



### Cast

<b>Mrs. Baxter</b>	Maggie Steed(1 <sup>st</sup> day)
<b>Mr. Harding</b>	Tim Pigott-Smith(1 <sup>st</sup> day)
<b>The Archdeacon (Grantly)</b>	Malcolm Sinclair(1 <sup>st</sup> day)
<b>Eleanor Bold</b>	Claire Price
<b>Obadiah Slope</b>	Richard Lumsden
<b>Madeline Neroni</b>	Katherine Parkinson(1 <sup>st</sup> day)
<b>Mr. Arabin</b>	Steve Touissant
<b>Bishop Proudie</b>	James Lailey
<b>Mrs. Proudie</b>	Joanna Monro
<b>Mrs. Quiverful/Maid</b>	Carolyn Pickles
<b>Mr. Quiverful; Clergyman; Snooty Servant</b>	John Norton

### PRE-CREDITS

MUSIC IN: 0:00 - Fallen Heroes Mix 1 (composers David Tobin, Jeff Meegan and Julian Gallant, Audio Network)

MRS BAXTER: Barsetshire. That little piece of heaven, conjured by the good Lord out of church bells and bees wings and a slow breeze in the summer leaves. Not quite so peaceful now that Mrs Proudie's been installed. The new bishop's been installed, I mean. With his chaplain, Mr Slope. Oh yes, there's division now in Barchester: the archdeacon and his

party on the one hand, the bishop and his on the other. And Obadiah Slope is not a man to be ignored, with his greasy face and his oily manners, and, so they fear, his designs on Eleanor Bold.

Credits:

Barchester Towers by Anthony Trollope, dramatized for radio by  
Nick Warburton

With Maggie Steed, Tim Pigott-Smith, Richard Lumsden and Katherine  
Parkinson

Part 2: Things Unsaid

**SCENE ONE**

AN UPPER ROOM IN THE VICARAGE OF ST EWOLD'S. UNCARPETED, UNFURNISHED. ELEANOR STANDS AT THE WINDOW, LOOKING OUT, UNAWARE OF ARABIN WHO WATCHES HER SHYLY FROM THE DOOR. HE'S NOT SURE WHETHER HE SHOULD SPEAK OR NOT. AFTER A MOMENT ...

1. ARABIN: Mrs Bold?
2. ELEANOR: Oh ... I'm sorry –

**MUSIC OUT: 01:22 (duration 1'22")**

3. ARABIN: I didn't mean to disturb you.
4. ELEANOR: (Recovering) No, you haven't.  
(PAUSE.)  
Well, you'll have excellent views from this window.
5. ARABIN: Yes, indeed –
6. ELEANOR: All the way to Barchester. At least I assume you will.
7. ARABIN: Yes, no ... beautiful.
8. ELEANOR: I mean, I assume they'll be your views.
9. ARABIN: Mine?
10. ELEANOR: Yes. I assume you're Mr ...
11. ELEANOR/ARABIN: (Together) Arabin.
12. ARABIN: Yes.
13. ELEANOR: And this is to be your new vicarage.

1. ARABIN: It is, yes. I'm sorry. I should've said ... I've just ridden over from Oxford, and they told me that Dr Grantly had already gone over to St Ewold's to take a look at the vicarage.
2. ELEANOR: So you came straight over to join us?
3. ARABIN: Yes. Dr Grantly, they said, and his father-in-law and Mrs Bold. And Dr Grantly and Mr Harding are downstairs now, examining the cellar, so I came up here and, well, saw you ... and I guessed ...
4. ELEANOR: I am, yes.
5. MRS B: *So now they've met. After a fashion.*
6. ARABIN: Grantly's sister-in-law. Yes, of course.
7. ELEANOR: You're staying at Plumstead, I believe.
8. ARABIN: With Dr Grantly, yes. Until St Ewold's is refurbished.
9. MRS B: *A champion to pitch in against the new bishop and Mr Slope. Forty years old, and from Oxford, so he knows nothing about women. ~~But now he's seen Eleanor Bold, standing at the window of an empty room, looking across the fields to Barchester.~~*

CROSSFADE TO ...

**SCENE TWO**

MR HARDING AND THE ARCHDEACON ARE EXAMINING THE CELLAR.  
THEY TAP WALLS AND STAMP ...

1. GRANTLY: Hmm ... I don't like the look of this ...  
  
(TAP, TAP.)  
  
Arabin! Arabin! Where is the man?
2. HARDING: He went upstairs, I think.
3. GRANTLY: He'll have to do something about this cellar. It's perfectly abominable.
4. HARDING: Well –
5. GRANTLY: You can't keep wine in here. Of course, his predecessor never had a glass of wine fit for any man to drink. Arabin! Come and look at this!

(WE GO TO ...)

**SCENE THREE: THE UPPER ROOM. ARABIN AND ELEANOR ARE BOTH  
AT THE WINDOW.**

1. ELEANOR: You can see the cathedral from here, look.
2. ARABIN: Oh yes ...
3. MRS B: *Eleanor Bold's also staying at Plumstead. This is to keep her away from Barchester and out of the clutches of Mr Slope. Though, of course, that's not what she's been told.*
4. ELEANOR: And those pointed gables to the right, there ...
5. ARABIN: Yes?
6. ELEANOR: That's Hiram's Hospital.
7. ARABIN: Ah, the battleground.
8. ELEANOR: Battleground?
9. ARABIN: I shall have a complete view of all my adversaries from here, Mrs Bold.
10. ELEANOR: Is that how you see it?
11. ARABIN: I'll be able to lodge shots at the hospital, should the enemy take possession.
12. ELEANOR: I never saw anything like you clergymen. You're always fighting each other.
13. ARABIN: Well, is not ours a church militant?
14. ELEANOR: But each other, Mr Arabin, ~~fighting each other~~.
15. ARABIN: (Light) Ah, I see you condemn me. You're even now composing a letter to the newspapers. "These late wars in Barchester ..."

CROSSFADE TO ...

**SCENE FOUR**

1. HARDING: We shall have to go and find them, Theophilus Grantly.
2. GRANTLY: We shall. (Stopping him) Before we do, though ... A brief word. About Eleanor.
3. HARDING: Oh?
4. GRANTLY: You know she went to see the Stanhopes the other evening?
5. HARDING: Yes, they invited her particularly.
6. GRANTLY: Slope was there.
7. HARDING: Was he? Oh dear.
8. GRANTLY: The bestial Slope. Susan told me. Thank heavens we got her out to Plumstead when we did.
9. HARDING: Well, yes –
10. GRANTLY: Ever since you warned me, I've been haunted by the spectre of Slope as brother-in-law. (He shudders)
11. HARDING: It was only a suspicion, Theophilus. Grantly. ~~We don't know what Slope intends.~~
12. GRANTLY: We know enough to be vigilant. And so we should be, both of us. Because if she agrees to marry Slope, by heaven I'll never speak to her again. I will not pollute myself with such filth as that. Right, let's find Arabin.

CROSSFADE TO ...

**SCENE FIVE**

THE UPPER ROOM. ELEANOR IS BECOMING MORE ANGRY.

1. ELEANOR: I see no reason to mock me, Mr Arabin –
2. ARABIN: No, no –
3. ELEANOR: To make light of what I say.
4. ARABIN: (Serious) No, I'm sorry ... I only meant –
5. ELEANOR: Clergymen *are* always quarrelling. Why can't they be more tolerant?
6. ARABIN: Well, I suppose –
7. ELEANOR: Is that a Christian example to set others, to quarrel all the time?
8. ARABIN: (Subdued) No. Not at all.
9. ELEANOR: No. (Beat) Oh dear. Now I've been cross with you, and we've only just met. And I didn't (mean to be) –

(SHE BREAKS OFF AS THE ARCDEACON AND MR HARDING COME CLATTERING UPSTAIRS.)

10. GRANTLY: Ah, there you are.
11. ARABIN: Grantly ...
12. GRANTLY: That cellar won't do, Arabin.
13. ARABIN: No?
14. GRANTLY: No! It'll have to be roofed, walled *and* floored before you move in. (Going) Come and look at it. Come on!

**MUSIC IN: 5'08"**

**MUSIC:** Sneaky Scoundrel Mix 1 (composers David Tobin, Jeff Meegan and Julian Gallant, Audio Network)



**SCENE SIX**

**A DAY OR TWO LATER. IN THE BISHOP'S STABLE SLOPE IS  
SADDLING A HORSE.**

1. SLOPE: (To the horse) Steady, steady ...

**FX: THE HORSE QUIETENS.**

2. MRS B: *Mr Slope, the bishop's chaplain, prepares to ride out to Puddingdale to see Mr Quiverful. Mr Quiverful ...*

**MUSIC OUT: 5'27"**

3. SLOPE: Four hundred a year and fourteen children.

4. MRS B: *Is Mrs Proudie's candidate for the wardenship of Hiram's Hospital. But, if the post should go to Mr Harding instead, then Mr Slope will hope that Eleanor Bold ...*

5. SLOPE: Widow, twelve hundred a year.

6. MRS B: *Will look favourably on him, for all his help.*

7. SLOPE: And that's a way to a wife and money.

8. MRS B: *So he must ride out to Puddingdale, to disappoint Mr Quiverful.*

9. SLOPE: ~~And~~ as for the bishop's good lady ... well, she and I must come to blows, I'm afraid.

(HE MOUNTS THE HORSE ...)

One of us must go to the wall. And it won't be me.

**MUSIC IN: 5'59"** (Sneaky Scoundrel Mix 9 composed by David Tobin, Jeff Meegan and Julian Gallant, Audio Network)

**MUSIC OUT: 6'02"**

**FX: AND RIDES OUT OF THE STABLE.**

CROSSFADE TO ...

