feelings of someone I regard so highly.

15. ELEANOR: Highly? Do you?

16. MRS B: *And on he goes to praise Mr Harding ...*
1. SLOPE: Admirable.
2. ELEANOR: Really?
3. SLOPE: Admirable in so many ways.
4. MRS B: *Unsayng a great deal of his sermon, and
flattering both Mr Harding and the baby, until ...*

FX: A SMALL CLOCK CHIMES.

5. SLOPE: Ah, the clock upbraids me, Mrs Bold. I must be on my way. I do hope I may be allowed to call again?
6. MRS B: *And Eleanor ...*
7. ELEANOR: Why, of course, Mr Slope. I hope you will.
8. MRS B: *Eleanor hopes he will. Mr Slope knows what he's
about. So back to the palace he goes ...*

MUSIC IN 19'55": Sneaky Scoundrel 13 by David Tobin/Jeff
Meegan/Julian Gallant (Audio Network)

CROSSFADE TO ...

SCENE THIRTEEN

LATER THAT DAY, THE BISHOP'S STUDY. SLOPE AT THE DESK,
WRITING.

MUSIC OUT: duration 5"

1. MRS B: (Pick up) *To write letters. While the bishop's away, he sets up ...*
2. SLOPE: (Writing) Bishop Barchester's Sabbath Day Schools.
3. MRS B: *And ...*
4. SLOPE: (Writing) Bishop Barchester's Young Men's Evening Lecture Room.
5. MRS B: *He writes, on the bishop's behalf, to ...*
6. SLOPE: (Writing) The manager of the Barchester branch railway. The bishop is most anxious that Sunday trains be discontinued.
7. MRS B: *Then he moves on to the vexed question of ...*
8. SLOPE: Absentee clergymen.
9. MRS B: *Like Dr Vesey Stanhope, the one whose place he took to preach that sermon. Currently traipsing round Italy ...*
10. SLOPE: Chasing butterflies.
11. MRS B: *Went there for the improvement of a sore throat. Twelve years ago.*
12. SLOPE: Never a day's duty in twelve years. But now, my dear Stanhope, it's high time you came back and started to earn your keep.

MUSIC IN 20'44": Sneaky Scoundrel 8 by David Tobin/Jeff
Meegan/Julian Gallant (Audio Network)

(HE DIPS HIS PEN IN THE INK. MUSIC TAKES US TO ...)

MUSIC OUT: duration 14"

SCENE 13A

Eleanor: You see, Mrs. Baxter, those things he said – Mr Slope, I mean – they weren't intended to wound.

Mrs. B: No, Mrs Bold?

Eleanor: Not at all. In fac, it pains him to think he might have offended my father inadvertently.

Mrs. B: Does it?

Eleanor: That's what he said. It was the last think he wanted.

Mrs. B. I See.

Eleanor: So – well, I was wondering

Mrs. B: Yes, Mrs. Bold?

Eleanor: Well, perhaps we sholdn't give up hope.

Mrs. B: Hope of what, Mrs. Bold?

Eleanor: The wardenship. Hiram's Hospital. I thought I might persuade father to consider it. The possibility of his returning.

Mrs. B: I see.

Eleanor: Because there might not be any opposition after all. Don't you think?

Mrs. B: Well ...

Eleanor: Yes?

Mrs. B: Losing the wardenship It was a painful thing.
 So, if you do mention it to Mr. Harding ... perhaps
 you could find a way of doing it gently.

SCENE FOURTEEN

A DAY OR TWO LATER, MR HARDING AND ELEANOR STROLLING THROUGH THE CATHEDRAL CLOSE.

1. MRS B: *A day or two later, Eleanor persuades her father
 to take a stroll through the cathedral close ...*
2. ELEANOR: I'm afraid I've dragged you away from your cello
 practice.
3. HARDING: No one was more willingly dragged, my dear.
4. ELEANOR: (Innocently) Oh, Papa, see where we are.
 (THEY STOP WALKING.)
5. HARDING: (Smiling) The gates of Hiram's Hospital. Well ...
 who'd have thought?
6. ELEANOR: Shall we go in? Since we're here.

**MUSIC IN 22'19": Devout Mix 7 composed by David Tobin/Jeff
Meegan/Julian Gallant (Audio Network)**

7. HARDING: I haven't had the heart to go through these gates
 since we left.
8. ELEANOR: Yes, but now ... ?
9. HARDING: Now ... I don't know, Eleanor.
10. ELEANOR: But you would like to come back here?
11. HARDING: Yes, of course, but –
12. ELEANOR: Then you shall. You mustn't doubt it.

13. HARDING: But I might not. Things are changing in Barchester. These days the bishop's chaplain holds sway, and if Mr Slope has anything to do with it, he won't want me –
14. ELEANOR: Oh, Papa –
1. HARDING: And I'd rather not go back at all if it means dealing with him.
2. ELEANOR: No, Papa, you've misunderstood Mr Slope. He'll want you to be warden again, I'm sure he will. Now, shall we step in a moment? And walk in the gardens?

FX: ELEANOR SWINGS OPENS THE IRON GATE.

CROSSFADE TO ...

MUSIC OUT: duration 60"

SCENE FIFTEEN

SAME DAY. MR HARDING'S LITTLE ROOM. HE OPENS A LETTER.

1. MRS B: *The very same day, a letter comes to Mr Harding's little room above the chemist.*
2. HARDING: Oh dear ...
3. SLOPE: (Reading) My dear Mr Harding, will you favour me by calling at the palace on Tuesday morning at 9.30? The bishop wishes me to speak to you touching the hospital.
4. HARDING: Oh dear.
5. SLOPE: (Reading) I hope you will excuse my naming so early an hour. I do so as my time is greatly occupied.
6. HARDING: Yes, we've noticed.
7. SLOPE: (Reading) Believe me to be, my dear Mr Harding, your assured friend ...
8. HARDING: Assured friend?
9. SLOPE: (Reading) Obadiah Slope.
10. HARDING: No, I don't think I will believe you.
11. MRS B: *No more do I. And Mr Harding begins to bow his imaginary cello, which makes me wonder if he'll answer Mr Slope's summons.*

MUSIC TAKES US TO ...

SCENE SIXTEEN

A WEEK OR SO LATER, OUTSIDE THE STANHOPES'
BARCHESTER HOUSE. MEN ARE CARRYING LUGGAGE AND
MADELINE IN.

