Light and sound in the darkness: Exploring theatrical and radiophonic medium-specifics in the double dramatisation of the Smalls Lighthouse Incident of 1780.

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DEDICATION

This thesis is dedicated to Mum, Dad and John for all their love and support.

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Many people were involved in the read-throughs of both *Hearts of Oak* and *Timbre*. I should like to thank them all for their time and support. I should also like to thank Dr. Alexia Bowler for her support and Dr. Anne Lauppe-Dunbar (for her support and for introducing me to the world of conferences). I should also like to thank William Merrin, Senior Lecturer at Swansea University, for introducing me to Media Seminars.

Abstract

The aim of this thesis was to develop two dramatic pieces (a radio drama and a stage play) from the Smalls Lighthouse incident of 1780. The resulting dramas are intended to be separate, but complementary, so that a consecutive immersion gives an all-encompassing sense of the characters, narrative and historical context.

The purpose of these dramatic pieces – *Hearts of Oak* and *Timbre* – is more than a mere attempt to reanimate history for a twenty-first century audience. My main objective was to examine the distinct opportunities offered by radio drama and the stage, and to explore the essence of each medium (its specific, unique elements), so that the medium itself constitutes an integral part of each play. Writing for each medium, simultaneously became the act of challenging them and raised important questions. How could they be manipulated as vehicles for modern storytelling? What possibilities lay (as yet unlocked) within them? What exactly is the essence of these two forms of medium, and can that essence be written into their scripts?

DECLARATION

This work has not previously been accepted in substance for any degree and is not being concurrently submitted in candidature for any degree.

Signed ... (candidate)

Date 06/03/2013

STATEMENT 1

This thesis is the result of my own investigations, except where otherwise stated. Where correction services have been used, the extent and nature of the correction is clearly marked in a footnote(s).

Other sources are acknowledged by footnotes giving explicit references. A bibliography is appended.

Signed .. (candidate)

Date 06/03/2013

STATEMENT 2

I hereby give consent for my thesis, if accepted, to be available for photocopying and for inter-library loan, and for the title and summary to be made available to outside organisations.

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Critical Essay

1. Introduction

Unusually for a Creative Writing thesis, this Critical Essay precedes the two pieces of creative work within the project. This is to enable the reader to understand the technical issues explored, and the context within which they are examined, before reading the dramatic pieces themselves.

The dramatic pieces are exactly that, dramatic pieces. While historical, the following pieces are 'not history in the sense in which the word is used by the academic historian'.[1] Gaps in historical fact have been filled with my imaginative invention. However, there are instances where historical fact was adjusted to fit the purpose. For example, the sailing ship *Phoebe and Peggy* was indeed wrecked in Solva. However, it was wrecked in 1773. In *Hearts of Oak* and *Timbre,* the wreckage falls outside this historical date.

2. Context

TWO MEN are marooned on a remote lighthouse in the Irish Sea, twenty seven miles off the Welsh coast. Outside, the air is electrified by continuing raging storms. Inside, the air is electrified with their hate-fuelled arguments. Suddenly, one of them drops dead.[2] The surviving keeper now has the task of dealing with a decomposing body. Throw it overboard, and he faces accusations of murder and the prospect of the hangman's noose. So, instead, he makes a coffin for it, and keeps it on the lighthouse. With no hope of the relief boat crossing raging seas, the surviving keeper slowly descends into madness.[3]

These are the bare bones the 200-year-old tale of the Smalls Lighthouse off the Pembrokeshire coast, the incident which became the core of my thesis. From this historical core, I developed two separate (but complementary) pieces: a radio drama and a stage play. The purpose of these dramatic pieces was more than merely reanimating history for a twenty-first century audience. My main objective was to

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[1] Miller, 1967:224.
[2] Trefor, 2005; Davies et al, 2008:463; Freeman, 1958:9; Denton and Leach, 2008:55; Brinton and Worsley, 1987:77-79; John, 1995:110-111.
[3] Denton and Leach, 2008:55.

explore the distinct opportunities offered separately by radio drama and stage, and to discover the essence of each medium, so that the medium itself was an integral part of the play. From this process, I would then develop two plays, setting out to develop pieces that were unique to their medium.

As well as this theoretical exploration of radio and stage, I wanted to create two engaging plays which would stand alone as good pieces of drama (and not merely exercises into what each medium was capable of). Had I chosen two separate core incidents, then the standout moments within each play might have been attributed to the drama of each individual story, rather than to the use of the medium.

With questions of medium appropriateness always in mind, writing for the two forms -- radio and stage -- simultaneously became an act of challenging them. How could they be manipulated successfully as vehicles for modern storytelling? What possibilities lay (as yet unlocked) within them? What exactly is the essence of these two forms of media, and can that essence be written into their scripts? Using the same core incident was, I felt, the way to ask these questions.

From a historical research perspective, the tale of the Smalls is an appealing candidate for dramatisation. The Smalls tale is strong on interpretive potential but sparse on recorded facts, something that is evident in the first account of the tale I read. It states:

> Prior to 1801, only two keepers maintained the light on the Smalls. When one of them died, his colleague made a shroud and kept the corpse outside, afraid of being accused of murder if he buried the body at sea, and he had to wait three weeks for a relief boat. It then became policy to station three keepers on remote lighthouses, although today all lighthouses are automated and require no permanent presence. The Smalls Lighthouse was the most lucrative lighthouse in the world, based on tonnage of cargoes that passed by, tolls were collected when ships arrived at ports such as Liverpool and Swansea.[4]

Note that this account does not give a precise date, nor the names of the keepers. It also fails to mention how the one keeper died. Research into other

[4] Davies et al, 2008:463.

accounts of the tale, offered similarly limited or conflicting evidence.[5] Some facts were absent (such as information about each keeper's family life), while others were confused (the name of the dead keeper was not consistent in all accounts).[6] This lack of recorded detail did not prove to be the drawback it first appeared. As the work progressed it became clear I would have to engage in two levels of investigation: research into the incident itself, and research into wider eighteenth-century Welsh social history.

The material I gained through these types of research, I labelled "wide" and "narrow". Narrow information related to the incident itself, while wide context related to the general period of history. I approached the gathering of narrow information by familiarising myself with as many accounts of the tale as possible.[7] I looked for repetition within the accounts. Things that were repeated I regarded with a greater measure of confidence. For example, across several accounts the long-standing illness of the second keeper was recorded. However, equating consistency of information to accuracy did not always lead me in the right direction.

Many accounts, for example, list both lighthouse keepers as being called Thomas, an inaccuracy which has been often repeated.[8] Brinton and Worsley's *Open Secrets,* on the other hand, cited the dead keeper as being one Joseph Harry. While this information only appeared in a single source, it did offer an original historical document as evidence, and for that reason I believed it warranted further investigation. The death certificate, I discovered in the Pembrokeshire Records Office, supported the information in Brinton and Worsley's book. Therefore, I decided to ignore the repeated claim and chose to use the name Joseph Harry as that of the second keeper. (All sources seem agreed that the first keeper's name was Thomas Griffith).[9]

I was keen to clarify the keepers' names, not only because *Open Secrets* challenged the common view, but also for dramatic reasons.[10] Writing a radio play

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[5] Freeman, 1958:9; Brinton and Worsley, 1987:77-80.
[6] Freeman, 1958:9; Brinton and Worsley, 1987:77-80, Trefor, 2005.
[7] Trefor, 2005; Davies et al, 2008:463; Freeman, 1958:9; Denton and Leach, 2008:55; Brinton and Worsley, 1987:77-79; John, 1995:110-111.
[8] Emlyn, 1858:18; Freeman, 1958:9; Hague, 1994:30.
[9] Brinton and Worsley, 1987.
[10] Brinton and Worsley, 1987.

in which the main characters shared a forename might have confused the audience. Worse, I feared that main characters with a shared name would give the plays an unintentionally comedic undertone.

There were also some highly dramatic versions of the incident which I chose to discount. One account, for example, claims that the surviving keeper was driven mad by the tapping of the corpse's finger on the lantern glass.[11] Another says the rotting arm of the corpse beckoned the relief boat onto the Smalls Rock.[12] While dramatic, and apparently suiting the potentialities of my chosen media (the sound of tapping would work well on the medium of radio; the visual element of a waving arm would suit stage presentation), these accounts were, I felt, more hearsay than historical, so I didn't include them in my final pieces. Furthermore, I felt the inclusion of these suggestions would have steered the plays towards genre writing, specifically what is known as the "campfire ghost story". From a narrative viewpoint, I did not want to present the Smalls tale as a gothic myth, as this was contrary to my view of the incident's central dramatic potential.

Knowing that I was not drawn to either a ghost-story approach, nor a primarily comedic one, led to a major question. How *did* I feel about the historic incident and the men at its heart, and what dramatic approach did I feel suited my own skills, interests and theatre/literary passions?

For a variety of reasons, some of which are explained below, I found myself drawn to what Tennessee Williams called the 'memory play' (in his 1945 play, *The Glass Menagerie*).[13] Possibly the best definition of the phrase comes not from Williams speaking as playwright, but from a character in the opening of his play. Tom offers: 'The play is memory. Being a memory play, it is dimly lighted, it is sentimental, it is not realistic. In memory, everything seems to happen to music. That explains the fiddle in the wings'. This comment about the fiddle is apt as both my radio and stage play rely heavily on the symbolism of the fiddle.[14]

Williams talks of the 'exhausted theatre of realistic conventions' which his play sets out to challenge. He goes on to emphasise that unconventional techniques

[11] Brinton and Worsley, 1987:79; John, 1999:111.
[12] Trefor, 2005.
[13] Williams, 2009:xvi.
[14] Williams, 2009:5.

(such as the movement back and forth through time, as opposed to a linear structure) are not the play's attempt 'to escape its responsibility of dealing with reality', but its attempt to 'find a closer approach, a more penetrating and vivid expression of things as they are'.[15]

This explains why the memory play is particularly suited to the plays in this thesis.[16] The Smalls story is one that exists outside living memory, so it is reliant on historical record. Therefore, the very act of writing the play, the research involved, was an attempt to find a 'vivid expression of things as they are'.[17] I believe Williams's idea of memory play could usefully be split in two: those plays that involve the memory of the writer (so the play is based on their own memories of an incident), or plays that deal with the characters' memories.[18] My material suited the latter approach so it may be more precise to say my approach could be categorised as historical memory play.

One can, of course, question the use of such a genre.[19] Is a technique devised by Williams in the 1940s still relevant in the twenty-first century? I would argue that it is. Memory is ever-present, therefore, the concept of the memory play remains relevant. Also, within my stage play *Hearts of Oak*, I have incorporated strong primary images which reflect the contemporary influence of heavily imaged-focused theatre of present-day experimental theatre companies such as Volcano, and which bring an updated style to Williams' vision.[20]

Williams describes the genre of memory play in relation to the medium of stage. Is it right, therefore, to take his definitions and apply them to radio? Williams' definition can be seen in two parts, his production notes and the opening dialogue of the character Tom. Tom's words can be seen as directly relating to radio. Even before he addresses the audience, music has begun to play. Although his dialogue does make reference to the physical space of theatre (the wings) Williams' character could almost exclusively be discussing the medium of radio.[21]

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[15] Williams, 2009:xvi.
[16] Wride 2012a; Wride 2012b.
[17] Williams, 2009:vxi.
[18] Sherriff, 1983:1; Williams, 2009.
[19] Williams, 2009:xiii.
[20] Davies, 2010a; Davies, 2010b; Davies, 2012.
[21] Williams, 2009:xvi-xviii; 5.

If Williams' thoughts (those expressed through his characters and those written in his production notes) can be said to relate to both radio and stage, how does this impact upon my search for the essence of both media? Does the fact that Williams' notion of the memory play is applicable to both, mean that these media share more similarities than differences? These are questions that I asked myself in the early stages of the thesis. However, it would have been dangerous for me to form conclusions in these early stages, as the act of writing for each medium simultaneously became the act of questioning each medium.

3. Form and Focus

MY DECISION to clarify intentions regarding genre choice and how I would tell the story proved crucial. For while I was working on my PhD I learned that I was not alone in discovering the potential of the Smalls story. Physical theatre company The Plasticine Men were developing a stage piece, and Welsh dramatist Alan Harris was commissioned by BBC Radio 4 to write an audio play.[22] In the event, both were produced before my research was complete. For me, this increased the challenge of creating works which were clearly stylistically defined, since I could no longer claim to be the first to tell the story.

At this point, it is worth noting that whilst I was aware of these plays, I engaged with them as little as possible, not seeing or listening to the actual productions. This is because I was concerned that by accessing their material (while in the process of researching and creating my own plays), I would have risked being influenced by them. I looked no further than the synopsis for each piece.[23]

The work of The Plasticine Men was described as physical theatre, which, in terms of its approach, made it quite different from my use of Williams'concept of memory theatre.[24] Alan Harris' radio version, too, differed from the aims of my script. It was written for BBC Radio 4, which focuses on narrative-driven plays. My own preference was to design my play *Timbre* for the broader boundaries of the

[22] Day, 2011; Harris, 2011.
[23] Figure 3, see page 182 and Figure 4, page 183.
[24] Figure 4, see page 183.

BBC's cultural station, Radio 3, as this would give me greater scope to test the potential of the radio medium.

Both Harris and The Plasticine Men have only two characters in their plays: the keepers. This is something I'd decided against from the outset (before the other plays were produced). Harris, incidentally, did choose to follow the familiar line, and name both his keepers Thomas. Writing a two-hander, where the characters inhabit a confined space (in the case of the Smalls, a confined space they cannot leave) risks a form of dwindling drama devoid of the renewed energy which new characters can provide. For example, in Beckett's *Waiting for Godot,* the introduction of Pozzo and Lucky renews the dramatic energy from an outside source, meaning the tension does not hinge solely on Vladimir and Estragon.[25]

These issues were at the forefront of my mind when deciding how I was going to deal with the story. I felt that dealing with the tale of the Smalls in a linear way (representing the play via a linear narrative akin to plays like *Jerusalem*, *South Downs*, or *The Crucible*) would have led to the tension slowly waning in the play, and the action becoming humdrum.[26] While other incarnations of the Smalls story had dealt with the tale within an enclosed linear structure, I felt that by introducing the world outside the lighthouse, the claustrophobia of the actual lighthouse would become all the more apparent.[27] More importantly, I wanted to show the keepers' world beyond the lighthouse, and what that life brought to the crisis in which they found themselves. The records showed that Thomas Griffith had been a cooper by trade, in Solva, so I decided to expand the world of the cooper, imagining his onshore life in that coastal Welsh village.

With the need to be bold in style and approach made doubly important by the two other treatments of the Smalls tale, it was important for me to gain an understanding of how others had described the essence of contemporary dramatic writing for stage and for radio. What were the specific elements which were unique to radio or stage, and how had writers exploited these elements to create plays uniquely suited to that medium?

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[25] Beckett, 1973:21.
[26] Butterworth, 2009; Hare, 2011; Miller, 1967:225-329.
[27] Day, 2011; Harris, 2011.

Perhaps the most common analysis is that radio is tuned for the ear, stage for the eye; indeed, Val Gielgud, Head of Radio Drama at the BBC for 20 years from 1929, argued that to write for the radio is to write 'for the microphone.'[28] (It is interesting within this stage/radio discussion to note that Val Gielgud chose radio while his brother John chose the stage; two talented creative men each attracted to a different medium, but it was John, the theatre star, who gained the knighthood).

Modern radio industry experts have put much thought into the definition of their medium. Alison Hindell (current UK Head of Audio Drama at the BBC), states that 'the most pure form of radio writing is work that deals with either the surreal (which doesn't necessarily mean the absurd) or ideas to do with the mind and the imagination, rather than the naturalistic world of domestic reality around us'.[29]

Hindell's definition certainly offers scope for the kind of historic memory drama which interests me, in that, ideas relating to the mind are by no means limited to the present time. One of the crucial points in the Smalls story, mentioned often in written record, is the notion of Thomas' descent into madness.[30] However, I would qualify Hindell's definition – at least in relation to my own work. When dealing with history in drama, I believe that what she calls the 'naturalistic world of domestic reality' may be more crucial than in present-day plays.[31] In order for the historical play to have life, the domesticity of the past needs to be illustrated, so that it becomes clear that people then were indeed people, not unlike ourselves.

Radio theorist Mark Ensign Cory supports Hindell's view, hinting at a way of implementing it. He mentions that radio's 'lack of visual stimuli' has led to an internalising of action, suspending physical dimensions and telescoping time as a way of reaching 'new artistic, symbolic, and increasingly lyric. . .effects'.[32] However, how robust are these definitions? What actual radio plays could I find which employed 'new artistic, symbolic and increasingly lyric...effects'?[33] The answer was: Ed Hime's *The Incomplete Recorded Works of a Dead Body*, along with

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[28] Gielgud, 1946:ix; Brook, 2008:11; Shingler and Wieringa, 1998:74.
[29] Hindell, 2012, see page 173.
[30] Trefor, 2005; Freeman, 1958:9; Emlyn, 1858:18-21; Denton and Leach, 2008:55; Brinton and Worsley, 1987:79; John, 1995:111.
[31] Hindell, 2012, see page 173.
[32] Cory in Crook, 1999:67.
[33] Cory in Crook, 1999:67.

D.J. Britton's *Chelsea Dreaming*.[34] But what is it about these two plays that make them modern examples of their medium? How do they differ from what's gone before? Importantly, how are they tied into my own endeavours as historical radio dramatist?

Hime and Britton give, respectively, a present-day and an historical play a modern perspective by exploring what drama-producer turned academic Tim Crook calls 'artistic, symbolic, and increasingly lyric. . .effects'.[35] However, an examination of Hime's play demonstrates that present-day plays aren't necessarily modern (by virtue of being set in the present), but require a modern perspective (as Hime has applied to his work). Both Hime and Britton have adopted an internal perspective. For his establishing sound, Hime presents the listener with the whirling of a tape recorder. He is literally presenting the listener with the internal workings of a listening device, whereas Britton offers the listener the very heart of New York City, via a multilayered soundscape.[36] These contrast to the external perspective of older plays such as Wally K. Daly's *Mary's* whose establishing sound is 'three knocks representing the nails being hammered into Jesus hands/feet'.[37]

These sound signatures are what inspired the establishing sound for my own radio play, *Timbre*, which features the repeated sound of a beating heart. This sound, more than any other, encapsulates the core of the play which is, if anything, a play about heartbeats. Arguably, there is nothing especially historical about a heartbeat, but that is the beauty of it. It transcends time; people in 1780 were just as human as people in 2012.

The three plays by Britton, Daly and Hime demonstrate that it is not only the techniques which a play employs that characterise the writer's work, but those which s/he chooses not to use. For example, Daly's attempt at the internal perspective goes no further than the vocalisation of internal thoughts. I'm not criticising this technique; it is one that I used frequently in my radio play. The point is that *Mary's* relies solely on internal thought vocalisation. There appear to be opportunities in the piece for the internal thoughts to break away, forming external scenes, yet when

[34] Britton, 2003; Hime, 2008.
[35] Cory in Crook, 1999:67.
[36] Britton, 2003.
[37] Daly, 1987:3.

Mary Magdalene is beaten by her father, the incident is still narrated by Mary.[38] Her narrative doesn't break open into a scene that contains her father's voice, or sound effects that suggest she is being physically attacked.

As I read *Mary's,* I found I wanted these breakaway scenes, and not just solid narration, so I made sure that my own radio play, *Timbre* included such breakaways. *Timbre* showcases the (specifically female) voice of the lighthouse (i.e. vocalisation of internal thoughts), but those thoughts alone were not enough to make the character of the lighthouse. Because the physical light of the lighthouse is far-reaching, I wanted the character to convey this. In the following excerpt, the Smalls (the commentator/narrator) does not narrate lighthouse designer Henry Whiteside's words; he is allowed to speak for himself. The scene is allowed to spring out of The Smalls' narration. The extract hints that the light of the Smalls reaches even into the past, prior even to the Smalls' own construction (in the same way Joseph hints in the stage play, that he can see everything).

1. THE SMALLS — Just the very thought of me, put wind in a ship's sails.

SFX: Sails filling with wind, Spars creaking,
(broken by)
SFX: Gavel on table.

HENRY WHITESIDE (26) is talking to a committee of people, who want to begin construction on The Smalls Lighthouse.

2. HENRY — Let the record show, that in the year of Our Lord, 1773. . .

(Wride, 2012b:132)

This is also an example of what pioneer BBC radio producer Lance Sieveking called the 'realistic confirmatory effect' in action.[39] I was inspired by Hime's internal perspective, but where Hime was concerned with the internals of the human body (such as a scene in which central character Baback performs surgery on himself) I was more concerned with how the internal perspective related to our ideas

[38] Daly, 1987:7.
[39] Crook, 1999:70.

of space. There was a definite degree of claustrophobia to the lighthouse, with the Smalls being referred to as a 'barracoon' (not in a literal sense).[40] At first, I wrestled with the notion of how to exactly portray this via radio.

Sieveking wrote of what he called the Symbolic Evocative Effect, a sound which he said was akin to 'the artist's abstract brush...stroke on canvas'.[41] In the course of the research/writing process, I'd struggled to find Sieveking's 'Symbolic Evocative Effect'.[42] However, as I progressed I realised that, rather than representing a single sound, the use of Sieveking's effect within my work, relates to perspective. The settings of the play – a closed coffin; a recurring, traumatic dream; the internal thoughts of an off-shore lighthouse – all serve to highlight the claustrophobia of the situation.

There were however, specific challenges involved in adopting this internal/external perspective approach in my work. As it turned out, identifying this distinction had a significant impact on the story not only of my radio drama but of my stage play too.

Whilst the intention was for the plays to be complementary, this didn't mean the chosen storyline had to be exactly the same. As I said earlier, one of the attractive aspects of the Smalls story is that the firm facts are scanty, leaving plenty of room for my imaginings to weave around between the factually-established information. With two dramas, I had the opportunity for two sets of imaginings. There are, of course, similarities between the storylines of the pieces (for example both illustrate Joseph finding a cure for his hernia, after performing a ritual involving an ash tree), but the narrative emphasis is quite different. *Hearts of Oak* is very much about the past, encompassing the personal histories of the four characters, as well as their current relationships. The love/loss history between onshore characters Emma and Bill is crucial. Within *Timbre,* Emma and Bill don't have such a relationship (in fact, they don't speak directly to one another). *Timbre* deals more centrally with the emotional dynamic between Thomas and Joseph (along with their remembered relationships with their respective parental figures).

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[40] Freeman, 1958:5.
[41] Crook, 1999:70.
[42] Crook, 1999:71.