**SCENE SEVEN**

A CARRIAGE ON ITS WAY TO BARCHESTER. THE SAME DAY.

ELEANOR AND ARABIN ARE GETTING ON WELL.

1. MRS B: *Meanwhile, Eleanor and Mr Arabin take a carriage from Plumstead to the Stanhopes in Barchester. For tea.*
2. ELEANOR: Dr Stanhope's just returned from Italy.
3. ARABIN: On holiday?
4. ELEANOR: Not exactly. He went there for his throat – he had a sore throat ...
5. ARABIN: Oh dear, poor man.
6. ELEANOR: And stayed for twelve years.
7. ARABIN: Twelve years!
8. ELEANOR: Yes. He has a fine collection of butterflies.  
  
(THEY LAUGH.)  
  
But you'll like him, Mr Arabin, I'm sure you will. And his son, Bertie ...
9. MRS B: *Charming and idle. Also with plans to marry Eleanor, though she doesn't know about that yet.*
10. ELEANOR: And his daughter Madeline ...
11. MRS B: *Wicked but very beautiful.*
12. ELEANOR: I told you about her. She's the one who took over an entire sofa at Mrs Proudie's party.
13. ARABIN: (Amused) Ah, I'm to meet the famous Signora, am I?

CROSSFADE TO ...

**SCENE EIGHT**

**LATER THAT DAY. THE GARDEN AT PUDDINGDALE. A BURST OF NOISY CHILDREN.**

1. MRS Q: Well, you know Mr Quiverful – all this talk of fine feelings.
2. MRS B: (To Mrs Quiverful) About the hospital?
3. MRS Q: He offered to stand aside for Mr Harding, you know.
4. MRS B: He didn't! But surely –
5. MRS Q: Exactly. Fourteen mouths to feed. I told him, I said, Mr Harding's a dear, sweet man but you can't go around acting so soft while everybody else is so griping. That's Q all over, though.

**FX: IN THE DISTANCE, SLOPE APPROACHES ON HORSEBACK.**

6. MRS B: But, Letitia, the hospital is yours, isn't it? Mr Slope promised.
7. MRS Q: Oh yes, it's ours for certain.
8. SLOPE: (Distant) Mrs Quiverful!
9. MRS Q: Oh, my word, he's back.
10. MRS B: ~~So he is.~~ And just when we're talking of him.
11. SLOPE: (Arriving) Mrs Quiverful, I hope I find you well.

**MUSIC IN: 7'28" (Two to Tango Mix 5 composed by David Tobin, Jeff Meegan and Julian Gallant, Audio Network)**

**CROSSFADE TO ...**

**SCENE NINE**

**THE TEA PARTY WITH THE STANHOPEs. GENTLE CONVERSATION IN  
THE BACKGROUND.**

1. ARABIN: I've heard a great deal about you, Signora.
2. MADELINE: And all of it scandalous, I hope.
3. ARABIN: (Thrown) Oh ... well ...
4. MADELINE: I did want you to meet Mr Slope but it seems he has duties to perform. Have your paths crossed yet?

**MUSIC OUT: 7'43"**

5. ARABIN: Not yet, no.
6. MADELINE: Then I hope to be there when they do.
7. ELEANOR: Mr Arabin's not much in Barchester at the moment.
8. ARABIN: No, I'm staying out at Plumstead.
9. MADELINE: Of course. You both are. What a party it must be out there. Now, Eleanor, you will favour me, won't you by speaking to my brother.
10. ELEANOR: To Bertie? Of course.
11. MADELINE: He's in the other room. He particularly wants to show you his sketches.
12. ELEANOR: Oh ... erm ...
13. MADELINE: No, no, you needn't concern yourself about me. Mr Arabin will keep me company.

**MUSIC IN: 8'11"** (Two to Tango Mix 13 composed by David Tobin, Jeff Meegan and Julian Gallant, Audio Network)

**MUSIC OUT: 8'19"**

**CROSSFADE TO ...**

**SCENE TEN**

**THE GARDEN AT PUDDINGDALE.**

1. SLOPE: I'm afraid, Mrs Quiverful, that this has been a most troublesome matter from first to last.
2. MRS Q: Has it?
3. SLOPE: The bishop hardly knows how to act.
4. MRS Q: Oh dear. You don't mean ... ?
5. SLOPE: Perhaps you should take me to see Mr Quiverful.

OUT.

**SCENE ELEVEN**

THE CARRIAGE AGAIN. ELEANOR AND ARABIN RETURN FROM THE PARTY. THIS TIME THE ATMOSPHERE IS TENSE.

1. ARABIN: Charming.  
  
(ELEANOR SAYS NOTHING.)  
  
Didn't you think? The tea party?
2. ELEANOR: Yes, I'm sure.
3. ARABIN: The Stanhopes, the Signora ... all very charming.
4. ELEANOR: Oh, indeed?
5. ARABIN: Well ... poor woman. I've never met so much suffering joined to such perfect beauty and so clear a mind.
6. ELEANOR: Really?
7. ARABIN: Wouldn't you say?  
  
(SHE DOESN'T ANSWER.)  
  
Mrs Bold?

CROSSFADE TO ...

**SCENE TWELVE**

**THE GARDEN AT PUDDINGDALE, A LITTLE LATER.**

1. SLOPE: Perhaps in my anxiety on your behalf I committed myself further than I should've done, Mr Quiverful.
2. QUIVERFUL: Oh?
3. SLOPE: It now appears that Mr Harding did not refuse it ...
4. QUIVERFUL: Oh.
5. SLOPE: And I'm sure you have no wish to take an income which belongs by right to another.
6. QUIVERFUL: Well ... er ...
7. SLOPE: No, of course not. However, if you would allow me to advise you, as a friend ...

CROSSFADE TO ...

**SCENE THIRTEEN**

MRS QUIVERFUL CRYING HEARTILY. THE KITCHEN AT  
PUDDINGDALE, A LITTLE LATER.

1. MRS B: (To Mrs Q) Withdraw? Oh, Mrs Q ... Letitia ...  
  
(MRS QUIVERFUL CRIES AND TRIES TO SPEAK.)  
  
But, surely, Mr Slope offered your husband the post.  
  
(MRS Q'S REPLY IS AGAIN INARTICULATE THROUGH HER TEARS.)  
  
Were there no witnesses?
2. MRS Q: Witnesses? Do clergymen need witnesses?
3. MRS B: Well –
4. MRS Q: Witnesses indeed! They shall know about  
this, they shall. You know what he said,  
Mrs Baxter?
5. MRS B: Mr Slope?
6. MRS Q: He said Q wouldn't be the poorer for  
withdrawing from the post.
7. MRS B: Well –
8. MRS Q: (Mimicking) "Though that mustn't be taken as a formal  
promise." Well, it won't be by me because I know he  
don't keep his promises.
9. MRS B: Well –
10. MRS Q: They shall hear about this, Mrs Baxter.  
I shall scream it into their ears.
11. MRS B: Oh. Is that wise?
12. MRS Q: From the middle of Barchester.
13. MRS B: Perhaps ~~we~~ ~~you~~ should wait a little while – ?



1. MRS Q: Shall we feed the children by waiting? Will waiting enable my poor girls to give up some of their drudgery?
2. MRS B: Oh dear –
3. MRS Q: Oh, poor, poor Q ... He's too good, Mrs Baxter, too yielding. They use him then they throw him aside like an old shoe. What a heart she must have ... to treat him like this!
4. MRS B: You mean Mrs Proudie?
5. MRS Q: Yes, her.
6. MRS B: But it might not be her doing, Letitia.
7. MRS Q: Of course it is! Slope's merely her creature. She should be told.
8. MRS B: By you?
9. MRS Q: By me. I'll go to the palace and I'll be perfectly submissive. But if I have to ...
10. MRS B: What?
11. MRS Q: I'll be violent.
12. MRS B: Oh!
13. MRS Q: You won't tell Q I'm going, though, will you?

CROSSFADE TO ...

**SCENE FOURTEEN**

A ROOM AT THE PALACE, SOME DAYS LATER. OUTSIDE THE  
CATHEDRAL BELLS CHIME THE HOUR.

**MUSIC IN: 11'15"** (English Waltz Mix 7 composed by David Tobin, Jeff Meegan and Julian Gallant, Audio Network)

1. MRS B: *She's always had a good heart, poor Mrs Quiverful has. And all this has made her determined. A day or so after Mr Slope's visit she puts on her bonnet and shawl and, armed with the family umbrella, walks to Barchester. Four miles. When she gets to the palace, though, she doesn't feel quite so determined. She sees her poor old umbrella and her ragged shawl and she knows they won't command much respect here.*

**MUSIC OUT: 11' 36"**

(A DOOR OPENS ABRUPTLY.)

2. SNOOTY SERVANT: You wished to see someone?
3. MRS Q: (Standing) Yes. I do.
4. MRS B: *But she does have something that might.*
5. MRS Q: (To the snooty servant) I am Mrs Quiverful of Puddingdale and I wish to see Mrs Proudie.
6. SNOOTY SERVANT: Oh, you do, do you? Well, I don't know if my lady's in at the moment.
7. MRS Q: Look here, my man, I must see her. This is my card. (Handing it to him) And ...
- (SHE HANDS HIM A COIN.)
8. SNOOTY SERVANT: I see. Perhaps you'll wait there a moment, ma'am.

9. MRS B: *And there's her respect. A whole half-crown. Her last half-crown.*

OUT.

### **SCENE FIFTEEN**

THE BISHOP'S STUDY, MOMENTS LATER. THE BISHOP IS READING A LETTER HE'S KEEN TO DISCUSS.