1. MRS B: *A week goes by, and then another. By the time
the bishop and Mrs Proudie return from London*
...

**MUSIC IN 24'14": Two to Tango Mix 2 composers David Tobin/Jeff
Meegan/Julian Gallant (Audio Network)**

2. MADELINE: *Careful ... mind how you go ...*
3. 2nd SERVANT: *There you are, Miss ... watch your head ...*
4. MRS B: *The Stanhopes have returned from Italy ...*
5. DR STANHOPE: (Distant) *No, leave those for me ... they're
butterfly cases ...*
6. MRS B: *Dr Vesey Stanhope sees to the carrying in of
cases, trunks ...*
7. MADELINE: *Gently, gently ...*
8. 2nd SERVANT: *Step coming up ...*
9. MRS B: *And his daughter Madeline.*
10. MADELINE: *Thank you ... Thank you so much.*
11. MRS B: *For Madeline has to be carried in, too.*
12. MADELINE: *So strong.*
13. MRS B: *She doesn't have the use of her legs, see. Now,
about Madeline ...*

MUSIC OUT: duration 37"

14. MADELINE: (Head) *Considered a great beauty, I think it's fair to say.*
15. MRS B: *Famous for adventures in which she breaks the hearts of dozens without once being touched in her own. If she has one. There is some doubt.*
1. MADELINE: (Head) *Blood has flowed in quarrels about my charms!*
2. MRS B: *Married badly. To Paulo Neroni, a man of no birth and no property.*
3. MADELINE: (Head) *An adventurer, possibly a spy!*
4. MRS B: *She's a woman all men like to look at but few would be glad to take to their hearths. Or so it seems to me. And that injury ...*
5. MADELINE: (Head) *I fatally injured my knee while climbing a classical ruin!*
6. MRS B: *That's what she says. I have my doubts. Fortunately, her beauty wasn't injured. Her eyes are full of the fire of passion and the play of wit ... but no love. No, you can see cruelty there, and ~~delight in a love of~~ mischief. Not love.*
7. MADELINE: (Out) Oh, we have a letter. Bring it, do bring it to me.
8. MRS B: *She has a little daughter. The last of the blood of the emperors, she says ...*
9. MADELINE: It's an invitation. Do let me see.
10. MRS B: *Neroni being descended from the Caesars. Apparently.*
11. 2nd SERVANT: This here, Miss?

(MADELINE OPENS AN EVELOPE ...)

12. MADELINE: From a Mr Slope. Oh! We've been invited to a party! By the bishop and his wife. How intriguing!

MUSIC IN 26'04": Two to Tango Mix 13 composers David Tobin/Jeff Meegan/Julian Gallant (Audio Network)

CROSSFADE TO ...

SCENE SEVENTEEN

THE SAME DAY. ELEANOR'S DRAWING ROOM.

1. ELEANOR: The Proudies? A party?

MUSIC OUT: duration 8"

2. HARDING: Yes but you needn't worry, Eleanor. You won't be expected to go.

3. ELEANOR: Oh, I shall *want* to go.

4. HARDING: But I think it might be better if you –

5. ELEANOR: Oh no, Papa, to see the bishop and Mrs Proudie close to ... much too interesting to miss.

CUT TO ...

SCENE EIGHTEEN

MADELINE'S DRAWING ROOM. SHE'S WRITING TO SLOPE.

1. MADELINE: (Writing) Dear Mr Slope. It is impossible for me
 not to be desirous to make the acquaintance of
 such persons as the Bishop of Barchester and his
 wife.
2. BERTIE: Really?
3. MRS B: *Madeline's brother Bertie. A handsome young
 man with a glossy beard and no inclination to
 earn his own bread.*
4. MADELINE: (Writing) And, of course, you yourself, Mr Slope. I
 do look forward to meeting you.
5. BERTIE: Who is Slope, ~~Maddie?~~
6. MADELINE: Don't interrupt. (Writing) However, I wonder if Mrs
 Proudie would forgive me if I ask that I might be
 carried to a sofa.
7. BERTIE: Ah, yes, of course, you'll need the entire use of a
 sofa.
8. MADELINE: Certainly. Placed where all may see me.
9. BERTIE: You know Pa doesn't want you to go.
10. MADELINE: Oh, Bertie, why?
11. BERTIE: He thinks you'll flirt.
12. MADELINE: It's a bishop's party. Of course I'll flirt.
13. BERTIE: Yes, well, in Italy that never shocked him – in Italy
 it never shocked any one – but here in
 Barchester, among his fellow clergy ... ?

1. MADELINE: Exactly. I'll create a sensation. I'll have parsons tumbling at my feet.
2. BERTIE: No doubt, and every wife storming home in a green fit of jealousy.
3. MADELINE: Oh, I do hope so, Bertie, yes.

MUSIC IN 27'32": Two to Tango Mix 13 composers David Tobin/Jeff Meegan/Julian Gallant (Audio Network)

MUSIC OUT: duration 8"

SHE LAUGHS. MUSIC TAKES US TO ...

SCENE NINETEEN

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, A LARGE DRAWING-ROOM AT THE BISHOP'S PALACE. THERE'S BUSTLE AS THE PLACE IS PREPARED FOR THE PARTY. SERVANTS ARE HURRYING ABOUT WITH TRAYS AND BOWLS. INSTRUCTIONS ARE CALLED OUT IN THE BACKGROUND – "More chairs to the dining-room ... those bottles are for the small round table ... Charles, Martin, hurry ... No, no, not in here ... " AND SO ON. ALL THIS CONTINUES UNDER AS SLOPE AND MRS PROUDIE APPROACH ...

1. MRS P: You have done well, Mr Slope. You've toiled day and night to prepare for this.
2. SLOPE: Indeed, there's been much to do.
3. MRS P: This sofa ... ? (Stopping) Why here, at the top of the grand stairs?
4. SLOPE: It's for La Signora.
5. MRS P: Oh, yes, of course. La Signora. Quite. And the guests will be eating?
6. SLOPE: They will.
7. MRS P: Might that not appear vulgar?
8. SLOPE: Bishops should be given to hospitality, Mrs Proudie. We must include a supper.
9. MRS P: (Warmly) Then I yield to you, as always.
10. SLOPE: (Close) You're very kind, Mrs Proudie.
11. MRS P: (Less warmly) But they'll have to eat standing up.
12. SLOPE: Oh, they will. Lower ranks – curates and below – at the outer edges and only served the Marsala.

1. MRS P: Well done.
2. SLOPE: At twenty shillings a dozen.
3. BISHOP: (Approaching) Ah, Slope. Everything in order?
4. MRS P: Mr Slope has managed everything perfectly, bishop, yes.
5. BISHOP: Good, good. (Sitting) I must say, what a whirl it – (all is)
6. SLOPE/MRS P: (Sharp) Don't sit there!/Not on the sofa!
7. BISHOP: (Leaping up) Oh ... !
8. MRS P: The sofa's to be kept separate, for a lady.
9. BISHOP: A lady?
10. SLOPE: Who is unable to use her legs.
11. MRS P: She has always to be kept lying down.
12. BISHOP: Really? And who is she?

