



### 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>Archdeacon Grantly</b>	Malcolm Sinclair (1 <sup>st</sup> day)
<b>Miss Thorne</b>	Una Stubbs
<b>Eleanor Bold</b>	Claire Price
<b>Obadiah Slope</b>	Richard Lumsden
<b>Madeline Neroni</b>	Katherine Parkinson
<b>Arabin</b>	Steve Toussaint
<b>Bishop Proudie</b>	James Lailey (1 <sup>st</sup> day)
<b>Mrs. Proudie</b>	Joanna Monroe (1 <sup>st</sup> day)
<b>Bertie Stanhope/Harry</b>	Joel McCormack
<b>Guest/Servant</b>	John Norton
<b>Lady deCourcy</b>	Carolyn Pickles (1 <sup>st</sup> day)
<b>Maid</b>	Georgie Fuller (1 <sup>st</sup> day)

### PRE-CREDITS

**MUSIC IN: 0:00 – Fallen Heroes Mix 5 (composers David Tobin, Jeff Meegan and Julian Gallant, Audio Network)**

**MRS BAXTER:** In Barchester at present, the scales tip neither one way nor the other. The poor old dean clings on to life but only just and certain parties already eye the vacancy. Mr. Slope, the bishop's man is one, the fate of Mr. Arabin is also in the balance. Lost and lovesick, he's in no mood for Miss Thorne's gala although there will be a gala, he can't avoid that. And Eleanor Bold, poor Eleanor seems to be at the centre of it all.

**Music Out: duration 47"**

MUSIC IN: 00:47" – English Summer 3 (composers David Tobin, Jeff Meegan and Julian Gallant, Audio Network)

Credits

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

With Maggie Steed, Tim Pigott-Smith and Una Stubbs.

Part 3: Games at Ullathorne

Music out: duration 40"

### **SCENE ONE**

A ROOM AT ULLATHORNE. MISS THORNE IS AT A WINDOW TO CHECK THE WEATHER.

1. MS THORNE: Mrs Baxter, Mrs Baxter.
2. MRS B: (Approaching) Coming, Miss Thorne.

**FX: SHE OPENS THE WINDOW AND WE HEAR BIRDS SINGING AND SERVANTS PREPARING TABLES AND MOVING CHAIRS.**

3. MS THORNE: What do you think? Rather dull and chill, isn't it?
4. MRS B: (To us) *It's the day of the Ullathorne party.*
5. MS THORNE: Something of a grey haze ...
6. MRS B: *Miss Thorne's gala. And games on the lawns.*  
(To Miss Thorne) That'll mean clear and dry, Miss Thorne. Take my word.  
  
(To us) *I've arranged parties before – many of them – so I've been lent to Miss Thorne, to help her prepare. Well, I do like to be at the centre of things.*

7. MS THORNE: Dry? Oh dear, I do hope so.  
(SHE SHUTS THE WINDOW.)  
(Moving off) We'll go outside and see how they're getting on. (THEY WALK OFF.)
1. MRS B: *Cooks've been in the kitchen since before daylight. Men are carrying tables outside and hammering red baize on the benches.*
2. MS THORNE: (Slightly ahead) Come along, come along.
3. MRS B: *Miss Thorne can count her ancestors back to the Conquest. She has adopted the Christian religion but only as a milder form of ancestor worship. So they say in Barchester.*
4. MS THORNE: (As they walk) Things were better managed in the old days, Mrs Baxter.
5. MRS B: Everything was better then, Miss Thorne.
6. MS THORNE: True, very true.
7. MRS B: I should think all the world will be coming to the fete.
8. MS THORNE: All Barchester, at least, even though we try to keep all Barchester out. But errand boys will get in anyway, I suppose. They always do. Now, Dr Grantly comes directly from Plumstead, I understand, so he'll bring Eleanor Bold and Mr Harding ...
9. MRS B: No, Miss Thorne, not Eleanor. She's back in Barchester.
10. MS THORNE: Is she? Why?

11. MRS B: I can't really say, Miss Thorne.  
*(To us) Though I could. She quarrelled with the Dr Grantly. About Mr Slope.*
1. MS THORNE: Then how will she get here? I do want her to come.
2. MRS B: She's coming with the Stanhopes, I believe.
3. MS THORNE: Ah, good, good.
4. MRS B: *(To us) Not good, no. Not for Eleanor. Because the Stanhopes have also asked Mr Slope, and Dr Grantly and half Barchester think she wants to marry Mr Slope. Of course, we know she can't stand the man and ... well, you'll see.*

MUSIC IN: English Summer 1 (composers David Tobin, Jeff Meegan, Julian Gallant, Audio Network)

Music out: duration 16"

## **SCENE TWO**

A WAITING CARRIAGE OUTSIDE THE STANHOPES' FRONT DOOR.  
BERTIE IS ORGANISING THE TRANSPORT.

1. BERTIE: A sizeable party and only one carriage. We must do it in two journeys.  
  
*(MURMURS OF AGREEMENT.)*  
  
Eleanor and Mr Slope, you go first ...
2. ELEANOR: No, no ...
3. BERTIE: Then Madeline and I will follow when the carriage returns.
4. MADELINE: No, listen, Bertie –

5. SLOPE: Good idea. Allow me, Mrs Bold ...
6. ELEANOR: No, I really don't mind waiting ...
7. SLOPE: We'll travel together ...
8. ELEANOR: I'll come later ...
9. BERTIE: No, Madeline and I will come on later. In you get.  
(SLOPE AND ELEANOR ARE CLIMBING IN.)
10. SLOPE: How very charming, Mrs Bold. To be thus ...  
together. (Calling) Drive on!

(HE SHUTS THE DOOR AND THE CARRIAGE PULLS AWAY ...)

11. MADELINE: You are a fool, Bertie.
12. BERTIE: Now what have I done?
13. MADELINE: Sending them off together like that.
14. BERTIE: I thought you'd prefer it with him out of the way.
15. MADELINE: Don't be silly. I can manage Mr Slope with ease.
1. BERTIE: Oh.
2. MADELINE: Don't you want to marry her?
3. BERTIE: Well, I do, rather.
4. MADELINE: Well, you've just handed her into a carriage with  
Obadiah Slope.
5. BERTIE: Yes, I see. Oh dear.

MUSIC IN: English Summer 1 (composers David Tobin, Jeff Meegan,  
Julian Gallant, Audio Network)

### **SCENE THREE**

OUTSIDE IN THE GARDEN AT ULLATHORNE. A DISTANT  
PEACOCK.

1. MS THORNE: Oh dear, oh dear ...
2. MRS B: *Miss Thorne's in great perturbation.*
3. MS THORNE: There are two marquees ...

**MUSIC OUT: DURATION 20"**

4. MRS B: And the quality's to have the use of the one in the garden, while the lower class of yokel occupy the one in the paddock.
5. MS THORNE: So a line has to be drawn. Who goes to which?  
And will they all go where they're supposed to?  
Because we have a countess coming, and a bishop. And we don't want them turning up in the wrong marquee.
6. MRS B: (To Miss Thorne) I can see that a footman directs them, Miss Thorne.
7. MS THORNE: A footman?
8. MRS B: Oh, a footman's a very sound judge of who should go where.
9. MS THORNE: Yes, perhaps you're right. I wonder how they'll dress.
10. MRS B: How they'll dress?
11. MS THORNE: The people, yes, because if they're too formal they won't be able to take part in the games. And we've set up the quintain.

1. MRS B: The what, Miss Thorne?
2. MS THORNE: Quintain, quintain. Tilting at a shield. You must know ... It swivels and there's a bag of flour and gentlemen won't risk the flour if they're not dressed for it.
3. MRS B: (None the wiser) Oh, quintain.
4. MS THORNE: What if no one even attempts it?
5. MRS B: You can ask one of the young men to start things off.
6. MS THORNE: Can I?
7. MRS B: To encourage the others.
8. MS THORNE: Yes, and people will then follow his lead.  
Excellent idea, Mrs Baxter. I'll go and ...  
Ah, here's Mr Arabin ...
9. ARABIN: (Approaching) Good morning!
10. MS THORNE: Come with me, Mr Arabin. You can help me inspect the quintain.
11. ARABIN: Quintain, Miss Thorne? What's quintain?
12. MS THORNE: Oh, for goodness' sake.

Music IN: English Summer 2 (composers David Tobin, Jeff Meegan,  
Julian Gallant, Audio Network)

**SCENE FOUR**

**INSIDE THE STANHOPES' CARRIAGE.**

1. SLOPE: Charming ...
2. ELEANOR: (Head) *He's been more than ordinarily greasy all the way.*
3. SLOPE: Charming. To have driven out to Ullathorne, with such a companion.  
  
(Head) *She looks favourably on me. I can tell.*  
  
(THE CARRIAGE IS SLOWING.)
4. ELEANOR: Oh. We're here, Mr Slope.
5. SLOPE: So soon?  
  
(Head) *Today ... I'll ask her today.*  
  
(THE CARRIAGE STOPS AND HE OPENS THE DOOR.)  
  
(To Eleanor) If you take my hand I'll ...
6. ELEANOR: No, thank you, I can manage ... I'm perfectly able ...  
  
(SHE SEES ARABIN AND ...)  
  
Oh!  
  
(FLINGS HERSELF BACK INTO THE CARRIAGE.)

**MUSIC OUT: DURATION 37"**



1. SLOPE: Mrs Bold ... ? Is anything amiss?
2. ELEANOR: No, no ... I stumbled, that's all.
3. MRS B: *She stumbled, back into the carriage. Just as Miss Thorne and Mr Arabin came round the corner of the house on their way back from the quintain.*

QUICK CROSS TO ...