The reasons for this shift in story emphasis stems largely from my interest in finding an internal perspective for the radio piece. The way the drama was set up, with the focus on Joseph in his coffin and Thomas in the lighthouse, there was little room for other character stories. To introduce Emma and Bill's relationship would have been to force that storyline into an unsympathetic narrative framework. It would not have been a good fit. With the more external approach I took on stage, however, Emma and Bill could indeed be old lovers.

Of course, while my use of internal perspective may be a modern technique, my material is not. To prevent my internal perspective approach cloaking the historical with the modern, I looked specifically at what Sieveking called 'the realistic, confirmatory effect'.[43] By using a sound that 'amplifies a signpost rooted in dialogue' (e.g. the sails being unrolled) I kept the historical afloat, despite my technically contemporary treatment of the play.[44] In line with Sieveking's analysis, the ships sails are 'rooted in dialogue', 'amplified' by the sound of sails being unrolled.[45] While the sound effect may not seem particularly historical, it relates directly to the rigging of eighteenth-century ships. Another perhaps more obvious historical marker is the use of the unrolled parchment sound effect (as parchment is consigned to history, it pitches the play along a timeline of past events). The parchment sound effect is given a rooting in Henry's mention of 'the record' and the date '1773' places the incident definitively along an historical timeline.[46]

In my exploration of the radio medium, I wanted to represent the world of the mind that Hindell referred to and I was particularly interested in Sieveking's 'symbolic, evocative effect'[47]. This is not to say that I held plays which embody these techniques (as does Hime's) as some sort of blueprint. Early on, I rejected the darkly comic gore of Hime's play. I felt this somehow too modern a treatment. Whilst The Smalls tale did involve elements of gore (the decomposing corpse), it didn't need to be dealt with in a direct way (Hime's method). Hime drew more on what Sieveking called the 'realistic, confirmatory effect'.[48] The listener hears

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[43] Crook, 1999:70.
[44] Crook, 1999:70.
[45] Crook, 1999:70.
[46] Wride 2012b:132.
[47] Hindell, 2012 see page 173; Crook, 1999:71.
[48] Crook, 1999:70.

sickeningly squelching sounds, followed by dialogue confirming that Baback is performing surgery on himself, and has now come across his spleen.[49] By contrast, I wanted moments that may have given way to gore (such as the removal of jewellery from a half-dead corpse) to be more akin to Sieveking's 'symbolic, evocative effect'.[50]

10. THOMAS — You can't make a just cause out of stealing from the corpses of the drowned, Bill!

BILL remembers the shipwreck once again.
SFX: *(Foreground) BILL'S dagger cutting through the finger of a corpse. (Background): Violent seas, flotsam/jetsam, people looting.*

11. BILL — Listen, by taking the rings from their fingers, I was making them lighter, save them from the depths below.

(Wride, 2012b:156)

The sound sequence is more than just a reference to a gory element of the story.[51] This sequence demonstrates Bill's past as a wrecker, but the sound effects (violent seas, flotsam/jetsam/people looting) create a feeling of panic and pandemonium akin to Sieveking's 'symbolic evocative effect'. The creation of the Smalls Lighthouse removes this situation (wrecking) from Bill's life, but leaves him with the feeling of (financially) drowning.

So, if radio, for me, has its strength in its internal perspective, what of the stage? I would argue that the essence of stage relates to its external perspective. It might seem simplistic to hold up stage as an opposite to radio's internal viewpoints, but on examination, it appears that the essence of stage begins with this opposition. Theatre, both modern and ancient, draws great strength from the visual: Barbie dolls dismembered onstage, the ghost of Hamlet's father represented as a horse-headed, chain-wielding vision, or the audience meeting a solid wall of books in their tour

[49] Hime, 2008.
[50] Wride, 2012b:156; Crook, 1999:71.
[51] Wride, 2012b:156.

around a library basement.[52] The vital question is *which* images to focus on. Largely, the images deal with the physical, the corporeal, the actual world around us. This is in stark contrast to Hindell's notion of the 'surreal' world of radio, that focuses on 'unrealistic ideas' and 'the mind and the imagination'.[53]

It might seem contradictory to mention a ghost and notions of the corporeal in the same paragraph, but I feel the perspective of stage is always rooted in the physical. In Volcano's 2010 production *The Elsinore Project*, the ghost of Hamlet's father is represented in a very physical way (his physicality emphasised by the actor's bare chest, the amplification of a harsh, electronic soundtrack through off-stage speakers).[54] Even the Plasticine Men's production of the Smalls Tale, *Keepers*, was a very physical endeavour, with little more than two actors, and simple props.[55] Arguably, even at times when a theatre work appears to wander into flights of fancy, the limitations of the stage space mean that it is driven to return to the located reality of the actor.

In Jez Butterworth's *Jerusalem*, Johnny's monologue brings all of England onto the (relatively small) stage space. In the monologue, Butterworth appears to have gone on a flight of fancy, writing lines such as, 'I heard an oak tree cry', 'I seen a rainbow hit the earth and set fire to the ground' and 'I seen a man they buried in the churchyard Friday sitting under a beech eating an apple on Saturday morning'. All this is then brought back down to earth in the line, 'I seen all the world pass by and go'. I would argue that within Johnny's monologue, Butterworth encapsulates the very essence of stage as a medium. In that monologue, the physical space of the stage becomes boundless, before it's reined in by Phaedra: 'Look at that. It's five to six', which brings the world of the play back to the actual (limited) size of the stage.[56]

Keeping Butterworth in mind, I would argue that the essence of both radio and stage is a spatial one. However, this spatial difference relates not only to the

[52] Davies, 2012; Davies, 2010b; Davies, 2010a.
[53] Hindell, 2012, see page 173.
[54] Davies, 2010b.
[55] Figure 4, page 183.
[56] Butterworth, 2009:102.

literal stage-space (and the non-literal space offered by radio as a medium), but to the notions of internal/external space I previously mentioned. In relation to my own work, I have two other dimensions to consider: historical space and memory space.

Radio offers us a boundless space, but can move more freely within this landscape, whereas stage cannot stay in its peripheral spaces too long. In my radio piece, the boundless space is evident as the action quickly moves from Thomas' dream-space (the past), to the lighthouse's internal dialogue (the present), to Henry Whiteside's meeting about the lighthouse's construction (the past), before moving to the inside of Joseph Harry's coffin (the present). Despite its free-ranging style, with overlapping scenes and easy movement between time frames, my stage play does not have that same boundlessness. Like Butterworth, my stage piece only floats on the periphery of the stage space.

For example, in the dead Joseph's first speech, he takes the audience out of the lighthouse, and out of the confines of the physical stage space, with the words: 'the dead see everything, they do, and now, I see everything as well'.[57] Joseph transports the audience to the lighthouse, showing them 'every plank of wood that makes its height' to 'the lime kilns of Solva', before showing them the past, and an ominous future where the whale-oil burner becomes nothing more than a 'pin-prick in the darkness'.[58] This monologue transports the audience beyond the physical stage space. While the monologue may seem as if it inhabits a boundless perspective, this is a false sense of endless space. The scene following the monologue once again brings the audience back to the physical space of the stage. Notions of seeing the future (or beyond the lighthouse) are gone, in favour of serious, grounded discussion about why each man (Joseph and/or Thomas) has chosen the job of lighthouse keeper. This highlights how fleeting the moments are that take the audience beyond the stage space. More than this, it demonstrates how fleeting they have to be. Frequent, long monologues throughout the course of a play, would no longer offer flights of fancy, but would be fully-fledged journeys to this periphery. Staying too long in the periphery would be unsuitable.

[57] Wride, 2012a:63.
[58] Wride, 2012a:63.

There is an irony in the use of the imaginative, far-reaching stage monologue. Words, ideas spoken, are the one thing that transports the audience outside of the stage space. Yes, they create images (which are in keeping with the notion of the stage and the eye), but it is the words themselves, created by a character in a reflective mood (such as Joseph Harry), which take the audience away from the space.[59] These images hang somewhere between the periphery of the stage space and the mind's eye of the audience. They are Secondary Images, I would argue. Primary images are those that exist on the stage, those that the audience are seeing played out before them with their own eyes. Secondary images are no less strong but, inevitably, they are less solid, less controlled.

A theatre of only primary images, one that pushes out its secondary word-based counterparts, is not a theatre I would wish for. It is a theatre that does exist, but ironically, it risks not only losing the imaginative expansionism of the secondary image, it also threatens to undercut the power of the primary image itself by too frequent use.[60] In the same vein, a play that employs only secondary images may well fail to capture the essence of the medium. In my own *Hearts of Oak,* especially powerful primary images are designed to occur only twice: the cockfighting scene at the end of Act 1 and the scene with the bloodied shirt in Act 2.[61] This means that when they are interlaced with the secondary images, they have more impact, as the audience alternates between images created visually for them, and images they create themselves.

Notions of primary, secondary image and the monologue also relate closely to notions of dialogue. I wanted both the radio piece and the stage piece to be grounded in normality, so that the leaps I was asking the audience to make would be encouraged by characterisations and dialogue which were fully credible. I was encouraged in this hope by the location of the Smalls tale on the west Wales coast, for it meant that I would be able to write the dialogue in my own idiom, Welsh English. This gave me confidence that I could create a realistic speech pattern for the Solva people. A realistic speech pattern doesn't necessarily mean naturalistic dialogue, and nor should it. What I wanted was a credible and listenable pattern of

[59] Wride, 2012a:63.
[60] Davies, 2010b; Davies, 2012.
[61] Wride, 2012a:85-86; 104.

speech which would denote the historical time period and well as the location. I accept that any play written outside the living memory of the playwright may well face challenges to its historical validity. I wanted to do my best to answer any such challenge.

For records of eighteenth-century speech, I turned to diaries and written accounts but they were, ultimately, unsuitable sources.[62] The diaries recorded the language only of the upper-class, and would have possibly seemed stiff to the audience. To find the spoken language of the working classes, the craftsmen, I turned to a more modern source: *The Survey of Anglo-Welsh Dialects.*[63] There were several issues with this source, too. To begin with, it didn't capture the speech patterns of Solva, but of nearby Marloes and Camrose. My initial fears with this source, was that it was far more modern (some two hundred years later) than the diaries.[64] Therefore, what would adopting these speech patterns mean? Would they modernise the dialogue too much?

While I was listening to *The Survey of Anglo-Welsh Dialects*, I also examined Arthur Miller's *The Crucible*, looking specifically at how Miller treated the language in his famous play about the 17th-century witch trials in Salem, Massachusetts.[65] Miller told how he studied the 'gnarled way of speaking' that characterised the people of Salem and 'without planning to. . . even elaborated a few of the grammatical forms. . . the double negatives especially'. It was useful to see another playwright's treatment of language he hadn't actually heard spoken. It might be argued that it is Miller's precise placement and choice of words that gives *The Crucible* its flavour of time and place. This can be seen in act one, where Parris' Barbadian Slave, Tituba, is interrogated over the bewitching of a young girl. Tituba is faced with the questions: 'Woman, have you enlisted these children for the Devil?' "You have sent your spirit out upon this child, have you not?' and 'Are you gathering souls for the Devil?'. The notions of 'enlisting' and sending out spirits possess a formality that is lacking from modern speech. Also, Miller does not abbreviate in a way that is common place in current speech patterns. The line, 'have

[62] Herbert, 1950; Saunders, 1949.
[63] Parry, 1976a; Parry 1976b.
[64] Herbert, 1950; Saunders, 1949.
[65] Miller, 1967:225-329.

you not?' would, in modern tones, be 'haven't you?' an alteration that, arguably, lacks gravity and formality.[66]

What stood out the most about Miller's treatment of language, was the notion that 'without planning to' things were adjusted. In early drafts of my stage play, I had planned for Emma and Joseph to use more Welsh phrases than they do in the final draft. However, 'without planning to', with each subsequent draft, their use of the Welsh language slipped away. In the final draft, Emma still uses the term of endearment 'cariad' to refer to Joseph, but she doesn't speak at length in Welsh.[67] It didn't seem to fit with the speech patterns which had emerged.

On listening to the recordings from *The Survey of Anglo-Welsh Dialects*, it became clear that my earlier fears regarding over-modernisation of my plays were less of a concern than I had thought. The speech in the survey was not as alienating as the language in the diaries, but it did not feel nearly as modern as the time it was recorded (the 1970s). The main issue that arose from listening to the recordings was the specific nature of the phrases. Many of the interesting phrases related to farming. 'Where have you put up?' related to what stable a man had placed his horse in, and 'I'm going to feed up/supper up' referred to feeding cows.[68] Whilst interesting, these would have been out of context in my play so I focused on interesting, non-specific phrases such as 'and they got them all kinds of spinny things for to spin', making use of the phrase 'for to'. 'Afore' was also another interesting phrase.[69]

In the final draft of the stage play *Hearts of Oak*, the phrase 'for to' is used in scenes which have particularly strong references to motifs of the period, such as the cock-fighting scene. In it, Thomas states: 'Dai Jenkins' rooster. I wager all my debts, my body for to toil, I wager it all on Dai Jenkins' rooster'. It is utilised once again: 'the rags for to clean, might go missing' in a scene relating to the wooden structure of the lighthouse and the practical implications of its cleaning. By pairing this phrase with these incidents, the words themselves are given an historical grounding.[70]

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[66] Blakesly, 1992:xv; Miller, 1967:225-329; Miller, 1967:256.
[67] Blakesly, 1992:xv ; Wride, 2012a: 68, 69, 80, 102.
[68] Parry, 1976a; Parry 1976b ; Herbert, 1950; Saunders, 1949.
[69] Parry, 1976b.
[70] Parry, 1976b; Wride, 2012a:65, 85.

Interestingly, the radio play *Timbre* does not use 'for to' in the same way, but this omission occurred, as Miller would say 'without planning'. Rather, *Timbre* focuses on the placement and choice of other specific words and structures. 'He fashioned this coffin from a keg. . .wood that sat skin to skin with ale. . .heathen as he is'. The sense of time and place is present throughout in the language. If that line were part of a present-day play, the word 'fashioned' would be replaced with made, 'ale' with beer and 'heathen' with non-believer.[71]

Examining Miller's dialogue and questioning it in relation to history made me consider my treatment of history more closely. The fact-gathering exercises I engaged in spanned the entire course of my thesis, but when I began, I had to make decisions about how I was going to use the information. How strictly should I adhere to these facts? I decided that artistic licence only had a place where there were gaps in historical fact. Elements of The Smalls story that weren't supported by historical fact (such as what type of illness Joseph suffered from), were then given over to my own dramatic invention. A sense of history shouldn't overshadow a play, but by the same token it shouldn't be so slight that it isn't clear the play is even historical. I also drew inspiration from earlier plays (egs. Diane Samuels' *Kindertransport* and Arthur Miller's *Crucible)*, examining how they dealt with history.[72]

Both Samuels and Miller lacked personal experience of the period they were dramatising (as do I), but they dealt with it by research. Samuels interviewed people who were actually on the *Kindertransport*, weaving some of their experiences into the play itself. Miller, by contrast, didn't have access to individuals who'd gone through the Salem witch trials, so had to make do with court records. Miller also goes as far to say that, in spite of the 'few letters, the trial record and certain broadsides written at the time', his play is not history 'in the sense in which the word is used by the academic historian'. Miller has adjusted the facts to suit the purpose: such as fusing many characters into one, although he can't be accused of playing fast and loose with the facts, because 'there is no one in the drama who did not play a similar – and in some cases exactly the same – role in history'. Samuels stated that

[71] Parry, 1976b; Wride, 2012b:141.
[72] Samuels, 2011; Miller, 1967.

'although Eva/Evelyn and her life are fictional, most of what happens to her did happen to someone somewhere'.[73]

I believe what Miller and Samuels did was capture (as Miller put it) 'the essential nature' of 'one of the strangest and most awful chapters in human history'. This 'essential nature' is what I have tried to capture too. While I have tried to separate the truth (such as finding out Joseph Harry's name) from the fantastical (hearsay about a corpse tapping on glass) in the core story, I could also argue that Miller's idea that 'this play is not history in the sense in which the word is used by the academic historian' is equally applicable to my own work.[74]

My plays have also 'required many characters to be fused into one'.[75] Initially, in my stage work, Thomas' father (who is a created character) and Bill the master cooper (another created character) were separate people, until it became clear that for dramatic purposes, it would be better if Thomas' father and the cooper were the same man. Equally, I can also claim, as do Miller and Samuels, that the 'characters of the persons' within my plays are representative of historical record but are also my own creations.[76] 'Little is known' about the character of the individuals in my plays, so their characters can be taken as 'creations of my own'. Also, like Samuels, Thomas Griffith and (most) of his life is fictional, but what happens to him 'did happen to someone somewhere'.[77] This balance between reality and imagination employed so effectively by the great story-teller Hans Christian Anderson, is relevant here.[78] In creating Thomas's character and back story I blended fact (his trade as a cooper) with fiction, (the notion of him being burned by his master).[79] However, I can still argue that it 'did happen to someone somewhere' because I based my burning scene on the facts that many apprentices were punished savagely by their masters.[80]

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[73] Samuels, 2011:7-8; Miller, 1967:224.
[74] Miller, 1967:224.
[75] Miller, 1967:224.
[76] Miller, 1967:224.
[77] Samuels, 2011:8.
[78] Greene, 2005:xiv.
[79] Brinton and Worsley, 1987:78; Emlyn, 1858:18.
[80] Samuels, 2011:8; Wride, 2012a:113-115; Wride, 2012b:170; Howell, 2000:63.

Miller believed he had captured the 'essential nature' of 'one of the strangest and most awful chapters in human history'.[81] For me, these words demonstrate why plays (be they for radio or stage) need to do more than 'relate to the experience of belonging to the present time'.[82] To do so, is to forget the 'awful chapters in human history', and therefore to ignore the flawed continuity of human existence.[83]

4. Theatre Projects

During the PhD, I was attached to four dramatic projects (three stage productions and a radio recording) that influenced my thinking regarding my radio and stage play. *The Twyborn Affair* was the 2009 dramatisation of Patrick White's famous 1979 novel of the same name; written by D.J. Britton and directed by Alison Hindell.

The Twyborn Affair was the first project I was involved with. What was of particular interest to me during the recording was the sheer scope of the soundscape. The range of spot effects (those created within a 'set' in the studio, such as the slamming of an actual door) or those created by placed props (the clattering of knives and forks). These contrasted with those sound effects produced by grams (sound effects that couldn't have been produced in studio, such as the sound of kookaburras).

In terms of impact on my own writing, I began to consider the soundscape of the lighthouse in a broader sense. It raised questions such as: would spot or grams effects be dominant? Depending upon the answer to this question, would this play into, or go against, my desire to produce a more experimental piece?

The second project, *Shelf Life* (2010), was a collaborative piece involving Swansea-based experimental theatre company Volcano and dramaturg D.J.Britton. The rehearsals and performance took place in Swansea Old Library (a space that is not normally open to the public). The aim of the project was to create a site-specific piece along the theme of the library. I was involved with the project in a runner/research capacity. I was involved in data gathering (for example, finding a

[81] Miller, 1967:224.
[82] Unattributed, 2012a.
[83] Miller, 1967:224.

list of people who died in the Swansea Blitz), so this experience was an aid to my research technique.

As *Shelf Life* took place outside the traditional theatre space, there were several different locations within the library where the action occurred: the reading room, the courtyard and the stacks. Therefore, the biggest impact *Shelf Life* had on me as a dramatist, was demonstrating how location impacted the written word. For example, when Italo Calvino's *The Land Where One Never Dies* was performed in the reading room, it felt considerably lighter than when performed in the stacks.[84]

The weight of this short story, told in the stacks, is arguably due to the history of the location (it was used as a morgue in World War II). The words seemed more fitting to this space, as the themes in the writing (death) matched those of the space. In terms of my own writing, this made me consider the spaces my characters inhabited more carefully. In *Timbre*, Joseph's lamenting words (that queried his own demise) were more potent when spoken from his coffin.[85]

The project also demonstrated the importance of research and how the historical can be woven into a theatre piece. Historical figures from the library's history were woven into the narrative: such as the librarian Mr. Lean (who acted as a 'guide' in the initial stages of the play), to the gigantic picture of ex-prime-minister William Gladstone that was placed in the reading room during the show's run. Seeing these elements led me to include a wider range of historical figures (in the final drafts of my plays, the lighthouse designer Henry Whiteside was a more prominent character).

In 2010, I was attached to the rehearsals of *The Wizard, the Goat and the Man who Won the War*, a one-man show written by D.J. Britton, about British prime-minister Lloyd George. The play focused on Lloyd George, on a beach in Antibes on his wedding anniversary. My role in relation to the play was as a runner/script prompter.

This play demonstrated how much can be achieved on stage with a minimal set (little more than a bench) and a single actor (who inhabited many roles). The

[84] Calvino, 1995.
[85] Wride, 2012b:135.

transformative nature of the performance (Lloyd George became the character of Margaret and his child Mair, among others) inspired the transformations that occur in my own stage piece: *Hearts of Oak,* where Thomas and Joseph becomes the fighting cockerels.

It was also a play that takes place (largely) in the realm of memory. As I was a script prompter, I became familiar with the play text. To see the narrative threads (and how they all pulled back to a single point in time) was particularly useful for the structuring of my plays.

The final project I was involved with was 2011's *My Place in Space*, a project developing a script written by D.J. Britton and involving director Phil Mackenzie. The rehearsals took place in Chapter Arts Centre Arts Studio, Cardiff The piece concerned the relationship between a man and a woman (and the woman's search for her father). I was involved in researching terminology dealing with concepts of space (my role was mainly observational). This project focused on the thematic of space in relation to the developing script. Thematically, notions of space were present in the dialogue, but also in the performance of the script. The use of distance (the actors performed on a sort of imaginary grid) and shadow added new dimensions to the notion of space/invasion of space.

It was an example of how themes can infiltrate a work, without overpowering it. I had a similar goal in writing both my pieces (although I felt this rang true with my stage piece especially). The theme of wood was one I wanted to carry through my stage piece. This could be achieved through the use of wood on the set, along with wooden props (from a visual perspective).

5. Tales of Imagination

AS MY work progressed, it became clear that 'out of reality are...tales of imagination fashioned'.[86] Both my plays had historical and imaginative elements to them, but the imaginative were dictated by the facts. Historical fact, I would suggest, can only tell you what happened. How people *were* is something outside of these recorded facts.

[86] Greene, 2005:xiv.