FX: A DISTANT, HEAVY KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

13. SLOPE: Ah. It begins. (Going) Excuse me.
(SLOPE HURRIES OFF.)
14. BISHOP: Who is this lady – ?
15. MRS P: (Going) La Signora.
16. BISHOP: (Intrigued) Who?
17. MRS P: Madeline Neroni. (Calling back) Don't let anyone else sit there.

CROSSFADE TO ...

SCENE TWENTY

**BUSTLE AND CHATTER AS GUESTS ARRIVE AT THE FRONT
DOOR. SLOPE PRESENTS THEM TO MRS PROUDIE, PROVIDING
DETAILS IN ASIDES.**

1. SLOPE: Mr and Mrs Quiverful, of Puddingdale.
 2. MRS P: Mr Quiverful, Mrs Quiverful.
 3. SLOPE: (Aside to Mrs Proudie) And three of their daughters. (To the girls) Charmed.
- (SOME GROUP SIMPERING FROM THE QUIVERFULS.)
- (Aside) Eleven more children, back at Puddingdale ...
4. MRS P: (Aside) Fourteen children? That is dutiful.
 5. SLOPE: (Aside) Family all but penniless.
 6. MRS P: (Aside) I'm not surprised. I'll have a word with Mrs Quiverful. See what can be done to help.
 7. SLOPE: (To the Quiverfuls) Do go through ... no, no, all the way through ... You'll find some Marsala on the round table ~~right~~ through there ...
 8. MRS P: (To Slope) Over there, look. The dean.
 9. SLOPE: Ah, yes. (Calling) Dr Trefoil! Dean!
 10. MRS P: (Aside) He seems quite ancient in this light. And the gaunt spinster he's leaning on ... ?
 11. SLOPE: (Aside) His only child. Very learned. Written a book about petals. (Moving off) Excuse me, Mrs Proudie, I must circle the room.
 12. MRS P: Dr Trefoil! Miss Trefoil. Welcome, welcome.

FX: LIFT THE PARTY SOUNDS AND CROSSFADE TO ...

SCENE TWENTY ONE

ANOTHER PART OF THE PARTY.

1. MRS B: *The Archdeacon and Mrs Grantly have arrived ...*
2. GRANTLY: Thirty minutes, Susan. Then we'll make our
excuses.
3. MRS B: *Their daughter Griselda is with them, a slim girl of
seventeen.*
4. GRANTLY: Look out. Slope heading this way ... Ah, too late.
5. SLOPE: (Approaching) Archdeacon, Mrs Grantly. And this
must be ... ?
6. GRANTLY: Our daughter, Griselda.
7. MRS B: *Who has great beauty ...*
8. SLOPE: (Kissing her hand) Charmed.
(PAUSE ... NO RESPONSE FROM GRISELDA.)
9. MRS B: *But not much conversation.*

CROSSFADE TO ...

SCENE TWENTY TWO

ANOTHER PART OF THE PARTY. ELEANOR STEERS MR HARDING THROUGH THE CROWD.

1. ELEANOR: Papa, Papa ... come and see. By that sofa, look.
2. HARDING: What is it?
3. ELEANOR: (Hushed) The bishop. He's barely moved these ten minutes.
4. HARDING: Is he all right?
5. ELEANOR: I don't know. He's just standing there.
6. HARDING: I wonder if we should ... (Raising his voice) My lord?

(THE BISHOP REMAINS AT SOME DISTANCE, STILL GUARDING THE SOFA. HE CALLS ACROSS TO THEM.)

7. BISHOP: Ah, Mr Harding. Mrs Bold ... It is Mrs Bold, is it?
8. ELEANOR: My lord.
9. BISHOP: You'll forgive me remaining at my post.
10. HARDING: Your post, my lord?
11. BISHOP: The sofa. No one's to sit on it, you see.
12. ELEANOR: Are they not?

PasB Script for Barchester Towers Part One: The New Bishop

1. BISHOP: But she doesn't come, Mrs Bold. Why doesn't she come?

2. ELEANOR: Who, my lord?

3. BISHOP: I'm not entirely sure. An Italian lady, I think.

(THERE'S A SUDDEN DISTURBANCE AT THE
DISTANT DOOR. RAISED VOICES.)

4. ELEANOR: Someone else has arrived, my lord. (Going) We'll go and see, shall we?

MUSIC IN 31'07": Two to Tango Mix 5 composers David Tobin/Jeff
Meegan/Julian Gallant (Audio Network)

CROSSFADE TO ...

SCENE TWENTY THREE

AT THE FRONT DOOR.

1. BERTIE: Make way, make way!
2. MRS B: *The Signora is carried in by her brother Bertie, an Italian manservant and a page.*

(SLOPE CLEARS A WAY THROUGH AS MADELINE IS CARRIED UPSTAIRS.)

3. SLOPE: Move aside ... Move aside, please ...
4. MADELINE: Thank you ... So kind, all of you ...
5. MRS B: *With grace and decorum, she's taken all the way up to the drawing-room, where ...*

MUSIC OUT: duration 22"

(THE CHATTER AND BUSTLE STOP ABRUPTLY. EVERYONE HOLDS HIS OR HER BREATH. MADELINE IS LOWERED ...)

6. ALL: Ah!
7. MRS B: *The Signora is lowered on to her couch.*
8. MADELINE: Thank you. So very kind.

(AND THE CHATTER STARTS UP AGAIN. THE PARTY CONTINUES.)

9. BERTIE: (Cheerfully) Hello, you must be the bishop.
10. BISHOP: I am, yes.
11. MADELINE: So very pleased to meet you.
12. BISHOP: Most welcome, Miss. Madam. Signora. (To Bertie) And you are ... ?
13. MADELINE: This is Bertie.
14. BISHOP: Bertie?

15. BERTIE: Splendid occasion.
1. BISHOP: (Head) *The lady's husband perhaps?*
2. BERTIE: Do you like Barchester, on the whole?
3. BISHOP: (Head) *He speaks English remarkably well.*
4. MRS B: *They're wedged between the back of the sofa and a heavy rector.*
5. BERTIE: Much to do here, is there?
6. BISHOP: The responsibility a bishop has to bear is very great indeed.
7. BERTIE: Is it? I once had thoughts of being a bishop, myself. You know, they've got this sofa into the worst possible place. We should move it. Hold on, Madeline.
8. MADELINE: Oh, Bertie, be careful –
9. BERTIE: We're just going to give you a slight push.
10. BISHOP: Are we? Do you think – ?
11. BERTIE: Grab hold. Now – push ...
- (THE BISHOP AND BERTIE TRY TO PUSH THE SOFA ...)
- Bend your knees ... And again!
- (THEY PUSH AGAIN. SUDDENLY IT ROLLS FORWARD ...)
12. ALL: Oh!
13. BERTIE/BISHOP: Look out, there!/Look out!
- (THE SOFA ROLLS ...)
14. MRS B: *The sofa rolls.*
15. BERTIE: Oh dear ...
16. MADELINE: Oh dear ...