**SCENE FIVE**

**THE GROUNDS OF ULLATHORNE. ARABIN AND MISS THORNE  
COMING ROUND THE CORNER.**

1. MS THORNE: It puzzles me that so few people –
2. ARABIN: (Stopping) Oh!
3. MS THORNE: Mr Arabin? Are you all right?
4. ARABIN: Yes ... I ... I'm perfectly ... (Moving off) Excuse me, Miss Thorne.
5. MS THORNE: Where are you going?
6. ARABIN: (Going) I don't feel quite ... Please excuse me ...
7. MS THORNE: (To herself) Now what's the matter?

CROSSFADE TO ...

**SCENE SIX**

ELSEWHERE IN THE GROUNDS. NOW THERE ARE PEOPLE ABOUT, STROLLING AND CHATTING.

1. MRS B: *Now the guests come thick and fast. The Grantlys, the Chadwicks, that rather dashing attorney from the High Street.*
2. MS THORNE: You're very welcome. Tell me, did you ever ride at the quintain?
3. GUEST: Quintain? Erm ...
4. MS THORNE: (Slightly ratty) Tilting, tilting. You must know quintain. Young Harry Greenacre is about to begin it, so if you'd care to –

**FX: A DISTANT NEIGHING AND A SCREAM FROM HARRY AS HE'S THROWN.**

5. GUEST: What was that?
6. MRS B: Young Harry, down in the paddock, thrown six feet over his horse's head.
7. MS THORNE: Oh dear. (Going) Excuse me, I'd better go and see ...

CROSSFADE TO ...

**SCENE SEVEN**

ELSEWHERE IN THE GARDENS. MORE PEOPLE ABOUT. MR  
HARDING IS WITH MR ARABIN.

1. ARABIN: Already such a crowd.
2. HARDING: Oh, everyone comes to Ullathorne for Miss Thorne's parties –
3. ELEANOR: (Approaching) Papa ... Papa ...
4. HARDING: Eleanor ...
5. ELEANOR: I must tell you, I couldn't ...  
  
(SHE SEES ARABIN AND BREAKS OFF.)  
  
Oh. Mr Arabin.
6. ARABIN: Mrs Bold.
7. HARDING: How did you get here, my dear?
8. ELEANOR: Hmm? Oh, the Stanhopes brought me.
9. ARABIN: Yes. You were with ... I believe you came with –
10. ELEANOR: (In) Their carriage has to come twice, you see.  
It's just gone back for the Signora and her brother.
11. ARABIN: So you came two by two ... ?
12. ELEANOR: Yes. Well, no, not exactly –
13. ARABIN: (Awkwardly) I'm afraid I must be ...
14. ELEANOR: Yes?
15. ARABIN: I must ... (Backing) **Do excuse me**, I have to see Miss Thorne.
16. MRS B: *And he walks away – again – with his hands behind his back. Sick at heart.*

1. ELEANOR: (In a rush) And now he thinks, I know he does ...  
Oh, Papa, you must know I had to come in the  
same carriage with Mr Slope. I couldn't help it.
2. HARDING: Why should you have wished to help it, my dear?
3. ELEANOR: You know why, Papa. You must know. Everything  
Dr Grantly said to me ... And Mr Arabin too. He's  
a horrid man, a horrid odious man, but –
4. HARDING: Mr Arabin?
5. ELEANOR: No! Mr Slope. The most odious man I ever met in  
my life.
6. HARDING: Slope?
7. ELEANOR: Of course.
8. HARDING: Oh, my darling girl ...
9. ELEANOR: Bertie Stanhope was arranging everything –
10. HARDING: You've taken such a weight off my mind.
11. ELEANOR: But surely *you* didn't think ...
12. HARDING: I didn't know what to think. And really, there'd be  
nothing wrong in such a marriage.
13. ELEANOR: Nothing wrong? It would be abominable. How  
could you ... how could you believe it?  
(SHE'S UPSET.)
14. HARDING: No, Eleanor, don't ... I'm sorry ... I shouldn't  
have, I shouldn't ...
15. ELEANOR: Dear Papa, never suspect me again, will you?
16. HARDING: Never ...

1. ELEANOR: Promise me. And I'll promise you that, in the future, whatever I do, I'll tell you first.
2. MRS B: *And Mr Harding does promise. And, of course, Eleanor forgives him. We'll leave them together, I think, strolling down the shady paths of Ullathorne, arm in arm. But ... "whatever I do, I'll tell you first"? What does that mean, I wonder. What can she be thinking of doing?*

**FX: A DISTANT PEACOCK. THE SOUND TAKES US TO ...**

**SCENE EIGHT**

THE HOUSE. MADELINE IS BEING CARRIED IN WITH  
INSTRUCTIONS AND COUNTER INSTRUCTIONS AND CHATTER  
AMONG ONLOOKERS ...

MUSIC IN: Two to Tango 1 (composers David Tobin, Jeff Meegan,  
Julian Gallant, Audio Network)

1. BERTIE: Move aside, please ...
2. SLOPE: A pathway, if you will ...
3. MADELINE: Thank you ... thank you all ...
4. SLOPE: To the sofa ... there ...
5. MADELINE: So kind ...
6. MRS B: Inside the house the Signora is carried into the  
drawing room ...
7. SLOPE: And wait!

**FX: THE CHATTER STOPS. MADELINE IS  
PLACED ON THE SOFA.**

8. MRS B: *And placed on a sofa ...*

**Music Out: Duration 20"**

9. ALL: Ah ...

**FX: THE SUBDUED CHATTER STARTS  
AGAIN.**

10. MRS B: *So full of affliction and so beautiful. Almost  
impossible not to be glad she's here.*
11. MADELINE: Oh, Miss Thorne, where is Miss Thorne?
12. MS THORNE: (Approaching) Signora Neroni, you are welcome.

13. MADELINE: How am I to thank you for permitting a creature like me to be here?
14. MS THORNE: We are delighted to see you, Signora.
15. MADELINE: Wonderful. So many people.
1. MS THORNE: We have a bishop and a countess with us today.
2. MADELINE: Indeed? A countess?
3. SLOPE: Lady De Courcy.
4. MADELINE: Oh, Lady de Courcy. (Laughing) Well, that's as good as a play.
5. MS THORNE: Over there, look. With Mrs Proudie.

**FX: LIFT THE CHATTER A MOMENT.**

CROSSFADE TO ...



**SCENE NINE**

**THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM.**

1. MRS P: My dear Lady De Courcy ... (Confidentially)  
That's Miss Thorne, by the sofa. You see?
2. LADY DE COURCY: Ah, yes. I hear she's –
3. MRS P: Oh, a very nice person, yes, though I do wonder  
whether she paints her face. Did you ever see  
such colour?
4. LADY DE COURCY: Well, I don't think –
5. MRS P: Ah, she's moving to the garden ... Now the  
woman she was just talking to ...
6. LADY DE COURCY: The one on the –
7. MRS P: Step this way a little and you'll see better ...  
Come on, come on ...

CROSSFADE TO ...

**SCENE TEN**

THE SOFA. MADELINE IS NOW WITH SLOPE.

1.     MADELINE:     Now look, Mr Slope.
2.     SLOPE:        Where?
3.     MADELINE:     Over there, look. The bishop's wife and the  
                          countess – God and Mammon in league together,  
                          and all against poor me.
4.     SLOPE:        Not wise, perhaps, for us to stare back ...
5.     MADELINE:     I'll wager my bracelet against your next sermon  
                          they're pulling me to pieces.

CROSSFADE TO ...

**SCENE ELEVEN**

**MRS PROUDIE AND LADY DE COURCY.**

1. MRS P: It's that horrid Italian woman, Lady De Courcy.
2. LADY DE COURCY: Oh? The one on the –
3. MRS P: Well, she's not absolutely Italian, she's Dr Stanhope's daughter, but she calls herself Signora Neroni. I can't tell you how dreadfully indecent her conduct has been. Of course you know why she's taken over the sofa? She has only one leg.
4. LADY DE COURCY: Only one – ?
5. MRS P: She did have two but Neroni beat her, I believe, till she was obliged to have one amputated. One would pity her if she knew how to behave. But she doesn't. And her conduct with men ...
6. LADY DE COURCY: With men? You mean – ?
7. MRS P: You see the one standing near her? Pretending he hasn't noticed us? Clergyman, red hair? She's absolutely ruined that man. Keeps appearing on her doorstep, doused in scent.
8. LADY DE COURCY: But surely –

1. MRS P: Oh, the intriguing villainy of the woman. And only one leg. Mind you, she's as full of mischief as if she had ten. Look at her eyes, Lady De Courcy. Did you ever see such eyes in a decent woman's head? And there, that apish-looking man, with the long beard and the loose trousers ... that's her brother. Bertie, he calls himself. Nearly as bad as she is.
2. LADY DE COURCY: He seems quite –
3. MRS P: They're both of them infidels. And their father likely to be the new dean, too. The old dean, poor Dr Trefoil had a fit, you know. Everyone's talking about who should ...

**FX: A SMALL BELL RINGS IN THE DISTANCE.**

Ah! The eating commences. Shall we go through?

CROSSFADE TO ...

## **SCENE TWELVE**

ANOTHER ROOM. ARABIN WANDERS AIMLESSLY THROUGH.