1. BISHOP: (Reading) Hmm ... Interesting ... Yes. Very interesting ...
2. MRS P: What is?
3. BISHOP: Oh ... an invitation, my dear, from the archbishop.
4. MRS P: Oh?
5. BISHOP: Asking me to spend a couple of days with him. In Canterbury.
6. MRS P: You?
7. BISHOP: Yes.
8. MRS P: Alone?
9. BISHOP: Erm ...
10. MRS P: His grace makes no reference to 'us'?
11. BISHOP: (Checking, though he knows) Erm ... No, no, it seems not ... just me –
12. MRS P: In that case, it's not possible to accept.
13. BISHOP: No?
14. MRS P: No.

PasB Script Barchester Towers Part Two: Things Unsaid

1. BISHOP: Well although ... I mean, it's a visit I'd very much like to ... I mean, if we could ... were it at all possible ...
2. MRS P: But it isn't, bishop. Is it?
3. BISHOP: Well ... no ...
4. MRS P: Then you must write back now and say so.  
(THE SERVANT KNOCKS AND ENTERS.)

Come.

5. SNOOTY SERVANT: A Mrs Quiverful to see you, my lady.

MUSIC IN: 13'15" (English Waltz Mix 5 composed by David Tobin, Jeff Meegan, Julian Gallant, Audio Network)

CROSSFADE TO ...

**SCENE SIXTEEN**

PALACE ROOM, AS BEFORE. MRS QUIVERFUL, ALONE, IS  
PRACTISING INDIGNATION ...

1. MRS Q: Indignant, Letitia, you can be indignant ...  
“It’s wrong, Mrs Proudie ... a good man wronged” ...  
(SHE MIMICS A SUBMISSIVE MRS PROUDIE.)  
“Oh, but my dear Mrs Quiverful ...”

(And her forceful answer) “No, Mrs Proudie! Just tell me why, why were we  
promised – ”

(MRS PROUDIE ENTERS ABRUPTLY.)

**MUSIC OUT: 13’32”**

2. MRS P: Mrs Quiverful?
3. MRS Q: (Cowed) Oh, erm ...
4. MRS P: Is it decided yet when you are to move into  
Barchester?
5. MRS Q: Oh, Mrs Proudie, I fear we are not to move to  
Barchester at all.
6. MRS P: Oh?
7. MRS Q: No, because Mr Harding’s to be the warden after all.  
Mr Slope came out to Puddingdale to tell us so. And  
yet he said the first time he came, Mr Slope did, he  
promised Mr Quiverful ... at least, we took him to  
mean –
8. MRS P: (Simmering) Mr Slope?
9. MRS Q: Yes.
10. MRS P: Mr Slope has said all this?

11. MRS Q: Yes. He said, he told us –
1. MRS P: Thank you, Mrs Quiverful. If you'll wait here a moment  
...
2. MRS Q: Oh, Mrs Proudie, it's for fourteen children I ask, for  
fourteen children.
3. MRS P: Yes, I am aware of that. Please wait. I shall return.
- OUT.

**SCENE SEVENTEEN**

**THE BISHOP'S STUDY. SLOPE IS LOOKING AT THE LETTER WITH THE BISHOP.**

1. BISHOP: You see what I mean, Slope? The archbishop asks me particularly, that's the thing.
2. SLOPE: Then it would surely be prudent to accept, my lord –  
(THE DOOR OPENS.)
3. MRS P: My lord, we must have a word or two about ...  
(SHE NOTICES THE LETTER AND BREAKS OFF.)
4. BISHOP: My dear? Is anything (wrong) –
5. MRS P: You have the invitation to Canterbury.
6. BISHOP: Do I?
7. MRS P: There, between your fingers.
8. BISHOP: Oh, this.
9. MRS P: A decision was made about that. Can you still be discussing it?
10. BISHOP: No, not exactly ...
11. MRS P: If everything must be discussed twice, the work of the diocese will be too much, even for me.
12. BISHOP: Ah but –
13. MRS P: No, no more. The matter has been decided. Now tell me about Quiverful.
14. BISHOP: Quiverful?

1. SLOPE: I have been to Puddingdale, ma'am. Mr Quiverful has abandoned his claim because he's now aware that Mr Harding wishes to fill his old place. I have therefore strongly advised his lordship –
2. MRS P: Mr Quiverful has not abandoned anything. His lordship's word has been pledged to him.
3. BISHOP: Yes, well –
4. SLOPE: Perhaps I ought not to interfere, but yet –
5. MRS P: Certainly you ought not.
6. SLOPE: But yet I feel it my duty to recommend the bishop not to slight Mr Harding's claims.
7. MRS P: Mr Harding should have known his own mind.
8. SLOPE: His lordship, as I understand, feels it to be his duty to gratify Mr Harding. It's clear that in the interview I had with Mr Harding I misunderstood him.
9. MRS P: And it's equally clear that you've misunderstood Mr Quiverful. What business have you at all with these interviews? Who commissioned you to manage this affair?  
  
(PAUSE.)  
  
Will you answer me, sir? Who sent you to speak to Mr Quiverful?  
  
(PAUSE.)  
  
Well?
10. BISHOP: (Head) *If only they'd fight it out between them.*
11. MRS P: Will you answer me, sir?
12. BISHOP: (Head) *Fight till one kill the other utterly.*



1. MRS P: Do you intend to answer me, sir?
2. BISHOP: (Head) *Metaphorically, of course.*
3. SLOPE: I think, Mrs Proudie, that under the circumstances it will be better for me not to.
4. MRS P: Did anyone send you, sir?
5. SLOPE: My duty in this matter is to his lordship. I can admit of no questioning but from him.
6. MRS P: In that case, Mr Slope, I will trouble you to leave the room. I wish to speak to my lord alone.
7. BISHOP: (Head) *No, don't ... Don't go ...*
8. MRS P: I wish to be alone with my lord.
9. SLOPE: His lordship has summoned me on important diocesan business. My leaving at the present moment is, I fear, impossible.
10. MRS P: Do you bandy words with me, you ungrateful man? My lord!
11. BISHOP: Yes?
12. MRS P: Will you ask Mr Slope to leave the room?
13. BISHOP: Erm ... (Head) *Stay firm, stay firm.*
14. MRS P: My lord, is Mr Slope to leave this room, or am I?
15. BISHOP: Ah ...
16. MRS P: Am I to be vouchsafed an answer or am I not?
17. BISHOP: Why, my dear, Mr Slope and I are very busy.
18. MRS P: Busy?
19. BISHOP: (Head) *I've done it.*
20. MRS P: Busy?

1. BISHOP: (Head) *I have faced the fury of the foe ...*  
(THE DOOR SLAMS AS MRS PROUDIE LEAVES.)  
*And I've won! How easy, really. One only has to be true to oneself.*
  2. SLOPE: May I say, my lord ... ?
  3. BISHOP: (Head) *I am ... every inch a bishop!*
  4. SLOPE: My lord?
  5. BISHOP: Hmm?
  6. SLOPE: You'll surely get yourself in hot water if you allow Mrs Proudie to interfere in matters which are not suitable for a woman's powers.
  7. BISHOP: Yes, I think perhaps you're right.
  8. SLOPE: I wonder ... should we now send a note of acceptance to the Archbishop of Canterbury?
- OUT.

**SCENE EIGHTEEN**

THE PALACE ROOM, AS BEFORE. MRS PROUDIE COMES IN,  
SUBDUED AND SHAKEN.

**MUSIC IN: 17'32** (English Waltz Mix 5 composed by David Tobin, Jeff Meegan and Julian Gallant, Audio Network)

1. MRS Q: Mrs Proudie?
2. MRS P: Yes ... please sit ...
3. MRS Q: Are you ... quite well?
4. MRS P: (Sharp) Do sit down, Mrs Quiverful!  
(MRS QUIVERFUL SITS.)
5. MRS Q: Yes.
6. MRS P: I find your husband has behaved in a very weak and foolish manner.

**MUSIC OUT: 17'49"**

7. MRS Q: Oh.
8. MRS P: It's impossible to help people who will not help themselves. I fear I can now do nothing for you in this matter.
9. MRS Q: Oh, please don't say so. Fourteen children, Mrs Proudie ...
10. MRS P: Yes, I know about the –
11. MRS Q: Fourteen! (Tearful) And barely bread to put on the table ...
12. MRS P: (To herself) They cannot do this ... Oh, this is horrible.
13. MRS Q: I'm sorry, I'm sorry ...

14. MRS P: And I will not have it.

PasB Script Barchester Towers Part Two: Things Unsaid

1. MRS Q: I'm sorry, I can't help it –
2. MRS P: No, not you ... I mean I won't have it, Mrs Quiverful. I will not have it done.
3. MRS Q: You won't?
4. MRS P: No. Trust me, I shall insist on this appointment. Insist on it.
5. MRS Q: Oh, Mrs Proudie ...
6. MRS P: Stop crying.
7. MRS B: *So ... there is a heart inside that stiff-ribbed bodice. Not a very big one, perhaps, but still ...*

**MUSIC IN: 18'37"** (Sneaky Scoundrel Mix 6 composed by David Tobin, Jeff Meegan and Julian Gallant, Audio Network)

MUSIC TAKES US TO ...

**SCENE NINETEEN**

THE BISHOP'S DINING ROOM. DINNER IS BEING SERVED AS THE  
BISHOP COMES IN.