The notion of how people were is what theorists Moe, Parker and McCalmon call 'the human equation'. They note that 'dramatized people. . .[need] recognizable universal and human qualities, (or) they will fail to live for the audience'.[87]

The history books may well mention that Thomas and Joseph argued, but they don't mention what the arguments were about.[88] The history books may mention that alternative belief and herbal healing were widespread in society (they may even mention the charms used), but they don't inform the reader about the relief a patient felt when cured; or the despair they felt when still not freed from their ailment.[89] What the history books leave out, in fact, is the human equation, and in the construction of plays, the only place it can be found is the imagination of the dramatist.

Moe et al go on to say that 'historical characters must be confined to their epoch', arguing that they must not possess knowledge beyond their time period. While I agree that historical characters certainly wouldn't have knowledge of technological advances beyond the scope of their age, I am troubled by the very notion of "historical characters". To describe my characters as historical carries an implication that the people portrayed are archaic and somehow less human than their modern counterparts.[90]

Incidentally, the argument that formal history informs us about what happened but not how people were, could be the key to challenging what I perceive to be an anti-historical trend in British drama commissioning at present. The Royal Court's admission that it 'will not read historical...plays unless these resonate strongly with contemporary life' would surely have to be reversed if that company could be persuaded to acknowledge the 'human equation'.[91]

The following extract from my radio play supports this. The scene involves the adult Joseph, recalling a childhood memory (witnessing a Howell Harris sermon with his mother). The words of Howell Harris are drawn from a Bible passage.[92]

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[87] Moe at al, 2005:46.
[88] John, 1995:110; Brinton and Worsley, 1987:77; Trefor, 2005.
[89] Sharkey, 2009:166; Howell, 2000:154; Chamberlain, 95; Suggett, 2008:29.
[90] Moet et al, 2005:47.
[91] Unattributed, 2012a; Unattributed, 2012b; Unattributed, 2012c; Moe et al, 2005:46.
[92] Revelation 21:8.

1. JOSEPH — I remember the sound of his voice, but I never actually saw him. . .the curse of being a child in a crowd full of adults. (PAUSE) But if his face was akin to his tone. . .

2. HOWELL HARRIS — . . .and whoremongers, and sorcerers and idolaters and all liars. . .

3. JOSEPH — . . .and I asked my Mam what a whore-monger was.

EMMA HARRY (JOSEPH'S MOTHER)

4. EMMA — Ssh now, Cariad.

(Wride, 2012b:140)

Anyone would be forgiven for labelling the extract historical. But archaic? I think not, because it embodies the human equation in the reactions of Joseph, and his mother Emma. Joseph is simultaneously glad of, and annoyed by his short stature, as it means he is prevented from catching a glimpse of Howell Harris. He fears the preacher because the topic of his sermon is damnation, but similarly, he doesn't understand most of the sermon: 'and I asked my Mam what a whoremonger was'. Joseph displays the qualities of a child and Emma's response 'ssh now, cariad', is simply that of an embarrassed parent. They are the universal and timeless actions (and interactions) of a parent and child. [93]

Howell Harris may or may not have quoted Revelations in his sermons. Howell Harris, did, however, visit Solva. Extracts from Harris' own writing, reveal that on the 16th of February 1750, he travelled to Solva (Solvach). Therefore, the young Joseph and his mother witnessing Howell Harris' sermon is in keeping with historical record. Historical record even gives the Bible passage that was discussed by Harris on his visit. [94] However, the Revelations passage in the radio piece is more in keeping with the themes of the play.

In trying to find the historical tone of the plays, I uncovered details which would cement my writing firmly along an historical timeline and make it pungent

[93] Wride, 2012b:140.
[94] Beynon, 1966:171. The Bible passage discussed was Cor. 1:20.

with flavours of the past. During my research, I visited the Ship Inn in Solva.[95] This was a specific place of interest for me, as it related directly (and indirectly) to my story. The lighthouse designer, Henry Whiteside, became landlord of this inn after marrying the proprietor's daughter.[96] And while no document tells us that Thomas Griffith ever drank there, he might well have done. Indirectly, even in the twenty-first century, the place still looks like an eighteenth-century inn, full of dark wood and charm. In past centuries, the Ship Inn was arguably a place where the joy and misery that historian Professor D. W. Howell of Swansea University describes. Alcohol, he writes, filled a large part of Welsh working-class leisure time, with alehouses open 'as late...as 3 or 4 a.m.'. By all accounts they were places where 'drinking, gossiping. . .playing cards, singing and dancing' took place, as well as 'frequent brawls' and 'people literally drinking themselves to death'.[97]

The activities that people in the eighteenth century turned to for leisure also reveal much about wider society, laying bare the tensions of the time. For example, the Methodists in Pembrokeshire at that time thought people's time spent in alehouses amounted to 'licentious abandon'. Methodists also condemned card playing, dancing and cock-fighting, and their disdain for these events, it has been suggested, led to the steady 'decline in Sunday sports'. It was this underlying tension that made me choose the historical fact (cockfighting) as one of the key scenes in the stage play.[98]

Methodism is an important theme within the stage play. I would argue that this religious movement was one of the defining struggles of the age, and the inclusion of such a theme helps root the play firmly along an historical timeline. Methodism placed 'emphasis on salvation through personal repentance'. Methodism was also noted as a form of religious observance where 'young women were especially prominent'.[99] These two facts appealed to me during the stages of character creation. As I developed the character of Emma Harry, it became clear that she would be part of the Methodist movement. Also, Methodist meetings were described as a place where 'like-minded people' formed 'close friendships' but also

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[95] Figure 2, see page 181.
[96] Freeman, 1958:5.
[97] Howell, 2000:139.
[98] Howell, 2000:138; Davies and Howells, 1987:250.
[99] Howell, 2000:151-152.

confessed 'spiritual and pre-marital experiences'.[100] These facts really formed Emma's back-story as the fallen woman, who was accepted into Methodism after disgracing herself.

Also, Emma's backstory chimes with the real-life history of evangelist Howell Harris. His youth is described as 'abound[ing] in self-recrimination for theft, pride, [and] disobedience'. He also talks of being 'a prey for the devil'. I found it interesting that the character of Howell Harris in the play (who is, arguably, the voice of the divine) has as dark a past as the fallen women he is preaching to.[101]

In the eighteenth century, there were also strong traditional beliefs existing alongside church attendance. These 'folk beliefs' also existed among many Methodists as they were a 'valuable coping mechanism'. However, these 'folk beliefs' infiltrated many aspects of everyday life. At cockfights, the ground was blessed with a charm, to protect the favoured gamecock and curse the other. More than protecting their interests in leisure pursuits, these alternative beliefs were also strongly related to healing.[102]

In my plays, especially *Hearts of Oak,* these aspects of belief form the personal background of certain characters (such as Emma and Joseph Harry), and also led to the creation of some of their most important scenes. I wanted to demonstrate the importance of these alternative beliefs to individuals, and I felt the way to do that was to give Emma's character the role of the healing woman. Also, as she was unable to take care of Thomas as a child, there would be an irony to her being the one to (supposedly) heal her second son, Joseph. Furthermore, a strong interest in healing/alternative belief/herbalism fits with Emma (and Joseph's) Methodism; it was John Wesley himself who produced a manifesto regarding herbalism in the eighteenth century.[103]

As Joseph's illness is not specifically mentioned in historical texts, I decided that his ailment would be a hernia. This is a complaint that could be exacerbated by lighthouse duties, and bring about his demise. Also, the folk cures for hernias (at that time) were interesting. I chose a cure that could be represented visually and via

[100] Howell, 2000:154.
[101] Evans, 1974:4.
[102] Howell, 2000:142; 154; 156.
[103] Chamberlain, 1981:95.

the soundscape of radio. One cure was 'a young ash [tree] that has been split down the middle'. The sufferer would be passed three times through the split in the tree. 'The tree would be bound up, and as it recovered, so would the sufferer'.[104] This cure was new to me and I guessed it would be new to the audience. Images/facts (such as the hernia/ash healing scene) are important in engaging audience attention.[105]

Coopering and coopers were an important part of my historical research, affecting both plays not just on a character level (coopering being part of Thomas' personal history), but on a thematic level. The accounts of the Smalls tale say nothing more than that coopering was Thomas' occupation, so information about the techniques of coopering were mine to discover.[106] I researched the technical side of the craft: the wood used, the tools, the physicality of barrel making and the place of coopering in wider eighteenth-century society.

For the radio play, I wanted to represent the musical/acoustic aspects of barrel making. I wanted to make the most of the radio medium (to bring its essence to the fore). To have Bill merely explain the process of barrel making to Thomas, would be to lose the magic of the action, and to lose the potential of the medium. In order to produce the music of the cooperage, I used a combination of sound effects and dialogue. To use only sound effects, might mean they were misinterpreted as mundane sounds. Thomas compares himself to a violinist because as a cooper he is making his 'own music'.[107] This then gives a basis for the sound effects. Also, by using the sounds of the cooperage tools as the instruments, the music of the cooperage is still grounded in physical labour. This contrasts with the music of the lighthouse, which exists on a more ethereal plane (due to its involvement with actual musical instruments).

THOMAS takes a nearby barrel and begins to split it open with an axe.

As I work, the song of Bill Griffith's

[104] Chamberlain, 1981:169.
[105] Wride, 2012a:80; Wride, 2012b:163.
[106] Trefor, 2005; Davies et al, 2008:463; Freeman, 1958:9; Denton and Leach, 2008:55; Worsley, 1987:77-79; John, 1995:110-111.
[107] Wride, 2012b:153.

cooperage is carried from the Solva shore. . .

SFX: Rhythmic sweeping of wooden shavings on wooden floor.
SFX: Working surfaces (the block) rubbed with linseed oil.
SFX: Stave given rough shape with an axe.
SFX: Stave being hollowed out with long-knives.

(Wride, 2012b:153)

Other facts about coopering weren't technical, but more personal in nature (which I then applied to my characters to form parts of their personal history). In his 1977 work *The Cooper and His Trade* and 2004 book *Coopers and Coopering*, ex-cooper Kenneth Kilby mentioned his own memories as a young apprentice, which include: 'menial tasks' (such as sweeping up wood shavings), as well as the job of 'branding casks with a number'.[108] These facts were transferred to both my plays. From the story of the wood shavings sprang Thomas' imaginary friend Broomy.[109] I also took Kilby's other account (of branding casks) and paired it with other historical facts to lead to one of the most important moments in both plays. These facts were: craftsmen would often have 'a ham or a side of bacon hanging up in the chimney corner...to become impregnated with the oak smoke' and (the more disturbing fact) that craftsmen would often beat their apprentices.[110] These facts culminated in the burning scene, a scene which shows the harsher side of coopering, but also shows (and explains) the harsher side of Bill (and eventually, Thomas).[111]

Kilby also recounts being warned of the dangers of catching falling tools from the bench and the definitive way to identify a cooper (by the hard skin on his thumb).[112] These facts are, unlike the idea of the smoked ham, timeless (as they relate to modern coopering, also).[113] I incorporated them into the radio play as they were, without pairing them with other facts.[114] Kilby also mentions naval

[108] Kilby, 1977:17.
[109] Kilby, 1977:17; Wride, 2012a:60; Wride, 2012b:143.
[110] Kilby, 1977:17; Howell, 2000:63.
[111] Wride, 2012a:113-115; Wride 2012b:170.
[112] Kilby, 1977:19-20.
[113] Kilby, 1977:17.
[114] Wride, 2012b:144, 152.

coopering.[115] Whilst I don't mention naval coopering directly, my plays do couple coopering and maritime exploits.

I decided that Bill's character would be a wrecker as well as a cooper, so he relies heavily on the sea for anything valuable from shipwrecks.[116] This was useful from a narrative viewpoint, as it gave him just cause to not look on the construction of the lighthouse favourably. Not wanting to deviate from a historical perspective, I incorporated the names of a real shipwreck, the *Phoebe and Peggy.*[117]

I should stress, however, that my two dramatic pieces are designed for the theatre and recording studio, not the lecture hall. As the eminent theatre commentator Martin Esslin reminds us, 'a dramatic text, unperformed is literature'.[118]

Therefore, it was very important that in the later draft stages, both plays were given public readings in front of an audience. This was partly due to the 'paradoxical truth that a play unacted remains somehow incomplete'.[119] The other benefit of these provisional performances was that they allowed for audience feedback. As a dramatist, there is such a thing as spending too long inside your own head, too long with your own writing. When this happens, an outside source (such as an audience who are unfamiliar with the play) is needed.

These were not full-scale productions, but script-in-hand performances, with (in the case of the stage play) a limited number of props and a minimal set.[120] The radio read-through involved actors, sitting and reading the script.[121] They allowed me to see what elements didn't work and what lines needed rewriting. For example, the stage read-through cemented the notion of external perspective. The play opens with a Charles Wesley hymn, 'Where does my Wondering Soul Begin?' sung by the

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[115] Kilby, 2004:31.
[116] Howell, 2000:54; John, 1995:105.
[117] John, 1995:103.
[118] Esslin, 1987:24.
[119] Dawson, 1970:2.
[120] Figures 5-11, see pages 184-190.
[121] Figure 12, see page 191.

seated cast.[122] This is a prime example of something aural, being given an external perspective, an image.

The stage play has a non-naturalistic, fluid style, akin to actual memories. The stage read-through was particularly useful in allowing me to clearly see the flow of scenes. Some scenes in the read-through draft followed on from one another chronologically, but still occupied the same physical space; this proved too confusing. The stage read-through also allowed me to see the primary images within my play. At the time of the stage read-through, the play's only example of what I have deemed a primary image was the fighting cockerels at the end of act 1.[123] This seemed to translate well in performance, as it foreshadowed the keepers' time on the lighthouse. Seeing how well this primary image worked, made me realise that I needed to find more such moments. In previous drafts, I had been struggling with a way to convey the passage of time on the lighthouse. I was focused on the imagery of the keepers marking off the days on a chalkboard. After watching my read-through, it became clear that a blackboard would be a cumbersome prop that would either need to be quickly moved or remain onstage for a long time. After seeing the success of the fighting cockerel scene, I changed this image. Instead of a blackboard, Thomas' skin would become the calendar, the days marked off in blood.[124] This conveyed the passage of time, reduced the need for cumbersome props, demonstrated the degradation of Thomas' mental state and also provided the audience with a dramatic moment.

The radio read-through was slightly different. It lacked the physical performance of the stage read-through, allowing the audience to focus solely on the words. Whilst all the stage directions and sound effects appeared in the script, some were omitted from performance. This was due, mostly, to the layered soundscape. Whilst such a soundscape is needed for studio production in performance, reading it aloud to an audience broke the flow of the piece too much. The following extract demonstrates these difficulties:

[122] Wesley, 1954:321; see CD page 236; Figure 6, see page 185.
[123] Wride, 2012a:85-86.
[124] Wride, 2012a:104.

(Fade up)
Whiteside's committee cheer 'here, here' etc.
HENRY WHITESIDE'S VOICE once again fills the room.

1. HENRY — Our light shall be so singular a construction as to be known from all others in the world.

SFX: Cheering.
(Fade under)

2. THE SMALLS — And I was known. I was.
(PAUSE)
For all the wrong reasons.
(BEAT)
One reason more wrong than all the others.

A violin is slowly tuned.

(BEAT)
You can blame Henry Whiteside for that.

(Wride, 2012b:133)

Should this be recorded, in-studio, then the pattern of sound effects and speech would work well. However, when read, it slows down the narrative. So, in the case of radio, I found that while a read-through is beneficial, certain adjustments do have to be made, and this had to be taken in to consideration when judging audience feedback.

There was one other performance that helped me gain a greater understanding of the sound world (in particular). This performance wasn't, however, directly related to *Hearts of Oak* or *Timbre*. This was ten-minute play (*Nuit*) written while I was researching my PhD project, and gave me the opportunity in a small-scale work to experiment with some of the sound concepts forming in my imagination at that time. *Nuit* was performed at the Dylan Thomas Centre as part of Writers Day 2012 (17th May 2012) and was published in the Summer 2012 edition of *The Swansea Review.*[125]

[125] Wride, 2012c; Also see pages 195-200.

Nuit was written as a sound exploration into the religious and the mundane. I wanted to created a piece where religion was a strong concept, but not one that was out of reach. I felt that by making the main characters embodiments of religion (the Old Man is, in essence, God and also Hope, where Nuit is the essence of hopelessness) and placing them in a mundane setting (a run-down flat) that the thematic of religion was brought down to Earth.

Whilst the sounds are largely naturalistic, I wanted to deal with them in an impressionistic way (the static replaced by the sound of children playing that gradually gives way to ever increasing gunfire). With this multitude of sounds, a multitude of images is presented to the listeners, but only in snapshot form. It is for this reason that the moment of silence (the destruction of the television and ultimately, the old man) is important, as it gives the listener that moment of nothing, that silence that represents the end of everything.

The creation of this piece was particularly helpful to subsequent drafts of my radio play, and my treatment of sound. It made me consider the images I was exposing to the listener, and the power of silence in the radio play. In particular, the metaphorical use of sound in *Nuit* in the following sequence formed my thoughts on Sieveking's Symbolic Evocative Effect:

The sound of machine gun fire starts up on the television again.
NUIT becomes very distressed and begins to sob.
SFX: Sound of machine guns grows louder.

1. NUIT — Please don't. . .don't sit so close to the TV screen . . .you'll hurt your eyes. . .please. . .come back from the screen. . .come back. . .turn the volume down. . .please. . .come back. . .

SFX: Sound of machine guns grows louder and louder.

I didn't mean what I said. . .I meant that you. . .

SFX: Sound of machine guns firing rapidly, then, total silence.
NUIT is sobbing.

.. . .Come back. . .

(Wride, 2012c:200)

After four years of research, I have developed some strong personal artistic preferences about drama drawn from history, and about the essence of radio and stage. My thinking now builds on the long suggested (and documented) notion that the essence of stage is the eye; radio, the ear.

I would argue that my research has led me to ask: Whose eye? Whose ear? It has been suggested that the answer to these questions are: the audience's. This audience-focused view is evident in the work of Mark Swetz (Co-Director of Compania y). He argues that theatrical genres such as mime or physical theatre 'favour vision'. He elaborates, going as far as to argue these genres are discriminatory towards audience members who are visually impaired or blind.[126] I would argue against this audience-focused view. The answer to whose eye? and whose ear? isn't: the audience's. The answer is: the dramatist's.

Therefore, whilst the media of radio and stage can be said to fall either side of the eye/ear divide, their true essence is brought out in the dramatist's treatment of the eye and the ear. For the essence to be brought to the fore, the dramatist needs to utilise an internal and/or external perspective (the internal relating primarily to radio, the external to the stage).

This concept of perspective could, in my opinion, become the dramatist's most important tool against the current anti-historical trend in theatre fashion.[127] External perspective produces image, internal perspective unearths the hidden, and both together give drama set in any period a modern currency. Such a treatment, (potentially) makes works based on history more palatable for companies such as the BBC and the Royal Court.

In *The Cooper and His Trade*, Kenneth Kilby states that, before conducting his research, he thought coopers somehow set apart, but ultimately realised they were no different from anyone else. I can say the same about historical dramatisation. The past is not a 'saintly' place, or, an epoch somehow removed from our own. The 'quantity of information' I gathered has led me to believe that the past (and its

[126] Swetz, 2011:3.
[127] Unattributed, 2012a; Unattributed, 2012b; Unattributed, 2012c.

characters) are 'no better or worse' than contemporary society.[128] If anything, the tragic story of the Smalls is an example of the timelessness of human nature.

Asking broader questions about form through my experiments with stage and radio has allowed me to deconstruct each medium while constructing each play. This process is continuous. As *Hearts of Oak* will now be given a professional premiere at the 2012 Dylan Thomas Festival, it will be deconstructed once again (via audience comment forms handed out after the performance), and shaped further.

If it is possible to condense four years of work into one single conclusion, mine is this: that the essence of a particular medium is elusive and will be grasped differently by different writers. I found the concept of internal and external perspective especially useful in developing my own approach to seeking the full potential of the stage and sound worlds, but another writer might find a different concept through which to highlight the potentials of the distinct forms. However, the creation of drama (be it radio or stage) does offer the dramatist the opportunity to ask the impossible question "what is the essence of this medium universally? What does it mean to all people?" The problem, is, of course, that feedback forms are not available to the writer working in isolation. Consequently, the dramatist creates this question via the formation of plays, but never truly hears the answer.

[128] Kilby, 1977:11.

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Staging Concept for Hearts of Oak

Staging Concept

Theatre commentator Martin Esslin argues that, 'a dramatic text, unperformed is literature'.[129] In order to present my dramatic text, *Hearts of Oak,* to readers of this document as something other than literature, a description of my staging concept may prove useful in understanding the technical aspects of the type of multi-layered impressionistic memory play I envisage. Since an actual performance cannot form part of the thesis submission, my intention is that outlining the staging concept will bridge the gap between written script and performance. Note that this is a concept only. Any director or designer involved in future productions would, of course, put his/her own stamp on the outcome.

The performed read-through of the stage play (Taliesin Arts Studio, Swansea, March 23rd 2012) was an important precursor to the staging concept, as it allowed me to see the transition between written word and performed line. This read-through helped me shape the narrative threads of the play, and ensure that the transitions in location/time were smooth. The ground plan (Figure 13) is the layout that was used for the read-through of the stage piece.[130] This took place in the Art Studio of the Taliesin Annexe (at Swansea University), a space which, in formal theatre terms, would be classed as an 'alternative' theatre space: i.e. a public or private space, outside of traditional theatre spaces, that possess 'theatrical potential'.[131]

The initial read-through demonstrated the potential fluidity of the piece; how by moving from one stage space to the next, the characters were crossing years (in terms of narrative time) or oceans (in terms of narrative location). It is worth noting that the stage spaces marked in Figure 13, are for the purpose of the diagram, and weren't as regimented in the actual read-through. The purpose of these stage spaces was to give the locations a rough grounding in the mind of the audience, so that as the action progressed, they wouldn't be confused regarding the locations. In actuality, the spaces were treated in a more fluid way. The final scene of act 1 sees

[129] Esslin, 1987:24.
[130] Figure 13, see page 192.
[131] Thorne, 2012:117-118.

Thomas and Joseph turn into fighting cockerels.[132] During the read-through, this scene was not confined to the beach/outside space, but occupied the entire downstage.

However, the rough staging used for the initial read through would not be suitable for a full production. The stage layout (Figure 13) made the best use of the art-studio space and the props that were to hand. It provided a space for performance, therefore making narrative threads and images clearer to me, as the dramatist. However, for the purpose of the thesis, and for the purpose of effectively conveying the seamless, impressionistic and non-naturalistic stage-world I've created of eighteenth-century Pembrokeshire, a broader staging concept is more appropriate.