MUSIC IN: Fond Reflections (composers David Tobin, Jeff Meegan,  
Julian Gallant, Audio Network)

1. MRS B: *Mr Arabin wanders from room to room. On his own.*
2. ARABIN: *(Head) The fact is, I asked her to deny that she loves Slope and she refused. So what am I to conclude? That she loves him, she must do. They must be engaged, or close to it. So stop thinking about her.*
3. GRANTLY: *(Approaching) We're called to eat, Arabin.*
4. ARABIN: *(Head) Anyway she's stubborn, certainly stubborn, and headstrong. Oh, Eleanor.*
5. GRANTLY: *Arabin?*
6. ARABIN: *Oh ... Grantly ...*  
*(HE STOPS WALKING.)*

**Music out: Duration 38"**

7. GRANTLY: *Are you going through?*
8. ARABIN: *Through?*
9. GRANTLY: *The dining-room.*
10. ARABIN: *Oh, no, not just yet.*
11. GRANTLY: *You've seen Slope, I take it. And Eleanor. D'you think they arrived together? Susan says she's almost sure she saw them in the same carriage.*
12. ARABIN: *Yes, I saw them myself.*

13. GRANTLY: Shameful. I wonder how that man got himself invited. (Going) Well, I intend to eat so I go this way.

1. ARABIN: Yes, well ...  
(GRANTLY HAS GONE.)  
(To himself) *I don't. I intend to walk.*  
(HE BEGINS TO WALK AGAIN.)  
*By myself.*

2. MADELINE: (Distant) Mr Arabin.

3. ARABIN: Signora.  
(AS HE GOES TO HER ...)  
I hope I find you well.

4. MADELINE: You do, but why aren't you talking with young ladies in shady bowers?

5. ARABIN: Well, I –

6. MADELINE: What was a bachelor like you asked here for?  
You should be ashamed to be so idle.

7. ARABIN: I ... erm –

8. MADELINE: I've been deserted. Won't you stay awhile and talk to me?

CROSSFADE TO ...

**SCENE THIRTEEN**

**OUTSIDE/INSIDE THE DINING ROOM. PEOPLE ARE TAKING THEIR PLACES.**

1. BERTIE: (Approaching) Mrs Bold! Mrs Bold! May I take you through?
2. ELEANOR: Thank you, Bertie.
3. BERTIE: Unless ... you're not waiting for someone, are you?
4. ELEANOR: No, no. (Sotto) Avoiding someone, rather.
5. BERTIE: Avoiding ... ?
6. ELEANOR: No, Bertie, it doesn't matter.  
(AS THEY WALK ...)
7. BERTIE: Oh, avoiding. We must see if we can make other arrangements for the carriage back.
8. ELEANOR: Must we?
9. BERTIE: Something that would suit you better.

**FX: LIFT THE GENERAL CHATTER AS THEY GO THROUGH.**

10. MRS B: *Through they go to the dining room where she sits to Bertie's right. Then glances round to see who's at her right ...*
11. SLOPE: (Close) Our paths cross again. Charming.
12. MRS B: *Slipped in somehow.*
13. ELEANOR: (Acknowledging) Mr Slope.
14. MRS B: *So, two suitors. Though she doesn't yet know that Bertie's a suitor. Only two, though?*

1. ELEANOR: You haven't abandoned your sister, have you, Bertie?
2. BERTIE: Oh, Mad'll always have someone dancing attendance on her.
3. SLOPE: (Leaning in) May I persuade you to a roll?
4. BERTIE: She has now, look. See, through the doorway.
5. MRS B: *A man hanging over the sofa. Enraptured.*
6. ELEANOR: So I see.
7. BERTIE: Oh look, it's Arabin.
8. MRS B: *Enraptured, as he was when Eleanor first took him to meet Madeline.*

MUSIC IN: *Two to Tango (composers David Tobin, Jeff Meegan and Julian Gallant, Audio Network)*

CROSSFADE TO ...



**SCENE FOURTEEN**

**MADELINE'S SOFA.**

1. MADELINE: Something ails you, Mr Arabin.
2. ARABIN: I don't think so.
3. MADELINE: You're the only dull man at the party. Your friend Mr Slope was with me just now, full of life and spirits.

Music out: Duration 17"

4. ARABIN: Slope?
5. MADELINE: Ah, yes, you and he are to do battle, are you not?
6. ARABIN: Well, I wouldn't say –
7. MADELINE: You for the archdeacon's party and he for Mrs Proudie's ... I mean, the bishop's.
8. ARABIN: No, no –
9. MADELINE: Today's to be the day, is it? You meet at last. Well, you're certainly different. He's gregarious; you're given to solitude. He works; you think. He likes women; you despise them.
10. ARABIN: Despise – ? No –
11. MADELINE: And he will gain his rewards. An insipid wife, a comfortable income and a reputation for sanctimony.
12. ARABIN: I see. And will I gain mine?
13. MADELINE: ~~Not like Mr Slope.~~ He has no scruples. He wishes to be a bishop and he will be one. But first, of course, the wife. You, on the other hand, are too austere.

14. ARABIN: I am?
1. MADELINE: Really, Mr Arabin, feminine beauty, why must you despise it?
2. ARABIN: Why do you assume I do?
3. MADELINE: Well ... if you look at me like that, I shall wonder ...
4. ARABIN: What?
5. MADELINE: Nothing. I am of course aware that I have no beauty of my own worth regarding.  
(PAUSE.)  
That's your cue to pay me a compliment. No? Ah well. Then tell me: you see the Widow Bold looking round at you this very minute? What would you say to her as a companion for life?
6. ARABIN: To Mrs Bold ... well ... erm ...
7. MADELINE: Ah, now she looks away. She was stretching her beautiful neck to look at you and you've disturbed her. I'd say she's jealous of me, Mr Arabin, wouldn't you?
8. ARABIN: Jealous? Why should she be? She's already engaged to another.
9. MADELINE: Oh, really?
10. ARABIN: I imagine. I mean, I don't know but, but ...
11. MADELINE: But?
12. ARABIN: But I agree, she's a beautiful woman, and as intelligent as beautiful. Yes.
13. MADELINE: You think so?

14. ARABIN: Indeed I do.
1. MADELINE: And one that would grace your parsonage of St Ewold's?
2. ARABIN: One that would grace any man's house.
3. MADELINE: And you have the effrontery to tell me this? To tell me, when you know I claim to be a beauty myself. *Mrs Bold* is the most beautiful woman you know?
4. ARABIN: No ... I didn't say ... You are more beautiful ...
5. MADELINE: Ah, I thought you couldn't be so unfeeling.
6. ARABIN: More beautiful, perhaps more clever.
7. MADELINE: Thank you, Mr Arabin. I knew we should be friends.
8. ARABIN: But, but ...
9. MADELINE: No, I won't hear another word more about Mrs Bold. Dread thoughts of strychnine pass across my brain. But she's welcome to second place. Now, I'm dying with hunger. Beautiful and clever as I am, I cannot go to my food ...
10. ARABIN: Oh ...
11. MADELINE: And yet you do not bring it to me. Never let love interfere with your appetite, Mr Arabin. It never does with mine.
12. MRS B: *By now she's rendered him speechless. All he can do is obey ...*

MUSIC IN: English Summer 5 (Composers David Tobin, Jeff Meegan, Julian Gallant, Audio Network)

CROSSFADE TO ...

**SCENE FIFTEEN**

**THE DINING ROOM. THERE'S MORE CHATTER HERE.**

1. MRS B: *So he goes to the dining-room, forgets her request, and takes a sandwich to munch in a corner.*
2. MS THORNE: (Approaching) My dear Mr Arabin, not sitting down? I am so distressed.
3. ARABIN: No, no, Miss Thorne, I've only just –
4. MS THORNE: We must make room for you at the table.
5. ARABIN: No, really –
6. MS THORNE: Next to Mrs Bold ...
7. ARABIN: No ...
8. MS THORNE: Perhaps Mr Stanhope will ...
9. BERTIE: Me? Of course –  
(BERTIE STANDS AND MOVES HIS CHAIR.)
10. MS THORNE: And I'll get another chair.
11. BERTIE: Of course, Arabin, you must sit. Here ...  
(HE MOVES THE CHAIR.)
12. ARABIN: No, no ...
13. BERTIE: I've eaten. Pray take my chair.

Music Out: Duration 36"

- (ANOTHER SMALL CHAIR MOVEMENT.)
14. ARABIN: Oh, well ...  
(ELEANOR BEGINS TO STAND.)

15. ELEANOR: And perhaps I should too ...
16. MS THORNE: No, Mrs Bold, pray don't move.
1. MRS B: *So here's Eleanor with all three of her suitors.*
2. MS THORNE: Ah, Mr Arabin, I don't think you've met Mr Slope.  
Let me introduce you ...  
  
(THE CHAIRS ON THE MOVE AGAIN AS THEY  
STAND.)
3. MRS B: They meet at last!
4. MS THORNE: Mr Slope ... Mr Arabin.
5. MRS B: *Champion and challenger!*
6. ARABIN: Yes ... indeed ...
7. SLOPE: Mr Arabin ...
8. ARABIN: Mr Slope.
9. MRS B: *They bow stiffly across the lady whom they both  
wish to marry.*  
  
(THEY ALL SIT.)
10. MS THORNE: There. Now, I'll leave you all to get on together.  
(Going) You must have so much to discuss.
11. MRS B: *And the great battle for supremacy in Barchester?*  
  
(SHE LEAVES. PAUSE. SOME THROAT  
CLEARING).
12. ARABIN: Yes ... quite ...
13. SLOPE: Indeed.
14. MRS B: *There is no battle! Each is thinking, not of  
Barchester, but of Eleanor Bold.*

(AN AWKWARD PAUSE AND ELEANOR MOVES HER CHAIR TO STAND.)

1. ELEANOR: Really ... you must excuse me.

2. ARABIN: Oh, yes, of course ...

(ARABIN AND SLOPE STAND.)

3. BERTIE: Certainly ...

4. ELEANOR: I must ... (Going) I have to ... Excuse me.

(SHE RUNS OUT.)