IT STOPS WITH A BUMP, A RIPPING SOUND AND A PINGING OF
BUTTONS.

1. MRS B: *We all hear it, even from the distant table for the lower orders. Ripping cloth and the pinging of buttons.*
2. BERTIE: Oh I say.
3. MRS B: *A castor has caught Mrs Proudie's lace train ...*
4. BISHOP: (Softly) Oh dear ...
5. MRS B: *A long ruin of rent lace disfigures the carpet.*
6. BERTIE: I say, terribly sorry.
7. MRS B: *She looks on Bertie Stanhope as Juno looked on Paris when he gave the apple to the wrong goddess.*
8. MADELINE: Oh, you idiot, Bertie!
9. MRS P: Idiot!
10. BERTIE: (Kneeling) Let me free it for you.
11. MRS P: Unhand it, sir!
12. BERTIE: I'll fly to the looms of the fairies to repair the damage –
13. MRS P: Unhand me, sir! (Swiping at him) Will you unhand me!
14. BERTIE: It's not me; it's the cursed sofa.
(MADELINE LAUGHS.)
15. MRS P: It amuses you, madam?!

1. MADELINE: Oh dear, I'm so sorry ...

 (BUT SHE LAUGHS AGAIN.)

 Bertie, you idiot, do get up.
2. SLOPE: (Approaching) Let me through. I'll see to this.

 (PEOPLE START TO TALK AGAIN. SLOPE PUSHES THROUGH THE
 GUESTS.)

 (As he goes) Make way there ... we're coming
 through ...
3. BISHOP: (Calling after them) Yes, erm ... would you mind
 just ... ?
4. MRS P: (As she goes) Move out of the way!
5. MRS B: *And off she goes to ... well, to re-array herself.*

 (SLOPE AND MRS PROUDIE MOVE OFF. THE PARTY CONTINUES
 BUT IS MORE SUBDUED.)
6. MADELINE: Oh, my lord, I am so sorry.
7. BISHOP: Hmm? Oh, well, you know ...
8. MADELINE: Do sit down. I'm not so selfish as to require the
 whole sofa.
9. BISHOP: Oh ... ah ...
10. MADELINE: Always room for a gentleman.
11. BISHOP: (Sitting) Well ... yes ... Thank you ...
12. MADELINE: That's better. You know, my lord, in coming to
 England my only consolation has been the
 thought that I should know you.
13. BISHOP: Really?
14. MRS B: *She looks at him with the look of a she-devil.*

1. BISHOP: (Head) *She looks like an angel.*
(To Madeline) Well ... you're very kind.
(Head) *And yet, who is she exactly?*
2. MADELINE: Of course you know my sad story?
3. BISHOP: Erm ...
4. MADELINE: I've been tried beyond the common endurance of humanity.
5. BISHOP: Oh dear.
6. MADELINE: But I still have my child.
7. BISHOP: Child ... ?
8. MADELINE: The last bud of a wondrous tree.
9. BISHOP: Oh?
10. MADELINE: Will you lay your holy hands on her innocent head? May I hope it?
11. BISHOP: Yes, of course.
12. MADELINE: The blood of Tiberius flows in her veins.
13. BISHOP: Does it?
14. MADELINE: She is the last of the Neros.
15. BISHOP: Ah.
(Head) *I've heard of the last of the Mohicans, but –*
16. MADELINE: Will you tell her from your consecrated lips that she may be a Nero but she's still a Christian? Will you tell her this, my friend?
17. BISHOP: I will, of course. Erm ... where shall I find you?
18. MADELINE: At Papa's house.

PasB Script for Barchester Towers Part One: The New Bishop

1. BISHOP: Papa's house. (None the wiser) Yes, of course.
(Standing quickly) Oh, here's my wife.
 2. MADELINE: In her second best, I see. So all is well.
 3. BISHOP: Well ... Excuse me. (Backing away) I must, I
must ...
 4. MADELINE: (Amused) Of course you must.
- CROSSFADE TO ...

SCENE TWENTY FOUR

ANOTHER PART OF THE PARTY. A WHISPERED HUDDLE ROUND GRANTLY.

1. GRANTLY: Look at him, sprinting over to her!
2. HARDING: Well, in the circumstances –
3. GRANTLY: How she lords it over him. And Slope – look at him, look at him.
4. ELEANOR: He's only trying to help.
5. GRANTLY: He's no help to Barchester, Eleanor. The opposite, in fact. Still, we'll see.
6. HARDING: What do you mean by that?
7. GRANTLY: (Lowering his voice) I've enlisted a champion, to appear on our side.
8. ELEANOR: A champion?
9. GRANTLY: (Confidentially) Oxford man.
10. ELEANOR: It all sounds so warlike.
11. GRANTLY: He's very correct, very clever ...
12. HARDING: Who is he?
13. GRANTLY: And I've managed to obtain the living at St Ewold's for him. He's coming next week to take a look. You'll like him.
14. ELEANOR: Oh, will we?

1. GRANTLY: His name's Arabin. He and the bestial Slope have already crossed swords, in the press.
2. MRS B: *Of course, that Mr Arabin! The famously eloquent and humorous Arabin! Well, we must hear more about him ...*
3. GRANTLY: If anyone can put Slope down, Arabin will.
4. MRS B: *But later. Next week, perhaps.*

FX: LIFT THE PARTY SOUNDS A WHILE AND CROSSFADE TO ...

SCENE TWENTY FIVE

ANOTHER PART OF THE PARTY. MRS BAXTER IS PASSING.

1. BISHOP: (Hushed) Mrs Baxter, Mrs Baxter!
2. MRS B: (Stopping) Bishop?
3. BISHOP: Do you happen to know the father of the Signora?
4. MRS B: The Signora? She's Doctor Stanhope's daughter, my lord.
5. BISHOP: Stanhope?
6. MRS B: Yes, just back from Italy.
7. BISHOP: Stanhope's daughter? But ... the way she spoke to me ...
8. MRS B: Yes, my lord?
9. BISHOP: No, nothing. She seemed rather ... agreeable, I thought.
10. MRS B: I'm sure she is, my lord.
11. BISHOP: She's the mother of the last of the Neros. Were you aware of that?

(WE GO TO MRS PROUDIE.)