The staging concept (Figure 14) is for a small theatre, one that seats no more than 200 (a real-life example being the theatre at the Dylan Thomas Centre where a production is scheduled for November 2012).[133] A larger theatre would lose the intimacy of the performance. For example, smaller primary images (such as Emma and Bill's dance) would become disconnected from the audience in a bigger theatre.[134]

The basic premise for the staging concept is a wooden rostrum structure. The use of natural wood echoes the ideas regarding wood within the play. This includes Joseph's suggestion that the lighthouse is akin to a barracoon, Thomas' concerns that his gallows are being built onshore, the wood used for the oak-smoked ham, etc.[135] The levels in this staging concept could also be used to demonstrate the fluid movement from one location (and indeed time frame) to the next. Also, I have included the different heights to demonstrate the possibility of the lighthouse structure.

It is important to stress that these staging concepts are adaptable. An adjustment to Figure 14 could be made, so that the lowest platform consists of a raked stage, as seen in Figure 15.[136]

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[132] Wride, 2012a:85-86.
[133] Figure 14, see page 193.
[134] Wride, 2012a:58.
[135] Wride, 2012a:63, 70, 71.
[136] Figure 15, see page 194.

A raked downstage would also be useful in Scene 17 where Bill contemplates suicide (via walking into the sea with a pocketful of stones).[137] The downward slope of the raked stage would give the impression that Bill was walking down to the sea-shore, to his (supposed) demise.

[137] Wride, 2012a:120-121.

Hearts of Oak:

A stage play by Liz Wride

drawn from the Smalls Lighthouse incident.

Hearts of Oak
By
Liz Wride

Characters:
BILL EVANS (Welsh) – 30s/60s
THOMAS GRIFFITH (Welsh) – youth/40s
JOSEPH HARRY (Welsh) – youth/40s
EMMA HARRY (Welsh) – 30s/60s

Within *Hearts of Oak* (and *Timbre)*, there is repeated use of the forward slash to indicate interruption. On page 61 (for example), the interruption comes mid-sentence. The reason for this is that is still allows the actor to see what they would have said, had they not been interrupted. However, their speech stops at the forward slash, and is interrupted by the next actor's line of dialogue, that has a forward slash preceding it.

Also, a bigger typeface would be used for both scripts were they being printed for performance. This is for ease of reading by the actors.

ACT 1
SCENE 1. SONG
THOMAS, JOSEPH, EMMA and BILL all gather on stage. They sing the hymn 'Where shall my wandering soul begin?' (See attached CD for tune).

Where shall my wandering soul begin?
How shall I all to heaven aspire?
A slave redeemed from death and sin,
A brand plucked from eternal fire.

In turn, each of them steps forward.

1. BILL — In 1739, when I first met Emma,
the heart I didn't know I had,
melted.

2. EMMA — 9 months later, my heart broke.
(PAUSE)
Forty years later, it broke again.

3. JOSEPH — On the twenty-eighth day of October,
1780, my heart stopped.
(BEAT)
Stopped good and proper it did.

4. THOMAS — Hearts? Hearts? What about
minds?
(PAUSE)
I am the last scrap of sanity about
Thomas Griffith, the very last splinter
of proper thought. I'm just waiting
until it finally takes me.

From behind THOMAS, a hand reaches around and almost grips him by the throat. It soon retreats once again.

Until I become that final crumb that is swept off the
table and pecked at by Mr. Evans' fighting cockerels.
(BEAT)
Mr. Evans the barrel maker, Mr. Evans
the master cooper, Mr. Evans who gives with one hand
and takes with the other.
(PAUSE)
Until that comes, I'm left with the
memories that flash like a burning
light in the darkness.

SCENE 2. INT. LIGHTHOUSE SLEEPING QUARTERS – JULY 1740

THOMAS (40s) is writing a letter to BILL (60s) who used to be his Master Cooper. There is a bucket and a broom. THOMAS is reading his letter aloud.

BILL is standing 'outside' the sleeping quarters reading parts of the letter aloud.

1. THOMAS — Mr. Evans, I write to you, so you may have record of my toil here on The Smalls, on the lighthouse. . .

BILL also has a letter. He takes up the reading.

2. BILL — . . .so that you may know I am working off my debt.
(BEAT)
Things are working out as we planned.
I am following your instructions.
(PAUSE)
(Reflects to himself)
First time you've followed instruction in your life, my lad.

3. THOMAS — It's July now, so I've two more months before my debt to you is paid. Two more months before the boat comes to pick us up.
(PAUSE)
But the people on land, the people of Solva, tell them not about the other keeper, Joseph, and how I spoke of him in my letters before.
(BEAT)
Please, Mr. Evans. . .
My words were based on a desire to come home, nothing else. . .

We see the LIFELESS BODY of the other keeper, JOSEPH HARRY (40s) lying on the floor. (BILL and THOMAS, writing/reading, speak in unison).

4. B&T — . . .We now work together in respectful silence.
(BEAT)
Nothing more.
(BEAT)
Thomas Griffith and Joseph Harry.

SCENE 3. EXT. SOLVA BEACH – May 1775

EMMA is on one side of the beach, looking for seashells. BILL is on the other side of the beach looking for bottles washed up from the wrecked ship the Phoebe and Peggy. *EMMA is humming the hymn to herself. She is carrying a seashell she's found, in her hand. At first, EMMA and BILL do not see one another.*

1. EMMA — Poor little Joseph. No longer a boy,
but not quite a man.
(BEAT)
Still too ill to go to the sea, to get the sea
air into his lungs. . .

EMMA looks at the seashell in her hand.

So I'll have to bring the sea to him.

EMMA puts the seashell to her ear, then in her pocket.
EMMA sees BILL in the distance.

2. BILL — Poor Phoebe and Peggy.
Wrecked on the reef. . .
(PAUSE)
Why do they give ships women's names?

3. EMMA — I think it's because a sailor spends so
much time with his ship. . .she's almost
akin to his wife.

4. BILL — What about the wreckers?

5. EMMA — Their interest lies more in what's hidden in
wood than in a woman.

6. BILL — Can you blame them? After all, no woman
has ever brought in crates of gin. A
wrecked ship, on the other hand. . .

7. EMMA — If a woman fails to behave how you
expect, Bill Evans, maybe you failed to
behave how she deserved.

8. BILL — Is that what brought you to the beach?
(BEAT)
Wreckers and their wrecks?
(PAUSE)
I came looking for mermaids.

9. EMMA — They'll be drunk on washed up gin, by
now.

10. BILL

I'll take the sober ones, the sombre ones, the shimmering ones, the ones I let slip through my fingers. . .

11. EMMA

They won't look too appealing under the harsh light.

12. BILL

I see the light about your face. . .

13. EMMA

You'll see the light about the harbour, soon. . . once they've set that lighthouse on the Smalls Rock.
(PAUSE)

BILL is shocked.

One too many sailors mourned the loss of their ship, one too many companies mourned the loss of their cargo. . . and one too many mothers mourned the loss of their son. . .

14. BILL

And the one too many wreckers who will mourn their bounty from the sea? What of them?

15. EMMA

Mr. Whiteside from the Ship Inn has made the design.

16. BILL

Whiteside? Henry Whiteside?
(PAUSE)
A lighthouse made by an innkeeper, a violinmaker?
(BEAT)
It'll be all catgut and broken wood.
(PAUSE)

17. EMMA

No more wandering. . .

18. BILL

No more wreckages. . .
no more washed up wood. . .
(PAUSE)
So it's unlikely we'll meet like this again, then.
(PAUSE)
What brought you to the beach?

19. EMMA

Something broken that I fear I'll never be able to fix.

20. BILL

I see the light about your face. . .

BILL takes EMMA'S HAND.

(PAUSE)
Do you remember how we used to dance?

MEMORY OF THEIR DANCE:
The pair dance, cautiously at first. Then dance with more confidence, before dancing faster and faster. They get ever-closer, before EMMA breaks away. (Their memory ends and they are back in the present).

SCENE 4. INT. LIGHTHOUSE SLEEPING QUARTERS – OCTOBER 1780

THOMAS is with JOSEPH in the sleeping quarters. JOSEPH is lying motionless.

1. THOMAS — Mr. Evans.
(BEAT)
Mr. Evans is burnt into my memory.
From sweeping sawdust to cutting timber into staves.

THOMAS touches his own arm. The touch – and the memory – are painful. JOSEPH begins to hum the hymn 'where does my wandering soul begin'

The smell of the branding iron.

2. JOSEPH — He's not with you now, though, is he, Thomas? That's all in the past.

3. THOMAS — The past, yes.

SCENE 5. INT. SOLVA COOPERAGE – MAY 1780

THOMAS (late 40s) is sweeping up the shavings from the day's barrel-making. Suddenly, he stops sweeping and talks directly to the BROOM that he is holding.

1. THOMAS — You know, Broomy... You don't mind being called Broomy, do you? I mean, I think we've known one another long enough, now.
(BEAT)
You know, Broomy, there used to be a time when I couldn't stand you; just wanted to hold you at arm's length. It was the barrels I wanted. More full bodied, see.
(BEAT)
Boys held brooms, but men made barrels.
(PAUSE)
And now, I long to hold you in my arms again, dear Broomy...because those barrels are back-breaking...

THOMAS embraces the broom.
BILL enters the cooperage and THOMAS drops the broom. BILL is constantly on the edge of fury.

2. BILL — You call this floor swept?

3. THOMAS — I don't call this floor anything.

4. BILL — Don't you get cocky with me, lad.
(BEAT)
Where's those casks for branding?

5. THOMAS — They're done.

6. BILL — Done?

7. THOMAS — Done.

8. BILL — Well, just make me a coffin while you're at it, Thomas! After all, since my eyes can no longer spot the blemishes on a stave, my hands can no longer grip the barrels to fashion them, I am as good as dead.

9. THOMAS — I thought myself helpful, was all.

10. BILL — Aye. Today you'll do me the favour of branding the casks, tomorrow it'll be

the great help of putting your own name above the door.

11. THOMAS — The strength in your hands/ is not what it was.

BILL picks up the broom and moves towards THOMAS with it.

12. BILL — /The strength in my hands? Let's see if age has truly taken the strength from my hands, shall we?

BILL drops the broom.
THOMAS says nothing.

Don't just stand there!
(BEAT)
Go and take that barrel to Whiteside now it's branded.
(PAUSE)
It's just an empty shell without the strength of ale at its core.
(BEAT)
Go and take it to the Ship Inn before it's dark.
(PAUSE)
Not that we'll have darkness for much longer.
(PAUSE)
A lighthouse, smack, bang in the middle of The Smalls Rock.
(BEAT)
The light'll be one to rival the brightness of an angel's halo. It'll guide those ships like the hand of an over-cautious mother.

13. THOMAS — It sounds a wonderful thing.

14. BILL — No more splintered wrecks littering the incoming tide. No more golden rings plucked from the fingers of half-drowned maidens. No more bottles of gin washed up on the shore like gifts from mermaids.
(BEAT)
Aye, it sounds a wonderful thing.
(PAUSE)
So you agree, do you, with the lighthouse?

15. THOMAS — In principle, at least.

16. BILL

Good boy.
(BEAT)
Because you and your principles are going to experience it firsthand. 3 months, to be exact.

17. THOMAS

My place is in the cooperage, by the block.

18. BILL

Your place is wherever I tell you it is.
(BEAT)
You owe me, lad. I could have had you sent to the colonies, and I didn't. You remember that?

19. THOMAS

It's burnt into my memory.

20. BILL

Thomas, imagine that light, bright enough to rival an angel's halo. . .
(PAUSE)
...then imagine it extinguished.

SCENE 6. INT. LIGHTHOUSE SLEEPING QUARTERS – OCTOBER 1780

The dead body of JOSEPH HARRY sits up and begins to talk.

1. JOSEPH

The dead see everything, they do,
and now, I see everything as well.
(BEAT)
These sleeping quarters, they used to
be like a barracoon, they did.
All wood and straw. Like living in a barrel.
But now, this place seems to have all the
windows of the lantern room, it does.
(BEAT)
I can see the lime kilns of Solva and out
across the Irish sea. I can see all that ever
was.
(PAUSE)
Me and my Mam singing along Solva
beach.
(BEAT)
I can see all that is, here, now. . .
This lighthouse, and every
splinter in every plank of wood that
makes its height.
(BEAT)
And I can see what will be. It sits on
the horizon like a boat, that's heading
for this very rock. . .only the whale oil burners have
been put out and dying
light is nothing more than a pin-prick
in the darkness.

SCENE 7. INT. EXT. SOLVA – JULY 1780

The overlapping action is split between the cooperage and the beach, but the locations occupy the same space.

While BILL is quizzing THOMAS about the lighthouse, EMMA is quizzing JOSEPH about his wish to serve on the light. So Joseph responds to Emma and Thomas to Bill, but the two conversations happen simultaneously.

1. B & E	(*BILL and EMMA speak in unison*) Why have you sought out this toil? Why serve on The Smalls Lighthouse?
2. JOSEPH	Mam!
3. THOMAS	You know why, Mr. Evans.
4. BILL	You must have a story on your tongue.
5. EMMA	To punish me? Is that it?
6. JOSEPH	It's not that, no.
7. BILL	Whiteside will suspect foul play if you're working on the light without good reason. Without fire in your belly.
8. THOMAS	Because Bill Evans is the rightful master of the cooperage and if I stay, I'll get under his feet.
9. BILL	That sounds reason enough to go.
10. JOSEPH	I've got this fire in my belly, Mam.
11. EMMA	That sounds reason enough not to go. (PAUSE) Lord knows I've done everything in my power to see that extinguished. (BEAT) 'You get that child baptised and he'll not be sickly any longer', that's what my Mam said. So I did/ it.
12. JOSEPH	No Mam, it's not like the normal ache in my belly.
13. BILL	You never know what might happen in that Lighthouse.
JOSEPH coughs.	(PAUSE)

The burner might go out and you might be too lazy to climb the ladder and re-kindle it. Do everything in your power to see that light extinguished.

14. THOMAS — The ladder might break....?

15. BILL — Not a bad idea.

16. EMMA — We should make you a plaster. Bind it around your belly. Osmunde roots, ground to a powder. . .yes, they should see you right.

17. THOMAS — The rags for to clean might go missing....!

18. BILL — I trained you proper, yet.

19. JOSEPH — I don't want to be seen right, Mam. I just want to see. There's a world beyond Solva.

20. EMMA — Well, I can see, Joseph.
(BEAT)
You won't cope. You're not strong enough. Just getting your rations onto that lighthouse'll be a job in itself.

JOSEPH coughs.

SCENE 8. INT. LIGHTHOUSE SLEEPING QUARTERS – AUGUST 1780

THOMAS and JOSEPH are arguing. THOMAS takes a piece of chalk and draws a line directly down the middle of the lighthouse. THOMAS and JOSEPH now stand either side of the chalk line.

1. THOMAS — This is my half of the lighthouse and that is yours.

As THOMAS talks, he pokes JOSEPH in the stomach, causing him pain, causing him to clutch his stomach.

(BEAT)
You'll cross that line over my dead body.

2. JOSEPH — But you're next to the storeroom, you are! I'll starve to death!

3. THOMAS — It's fair enough. I can't cross over to your side, either.

4. JOSEPH — That means you can't leave to climb the ladder to the lantern room!

5. THOMAS — I don't make the rules, Joseph.

JOSEPH tries to rub out the line with his foot, as THOMAS tries to re-draw it.

6. JOSEPH — My tinctures sit in the storeroom. I need them. For my gut.

7. THOMAS — Your gut?
(BEAT)
Go ahead and take them. I'm not stopping you.

JOSEPH doesn't move.

8. THOMAS — I'm not an unfair man, Joseph. I can see you are in pain. . .

9. JOSEPH — I need to do a good job, earn my wage, go about my toil. . .

10. THOMAS — Not too good a job.
(BEAT)
If you wanted the light that is Joseph Harry to shine bright, you should have applied for the post of lighthouse, not lighthouse keeper.
(PAUSE)

Should the light not be able to get through the lantern glass for all the muck and grease. . .then I wouldn't let it plague my mind. . .

11. JOSEPH I owe it to my Mam to do a good job.

JOSEPH goes to step over the line, but THOMAS grabs him.

12. THOMAS Owe her?
(BEAT)
You're not the only one with debts, Joseph. And the man I owe is more threatening than your Mam, I'll bet.

THOMAS lets JOSEPH go, half shoving him back into his own corner of the lighthouse. JOSEPH sits, clutching his stomach. THOMAS walks to 'his' corner of the lighthouse.

13. JOSEPH Mam. . .Mam. . .my belly aches Mam. . .

SCENE 9. EXT. SOLVA BEACH – MAY 1755

Young JOSEPH and his mother EMMA are on the beach.
She is singing THE HYMN. JOSEPH is paddling in the sea, although EMMA is unaware that her son has left her side.

1. EMMA

(SINGING)
How does my wondering soul begin?
How shall I all to Heaven aspire?
(PAUSE)
Joseph. Breathe deep,
my boy. It'll see you better.
(BEAT)
Get that sea air right into
your lungs and sing out loud enough
so that Howell Harris himself can
hear you.
(BEAT)
JOSEPH?

EMMA looks around and sees JOSEPH paddling in the sea.

Oh Joseph, cariad. Don't paddle.
Come away from there.

JOSEPH walks towards EMMA.

2. JOSEPH

But Mam, I only wanted to dip my toes. . .
hear the sound of the sea.

3. EMMA

Catch your death, more like.
(BEAT)
If you want to hear the sea. . .

EMMA takes a shell out of her pocket and hands it to him.

. . .put this to your ear.

JOSEPH puts it to his ear.

4. JOSEPH

It's the sea! I can hear the sea, mam!

5. EMMA

Course you can, my boy. The entire
ocean is in that little shell. . .

BILL appears, drinking and staggering about.

Every drunken sailor,
who damns himself with every sip
of gin. Every teasing mermaid,
who flashes her tail at any sailor that

looks in her direction, but dives to the depths before they can catch her.
(PAUSE)
Every sea monster, that lurks so far down, he's only one layer above hell. The biggest monster, who spies a single tiddler. . .well out of his depth.
(PAUSE)
Then they hunt them down. They chase them about, this way and that. They wear them out, because there, there is nowhere to hide.
(BEAT)
It's being alone for so long, see. It drives them half mad, because those little fish are barely a mouthful, but those sea monsters will swallow them whole. Good and proper.

JOSEPH takes the shell away from his ear.

6. JOSEPH — Do the tiddlers always get eaten?

7. EMMA — Well, I think they might do. They aren't as big as the others, after all.

JOSEPH becomes distressed.

You're afraid the charm won't work? Is that it?
(BEAT)
I'm no seer, cariad. . .but with a good dose of sea air in your lungs, Charles Wesley's hymns on your lips and the charm kept about your person. . .you should be in with a fighting chance.

As the scene ends and Emma leaves, JOSEPH returns to the coffin. THOMAS enters.

SCENE 10. INT. JOSEPH'S COFFIN – OCTOBER 1780

THE DEAD JOSEPH is in his coffin.

1. JOSEPH — I was the tiddler, then, but no more,
Thomas. You won't devour me now.

THOMAS is distressed.

2. THOMAS — You didn't talk this much when you were alive.

3. JOSEPH — I did. You just never listened.

4. THOMAS — Are they coming? Can you see if they're coming?

5. JOSEPH — Who?

6. THOMAS — You know who.
The hangmen with my noose.
(PAUSE)
They're taking their time.

7. JOSEPH — With all the will in the world no relief boat could make it through these seas.

8. THOMAS — They are busy building my gallows.
(PAUSE)
Once they've built my gallows.
Once they've fashioned my fate from wood and nails.
(BEAT)
You dead, me alive, we both know what they'll think.

9. JOSEPH — And Bill Evans? What will he think?

SCENE 11. SOLVA COOPERAGE – MAY 1755

THOMAS (15) is whistling to himself as he sweeps the floor. He begins to talk to the broom.

1. THOMAS — Broomy, look at those barrels lined up against the wall. One of these days, I'm going to bewitch you so you can do all the sweeping on your own, and I can make all the barrels.
(BEAT)
What do you say?
(PAUSE)
Silent type, eh?
(PAUSE)
And when I finish, I'll brand them with a red-hot poker. My own name.

THOMAS picks up the broom.

Like this. . .

2. BILL — /THOMAS, lad!

THOMAS drops the broom.

Is that a Wesleyan hymn I heard you whistling?

3. THOMAS — Uh, I wasn't whistling Mr. Evans.

BILL enters the cooperage.

4. BILL — I'll have no Charles Wesley songs around my cooperage, you hear? Otherwise I'll have you strung up like the side of ham out the back. It's nearly smoked good and proper. A few more weeks, then it'll fetch a tidy price sold in Haverfordwest Market.

5. THOMAS — Aren't we keeping any?

6. BILL — We! We?
I'm keeping some, boy. . .me!
(PAUSE)
Tell you what, lad. Let's play a game. Every question you get right earns you one slice of smoked ham once it's ready.

(PAUSE)
What's the best wood to
use when smoking ham?

THOMAS thinks, but cannot recall.

Don't stand there, open mouthed like a
fish! Oak, lad, it's oak!
(BEAT)
What's the most important thing a cooper
can have?

7. THOMAS — A pile of wood?

8. BILL — Bloody patience, lad!
(BEAT)
You rush a job and you'll only have to
do it over again.
(PAUSE)
What else does a cooper need?

9. THOMAS — Sharp tools?

10. BILL — A sharp bloody mind, boy!
People think just because you work with
these. . .

BILL shows THOMAS his hands.

that you're as daft as a brush!
(PAUSE)
What do you do if someone brings
back a barrel? Says it's not made
proper?

THOMAS offers no answer.

(BEAT)
Look for your mark, burnt into the
underside of the barrel. . .make sure it was
you who was at fault.
(BEAT)
The last thing you want to do is put
yourself out sorting out some other
bugger's mistakes.

SCENE 12. INT. LIGHTHOUSE SLEEPING QUARTERS – OCTOBER 1780
THOMAS is standing over the dead body of JOSEPH.

1. THOMAS — Joseph? Joseph?

JOSEPH remains unresponsive.
The BILL of Thomas' memory enters and stands to one side.