5. MRS B: *She hurries out of the dining room and into the garden.*

6. BERTIE: I see.

7. MRS B: Bertie stands there blinking ...

8. ARABIN: Yes ... erm ...

9. MRS BAXTER. Mr Arabin picks absently at his food ...

10. SLOPE: (Going) Excuse me, gentlemen.

11. MRS B: *And Mr Slope hurries out after her, a tender and pious look already forming on his face.*

MUSIC IN: Sneaky Scoundrel 5 (David Tobin, Jeff Meegan, Julian Gallant, Audio Network)

CROSSFADE TO ...

**SCENE SIXTEEN**

**IN THE GARDEN. SLOPE COMES HURRYING UP ...**

1. SLOPE: (Approaching) Mrs Bold ...
2. ELEANOR: (Sotto) Oh no ...
3. SLOPE: (Closing) Mrs Bold ...
4. ELEANOR: Mr Slope ... don't let me take you from –
5. SLOPE: (Breathless) No, you haven't –

**Music Out: Duration 17"**

6. ELEANOR: I've come to look for a friend. I must beg you to go back.
7. SLOPE: (Surprised) Go back?  
(Head) *She can't mean it.*
8. ELEANOR: Yes. Please.
9. SLOPE: (Head) *She's upset because I haven't yet declared my love. I have wronged her by my tardiness.*  
(To Eleanor) No, no, I can't think of allowing you to go alone.
10. ELEANOR: Well, you must. It's my special wish to be alone.
11. SLOPE: First I must speak a few words with which my heart is full.
12. ELEANOR: (Head) *Oh dear.*
13. SLOPE: Which I have come hither personally to say.
14. ELEANOR: (Head) *He's going to make me an offer. They all said he would ...*

1. SLOPE: Mrs Bold ...
2. ELEANOR: (Head) *And now they'll think this is what I intended all along.*  
  
(To Slope) I don't know what you have to say that you couldn't have said at the table just now.
3. SLOPE: There are things a man can't say at table, things he may desire to say most fervently ...
4. ELEANOR: No ...
5. SLOPE: And yet which he finds it almost impossible to utter ...
6. ELEANOR: Then don't ...
7. SLOPE: But which I now must say to you.
8. ELEANOR: Don't utter them.
9. SLOPE: I must. I had hoped, Mrs Bold, I had hoped.
10. ELEANOR: No, hope nothing as far as I'm concerned, Mr Slope. Please, let's not quarrel over this.
11. SLOPE: Quarrel?  
  
(Head) *She's rejecting me.*
12. ELEANOR: I don't want that ...
13. SLOPE: (Head) *I haven't even asked her yet.*
14. ELEANOR: So pray don't hope, Mr Slope.
15. SLOPE: Beautiful woman!
16. ELEANOR: Oh!



1. SLOPE: Beautiful woman, you must know that I adore you. I love you. Next to my hopes of heaven are my hopes of possessing you.  
  
(Head) *And perhaps the deanery.*  
  
(Aloud) Yes, the deanery.
2. ELEANOR: What?
3. SLOPE: No, nothing. Will it not be sweet to travel hand in hand through this mortal valley –
4. ELEANOR: No –
5. SLOPE: Till we dwell together at the foot of His throne?  
Ah, Eleanor ...
6. ELEANOR: My name is Mrs Bold!
7. SLOPE: Sweetest angel ...  
  
(HE SLIPS HIS ARM ROUND HER WAIST.)
8. ELEANOR: What are you doing?
9. SLOPE: Oh, Eleanor ...
10. ELEANOR: Take your hand from my waist ...
11. SLOPE: Eleanor ...

**FX: A SWISH AND A SLAP. A CLEAN, EXAGGERATED POP OF A SOUND.**

Ow! You hit me.

12. ELEANOR: Yes.
13. SLOPE: (A statement, offended) Ow. Why on earth – ?
14. ELEANOR: (To Slope as she hurries off) No! I'll never, never speak another word to you!

(SHE RUNS AWAY.)

1. SLOPE: (Head) *She hit me. Did she not realise? I was conferring the honour of ... No, I don't think she did. She should be made to pay for this ... Women of her sort ... who lead men on ... She should be denounced ... from the pulpit!*

MUSIC IN: Sneaky Scoundrel 7 (David Tobin, Jeff Meegan, Julian Gallant, Audio Network)

**SCENE SEVENTEEN**

ANOTHER PART OF THE GARDEN. ELEANOR COMES RUNNING UP, TEARFUL AND UPSET.

1. MRS B: *Eleanor runs through the garden, in some state of dread ...*
2. ELEANOR: Did I do that?
3. MRS B: *And uncertainty.*
4. ELEANOR: Did I slap him?

FX: THE SLAP RECOLLECTED. DOES IT REVERBERATE SLIGHTLY MORE?

Music out: Duration 15"

Of course I did. Well, his face asked for it, simpering and puckering ... I can't stay here any longer. I must go back to Barchester.

5. MRS B: *But she can't. Not on her own.*
6. ELEANOR: Bertie ...
7. MRS B: *No ...*
8. ELEANOR: Bertie Stanhope. He'll take me back.
9. MRS B: *No, don't ask Bertie Stanhope. One proposal is enough for one day.*
10. ELEANOR: I'll see if I can find him.

MUSIC IN: Sneaky Soundrel 7 (David Tobin, Jeff Meegan, Julian Gallant, Audio Network)

CROSSFADE TO ...

**SCENE EIGHTEEN**

**THE DINING-ROOM. GENERAL CHATTER AS PEOPLE ARE STILL DINING.**

1. BISHOP: Ah, Slope, there you are.
2. SLOPE: (Approaching) My lord.
3. BISHOP: I wondered where you'd got to.

(AS THEY TALK, A WHISPER PASSES ROUND THE ROOM AND BEGINS TO REPLACE THE GENERAL CHATTER).

Are you all right? You look a little red in the face –

Music out: Duration 11”

4. SLOPE: (Cutting in) Yes. This is very pleasant, my lord.
5. BISHOP: Is it?
6. SLOPE: Very pleasant. To see so many persons enjoying themselves so thoroughly.
7. BISHOP: Well, yes, I suppose so ...

**FX: THE WHISPERING HAS NOW SILENCED THE ROOM.**

Hello, what's the matter?

8. SLOPE: They've all gone quiet ...
9. BISHOP: What's going on?
10. SLOPE: If anyone's said anything, my lord, about the garden ...
11. BISHOP: The garden?
12. SLOPE: I can explain ...
13. BISHOP: Explain what?
14. SERVANT: (Approaching) Excuse me, my lord.

15. BISHOP: What is it, John?
1. SERVANT: The dean, my lord. He's dead.
2. SLOPE: Dead?
3. BISHOP: Dead?
4. SLOPE: So it's not about me.
5. BISHOP: What isn't?
6. SLOPE: The whispering. (Almost happy) It's the dean!  
(Heading off) Excuse me, my lord.
- FX: SUBDUED CHATTING BEGINS AGAIN.**
7. BISHOP: Now where're you going?
8. SLOPE: To Barchester. I must get back. Excuse me ...
- (HE GOES, PUSHING THROUGH THE CROWD.)
- CROSSFADE TO ...

**SCENE NINETEEN**

A CORRIDOR IN THE HOUSE. ELEANOR IS LOOKING FOR BERTIE.

1. ELEANOR: Excuse me ... excuse me ... (Stopping) Oh.

2. ARABIN: Oh.

3. ELEANOR: Mr Arabin.

4. MRS B: *Who rises from his chair ...*

(HE DOES SO.)

5. ARABIN: Yes, I ...

6. MRS B: *Then sits down again ...*

(AND SITS ...)

7. ELEANOR: I'm sorry, I was looking for ...

8. MRS B: *And then again gets up.*

HE STANDS. PAUSE.

*Well? Say something.*

9. ARABIN: Well. We have had a very ... pleasant party.

10. ELEANOR: Yes, very.

11. ARABIN: I hope ...

12. ELEANOR: Yes?

13. ARABIN: Mr Harding has enjoyed himself.

14. ELEANOR: Oh, yes, very much.

15. ARABIN: Oh? You've been with him?

16. ELEANOR: No.

(PAUSE.)

17. ARABIN: Mrs Grantly's quite well, is she?

1. ELEANOR: Quite well, yes. She's here.
2. ARABIN: Oh?
3. ELEANOR: Unless she's gone away.
4. MRS B: *And here they stand. A middle-aged clergyman and a lady at least past the wishy-washy period of life ...*
5. ARABIN: She might've done. Of course.
6. MRS B: *Thoroughly in love with each other. But saying nothing.*
7. ELEANOR: Excuse me, I have to ... (Backing) I must go into the garden.

MUSIC IN: English Summer 7 (David Tobin, Jeff Meegan, Julian Gallant, Audio Network)

CROSSFADE TO ...

**SCENE TWENTY**

THE GARDEN. BERTIE IS STROLLING AMONG THE BUSHES,  
SMOKING A CIGAR.

