THE WARDEN (FINAL)
MICHAEL SYMMONS ROBERTS

Based on the novel by Anthony Trollope

ACT 1, SCENE 1

MRS BAXTER
(V/O)

FX:

BOLD
It is wonderful.

MRS BAXTER
Would you like some more, Dr Bold?

BOLD
I must resist, or I shall be unable to leave this chair.

HARDING
,¶DIUDLG,¶SRZHUOHVVWRUHVLVW it.
I have reached the age where I have given up resistance.

MRS BAXTER
,¶JODGWRKHDULWHOSRXUVHOI

SHE GOES BACK INTO THE HOUSE.

056$7(5&217¶
(v/o)
I like to think I am as indispensable to this diocese as my Lord Bishop himself. Where would

occasion?

HARDING
,WLV1HOOYELUWKGDXQOHVV
RXUHSURSRVLQJWRJLYHXVDQRWKHU
occasion to celebrate?

ELEANOR
(tongue-in-cheek)
Please excuse my father, Dr Bold.
He has reached the age where he has
given up discretion.

BOLD
(flustered)
Well, a birthday party sounds
delightful...

HARDING
)RUJLYHPHU%OG,GLGQWPHDQ
to make you blush.

MRS BAXTER COMES BACK INTO THE GARDEN

MRS BAXTER
Would anybody like more tea?

ELEANOR
Your timing is impeccable, Mrs
Baxter, as ever.

MRS BAXTER
(v/o)
My timing is always impeccable, and
so is my hearing. No-one would
accuse me of being a busybody, not
for a second. But a good
KRXVHNHHSHUZLOONQRZZKDWYZKDW

BOLD

ABEL HANDY
Oh, that all goes to the Warden, Sir.

BOLD
:HOO,¶VXUH0UÞUGLQJPDNHV certain you are well looked after.

ABEL HANDY
Each of us gets a pension of sixty two pounds, eleven shillings and fourpence.

BOLD
(shocked)
Is that all?

ABEL HANDY
It was less than that before. We get a tuppence more now.

BOLD
Are you sure?

ABEL HANDY
I count it every week, Sir.

BOLD
And do you know how much John ŁUDP¶OHJDF\ produces every year?

ABEL HANDY
7KDW¶QRWPŁXVLQHVV6LUÆ//%

MARY
(wary, unhappy)
I heard you say you would make something your business.

BOLD
I sense a grave injustice...

MARY
Be careful, John. You cannot fight HYHUrQHYEDWWOHVIRUWKHPrXGR not have the constitution.

BOLD
Oh, Mary...

MARY
,PVHULRXV-RKQrXZHUHVLFN for weeks when you took up the case of that turnpike woman.

BOLD
She was robbing the poor! I had to! I will be careful. But this does sound like a case of grave injustice.

MARY
So it may be. But why do you have to take it on yourself?

BOLD
,H$HFWHGrXUVSSRUW:KHUHY your Methodism? Your radicalism?

MARY
I just worry about you, John.

ACT 1, SCENE 4

MRS BAXTER
(v/o)

(V/O)
Everything looks the same. Mr Harding is giving his afternoon recital with his cello, and the Bedesmen are sitting in the garden enjoying the sunshine.

So even now as the click of his bootsteps meets my ears, I know something is amiss.

THE TUNE FINISHES, AND BUNCE APPLAUDS.

BUNCE
Bravo, Mr Harding, Sir. Bravo. Another one if you please.

HARDING
Oh, Bunce, you are too kind.

THE CELLO PLAYING PETERS OUT, AS WE HEAR JOHN BOLD STRIDING UP TOWARDS THE WARDEN.

HARDING
(surprised)
Dr Bold.

BOLD
I should like to speak with you, Mr Harding.

HARDING
Well, that would be most agreeable, but I am in the middle of my afternoon recital for the bedesmen.

BOLD
you. I shall wait.

HARDING

BOLD
May we converse in private, Mr Harding? In your study, perhaps?

HARDING
(flustered)
Well, yes, of course.
(standing up, to the bedesmen)

Good bedesmen, you are spared. The recital is over for this afternoon, as I must speak to Dr Bold.

(bedesmen disperse, Bold and Harding head indoors)

MRS BAXTER
May I fetch you some tea, Sir?

HARDING
Thank you, Mrs Baxter. Will you have some tea?

BOLD
No, thank you. I cannot stay long.

MRS BAXTER
Do call if you change your mind, 6LU,QOOHDYHRXWRRXU business.

HARDING
(shutting the door)
Thank you, Mrs Baxter.
(to Bold)
Now, you have me worried, Dr Bold. 7KHUHLVQWVRPHWURXEOHEHWZHHQ you and Eleanor, is there? She will be home shortly, and will be delighted to find you here.

BOLD
1RQR6LU,WVQRWKLQJWRGRZLWK Eleanor. I wish to speak to you about the Hospital.

HARDING
Well, anything I can tell you I shall be most happy...

BOLD
,WVDERXWKHDFFRXQWV

HARDING
Then, my dear fellow, I can tell RXQRWKLQJIRU,PDVLJQRUDQWDV a child. All I know is that they SDRHDNDURXQOQHGWR speak to the diocesan steward about that.

BOLD
(surprised)
Eight hundred!

HARDING
,NQRZQRWKLQJPRUH,¶PDIUDLG
1RZWHOOPHLVROG¶EHOD¶QG¶V
OHJRQWKHPHQGLQJ¶#¶¶KDGD
terrible ulcer.

BOLD
His leg will be fine, if he keeps the dressing clean. But Mr Harding,
,KRSH¶RXZRQ¶WREMHFWWR
discussing what I have to say about the hospital.

HARDING
(sighs)
Very well.

BOLD
I have the greatest regard for you, Mr Harding. The truest respect, the most sincere...

HARDING
7KDQN¶RXWKDQN¶RX0U%OG,¶P
much obliged, but never mind all that. ,¶PDVOLNHO\¶REHLQWKH
ZURQJDVDQ¶RDQ0RUHOLNHO\,¶P
sure.

BOLD
...But Mr Harding, I must express what I feel, lest you should think there is personal enmity in what
,¶PJRLQJWRGR

HARDING
Personal enmity! Going to do! Why,
¶RX¶HQRWJRLQJWR cut my throat
are you?

HARDING CHUCKLES, BUT BOLD DOES NOT JOIN IN.

BOLD

HARDING
Too much sun this afternoon...

ELEANOR
RXQHYHUPLVV0UVWHUTODPE
stew.

HARDING
I am not going to starve. One
QLJKWTIDVWZLOOGRPHQRKDUP

ELEANOR
What has worried you so much, Father? Is it something Dr Bold said?

HARDING
It is nothing about you and Dr Bold, my dear Nelly.

ELEANOR
Then what?

HARDING

her father, and wondering just what
her suitor might have said to cause
him such distress.

ACT 1, SCENE 8

INT, BOLD’S KITCHEN, EVENING. THEY ARE SITTING, READING.

BOLD
Thank you, Mary.

MARY
For what?

BOLD
Dinner. It was delicious.

MARY
Same brisket we have every week,
-RKQ%W,¶JODGRXOLNHGLW

BOLD
Are you in the Jupiter again?

MARY
John!

BOLD
:KR¶JRLQJWRKHDUPHLQRXU
kitchen?