2. BILL — How good are you when things get tough? Do you panic?

3. THOMAS — I think he might be/ dead.

4. BILL — /How do you know you're not?
(BEAT)
Come on, lad!

5. THOMAS — Because, I've got inner strength.
My heart keeps rhythm in my chest.

6. BILL — What else?
(BEAT)
What else?

7. THOMAS — Well, I'm thinking, so I've got a sharp mind.

8. BILL — Well, I wouldn't go that far lad. But your mind is ticking over at the very least.
And what about this Joseph fella, here?

9. THOMAS — There seems to be no rhythm. Nothing is ticking over.
(PAUSE)
I've seen this before.

10. BILL — Then why are you bothering me lad?

11. THOMAS — No, I've seen it in my dreams of a night. Joseph lies lifeless and I stand over him triumphant, over-joyed, because I'm the one who caused him to be that way.

12. BILL — Are you certain?
(BEAT)
You don't want to put yourself out sorting out some other bugger's mistakes.

BILL exits.
THOMAS is on stage alone.

13. THOMAS

Mr. Evans, I write to you, so you may have
record of my toil on the lighthouse. . .
so that you may know I am working
off my debt.

SCENE 13. INT. COOPERAGE – AFTERNOON – 1st July 1739

BILL is recalling his first meeting EMMA.

1. BILL

In 1739, the heart I didn't
know I had, melted.
(BEAT)
I was sitting outside the Ship Inn, temporarily exiled
for disagreeing
with Whiteside.
(PAUSE)
He'd bloody serve anyone in there.
He'd serve a donkey if it stood by the
bar long enough.
(BEAT)
Well he's the damn ass.
(BEAT)
He served Dai Jenkins.
(BEAT)
Used to be a damn Methodist, Dai Jenkins singing
Wesleyan hymns at the top of his lungs. Only he
missed the drink too much.
(BEAT)
Concerned about the Holy Spirit, I think.
(PAUSE)
Then, there she was. She came walking
past the Ship Inn, her hair shining in the
late afternoon light.

EMMA (30s) walks passed BILL carrying an old broken crate.

You lost your cargo, then.

2. EMMA

Elderberries.
(BEAT)
I was meant to boil them up.
Mrs Jenkins' chest's been playing merry
hell with her.

3. BILL

Juniper berries is what you want.
You'll make a better syrup from them.
(BEAT)
Cures all ailments, rights all wrongs. . .

4. EMMA

You want me to make her giddy with gin?

5. BILL

Maybe not the best idea.
(PAUSE)
I could make you a bucket, if you like.
Memel oak? Sturdy. You wouldn't
waste your harvest again.

6. EMMA — I haven't got the means to pay you, now that old Mrs. Jenkins won't be parting with any money.

7. BILL — Would you be willing to trade?

8. EMMA — I've got nothing.

9. BILL — I need a cure.

10. EMMA — What ails you?

11. BILL — A sudden quickening in the beat of my heart.

12. EMMA — Is it there all the time?

14. BILL — It came on rather sudden.

15. EMMA — You know what you need, don't you?

16. BILL — I can hazard a guess. . .

17. EMMA — Eight drops of oil of caraway on a little lump of sugar.

SCENE 14. EXT. SOLVA HARBOUR - 1780

EMMA and JOSEPH are walking along the shore.

1. JOSEPH — Please, Mam. . .

2. EMMA — Mariners, coopers, wreckers, they're all the same. Harsh men.
(BEAT)
You're not that type of man.

3. JOSEPH — Drunken sailors who chase after mermaids?
Chance'd be a fine thing.

4. EMMA — You love Jesus, don't you Joseph?
You love Your Saviour?

5. JOSEPH — Of course, I do, Mam.

6. EMMA — Then sing. The way Charles Wesley taught us.
(BEAT)
Sing!

JOSEPH sings. As he does so BILL arrives in EMMA'S MEMORY. (MEMORY of her most recent conversation with BILL)

7. BILL — I'm here about the elderberries.

8. EMMA — Stay out of my memory, Bill Evans.

9. BILL — I can't do that, Emma. I cannot.

10. EMMA — No amount of herbs on this earth could relieve you, Bill Evans. That's not the cure you seek, is it?

11. BILL — No.

He lifts the front of her skirt, and holds her as if making love. They begin to dance (as before) to JOSEPH'S SINGING. EMMA breaks off suddenly and slaps JOSEPH/BILL. She addresses JOSEPH.

12. EMMA — You disgust me.
Mermaids?
(BEAT)
Oh, so that's what this lighthouse business is all about is it? Well by all means my lad, go and damn yourself.
(PAUSE)
When I'm dead and gone, do you want to

lose all hope of seeing me again?
Because that's what'll happen you know.
You'll end up one level below the sea
monsters in the very bowels of hell itself.

The memory of BILL stands to one side and comments on the scene.

13. BILL — Rosehips.
(BEAT)
First day of August.
You're picking them too soon.
(PAUSE)
You need to leave them be.
Need to leave them mature on their
own. You shouldn't interfere.

14. EMMA — Do I come into your cooperage and
tell you how make a barrel?

JOSEPH, EMMA and BILL are now in the present.

15. JOSEPH — Just imagine being on the light, Mam.
Right, slap in the middle of the sea.
Surrounded by the sea air.

16. EMMA — When did you become so faithless, my
lad?

17. JOSEPH — Mam, I'm not faithless.

18. BILL — Why are you carrying elderberries in a
broken crate when I made you a perfectly
good bucket?

19. EMMA — I let the things you made go, a long time
ago.

He approaches EMMA and goes to take her hand.

20. BILL — You have to allow people their mistakes,
Emma.

She pulls her hand away.

21. EMMA — I did, Bill. I allowed me, my mistakes.
I forgave me, my sins.

22. JOSEPH — I'm not faithless, Mam. I believe in the
light, like you:

23. EMMA — Howell Harris at the meeting. That blessed man talked a lot of sense. He showed us the light, steered us from the dark.

EMMA'S MEMORY of her and BILL appears.

24. BILL — You need to let the boy go.

25. EMMA — People are just flotsam and jetsam to you, aren't they?

JOSEPH, EMMA and BILL are now in the PRESENT.

26. JOSEPH — . . .And I believe in your cures and charms.
(BEAT)
The ash tree, Mam. You must have faith in the ash tree.

SCENE 15. EXT. SOLVA WOODS – DAWN (1780)

EMMA and JOSEPH are in the woods, seeking an ash tree to 'sympathetically heal' JOSEPH'S rupture/hernia.

1. EMMA	At the break of day, the charm said. At the break of day, the one so inflicted with a rupture must pass himself through a crack in an ash tree.
2. JOSEPH	You sent me to those circulating schools so I could learn my letters, and I took to it and read the charm myself before we set out.
3. EMMA	All I mean is, I think at this hour it's too early. For us to be up with the lark, I think the lark needs to be awake.
4. JOSEPH	You must have more faith, Mam. Faith. . . it's what you always tell me.
5. EMMA	Oh I do, Cariad. . .
6. JOSEPH	This'll be the third and final time, just like the charm says.
7. EMMA	Oh Joseph, be careful, won't you? That slit in the tree looks like it was made for a thinner man than you and you don't want to get splinters. It would be a shame to trade one ailment for another!
8. JOSEPH	Make sure you bind the tree tightly afterwards. I want this tree to heal itself back together.
9. EMMA	Aye. Then you will heal as the tree heals.

SCENE 16. INT. COOPERAGE – DAY- AUGUST 1780

THOMAS is recalling the cockfights in the churchyard. He addresses the audience

1. THOMAS

The more you're afraid of someone, the more you want to please them.
(BEAT)
This lighthouse wasn't going to be a lighthouse, you see, not for me. It was going to be a broom.
(BEAT)
It would sweep away every disappointed look that had ever settled in Mr. Evans' eyes, when he cast a glance at me.
(PAUSE)
But I would try one last thing to get him to let me stay. The cockfight in the churchyard.
(BEAT)
If I could win enough money, it would go some way to make up for his losses now that wrecking was to be a thing of the past.

SCENE 17. INT. LIGHTHOUSE SLEEPING QUARTERS – OCTOBER 1780

The dead body of JOSEPH is lying down, then gets up and speaks.

1. JOSEPH

There's a tune stuck in my head. I know I know what it is, it just won't come back to me.
(PAUSE)
My Mam never waved me off that day.

SCENE 18. EXT. SOLVA HARBOUR – AUGUST - 1780
EMMA and JOSEPH are walking.

1. EMMA — You're going to go anyway, aren't you, lad?

JOSEPH takes the seashell out of his pocket.

2. JOSEPH — I'm not a lad, Mam. You can't use seashells and stories to make me stand on the shore. Not any more. (BEAT) I need to dip my toes.

3. EMMA — Catch your death, more like.

SCENE 19. INT. LIGHTHOUSE SLEEPING QUARTERS – OCTOBER 1780

The dead body of JOSEPH is in the lighthouse.

1. JOSEPH

The day I came here. She didn't
come down to the harbour.
Said she'd cry an ocean of tears.
Didn't want to flood the dock,
that was her excuse.
(PAUSE)
The last time I ever saw her, I can't
remember what she said to me. Worse
still, I can't remember what I said to her. I
don't think they were angry words, just
unimportant ones.
(BEAT)
Where. . .where did that tune come from?
Where did it go?
(BEAT)
She was right, though, my old Mam.
Right about the sea monsters.
(BEAT)
I'll be seeing them soon, I think, because
this isn't the Heaven Charles Wesley promised in
his hymns. . . Charles. . . Wesley.
(BEAT)
(SINGS)
How shall I all to heaven aspire?
(BEAT)
And one thing for certain, I won't meet my
old Mam, again. She wasn't the sort to
end up where I'm headed.
(PAUSE. SINGS)
A slave redeemed from death and sin,
A brand plucked from eternal fire. . .

SCENE 20. EXT. SOLVA CHURCHYARD – DAY

BILL and THOMAS are in the churchyard, placing last minute bets on the cockfight.

1. BILL — BETS! BETS! Place your bets!
(BEAT)
So who's your money on, then, Thomas?

2. THOMAS — The winner.

3. BILL — Myself. . .I'd wager that my Solva gamecock is to win.

4. THOMAS — Dai Jenkins' rooster. I wager all my debts, my body for to toil, I wager it all on Dai Jenkins' rooster.

5. BILL — And the sooner you wager, the sooner the fight, the sooner you head off to the Smalls.

THOMAS plays the role of BILL'S BIRD, whilst JOSEPH is the BIRD THAT BELONGS TO JENKINS.
BILL gestures to THOMAS.

The rooster I reared is a fine figure of a bird. . .Old English Game cock.
(BEAT)
English in but name only, of course. We know not his exact lineage, but he has Solva blood coursing through his veins.
(PAUSE)
Fighting spirit.
(BEAT)
In the other corner. . .a product of Dai Jenkins the farmer. . .

THOMAS is circling JOSEPH.

Rumour has it that this one is naught more than a pet. . .Eats scraps out of Mrs. Jenkins' hands. . .has been saved from the pot many a time by the tears of children, who hold the creature dear in their hearts.

Both THOMAS and JOSEPH take off their shoes and throw them aside.

Of course, this will be a 'naked heel'

fight. . .The spurs of each bird sharpened so. . .As to ensure victory and death.
(PAUSE)
BETS! BETS! Any last bets! Place them now!
(BEAT)
FIGHT!
FIGHT!
FIGHT TIL THE DEATH!

They fight. Thomas triumphs.

ACT 2.
SCENE 1. INT. SOLVA COOPERAGE – AUGUST 1780.
THOMAS is preparing for his trip to the lighthouse.

1. THOMAS — What tools do you need to sabotage a man's life?
(BEAT)
A hammer to smash his dreams?
A saw to cut him down?

BILL enters.

2. BILL — A broom.

BILL hands the broom to THOMAS.

3. THOMAS — You and me, Broomy.
We can sail the Seven Seas. . .or at least the twenty-seven miles to the lighthouse.
(BEAT)
There'll be all the ale that we can drink, all the salted beef we can eat, all the warmth of the oil burner.

4. BILL — An idiot and a broom.

5. THOMAS — We'll dance every night, to the song of the lighthouse, from the top of the light to the bottom.
(PAUSE)
And we'll bottle our daydreams and cast them overboard.

6. BILL — One idiot and a broom, is all you need.
(PAUSE)
Patience. See that you keep to your plans.

7. THOMAS — If the other fella tries to get me to work? To maintain the light? To stop it from failing?

8. BILL — A sharp mind, man.
(BEAT)
Don't you dare tell the other fella what you're up to. There's no honour among thieves.

SCENE 2. LIGHTHOUSE LANTERN ROOM – OCTOBER 1780

THOMAS is alone in the lantern room.

1. THOMAS

Now, trying to sabotage a lighthouse
is more difficult than it first appears.
(BEAT)
Take a look out of these lantern
windows, not a look out, but a look
down, and that is sixty-five feet
worth of difficult.
(PAUSE)
At first I was glad. No hard work for me.
Just me and Broomy and the ale.
But Bill Evans, he's sly. He's got a
sharp mind.
(BEAT)
This was my punishment, not
Whiteside's. I see that now, looking
sixty-five feet down.
(BEAT)
Punishment for things I'd done a
long time ago. . .
(PAUSE)
Down.
Sixty-five feet.
(BEAT)
He wanted me to repay my
debt drop by drop: in blood, sweat
and tears. From the moment I
began loading the boat for the trip
to the Smalls, I knew I was cursed.

SCENE 3. EXT. SOLVA HARBOUR – AUGUST 1780

THOMAS is packing his possessions on the boat ready for the crossing to the Smalls (barrels and crates).

1. THOMAS — Candles, salted beef, ale,
not too much else or we won't
reach the Smalls for sinking.
(BEAT)
I hope the other fella isn't a lump,
otherwise we'll definitely sink.

JOSEPH runs up to THOMAS.

2. JOSEPH — I have barrels /of water.

3. THOMAS — /Ah, you're but a slip of a man!
This'll work out nicely.

4. JOSEPH — Water.
(BEAT)
Barrels to bring my water.

5. THOMAS — And you've got a sense of humour
too!
(BEAT)
Did you drink all your ale to settle
your nerves before the crossing?
(PAUSE)
Heh! We could sing a sober Methodist
hymn together on the journey.
Rouse the mermaids from the depths. . .

THOMAS laughs before he realises that JOSEPH isn't joking.

You've got a Charles Wesley hymn
on your lips? A real Charles Wesley
hymn? The sort Holy Rollers sing?
(PAUSE)
What's your name?

As JOSEPH speaks Thomas recognises him.

6. JOSEPH — Joseph H/arry.

7. THOMAS — /Harry.
(BEAT)
Over my dead body am I getting in
that boat with you. Bill the bastard,
he's done this to spite me.

8. JOSEPH Thomas. . .please. . .

9. THOMAS Listen to you bleating on.
You haven't changed since you
were a boy.
(BEAT)
Thomas. . .Thomas. . .please.
(BEAT)
Are you going to run home crying
to your Mam?
(PAUSE)
You're not sitting in this boat with me.
Now go home to your Mam.

10. JOSEPH At least I've got a Mam.

11. THOMAS Say that again.

12. JOSEPH I said, at least I've got a Mam.

13. THOMAS Well she won't have you much
longer, if you keep it up, Joseph. I'll
bloody put you in the ground myself.

SCENE 4. INT. LIGHTHOUSE SLEEPING QUARTERS – AUGUST 1780

JOSEPH is writing a letter to his mother.
He narrates 'outside' the scene at times, but also participates in the 'contents' of the letter.

1. JOSEPH — Dear Mam, the first few days on this light weren't as bad as all that. The other chap is Thomas Griffith, a lad I knew, when I was a boy.
(BEAT)
He's changed now, grown.
(BEAT)
We spend our time sorting out our rations and dividing up the duties.

THOMAS and JOSEPH are arguing. THOMAS is drawing a dividing line down the middle of the sleeping quarters in chalk.

2. THOMAS — This is my half of the lighthouse and that is yours. You'll cross that line over my dead body.

3. JOSEPH — But you're next to the storeroom, you are! I'll starve to death!

4. THOMAS — It's fair enough. I can't cross over to your side, either.

5. JOSEPH — That means you can't leave to climb the ladder to the lantern room!

6. THOMAS — Rules are rules, Joseph.

JOSEPH is once again 'narrator' of the letter.

7. JOSEPH — Cleaning the lantern glass is a task, but Thomas helps best he can, so that the toil doesn't aggravate my ailments.

THOMAS is sitting on a wooden bucket.
JOSEPH has just climbed the ladder to the lantern room (to discover the bucket and cloth were not there). He has had to climb back down the ladder.

Thomas, I've climbed that ladder until my hands are splintered and my guts ache with every movement.
(BEAT)
It'll be the death of me, that ladder.

8. THOMAS Weren't you meant to clean the lantern glass?

9. JOSEPH I couldn't find the bucket.

THOMAS gets up and kicks the bucket he was sitting on.

10. THOMAS There's one here.
(BEAT)
Full of holes, though.

11. JOSEPH If you uttered one civil word to me, it would stick in your throat and choke you, wouldn't it?

THOMAS says nothing.

You've always hated me. Even at school. Everyone knew.
(BEAT)
What harm did I ever do to you?

JOSEPH, once again, is 'narrator' of the letter.

Yes, we get on quite well.

SCENE 5. INT. LIGHTOUSE LANTERN ROOM– AUGUST 1780

JOSEPH is in THE LANTERN ROOM, (there is a bucket and a rag) trying to clean the lantern glass. THOMAS is drinking ale (he is drunk) with one hand and carrying BROOMY in the other. Occasionally, THOMAS begins to dance with BROOMY.

1. THOMAS — The first night I spent on this light. . .
I saw the plan spread out before me
like an ocean.

THOMAS sees the 'plan'. In the plan, THOMAS and JOSEPH are in the sleeping quarters.

You and me, Joseph…
(PAUSE)
Joseph?

2. JOSEPH — You're in my half of the lighthouse.

3. THOMAS — Now see, we're…that's me, you and
Broomy, here…we're going to be on this
light for a good long while…

4. JOSEPH — You're in my half of the lighthouse.

5. THOMAS — We should be as brothers-in-arms.

JOSEPH throws the rag into the bucket.

We could be brothers-in-arms…if only
you'd admit you were wrong.

6. JOSEPH — I am trying to clean.

7. THOMAS — But you'll never be clean, will you?

JOSEPH gets up to leave (the window cleaning unfinished). JOSEPH tries to move past THOMAS, but THOMAS doesn't let him.

(BEAT)
You Holy Rollers with your baptisms and your water...
turning your noses up at ale. You all think you're so
pure…like everyone else has already been branded
with the mark of the devil.

8. JOSEPH — Thomas…

9. THOMAS — But I've seen them, you know. Those
travelling preachers. I saw them when we
were in school. The way they looked at
the women.

(BEAT)
The way the women looked back. Women with already taken hearts. Sisters. . .wives. . .mothers. . .
(PAUSE)
You Holy Rollers. . .you're all disgusting.

JOSEPH pushes past THOMAS who is left in the LANTERN ROOM by himself. He is still holding BROOMY.
THOMAS laughs to himself.

SCENE 6. INT. LIGHTHOUSE SLEEPING QUARTERS – AUGUST 1780

It is night and THOMAS and JOSEPH are on 'their' sides of the sleeping quarters. There are the makings of a storm in the distance.
THOMAS and JOSEPH speak in unison.

1. T&J — Of a night, when I'm on the edge of sleep and waking, I feel like I'm a bird circling this light.
(PAUSE)

2. JOSEPH — Like I've flown out too far.

3. THOMAS — Like I've not flown out far enough.

TIME PASSES.
THOMAS is now sleeping. He is snoring loudly.
JOSEPH is woken up by the noise.

4. JOSEPH — He snores loudly enough to wake the dead.

SFX: Distant rumble of thunder.

It's the fault of the ale, as well he knows.
That's why he drinks it.

JOSEPH tries to settle back into sleep.

As a boy, my ailments would keep me awake of a night. . .my belly aching, my chest. . .

EMMA appears as part of this 'spoken memory'. She is carrying a bottle containing the tincture. She administers the tincture to JOSEPH, dropping liquid onto his tongue. She puts her arm around him, before leaving.

My tinctures would soothe me,
but not to sleep.
(PAUSE)
Then, just as the dawn
broke, I'd hear my father, digging
peat to fuel the fire.
Long dead now, God rest his soul.
(BEAT)
The rhythm of the shovel, turning
over the soil, would make my eyelids
grow heavy.
(PAUSE)

SFX: Distant rumble of thunder.

And now it's the sound of the rain.
The steady patter of rainwater, like
tinctures on my tongue.

TIME PASSES.
THOMAS and JOSEPH are once again sleeping on their (respective) sides of the sleeping quarters. THOMAS begins to talk in his sleep.

5. THOMAS Honest, Mr Evans. Honest, I didn't.

JOSEPH wakes up and stares at THOMAS.

Please don't.
(BEAT)
Please don't. . .

THOMAS jumps awake. JOSEPH pretends to be asleep.

6. THOMAS Of a night, I'm on the edge of sleep and
waking. I feel like I'm a bird circling this
light.
(PAUSE)
Like I've flown out too far.

THOMAS walks over to JOSEPH'S side of the lighthouse. THOMAS urinates over JOSEPH.

SCENE 7. EXT. SOLVA FIELDS – AUGUST 1780

EMMA is in the Solva fields. She is looking at the (unseen) ash tree. It has been uprooted by the storm.
BILL appears in her imagination.

1. EMMA

At the break of day, just before my Joseph left for the lighthouse, I prayed for a storm. Just enough to whip the sea into a frenzy, to delay his leaving.
(BEAT)
Then the dawn broke, and the sea was as a millpond.
(PAUSE)
Sometimes I wonder if Heaven is slightly further away than the Bible would have us believe. . .that extra distance above our heads. . .so our prayers take all the longer to reach God's ear.
(PAUSE)
But the Lord was listening, only distant. Too late. One week later I got my storm.

2. BILL

'At the break of day', the charm says. . .

3. EMMA

At the break of day a week later, the storm hit us, and our Ash tree, our healing tree, was uprooted.
(PAUSE)
Smashed.
(BEAT)
That charm meant my Joseph and the tree were bound as one.

EMMA becomes upset.

(PAUSE)
I will be strong for him. As strong as any ship named after a man. Stronger than any wood in its natural form.

4. BILL

'At the break of day', the charm says. . .

5. EMMA

Why do they give ships women's names?
(BEAT)
Is it because they look at a wreckage and think, 'a man wouldn't dare fall apart so easily?'

6. BILL

Encircle the tree with twine, the charm says so it may heal back together again.

BILL puts his arms around EMMA.