1. BERTIE: ~~(Head) Ask yourself, Bertie: is she beautiful? Yes, she is. A beautiful woman, but she's become a profession. Because matrimony's a profession. It don't take much work but it's still a profession. And it's not my idea.~~
2. MRS B: *It's been said that Bertie Stanhope is a man without principle. I may have said it myself. And so he is. Men like him often marry for money, and that's what he's agreed to do.*

*Music out: Duration 31"*

3. BERTIE: *(Head) But there's a cold, calculating cunning about it I don't quite like. I mean, she is beautiful, yes. But she ain't quite so desirable when she has to be taken like a pill.*  
*(Aloud) Oh, hello.*  
*(AND ELEANOR'S THERE.)*
4. ELEANOR: *(Approaching) Mr Stanhope. I've been looking for you.*
5. BERTIE: *Ah, and I was just thinking about you.*
6. ELEANOR: *(Upset) Were you? Oh dear ...*
7. BERTIE: *I say, are you all right?*
8. ELEANOR: *No, I'm not ... I was in the garden with Mr Slope, just over there, and he ... he ...*
9. BERTIE: *He what?*



10. MRS B: *So Slope's misconduct is told to Bertie.*

1. BERTIE: He didn't?

2. ELEANOR: Yes.

3. BERTIE: And what did you do?

4. ELEANOR: Well, I ... I ...

5. BERTIE: What?

6. ELEANOR: I'm afraid I ...

FX: WE HEAR THE SLAP AGAIN.

7. BERTIE: I say! Hurrah for you! But you needn't worry about Slope any more. He's just dashed off to Barchester.

8. ELEANOR: Has he?

9. BERTIE: Heard about the poor old dean and off he went.

10. MRS B: *So they walk together through the garden and he agrees to take her back to Barchester.*

11. BERTIE: Yes, yes, of course I will.

FX: THEY STROLL. THERE ARE DOVES IN THE TREES.

12. BERTIE: In fact, I might not be seen there for much longer.

13. ELEANOR: In Barchester? You're not leaving, are you?

14. BERTIE: Well, I hardly know what to do. But I must do something.

15. ELEANOR: You could work ...

16. BERTIE: Work?

17. ELEANOR: Find something to do.

18. BERTIE: I don't know about that. But I have rather determined to be guided by you.

19. ELEANOR: By me?
1. MRS B: *And now they've come to the very spot where Slope made his move.*
2. BERTIE: I should, really. Be guided by you.
3. MRS B: *What is it about this part of the garden, I wonder?*
4. ELEANOR: (It's dawning on her) Oh. You're not ... asking me ... ?
5. BERTIE: Please, hear me out ...
6. ELEANOR: Are you?
7. BERTIE: And don't be angry. I've been talking about you. With my family.
8. ELEANOR: Have you?
9. BERTIE: You know things've been difficult for us. Poor Madeline's unfortunate marriage, and my own inclination to idleness ...
10. ELEANOR: What's this to the point, Mr Stanhope?
11. BERTIE: They want me to marry you. They think I ought to ... that it would be a good idea if we ...
12. ELEANOR: I see.
13. BERTIE: And it does, in a way, make sense. Marriage, I mean.
14. ELEANOR: Though I presume by your manner that you and your family aren't exactly of one mind on the subject.
15. BERTIE: No, we're not. To be honest.

1. ELEANOR: You don't want to marry me?
2. BERTIE: I don't think I do. Sorry.
3. ELEANOR: (Angry) Then why bother to tell me?
4. BERTIE: Because I don't want to anger them.
5. ELEANOR: Not anger them? *Them*?
6. BERTIE: I mean –
7. ELEANOR: Oh, this is, this is ...  
(SHE'S TEARFUL AGAIN.)
8. BERTIE: Oh, I say, don't ... please ...
9. ELEANOR: Leave me alone.
10. BERTIE: I will, yes. You take the carriage back to Barchester. I'll walk.
11. ELEANOR: There's no need for that –
12. BERTIE: Yes. It doesn't much matter what I do any more. Only ...
13. ELEANOR: Only what?
14. BERTIE: You'll let them know? That I made an offer. Which you refused. It'll look so much better for me if you do.

Music in: English Summer 2 (David Tobin, Jeff Meegan, Julian Gallant, Audio Network)

**SCENE TWENTY ONE**

**THE DRIVE AT ULLATHORNE. CARRIAGES ARE WHEELING AWAY  
AT THE END OF THE DAY.**

1. MS THORNE: (Calling) Goodbye! Goodbye!  
  
(DISTANT REPLIES.)  
  
Ah. In the end it all went so well, Mrs Baxter.  
Don't you think?
2. MRS B: By and large, Miss Thorne.
3. MS THORNE: By and large?
4. MRS B: Once we patched up Harry Greenacre.
5. MS THORNE: Oh, Harry. Yes, of course, poor boy. Someone  
really should've taught him the rudiments of  
quintain, you know.

Music out: duration 37"

**SCENE TWENTY TWO**

**A ROOM IN THE PALACE.**

1. MRS B: *Back in Barchester, Mrs Proudie has written one letter, and dictated a second.*
2. MRS P: Bishop, have you signed that letter yet?
3. BISHOP: Oh ... erm ... No, my dear, it's not exactly signed as yet.
4. MRS P: Then do it.
5. MRS B: *So the bishop does it, and has his reward in a glass of hot negus and the latest number of Little Dorrit. Oh, husbands, what comfort there is to be derived from a wife well-obeyed! The letters are for Puddingdale vicarage, one to Mr Quiverful and the other to Mrs Quiverful. After all that to-ing and fro-ing between Mr Q and Mr Harding, the new warden of Hiram's Hospital has been named.*
6. MRS P: Enough of delays and secret negotiations by Mr Slope. Let the matter be settled. Now.
7. MRS B: *And the letters make happy the hearth of the Quiverfuls who, when they read them, throw themselves warmly into each other's arms. That's Mrs Proudie, though. Stiff and proud as piecrust, but right at bottom.*

Music in: *Sneaky Scoundrel 9 (David Tobin, Jeff Meegan, Julian Gallant, Audio Network)*

## SCENE TWENTY THREE

THE BISHOP'S STUDY. SLOPE IS WORKING WHEN A SERVANT  
LOOKS IN.

1. SERVANT: You asked to see this, Mr Slope ...
2. SLOPE: (Still working) What is it?
3. SERVANT: As soon as it arrived, you said. The newspaper, sir.
4. SLOPE: (Instantly interested) The Jupiter? Give it here, give it here.

(HE TAKES THE PAPER AND BEGINS TO FLICK THROUGH.)

(To the servant) You can go.

5. SERVANT: Sir.

Music out: Duration 14"

(THE SERVANT LEAVES.)

1. SLOPE: (As he turns pages) No ... no ... no ... (Seeing what he's looking for) Ah! "It is now five years since we called the attention of our readers to the quiet city of Barchester ... "

Yes! (He reads) "Dr Trefoil, the dean, died yesterday. A short record of his death will be found ... "

(Skimming on) No, no... Ah!

(And reading more keenly) "We hear that Mr Slope's name has been mentioned for this preferment. A better man could hardly be selected. He is a man of talent, young, active, and conversant with the affairs of the cathedral ... a truly pious clergyman."

A truly pious clergyman! Yes! Thank you, Towers. How wise to write to you. What else ... ? (Going back to the paper) Hmm ... more about the hospital, and Quiverful ... Well, that's a matter of indifference now. At least I didn't secure the place for the father of that virago ... The violent, strident ... But no **no no** ... This (clutching the paper) ... this is so much better. And there's always the Signora. Who's more beautiful, more alluring. Oh, I worship the very sofa on which she's now lying. So why look to a harridan like Eleanor Bold?

Music in: Sneaky Scoundrel 13 (David Tobin, Jeff Meegan, Julian Gallant, Audio Network)

Music out: duration 5"

MUSIC TAKES US TO ...

**SCENE TWENTY FOUR**

**ELEANOR'S DRAWING-ROOM.**

1. MRS B: *The day after the party Eleanor stays at home, fearing Barchester will be crowded with Stanhopes and Slopes, with Arabins and Grantlys. In the evening, when her father visits, she tells him what happened at Ullathorne.*
2. HARDING: Oh, my dear child.
3. MRS B: *Or as much of it as she can bear to repeat.*
4. HARDING: My poor, poor Eleanor. You'll tell the archdeacon?
5. ELEANOR: Tell him what?
6. HARDING: And Susan? You'll let them know they've wronged you?
7. ELEANOR: They may find out their own way. Anyway, let's not talk about them. Tell me, is it true, about the hospital?
8. HARDING: Yes. Mr Quiverful is to have it.
9. ELEANOR: Oh, Papa, after all your hopes –
10. HARDING: No, Nelly, I'm perfectly satisfied with things as they are.
11. ELEANOR: But you did want to go back. You told me so yourself.



1. HARDING: Yes, I did. For a while I did wish it. But ... I'm getting old now and my chief wish is for peace and rest. Had I gone back to the hospital, I should've had endless contentions with the bishop and Slope. And the archdeacon.
2. ELEANOR: Then will you come and live with me?
3. HARDING: Well ...
4. ELEANOR: Well what?
5. HARDING: I'll dine with you today at any rate.
6. ELEANOR: No, I mean give up that odious little room over the chemist's –

(SHE'S INTERRUPTED BY A SERVANT BRINGING A NOTE.)

7. MAID: A message, Miss.
8. ELEANOR: Oh?
9. MAID: From Dr Stanhope's house.
10. HARDING: The Stanhopes?
11. MAID: The coachman says he's to wait for an answer.
12. ELEANOR: Thank you. I'll look at it.
13. MAID: Miss.

(THE SERVANT GOES.)

14. ELEANOR: (Opening the envelope) I must say I don't much want any messages from the Stanhopes, not after yesterday ... Oh.
15. HARDING: What is it?
16. ELEANOR: It's from Madeline.
17. HARDING: The Signora?

1.     MADELINE:     (Reading) My dear Mrs Bold, may I ask you, as a  
                          great favour ...
2.     ELEANOR:     She wants me to call!
3.     MADELINE:     (Reading) I partly know what occurred yesterday  
                          and I promise you shall meet with no annoyance  
                          if you come.
4.     ELEANOR:     Oh dear.
5.     MADELINE:     (Reading) It will probably occur to you that I  
                          should not thus intrude on you unless I had that  
                          to say to you which may be of considerable  
                          moment.
6.     ELEANOR:     Oh dear.
7.     HARDING:     Oh dear. What will you do, Eleanor? Will you go?  
OUT.