HE FLICKS THROUGH THE NEWSPAPER

MARY
If it ever gets out that a woman
writes it...

BOLD

Ah.
HE FOLDS UP THE NEWSPAPER.

MARY
$HQWRXJRLQJWRUHDGLW"

BOLD
Later.

PAUSE
Mary, what about turning the other cheek if you are not the injured party?

MARY
,PVRUU\

BOLD
If someone strikes us, we must not strike back, rather turn the other cheek. But what if that blow, that injustice, is being meted out on someone poorer and weaker than we are? Should we strike back then, on behalf of the weak?

MARY
Is this your new cause? Are you planning to strike someone?

BOLD
I doQWNQRZ

MARY
,PDIUDLG,GRQWIROORZRX

BOLD
Not many will, I fear.

ACT 1, SCENE 9
,17%6##36$&025,1*

BISHOP
Ah, Septimus! There are very few joys left for an old churchman like me, but your company is chief in their number.

HARDING
I cannot offer much joy this morning, Bishop.

BISHOP
I thought you looked less than your usual full-blooded self, Septimus.

You can tell your oldest friend. Come, come...

MRS BAXTER
(v/o)
So, Mr Harding tells the Bishop all about John Bold and his holy mission to clean up the finances of ŁUDPŸRVSLWDO$GWKHROG
Bishop listens to his friend and nods like the sage he is, then when Mr Harding finishes he says just what Eleanor said last night...

BISHOP
I think we should refer this to the Archdeacon. The Archdeacon will sort it all out.

HARDING
But Bishop, did you ever read John ŁUDPŸZLOO"

BISHOP
I think I may have done, thirty, forty years ago when I first came here.

HARDING
And do you remember the details?

BISHOP
Well, not the details. But I know for sure that I as Bishop have the absolute right to confer the wardenship on whomever I see fit.

HARDING
But the question is, Bishop, who has the power to decide how the IXQGVIURP-RKQŁUDPŸZLOODUHWR be distributed?

BISHOP
2K,ŸVXUHWKHUHŸ a statute barring the bedesmen from any

increase in income beyond the measure that keeps them in comfort. Men more learned than you and I have pored over this will and judged its provision to be fair and legal.

HARDING
,¶VXUH

BISHOP
QGZKDW¶ PRUH6HSWLPXVWKHUH¶
natural justice at work here.

HARDING
,¶QRWVXUHZKDWRXPHDQ

BISHOP
Are the men in your care not comfortable?

HARDING
,EHOLHYHWKHUH6LU,¶HQHYHU
heard them complain, and if they want for anything they have only to say and...

BISHOP
Exactly. And did you not raise their pittance by two pence a day per man, from your own purse?

HARDING
Well, yes.

BISHOP
Then there is no debate. Your income reflects the due difference in rank and responsibility of a diligent clergyman, who is - I might add - the very fine precentor of this Cathedral. And as long as WKHEHGHVPHQ¶QHHGVDUHPHWWKHQ
there is nothing to discuss.

HARDING
,¶DIUDLGU%OGWKLQNVWKHUHLV

BISHOP
Then Dr Bold can take it up with the Archdeacon.

PAUSE

HARDING

But Bishop, suppose I find that young Dr Bold is right, and I am wrong?

BISHOP

Septimus, the man stands opposed to all that we hold dear! And if he gets his way he will shut down the cathedral and distribute all its funds among Methodists and Baptists and other savage tribes. He is an enemy of the church!

#SUREDEOGGRHVQWEHOLHYHLQWKH

Trinity!

HARDING

&PHQRZ%VKRSH7DJRRGPDQ

In fact, I like Dr Bold very much, personally. And Eleanor is very fond of him.

ACT 1, SCENE 10

MRS BAXTER

(v/o)

Families complicate matters at the best of times, but in a small town

OLNH%UFKHVWHUZHOLW7DUHDO

tangle. Not only is Mr Harding threatened by the very man who wants to marry his Eleanor, but the Bishop is to unleash Dr. Theophilus Grantly, the formidable Archdeacon, as defender of the church. And of course the Archdeacon is married to Mr

+UGLQJ7HOGHUDXJKWHU6XVDQ*G

I may not have mentioned another family connection, the Archdeacon

LVWKH%VKRS7VRQ=VQR -one

here quite believes it either. How could that mild old cleric have produced the force of nature known as Archdeacon Grantly? You may wonder why John Bold would wish to join this of all families? Well, if

KHGRHVKH7JRLQJDIXQQ;D\

about it.

ACT 1, SCENE 11

INT, SKULPIT'S ROOM, MORNING. ABEL HANDY IS TRYING TO GET THE PETITION COMPLETE, WITH SKULPIT'S SIGNATURE.

ABEL HANDY
Come on, Skulpit, you old fool!
Sign it!

FX: SKULPIT COUGHS.

%/$&17¶
:HQHHGDOOWKHEHGHVPHQ¶QDPHVRQ
WKLVSHWLWLRQWKDW¶Z hat the Dr said.

BUNCE
(intruding)
Abel Handy! What are you plotting?

ABEL HANDY
You get off your high horse, Bunce. No-one put you in charge of us.

BUNCE
No. Mr Harding is our Warden, and
,¶OOWKDQNRXWRUHPHPEHULW

ABEL HANDY
And he does very nicely on it. With our money.

BUNCE
How dare you?

ABEL HANDY
Dr Bold says we are entitled to one hundred pounds a year each.

BUNCE
And what are you going to do with these riches? Do you want for anything?

ABEL HANDY
7KDW¶QRWWKHSRLQW

BUNCE
Has Mr Harding ever refused you anything you asked for?

ABEL HANDY
If Skulpit signs this, we shall have a majority.

BUNCE
6NXOSLWTQRWDZHOOPDQ/RRNDW him! This petition will not help him. It will bring nothing but grief upon us!

ABEL HANDY
6NXOSLWTQDPH on this, and then WKHQ

you. Do join us...

ARCHDEACON
(flustered)
I need to speak with you, most urgently.

HARDING
We can speak over tea, you would be very welcome...

ARCHDEACON
This cannot wait.
(to Bedesmen)
Alright, off you go. All of you. The recital is over.

BUNCE
The Warden was halfway through his favourite piece, Sir.

ARCHDEACON
Back to your rooms! All of you! I need to speak to the Warden immediately.

THE MEN SHUFFLE AWAY, AND ARCHDEACON DRAGS HARDING BY THE ARM INTO A CORNER OF THE GARDEN.

$&&1&17¶
Put down that fiddle and walk with me.

HARDING
Slow down, Theophilus, slow down,¶QRWDV

HARDING
Destroy their petition? How could
,"W what they believe.

ARCHDEACON
,WLVQRW7KDW SUHFLVHO KDWLW
LVQ ,W ZKDWWKDWSHVWLOHQW
enemy of the just John Bold
EHOLHYHV,W KLPILOOLQJWKHLU
heads with his poison!

HARDING
Please be temperate, Theophilus.
Eleanor is very fond of Dr Bold,
and so am I.

ARCHDEACON
Then you are very foolish,
Septimus!

HARDING
Perhaps I am.

ARCHDEACON
He will stop at nothing to destroy
us! His sister Mary is a Methodist!
Did you know that!

HARDING
I had heard something...

ARCHDEACON
She spends every Sunday in that
tawdry little chapel, plotting to
bring down the Church of England.