1. MRS B: *Dinner at the Proudies ...*
2. BISHOP: Ah, yes ... everything ready, I see.
3. MRS P: Indeed it is.
4. MRS B: *Where all is calm.*
5. BISHOP: Excellent.
6. MRS B: *No reprisals. So the poor bishop thinks he's made his stand and his days of slavery are over.*
7. BISHOP: (Head) *I'm about to enter a free land, delicious with milk and honey.*
8. MRS P: My lord.
9. BISHOP: (Frightened) Yes?
10. MRS P: The peas.
11. BISHOP: Oh. Yes. The peas.  
*(Head) I'm safe. Nothing's happened.*
12. MRS B: *Nothing has happened. But, of course, his daughters and the servants are there, and they protect him.*  
*(THE PEAS ARE PASSED.)*
13. BISHOP: My dear.
14. MRS P: Thank you, bishop.
15. MRS B: *But later ...*

MUSIC TAKES US TO ...

**SCENE TWENTY**

THE BEDROOM. THE DOOR CREAKS OPEN WITH A HORROR FILM CREAK.

1. MRS B: *Midnight, in the bedroom ...*

**MUSIC OUT: 19'36"**

2. MRS P: Come in, bishop. I've been waiting for you ...

3. BISHOP: No ... please ...

4. MRS P: Come in, come in now!

**MUSIC IN: 19'47"** (Sneaky Scoundrel Mix 13 composed by David Tobin, Jeff Meegan and Julian Gallant, Audio Network)

**MUSIC OUT: 19'50"**

(HER VOICE REVERBERATES. THE DOOR SHUTS WITH AN OMINOUS THUD. WE REMAIN OUTSIDE BUT THE BISHOP'S FRIGHTENED VOICE CAN BE HEARD THROUGH THE DOOR.)

5. BISHOP: Aargh!

~~MUSIC TAKES US TO ...~~

**SCENE TWENTY ONE**

**THE BISHOP'S STUDY. SLOPE IS WRITING.**

1. SLOPE: My dear Mrs Bold ...
2. MRS B: *Mr Slope, keeping himself busy.*
3. SLOPE: I cannot preclude myself from the pleasure of sending you these few lines to say that Mr Q has today resigned any claim to the wardenship, and that the bishop has assured me that it is his intention to offer it to your esteemed father. Will you ask him to call either on Wednesday or Thursday, between ten and one? I still hope that with your aid we may attach such a Sabbath Day school as may, by God's grace, be a blessing to the poor of this city.

I hope my darling little friend Johnny is as strong as ever, dear little fellow. Does he still continue his rude assaults on those beautiful silken tresses?

4. MRS B: (Shocked) ~~Silken Beautiful~~ tresses?
5. SLOPE: Pray believe me, my dear Mrs Bold, yours most sincerely, Obadiah Slope.
6. MRS B: *Oh no. Gentlemen don't write to ladies about their tresses; unless they're on intimate terms.*

(SLOPE SINGS TO HIMSELF AS HE CHANGES HIS SHIRT ...)

*But worse than this, having finished his letter ... what's this? He puts on a clean shirt, prepares a clean necktie ... He's going out! Where can he be going, after writing a letter such as that?*

CROSSFADE FROM SLOPE'S TUNELESS SINGING TO ...



**SCENE TWENTY TWO**

**ELEANOR'S MUCH SWEETER SINGING AS SHE WALKS IN THE  
GARDEN AT PLUMSTEAD.**

1. MRS B: *Quite unaware that this letter will soon be on its way to her ...*
2. ARABIN: (Arriving) Oh ... Mrs Bold ...
3. MRS B: *Eleanor takes a walk in the archdeacon's garden at Plumstead.*
4. ELEANOR: Mr Arabin.
5. ARABIN: May I, I wonder ... ? Unless you'd prefer to walk alone ...
6. ELEANOR: No, no ...
7. MRS B: *If you remember, the last time we were with Eleanor and Mr Arabin, she was unaccountably upset to hear that he found the Signora charming. And, if the truth be told, he was inexplicably troubled to think she might've admired Bertie Stanhope's sketches. But these things don't last.*
8. ELEANOR: No, please do. Unless you have sermons to write or ...
9. ARABIN: No. I mean, yes. Yes, I have ...
10. ELEANOR: Then ...
11. ARABIN: But I can make a slightly shorter sermon. My congregation might be grateful for that.

(ELEANOR AND ARABIN LAUGH AS THEY STROLL AWAY FROM US.)

**MUSIC IN: 22'21"** (Sneaky Scoundrel Mix 8 composed by David Tobin, Jeff Meegan and Julian Gallant, Audio Network)

CROSSFADE TO ...

**SCENE TWENTY THREE**

**DR STANHOPE'S FRONT DOOR. SLOPE IS KNOCKING.**

1. MRS B: *Now here's Mr Slope knocking at someone's front door.*

**FX: ANOTHER KNOCK.**

*And yes, smartened up. There's the clean necktie and a clean handkerchief and ... (sniffing) Hmm. A dab of not unnecessary scent.*

**FX: THE DOOR OPENS AS HE KNOCKS.**

2. SLOPE: Is **Dr** Stanhope at home?
3. MAID: I don't think he is.
4. MRS B: *The Stanhopes. Of course. That explains the scent.*

**MUSIC OUT: 22'50"**

5. MAID: But the Signora says to say she's in the drawing-room, if you wish to see her.

CROSSFADE TO ...

**SCENE TWENTY FOUR**

**THE DRAWING-ROOM. SLOPE ENTERS.**

1.     MADELINE:     Ah, my friend, I was this instant writing to you.
2.     SLOPE:         Signora ...  
  
                      (HE KISSES HER HAND.)  
  
                      Charmed.
3.     MRS B:         *He seems so big and awkward, stooping over her.*  
                      *And so red.*
4.     MADELINE:     (Head) *My hand in his, like a rose among carrots.*
5.     SLOPE:         (Slobbering over her hand) Charmed.
6.     MADELINE:     Now my scrawl may go into the basket.  
  
                      (SHE SCREWS UP THE LETTER.)
7.     SLOPE:         Indeed it shall not. (Taking it) Nothing you write for my  
                      eyes, Signora, shall be so desecrated.
8.     MADELINE:     Gracious me, Mr Slope, I hope you don't keep all the  
                      trash I write to you. Why have you come?
9.     SLOPE:         Why have I come?
10.    MADELINE:     So particularly to see me?
11.    SLOPE:         (Suave) A little business, perhaps.
12.    MADELINE:     Business? You're a man to mingle love and business,  
                      are you?
13.    SLOPE:         Love? Did I say – ?
14.    MADELINE:     If so, don't. Take my advice. Forget love.
15.    SLOPE:         What?

1.     MADELINE:     There's no happiness in love, except at the end of an English novel. Only in money is there something to be enjoyed.
2.     SLOPE:         But ... you don't believe that, not in your heart.
3.     MADELINE:     Oh? You really imagine I have such a thing?
4.     SLOPE:         As a heart? I know you do.  
  
                       (HE MOVES TOWARDS HER.)  
  
                       Oh, Madeline!
5.     MADELINE:     Well, my name is Madeline, yes.
6.     SLOPE:         (Kneeling) Madeline ...
7.     MADELINE:     Oh? You kneel? Am I to understand ... is this a declaration of love?
8.     SLOPE:         Yes! I love you with a love passing the love of man.
9.     MADELINE:     But are you not to be married to my dear friend Eleanor Bold?
10.    SLOPE:         What?
11.    MADELINE:     That's what I've heard ...
12.    SLOPE:         No, no ... I ... er ...
13.    MADELINE:     And I can see it in your face. You swear you're devoted to me, yet you're about to marry another.
14.    SLOPE:         But ... I'm not.
15.    MADELINE:     The perfect English beauty. And rich. Just the person for you.
16.    SLOPE:         Oh, Signora, how can you be so cruel?
17.    MADELINE:     Is that cruel?

1. SLOPE: How can I love another while my heart is entirely yours?  
(HE'S NOW SLOBBERING OVER HER HAND ...)
2. MADELINE: And if Signor Neroni were to come to Barchester?  
(HE STOPS SLOBBERING.)
3. SLOPE: Signor Neroni?
4. MADELINE: Or have you forgotten him?
5. SLOPE: Um ...
6. MADELINE: And would you dare to call me Mrs Slope before the bishop and Mrs Proudie?
7. SLOPE: I would! If you were free to marry.
8. MADELINE: But I am. Free as the winds. So have your wish. Will you sacrifice the world and prove yourself a true man?
9. SLOPE: I ... I ... That is ...
10. MADELINE: (Laughing) No, I thought not.
11. SLOPE: But I do love you, Madeline. Will you tell me you love me? Do you? Do you love me?  
(SOMEONE IS HEARD CALLING FROM ANOTHER ROOM. Signora ...)

1.     MADELINE:     Ssh. There's someone coming.
2.     SLOPE:         (Struggling up) What ... ?
3.     MADELINE:     You'd better go. But we'll see you here again, won't we?
4.     SLOPE:         Yes. (Going) Tomorrow.
5.     MADELINE:     Tomorrow, Obadiah.

**MUSIC IN: 25'53"**     (Two to Tango Mix 5 composed by David Tobin, Jeff Meegan and Julian Gallant, Audio Network)

(HE LEAVES.)

(Head) *Well, if I can lure him away from Eleanor Bold, so much the better.*

6.     MRS B:         *Of course. And that'll leave the way clear for brother Bertie.*
7.     MADELINE:     (Head) *Such a delightful game to play.*

**MUSIC OUT: 26'11"**

MUSIC TAKES US TO ...

**SCENE TWENTY FIVE**

THE NEXT DAY. THE ARCHDEACON'S CARRIAGE. GRANTLY AND MR  
HARDING ARE DRIVING BACK TO PLUMSTEAD.