SCENE TWENTY SIX

MUSIC IN 37'04": Two to Tango Mix 10 David Tobin/Jeff

Meegan/Julian Gallant (Audio Network)

MUSIC OUT: duration 5"

1. MRS P: *(Head) They all queue to sit with her. Have they no regard for – (She breaks off) Mr Slope? With the woman who laughed at me? It's surely his duty to hate her.*
2. MRS B: *He doesn't look as if he hates her.*

(MRS PROUDIE BRISKLY APPROACHES THEM.)
3. MRS P: Mr Slope, we're going to supper.
4. SLOPE: *(Standing) Oh, are we?*
5. MRS P: Make yourself useful. *(Going)* Do pray escort Mrs Grantly down.

(SHE'S GONE.)
6. SLOPE: Of course. *(To Madeline)* But first let me set a table for you ...

(DOING SO.)

You must tell me what to bring you.
7. MADELINE: Oh, I'm quite indifferent, Mr Slope. Nothing, really.
8. SLOPE: But you must –
9. MADELINE: No, no –
10. SLOPE: You must have something to eat.

11. MADELINE: Well, a little chicken, perhaps. Some ham would be nice. A glass of champagne.

CROSSFADE TO ...

SCENE TWENTY SEVEN

ANOTHER PART OF THE PARTY.

1. BISHOP: Ah, Mr Harding ... a word, if I may.
2. HARDING: Of course, my lord.
3. BISHOP: About the hospital. You know the post's to be filled again?
4. HARDING: Yes, I had heard –
5. BISHOP: There's only one man I wish to see there. I don't know what you think.
6. HARDING: I think, my lord, that I'll take it if it's offered to me, and put up with the want should another man get it.
7. BISHOP: But no one else will get it. There'll be a few changes to the nature of the duties ...
8. HARDING: Changes?
9. BISHOP: But that shouldn't worry you. Mr Slope knows about it. He'll explain.

CROSSFADE TO ...

SCENE TWENTY EIGHT

**LATER, ANOTHER PART OF THE PARTY. MR SLOPE IS GOING BY
WITH PLATES.**

1. MRS P: (Approaching) Mr Slope? Where are you going with that?
2. SLOPE: This?
3. MRS P: Yes, that. You have a plate laden with provisions which you wave above the heads of our guests like a waiter.
4. SLOPE: This is for the Signora Neroni.
5. MRS P: Then let her brother take it.
6. SLOPE: It won't take a moment, Mrs Proudie. (Moving off) Excuse me ... May I pass through?
7. MRS P: "Won't take a moment"? What's happening to the man?

FX: LIFT THE PARTY A MOMENT. CROSSFADE TO ...

SCENE TWENTY NINE

SLOPE SITTING WITH MADELINE.

1. SLOPE: A little more ham?
2. MADELINE: Thank you. So, you were saying ...
3. SLOPE: Was I?
4. MADELINE: Your plans for Sabbath-day schools.
5. MRS P: (Distant) Mr Slope!
6. SLOPE: Ah, yes, **oh** the Sabbath-day schools –
7. MRS P: (Still a little way off) Mr Slope, his lordship is desirous of your attendance below.
8. SLOPE: Oh. (To Madeline, getting up) I'm afraid I must ...
9. MADELINE: Is she always like this?
10. MRS P: (Suddenly closer) Yes, madam, always.
11. MADELINE: (Surprised) Oh.
12. MRS P: Always equally averse to impropriety of every description. Mr Slope! **A word.** (Taking him aside) What are you doing here?
13. SLOPE: She's lame, Mrs Proudie. Somebody must wait upon her.
14. MRS P: Not you. How can you leave me to attend on such a painted Jezebel?

**MUSIC IN 39'32": Two to Tango Mix 14 David Tobin/Jeff
Meegan/Julian Gallant (Audio Network)**

MUSIC OUT: duration 5"

CROSSFADE TO ...

SCENE THIRTY

THE ENDING OF THE PARTY. GUESTS CALL THEIR GOODBYES ...

1. MRS B: *And then, eventually, the cloaking and the shawling at the front door ...*
2. MRS P: So pleased you could come ...
3. BISHOP: Goodnight, Mrs ... erm ...
4. MRS B: *And Mrs Proudie does her best to smirk at each of us as we leave.*

(DISTANT SHOUTING – “Mind ... clear the way” – AS MADELINE IS CARRIED OUT.

MUSIC IN 39'55”: Two to Tango Mix 13 composers David Tobin/Jeff Meegan/Julian Gallant (Audio Network)

MUSIC OUT: duration 8”

Madeline Neroni is carried out, as she was carried in. Magnificently.

FX: THE BIG FRONT DOOR SLAMS. THE HOUSE IS QUIET.

5. MRS P: Lame? I'd lame her if she belonged to me.

MUSIC IN 40'07”: Devout Mix 4 composers David Tobin/Jeff Meegan/Julian Gallant (Audio Network)

MUSIC TAKES US TO ...

SCENE THIRTY ONE

A FEW DAYS LATER, A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

1. MRS B: *Two or three days later Mr Harding returns to the palace ...*

(MR HARDING CLEARS HIS THROAT.)

To keep his appointment with Mr Slope. I wondered if he would but, of course, it means so much to him, to be warden again.

2. HARDING SIGHS.

(Head) *If he didn't wish to see me at half-past nine, why force me to come at this hour?*

MUSIC OUT: duration 26"

FX: AN OLD CLOCK IS CHIMING. IT FINISHES ...

4. HARDING: Ten! Ten o'clock and still no Slope –

(THE DOOR OPENS AND SLOPE COMES BRISKLY IN. MR HARDING STANDS.)

5. SLOPE: Ah, Mr Harding. Do, please, be seated.

6. HARDING: Yes ... thank you ...

(HE SITS.)

3. SLOPE: (Head) *I like to make them wait. It assists negotiations if a man's in an ill-humour.*

7. SLOPE: Now, about the hospital. Hiram's hospital.

8. HARDING: Yes?

9. SLOPE: The wardenship.

10. HARDING: Yes.

1. SLOPE: The income will be much reduced. Four hundred and fifty pounds. But then the work is not very onerous.
2. HARDING: No.
3. SLOPE: Though there'll be more to do. The house should be painted inside every seven years, and outside every three. Does this seem fair?
4. HARDING: Oh yes.
5. SLOPE: As to the duties ... (Laughing) Well, there have hardly been any so far.
6. HARDING: Yet the old men were cared for, I believe, to the satisfaction of the late bishop.
7. SLOPE: (Smiling) The old bishop, yes. Things are a good deal changed in Barchester now, Mr Harding.
8. HARDING: Well, yes –
9. SLOPE: Indeed in the world at large. It's not only here that a new man carries out new measures and casts away the useless rubbish of past centuries.
10. HARDING: Useless – ?
11. SLOPE: Work is now required from every man who receives wages. New men are needed and are now forthcoming in the church.
12. HARDING: And if they happen to be uncharitable new men – ?
13. SLOPE: (On) You should understand what these new duties will be. In the first place, a Sabbath-day school will be attached to the hospital.