HARDING
,VXUHVKHGRHVQ

ARCHDEACON
GUXPRXUKDVLWVKH EHKLQGWKDW
GUHDGIXO URPWKH3HZ ROXPQLQ
the Jupiter!

HARDING
Rumours are nothing more than...

ARCHDEACON
%WGRQ ZRUU HZLOOGHIHDW
John Bold. I have taken legal
DGYLFH G, WROGWKDWZHPXVW

secure Sir Abraham Haphazard. Oh yes, I shall not have the slightest fear in leaving the case in Sir $EUDKDPWKDQGV4XHHQWV&RXQVHOD thorough churchman, a seat in Parliament. I think Sir Abraham will not be long in letting Master %RGNQRZZKDWKHWDERXW,IDQF\ I hear Sir Abraham cross-questioning him in court.

HARDING

Has the petition gone to the Bishop?

ARCHDEACON

Yes, my father has it. Not that KHWJLYHQLWPXFKQRWLFH,WRRN it off his hands. They will sorely wish they had destroyed it themselves.

HARDING

%WZKVKRXOGQWWKHSHWLWLRQ"

ARCHDEACON

:KVKRXOGQWWKH\ :KVKRXOGQW They?,QOOHWWKHPNQRZHDFWOLRQ"

HARDING
Well, if I am to be ruined, yes.

ARCHDEACON
Nonsense, Warden. I tell you, something must be done. We must act now. Decisively.

BUNCE
(to Archdeacon)
The bedesmen are all gathered, Sir.

ARCHDEACON
Thank you, Bunce.

HARDING
(to Archdeacon)
Would you excuse me if I go inside?

ARCHDEACON
)RUKHDYHQ¶WVDNHGRQ¶WOHWXV have divisions in the camp. Let us all pull together. Come warden, GRQ¶WEHDIUDLGRIRXUGXW\

(to the assembled bedesmen)

Now, my men! Your good friend, the warden here, and myself, and my lord the bishop, on whose behalf I wish to speak to you, would all be very sorry indeed, if you should have any just ground of complaint. Any just ground of complaint on your part would be dealt with at once without the necessity of a petition.

BUNCE
Hear, hear, Sir.

ARCHDEACON
Thank you, Bunce. Without the necessity of any petition at all. RZHYHU,¶WROGWKDWRXKDYH addressed a petition to my lord the bishop. Is that correct?

THERE IS AN AWKWARD SILENCE.
ABEL HANDY

Yes, we has.

ARCHDEACON
So, pray tell me. What is it you ZDQWWKDWRXKDYHQWJRWKHUH"

ABEL HANDY
A hundred a year.

ARCHDEACON

year more than you have now. It is very possible that you may get less; it is possible that my lord the bishop, and your warden, may make changes...

HARDING
(interrupting)
... No, no, my friends. I want no changes - at least no changes that shall make you worse off than you are now, as long as you and I live together.

BUNCE
God bless you, Mr Harding!
%(66≥8¶6(&(%7+5%(60(1

HARDING
Come, Archdeacon, would you take a small sherry?

ARCHDEACON
(to Harding, as they walk)
Very well. I think I spoke to them plainly.

HARDING
Oh, you were plain enough.

ARCHDEACON
With those sort of people one must be plain, or one will not be understood.

HARDING
,¶VXUHWKHXQGHUVWRRG

ARCHDEACON
They know we are not afraid of
WKHP,¶OWDNHDVKHUUWKHQ,¶O
go up to the palace and answer that petition of theirs.

ACT 1, SCENE 14
,17%/¶286(0251,1*
MARY
(opening a letter)
How lovely, John! We are invited to the
:DUGHQ¶WHDSDUW\

MARY
And why are you the man to do this, John?

BOLD
You might ask the same question of anyone. Who do these old men belong to? If we are to act on that principle, the weak will never be protected!

MARY
But is there no-one else who could pursue this? No-one but you, who have known Mr Harding for so long?

BOLD
7KDWWZRPDQWORJLFDOORYHU
Mary! If the thing itself be right to do, then what has friendship to do with it? Because I esteem Mr. Harding, is that a reason that I should neglect my duty?

MARY
RQWRXKDYHDGXWWR0UR0UR0UBGF2BGF26$cBGFá
John?

Youreasohy aestion of)]TJETBT1 0 0 1 36 0 1 501.19 Tm[ )]TJET EMC /P <MCID

And what about Eleanor?

BOLD
There is no necessity now to talk about Eleanor.

But this I will say: if she has the kind of spirit for which I give her credit, she will not condemn me for doing what I believe to be my duty.

PAUSE

MARY
Oh, John. Think better of this. You are going to make yourself, and her, and her father miserable. You are going to make all of us PLVHUDEOHRXQOPDNHRXUVHOILOO again. And for what? A dream of justice. You will never make those twelve men happier than they are now.

BOLD
RXVLPSOGRQWXQGHUVWDQG it.

MARY
John, please.

BOLD
My mind is not in doubt. I could never respect myself again were I to give way now.

ACT 1, SCENE 15
,17:$(16286(7(:$(167($7<

MRS BAXTER
(V/O)
,WKDUGZRUNIRUDKRXVHNHHSHUD tea party. The hours I put in baking and brewing, and making sure they all keep full cups and plates... But this one is at least diverting. There are fat old ladies in fine silk dresses, slim young ladies in gauzy muslin frocks, old gentlemen stood up with their backs to the empty fireplace, and young gentlemen clustered near the door,

with too little courage to attack the muslin frocks. And the loudest voice in the room, of course, is WKH$FKGHDFRQ¶

ARCHDEACON
The wolves are circling around the church. Have you heard those

(hushed, upset)
Clearly he does not.

MARY
(hushed)
Please, Eleanor, forgive John if you can.

ACT 1, SCENE 16
INT LONDON PUB, EVENING. TOM TOWERS IS SITTING AT A TABLE, AND JOHN BOLD PUTS TWO DRINKS DOWN.

TOM TOWERS
Thank you very much, Sir.

BOLD
,W¶PSOHDVXUH0U7RZHUV

TOM TOWERS
Cheers! No, the pleasure is mine to meet the brother of the mysterious 0LVV)URPWKH3HZ¶H¶THQHYHU seen her, you know. She files her copy as Zecharia, refuses payment, but she writes so beautifully.

BOLD
My sister is very humble.

TOM TOWERS
,¶VXUHVKHLV

BOLD
%WLW¶QRWPVLVWHU,¶HFRPHWR discuss.

TOM TOWERS
2KUHDOO¶XZDQWDFROXPQ in the Jupiter too?

BOLD
No, no. Nothing like that. But I do have a story that might interest you.

TOM TOWERS
:HOO« you will find me a most attentive listener, Dr Bold.

ACT 1, SCENE 17
,17:$(16678(9(1,1$7(57(3$7<

HARDING
Yes, my dear. It seemed to go delightfully.

ELEANOR
%WLWZDVRGGWKDWU'%OGZDVQW WKHUHRXNQRZZKQRW"

HARDING
He was invited. I wrote to him PVXHOI,PVXUHKHZRXOGZDQWWR celebrate your birthday if he possibly could.

ELEANOR
But do you know why he diGQW"

HARDING
(sighs)
Have you been talking to someone?

ELEANOR
Mary.

HARDING
I see. I was trying to keep you out of all this.

ELEANOR
Oh, papa. What will come of it? Will he put you in danger?