**SCENE TWENTY FIVE**

THE STANHOPES' DRAWING-ROOM. BERTIE IS DRAWING.

Music in: Two to Tango 6 (David Tobin, Jeff Meegan, Julian Gallant,  
Audio Network)

1.     MADELINE:     Bertie.  
  
                          (HE CARRIES ON DRAWING.)  
  
                          Bertie, will you stop drawing and talk to me.  
  
                          (HE STOPS.)
2.     BERTIE:       (Deliberately) Madeline.
3.     MADELINE:     What are you going to do?
4.     BERTIE:       Do? A sketch of Miss Thorne, I thought.
5.     MADELINE:     About money, Bertie. Now you're not marrying  
                          Eleanor Bold you must do something.
6.     BERTIE:       True.  
  
                          (HE STARTS DRAWING AGAIN.)

Music out: duration 27"

7.     MADELINE:     And you'll have to talk to father.
8.     BERTIE:       Oh, that I have done.
9.     MADELINE:     You have? What did he say?
10.    BERTIE:       What was it now? Oh yes. "You must leave my  
                          house."
11.    MADELINE:     Leave? Oh, Bertie.
12.    BERTIE:       Tomorrow.
13.    MADELINE:     Tomorrow?
14.    BERTIE:       The four thirty train. There ...

(HE SHOWS HER HIS SKETCH.)

What do you think?

1.     MADELINE:     Bertie! (Snatching the sketch) Will you listen! Tell me: is this true?
2.     BERTIE:       Yes. I may go where I please apparently, as long as I leave tomorrow. "You have disgraced me, sir, you have disgraced yourself, and your sisters."
3.     MADELINE:     And what did you say?
4.     BERTIE:       I said, "Well, at least I haven't disgraced my mother." Then he said I was a heartless reprobate. (Remembering) Heartless, thankless, good-for-nothing ... I suppose I am, really. Aren't I?
5.     MADELINE:     How will you manage?
6.     BERTIE:       If I leave tomorrow, he'll give me ten pounds, and then five **pounds** a month by the banker in Italy.
7.     MADELINE:     Five a month? Oh, Bertie.
8.     BERTIE:       I know, Mad. (Genuine) I rather got things wrong, didn't I? Sorry.

Music in: Two to Tango 11 (David Tobin, Jeff Meegan, Julian Gallant, Audio Network)

Music out: duration 10"

**SCENE TWENTY SIX**

GRANTLY'S STUDY AT PLUMSTEAD. THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN  
AND MR HARDING IS THERE.

1. HARDING: Archdeacon!
2. GRANTLY: My dear Mr Harding ...
3. HARDING: I must tell you –
4. GRANTLY: We're not expecting you, are we?
5. HARDING: No, no –
6. GRANTLY: I didn't think so –
7. HARDING: I had to come –
8. GRANTLY: Although it's opportune you're here. I'd like a word. About Arabin.
9. HARDING: Arabin?
10. GRANTLY: Yes. It seems he's ... well, Susan tells me he's ...
11. HARDING: What?
12. GRANTLY: Been misconducting himself.
13. HARDING: Arabin?
14. GRANTLY: I know, I know. An Oxford man as well, but there you are. Susan says he's succumbed, to the Italian woman.
15. HARDING: Archdeacon, may I just say –
16. GRANTLY: It grieves me to see him backsliding like this. I must do something, don't you think?
17. HARDING: Well, possibly, yes, but may I first –

1. GRANTLY: All very awkward, of course, having to speak to Arabin about such matters. Though I do see a way of going about it. Or rather, Susan does. Advise him to seek a wife. What do you think? Susan thinks he'll know what I mean if I suggest that. Are you all right?
2. HARDING: Me?
3. GRANTLY: Waving your hands about.
4. HARDING: I'm not waving, I'm playing ~~the~~ my cello.
5. GRANTLY: But there is no –
6. HARDING: No, I know. I do this sometimes, when I'm disconcerted.
7. GRANTLY: Disconcerted? What have you to be disconcerted about?
8. HARDING: That's what I've been trying to tell you. It's been decided.
9. GRANTLY: What has?
10. HARDING: Who'll be the next dean. They've made their decision.
11. MRS B: *No, stop. Don't say it yet. Not till we've found out what the dreadful Italian woman wants with Eleanor.*

OUT.

**SCENE TWENTY SEVEN**

**THE STANHOPES' DRAWING-ROOM.**

Music in: Two to Tango 10 (David Tobin, Jeff Meegan, Julian Gallant,  
Audio Network)

Music out: duration 5"

1.     MADELINE:     Very kind of you to come, Mrs Bold. After what happened.
2.     ELEANOR:     (Some way off) Well, Signora, I am here.
3.     MADELINE:     How cold you are. I know you think you have reason to be displeased with us. Poor Bertie. If you knew everything, you wouldn't be angry.
4.     ELEANOR:     I'm not angry with him, not in the least. I hope you didn't bring me here to talk about your brother.
5.     MADELINE:     Pray come nearer. It's so unnatural, staying over there.  
  
                          (ELEANOR BRINGS A CHAIR CLOSER.)
6.     ELEANOR:     What is it you want?
7.     MADELINE:     Well, you know what I usually want, Eleanor. To laugh and to mock. But this time ...
8.     ELEANOR:     What?
9.     MADELINE:     I wish to make you a gift.
10.    ELEANOR:     Then you *are* mocking.
11.    MADELINE:     No. I want to help. Does that surprise you?
12.    ELEANOR:     To help?

13. MADELINE: It surprises me. Now I'm going to tell you something you may think indelicate, but I know I'm right in doing so.
14. ELEANOR: Oh?
1. MADELINE: I believe you know Mr Arabin?
2. ELEANOR: (Thrown) I ... I am acquainted with him, yes.
3. MADELINE: Well, if you know him, I'm sure you must like him. I do.
4. ELEANOR: (Awkwardly) Oh ... well ...
5. MADELINE: Do you?
6. ELEANOR: This is ... it's all so very singular.
7. MADELINE: Then let me be more singular still. Do you love him?
- (ELEANOR CATCHES HER BREATH.)
- Love him with all your heart and soul? For I can tell you that he loves you, adores you, thinks of you and nothing else, is now thinking of you as he attempts to write his sermon. What wouldn't I give to be loved in such a way by such a man.
8. ELEANOR: This is your gift?
9. MADELINE: Please, don't betray me. He knows nothing of this. He's like a child in these matters. You understand what I'm saying, Eleanor?
10. ELEANOR: I think so.
11. MADELINE: Remember, he's not like other men. You mustn't expect him to come to you with vows and oaths and pretty presents. There are plenty who'll do



that if that's what you want, but he won't be one of them. Now ... I won't keep you, I can see you're fluttered.

1. ELEANOR: Madeline, I don't – (know what to say)
2. MADELINE: No, no. If ever you're a happy wife in that man's house, we shall be far away. The Stanhopes will be more at home in Italy, I feel, than Barchester. And perhaps more welcome. But I shall expect you to write me one line ...
3. ELEANOR: Of course.
4. MADELINE: To say you've forgiven the sins of the family.

Music in: Two to Tango 12 (David Tobin, Jeff Meegan, Julian Gallant, Audio Network)

Music out: duration 8"

## **SCENE TWENTY EIGHT**

GRANTLY'S STUDY AT PLUMSTEAD. AS BEFORE.

1. HARDING: It's been decided.
2. GRANTLY: The next dean?
3. HARDING: Yes.
4. MRS B: *Ah, Mr Harding's news. Which we can now hear.*
5. GRANTLY: Don't tell me it's Slope.
6. HARDING: No, it's not ... But, well ...
7. GRANTLY: But what?
8. HARDING: They've ... they've ... erm ...
9. GRANTLY: What?

10. HARDING: Offered it to me.
11. GRANTLY: Good heavens!
12. HARDING: Quite. I thought I'd better come and consult you at once.
13. GRANTLY: Consult? Why consult?
14. HARDING: Well –
15. GRANTLY: My dear **Septimus** ~~Harding~~, I congratulate you with my whole heart. I never heard anything in my life that gave me so much pleasure.
16. HARDING: Thank you. But –
17. GRANTLY: No, no, but me no buts. Oh ... wonderful! You! And not Slope! Of course, it was just the thing to do.
18. HARDING: Perhaps, but –
19. GRANTLY: Susan will be so pleased.
1. HARDING: Yes, I'm sure –
2. GRANTLY: We must tell her at once. (Laughing) I'd give twenty pounds to see Slope's face when he hears. Eh, Mr Dean? What do you say?
3. HARDING: I say ... I don't think I can accept.
4. GRANTLY: What? What!
5. HARDING: I don't find myself fit for new duties.
6. GRANTLY: New duties? What duties? You're not telling me you want to see Slope made dean.
7. HARDING: No but ... I know I can't make you understand my feeling – we're cast in different moulds – but

every day that's added to my life increases my wish for peace and rest.

8. GRANTLY: And where on earth can a man have peace and rest if not in a deanery?
9. HARDING: People will say I'm too old.
10. GRANTLY: People! What people? What need you care for any people?
11. HARDING: And I think I am. Too old. The call now is for *young* men, and I don't have the force of character to stand against that. And to tell the truth, I don't really know what a dean does. So, no. I've decided: I won't be the new dean.
12. MRS B: *Then who, I wonder, will be?*

(GO STRAIGHT TO ...)