1. HARDING: For the old men?
2. SLOPE: No, not for the old men, for the children of the poor. You'll be expected to attend and the teachers shall be under your inspection and care. Separate seats in the cathedral will no longer be reserved for hospital inmates. Cathedral services aren't really useful for people of that class .
3. HARDING: People of ... And if I disagree with this?
4. SLOPE: I hope you do not.
5. HARDING: But if I do?
6. SLOPE: Then I presume you **will** decline the appointment. What am I to tell his lordship?
7. HARDING: Perhaps I'll see him myself.
(HE STANDS.)
8. SLOPE: I don't think so.
9. HARDING: You don't ... ?
10. SLOPE: I believe the bishop spoke to you at Mrs Proudie's reception. I don't think he should be troubled to do so again.

(MR HARDING HAS STARTED TO PLAY HIS IMAGINARY CELLO.)

It's no use waving your arms, Mr Harding ...

11. HARDING: I'm not waving my arms, I'm playing the cello.
12. SLOPE: But –
13. HARDING: I know, I know, there is no cello. Mr Slope, no mention has been made of these conditions.
14. SLOPE: But mention is being made now.

1. HARDING: My ways are the old ways. If there are to be new ways, and new conditions, you may tell the bishop I shall decline the situation. (Going to the door) Good day.

(HE GOES. THE DOOR SHUTS.)

2. SLOPE: (Pleased) I'll take that to be an absolute refusal, then, shall I?

MUSIC IN 43'18": Sneaky Scoundrel Mix 11 composers David Tobin/Jeff Meegan/Julian Gallant (Audio Network)

MUSIC OUT: duration 5"

CROSSFADE TO ...

SCENE THIRTY TWO

THE BISHOP'S STUDY.

1. BISHOP: Refused?
2. SLOPE: Completely.
3. BISHOP: That is a surprise.
4. MRS P: Not to me. The whole set of them are determined to withstand your authority. Anyway, Quiverful is more deserving.
5. BISHOP: Quiverful?
6. MRS P: From Puddingdale. He has fourteen children.
7. BISHOP: Oh, him.
8. SLOPE: Perhaps I should go and see Quiverful, my lord?
Do you think?

OUT.

SCENE THIRTY THREE

ELEANOR'S DRAWING-ROOM. AN AGITATED MR HARDING
EXPLAINS ...

1. HARDING: New men, he said, carrying out new measures.
2. ELEANOR: Yes but, Papa, that surely doesn't mean –
3. HARDING: Carting away the useless rubbish of past
 centuries! A new era, Eleanor!
4. ELEANOR: But they know how well you ran the hospital –
5. HARDING: Is that me in my age? Useless rubbish to be
 carted away?
6. ELEANOR: No, of course not. Oh dear. Perhaps you should
 go and see the archdeacon. He'll know what to
 do.

CUT TO ...

SCENE THIRTY FOUR

THE ARCHDEACON'S STUDY AT PLUMSTEAD.

1. GRANTLY: He can't do it!
2. HARDING: But he has.
3. GRANTLY: He cannot do it! He can't alter the duties. Neither the bishop nor the abominable Slope, nor yet the bishop's wife, who, I imagine, is really behind all this.
4. HARDING: But the bishop can appoint whom he pleases, and –
5. GRANTLY: No, I think he'll find he can't. Even Proudie, ass as he is, knows he'd have a hornet's nest about his ears if he tried. Arabin would see to that.
6. HARDING: Arabin?
7. GRANTLY: From Oxford. My champion, to lock horns with Slope! I told you.
8. HARDING: Yes, yes **Theophilus**... but still ...
9. GRANTLY: What?
10. HARDING: I'm getting old.
11. GRANTLY: Fiddlestick. I do hope you're not going to be weak and let Slope keep you from doing what's right.
12. HARDING: Well –
13. GRANTLY: Your conscience would never forgive you. You're half-afraid of coming to blows with Slope.
14. HARDING: I don't like coming to blows at all.
15. GRANTLY: Sometimes we can't help it.

1. HARDING: But really ... all this squabbling for money.
2. GRANTLY: If honest men didn't squabble for money the
dishonest men would get it all! I tell you what, my
friend, I'll go and see the bishop when he has
neither wife nor chaplain by. Then he'll give you
the appointment without any condition whatever.
You'll see.

OUT.

SCENE THIRTY FIVE

A DAY OR SO LATER. THE GARDEN AT PUDDINGDALE. DISTANT CHILDREN ARE ROMPING ABOUT; CHICKENS SQUAWK AND FLAP OUT OF THE WAY. SLOPE, ON HORSEBACK, APPROACHES.

MUSIC IN 45'26": Sneaky Scoundrel Mix 7 composers David Tobin/Jeff Meegan/Julian Gallant (Audio Network)

1. MRS Q: Hello ... the bishop's chaplain, all the way out here?

FX: THE CHILDREN YELL AND CHEER.

Not often the upper ranks of Barchester come to Puddingdale.

2. SLOPE: (Getting down from his horse) I come with good news, Mrs Quiverful.

MUSIC OUT: duration 15"

3. MRS Q: About the hospital?
4. SLOPE: What? Well ... yes ...
5. MRS Q: (A screech of pleasure) Arrgh! She did say there might be something.
6. SLOPE: Oh? Who did?
7. MRS Q: Mrs Proudie. It was only hints and winks, mind.
8. SLOPE: (Miffed) She shouldn't have said anything.
9. MRS Q: I was so overwhelmed I all but embraced her about the knees. She'll have the prayers of fourteen unprovided babes. And so will you, of course, Mr Slope.
10. SLOPE: Thank you.
11. MRS Q: So Mr Harding won't be the warden?

12. SLOPE: No –
1. MRS Q: Because I know Mr Q wouldn't want to supplant a friend.
2. SLOPE: Mr Harding's already refused the post. He objects to the conditions. Of course, the same conditions will apply to Mr Quiverful.
3. MRS Q: Oh, Q will accept, whatever they are.
4. SLOPE: Good, good –
5. MRS Q: He won't quibble. And at least Mr Harding's daughter's rich, I suppose, so he won't –
6. SLOPE: Rich?
7. MRS Q: He won't have to worry.
8. SLOPE: Rich?
9. MRS Q: Yes. Mrs Bold has twelve hundred a year. So they say. He'll probably live with her, then. Don't you think?
10. SLOPE: Twelve hundred a year?
- OUT.

SCENE THIRTY SIX

THE SAME DAY, THE STANHOPES' DRAWING ROOM. BERTIE IS HUMMING TO HIMSELF AND SKETCHING VIGOROUSLY.