HARDING
What sort of danger?

ELEANOR
Danger of trouble. Danger of loss.

HARDING
Come here, Nelly.

HE KISSES HER FOREHEAD

I want you to know that John Bold is no enemy of mine, and I will do nothing to discourage your affections. Your heart must not be torn apart out of loyalty to some old clergyman!

ACT 1, SCENE 18

EXT, CATHEDRAL CLOSE, MORNING. ELEANOR IS WALKING THROUGH THE CATHEDRAL CLOSE. JOHN BOLD IS WAITING FOR HER.

BOLD
Miss Harding! Eleanor!

SHE KEEPS WALKING. HE RUNS TO KEEP UP WITH HER.

[illegible]
My sister tells me that you had a delightful party yesterday evening?
[illegible]

SHE KEEPS WALKING, WITHOUT RESPONDING TO HIM.

[illegible]
I believe, Miss Harding, that you understand why at this moment...

SHE KEEPS WALKING

[illegible]
I think my sister explained to you...

ELEANOR
(cold, angry)
Mary told me everything.

BOLD
Your father is all that is kind and generous. I do hope you will not judge me too harshly...

SHE STOPS, TO CONFRONT HIM

ELEANOR
You may be sure of one thing. If I see my father attacked by those who ought to know and love him, then I shall judge them to be wrong, and I shall set myself against them.

BOLD
I have nothing but respect for your father.

ou1 Tm94

SHE WALKS AWAY.

BOLD
(running after her again)
(OHDQRULI,¢WKRXJKWIRURQH
moment you might doubt my affection
for you...

ELEANOR
(as she walks)
I have heard enough!

BOLD
(still pursuing)
Eleanor, my dear Eleanor.

ELEANOR
(stops to face him)
No. No, John Bold. Not YOUR dear.
Not now.

SHE TURNS AND STRIDES AWAY. HE STANDS, STUNNED.
BOLD
(to himself)
Oh my Lord. What have I done?

ACT 2, SCENE 1
,17:$(16%($)6752200251,1*

MRS BAXTER
Your newspaper, Mr Harding.

HARDING
Thank you, Mrs Baxter. The tea
party went well, I think?

MRS BAXTER
I think it was a great success,
Sir.

HARDING
And not least because of your great
efforts in the kitchen, Mrs Baxter.
They were very much appreciated.

MRS BAXTER
,W¶V6OHDVXUH6LU

SHE TURNS TO WALK AWAY
HARDING

an old alms-house attached to Barchester Cathedral is in receipt of twenty-five times the annual income appointed for him by the ZLOORIWKHIRXQGHU¶

MARY
Oh, John. What have you done?

BOLD
(shaken)
/LVWHQ0DUȳHDWWKH-XSLWHU must express an opinion that nowhere but in the Church of England, and only there among its priests, could such a state of PRUDOLQGLIIHUHQFHEHIRXQG¶ ȹRRUDOLQGLIIHUHQFH¶KHUH did they get a phrase like that?

MARY
Poor Mr Harding must be inconsolable.

BOLD
I have to say, Mary, although it is gratifying to see a just cause taken up by the Jupiter, I do find the language intemperate. And I worry...

MARY
...that you will lose Eleanor?

BOLD
Yes.

MARY
Well, you should have thought of that before you started all this.

ACT 2, SCENE 3
MRS BAXTER
(V/O)
In Plumstead Episcopi, the ȻFKGHDFRQLVSORWWLQJ:HOOKH¶ QRWDFWXDOOȳORWWLQJ#¶ORFNHG in his study reading a scurrilous book and pretending to be plotting.

SUSAN BURSTS INTO HIS STUDY. HE FUMBLES TO HIDE THE BOOK.

ARCHDEACON

Susan! Do please knock, so you
GRQ¶WGLVWXUEP¶RQFHQWUDWLRQ,¶P
ZRUNLQJRQWKH¶UDP¶RVSLWDO
case.

SUSAN
:HOO¶RX¶OOZDQWWRVHHWKLVWKHQ
Delivered just now by the diocesan
steward.

ARCHDEACON
Thank you, thank you...

HE TAKES THE LETTER, AND STARTS TO READ. SUSAN GOES BACK TO THE GARDEN

SUSAN
(calling as she leaves)
,¶LQWKHJDUGHQZLWKWKH
FKLOGUHQLI¶RX¶OOLNHWRMRLQXV

A MINUTE /$(5$&$&,(6287¶6175,803$'
DASHES INTO THE GARDEN, WHERE WE CAN HEAR CHILDREN PLAYING.

BISHOP
Septimus, we have some good news.

HARDING
Oh?

2[illegible]V
DQRWKHUTXHVWLRQ7KHWHEURXJKW
the FDVHDJDLQVWRXDQGWKDW
WKHZURQJWDUJHW,Q6LU$UDKDP
opinion, a jury would throw this out in five minutes.

HARDING
But if the managers chose to allot sixteen hundred a year, instead of eight, and if I am one of the managers myself, then that can hardly be a just arrangement.

ARCHDEACON
7KDWEHVLGHWKHSRLQWHQWLRQ\
Because the managers would not do that. The point is that these pestilent dissenters cannot interfere with an arrangement which everyone knows is just and serviceable to the church.

PAUSE

BISHOP
Septimus? What do you say? Are you relieved?

PAUSE

HARDING
What about the Jupiter?

ARCHDEACON
Oh, the Jupiter can break no bones. And besides, the matter is too trivial to be mentioned again in any newspaper.

HARDING
May I walk, Bishop?

BISHOP
Where?

HARDING
Up and down your parlour, Bishop.

BISHOP
Of course, Septimus. If it helps

Well, Father. There are two kinds of advice. There is advice that may be good for the present, and there is advice that may be good for days to come. Now, I cannot bring myself to give the former, if it be incompatible with the latter.

BISHOP
I see, yes, I see...

ARCHDEACON
What would happen if one of us backed down in the face of this attack? Is it not plain that such attacks would be renewed until the whole Church of England falls to the ground?

HARDING
But those accusations! ,PHDQ oral LQGLIIHUHQFH¶

ARCHDEACON
If you were to throw up the wardenship now, to relinquish what is yours by right and in law, you would encourage every cantankerous dissenter in England to make a similar charge against the church. I can fancy nothing more weak or wrong or selfish. It is not that you think there is justice in these charges against you. You would only

AS IS HIS EARLY EVENING CUSTOM. BUT MOST OF THE MEN ARE NOT THERE. HE REACHES THE END OF A PIECE.

HARDING
Bunce, where are the other bedesmen this evening?

BUNCE
(angry)
Sir. Fired up with money and treachery, they are!

HARDING
for now.

BUNCE
Please, Sir. Carry on. I

SCRATCHING AWAY AT A MUSICAL SCORE, MAKING NOTES FOR THE CHOIR. ELEANOR

HARDING
(teasing)
You are a most disobedient daughter.

ELEANOR
I know about the hospital, and the petition, and what that cruel newspaper has said. But what else? If there be some new cause for VRUURZWKHQOHWVEHVRUURZIXO together.

HARDING
(welling up)
My darling child. Why should you be unhappy before it is necessary. It may come to that, if we must leave this place, but why should your

ELEANOR
Of course.

THE DOOR CLOSES BEHIND MARY. ATMOSPHEc2t3 aD <MCID 4012ATMOSPHEc2t0

break his heart and die.