1. MRS B: *And that letter to Eleanor? What's happened to that?*
2. GRANTLY: I must say, this is hard on me. Very hard. To have all this going on while she's my guest.
3. HARDING: We don't know that anything's going on, do we?
4. GRANTLY: My dear Mr Harding, we have just picked up Eleanor's letters –
5. HARDING: Yes, I know but –
6. GRANTLY: And there's one from Slope.
7. HARDING: It doesn't say it's from Slope.
8. GRANTLY: Look at it. Can you doubt that this is the hand of the enemy?
9. HARDING: It might be entirely innocent.
10. GRANTLY: Pah!
11. HARDING: We don't know –
12. GRANTLY: I assume you don't wish her to marry the man ...
13. HARDING: No!

1. GRANTLY: And you'll admit: she would disgrace herself if she did.
2. HARDING: No, I won't admit that!
3. GRANTLY: You must –
4. HARDING: Of course I won't. If that's what Eleanor chooses to do ...
5. GRANTLY: Then you can be the messenger. Here ...  
(HE TOSSES THE LETTER OVER.)  
Take it. I don't intend to be the bearer of that man's love-letters.

OUT.



**SCENE TWENTY SIX**

THE DINING ROOM AT PLUMSTEAD, SAME DAY. A TENSE AND  
DISAPPROVING DINNER IS TAKING PLACE. NO CONVERSATION.

1. MRS B: *When Eleanor gets the letter she can tell: Dr Grantly disapproves. As does her sister, Susan. And the rest of Plumstead for all she knows. The weight of all that disapproval hangs over the dinner table.*

**FX: QUIET KNIFE AND FORK WORK.**

*Not the usual lively talk.*

2. ARABIN: Yes, indeed. Indeed. A little warmer today, yes.

3. MRS B: *In fact, no one says anything very much until ...*

(ELEANOR SUDDENLY PUSHES HER CHAIR BACK AND STANDS.)

4. ELEANOR: Well, what is it?

5. ARABIN: Mrs Bold, are you – ?

6. ELEANOR: What have I done? I've been found guilty of something –

7. GRANTLY: Eleanor, be seated!

8. ELEANOR: So out with it. Let me know my crime. For heaven's sake let me hear the worst of it!

9. MRS B: *No. She doesn't do that. Though she looks as though she might.*

**FX: BACK TO THE KNIVES AND FORKS ...**

10. ARABIN: May I trouble you for the water?

11. ELEANOR: Yes, of course.

1. MRS B: *Instead she sits there in near silence, like everyone else.*

**FX: A LITTLE TENSE DINNER PLATE SCRAPING.**

*Until the cloth is drawn ...*

(THE LADIES STAND ...)

*And the ladies depart and the gentlemen are left alone.*

(AS THE LADIES LEAVE, GRANTLY POURS WINE.)

2. GRANTLY: (Quietly) A quiet word, Arabin ...
3. ARABIN: Yes?
4. GRANTLY: I thought you ought to know. She's had a letter.
5. ARABIN: Eleanor? I mean, Mrs Bold?
6. GRANTLY: From Slope.
7. ARABIN: Oh dear.
8. GRANTLY: I fear so, I fear so. What do you think?
9. ARABIN: What do I ... ?
10. GRANTLY: About what's to be done? What would you advise?  
Should I speak to her? A quiet word, do you think?

CROSSFADE TO ...

**SCENE TWENTY SEVEN**

**ELEANOR'S ROOM. A TAP AT THE DOOR.**

1. ELEANOR: Who is it?  
  
(MR HARDING OPENS THE DOOR.)
2. HARDING: It's me, my dear ...
3. ELEANOR: (Relieved) Oh, Papa ...
4. HARDING: I wondered how you were. You seemed a little quiet this evening.
5. ELEANOR: Everyone was quiet ...
6. HARDING: Well, yes but –
7. ELEANOR: But they won't be now, will they?
8. HARDING: No?
9. ELEANOR: They'll be talking about me. You know they will.
10. HARDING: They might, but only because Dr Grantly's worried.
11. ELEANOR: Worried? He has no reason to be worried. He's so uncharitable, Papa, so unkind ...
12. HARDING: He never means to be unkind –
13. ELEANOR: And prejudiced. And I know why. It's because Mr Slope has written to me, isn't it?
14. HARDING: Well –
15. ELEANOR: I have his letter. And they *all* hate Mr Slope.
16. HARDING: It's not that, Eleanor –

1. ELEANOR: It is, I know it is. Well, I hate a religion that teaches us to be so one-sided in our charity.  
  
(SHE TAKES OUT THE LETTER.)  
  
Here, this is the letter.
2. HARDING: Oh.
3. ELEANOR: I want you to read it. It concerns you anyway.
4. HARDING: Me?
5. ELEANOR: This is what they've all been talking about. Please read it, Papa, and then say whether it's anything to be ashamed of.
6. MRS B: *So he takes the letter ...*
7. HARDING: Thank you, my dear.
8. MRS B: *And reads it. Slowly.*  
  
(WE HEAR PARTS OF THE LETTER ...)
9. SLOPE: (Reading) ... *the pleasure of sending you these few lines to say that Mr Q. has today resigned any claim to the wardenship of the hospital ...*
10. HARDING: Oh.
11. ELEANOR: You see? There's nothing in it.
12. MRS B: *And the references to the tresses?*
13. SLOPE: (Reading) ... *those beautiful silken tresses ...*
14. HARDING: (Head) *Oh dear ... this is unctuous and unwholesome!*
15. MRS B: *But she's forgotten the oiliness of it all and thinks only of the wardenship.*
16. ELEANOR: He's trying to help you, Papa.

1. MRS B: *Oh, Eleanor! Don't you understand? You see the part about Hiram's Hospital and he sees the part about the tresses!*
2. HARDING: *(Head) But ... she expresses no disgust. Can she really care for him?*
3. MRS B: *And you, Mr Harding, you foolish man, of course she doesn't care for Obadiah Slope. We all know that.*
4. HARDING: *Thank you, my dear.*
5. MRS B: *The poor girl's grateful to him, but she can't stand having him anywhere near her.*
6. HARDING: *Here ... you must have your letter back.*
7. MRS B: *So one word from you would clear this up. Ask her.*
8. ELEANOR: *Thank you.*
9. MRS B: *Ask her what she feels for Slope ...*
10. HARDING: *God bless you.*
11. MRS B: *And she'll tell you. There'll be floods of tears and ten minutes later everyone'll understand. Dr Grantly'll say he's sorry, and raise his eyebrows, the way he does, and go to bed a happy man.*
12. HARDING: *Goodnight, my dear Eleanor.*
13. MRS B: *And Mr Arabin ... well, Mr Arabin will be very much relieved, ~~believe me~~. He'll probably dream of Eleanor and wake in the morning to find he's in love. So ask her!*

1. ELEANOR: Goodnight, Papa.
  2. MRS B: *But he won't. All these things remain unsaid. He kisses his daughter's forehead ...*  
  
(HE DOES SO, AND LEAVES, SHUTTING THE DOOR.)  
  
*And creeps away to his own room. Poor Eleanor.*  
  
**FX: A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. SHE OPENS IT.**
  3. ELEANOR: Papa?
  4. MAID: No, Mrs Bold. Sorry, Mrs Bold, but Dr Grantly sends his compliments and would you be so kind as to speak to him for two minutes in his study, if not disagreeable.
- OUT.

**SCENE TWENTY EIGHT**

**THE ARCHDEACON'S STUDY. ELEANOR IS BRACED FOR A FIGHT.**

1. GRANTLY: My dear Eleanor, I hope you believe me when I say  
you have no sincerer friend than I ~~am~~.  
  
(NO RESPONSE.)  
  
If you had a brother, I shouldn't trouble you with what  
I'm going to say.
2. ELEANOR: I haven't got a brother.
3. GRANTLY: No. So it must be a comfort to know that you have  
near you one who is as anxious for your welfare as  
any brother could be.
4. ELEANOR: I never had a brother.
5. GRANTLY: No, I know, that's why I'm speaking to you.
6. ELEANOR: Papa has been to me both father and brother.
7. GRANTLY: Of course he has, but –
8. ELEANOR: And while he lives I can never want advice.
9. GRANTLY: Yes ... Well, no ... Well ... Susan tells me you  
received a letter, from Mr Slope.
10. MRS B: *Ah, so this is it. The trial begins at last.*

(THE FOLLOWING PLAYS AS IF WE'RE IN A COURT ROOM.)

11. GRANTLY: Did you or did you not receive a note before dinner?
12. ELEANOR: I did.
13. GRANTLY: From Mr Slope?
14. ELEANOR: Yes.
15. GRANTLY: Is he a regular correspondent?
16. ELEANOR: Not exactly.

1. GRANTLY: Not exactly. Why do you get letters from Mr Slope, knowing, as you do, your friends find him distasteful?
  2. ELEANOR: I've only had one letter from him.
  3. GRANTLY: What was it about?
  4. ELEANOR: It was confidential.
  5. GRANTLY: Isn't it rather strange that a young lady in your position should receive a 'confidential' letter from an unmarried gentleman which you're ashamed to show to anyone?
  6. ELEANOR: I'm not ashamed! How can I help being written to? If you wish to read the letter, Dr Grantly, you can do so.
  7. GRANTLY: (Thrown) What?
- (GRANTLY'S POSE AS LAWYER IS COMPLETELY UNDERCUT.)
8. ELEANOR: Here it is. (Holding it out) Go on, take it.
  9. GRANTLY: Oh, well ... (Doing so) Thank you.
  10. MRS B: *He reads it. She wishes him to see that Slope is offering to help Mr Harding. But ...*
  11. GRANTLY: Good heavens!
  12. MRS B: *Yes, of course. It's the silken tresses that jump out at him.*
  13. ELEANOR: Now I'll thank you to give it back.
  14. GRANTLY: And Mr Harding has seen this?
  15. ELEANOR: Of course. It was written that he might see it. Of course he's seen it.
  16. GRANTLY: Do you think this is a proper letter to receive from Mr Slope?