1. ~~MADELINE:~~ ~~Sketching, Bertie?~~
2. ~~BERTIE:~~ ~~Hmm.~~
3. MADELINE: This is the bishop, I take it.
4. BERTIE: It's the little man all over, don't you think?
5. MADELINE: So this is to be your new profession, is it? A caricaturist?
6. BERTIE: I don't know. Sometimes I think my real gift is for spending money rather than making it.
7. MADELINE: You won't make any doing this. And Father won't go on paying for you. You do realise that?
8. BERTIE: I suppose so. But what can one do?
9. MADELINE: Well, what does one usually do?
10. BERTIE: Marry, you mean?
11. MADELINE: You've done every other foolish thing. Why not?
12. BERTIE: Yes, Mad, but marry whom?
13. MADELINE: Well ... there's Eleanor Bold.
14. BERTIE: The widow?
15. MADELINE: I know she's rather a vapid creature ...
16. BERTIE: No, no, she's not –
17. MADELINE: Who looks as if her clothes've been thrown on with a pitchfork but ...
18. BERTIE: You never allow any other woman to be beautiful, do you, Mad?

1. MADELINE: And she is?
 2. BERTIE: Certainly she is.
 3. MADELINE: And the widow's cap she wears?
 4. BERTIE: In honour of her previous. That's as it should be.
 5. MADELINE: The death of twenty husbands wouldn't make me
 wear such a thing. Anyway, Bertie, dear, we're
 talking about money, not beauty, and Eleanor
 Bold has twelve hundred a year to her name.
 6. BERTIE: Twelve hundred?
- (HE WHISTLES. OUT).

SCENE THIRTY SEVEN

AN HOUR LATER. THE PUDDINGDALE-BARCHESTER ROAD.

SLOPE RIDES HOME.

**MUSIC IN 47'43": Sneaky Scoundrel Mix 6 Composers David
Tobin/Jeff Meegan/Julian Gallant (Audio Network)**

1. SLOPE: (Head) *Twelve hundred a year. And if you help the father, you might win the daughter. And to marry a widow ... well, Obadiah, that would be a Christian duty.*

MUSIC OUT: duration 21"

(Out) But it would also mean quarrelling with Mrs Proudie. And taking the wardenship back from Quiverful. I won't do all that for nothing.

(Head) *For twelve hundred a year.*

(Out) What about Signora Neroni?

(Head) *Oh? You're in love with her, are you?*

(Out) I wouldn't say love. But I've never seen such a beautiful woman. And that easy, voluptuous manner of hers ...

(Head) *She's married.*

**MUSIC IN 48'37": Sneaky Scoundrel Mix 13 composers David
Tobin/Jeff Meegan/Julian Gallant (Audio
Network)**

MUSIC OUT: duration 5"

MUSIC TAKES US TO ...

SCENE THIRTY EIGHT

THE NEXT DAY. THE BISHOP'S STUDY. HE'S SIGNING PAPERS
FOR SLOPE ...

1. SLOPE: This one's from the stationmaster ...

(A SIGNING ...)

Oh, and there's a note from the archdeacon, my lord ...
2. BISHOP: Oh dear.
3. SLOPE: Asking to call on you, at a time of your choice, tomorrow.
4. BISHOP: About the hospital, I suppose?
5. SLOPE: I imagine so.
6. BISHOP: So I must tell him about Quiverful.
7. SLOPE: Well ...
8. BISHOP: Which he won't like so ... What do you mean, "well"?
9. SLOPE: I've been thinking, my lord. Public opinion might turn against you if Mr Harding doesn't get the hospital.
10. BISHOP: But it's promised to Quiverful. On your advice.
11. SLOPE: (Smiling) Not promised, I hope?
12. BISHOP: Well, Mrs Proudie's more or less said –
13. SLOPE: Ah, my lord, we shall all be in scrapes if the ladies interfere.
14. BISHOP: So ... you think Mr Harding should have the hospital?

1. SLOPE: I believe so, yes.
2. BISHOP: Well ...that would please the archdeacon. (A thought) Yes, but what about ... ?
3. SLOPE: Mrs Proudie? It's inconvenient, yes, but I don't think it should prevent the right thing being done. Do you, my lord?
4. BISHOP: No. (He ponders gloomily) Although ... I mean, I will have to ... you know ...
5. SLOPE: Have a word with Mrs Proudie, my lord? Yes, you will.

OUT.

SCENE THIRTY NINE

MRS PROUDIE'S BOUDOIR. SHE IS DOING HER ACCOUNTS.

1. MRS P: Four pounds thirteen shillings and ten ... plus
three and nine pence ... makes four pounds –

FX: THE DOOR OPENS.

2. BISHOP: My dear ... ?
3. MRS P: (Pained) I am engaged in the accounts.
4. BISHOP: Ah ... (Backing) Well, another time ...
5. MRS P: What is it, bishop?
6. BISHOP: Well, it's about those Quiverfuls ... but I see you
are engaged.
7. MRS P: What about the Quiverfuls?
8. BISHOP: Erm ... There might be a difficulty.
9. MRS P: Difficulty? What difficulty?
10. BISHOP: (Head) *Courage, bishop, courage! Frowns cannot
kill, nor sharp words break bones.*
11. MRS P: Well?
12. BISHOP: Mr Slope seems to think that public feeling might
support Mr Harding –
13. MRS P: Mr Slope seems to think?
14. BISHOP: Well –
15. MRS P: And what has Mr Slope to do with it?
16. BISHOP: Well, no, my dear, nothing. But still,
he may know –
17. MRS P: The post was offered to Mr Harding, he refused it
and there's an end of it.

1. BISHOP: Well, my dear ... I rather believe you're right.
2. MRS P: I rather believe I am.
3. BISHOP: Yes. So I'll just ... yes.
(HE SLIPS OUT AND SHUTS THE DOOR.)
4. MRS P: Mr Slope, indeed! I'll Slope him. Now, Four
pounds thirteen and ten pence

OUT.

SCENE FORTY

**ELEANOR'S DRAWING ROOM, A DAY LATER. SLOPE IS
GIBBERING AT THE BABY.**

1. SLOPE: He is a handsome fellow ... oh, yes, he is ... oh
yes, most certainly ...

(HE SWITCHES INSTANTLY TO ADDRESS ELEANOR.)

I must apologize for calling so early, but I was
anxious to speak to you.

2. ELEANOR: No, it's not early.

(AND NOW SHE SWITCHES TO BABY TALK ...)

He's a great big naughty boy ...

(AND BACK.)

He's been pulling my hair I'm afraid.

3. SLOPE: Charming.

4. ELEANOR: (Baby) We must send him away to a great big
rough romping school.

5. SLOPE: Where the masters don't have such beautiful long
hair to be dishevelled.

6. ELEANOR: (Embarrassed) Oh ... well ...

7. SLOPE: May I speak openly, Mrs Bold?

8. ELEANOR: Erm ...

9. SLOPE: Is your father anxious to go back to the hospital?

10. ELEANOR: The hospital? Why don't you ask him?

11. SLOPE: That wouldn't serve, I fear. No one can esteem
Mr Harding more than I do, but I doubt if the
feeling is reciprocal.