(she begins to cry into her handkerchief)

I dare to hope that it was not you personally who wrote those savage things in the newspaper?

BOLD
Oh, Eleanor. It was not, it was not...

ELEANOR
And I know that Mary would not write such things. Her Jupiter column is...

BOLD
...oh no, Mary would never dream of..

ELEANOR
...but that newspaper has nearly killed him. Papa cannot bear to think that people should so speak of him, as avaricious, dishonest, robbing the old men...

BOLD
I have never used those words, Miss Harding, I...

ELEANOR
,¶VXUHRXKDYHQRWXVHGWKRVH words. But you started this, and if it goes on, it will kill him. Dr Bold, my father does not care about

Whatever happens, papa will not do that. Oh, how I wish he would.

BOLD
No-one who knows Mr Harding accuses him for a moment.

ELEANOR
But it is he that has to bear the punishment, he that suffers. And what for? What has he done wrong? He that never had an unkind thought in his life, never said an unkind word...

BOLD
Nobody blames Mr Harding personally.

ELEANOR
(angry)
Then why should he be persecuted? Why is he singled out for scorn and disgrace? And why did you begin all this? You whom we all so« so valued.

BOLD
(upset)
I had no intention to harm Mr Harding. It... it was a public duty... I had to...

ELEANOR
Dr Bold. I have come here to implore you to abandon this. To

anything for myself. I ask it for my father.

BOLD
Everything I have is yours, if you will accept it. My house, my heart, my all. My every hope is centred in you, and when I see you in sorrow as you are now, every nerve in my body suffers.

ELEANOR
No! There can be no talk of love between us. Will you protect my father from the evil you have brought upon him?

BOLD
Oh, Eleanor, I will do anything.

ELEANOR
I will not leave here till you SURPLVHPH,QONQHHOLQIURQWRI you now until you promise me.

(she kneels)

ACT 2, SCENE 8

MARY IS WALKING THROUGH THE CATHEDRAL, AND FINDS BOLD THERE 6,77,1;1$(:,17(%52817(5(67(62812)$ CHOIR REHEARSING IN THE HUGE ACOUSTIC OF THE BUILDING. THE CONVERSATION IS WHISPERED AS SHE SITS DOWN NEXT TO HIM.

MARY
John? What are you doing here? I thought you were going to London.

BOLD
,WDTXLHWSODFHWRWKLQNRHV it offend your Methodist principles?

MARY
,PMXVWKHUH to put some pamphlets at the back.

BOLD
The vergers will remove them. RXWHZDVWLQJRXUWLPH

MARY
Two people have already picked them up...

BOLD
Two souls won back from the monstrous Church of England.

MARY
Why are you talking like this, John? Are you angry with me?

BOLD
No. Not you.

MARY
Are you angry with Eleanor?

BOLD
Far from it.

MARY
She is just trying to protect her father...

BOLD
And I have agreed to desist.

MARY
(relieved)
Thank the Lord.

BOLD
%WLW¶QRWWKDWVLPSOHLVLW"
Although I began this proceeding, there are many others involved now. A runaway train is not easy to stop.

ACT 2, SCENE 9
,17:$(1(6286(6

ELEANOR
Papa, may I disturb you?

HARDING
2IFRXUVH1HOO\¶VWLOOZRUNLQJ RQ6XQGD¶VDQWKHPVVR disturbance is welcome.

ELEANOR
I have some good news, Papa. I have spoken to Dr Bold, and he asks me to tell you that he has abandoned his lawsuit.

HARDING
Dr Bold is an honourable man, and he will act as he thinks right. But...

ELEANOR
But what?

HARDING
,¶PDIUDLGLWFDQQRWDOWHUP\ purpose.

ELEANOR
I thought you would be happy, Papa. ++¶JRLQJWRVWRSWKHZKROHFDVH

HARDING
Dr Bold has set great people to work, and I doubt they are within his control. Have you seen this?

HE PICKS UP THE NEWSPAPER

Cathedral Close that morning like a bear with a head full of bees, and no-one could comfort or talk to him. Sometimes, a man like Dr Bold GRHVQ¶WNQRZKRZPXFKKHFDUHVIRU a ladXQWLOKHWKLQNVKH¶ORVW KHU$GLW¶QRWKDUGWRVHHKRZ KHWKLQNVKH¶ORVWSRRU(OHDQRU What did he expect? Setting upon her father like that. Can he ever make amends?

ACT 2, SCENE 11

62812)$&8/5(13/$1217(/$12876,(PLUMSTEAD EPISCOPI.

MRS BAXTER
No-one can fault him for trying, and as he dismounts his horse on the lawn at Plumstead Episcopi, LW¶VDLGQOLFVFHQHZLWKWKRVH young scamps Henry and Griselda Grantly playing prince and princess in the garden. Delusions of grandeur, inherited from their papa.

BOLD
(to Henry and Griselda)
Would your majesties mind taking care of my horse while I talk to your father?

MRS BAXTER
$GPRRHVQ¶WWKH$FKGHDFRQ look pleased with himself as he comes out to greet this visitor.

BOLD WALKS TOWARDS THE HOUSE, BUT ARCHDEACON COMES OUT TO

have picked a better day to visit.

BOLD
Shall we talk inside?

ARCHDEACON
,W¶VXFKDEHDXWLIXODIWHUQRRQÙ
Bold, and I fancy the conversation
ZLOOEHEULHIVROHW¶VWDRXW
here.

BOLD
Very well. I have come to tell you that my campaign is over.

ARCHDEACON
Ah. So, you are desirous of abandoning your attack upon Mr Harding.

BOLD
There was no attack, Sir, I can assure you...

ARCHDEACON
:HOOOHW¶QRWTXUUHODERXW
words. I think most men would call an endeavour to strip every shilling of income from an old man
DQDWWDFNEXWLIRXGRQ¶WOLNH
the word...

BOLD
I intend to put an end to the legal proceedings which I have commenced.

ARCHDEACON
:HOO,FDQ¶VD\¶VXUSULVHG
Carrying a losing lawsuit, when one has nothing to gain, but everything to pay, is not pleasant.

BOLD
You misinterpret my motives, Sir.
%W,GLGQ¶WFRPHWRWDONDERXWP\
PRWLYHV,¶HWROGRXZKDW,FDPH
to say. Good Day, Dr Grantly.

ARCHDEACON
One moment, one moment.... You engage me in conversation in my own

garden unannounced, you should at least hear what I have to say.

BOLD
Very well.

ARCHDEACON
Having exposed a gentleman who is one of your warmest friends to all

ARCHDEACON
In which he declares most explicitly that you have no leg to stand on, that Mr Harding is as safe in his hospital as I am here in my rectory, that a more futile attempt to destroy a man was never made. That is the opinion of the very first lawyer in the land. And you expect me to bow before you when you graciously offer to stop torturing that poor old man? I wish you good afternoon, Dr Bold, for I am busy.

BOLD
I came here, Dr Grantly, with the kindest feelings, and they have been grossly outraged by your treatment!

ARCHDEACON
I have chosen not to let my father-in-law be ruined! What an outrage to your feelings!

BOLD
The time will come, Dr Grantly, when you will understand why I called upon you today.