1. ELEANOR: Quite a proper letter. Whereas you, of course, think Mr Slope is a messenger direct from Satan. Give me the letter, please. (Taking it) He's been doing his best to serve Papa, and, as far as I'm concerned, I'm grateful to him. If you've nothing further to add, I shall say good night. I am very tired.
2. GRANTLY: No, Eleanor, wait. You think it proper to receive such letters. Susan and I think differently.
3. ELEANOR: He writes to offer help.
4. GRANTLY: It's not help he's offering.
5. ELEANOR: (Puzzled) What?
6. GRANTLY: Much as we would grieve should anything separate you from us ...
7. ELEANOR: Separate me ... ?
8. GRANTLY: If you reject the counsel of your friends for this ...
9. ELEANOR: What ... ?
10. GRANTLY: Will you break from those who love you for the sake of Mr Slope?
11. ELEANOR: I don't know what you're talking about. I don't want to break from anybody.
12. GRANTLY: You must choose between your sister and myself and our friends –
13. ELEANOR: Why?
14. GRANTLY: And Mr Slope and his friends.
15. ELEANOR: I never heard such wicked prejudice in my life.

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1. GRANTLY: He's altogether beneath you. If you don't believe me, ask Susan. Or your father – he's not prejudiced – or Mr Arabin.
  2. ELEANOR: Mr ... You've spoken to Mr Arabin about this?
  3. GRANTLY: Eleanor, all Barchester will be speaking of it soon.
  4. ELEANOR: Have you spoken to Mr Arabin?!
  5. GRANTLY: Certainly I have, and he agrees with me: it's impossible you should be received at Plumstead as Mrs Slope.
  6. ELEANOR: As ...
  7. GRANTLY: Mrs Slope.  
  
(ELEANOR IS STUNNED AND SUDDENLY TEARFUL.)
  8. ELEANOR: Mrs ... How dare you!
  9. GRANTLY: Eleanor, this is a love letter –
  10. ELEANOR: No ...
  11. GRANTLY: Clearly a love letter –  
  
(SHE HURRIES TO THE DOOR.)
  12. ELEANOR: How dare you!  
  
(GRANTLY IS LEFT BEHIND.)
- MUSIC IN: 34'56" (Heartache Mix 6 composed by David Tobin, Jeff Meegan and Julian Gallant, Audio Network)
13. GRANTLY: Eleanor, wait –

1. MRS B: *But out she runs and ...*

(THE DOOR SLAMS ...)

*As soon as she's on her own ...*

(WE'RE OUTSIDE WITH ELEANOR AS SHE SOBS COPIOUSLY.)

*Poor Eleanor. She'll leave the archdeacon's house, of course. She surely can't stay at Plumstead after this.*

**MUSIC OUT: 35'26"**

MUSIC TAKES US TO ...

**SCENE TWENTY NINE**

THE BISHOP'S BREAKFAST ROOM. THE BISHOP DINES UNHAPPILY ALONE.

1. MRS B: *Now, remember the bishop's stand for freedom? Well, the morning after, he breakfasts alone.*

(THE BISHOP SIGHS. HE POURS COFFEE.)

*A sad and thoughtful breakfast, too. He seems to have aged overnight. That little visit to the archbishop, he'll be allowed that, but all other ambition is now quite dead within him.*

(HE SIGHS AGAIN. AN EXCITED SLOPE BURSTS IN.)

2. SLOPE: My lord, the dean is dead.
3. BISHOP: Good heavens! Dead?
4. SLOPE: Yes. Well, either dead or now dying. He's had an apoplectic fit.
5. BISHOP: Dear me.
6. SLOPE: I'm told there's not the slightest hope.
7. BISHOP: Poor dean.
8. SLOPE: Yes, indeed. And, of course, it presents a pressing question.
9. BISHOP: Yes. Erm ... ?
10. SLOPE: Who will succeed him?

OUT.

**SCENE THIRTY**

THE DRIVEWAY AT PLUMSTEAD. ELEANOR, STILL ANGRY, IS  
GETTING INTO A CARRIAGE. ARABIN HURRIES UP TO SAY  
GOODBYE.

1. ARABIN: (Approaching) Mrs Bold, Mrs Bold ...
2. ELEANOR: Mr Arabin. I am, as you see ...
3. ARABIN: Leaving, yes.
4. ELEANOR: I'm sure someone mentioned this to you.
5. ARABIN: Yes, they did, and I was sorry to hear it. That's why I came to find you.
6. ELEANOR: Oh. Well, I find I can stay no longer.
7. ARABIN: Yes, quite ... well, I must say ...  
(HE'S LOST FOR WORDS.)
8. ELEANOR: You're sorry?
9. ARABIN: Yes.

**FX: PAUSE. A HORSE MOVES.**

10. ELEANOR: Nevertheless ... I must ...
11. ARABIN: Yes. Well ... we've had a very pleasant month here. At least I have. But pleasant hours and pleasant days must come to an end, I suppose.
12. ELEANOR: Yes. A pity men and women do so much to destroy the pleasantness.
13. ARABIN: Erm ... ?

1. ELEANOR: That there should be so little charity abroad.
2. ARABIN: Charity should begin at home, Mrs Bold. (Smiling) But you won't want a sermon from me, not just as you're about to leave –
3. ELEANOR: (Tight-lipped) You should practise what you preach, Mr Arabin.
4. ARABIN: Undoubtedly I should.
5. ELEANOR: Yes, well, exactly.
6. ARABIN: So should we all. (Beat) Have you any special reason for telling me I should – ?
7. ELEANOR: Why did you speak calumny of me to Dr Grantly?
8. ARABIN: Calumny? What calumny?
9. ELEANOR: He asked you whether he should receive me at Plumstead ...
10. ARABIN: Oh –
11. ELEANOR: If I continue my acquaintance with Mr Slope.
12. ARABIN: Yes. But –
13. ELEANOR: I must confess, Mr Arabin ... (Close to tears) I must confess, I didn't expect that from you.
14. ARABIN: You do me an injustice. My advice was asked by Dr Grantly and I was obliged to give it.
15. ELEANOR: I have as much right to form my acquaintance as he has to form his. What would you think if I banished Dr Grantly from my house because he knows Lord Tattenham Corner? I am sure Lord Tattenham is quite as objectionable as Mr Slope.

1. ARABIN: I don't know Lord Tattenham Corner.
2. ELEANOR: No, but Dr Grantly does.
3. ARABIN: But if Dr Grantly chooses acquaintances badly, his bishop will interfere. And what the bishop is to Dr Grantly, Dr Grantly is to you.
4. ELEANOR: He is not! He is not! He has no jurisdiction over me whatsoever.
5. ARABIN: Then perhaps I should tell you what did take place between me and Dr Grantly.
6. ELEANOR: Perhaps you should.
7. ARABIN: I'm afraid what I say may pain you.
8. ELEANOR: You've already done that.
9. ARABIN: Oh dear. That was not ... I mean, I certainly had no intention ...
10. ELEANOR: Just tell me!
11. ARABIN: Well ... he did indeed ask me if I thought you should be received as the ... as the, the wife of Mr Slope ... and I told him I thought it would be imprudent.
12. ELEANOR: Did you?
13. ARABIN: Believing it to be utterly impossible that Mr Slope and, and –
14. ELEANOR: Thank you, I've heard enough. You conclude that I am to marry Mr Slope ...
15. ARABIN: But –
16. ELEANOR: When no rational man could come to such an outrageous conclusion.
17. ARABIN: But, but –

1. ELEANOR: And then you wish to terrify me into hostility against this enemy of yours, the man you would defeat by any means, fair or foul.
2. MRS B: *And she walks away.*
3. ARABIN: (Head) *She walks away.*
4. MRS B: *But ... “outrageous conclusion”? That’s clear enough, isn’t it?*
5. ARABIN: (Head) *If she thinks it’s outrageous, Grantly must be wrong. She can’t want to marry Slope. Which means ... she could marry someone else.*
6. MRS B: *Exactly!*
7. ARABIN: (Head) *And yet ...*
8. MRS B: *And yet?*
9. ARABIN: (Head) *She hasn’t absolutely denied it.*
- MUSIC IN: 39’18” (Hearthache Mix 3 composed by David Tobin, Jeff Meegan and Julian Gallant, Audio Network)
10. MRS B: *And there he stands, staring at the ground, wretchedly unhappy at what she’s just said. But happy, too, exquisitely happy.*
11. ARABIN: (Head) *I wonder ... is this what it is to be in love? Am I? In love?*
12. MRS B: *Yes! And have been some time. She’s gone into the garden. Go on, follow her.*

CROSSFADE TO ...



**SCENE THIRTY ONE**

THE GARDEN. ELEANOR IS WALKING.

1. ARABIN: (Approaching) Mrs Bold ...
2. ELEANOR: (To herself) I thought we understood each other. I thought –
3. ARABIN: (Arriving) Eleanor ... I hope we're not to part as enemies?

**MUSIC OUT: 39'53"**

4. ELEANOR: Not on my part. But people can't make friends of those whom they despise.
5. ARABIN: Am I despised?
6. ELEANOR: I am, clearly, or you wouldn't have spoken of me like that. I thought you liked me.
7. ARABIN: Liked you? I esteem you as I never yet esteemed any woman. I ... I ... Ah me!
8. ELEANOR: Yes?
9. ARABIN: It's pleasant enough here at Plumstead, if only one's heart were at ease.
10. MRS B: *What?*
11. ARABIN: If not the dull stones of Oxford would be preferable.
12. MRS B: *The dull stones of Oxford? You clodpole! Why can't you say it in plain English? "If you don't love Slope, can you love me?"*
13. ARABIN: Perhaps I shouldn't have come here.
14. ELEANOR: You think not?
15. ARABIN: Perhaps. I don't know.