1. ELEANOR: Oh, Mr Slope –
2. SLOPE: And when we spoke, he gave me the impression that he didn't wish to return.
3. ELEANOR: No!
4. SLOPE: No?
5. ELEANOR: No, he said ... I'm sure he only meant he was concerned. About these conditions.
6. SLOPE: Conditions?
7. ELEANOR: New conditions. Which he feels unable to –
8. SLOPE: (Laugh) No, no, there'll be no conditions.
9. ELEANOR: No?
10. SLOPE: None to stand in his way. Unfortunately certain persons at the palace – I do not mean the bishop – told me Mr Harding intended to refuse. As a consequence, the bishop has offered the place to Mr Quiverful.
11. ELEANOR: To Mr Quiverful? Oh.
12. SLOPE: I'm afraid so.
13. ELEANOR: Then there's an end of it.
14. SLOPE: No, my friend, not so. That's why I'm here. To help as I can.
15. ELEANOR: Yes but if Mr Quiverful's been offered the post ...
16. SLOPE: Well, I wonder. Perhaps if your father spoke to Quiverful himself ... ?
17. ELEANOR: What, ask a man with fourteen children to give up his preferment? He won't do that, I know he won't. Oh ... poor father ...

PasB Script for Barchester Towers Part One: The New Bishop

1. SLOPE: It cuts me to the heart to see you so grieved. Let me speak to the bishop and see what I can do.
2. ELEANOR: Thank you, Mr Slope.
3. SLOPE: No, I don't want thanks. I simply want to make friends in this fold to which it has pleased God to call me as one of the humblest of his shepherds. May God bless you, Mrs Bold, you and your darling baby.

MUSIC IN 53'28": Sneaky Scoundrel Mix 7 composers David Tobin/Jeff Meegan/Julian Gallant (Audio Network)

MUSIC OUT: duration 15"

MUSIC TAKES US TO ...

SCENE FORTY ONE

NEXT MORNING. THE BISHOP IS AT HIS OPEN WINDOW. IN THE
DISTANCE THE ARCHDEACON IS MARCHING TOWARDS THE
CATHEDRAL. WE CAN HEAR HIM SINGING A MILITARY HYMN.

Archdeacon Grantly singing:

1. BISHOP: Oh dear.

(HE CLOSES THE WINDOW.)

Mr Slope!
2. SLOPE: (Close) My lord?
3. BISHOP: Oh. Archdeacon Grantly's on his way.
4. SLOPE: Is he?
5. BISHOP: Yes ... and I find I'm rather unwell at the moment.
6. SLOPE: Oh dear.
7. BISHOP: Not quite the thing in my stomach. I don't
suppose ...
8. SLOPE: Shall I see him for you, my lord?
9. BISHOP: Thank you, Slope. And ... tell him as civilly as
possible that the wardenship has been offered to
Mr Quiverful.
10. SLOPE: To ... ? But, my lord, I understood –
11. BISHOP: (Laughing nervously) Ah ... yes, Mr Slope ... ha
... sh-shh... ah ...
12. SLOPE: My lord?
13. BISHOP: Yes ... ah-ah ... (Whispering) The door, the door
...
14. SLOPE: (Whispering) The door?

1. BISHOP: (Whispering) Yes. Mrs P. You understand?
2. SLOPE: (Whispering) Ah, yes, I think so.
3. BISHOP: (Lifting his voice) So, yes, pray be civil ... but make the archdeacon understand that Mr Harding has put it out of my power to oblige him.

OUT.

SCENE FORTY TWO

THAT AFTERNOON. ELEANOR'S DRAWING ROOM. THE
ARCHDEACON FLINGS DOWN HIS NOTE.

1. GRANTLY: Look at this!
2. ELEANOR: What is it?
3. GRANTLY: A note, from Slope! I went to the palace this morning. No bishop. Not a sign. Instead a note is sent down granting me the honour of speaking to him.
4. ELEANOR: To Mr Slope?
5. GRANTLY: Ridiculous!
6. HARDING: (Uncrumpling the note) Oh dear ... it says the bishop's ill.
7. GRANTLY: Pah! He was well enough yesterday.
8. HARDING: Did you see him?
9. GRANTLY: Slope? Of course not! I tell you, the sooner Arabin gets here the better.
10. ELEANOR: I wish you had. If only you'd bothered to speak to him, you might find there's no need for these Arabins from Oxford.
11. GRANTLY: What?
12. ELEANOR: You should've seen him.
13. GRANTLY: Slope? Why should I lower myself?
14. ELEANOR: I talked to him yesterday and didn't find myself lowered by it. Mr Slope only has friendly intentions.
15. GRANTLY: Friendly intentions!

1. ELEANOR: I believe you greatly wrong him, both of you.
2. GRANTLY/HARDING: Pah!/Oh, no, listen, Eleanor –
3. ELEANOR: But clearly you're determined to shun the poor man. Without even listening to him.

(SHE SWEEPS OUT.)
4. GRANTLY: What brought that about?
5. HARDING: I'm afraid Eleanor has the idea that Slope is meek and charitable.
6. GRANTLY: Slope? How can she possibly ... ?
7. HARDING: He said nice things about the baby.
8. GRANTLY: With his greasy face and oily manners?
9. HARDING: Oh dear. I hardly wish her to hate the man ...
10. GRANTLY: Why not? We do.
11. HARDING: But I'd prefer it to her loving him.
12. GRANTLY: Loving him?
13. HARDING: God forgive me, if I wrong him, **Theophilus**, but I fear he may be planning to marry Eleanor.

MUSIC IN 56'18": Fallen heroes Mix 1 composers David Tobin/Jeff Meegan/Julian Gallant (Audio Network)

duration 30"

And Fallen Mix 5 composers David Tobin/Jeff Meegan/Julian Gallant (Audio Network)

duration 35"

End Credits:

In Part 1 of Barchester Towers by Anthony Trollope, dramatized for radio by Nick Warburton, Mrs. Baxter is Maggie Steed; Mr Harding, Tim Pigott-Smith and Eleanor Bold, Clare Price. Archdeacon Grantly is Malcolm Sinclair; Slope, Richard Lumsden; Bishop Proudie, James Lailey and Mrs Proudie, Joanna Monro. Madeline Neroni is Katherine Parkinson; Bertie, Joel MacCormack; Mrs Quiverful, Carolyn Pickles and the Clergyman, John Norton.

The music is composed by David Tobin, Jeff Meegan and Julian Gallant.

The director is Marion Nancarrow.

FINAL DURATION: 56'59"