SCENE 8. INT. LIGHTHOUSE SLEEPING QUARTERS – OCTOBER 1780

THOMAS has just woken up. He sees the DEAD BODY of JOSEPH (on the opposite 'side' of the lighthouse) and assumes he is asleep.
THOMAS kicks JOSEPH.

1. THOMAS — You've slept enough, Joseph.

THOMAS kicks him again.

The salted beef is all but gone, so you'll
have to venture onto the rock.
(BEAT)
Even your feeble hands can grasp an
unsuspecting gull for the cooking pot.

THOMAS kicks him again.

Joseph! Joseph!
(PAUSE)
(to audience)
At first I thought him joking.
(PAUSE)
But he wasn't laughing.
He wasn't anything.

BILL'S VOICE is heard off-stage.

2. BILL — How good are you when things
get tough, boy?
(BEAT)
Do you panic?

THOMAS takes BROOMY in his arms, holds the broom before him and raises a 'glass' in a mock toast.

3. THOMAS — To you and me, Broomy.
Just you and me. All that's left.
(BEAT)
We can fly around this light, if
we see fit.
(PAUSE)
We'll rip this lighthouse apart with
our bare hands. Lash the floorboards
together and paddle to our freedom.
Mr. Evans will meet us halfway on a raft made of the
old plaque that hung above the cooperage. . .because a
new one's
being made, and it's got my name on it.
(PAUSE)
We can make a wish and blow out

that whale oil burner.

THOMAS pretends to blow out the imagined whale oil burner. He is plunged into darkness.

4. JOSEPH Just you and me.

The lights go back up and JOSEPH is behind THOMAS.

5. THOMAS You are nothing more than
a bad bit of salted beef.

JOSEPH laughs.

You are nothing more than
a bad bit of salted beef.
(BEAT)
As the dawn breaks, I'll walk
around these quarters
. . .and by the time I open
my eyes. . .you'll be
gone from this place.

6. JOSEPH Careful, Thomas.
(BEAT)
That nearly sounds like a charm. . .or
a prayer.

THOMAS closes his eyes and begins to walk the circle of the sleeping quarters. He repeats over and over:

7. THOMAS You will be gone from this place.

As THOMAS walks around, JOSEPH walks close behind him. When THOMAS finally comes to a stop and opens his eyes, JOSEPH is directly behind him. When THOMAS turns, JOSEPH does too. JOSEPH puts his finger to his lips, before tapping THOMAS on the shoulder.

SCENE 9. EXT. SOLVA COOPERAGE – JULY the 1st 1740
EMMA is recalling giving away THOMAS.

1. EMMA — On the first day of July, 1740, my heart broke.
(BEAT)
But it was bruised and battered nine months before that.

BILL walks on stage. Emma addresses him.

On the advice of my mother, I've been told that we should part ways.

2. BILL — But I thought we were dancing together tonight.

3. EMMA — My mother says you're leading me a merry dance. . .

4. BILL — Aren't you past the age where you have to do what your mother tells you?

5. EMMA — Men that work with their hands have wandering hands and a roaming eye, is what she says.

6. BILL — What if I went and told your mother that my hands stopped wandering the day they found yours. That I wanted to clasp my hand in yours always?

7. EMMA — Her mind is already made up.

8. BILL — And what does your mother know? All she does now is sit about drinking gin. They named it 'mother's ruin' after her, you know.

9. EMMA — She knows more than you give her credit for.

10. BILL — Well maybe one day, I'll be a parent and I'll drink all the gin in the world and I'll be as knowledgeable as your mother.

11. EMMA — Yes, maybe one day you will be a parent.

TIME PASSES.

EMMA is talking to the newborn (THOMAS) in her arms.

On the advice of my mother, I have
been told we should part ways.
(BEAT)
She's not cruel just practical.
Remember that, Cariad.
(PAUSE)
Although, she still drinks her gin, I
could not drink enough of it to rid
me of my trouble, so she felt she
had to rid herself of me.
(BEAT)
She's not cruel just practical.
Remember that, Thomas.

EMMA begins to sing the hymn to THOMAS.

Where does my wandering soul begin
Where do I all to heaven aspire. . .

SCENE 10. INT. LIGHTHOUSE SLEEPING QUARTERS – SEPTEMBER 1780

JOSEPH'S body is lying motionless on 'his' side of the lighthouse. THOMAS is wearing a blood-stained shirt. He is talking (sometimes to JOSEPH), but he doesn't receive a response. He is turning a knife over in his hands.

1. THOMAS — I don't remember how long we've been here.
(PAUSE)
But you'll be glad to know, Joseph, I've finally got another gull in the cooking pot.
(BEAT)
I've slit its throat, so it can't fly away this time.

Off-stage the sound of a pot boiling-over can be heard.
JOSEPH begins to sit up.

2. JOSEPH — So it's stuck here like us, then?
(BEAT)
Poor bastard.
Death. Can be a relief.

THOMAS turns the knife over in his hands.

3. THOMAS — Relief?
(PAUSE)
Wish I had some relief from the boat, the thought of the relief boat.
(BEAT)
Isn't the relief boat meant to have reached us by now?

4. JOSEPH — I can see everything, I can.

5. THOMAS — But can you see the relief boat?

6. JOSEPH — I can see what will be.
(BEAT)
And what will be sits on the horizon, like a boat, that's heading for this very rock. . .

JOSEPH begins to laugh.

. . .only the whale oil burners have been put out and our light is nothing more than a pin-prick in the darkness.

7. THOMAS — That's not the point.

THOMAS points the knife at JOSEPH.

The point is, I can't remember how long
we've been here.
(BEAT)
I can't think.

THOMAS realises that his shirt is stained with blood.

It's this smell. . .
I can't think with this stench.
(BEAT)
I can't remember how long we've been
here.
(BEAT)
How many days/ we've been here.

8. JOSEPH /I can.

JOSEPH gets up and walks towards THOMAS. JOSEPH takes off THOMAS' shirt, revealing a tally of days marked off on his back. He hands the knife to JOSEPH, who then walks closer to him (about to mark off another tally of days).

SCENE 11. INT. LIGHTHOUSE LANTERN ROOM – OCTOBER 1780

THOMAS is in the lantern room. It is night. It is a few days after JOSEPH'S DEATH.

1. THOMAS

So. There is a light, but it gives no light. Nothing shining. A dim glow. Glass and grease, but little more. Glass smeared with grease and dirt, is an opaque truth.
(PAUSE)
And the truth is. . .I've not had a hand in the upkeep of this light. Not one bit of the sixty-five feet of it.
(BEAT)
Do you know how difficult it is to sabotage a lighthouse? Sixty-five feet worth of difficult.

THOMAS becomes distressed.

Sixty-five feet.
(PAUSE)
Either he falls that sixty-five feet, or I do. He'd feel the fall far less than I would.
(BEAT)
The fall wouldn't hurt him at all.

The whale oil burner is blown out (the stage lights go out, then come back on). JOSEPH appears behind THOMAS.

2. JOSEPH

You're right, you know. The fall wouldn't hurt me. But you'd feel it long after I hit the water.
(BEAT)
Long after I'd gone to live with the tiddlers and the big fish.

3. THOMAS

I'd be free of you. Once and for all.

4. JOSEPH

What you wanted all along, was it? To be free of me?

5. THOMAS

Free of you?
(PAUSE)
Free of Bill Evans!

6. JOSEPH

The cooper?

7. THOMAS

As harsh a man as you could hope

to meet.

8. JOSEPH — I know some harsh men, too.

9. THOMAS — I am nothing compared to him.
(PAUSE)
If I was even half what he is, I would
squeeze the life right out of you.

10. JOSEPH — You did. Remember?

11. THOMAS — I am not as he is!
(BEAT)
I walk this lighthouse floor in
payment of a debt.

JOSPEPH laughs.

12. JOSEPH — Large tab at the Ship Inn, was it?

13. THOMAS — Judge at the quarter sessions. . .
could have cut my hand off,
cut all ties. . .sent me to Botany Bay.

THOMAS touches his arm (where he was branded with the iron).

(PAUSE)
But Mr. Evans, better that way, he
was my judge and jury. . .

14. JOSEPH — Who will be your executioner?

15. THOMAS — Catgut and broken wood, that's what
Mr. Evans and me agreed... that this
Lighthouse would fall apart because
it hadn't been tended right.
(PAUSE)
And in the darkness, Mr. Evans could go
back to plucking rings from the fingers of
washed up mermaids.
(BEAT)
Hardly worthy of the noose.

JOSEPH laughs again.

16. JOSEPH — As soon as you walk on Solva
shores, you'll have the noose
around your neck.
(PAUSE)
Murderer.

That's what they'll call you.

As JOSEPH taunts THOMAS, THOMAS begins to panic.

(BEAT)
Murderer.
Murderer.

17. THOMAS — What do I do?

18. JOSEPH — Well, that's sixty-five feet worth of difficult.

THOMAS hesitates.

All that stands between you and freedom is the dirty lantern glass. Go out onto the gallery. Get the sea air into your lungs.
(BEAT)
See as the waves below welcome you.

THOMAS walks out onto the gallery. He walks forward.

19. THOMAS — If I do it. . .

20. JOSEPH — Then you'll be free of me and this place.

THOMAS steps back.

21. THOMAS — No I won't.
(BEAT)
I'll be trapped. Trapped with you.
Stuck half way between
the whale oil burner and the depths of hell.

SCENE 12. INT. LIGHTHOUSE SLEEPING QUARTERS – OCTOBER 1780

THOMAS is sitting next to the CORPSE of JOSEPH HARRY. JOSEPH has an onion in his mouth (an old remedy to allegedly stop the smell from a corpse).

1. THOMAS — Please, Mr. Evans, forgive the unfortunate stains on this parchment. They aren't markers of violence. . . it's simply an easier ink.

BILL appears behind him.

2. BILL — Anyone would say you had blood on your hands.
(BEAT)
I can still smell that fella, even though you've given him that onion. It doesn't work you know. It's just a way of mocking the dead. That's what I was always told.

3. THOMAS — What you were always told?
(BEAT)
Be prepared to be told a lot more.

BILL is confused.

They'll say I've got blood on my hands, Mr. Evans. All of them. The fishwives on the harbour, Whiteside. . .

BILL takes hold of THOMAS' hands and turns them over.

4. BILL — Looks like you have, aye, lad.

5. THOMAS — They'll lead me to the gallows with their wagging tongues.

6. BILL — Are those tears about your eyes, lad?

7. THOMAS — It's the onion.

8. BILL — This is blood, you know.

9. THOMAS — Of a night, I'm sure I can hear the splintering of wood as they fashion wood for my gallows.

10. BILL — It's nothing more than the lighthouse as it's gently rocked by the sea. And this is nothing more than your own

blood, as you scrub your hands red raw.

11. THOMAS — Will they be like this forevermore, Bill?

12. BILL — Patience, lad.
(BEAT)
Guilt is not so easily washed away.
(PAUSE)
You know what they said to me when I saw you first in that orphanage? That you were born with the cord around your neck.

JOSEPH appears.

13. JOSEPH — See Thomas, the shadow of the noose has hung over you your entire life.

SCENE 13. INT. LIGHTHOUSE SLEEPING QUARTERS – OCTOBER 1780
JOSEPH is in the sleeping quarters.

1. JOSEPH
The dead see everything they do.
Now I see everything too.
(BEAT)
All that ever was.
(BEAT)
The storm. Every single drop of it.
(BEAT)
Drip. Drip. Drip.
(BEAT)
Every single drop of it. All at once.

EMMA, THOMAS and BILL appear. All four of them (including JOSEPH) speak together:

Drip. Drip. Drip.

(EMMA'S MEMORY of SOLVA and JOSEPH)
EMMA is showing the young JOSEPH how to apply his tinctures.

2. EMMA
Drip, drip, drip on your skin.

EMMA shows him the other tincture.

Drop this other one onto your
tongue. That's all you have to do.

JOSEPH opens his mouth and drops the tincture in his mouth.

(MEMORY – LIGHTHOUSE – AUGUST 1780)
THOMAS is watching JOSEPH drop the tincture on his tongue.

3. THOMAS
Drip.
(BEAT)
Don't you think if those damn
tinctures were going to work,
you'd still be using them all
these years later?

4. JOSEPH
I need to keep strong. Keep
at my toil, so the payment
I receive is honestly earned.

5. THOMAS
Payment?
You're receiving payment?

(MEMORY – YOUNG JOSEPH – SOLVA)
EMMA is talking to JOSEPH.

6. EMMA Who's this boy who keeps calling you names?

7. JOSEPH He's an apprentice at /the cooperage.

8. EMMA /The cooperage?

9. JOSEPH He says that. . .

(MEMORY – LIGHTHOUSE – AUGUST 1780)
JOSEPH is watching THOMAS take his tinctures.

10. THOMAS You're an idiot.

THOMAS takes the tincture from JOSEPH.

Lady's Mantle.
The clue's in the name.
They give this to weak women,
so I'm told.
(BEAT)
Take this any longer and you'll
get the urge to begin knitting.

(JOSEPH 'sees' EMMA on the beach – because he sees everything).

11. EMMA I don't know why they name ships after women.
(BEAT)
When they crash into rocks and splinter apart, they should rename them after a man.

(THOMAS sees EMMA talking to BILL)

12. EMMA Tell your Thomas to leave my Joseph alone.

13. BILL My Thomas?

14. EMMA Well, who's Thomas do you think he is?
(BEAT)
I sent Joseph to that school to learn his letters. To do him some benefit.
Not so he could get called names.

15. BILL Name calling?
(PAUSE)
The little bastard.

SCENE 14. INT. LIGHTHOUSE SLEEPING QUARTERS – OCTOBER 1780

JOSEPH enters the sleeping quarters, he is carrying a bucket.
THOMAS is sleeping, but he is talking in his sleep.

1. THOMAS — Honest, I never, Mr. Evans.
Honest, I never did.

JOSEPH takes the bucket and pours it over THOMAS.
THOMAS wakes up.

2. JOSEPH — Hole in the bucket. Thought you might see to fixing it.

3. THOMAS — I'll see to fixing you, you pour water on me again.

4. JOSEPH — It was the bucket.

5. THOMAS — Tilted by the hand of God?

6. JOSEPH — Of course.

7. THOMAS — Well you just wait and see what the hand of God has in store for you.

8. JOSEPH — Is it like what Mr. Evans had in store for you?

9. THOMAS — And what do you know of that?

10. JOSEPH — You were dishonest, is what I know.

JOSEPH BACKS AWAY.

11. THOMAS — *(to the audience)*
I had more nightmares of Bill. I don't know how many Joseph listened in on.
(BEAT)
But I used to play the whole thing over and over in my head. Wake up screaming.

SCENE 15. INT. SOLVA COOPERAGE – MAY 1755

BILL EVANS is questioning young THOMAS over the disappearance of some slices of the smoked ham. He has a branding iron.

1. BILL — I've not got all day.
(BEAT)
Now tell me truthfully, boy.

2. THOMAS — I. . .I don't know Mr. Evans.

3. BILL — Don't know much, do you lad?
Considering you've been here for
fourteen years!
(PAUSE)
Did you take chunks out of that side
of ham?

4. THOMAS — I don't /know.

5. BILL — /You must know, lad!
(BEAT)
Tell me, how do I know I've
been branding casks?

6. THOMAS — The cooperage marks on the base of
the casks. The branding iron in the
fire.

7. BILL — How do I know, lad? Not you.
(PAUSE)
I know by the smell of burning oak that
stings my nostrils, I feel the weight of the
branding iron long after it's left my hand. . .
(PAUSE)

BILL grabs hold of THOMAS' face.

So you must know that you've taken that
ham, lad. . .you must be able to taste the
salt on your lips. . .

BILL lets go of THOMAS' face.

. . .must be able to feel the rumble
in your belly die down.

8. THOMAS — I don't know, Mr Evans.

BILL grabs hold of THOMAS' face again. This time, he forces his mouth open and grabs hold of his tongue.

9. BILL — The black line on your tongue brands you a liar.

BILL then lets go of THOMAS.

You took chunks out of that side of ham. . .

10. THOMAS — I don't know/ who did.

11. BILL — /No thought for the price it would
Fetch down Haverfordwest market.
(BEAT)
No better than a pauper, you're not.
A common thief. Do you know what
Quarter Session Judges do to
common thieves?

12. THOMAS — I don't know.

THOMAS becomes more distressed.

13. BILL — They cut your hands clean off. . .
and you won't be much of a cooper
then.
(PAUSE)
Or they'll send you to Botany Bay.
(PAUSE)
You might even survive the journey.

14. THOMAS — Please Mr. Evans. . .don't send me
away.
(BEAT)
Don't send me away.

15. BILL — I'll not send you away, Thomas.
Don't you worry.
(BEAT)
I'm a fair man.
I'll not send you away.
(PAUSE)

BILL takes the branding iron out of the fire.

But if you're to stay here, you won't
forget where your loyalties lie. . .
who you belong to.
(PAUSE)
Roll up your sleeve.

BILL, carrying the branding iron, moves towards THOMAS.
THOMAS, crying, rolls up his sleeve.
The lights go down.
When the lights come up, BILL is alone. It is now many years later (1780). He is turning the branding iron over in his hands. Unbeknownst to BILL, EMMA is standing behind him, in the shadows.

Brand what belongs to you and you'll never lose it. . .I was told as a young apprentice.
(BEAT)
It'll bear your mark and everyone will know it's yours.

He throws the branding iron on the floor.

Everyone will know, except you.

EMMA emerges from the shadows.

16. EMMA — For all those years, you thought yourself in the dark?

BILL says nothing.
He looks at the branding iron on the floor.

17. BILL — I took that branding iron, red-hot, and pressed it into his arm.

18. EMMA — Why? To remind the world that he belonged to you?

19. BILL — To teach him a lesson.
(PAUSE)
He had insolence in his eyes.
(PAUSE)
Same as yours.
(PAUSE)
For all those years, it felt as
If I shared this cooperage with you.
A distant part of you that wanted nothing to do with me.

EMMA picks up the branding iron.

20. EMMA — Well, can you blame him?

SCENE 16. INT. LIGHTHOUSE SLEEPING QUARTERS – OCTOBER - 1780

THOMAS is in the sleeping quarters. He is holding BROOMY in his hands.

1. THOMAS (TO BROOMY)
Do you blame me, Broomy?

THOMAS drops BROOMY.

(to AUDIENCE)
Do you?

JOSEPH walks in.

(to JOSEPH)
Do you blame me?

2. JOSEPH There was a storm.
(BEAT)
Don't you remember?
I can still see every drop of it.

The lights go down.
When the lights come up again, THOMAS is lying down, asleep. He is mumbling in his sleep about Mr. Evans, having the nightmare about the branding iron.

3. THOMAS Mr Evans. . .honest I didn't.

JOSEPH is circling THOMAS as he sleeps.
SFX: Sound of rain.
SFX: Stormy seas.

4. JOSEPH You were awoken by the wind.
Sudden, stormy, mocking, gales.

JOSEPH becomes THE WIND. He is standing over THOMAS, laughing in his face. THOMAS wakes up, shouting. THE WIND is still laughing at him. THE WIND'S LAUGHTER becomes more ferocious.

5. THE WIND It's all gone.

THE WIND laughs again.

THOMAS gets up and looks around, realising that the storeroom has been damaged in the storm, and that rations have been lost.

6. THOMAS The salted beef. . .the ale. . .

7. THE WIND In one swift. . .
(BEAT)

SFX: Strong gust of wind.
THE WIND pushes THOMAS to the floor.

. . .taken by the wind.

THE WIND begins to laugh again. THE WIND turns away, laughing. THE WIND'S LAUGHING descends into THOMAS' CRYING.

8. JOSEPH My tinctures!

THOMAS gets up, and approaches JOSEPH.

9. THOMAS Don't you blame me.

10. JOSEPH You stopped me from setting foot
in the storeroom to get them back.

THOMAS catches hold of JOSEPH.

11. THOMAS You'll set foot nowhere else
you continue.

SFX: Clap of Thunder.
JOSEPH becomes THE WIND again (he is still in THOMAS' grasp).
SFX: strong wind.

12. THE WIND Strike! You know you want to.

THOMAS' hand forms into a fist. THOMAS lets go of THE WIND and he falls to the floor, laughing.

I'll blow this lighthouse down.
It'll be nothing but splintered wood.

His laughing once again becomes JOSEPH'S CRYING.

13. THOMAS You're pathetic.

THOMAS drags JOSEPH to his feet.
SFX: Strong wind.

Wood. Find some. Before this
wind makes splinters of the
storeroom.

THOMAS EXITS.
JOSEPH looks around. He is in some pain, after being pushed to the floor.
OFF-STAGE, THOMAS shouts for JOSEPH.
JOSEPH sees BROOMY in the corner. As JOSEPH moves towards the BROOM, THOMAS RETURNS and sees JOSEPH picking up the BROOM and struggling to break it over his knee. The action causes JOSEPH some pain, but eventually, he manages it. He drops the two halves of BROOMY to the floor.

14. THOMAS Broomy?

THOMAS addresses the audience.

Do you blame me, now?

THOMAS approaches JOSEPH and catches hold of him.

Who did you tell all your secrets
to, eh? How would you feel if I
snapped the holder of your secrets
in half?

SFX: Rumble of thunder.
The stage goes black.
When the lights come up again, JOSEPH is carrying the limp, dead body of his mother, EMMA. JOSEPH places the body down in front of THOMAS.
The storm continues to rage.
SFX: Stormy seas, high winds.

15. JOSEPH You already did.

16. THOMAS We are the only two souls on this
light, Joseph. There is no-one else.
She is not real.

17. JOSEPH She is real enough to you, Thomas.
(BEAT)
You've spent your life trying to picture
the shape of her face, searching it to
see if it matches your own.

THOMAS leans down and touches EMMA'S LIFELESS FACE.

18. THOMAS My mother?

19. JOSEPH My mother.

THOMAS backs away from the body.

And you broke her heart in two.

20. THOMAS She gave me away.

21. JOSEPH She mourned your loss.
(PAUSE)
When she thought me sleeping,
she would talk to you, as if you
were the child asleep beside her.

22. THOMAS How ignored and alone you must have felt. . .brother.

THOMAS catches hold of JOSEPH.

There is no way we are cut from the same cloth.

23. JOSEPH I speak the truth, Thomas.

THOMAS forces open JOSEPH'S mouth and grabs at his tongue (in the same way BILL did to him).

24. THOMAS The black line on your tongue brands you a liar.

The lights go down. When the lights come back up again, THOMAS is completely alone onstage.