ACT 2, SCENE 12
MRS BAXTER
I like to get to the hospital HDUOLEHIRUHDQRQHVVVWLUULQJVR
I can make Mr Harding his EUHDNIDVW%WDV,PRSHQLQJWKH garden gate this bright Barchester morning...

HARDING
Oh, Mrs Baxter, I am sorry.

MRS BAXTER
Nearly knocked me off my feet there, Mr Harding.

HARDING
,QOOQRWEHQHHGLQJEUHDNIDVW0UV

TRAIN GUARD
All tickets please? Sir! Sir!

TOM TOWERS
$ULJKWDOULJKWDQWRXVHH,¶ reading.

TRAIN GUARD
Only doing my job, Sir.

TOM TOWERS
+VZHOO,¶ trying to do mine.

MRS BAXTER
And he is. Because as one of the staff writers on The Jupiter, it is QRGRXEWSDUWRI7RP7RZHUV¶REWR read his own stories on his way into the office, and to smile down from Mount Olympus at the poor folk who have to suffer his thunderbolts.

TRAIN COMES TO A HALT IN STATION

TRAIN GUARD

All change, please. This is the end of the line.

EVERYONE GETS UP TO LEAVE, EXCEPT TOWERS.

75$18$17¶ .... And you, Sir. All change, please.

It will cost you a fortune in legal fees.

BOLD
A few hundred, yes. Perhaps three.
,FDQ¶WKHOSWKDWDQG,¶SUHSDUHG for it.

TOM TOWERS
How refreshing to hear a man talking about three hundred pounds
LQVXFKLQGLIIHUHQWWHUPV%W,¶
VRUUR¶RXQHJLYLQJXSWKHFDVH,W injures a man to take up a cause and not carry it through.

%W¶RX¶HOLWDILUHWKDW¶WWKH
LPSRUWDQWWKLQJ¶RXQOKDYHVHHQD FRS¶RI¿KH$PVKRXVH¶

BOLD
¿KH$PVKRXVH¶R

TOM TOWERS
(rooting around looking for a copy)

TOM TOWERS

2KNV,WTFOHDUIURPUHDGLQJLW

that Sentiment has been down to

were unjust, I have no doubt you could put a stop to them.

TOM TOWERS
No, I cannot.

BOLD
Come on, Towers. I have no doubt that you wrote those articles yourself, and very well written they were. It would be a great favour if you will in future abstain from any personal allusion to poor Mr Harding.

TOM TOWERS
My dear Bold. Let me explain. None who are connected with the public press can listen to any outside

So, you have come here to try to stop certain remarks appearing in a public newspaper.

BOLD
Well, I suppose so...

TOM TOWERS
And suppose for a moment that I had this power, and used it to change WKH-XSLWHUÞFDXVHDVÞRXZLVK" :RXOGQÞWWKDWE e a most terrible abuse? The public is defrauded if private motives influence the public press. The Jupiter must make a stand!

ACT 3, SCENE 3
B/G SOUND OF MR HARDING WALKING THROUGH BUSY LONDON STREETS, :,7+(:63$(59(1256$/,1ÞS83,7(5$Þ(PASSES.
61.
MRS BAXTER
(v/o)
The Jupiter is making its stand on every street corner as poor Mr Harding bustles his way to the &DSWHURWHOQHDU6W3DXOÞ Cathedral, the London hotel of choice for every churchman. He drops off his bags and checks that a certain Archdeacon Grantly has not yet checked in. For all his holiness, Mr Harding is no innocent. He knows he caÞ resign his post without talking to the Archdeacon, but he dRHVQÞ UHOLVKWKDWHQFRQWHU6RKHÞ written a letter...

HARDING
(v/o)
My dear Dr Grantly, it is with great regret and after much consideration that I...

MRS BAXTER
(v/o))
...And he sent it to Plumstead Episcopi just before he caught his train...

HARDING
(v/o)
...have decided to set this matter
to rest in the only way my
co

a letter here...

MRS BAXTER
(v/o)
It would be with some excitement that Mr Harding made his first visit to the Houses of Parliament, were it not on such a grave mission.

POLICEMAN
,¶DIUDLGWKDWHYHQRXUOHWWHU ZRQ¶WJHWRXLQWRPHHW6LU
Abraham until this evening, Sir. He cannot be interrupted.

MRS BAXTER
(v/o)
Only to find Sir Abraham in court all day.

HARDING
Not until this evening? Well, I shall have to return then. I have important business to discuss with him.

ACT 3, SCENE 4
ARCHDEACON AND SUSAN ON TRAIN.

ARCHDEACON
,¶VRUUW\RXDYHWRVD\WKLV
Susan, but your Father is behaving like a selfish and cowardly old fool!

SUSAN
Calm down, 7KHRSKLOXVRX¶OOQHHG a doctor by the time we reach London.

ARCHDEACON
How can I calm down?

TRAIN GUARD
All tickets please?

SUSAN
Here you are.

TRAIN GUARD

So he slowly eats his chop and potatoes, but the grace he says over his meal is a bit longer than usual.

HARDING
(v/o)
O Lord, I am so sorry to bring your church into such disrepute. Give me the strength to do what is right, for I am full of fears. Can I support dear Nelly on 150 pounds a year? And shall I be a worthy servant of the parishioners of Crabtree Parva? I know that Nelly is in love with Dr Bold and he with her. Help him to see, O Lord, that since his actions have brought this circumstance upon us, he may make haste to marry Nelly and secure her future. O Lord, give me the strength.

ACT 3, SCENE 6

,17(5,256,5$$$$$$$$2)),(3$/,0(17

SIR ABRAHAM

,¶PYHU\RUU\WRKDYHNHSW\RX
waiting so long, Mr Warden. And sorry for keeping you up at so disagreeable an hour.

HARDING
No, no. Sir Abraham, it is I who should apologise to you for making a claim on your time.

SIR ABRAHAM
1RQVHQVHQRQVHQVH,W¶VDSOHDVXUH
to meet the man behind such an interesting case.

HARDING
Yes, Sir Abraham. About the case...

SIR ABRAHAM
,¶GSOHDVHGWRVD\U
Warden, that all our trouble about this lawsuit has come to an end. Of course they must pay all the costs, so the remaining expense to you and

Dr Grantly will be trifling.

HARDING
,IHDU,GRQ¶WTXLWHXQGHUVWDQG
you, Sir Abraham.

SIR ABRAHAM
RQ¶WRXQRZKDWWKHLU attorneys
have withdrawn the suit?

HARDING
,KDGKHDUGVRPHWKLQJEXW,¶P
DIUDLGWKDWGRHVQ¶WDNHDZD\WKH
crucial problem.

SIR ABRAHAM
:KDW¿UXFLDOSUREOHP¢LU"

HARDING
7KDWWKHDIIDLUVRI+UDP¶V
Hospital are not arranged according
to the will of its founder.

SIR ABRAHAM
(laughs dismissively)
None of such institutions are, Mr
Harding, nor can they be. The
altered circumstances in which we
live do not admit to it.

HARDING
Do those circumstances give me the
right to eight hundred a year? Sir
Abraham, what I want you to tell me
is this - am I, as Warden, legally
entitled to all the proceeds of the
property, after the due maintenance
of the twelve bedesmen?

SIR ABRAHAM
:HOOQHJDOOHQWLWOHG¶VQRWWKH
most apposite way of framing such a
question...

HARDING
Am I entitled, Sir Abraham?