16. MRS B: *Say it. "If you don't love ..."*

1. ARABIN: I ... I don't know ...

2. MRS B: *He won't. He won't say it.*

3. ARABIN: Eleanor ...

(HE STOPS WALKING.)

I must ask ...

4. ELEANOR: Yes?

5. ARABIN: Will you answer me this one question?

**FX: PAUSE. GARDEN BIRDS.**

You do not love Mr Slope?

6. MRS B: *No, don't ask her that!*

7. ARABIN: You do not intend to be his wife?

8. MRS B: *No, no, no!*

9. ELEANOR: What? You men, you think you can ... No, I won't be bullied like this; I shall answer no such question. And nothing can justify your asking it. (Going) I'm going now.

10. ARABIN: Eleanor, wait ...

11. ELEANOR: (Distant) No! Leave me alone.

**MUSIC IN: 41'13"** (Heartache Mix 9 composed by David Tobin, Jeff Meegan and Julian Gallant, Audio Network)

12. MRS B: *Hopeless. Forty years old and completely ignorant about the workings of a woman's heart!*

**MUSIC OUT: 41'20"**

MUSIC TAKES US TO ...

## **SCENE THIRTY TWO**

A ROOM IN THE PALACE, A DAY OR SO LATER. THE ARCHDEACON  
AND MR HARDING WITH AN ANONYMOUS SOMBRE CLERGYMAN.

1. GRANTLY: Poor dean. The best of men.
2. MRS B: *The news about the dean eventually reaches Dr Grantly and the rest of the Barchester clergy.*
3. CLERGY: An excellent man.
4. HARDING: A sweet-tempered man.
5. CLERGY: And a great blessing to the cathedral.
6. GRANTLY: I don't know how we'll manage the loss.
7. ALL THREE: No, no ...
8. HARDING: Although he's not, in fact, dead yet.
9. GRANTLY/CLERGY: No, no, of course ...
10. CLERGY: As to his successor ...
11. GRANTLY: Well, yes.
12. CLERGY: Fifteen hundred a year ...
13. GRANTLY: Fifteen? Or is it twelve?
14. HARDING: In any case, we won't get a stranger, I hope.
15. ALL THREE: No, no ...
16. GRANTLY: You don't think ... ? They couldn't possibly appoint ...  
Could they?

**MUSIC IN: 42'09"** (Sneaky Scoundrel Mix 9 composed by David Tobin,  
Jeff Meegan and Julian Gallant, Audio Network)

**MUSIC OUT: 42'13"**

CROSSFADE TO ...

**SCENE THIRTY THREE**

**THE BISHOP'S STUDY, THE SAME DAY. SLOPE PRESENTS  
PAPERWORK TO THE STILL LISTLESS AND WOUNDED BISHOP ...**

1. SLOPE: These to read, my lord ...
2. BISHOP: Yes ... later ...
3. SLOPE: These merely to sign ... There ...
4. BISHOP: Yes ... (Signing)
5. SLOPE: And here ...  
  
(THE BISHOP SIGNS. SLOPE DOESN'T LEAVE.)
6. BISHOP: **There.** Something else, Mr Slope?
7. SLOPE: Your lordship will be sorry to hear that as yet the poor dean has shown no sign of improvement.
8. BISHOP: Oh ... ah, hasn't he?
9. SLOPE: No. I fear poor Dr Trefoil is not long for this world, my lord.
10. BISHOP: I suppose not, I suppose not.
11. SLOPE: It would be a great thing if you could secure the appointment for some person –
12. BISHOP: Appointment?
13. SLOPE: Who is to succeed him. If your lordship could secure some person of your own way of thinking on important points. The archdeacon's party are very strong, much too strong.
14. BISHOP: Well, yes, we'll need a good man in Dr Trefoil's place.
15. SLOPE: One on whose co-operation you can count. If Dr Grantly were to get it ...

1. BISHOP: I don't think that's very probable.
2. SLOPE: No, not probable, but possible. If I might venture to advise your lordship, you could discuss the matter with the archbishop when you visit him. I've no doubt that your wishes, if made known, would help carry the day.
3. BISHOP: I don't know about that. Anyway, I don't know whom, at this moment, I should recommend.
4. SLOPE: No?
5. BISHOP: Not really, Slope.
6. SLOPE: Oh.
7. BISHOP: No one springs to mind.
8. SLOPE: Then may I venture to submit an idea I've been turning over in my own mind.
9. BISHOP: Well?
10. SLOPE: Me.
11. BISHOP: You?
12. SLOPE: Yes.
13. BISHOP: You?
14. SLOPE: If your lordship will press the matter on the archbishop, get in early, I'm sure I shall succeed.
15. BISHOP: You?
16. SLOPE: I have friends in government and in the press. But it's to you, my lord, that I'd most look for assistance.

(THE BISHOP IS DUMFOUNDED.)

1. BISHOP: Well ... I ... I really don't know what I could do about it.
2. SLOPE: You could mention it to the archbishop; tell him you consider such an appointment very desirable.
3. BISHOP: Do I?
4. SLOPE: I'm sure you'd find no difficulty.
5. BISHOP: No ...  
  
(HE PONDERES.)  
  
Slope, about that Hospital ...
6. SLOPE: Hospital, my lord?
7. BISHOP: You haven't spoken to Mr Harding yet, have you?
8. SLOPE: No, my lord.
9. BISHOP: Oh. Well, I was thinking it might be better to let Quiverful have it.
10. SLOPE: Quiverful?
11. BISHOP: Yes.
12. SLOPE: But, my lord, I'm really much afraid –
13. BISHOP: Are you, though, Mr Slope? Because I can, of course, speak to the archbishop about the new dean, but ... well ...
14. SLOPE: What?
15. BISHOP: Would it be wise?
16. SLOPE: I see. Well, my lord ... perhaps your lordship is right about Mr Quiverful.
17. BISHOP: I think I might be. Don't you?

MUSIC IN: 45'22" (Sneaky Scoundrel Mix 6 composed David Tobin, Jeff Meegan and Julian Gallant, Audio Network)

OUT.

#### **SCENE THIRTY FOUR**

THE BISHOP'S STUDY. LATER THAT DAY. SLOPE IS FIRING OFF A LETTER ...

1. SLOPE: To Sir Nicholas Fitzwhiggin, Westminster. My dear Sir Nicholas. You cannot have yet heard that poor old Dr Trefoil has been seized with apoplexy. There is, it appears, no probable chance of his recovery. I sincerely trust that his soul may wing its flight to that haven where it may forever be at rest.

MUSIC OUT: 45'42"

The bishop is anxious that the preferment should be conferred on me. I confess I can hardly venture, at my age, to look for such advancement, but his lordship is intent on mentioning the subject to the archbishop.

I know what influence you have with the present government. If you can assist me by your good word ... Et cetera, et cetera ... your most faithful servant ...

#### **FX: A FLOURISH OF QUILL WORK ...**

Obadiah Slope.

MUSIC IN: 46'17" (Sneaky Scoundrel Mix 6 composed by David Tobin, Jeff Meegan and Julian Gallant, Audio Network)

MUSIC OUT: 46'25"

MUSIC TAKES US TO ...

**SCENE THIRTY FIVE**

ELEANOR'S DRAWING ROOM. SHE'S WITH THE BABY WHO MAKES PLEASANT BABY SOUNDS FROM TIME TO TIME.

1. MRS B: *Eleanor is back at home, in her own drawing-room ...*
2. ELEANOR: (To the baby) You're not like them, are you Johnny?  
No, you're not ... you're not ... you're far too nice ...  
They think they have command over all I do. But I  
won't be bullied by them. I won't.

(NOW SHE'S TALKING LESS TO THE BABY THAN TO HERSELF.)

And as for Mr Arabin, well, I thought better of him. But  
he was ... he was impertinent.

3. MRS B: *No, not impertinent. He was foolish.*
4. ELEANOR: (Head) *It was unforgiveable ...*
5. MRS B: *Unforgiveable?*
6. ELEANOR: Very nearly unforgiveable. Although, of course, one  
should always try to forgive.
7. MRS B: *Of course one should. In fact, I don't doubt she'd look  
forward to forgiving him.*
8. ELEANOR: Should I, Johnny? What do you say? Should I forgive  
Mr Arabin?

**FX: THE BABY RESPONDS.**

CROSSFADE TO ...



**SCENE THIRTY SIX**

**THE BISHOP'S STUDY.**

1. MRS B: *Mr Slope writes yet another letter. To Thomas Towers esquire, newspaperman, of Middle Temple.*
2. SLOPE: (Writing) My dear Sir ...
3. MRS B: *You'll remember Tom Towers. Well-known for expressing his opinion in the Jupiter. An upstart opinion, in my view, expressed without a grain of charity.*
4. SLOPE: (Writing) We were all a good deal shocked here in Barchester to learn that poor old Dr Trefoil has been seized with apoplexy ...
5. MRS B: *So Mr Slope's plans advance. Become the new dean. Marry Eleanor Bold. All going well.*
6. SLOPE: The bishop here is most anxious for my success ...
7. MRS B: *And yet ...*  
  
(SLOPE STOPS WRITING AND SIGHS.)
8. SLOPE: Sometimes I feel I could sacrifice everything for the love of that beautiful creature, maimed, lame, and already married as she is. Oh, Madeline.

OUT.

**SCENE THIRTY SEVEN**

THE DRAWING ROOM AT PLUMSTEAD, A DAY LATER. ARABIN SITS  
PONDERING AS THE ARCHDEACON BUSTLES IN.