(To audience)
Then he clutched his stomach and fell to the floor. Or I may have pushed him. He hit his head, or landed down on his belly. A gust of wind took him, or his legs gave way, or, I may have pushed him.

SCENE 17. EXT. SOLVA BEACH – OCTOBER 1780

BILL walks onto the beach, carrying a lamp. He has stones in his pockets.

1. BILL

Cargo ship from Liverpool
said there was still a light on
the rock.
(PAUSE)
Guided us like the hand of God,
they said.
(BEAT)
But there was something lashed to
the lighthouse gallery, they said.
(BEAT)
Some. . .thing. . .

THOMAS comes running onto the beach. BILL doesn't see or hear him.

2. THOMAS

I had to Bill.
(BEAT)
The stench.
I had to put him outside.

3. BILL

I hope not someone.
(BEAT)
Not my Thomas.

4. THOMAS

I swear I've not got blood on my
hands, Bill.

5. BILL

Either way, I've got blood on my
hands.
(BEAT)
Because when that relief boat
gets there, it'll not offer much relief.

6. THOMAS

Tell them, Bill. Tell the relief
boatmen. I was never put in front of
a Quarter Session Judge.
(BEAT)
Tell them I'm not bad.

7. BILL

I am bad.
(BEAT)
All this for the sake of. . .vendettas and
sabotage.
(PAUSE)
I'm a thief. I stole that boy's future
then convinced him he was in my debt.

8. THOMAS

Please Bill.

BILL doesn't see THOMAS.

9. BILL — I wonder if Mermaids lurk in the shallows?

10. THOMAS — I don't deserve to hang.

11. BILL — I don't deserve to be saved by their hand.
(PAUSE)
I hope them in the depths, tonight.
(PAUSE)

BILL taps the sides of his pockets.

With a heavy heart and heavier pockets. . .

BILL walks towards the sea.

12. THOMAS — Go on, drown yourself.
Hold your own head underwater this time.
(BEAT)
Join the other drowned souls helped on their way, by your hand.

BILL hears these words.
THOMAS walks away from BILL.
BILL turns away from the sea, and begins to tip the stones out of his pockets, crying.

SCENE 18. INT. LIGHTHOUSE SLEEPING QUARTERS – 1780

THOMAS and JOSEPH are in the sleeping quarters.

1. JOSEPH — You thought you could put me outside in a barrel? Lash me to the gallery like a chunk of meat? Leave the seagulls to clean up your mess?

2. THOMAS — If they find you in here with me, they will place a noose around my neck.
(BEAT)
Go outside.

3. JOSEPH — I'll never leave you, Thomas.

JOSEPH taps the side of THOMAS' temple.

I'll always be in here.

THOMAS pushes JOSEPH'S hand away.

4. THOMAS — They say your eyeballs pop out of your head. They say that you can hear them tell the cheering crowd that you're dead, because in fact, your life lingers on that second or two, too long.

JOSEPH laughs.

5. JOSEPH — Well, that's something to look forward to at least.

JOSEPH laughs again.
BILL enters the SLEEPING QUARTERS. He is now THE QUARTER SESSION JUDGE. He is unseen by both THOMAS and JOSEPH.
BILL brings the gavel down hard.

6. BILL — ORDER! ORDER IN THE COURT!
(BEAT)
Thomas Griffith, you have been brought before the Quarter Sessions, charged with the offence of murder.
(BEAT)
How do you plead?

7. THOMAS — Not guilty.
(BEAT)
But I feel guilty.

8. JOSEPH — He did something.

BILL brings the gavel down again.

9. BILL — Order in the court!
(PAUSE)
I sentence you to hard labour.
(PAUSE)
Coffin making.

BILL exits.

10. JOSEPH — I will not rest in any barrel of yours.

11. THOMAS — Will you not?

THOMAS picks up an axe and brings it down on the barrel.

The stage goes dark.
When the lights come up, THOMAS is standing over a coffin.

They'll see it as a mark of respect.
(BEAT)
Why would you murder someone and show them kindness?

JOSEPH appears once more.

12. JOSEPH — In the hope of slipping through the Hangman's noose.

13. THOMAS — You were cast out, Joseph.

14. JOSEPH — Yet I refuse to go.
The nagging runt of the litter.
(PAUSE)
I can see a relief boat on the horizon.

15. THOMAS — The hell you can.

16. JOSEPH — They're already tying the noose, Thomas.

17. THOMAS — I can't hear you Joseph.

JOSEPH is now behind THOMAS.

18. JOSEPH — Oh, I think you can.

19. THOMAS I can't.
(PAUSE)
I am the last scrap of sanity about Thomas Griffith, the very last splinter of proper thought. I'm just waiting until it finally takes me. . .

From behind THOMAS, a hand reaches around (JOSEPH'S hand) and almost grips him by the throat.
OFF-STAGE EMMA begins to sing 'Where does my wandering soul begin' once again.

THE END

The sound world of the radio play, *Timbre*

Sound World

Timbre uses a non-linear and fluid soundscape, slipping between time frames, from Thomas' deteriorating reality, into the realm of memory and imagination and back again. Its multi-layered sound and music underlay means that the piece is intended to be experienced as much musically, lyrically and impressionistically as it is narratively.

Violin provides the backbone for the musical concept. It is a specific choice, because of its historical connections with the tale. Henry Whiteside (the lighthouse designer) was also a violin maker. Violins also represent the wider musical mythology of the eighteenth century: the violin being played to drinkers in the Ship Inn; Death playing his fiddle; the musicality of barrel making. The use of the violin allows the lighthouse herself to have a lyrical voice. Although she speaks throughout the play, the violin gives voice to things she cannot say.

Based on the moods of the Smalls, the song of the lighthouse shifts, but follows the same basic premise: a lone violin (occasionally interrupted by other instruments). The instrument is played by the Smalls herself, as the wind moves through the splintered wood making up her height (the conceit is that Whiteside, the lighthouse designer has fashioned parts of the lighthouse from old, broken violins). For this reason what I call 'the Smalls' Main Theme' is rarely played correctly. It starts strongly, but then deconstructs, the notes becoming a jumble. It is a beautiful tune, but never a joyous one, as the Smalls is ultimately lonely and broken.

Variations on the lighthouse song do see it perfectly played: in 'The Hopeful Song of the Smalls' the melody becomes self assured and hopeful, before it is interrupted by the clash of cymbals and notes of the Celtic harp, as the Celtic sea dashes the hopes of the lighthouse. 'The Mournful Song of the Smalls' sees the lighthouse lose complete control of the melody, the tune being taken over by the wind as it blows through the lighthouse.

The song of the lighthouse is distinct from the other violin melodies played through the course of the drama. Death's violin melody begins to play when Thomas

asks Joseph what song Death played to get him (Joseph) to dance.[138] It is the lone violin (and never entertains other instruments). I envisage Death's song starting on the same (almost mournful) note as Camille Saint-Saëns' 1874 orchestral piece *Danse Macabre*, before coming maniacal in its delivery.

The song of the lighthouse blends with the soundscape of the lighthouse. In this soundscape, the melody comes from objects not instrument (creaking floorboards, the creaking of the rope ladder). Merged with these sounds, in the background, is the sound of the ocean: a constant reminder that there is no escape from the lighthouse. Inside, the incessant bubbling of the whale oil burner makes it hellish, closer to the images depicted in Howell Harris' sermons.

Given that many of the soundscapes are based on wooden structures (the lighthouse, Joseph's coffin, Bill's cooperage), the challenge is to make each space sound separate.

For a large portion of the narrative, Joseph remains in his coffin: dead but in denial about it. The world outside the coffin is the world of the open air, of wind, waves, rain and seagulls. The sound of rain pattering on the coffin lid inhabits a middle-ground in the sound mix: through it there is a constant promise of the outside. Other sound-worlds in the piece might best be described as memoryscapes. One of the most prominent is the memoryscape of the drowned (a memory that both Bill and Thomas share). It is, in essence, another version of the hell Howell Harris presents to the Methodists in his sermon.

All this being said, the soundscape of *Timbre* is more than musicality. It also contains many 'easily identifiable' sounds and the use of Sieveking's 'Realistic Confirmatory Effect' ensures that the sounds make contextual sense to the audience. Ultimately, any sound effects written in a radio script are not concrete. The dramatist's own imagined acoustics for their sound effects will differ from those of a sound engineer on grams. Therefore, the following sequence demonstrates not only the importance of Sieveking's effect to give a sound effect context (the use of the word 'ham' in the dialogue indicates that the sound effect relates to ham), but highlights the fluidity with which the sound effect could be interpreted.

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[138] Wride, 2012b:150.

7. THOMAS It was bigger than me, that ham,
made all the taller because it
was strung up. . .

SFX: The ham is pulled up by a rope and pully. Bill strains.

. . .dangling there, between life and
death.

(Wride, 2012b:144)

As well as the sound world of *Timbre*, there is also another world that only exists when the piece is in its written form: the world of written directions. They are written by the dramatist for the dramatist, so that character action may be clear. They are also written for the sound engineer so that, upon recording, it can be decided if a sound effect need be produced by spot or grams. There is also no denying that these directions are written for the actor as they perform the piece.

Timbre contains a particularly contradictory direction:

Joseph looks confused.

(Wride, 2012b:164)

However, this direction is there for the actor reading the role of Emma, so that her line (that directly follows the direction) makes sense:

Don't give me that look.

(Wride, 2012b:164)

Timbre was written with a specific audio outlet in mind: BBC Radio 3. By eschewing naturalistic soundscapes, *Timbre* puts itself beyond the normal commissioning remit of more mainstream outlets such as BBC Radio 4's popular Afternoon Drama slot. The piece is also more suited to the longer timeslots provided by Radio 3.

Timbre:

An audio drama by Liz Wride

drawn from the Smalls Lighthouse incident.

Timbre
By
Liz Wride

CAST

THOMAS GRIFFITH – WELSH (youth/40s)
JOSEPH HARRY – WELSH (youth/40s)
THE SMALLS (FEMALE) – WELSH
EMMA HARRY – WELSH (30s/60s)
BILL EVANS – WELSH (30s/60s)

OTHER ROLES

RELIEF BOATMAN – WELSH (40s)
HOWEL HARRIS – WELSH (40s)
HENRY WHITESIDE – LIVERPUDLIAN (26)

SFX: The Smalls Main Theme plays (it fades into the SFX of THOMAS' heartbeat)

SCENE 1. INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS – SEPTEMBER 1780

THOMAS is dreaming about BILL EVANS recalling a past trauma in which he was branded with a red hot iron.
SFX: THOMAS heart beating quickly.
(fade into)
SFX: THOMAS sobbing.

1. THOMAS I didn't, Mr. Evans. Honest, I didn't.

SFX: THOMAS begins to cry.

I didn't, Mr. Evans. Honest, I didn't.

SFX: Branding iron being raked through hot coals. Sizzling of branding iron as it meets THOMAS' FLESH.
THOMAS cries out in pain.
THOMAS continues to cry.

SCENE 2. SMALLS LIGHTHOUSE – OCTOBER 1780 – NIGHT

The Smalls Lighthouse has been battered in a ferocious storm, which is now subsiding.

SFX: The Smalls' Main Theme plays, the final notes deconstructing.

1. THE SMALLS

How can something begin so
beautifully and end so horrifically?
(BEAT)
Because I did begin so beautifully.
Tall, elegant, the light in my eye
reaching out to the heart of sailors.
Just the very thought of me put wind
in a ship's sails.

SFX: Sails filling with wind, Spars creaking,
(broken by)
SFX: Gavel on table.

HENRY WHITESIDE (26) is talking to a committee of people, who want to begin construction on The Smalls Lighthouse.

2. HENRY

Let the record show, that in the year
of Our Lord 1773 , work will set
about to ensure no other ship is
wrecked on the Smalls Rock.

The committee chant 'here, here,' etc.

I, Henry Whiteside do pledge this:
the Smalls Lighthouse will be a
beacon of hope, shining in the
darkness.

They chant 'here, here' again.
(fade under)

(PAUSE)

3. THE SMALLS

I began so beautifully.
(PAUSE)
But I don't think they did.
The keepers, I mean.
Thrown together as they were.

THE SMALLS remembers one of THOMAS GRIFFITH and JOSEPH HARRY'S arguments.

SFX: JOSEPH crying.

4. THOMAS

Crying for our Mam, are we,
Joseph Harry?

5. JOSEPH

At least I've got a Mam.
Not like you. . .

SFX: Chalk line being drawn.

6. THOMAS

You'll cross that chalk line over my dead body.
(BEAT)
Understand?

(Fade up)
Whiteside's committee cheer 'here, here' etc.
HENRY WHITESIDE'S VOICE once again fills the room.

7. HENRY

Our light shall be so singular a construction as to be known from all others in the world.

SFX: Cheering.
(Fade under)

8. THE SMALLS

And I was known. I was.
(PAUSE)
For all the wrong reasons.
(BEAT)
One reason more wrong than all the others.

A violin is slowly tuned.

(BEAT)
You can blame Henry Whiteside for that.
(BEAT)

The strings of a violin are tentatively plucked.

He might claim he's a lighthouse designer. But he's as full of catgut and hit-and-miss notes as I am.

A string on the violin breaks.

A craftsman he may be. But his craft is making violins. And his income comes from selling ale at the Ship Inn.
(BEAT)
Jack of all trades is his claim. Master of none, I say.

(PAUSE)
Catgut and old bits of violin, that's what he made my Sleeping Quarters from, I swear he did.
(BEAT)
Because it always seemed. . .with the right cross wind. . .

SFX: Hopeful song of the Smalls.
The Hopeful Song of the Smalls fades away.

Now, all my Sleeping Quarters can hold is water.
(BEAT)
And the whale oil burner just bubbles enough. . .

SFX:Bubbling of the whale oil burner.

. . .to keep my light burning in the dark.
(PAUSE)
So singular a construction!

THE SMALLS laughs.

I'm on my own, that's true enough.

9. THOMAS

Not as true as you may think.
(BEAT)
I am still here, after the storm, after all that's happened. Still here. . .not like him. Not like Joseph.

SCENE 3. INT. JOSEPH'S COFFIN – OCTOBER 1780

The body of JOSEPH HARRY is in his make-shift coffin. He is on the Smalls Rock waiting to go back to the Solva shore. He is dead, but his mind races.
SFX: (Foreground) – heavy breathing, (Background) – waves on rocks.

1. JOSEPH

There's nothing but darkness.
(BEAT)
Oh God, why is it so dark?
(PAUSE)
Maybe this is all there'll be,
from now on…just me, the
darkness and the relief-boat
men.

SFX: (Foreground) Footsteps on rocky ground as the relief-boat men walk towards his coffin.

(PAUSE)
Just me and the darkness.
(BEAT)
Oh God, why is it so dark?

2. THOMAS

Because the gulls pecked out your
eyes, Joseph Harry.

3. JOSEPH

You keep a civil tongue in your head.
I am in this coffin alone, you hear?
(PAUSE)
So I have tears, but no eyes to cry
them?

SFX: Footsteps on rocky ground as the relief boat men carry JOSEPH'S COFFIN to the relief boat.

I am in this coffin, Thomas Griffith, just
me and the darkness.

JOSEPH begins to cry.

I am in this coffin, alone.

SCENE 4. INT. THE SMALLS LIGHTHOUSE NIGHT – OCTOBER 1780

THE SMALLS is talking to THOMAS.

SFX: (Foreground) – Creaking floorboards, rope ladder creaking. (Background) – Distant waves.

1. THE SMALLS — Three months on, one month off. That's the rule; the routine for lighthouse keepers. It's as sure as the incoming tide.

2. THOMAS — Not the way it worked with us.
(PAUSE)
The only certainty we had was the the incoming storm.

3. THE SMALLS — They care that men such as keepers are well rested, but they don't give a single thought for the Lighthouse.

THOMAS laughs.

SFX: The Smalls Lighthouse Main Theme.

4. THOMAS — Hear that?
(BEAT)
The violins are playing just for you.

THOMAS laughs.

5. THE SMALLS — No wonder the other keeper couldn't stomach you.

6. THOMAS — To be fair, he didn't have much of a stomach.

THOMAS laughs.

7. THE SMALLS — What keeps you here? Surely on the shore someone's lips have been busy in prayer, willing your safe return?

8. THOMAS — Bill Evans, my master?
Bill Evans the barrel-maker,
the cooper…praying?
(BEAT)
I don't think so.
(PAUSE)
Do you know what the worst thing about working with wood, is?

9. THE SMALLS Its strong desire to be left alone, in the midst of the ocean?

10. THOMAS Splinters.
(PAUSE)
The strange thing is, they work their way inside you, they become part of you.

11. THE SMALLS Until they start to fester and you need a bread poultice to draw them out.

12. THOMAS As Solva's finest young barrel maker, I shall stay, repair your damaged wood.

13. THE SMALLS So, you're my splinter, then?

SCENE 5. INT. LANTERN ROOM – AUGUST 1780

JOSEPH is cleaning the lantern glass.

SFX: (Foreground) – Rag on lantern glass, (Background) – Bubbling of whale oil burner.

1. JOSEPH — It's like the fires of hell up here
with that whale oil burner
bubbling away.
This lantern glass…thick
with grease and soot. . .
and if I stretch anymore. . .

SFX: Rag thrown in a bucket of soapy water.

Most of the glass will have to stay
dirty.

SFX: JOSEPH descends the rope ladder.

(PAUSE)
We'll see what that bully Thomas
will have to say about that.
Sat on his side of the lighthouse. . .
behind his marked-out chalk
line. . .idle.

SFX: Chalk line being drawn on wooden floor. (Fades into the memory of their argument):

2. THOMAS — You'll cross that chalk line over my dead
body.
(BEAT)
Understand?

(END OF MEMORY)

SFX: JOSEPH'S feet touch the floor, and he reaches the end of the ladder.

SFX: THOMAS snoring.

3. JOSEPH — Listen to that Thomas snoring.
Idle swine.

SFX: Creaking floorboards as JOSEPH approaches THOMAS.

SFX: Louder snoring from THOMAS.

Sleeping so deep, I can cross the
line over his snoring body. . .and
get to my tinctures.

4. THOMAS — No!

5. JOSEPH — Here we go. . .

6. THOMAS No Mr. Evans, honest I didn't. . .
I didn't!

SCENE 6. – INT. JOSEPH'S COFFIN - OCTOBER 1780

JOSEPH is in his coffin. It is being carried to the relief boat.
SFX: (Foreground): Rain on coffin lid. (Background): Feet on rocky ground, relief boat men cursing, etc.

1. JOSEPH — Howell Harris never said death was like this. Cooped up in a coffin. (PAUSE) What was it Howell Harris used to say about death? What was it he used to say at those sermons of his?

JOSEPH remembers the sermons, that he and his mother (EMMA) would attend.
SFX: Sermon crowds.

2. HOWELL HARRIS — But the fearful and unbelieving. . .

3. JOSEPH — The sermons were always on the beach. We stood, me and my Mam, our hair clogging with sea salt, because we were.. . are. . .believers . . .and so I could get the sea air into my lungs.

SFX: JOSEPH coughing.

4. EMMA — Oh, Joseph, your chest. . .what are we going to do with you, eh?

5. HOWELL HARRIS — . . .and the abominable, and the murderers. . .

6. JOSEPH — I remember the sound of his voice, but I never actually saw him. . .the curse of being a child in a crowd full of adults. (PAUSE) But if his face was akin to his tone. . .

7. HOWELL HARRIS — . . .and whoremongers, and sorcerers and idolaters and all liars. . .

8. JOSEPH — . . .and I asked my Mam what a whore-monger was.

9. EMMA — Ssh now, Cariad.

10. HOWELL HARRIS — . . .they shall all have their part in the lake. . . which burneth with fire and

brimstone. . . which is the second
death.

11. JOSEPH — Those words always made me grip
my Mam's hand all the tighter.
(PAUSE)
Nobody's hand to grip now.

12. HOWELL HARRIS — All liars. . .

INFORMATION FOR THE ACTOR:
JOSEPH hears the footsteps of the relief boat men carrying the coffin.
SFX: Footsteps on rocky ground.
SFX: Footsteps splashing in the shallows.

. . .shall have their place in the lake.

SFX: The footsteps splash about more, as they struggle to put the coffin onto the boat. The relief boat men curse/strain/grunt, etc.

13. JOSEPH — He fashioned this coffin from a keg.
Thomas, the barrel maker. Thomas
my fellow keeper.

JOSEPH remembers THOMAS making the coffin.
SFX: Axe splitting wood.
(blends with)
SFX: wood splintering apart.

(BEAT)
Fashioned it from wood that sat skin
to skin with ale.
(PAUSE)
Heathen, as he is.

14. HOWELL HARRIS — . . .the lake. . .which burneth with fire
and brimstone.

SFX: Footsteps splashing in the sea.
SFX: The splashes turn to boiling.

15. JOSEPH — Maybe, if I say it louder. . .

JOSEPH bashes on the inside of his coffin.

Heathen, as he is!

He bashes on the inside of his coffin again and again.

Heathen, as he is!

Heathen, as he is!
(PAUSE)
Maybe then, this voyage will end
the way I hope. Not the way I
fear.

SFX: Bubbling water.

SCENE 7. INT. THE SMALLS LIGHTHOUSE – NIGHT 1780

INFORMATION FOR THE ACTOR:
THOMAS is talking to the lighthouse as he surveys the storm-damage.
The scene moves to various locations in Thomas' memory, weaving between them.
SFX: (Foreground) THOMAS breaking apart the already broken wood of the sleeping quarters' walls. (Background) Distant sound of the sea.

1. THOMAS — I used to believe, when I was a lad, that only dead things decayed.

SFX: THOMAS inhales deeply, but is disgusted by what he smells.

2. THE SMALLS — Nothing, no-one can withstand the prevailing wind, the relentless roar of the Celtic sea, and remain unharmed. . .

SFX: THOMAS continuing to break apart wood from the lighthouse.

3. THOMAS — Storms come in many forms. At the cooperage when I was apprenticed, my master, Bill Evans, had a temper like a tempest.

SFX: THOMAS being hit by BILL.

I had no friends. So I would talk to the cooperage broom as if it were a living, breathing boy.

SFX: Sweeping of wooden floorboard with a broom.
MEMORY OF THOMAS talking to BROOMY:

One day, Broomy, I'm going to transform you. . .

SFX: Wood splintering apart as broom is transformed.

. . .You'll spring into life and you'll take the task of sweeping for your own.

SFX: Fast sweeping of wooden floorboards with a broom

And me? I'll make fifty barrels a day and be Master Cooper myself by sunset!