SIR ABRAHAM
All I need to tell you, Mr Harding,
is that it would be madness to
raise any further question on this

matter. The suit has been abandoned, and all will continue as before.

HARDING
May I sit down?

SIR ABRAHAM
Well, of course, of course! Forgive me pacing. I cannot sit down until my GDZRUNLVGRQH

PAUSE

6,5$$17
Are you quite well, Sir? What are you doing with your hands?

HARDING
2KNV,TXLWHDOULJKW,D cellist, you see.

SIR ABRAHAM
But you have no cello.

HARDING
I find it gives me solace, helps me to think.

SIR ABRAHAM

Well, I read them all.

SIR ABRAHAM
ÞGQ¶WRXEHWWHU wait till Dr Grantly is in town with you, before you take such a serious step?

HARDING
I cannot wait.

SIR ABRAHAM
Unless of course, you have private means sufficient for your wants, so resignation would not injure you.

HARDING
2KQR,KDYHQ¶WDVL$HQF e.

SIR ABRAHAM
God bless me! Then how do you mean to live?

HARDING
There is a small living available in the church of Crabtree Parva...

SIR ABRAHAM
I really think, Mr Harding, that

unmarried daughter.

HARDING
I do.

SIR ABRAHAM
Then pray, how can you put your young daughter in the way of such financial peril?

HARDING
My God knows how much I love my daughter. But I would sooner that we should both beg than live in comfort on money which is truly the property of the poor.

SIR ABRAHAM
Mr Harding...

HARDING
...I cannot boast of my conscience, Sir, when it required the violence of a public newspaper to awaken it. But now it is awake, I must obey it.

ACT 3, SCENE 7

MRS BAXTER
(V/O)
After a day like that, a man needs to clear his head, so Mr Harding ZDONVEDFNWR6W3DXO¶&DSWHU ₹XVH₹WHO:KHQKHDULYHVLW¶ JRQHPLGQLJKWEXWKHLVQ¶WKH only soul awake. Oh no...

SUSAN
Papa! I thought you were never FRPLQJEDFN,¶HHHQVRZRULHG

HARDING
,₹DIUDLGWKHDWWRUQH\HQHUDO could only meet me at the end of his day, Susan. Great men have their way.

ARCHDEACON
And what, pray, were you doing with the Attorney General? You do

realise it is not customary for clients to go direct to their counsel?

HARDING
,VQ¶LW"HOODWDQNDWH,¶H done it.

ARCHDEACON
O good heavens!

SUSAN
And Papa, what did you say to Sir Abraham?

HARDING
,DVNHGKLPWRH$ODLQ-RKQ±UDP¶ ZLOOWRPH¶FRXOGQ¶WH$ODLQLW in the only way that would have satisfied me, so I resigned the wardenship.

ARCHDEACON
Resigned it! Resigned it!

HARDING
At least I told him that I would resign, so of course I must do so now.

ARCHDEACON
Not at all. Nothing you said to Sir Abraham can in any way bind you. 0G,¶VXUHKHGLGQ¶WDGYLVHVXFK a step.

HARDING
He did not.

ARCHDEACON
,QIDFW,¶VXUHKHPXVWKDYH advised you to consult your friends.

HARDING
He did.

ARCHDEACON
Then your threat of resignation amounts to nothing, and we are just where we were before.

HARDING
You must be very tired, Susan.
:RXOGQ¶WRXOLNHWRJRWREHG"

SUSAN
I shall go when you go, Papa.

ARCHDEACON
Why did you leave Barchester so suddenly this morning, without giving us any notice?

HARDING
,¶PDIUDLG,¶WKHGDYHU\LULQJ
GD\QG,UHDOO\FDQ¶WWKLQNDQ\
longer. I should go to bed.

ARCHDEACON
At least promise me to take no further step without consultation.

HARDING
(gets up to light a candle)
I must get a candle for the stairs.

SUSAN
It would be madness to throw in your preferment. What will you live on?

HARDING
I have in mind the small living as vicar of Crabtree Parva.

ARCHDEACON
RXFDQ¶WOLYHRQWKDW

HARDING
It will be humble, but honest!

ARCHDEACON
,W¶VLWLIXO,W¶VQRWDOLYLQJDW
DOOXQOHVVLW¶VFRPELQHGZLWK
other jobs.

HARDING
Then I shall find other jobs.

ARCHDEACON

How do you propose to pay the fees outstanding to Sir Abraham, without a proper income?

HARDING
He said it would be trifling.

ARCHDEACON
Trifling to him, yes! But not to us!

HARDING
Well, I shall have to sell my furniture. It is all I have to sell.

SUSAN
Think of Eleanor, Papa.

ARCHDEACON
I do think of Nelly. Of course.

SUSAN
How will she live?

HARDING
God that feeds the young ravens, will take care of us also.

ARCHDEACON
(enraged)
Pish! If the ravens persisted in refusing the food prepared for WKHPWKHZRXOGQWEHIHGDWDOO

ACT 3, SCENE 8

MRS BAXTER
Now. Lest you were scandalised by Dr Grantly shouting at a tired old man, it must be said that he has his father-in-ODZWEHVWLQWHUHVWV DWKHDUWHWMXVWJRWDVWUDQJH ZDRIVKRZLQJLW%W,PZRUULHG too. How can an elderly gentleman and his daughter live on a pittance LQDEWUHH3DUYD7KHQOEH UXLQHG7KHZRQWEHDEOHWRSD\ for a housekeeper, so the diocese will send me to some God-forsaken vicarage out of town. Nobody wants

to lose them. So Dr and Mrs Grantly sleep fitfully and waken very early, keen to be in the breakfast room before Mr Harding comes down.

SOUNDS OF BREAKFAST ROOM.

ARCHDEACON
(hushed)
I FDQ¶W UHVLJQ LQ DQ DVK H
%VKRSZRQ¶W DOORZ LW

SUSAN
(hushed)
, ¶P DVDQ LRXV DV RXUH
Theophilus, but please try to be patient with him.

ARCHDEACON
(hushed)
Your father is like a child! To throw up the hospital living because some scoundrel scribbles in a newspaper!

SUSAN
Please leave this to me.

ARCHDEACON
I must be at the House at 8.30, So
, ¶OO KDYH WR OHDY e it to you.

SUSAN
Good.

WARDEN ENTERS THE ROOM.

686$$17¶
Good Morning, Papa! Please join us. The tea is still hot.

HARDING
Then I shall. Thank you, my dear.

SHE POURS HIS TEA.

SUSAN
And would you like some bacon?

HARDING
I shall sip my tea first, while I

wake up.

SUSAN
I thought we might spend some time together today, Papa. Perhaps we could walk to Hyde Park?

HARDING
,PXVWFDWFKWKHRQHR¶ORFNWUDLQ
home, my dear.

SUSAN
:HJREDFNRQWKHIRXUR¶ORFN
train, will you not wait and travel with us?

HARDING
Eleanor will expect me back sooner, DQG,¶HVRPXFKWRGR

ARCHDEACON
(under his breath)
So much to do!

SUSAN
,VXSSRVHRXZRQ¶WEHGRQHZLWK
your meetings by one, Theophilus?

ARCHDEACON
,YHURXFKGRXEWLW,KDYHµR PXFKWRGR¶

SUSAN
Then I suggest you go and start doing it, Theophilus, and leave me to talk to Papa.

ARCHDEACON
Very well.