1. GRANTLY: Arabin? Arabin, Miss Thorne has invited ... Arabin?
2. ARABIN: Hmm? Yes ... Yes, I was thinking.
3. GRANTLY: Oh. Well, we've received our invitation to Miss Thorne's *Fete Champetre*.
4. MRS B: *Yes, I must tell you about Miss Thorne. Her brother's the squire of Ullathorne, some miles out of Barchester, where Mr Arabin's parish is. She lives in the big house there. Very old house, very old family ...*
5. ARABIN: She said there'd be a small gathering at Ullathorne, to welcome me to the parish.
6. GRANTLY: Not small, Arabin, no. It's to be a harvest home gala on her lawns. Everyone's going.
7. ARABIN: Everyone?
8. GRANTLY: All Barchester, I should think.
9. ARABIN: So ... Mr Harding and, and ...
10. GRANTLY: Eleanor, yes. Well, we shall see how *that* goes.  
(Keen) But there'll be tents and archery and dancing for the ladies ...
11. ARABIN: Oh dear –
12. GRANTLY: Fiddlers and fifers. All very ancient and traditional, as is Miss Thorne's way. She is herself rather ancient and more than a little traditional.

1. ARABIN: Dancing and fiddlers ... things seem to have got out of hand.
2. GRANTLY: As they're inclined to do.
3. ARABIN: Yes.
4. ARABIN: As a matter of fact, Grantly, that's just what I was thinking.
5. GRANTLY: About the garden party?
6. ARABIN: No, about things getting out of hand. Like this business of the dean. I assume he's not ... is he?
7. GRANTLY: No, no, not yet. At least, I don't think so.
8. ARABIN: But, in time, he'll have to be replaced and, well ...
9. GRANTLY: I know. We face the prospect of Slope sliding in.
10. ARABIN: Exactly. Unless we provide a candidate of our own.
11. GRANTLY: Our own?
12. ARABIN: Yes. Someone entirely estimable –
13. GRANTLY: Of course –
14. ARABIN: And entirely un-Slopelike.
15. GRANTLY: Of course. Like ... ?
16. ARABIN: Like ... well, like Eleanor's father. I mean, Mr Harding. I was just thinking about her. Him.
17. GRANTLY: Mr Harding! Brilliant.
18. ARABIN: Is it?
19. GRANTLY: A brilliant suggestion, Arabin. (Laughing) This is exactly why we lured you from Oxford! For the defeat of Obadiah Slope! Mr Harding as dean! Ha!

MUSIC IN: 50'51" (Sneaky Scoundrel Mix 8 composed by David Tobin, Jeff Meegan and Julian Gallant, Audio Network)

MUSIC OUT: 51'06"

OUT ON THE ARCHDEACON CHORTLING. MUSIC TAKES US TO ...

### **SCENE THIRTY EIGHT**

THE BISHOP WALKS DOWN A CORRIDOR IN THE PALACE. HE STOPS AND BREATHES IN TO PREPARE HIMSELF ... AND OPENS A DOOR ON MRS PROUDIE AND A COUPLE OF SILENT DAUGHTERS.

1. BISHOP: (Nervously) Ah, there you are, my dear.
2. MRS B: *Having stayed in Canterbury three days longer than he should have, the bishop greets the partner of all his cares not without fear of penalties.*
3. MRS P: Bishop!  
  
(HE WHIMPERS SLIGHTLY.)  
  
Welcome home!
4. BISHOP: (Flinching) Ah ...
5. MRS P: Kiss your dear father, girls.
6. BISHOP: Oh ... ah ...  
  
(AS THE BISHOP IS KISSED ...)
7. MRS B: *But Mrs Proudie's changed her tactics. She's decided to soothe him by daily indulgences. Good dinners, warm fires and an easy life. As long as he manages to be quietly obedient. If not ... well, he will recall ...*  
  
(A REVERBERATING ECHO OF THAT DREADFUL NIGHT ...)
8. MRS P: Come in, bishop. I've been waiting for you ...
9. BISHOP: No ... please ...

10. MRS P: Come in, come in now!

(THE DOOR SHUTS WITH AN OMINOUS THUD AND WE'RE RETURNED TO THE PRESENT).

1. MRS P: The poor dean is still alive, by the by.

2. BISHOP: Well, I'll go to the deanery directly after breakfast tomorrow.

3. MRS P: We're going to a party tomorrow morning, my dear.

4. BISHOP: A party?

5. MRS P: At Ullathorne. Was much said about it while you were away?

6. BISHOP: About the party ... ?

7. MRS P: About filling up the dean's place.

8. BISHOP: Very little, my dear. It was mentioned, just mentioned.

9. MRS P: And what did you say about it?

10. BISHOP: Well ... erm ... I said I thought that if, that is, should ... should the dean die, that is, I said I thought ...

11. MRS P: Yes?

12. BISHOP: Erm ... well ...

13. MRS P: (Slowly) I am told that Mr Slope is looking to be the new dean.

14. BISHOP: Yes ... certainly, I believe he is.

15. MRS P: And what does the archbishop say about that?

16. BISHOP: Well to tell the truth, I, I ... I promised Mr Slope I'd speak to the archbishop.

17. MRS P: Oh?

1. BISHOP: Mr Slope asked me to.
2. MRS P: Asked? That's the most impudent piece of pretension I ever heard in my life. Mr Slope Dean of Barchester?  
(A NERVOUS LAUGH FROM THE BISHOP.)  
And you've endeavoured to assist him, have you?
3. BISHOP: I haven't really assisted him. I just said that ... that in the event of the poor dean's death, Mr Slope would ... would ...
4. MRS P: Would what?
5. BISHOP: I forget how I put it ... would take it if he could get it. Something of that sort. I **really** didn't say much more than that.
6. MRS P: You shouldn't have said anything at all. What did the archbishop say?
7. BISHOP: Nothing. He just bowed and rubbed his hands.
8. MRS P: A creature like that, Dean of Barchester? Dean of Barchester, indeed! I'll dean him.
9. BISHOP: It appeared to me that you and Mr Slope don't get on quite so well as you used to do.
10. MRS P: Get on?
11. BISHOP: So I thought, if he ceased to be my chaplain, well, you might be pleased.
12. MRS P: Pleased? At having him turned into a dean at twelve hundred a year? Of course he'll cease to be your chaplain. But because he leaves the palace that's no reason why he should get into the deanery.

1. BISHOP: No, no ... but to save appearances I thought –
2. MRS P: I don't want to save appearances. I want him to appear as he is: a false, mean, intriguing man. And one who is misconducting himself in the most disgraceful way with that Italian woman. Dean, indeed! The man's gone mad with arrogance. Don't you think?
3. BISHOP: Erm ...
4. MRS P: Don't you think, bishop?
5. BISHOP: Yes. Yes, he has rather, hasn't he?

CROSSFADE TO ...

**SCENE THIRTY NINE**

A SMALL BROOK AT PLUMSTEAD. ARABIN IS LOBBING STONES INTO IT.

MUSIC IN: 54'20" (Heartache Mix 2 composed by David Tobin, Jeff Meegan and Julian Gallant, Audio Network)

1. ARABIN: *(Head) Stop thinking about her. She doesn't care a straw for you. She said so, more or less. She said I pained her.*

**FX: HE THROWS AND A STONE LANDS.**

*And I do, I must do. I pain her. And when I asked her about Slope, does she care for Slope, she refused to answer. She wouldn't say no. So obviously she does care for Slope. She must do. Not a straw for me but a very considerable straw for Slope.*

**FX: HE THROWS ANOTHER STONE.**

*So stop it. Stop thinking about her.*

**FX: ANOTHER STONE LANDS.**

Oh, Eleanor.

2. MRS B: *And where is Eleanor at the moment? She's with the Stanhopes again.*

MUSIC OUT: 55'12"

CROSSFADE TO ...



**SCENE FORTY**

**THE STANHOPES' DRAWING-ROOM.**

1.     MADELINE:     Games, Eleanor. Games on the lawns at Ullathorne.  
                          We're all invited.
2.     ELEANOR:     But I'm not in the mood for games.
3.     MADELINE:     No, it's the very thing. You must come ...
4.     ELEANOR:     Well ...
5.     MADELINE:     Come with us. I've already written to ask for a sofa to  
                          be made available.
6.     ELEANOR:     I don't know. Perhaps ...
7.     MADELINE:     No, more than perhaps. We'll get a party together.  
                          You and me and Bertie ...
8.     ELEANOR:     (Smiling) Oh, Madeline, you insist so.
9.     MADELINE:     I do, indeed I do.
10.    ELEANOR:     Then ... I suppose I must.
11.    MADELINE:     You must. And you must promise.
12.    ELEANOR:     I promise.
13.    MADELINE:     Then it's settled. You and me and Bertie ... and Mr  
                          Slope.
14.    ELEANOR:     Mr Slope?
15.    MADELINE:     And we'll all go together in the same carriage.  
                          Delightful!
16.    MRS B:        *Oh dear.*
17.    ELEANOR:     (Head) *He'll see me there. He'll see me there with Mr  
                          Slope!*

MUSIC IN: 55'55" (Fallen Heroes Mix 1 & 5 composed by David Tobin, Jeff Meegan and Julian Gallant, Audio Network)

END CREDITS:

In Part 2 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, Claire Price. Obidiah Slope is Richard Lumsden; Madeline Neroni, Katherine Parkinson and Mr Arabin, Steve Touissant. Archdeacon Grantly is Malcolm Sinclair, Bishop Proudie, James Lailey and Mrs Proudie, Joanna Monro. Mrs quiverful is Carolyn Pickles and Mr Quiverful, John Norton.

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

The director is Marion Nancarrow.

MUSIC OUT: 55'57"

FINAL DURATION: 56'59"