**SCENE TWENTY NINE**

A BURST OF SOCIABLE LAUGHTER IN THE STANHOPES' DRAWING-ROOM. MADELINE IS HOLDING A TEA PARTY. THERE IS POLITE CONVERSATION ROUND THE ROOM BUT WE ARE WITH SLOPE, ARABIN AND MADELINE. AND MADELINE IS ENJOYING THE TENSION.

1. MADELINE: Mr Slope, you'll take some more?
2. SLOPE: Thank you.  
FX: AS TEA IS POURED ...
3. MADELINE: I hear you're triumphing on all sides.
4. SLOPE: How so?
5. MADELINE: You carry the day both in love and war.
6. MRS B: *Another little party at the Stanhopes.*
7. MADELINE: Mr Arabin, don't you think Mr Slope's a lucky man?
8. MRS B: *And two of the signora's admirers in attendance.*
9. ARABIN: Not more so than he deserves, I'm sure.
10. MADELINE: Only think, he's to be our new dean.
11. SLOPE: (A nervous laugh) Indeed, Signora, nothing's decided yet.
12. MADELINE: Oh, he is, there's no doubt of it. Passing over the heads of older men. Indeed, going over all our heads, for of course I consider myself one of the chapter.
13. SLOPE: Well, if I am ever dean, I should glory in such a canoness.

1.     MADELINE:     Oh, Mr Slope, stop; I haven't half done. Besides,  
                          there's another canonsess for you to glory in.
2.     ARABIN:        Another – ?
3.     MADELINE:     He's not only to have the deanery but a wife to  
                          put in it. A wife with a large fortune. It never rains  
                          but it pours, does it, Mr Arabin?
4.     ARABIN:        No, never.
5.     MADELINE:     When will it be, Mr Slope? The marriage?  
(SLOPE IS NOW ON EDGE. HE TRIES TO LAUGH THIS OFF.)
6.     SLOPE:         Do you mean mine or Arabin's?
7.     MADELINE:     Yours, of course. Do tell us when the widow is to  
                          be made Mrs Dean?
8.     ARABIN:        Mrs Dean – ? You mean ... ?  
(SLOPE'S LAUGH IS BECOMING SLIGHTLY DESPERATE.)
9.     MADELINE:     Don't be so bashful. We all know you proposed at  
                          Ullathorne. Tell us with what words she accepted.  
FX: DISTANT OTHERS IN THE ROOM BEGIN TO PAY ATTENTION.
10.    ARABIN:        At Ullathorne? You mean he ... ?
11.    MADELINE:     Was it with a simple 'yes,' or with the two 'no no's'  
                          which make an affirmative?
12.    ARABIN:        What happened ... ?

1.     MADELINE:     Or did silence give consent?

(PAUSE.)

Or perhaps she spoke out openly. “By my troth, sir, you shall make me Mrs Slope as soon as it’s your pleasure to do so.”

(THE CHATTER HAS DIED COMPLETELY LEAVING NOTHING BUT SLOPE’S NERVOUS LAUGHTER WHICH IS NOW MORE OF A WHIMPER).

What, no answer? But surely, she wasn’t fool enough to refuse you?

2.     ARABIN:       (As it dawns on him) She did, didn’t she?

3.     MADELINE:     Was she?

4.     ARABIN:       She refused him.

5.     MADELINE:     Mr Slope?

(SLOPE IS HUMILIATED TO SILENCE.)

Perhaps you should’ve waited, till you’d been made dean. She might’ve accepted then.

6.     SLOPE:         Signora, please ...

7.     MADELINE:     What?

8.     SLOPE:         † ... I have no such aspirations. Will you ... may we please drop the subject?

9.     MADELINE:     Certainly, Mr Slope.

10.    SLOPE:         Thank you.

(SHE LEANS CLOSE.)

1. MADELINE: Just one piece of advice, before we've done.

(SHE ~~SINGS~~ SAYS TO HIM.)

It's gude to be merry and wise, Mr Slope;

It's gude to be honest and true;

It's gude to be off with the old love, Mr Slope,

Before you are on with the new.

(SHE LAUGHS. THE REST OF THE ROOM (THOUGH NOT ARABIN)  
JOINS IN).

2. MRS B: *There he stands, red as a carbuncle and mute as  
a fish. And grinning sufficient to show his teeth.  
An object of pity. The Signora has no pity,  
though. She sees a man who walked largely on  
the earth, who gave to himself a portly air. Who  
trifled with her. And she chose to be revenged.*

Music in: Two to Tango 10 (David Tobin, Jeff Meegan, Julian Gallant,  
Audio Network)

Music out: duration 5"

(OUT ON THE LAUGHTER.)

**SCENE THIRTY**

PLUMSTEAD. MRS BAXTER IS SORTING LINEN. THE  
ARCHDEACON, FULL OF CURIOSITY, CALLS FROM THE  
CORRIDOR.

1. GRANTLY: Mrs Baxter ... Mrs Baxter ...
2. MRS B: In here, sir!
3. GRANTLY: (Coming in) Ah, there you are.
4. MRS B: Putting the linen away.
5. GRANTLY: Yes, I see. Erm ... Miss Thorne of Ullathorne ...
6. MRS B: Of the big house, sir, yes?
7. GRANTLY: She's invited Mrs Bold to stay with her.
8. MRS B: Oh?
9. GRANTLY: No one seems to know why. I thought you might.
10. MRS B: Me, sir?
11. GRANTLY: With your to-ing and fro'-ing and helping Miss Thorne. Because Mrs Bold didn't enjoy her last visit there. Did she?
12. MRS B: (Innocent) That's not a thing I'd know, sir. Not really.
13. GRANTLY: No? Well, we were all rather puzzled, Mrs Baxter. I said I'd ask you.
14. MRS B: Sorry, sir, I've not heard a peep.  
  
(To us) ~~Eleanor Bold, an invitation from Miss Thorne? I had no idea.~~ And I do tend to know everything. (She ponders) I wonder what's going on there.



**SCENE THIRTY ONE**

A SMALL ROOM IN THE PALACE. SLOPE IS WRITING  
ENERGETICALLY.

Music in: Sneaky Scoundrel 5 (David Tobin, Jeff Meegan, Julian Gallant, Audio Network)

1. MRS B: *Meanwhile Mr Slope writes more letters. Of the two Barchester women he attached himself to, one slapped him, and the other ... well, whenever he thinks of those two women now, the pre-eminent place in his soul's hatred is allotted to the Signora. So now he writes ...*
2. SLOPE: *(Writing) My dear Mrs Colby ...*
3. MRS B: *To a rich sugar-refiner's wife in Baker Street, London.*

Music out: *duration 23"*

4. SLOPE: *(Writing) I write to inform you that I am once again upon the world, as it were, having found the air of a cathedral town uncongenial to my spirit.*
5. MRS B: *Uncongenial? Barchester?*
6. SLOPE: *(Writing) Knowing, as I do, your generosity in the encouragement of serious young evangelical clergymen ...*
7. MRS B: *Ah, of course. He's heard about the appointment of the dean. Or, to be precise, he's heard it won't be him. But he won't let it break his spirit. And he won't let the grass grow under his feet. The family of the Slopes never starve. They fall on their feet, like cats. And live on the fat of the land.*

Music in: Fond Memories (Reflections) 4 (David Tobin, Jeff Meegan,  
Julian Gallant, Audio Network)

MUSIC TAKES US TO ...

**SCENE THIRTY TWO**

**THE DRAWING-ROOM AT ULLATHORNE.**

1. MRS B: *At Ullathorne Eleanor is in the drawing-room,  
sitting at the window reading, by the last light of  
the day.*  
  
(THE DOOR OPENS.)
2. ARABIN: Oh.
3. ELEANOR: Mr Arabin.
4. ARABIN: Yes. I ... er ...
5. ELEANOR: I didn't know ... I wasn't aware ...
6. ARABIN: No, nor was I. (Beat) Of course, I do look in here  
from time to time. Ullathorne being my parish.
7. ELEANOR: Yes, of course.
8. MRS B: *Of course. Which Miss Thorne knows well  
enough. Cunning lady. Leave them alone, to talk.  
That's what I should do.*  
  
(PAUSE. A POLITE COUGH.)
9. ARABIN: Lovely sunset.
10. ELEANOR: Hmm?
11. ARABIN: From the window there.
12. ELEANOR: Oh. Yes. Lovely sunset.
13. ARABIN: Very lovely.
14. MRS B: *Oh, not again.*

15. ARABIN: Do you like Ullathorne?
16. ELEANOR: Yes, indeed. Very much.
17. MRS B: *Don't talk to her about the sunset ...*
1. ARABIN: There's something about old-fashioned mansions  
...
2. MRS B: *Nor about Ullathorne.*
3. ELEANOR: Yes. I like everything old-fashioned.
4. ARABIN: (Suddenly) Mrs Bold, I owe you retribution for a  
great offence of which I have been guilty towards  
you.

Music out: duration 1'13"

5. ELEANOR: Oh.
6. ARABIN: The question I once asked you –
7. ELEANOR: Yes –
8. ARABIN: I think it right to beg your pardon –
9. ELEANOR: Oh –
10. ARABIN: In humble spirit –
11. ELEANOR: I took no offence, Mr Arabin.
12. ARABIN: Oh, but you did, and you were right to be  
offended. I haven't forgiven myself but I hope to  
hear that you forgive me.
13. ELEANOR: Oh, Mr Arabin, I do, I do forgive you.

Music in: Fond Memories 8 (David Tobin, Jeff Meegan, Julian Gallant,  
Audio Network)

14. ARABIN: Mrs Bold ... Eleanor ...
15. MRS B: *He says her name ...*

16. ARABIN: My own Eleanor!

1. MRS B: *And takes her hand.*

(THEY KISS).