GETTING UP TO LEAVE

$&&217¶
I shall see you in Barchester, Warden.

HARDING
,¶PVXUHRXZLOO

ARCHDEACON
And I beseech you to take no

further steps without speaking to the bishop. If you owe me nothing, at least you owe that to my father. Good Day.

HE LEAVES

SUSAN
Papa, this is a most serious business.

HARDING
Indeed it is.

HE RINGS A BELL FOR SERVICE.

$¦1&17¶
Waiter, please could you bring me pen, ink and paper? Thank you.

SUSAN
Are you going to write, Papa?

HARDING

So in front of his loving daughter, Susan, and amid the cluttered cups and plates of the breakfast table, the Warden writes a letter to his old friend.

HARDING
(v/o)
My Lord Bishop, It is with the greatest pain that I feel myself constrained to resign into your /RUGVKLSȶKDQGVWKHZDUGHQVKLSRI the hospital at Barchester, which you so kindly conferred upon me. I need not explain the circumstances which have made this step appear necessary to me....

MRS BAXTER
(v/o)
I say he writes his letter to the Bishop, but in fact he writes two letters. One official, and one personal.

HARDING
(v/o)
My Dear Bishop, I cannot send you the official letter«

(transitions to BISHOP’s voice reading the letter)

BISHOP
«without a warmer expression of thanks for all your kindness to me. I know you will understand, and perhaps pity, the weakness which has made me resign from the hospital. I am not made of calibre strong enough to

have a line from you to say that
you forgive me for what I am doing.

I am, now as always, yours most
affectionately, Septimus Harding.

ACT 3, SCENE 10

TRAIN LEAVING IN BACKGROUND. WARDEN WALKS UP TO ELEANOR, WHO IS IN A HORSE-DRAWN CARRIAGE. HE CLIMBS IN.

HARDING
My dear, how did you know which
train I was on?

ELEANOR
,¶HEHHQPHHWLQJHYHUXRQGRQ
train today, Papa.
(to horse)
Come on. Giddy up!

THE HORSE MOVES, AND THEY SET OFF.

HARDING
,¶VRUU\1HOO\KRSH,KDYHQ¶

INT GRANTLY BEDROOM EVENING. ARCHDEACON AND SUSAN ARE GETTING READY FOR BED.

ARCHDEACON
(tetchy)
Where is my nightshirt, dear?

SUSAN
I am not the keeper of your nightshirt.

ARCHDEACON
I always leave it on the bed so I can find it.

SUSAN
,WZRXOGDSSHDUWKDWRXGRQ¶W *always* do that.

ARCHDEACON

ARCHDEACON
(irritated)
I must say your father is most imprudent if he allows this courtship to continue.

SUSAN
He always was imprudent.

ARCHDEACON
:HOOLIKHGRHVQ¶WWDNHPRUHFDUH
that John Bold will be off with Eleanor!

SUSAN
I think he will be, whether papa takes care or no. And why not?

ARCHDEACON
(furious)
Why not!? Why not!? That pestilent, interfering upstart! John Bold g
the most vulgar young person I ever met! Do you want to see him
PHGGOLQJZLWKRXUIDPLO¶DIIDLUV"

SUSAN
,GRQ¶WZDUPWRU%OGHLVD
g2cd dealto contceied fr nme; bu

thoud leanor! dos clik him

MRS BAXTER
Very good, Miss.

MRS BAXTER LEAVES.

ELEANOR
So, Dr Bold. What have we to discuss?

BOLD
Well, I was hoping I could...

ELEANOR
(interrupting)
Before you start, I wanted to thank you for all you have done to heal the harm to my father.

BOLD
I wish I could have stopped it completely...

ELEANOR
2KWKH-XSLWHU,ZRQ¶WKDYHLWLQ
the house now.

BOLD
I cannot read it either, and my sister has stopped... you know she wrote a column...

ELEANOR
Yes, Mary WROGPH,GLGQ¶WZLVK
her to suffer for this.

BOLD
She cannot bring herself to write for them. You know, Eleanor, that I regret the harm I did to your father more than anything I have ever done.

ELEANOR
I know. And he knows it too.

BOLD
I was doing it, I thought, for the best of motives. I never dreamt...

ELEANOR
RXGRQ¶WKDYHWRVD\DOOWKLV

BOLD
I have already said it to your father.

ELEANOR
And he forgives you. Completely.

BOLD
But do you?

ELEANOR
Of course.

BOLD
I mean, completely?

ELEANOR
,GRQ¶WNQRZZKDWHOVH,FDQ say.

BOLD
You could say that you love me even a fraction as much as I love you, Eleanor.

ELEANOR
(responding)
Oh, John...

BOLD
I carry you in my heart every second of every day and every night. If you cannot return that love then I will still bear it. Nothing will ever change that. But if I dared to hope that you might...

ELEANOR
I do return it, John.

BOLD
(excited, emotional)
You do?

ELEANOR
I do.

ACT 3, SCENE 13

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HARDING
Now friends. I wish to drink your healths before we part company, but first, a few words. There has lately, I believe, been some misunderstanding between us. And as a result, I have thought it best to go.

ABEL HANDY
We never wanted to drive your reverence away!

HARDING
1R0UHQG\¶VXUHRXGLGQRW wish to turn me out. This is my choice. I am not a very good hand at a lawsuit, as you may guess. And when it seemed that our quiet life would be disturbed, I thought it better to go. I am neither angry nor offended with any man in the hospital.

BUNCE
7KHQRX¶HDKRRDQ0UHUGLQJ

HARDING
Oh no, Bunce, I am far from that. But please forgive me if I offer some advice. Some gentleman will take my place here very soon. And I hope and pray that you will receive him in a kindly spirit and raise no further question as to the amount of his income, for all your wants and needs are adequately provided for here.

ABEL HANDY
God bless your reverence, we knows it now.

BUNCE
Yes, Mr Harding. I believe they do XQGHUVWDQGLWQRZQRZWKDWWKH¶H driven from under the same roof with them such a master as not one of them will ever know again. Now WKDWWKH¶HOLNHWREHLQVRU e

want of a friend.

HARDING
(welling up)
&PHFRPH0%QFHR2XPXVWQ¶W
speak so...

ABEL HANDY
We none of us never wanted to do Mr
+UGLQJQRKDUP,KH¶JRLQJQRZqbenéé

How can he be JODG#WEHHQ ruined!

MRS BAXTER
...And if the Archdeacon looked a OLWWOHIORULGLQWKHFKHHNKHQO turn to beetroot when he hears this...

HARDING
And I have one more announcement to make, a very special one. Nelly, come and stand by my side.

ELEANOR
Oh, Papa. You embarrass me.

HARDING
It is with the very greatest joy and pride that I can tell you what Nelly told me last night. That she and the good Dr John Bold are engaged to be married.

BUNCE
(shocked)
Well, bless my soul...

HARDING
I cannot impose that on all these JRRGSHRSOHQGUXLQPGDXJKWHUV good news!

ELEANOR
Oh, go on, Papa. I GORYHRXR play something.

BUNCE
For me too, Sir. I pray.

MRS BAXTER
Your cello is here, Sir. I thought it would be a fine way to finish the party.

HARDING
It seems I have no choice, then.

HE TAKES THE CELLO, AND CALLS OUT TO HIS GUESTS

HARDING &217
I apologise to those of a musical disposition. I am about to play.