*And kisses her. (Surprised) And that's enough. A kiss, not words. What do I know about it? So it is that Mr Harding's younger daughter is won for the second time. And – well, you know the rest. How they'll be happy. And have no secrets between them.*

MUSIC ...

2. ELEANOR: (Head) *No secrets but one.*

3. MRS B: *Oh?*

4. ELEANOR: (Head) *He'll never know how once I boxed Mr Slope's ears.*

Music out: duration 43"

LIFT MUSIC. IT TAKES US TO ...

**SCENE THIRTY THREE**

**THE ARCHDEACON'S STUDY. A TAP AT THE DOOR.**

1. GRANTLY: Come.
2. HARDING: (Looking in) It's me.
3. GRANTLY: So I see.
4. HARDING: With news.
5. GRANTLY: What, more?
6. HARDING: And quite unexpected.
7. GRANTLY: No, let me guess: they've made you archbishop of Canterbury.
8. HARDING: No, no –
9. GRANTLY: And you, naturally enough, have declined –
10. HARDING: No, concerning Arabin. What do you think?
11. GRANTLY: Arabin? (A sudden thought) He hasn't ... Not Stanhope's daughter ... ?
12. HARDING: No, no, **no**, not her.
13. GRANTLY: Not her? But someone? What is it?
14. HARDING: You must promise to tell no one else.
15. GRANTLY: Tell them what?
16. HARDING: Not yet. Except Susan, of course, you may tell her.

1. GRANTLY: Tell her what?
  2. HARDING: Arabin is engaged. To Eleanor.  
(A STUNNED SILENCE.)  
Archdeacon?
  3. GRANTLY: Arabin?
  4. HARDING: Yes.
  5. GRANTLY: Impossible.
  6. HARDING: No.
  7. GRANTLY: And Eleanor?
  8. HARDING: She's just told me.
  9. GRANTLY: Impossible.
  10. HARDING: Well, it surprised me, but that doesn't make it impossible.
  11. GRANTLY: Good heavens.
  12. MRS B: *And, for once, that's all the archdeacon has to say about it.*
  13. GRANTLY: (Delighted) Good heavens!  
(HE LAUGHS.)  
Good heavens!
  14. HARDING: And I've had an idea.
  15. GRANTLY: Have you?
  16. HARDING: A little plan.
  17. GRANTLY: A little plan? You? Good heavens! Good heavens!
- (OUT ON THEM BOTH LAUGHING.)

**SCENE THIRTY FOUR**

**THE PALACE. THE BISHOP'S STUDY.**

Music in: Fond Memories 13 (David Tobin, Jeff Meegan, Julian Gallant,  
Audio Network)

1. BISHOP: Ah ... yes ... well ... Thank you for coming, Mr Slope.
2. SLOPE: You asked to see me.
3. BISHOP: Yes, I did, I did ...
4. MRS P: The bishop wishes to speak to you on a matter that has for some time been pressing itself on his attention.

Music out: duration 4"

5. SLOPE: On *his* attention.
6. MRS P: Yes.
7. BISHOP: Yes.
8. SLOPE: Concerning me?
9. BISHOP: Well, yes. It certainly is connected with yourself, Mr Slope.
10. SLOPE: Then I'd rather no discussion took place in the presence of a third person.
11. MRS P: Oh, don't alarm yourself, Mr Slope. No discussion is necessary.
12. SLOPE: Oh?
13. BISHOP: No. Not really.



14. SLOPE: Well, I can't force Mrs Proudie to leave. Nor can I  
refuse to remain if it be your lordship's wish that I  
—

1. MRS P: It is his wish.
2. SLOPE: In that case ...
3. BISHOP: Yes. Well ... it grieves me to have to find fault with a clergyman, and one in your position –
4. SLOPE: Why, what have I done amiss?
5. MRS P: What have you done amiss? Doesn't your conscience tell you?
6. SLOPE: Mrs Proudie, pray let it be understood that I will have no words with you.
7. MRS P: Ah, sir, but you will have words, you must have words. Why have you had so many words with that Signora Neroni, a married woman?
8. SLOPE: I was introduced to her in your drawing-room.
9. MRS P: And shamefully you behaved there. Carrying food to her like a waiter I should've insisted on your instant dismissal.
10. SLOPE: I'm not aware that you have the power to insist on anything.
11. MRS P: What, am I not to save my servants and dependants from having their morals corrupted? We'll see whether I have the power or not. You no longer have a position in the palace ...
12. SLOPE: What – ?
13. MRS P: And as your room will be immediately wanted, you must provide yourself with apartments as soon as possible.

1. SLOPE: My lord, may I have from your own lips any decision you may have – ?
2. MRS P: You may.
3. BISHOP: Oh. Certainly, Mr Slope, certainly. Yes, that's only reasonable. Of course.
4. SLOPE: Then ... ?
5. BISHOP: Yes. Erm ... well, you'd better look for some other preferment.
6. SLOPE: I see.
7. BISHOP: Yes. I think so.
8. SLOPE: And what has been my fault?
9. MRS P: Signora Neroni for one.
10. SLOPE: My lord, for what fault I am turned out of your lordship's house.
11. BISHOP: Well ... you hear what Mrs Proudie says.
12. SLOPE: When I publish the history of this transaction, my lord, as I decidedly shall do in my own vindication, I presume you won't wish me to state that you have discarded me at your wife's bidding.
13. BISHOP: Well –
14. MRS P: Publish what you please, sir. D'you think I've not heard of your kneelings at that creature's feet, if **indeed** she has any feet, and your constant slobbering over her hand?

1. SLOPE: My lord –
2. BISHOP: I think, Mr Slope, you'd better now retire.
3. MRS B: *And retire he does.*

Music in: Sneaky Scoundrel 6 (David Tobin, Jeff Meegan, Julian Gallant, Audio Network)

(HE OPENS THE DOOR.)

4. SLOPE: (Piously) May God forgive you for the way you've treated me.
5. MRS B: *But, as I said, he'll fall on his feet, like a cat.*
6. SLOPE: As to the bishop, I pity him.

Music out: duration 20"

(HE GOES, SHUTTING THE DOOR.)

7. MRS B: *That lady he wrote to, wife of the sugar-refiner? She's a widow now, I hear, in need of consolation. And you can be sure, Mr Slope will console her.*

OUT.

**SCENE THIRTY FIVE**

THE DEANERY. ELEANOR AND ARABIN WALK THROUGH.

Music in: English Summer 3 (David Tobin, Jeff Meegan, Julian Gallant,  
Audio Network)

1. ARABIN: There's no one here.
2. MRS B: *So off he goes, Mr Slope. We shan't see him again.*
3. ARABIN: What are they about, Eleanor?
4. ELEANOR: It's a mystery, Frank. I don't know.
5. MRS B: *And the Stanhopes, too. Back to Italy. So the story's done, more or less.*
6. ELEANOR: Papa just said to meet him here.
7. ARABIN: At the deanery?
8. ELEANOR: At the deanery. With the archdeacon. You don't think he's changed his mind, do you?
9. GRANTLY: (Approaching) Ah, here they are.

Music out: duration 33"

10. HARDING: (Approaching) No, my dear. I haven't changed my mind.
11. GRANTLY: Well, Arabin, it seems that, after all you're not destined to be son-in-law to a dean.
12. ARABIN: Then I'm sorry for that.
13. HARDING: Yes but think how old I am.
14. GRANTLY: Fiddlestick!
15. ELEANOR: Oh, papa ...
16. ARABIN: Then who is to be new dean?

17. GRANTLY: Yes, that's the question. Come on, Mr Harding.  
Let us know who's to be the man.
1. ELEANOR: Oh, papa. You don't mean – ?
2. GRANTLY: He has the nomination in his pocket.
3. MRS B: *And he takes it from his pocket and hands it to his future son-in-law.*
4. HARDING: My dear ... both my dears ... **I wish to ....**
5. MRS B: *And tries to make a little speech, but fails and has to turn away ...*  
  
*(HE BLOWS HIS NOSE.)*  
  
*And pretend to blow his nose.*
6. ARABIN: Me? It's to be me?
7. GRANTLY: Francis Arabin, dean of Barchester!
8. ELEANOR: Oh, **Francis** ...
9. HARDING: Bless you, bless you both.

**Music in: English Summer 5 (David Tobin, Jeff Meegan, Julian Gallant, Audio Network)**

10. MRS B: *Dear Mr Harding. A good man without guile, I always think. We'll leave them there. In a little while, Eleanor will remember Madeline Neroni ...*
11. ELEANOR: (Head) And what she said. "If ever you're a happy wife in that man's house, we shall be far away. But I'll expect you to write me one line." And, of course, I shall.
12. MRS B: *To say she's forgiven the sins of the family.*

**MUSIC OUT: duration 35"**

Music in: Fallen Heroes 1/Fallen Heroes 5 (David Tobin, Jeff Meegan

End credits

In the final part of Barchester Towers by Anthony Trollope, dramatized for radio by Nick Warburton. Mrs Baxter was Maggie Steed, Obadiah Slope, Richard Lumsden and Eleanor Bold, Claire Price. Mr Harding was Tim Pigott-Smith, Miss Thorne, Una Stubbs, Mr Arabin, Steve Touissant, Madeleine Neroni, Katherine Parkinson and Archdeacon Grantley, Malcolm Sinclair. Bishop Proudie was James Lailey, Mrs. Proudie Joanna Monro and Bertie Stanhope, Joel Maccormack. Lady De Courcey was Carolyn Pickles, the servant, John Norton and the Maid, Georgie Fuller. The music was composed by David Tobin, Jeff Meegan and Julian Gallant and the director was Marion Nancarrow.

Music out: duration (+ Silence)

Final duration: 56:59