(PAUSE)
My beliefs were as askew as
Solva Chapel roof.
(BEAT)
As lifeless as the ham which
hung in the backroom at the
cooperage.

SFX: Creaking floorboard as THOMAS walks towards where the smoked ham is kept.

4. BILL — Don't dare touch that ham, Thomas, lad. That's not for the likes of you.

5. THOMAS — I'm not, Mr. Evans. Honest, I'm not.

THOMAS narrates again, outside of his childhood memory.

That ham. The smell!
Burnt wood and cured flesh. . .it
would get inside me. . .and
fill me, from the toes up. . .like the
word of God.
(BEAT)
And it would make my belly growl
with hunger.

6. BILL — Sold by the slice to the customers of this cooperage. . .that ham'll fetch, oh, a tidy price.

INFORMATION FOR THE ACTOR:
THOMAS narrates 'outside' of his memory again.

7. THOMAS — It was bigger than me, that ham, made all the taller because it was strung up. . .

SFX: The ham is pulled up by a rope and pully. Bill strains.

. . .dangling there, between life and
death.
(BEAT)
Because it was dead, only there was
no decay. The smoke had
preserved it.

The memory vanishes. THOMAS is back in the lighthouse, talking to the lighthouse.

8. THE SMALLS — Why is your face contorted, in such a

way?

9. THOMAS — It's not.

10. THE SMALLS — Some emotion held within you, like ale in one of your barrels. Sloshing about with no release.

MEMORY ONCE AGAIN:

11. BILL — Reckon this ham, here…

BILL slaps the side of ham and laughs.

got off lightly.
Strung up!
(BEAT)
Better than a one-way
journey to Botany Bay, eh lad?

12. THOMAS — He can't have behaved that badly. The smoke didn't harm him, it preserved him.

13. BILL — Oh, Judge at the Quarter Sessions, now, are we lad? Who are you to judge what merits seven years in the colonies and what merits the hangman's noose?

14. THOMAS — Howell Harris says. . .

15. HOWELL HARRIS — The abominable and murderers, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone. . .which is the second death.

THOMAS' MEMORY once again:
BILL catches hold of THOMAS.

16. BILL — You won't talk about those Holy Rollers in this cooperage, you understand? And don't you dare tell anyone about this side of ham! She's my secret, my profit.

17. THOMAS — I won't, Mr. Griffith. Honest, I won't.

18. THE SMALLS — And now you're here. Speaking to

a lighthouse. . .with no-one else but
the body of Joseph Harry.
(BEAT)
Why. . .?

SFX: Rain on window glass of Joseph's mother's house in Solva.
EMMA HARRY is praying.

19. EMMA — Dear Lord, just bring my Joseph
home safely. That's all I ask.
(BEAT)
Lift my son from that lighthouse
and bring him home safely.

SFX: Water dripping into a wooden bucket.

20. THE SMALLS — (to THOMAS)
Why. . .are you here now?
Was it because Bill Evans sent
you.

21. BILL — Dear God. . .
(PAUSE)
Dear God. . .

SFX:BILL kicks the wooden bucket. It falls over and the water continues to drip.

22. THOMAS — Bill Evans praying. I don't think so.

SFX: Rain on window glass.
EMMA continues to pray.

23. EMMA — If it must rain, then let it rain on me,
not my Joseph. He only wanted to
make me proud.
(BEAT)
I can see that now.
I remember.

SCENE 8. EXT. SOLVA HARBOUR BEACH - 1750

EMMA'S MEMORY of taking JOSEPH to the beach.
SFX: Waves, gulls.
EMMA is at the beach with JOSEPH (as a child).

1. EMMA . . .that's right, Cariad, same as always. Stay out of the water, hold the shell to your ear.
(BEAT)
You can hear the sea, can't you?

JOSEPH laughs. It turns to coughing.

We'll say the charm in a minute, Joseph. With a Charles Wesley hymn on your lips, you'll be in with a fighting chance of making your chest better.
(BEAT)
And remember. . .if you want the sea, hold the shell to your ear.

SFX: Incoming tide.

2. JOSEPH I only want to dip my toes. . .

3. EMMA Swim away, more like, my Joseph.

(back in her house, where she has been praying)

I know now. I know you can't dangle the world in front of a boy and not expect him to reach out and grab it.

SCENE 9. INT. LIGHTHOUE, THEN SOLVA COOPERAGE - 1780

BILL is praying.

SFX: (Foreground): water dripping into a wooden bucket. (Background): rain on cooperage roof.

1. THOMAS — Bill Evans praying for me?
(Snorts)
No!

2. BILL — Well God. If you're going to flood the world again. Let him use the skills I gave him to help himself.

SFX: Axe being brought down into wood.

Make a raft, maybe. Make something. I sent him out there. God help me.

SFX: Water dripping into a wooden bucket.
(blends into)
SFX: Emma's house. Rain on window glass.

3. EMMA — Dear God, my Joseph. . .
He only wanted. . .wants. . .to make me proud.
(PAUSE)
If it's going to rain on anyone. . .

EMMA opens the door of her house and walks out into the pouring rain.

. . .it should rain on me.

SCENE 10. INT. JOSEPH HARRY'S COFFIN – OCTOBER 1780

JOSEPH is in his coffin, making his journey ashore (to SOLVA).
SFX: (Foreground): Rain on coffin lid. (Background): Waves lapping against boat outside.
(blends into)

1. JOSEPH — Maybe, I'm not really dead.
Maybe I'm alive in this coffin.
(BEAT)
Maybe. . .maybe. . .

(FADE INTO MEMORY OF HIS DEATH).
SFX: Floorboards creaking.

2. THOMAS — Joseph! Joseph!
(PAUSE)
Maybe he's not really. . .

THOMAS struggles to roll JOSEPH'S BODY over.
SFX: THOMAS straining,
(blends with)
floorboards creaking,
(blends with)
Joseph's body slowly falling onto the floor as it is moved.

. . .dead.

JOSEPH (in his coffin):

3. JOSEPH — It took Christ three days to rise from the dead. . .maybe it just takes a while longer, a month or two in my case, since I'm not the son of God. . .
(BEAT)
Give it another month, and my Mam will lift this coffin lid. . .

SFX: Coffin lid creaking open.

. . .and there I'll be.
(BEAT)
Utterly transformed.

(Blends into the next memory, the memory of Joseph's death)
SFX: Rope (that ties smoked ham to hook) creaking and straining.

4. THOMAS — . . .maybe he's akin to the smoked ham. . .

SFX: Rope (that ties smoked ham to hook) creaking and straining.

. . .hanging between life and death.
(BEAT)
Dead but not decaying.

SFX: Rope creaking, again.

But I'll be the one who hangs,
won't I?

SFX: The Smalls Lighthouse Main Theme.

What tune did Death play, eh?
On his fiddle. . .

SFX: Bow is brought across a fiddle (beginning of 'Death's Song').

To get you to dance with him?

SFX: Death's Song.

Mind, you Methodists don't need
an excuse to give way to raptures.
(BEAT)
Do you?
(BEAT)
Answer me!
Wake yourself, or I'll
wake you, Joseph.

THOMAS smacks JOSEPH'S FACE.

I'll be the one who hangs, Joseph.
If you don't shake yourself from your
slumber.

He begins to hit JOSEPH harder and harder.

I'll be the one who hangs.

(The Memory fades, and returns to JOSEPH'S COFFIN)
SFX: (Foreground): Rain on coffin lid. (Background): Waves lapping against boat outside.
JOSEPH is crying.

5. JOSEPH

Maybe I'm not dead. . .because I
heard him. That pig of a man,
Thomas Griffith. . .his voice spoke to
me through the darkness. . .spoke

through my bones, that he'd broken
with every violent jolt to try and rouse
me.
(PAUSE)
Maybe. . . Maybe…

JOSEPH continues to sob.

SCENE 11. INT. SMALLS LIGHTHOUSE – OCTOBER 1780

1. THE SMALLS — Isn't it your opinion that I'm beyond repair? Or do you mean to make a boat. . .Thomas Griffith. Is that it?

2. THOMAS — Give me wood and I can make good. Nothing's beyond repair for a cooper.
(BEAT)
And you can tell a good cooper by his hands, see?

3. THE SMALLS — . . .or is it another coffin?

He shows THE SMALLS his hands.

4. THOMAS — The thickness of the skin built up on his thumb.
(BEAT)
I waited half my life for that skin to thicken. . .and the day I noticed it first. . .

THOMAS recalls the memory of that day.
SFX: Sharp blade falling from the block and hitting the floor.

Mr. Evans! Mr. Evans!

5. BILL — I've told you time and again lad. If a tool falls from the block, you let it drop! If you've tried to catch it. . .if you've sliced your thumb clean off. . .

THOMAS shows BILL the hard skin on his finger.

No blood at all! And you called me away from tending that smoked ham!

(THOMAS is now talking to the lighthouse once more).

6. THOMAS — My thumb had turned to solid gold. . .
I was ready for the trade.

THE SMALLS is disgusted by the notion of hard skin on THOMAS' thumb.

7. THE SMALLS — Hard skin. You feel nothing.

THE SMALLS snorts.

8. THOMAS

No. You accept it, the same way a violinist accepts calluses on his fingertips. The cooper makes his own music.

THOMAS takes a nearby barrel and begins to split it open with an axe.

As I work, the song of Bill Griffith's cooperage is carried from the Solva shore. . .

SFX: Rhythmic sweeping of wooden shavings on wooden floor.
SFX: Working surfaces (the block) rubbed with a rag (containing linseed oil)
SFX: Stave given rough shape with an axe.
SFX: Stave being hollowed out with long-knives.
The song of Bill Griffith's cooperage is interrupted by a rattling sound. It is the decompoasing body of JOSEPH HARRY. His makeshift coffin (containing his decomposing body) is lashed to the lighthouse gallery. His bare bones rattle in the wind, as they rattle against the broken wood of the coffin and the lighthouse lantern glass.
SFX: Joseph's bones rattling against the broken wood of the coffin/lighthouse lantern glass.
THOMAS drops the axe.

That's not part of the song.
That's part...of someone...
(PAUSE)
Like bones rattling in the wind.

THOMAS takes a nearby barrel and begins to split it open with an axe. He grunts and mumbles a song as he works.
SFX: A rattle, like bones blowing in the wind.

9. THE SMALLS

(Narrating)
I'm a good cooper, Thomas Griffiths says.
I'll set to repairing you, he says. Wait while I cut these lengths of wood, so your walls might be fixed and appear untouched by the prevailing winds, he says.
(PAUSE)
One gust of wind from an unfamiliar direction. . .and he set his tools down without a second thought.

SFX: Tools down.

10. THOMAS

Are you accusing me of cowardice? Laziness? Or both?

11. THE SMALLS I'd wondered how long it would be
before you raised your voice.
(BEAT)
I've danced to a violent tune, while
you've been in my company.

THE SMALLS' memory of violence between THOMAS and JOSEPH. SFX: (Foreground) THOMAS pushing JOSEPH. SFX: (Background) Floorboards creaking, distant sea.

12. THOMAS If you've no wish to be with a ruffian,
then I'll leave you to your fate. See
how you deal with the prevailing winds
without skilled hands.

SFX: THOMAS climbing the lighthouse ladder.
SFX: Rope of ladder creaking.

Being called lazy, by a lighthouse!
(BEAT)
The heart of this thing would be
extinguished if it wasn't for keepers
like me.
(PAUSE)
Extinguished. . .just like Bill wanted.

SCENE 12. INT. GRIFFITH'S COOPERAGE – JANURAY 1780

THOMAS' memory of BILL telling him about the lighthouse job.
SFX: Water dripping into a wooden bucket (from the leaky roof).

1. BILL — So, you'll go to the lighthouse.
(BEAT)
That wasn't a question.

2. THOMAS — But it's. . .

3. BILL — Twenty-seven miles out to sea.
Imagine the view.

4. THOMAS — But it's. . .

5. BILL — It's not as if there's anyone
onshore who'll mourn your absence.

6. THOMAS — Bill. . .

7. BILL — Botany Bay is further than twenty
seven miles, isn't it?

SFX: Violent seas, ships rigging creaks, rats squeaking/scurrying.

I spared you that voyage. The
Quarter Session judge would have
thought you deserved it, an
apprentice stealing ham from his master.
(BEAT)
You owe me a debt, Thomas.

8. THOMAS — A debt I can never repay.

9. BILL — You can and you will.
(PAUSE)
This lighthouse business, it's all
Henry Whiteside's doing.
(BEAT)
No thought for tradition. No thought
for men like me who gladly receive
the little extra the sea brings after a
wreck.

BILL recalls looting a shipwreck.
SFX: (Foreground) Someone gasping for breath as they drown/calling for help.
(Background): Violent seas, flotsam/jetsam, people looting.

It means nothing to Whiteside if I never
again get to pluck jewels from the

hands of mermaids.

10. THOMAS — You can't make a just cause out of stealing from the corpses of the drowned, Bill!

BILL remembers the shipwreck once again.
SFX: *(Foreground) BILL'S dagger cutting through the finger of a corpse. (Background): Violent seas, flotsam/jetsam, people looting.*

11. BILL — Listen, by taking the rings from their fingers, I was making them lighter, saving them from the depths below.

BILL laughs.

12. THOMAS — But lives will be saved by the lighthouse.

13. BILL — Without those wreckages, all the life I'll have is butter churns and ale barrels.
(BEAT)
No. You go to that lighthouse, lad. . . and you run it into the ground. You owe me a debt, remember.
(BEAT)
Ham thief!
(BEAT)
See that when you leave, that lighthouse is nothing more than catgut and broken wood.

SCENE 13. INT. LIGHTHOUSE – OCTOBER 1780

THOMAS is climbing the rope ladder to the lantern room.
SFX: Creaking of rope ladder.

1. THE SMALLS — It might be all catgut and broken wood, but your sleeping quarters, Thomas Griffith . . I can see beyond, them.

2. THOMAS — Let me alone.

THOMAS continues to ascend the ladder.

3. THE SMALLS — Let you alone? You've cursed me enough over the months.

4. THOMAS — Let me. . .

THOMAS smells something horrible, but continues to ascend the ladder.

What is that/ smell?

SFX: Bones rattling.

No. Let me be. . .Joseph Harry

SFX: Bones rattling in the wind.

5. THE SMALLS — You've gone quite white, Thomas.

6. THOMAS — Damned light.

THOMAS gets down on his hands and knees and begins to tear at the lighthouse floorboards.
SFX: Floorboards still being ripped up.

7. THE SMALLS — You'll get a splinter. It'll burrow down inside you, drive you mad with pain. It'll fester.

8. THOMAS — I thought I was free of him and you were both laughing at me. . .

THOMAS begins to cry.
SFX: The Mournful song of the Smalls Lighthouse begins.
(blends with)
SFX: JOSEPH blows on the lantern glass. He wipes off the condensation.

I said I thought I was free of him/ and you were both

laughing at me. . .

9. JOSEPH Free of me? Oh, I'm not going anywhere, Thomas.

SCENE 14. EXT. EMMA HARRY'S HOUSE– OCTOBER 1780

EMMA is standing out in the rain.

SFX: Heavy wind, rain.

1. EMMA

Dear Lord, all I asked, was for you to bring him home safely.

She begins to cry.

(PAUSE)
Howell Harris was wrong, the abominable don't have their place in the lake.
They have their place in life, sat by the window,watching. . .waiting for someone that'll never appear.
(PAUSE)
It is their punishment for all their wrongs. Everything they have hidden that only the Lord can see.

SCENE 15. EXT. SOLVA ORPHANAGE – 1740

EMMA'S MEMORY of giving away her baby son, THOMAS.
SFX: Crying baby.
EMMA soothes the baby THOMAS as he cries.

1. EMMA

It's for the best, my little Thomas
. . .or so my mother tells me.
(BEAT)
The orphanage will take good care
of you, my boy, my Thomas. . .
or so my mother tells me.
(BEAT)
Maybe one day they'll apprentice
you to a good trade. . .or so my. . .
yes, that's what they'll do.
(BEAT)
So you mustn't think poorly of me,
Thomas. You mustn't think poorly of
your Mammy.
(PAUSE)
I'm only doing what I'm told. . .
only doing what's best.
(BEAT)
Because I love you.

SCENE 16. INT. SMALLS LIGHTHOUSE – OCTOBER 1780

THOMAS is talking to the CORPSE OF JOSEPH HARRY.
SFX: Bubbling of whale oil burner.
THOMAS breathes on the lantern glass, steaming it up.
SFX: THOMAS wiping off the condensation with his hand.

1. THOMAS — I drove the final nail into your coffin, Joseph Harry.
(BEAT)
I've got the splinters and hard skin on my hands to prove it.

THOMAS bashes his hands on the lantern glass.
SFX: A relief boat docking on the rock, with a bump.

I heard the relief boat. I saw them carry your weight on their shoulders, and I felt my own shoulders lighten.

2. JOSEPH — You hung me outside, to forget about me, don't you remember?

3. THOMAS — I hung you outside because of the smell.

SFX: Mournful Song of the Smalls.

4. JOSEPH — Strung up in a coffin made of barrel timbers.

5. THOMAS — The smell filled the place, climbing its height. . . made all the more pungent by the whale oil burner.

SFX: The Mournful Song of the Smalls increases in pace, as if it is being 'bubbled up' by the whale oil burner.

6. JOSEPH — Why not bury me at sea?

SFX: The Mournful Song of the Smalls deconstructs, as if it is plummeting towards the sea.

7. THOMAS — And make a noose for my own neck?
(BEAT)
You might not notice what your neighbours say about you, with your loud hallelujahs and your avoidance of ale. . .but I feel their eyes. . .hear their whispers. . .

SFX: Neighbours whispering.

I've felt their eyes, heard their whispers. . .
(PAUSE)
I can only imagine what they said. . .

8. JOSEPH — Then you should never have threatened to kill me.

(MEMORY OF WHISPERING NEIGHBOURS)
SFX: Distant waves/gulls.

9. GOSSIP 1 — Bill's lad from the cooperage and that Emma Harry's son, Joseph. . . looks like they're about to come to blows.

10. GOSSIP 2 — I'm not one for wagers, but if I were, I'd put money on the cooper. Stronger arms, it's all that heavy lifting.

11. GOSSIP 1 — Although the other one looks /fast.

12. GOSSIP 2 — Methodist. No inner strength, see.

13. GOSSIP 1 — Those lads hate each other, plain to see.

(MEMORY DISSOLVES – THOMAS AND JOSEPH ARE BACK ON THE LIGHTHOUSE).

14. THOMAS — You might not have taken notice, Joseph, but they did.

SFX: Rope being tied.

If you're dead, they'll remember.
(BEAT)
Recall every last one of those words I said.
(PAUSE)
They'll see those words coiling and turning in the fraying rope as they tie my noose.

SCENE 17. INT. GRIFFITH'S COOPERAGE – OCTOBER 1780

BILL is in his cooperage. He is waiting for news of the keepers on The Smalls Lighthouse.

SFX: Water dripping into a wooden bucket.

1. BILL

The rain has burdened this roof for months. . .and it leaks steadily.
(BEAT)
Yet all the tragedy behind my eyes can't bring about my tears.
(BEAT)
Maybe it's because they'd only be self pity. Maybe I am capable of nothing more.
(PAUSE)
Oh, God. . .

BILL kicks the wooden bucket that the water is steadily dripping into.

I pray that if death should come to anyone, it be not Thomas, but that other keeper.
(BEAT)
I did it. I sent him there.
I carry the burden of guilt.
I could not carry his coffin as well.
(BEAT)
Lord, let it be the other keeper.
The one who's good faith and charm has kept bound to this world longer than it should have.
(PAUSE)
The whole of Solva know of Joseph Harry's miraculous recovery. . .

(BILL remembers the tale of JOSEPH'S recovery).

SFX: Birdsong.

There was an ash tree, on the hillside.

SFX: Clap of thunder, lightning strike.

Was.
(BEAT)
But during its life, it became one with Joseph Harry. . .to heal him of, what was it. . .a rupture. . .

SFX: EMMA walking through the long grass.

2. EMMA

Last day of this now, Joseph.
Then you'll be right, you'll see.
(PAUSE)
Take care when walking through
the gap in the tree trunk, this
time. . .

JOSEPH looks confused.

Don't give me that look. Splinters,
Cariad. It would be a shame to
trade one ailment for another.

3. BILL

Then they bound the tree with twine.

SFX: Rope being wrapped around a tree trunk and tied.

So that when the tree healed,
Joseph would heal, too.
(PAUSE)
Apparently, his mother believed that
too, took it to heart.

SFX: Clap of thunder.

So the death of the tree, was the
death of her Joseph, written in the
stars.

SFX: Dripping water into wooden bucket.

One of them is dead. I know it.
And I pray that it isn't Thomas.
I pray that the great wooden weight
carried against the horizon isn't
the boy who grew up in my
cooperage.
(BEAT)
Let it not be Thomas.

SCENE 18. INT. SMALLS LIGHTHOUSE – NIGHT – OCTOBER 1780

THOMAS is talking to the corpse of JOSEPH HARRY (who is still lashed to the outside of the lighthouse).

SFX: (Foreground) Wind, waves. (Background) Bubbling of whale oil burner.

1. JOSEPH

From my coffin, from out here, I
see everything. An odd shape
clouds the horizon line.
(BEAT)
Something akin to a relief boat.
(PAUSE)
I wonder if they'll tie the noose now?
Right here, on this very lighthouse?

2. THOMAS

I never did anything worthy of the
noose. Honest, I didn't.

3. JOSEPH

Honest, you didn't?
(BEAT)
Who do you think you're talking to?
Your master, the cooper?

Joseph taunts Thomas, mimicking him:

'I didn't, Mr. Evans. Honest, I didn't.'

4. THOMAS

I tell you, I never did anything worthy
of the noose!

THOMAS suddenly remembers the argument that lead to JOSEPH'S death.
SFX: Waves crashing, thunder, wood of the lighthouse splintering.

There was a storm. . .
The storeroom was flooding.
Eventually, the floorboards gave
way,

SFX: Floorboards giving way, wood splintering, barrels falling into the sea.

and most of my ale was claimed by
the sea.
(BEAT)
I made the mistake of asking Joseph
for his help.
(PAUSE)

(THE MEMORY OF THE STORM)

Joseph, fetch the bucket!
(BEAT)

JOSEPH! Before half this lighthouse
falls into the sea, get me the bucket.

JOSEPH throws the bucket.
SFX: Wooden bucket bouncing on wooden floorboards.

5. JOSEPH There's your bucket.
(BEAT)
Now, let me be.
(BEAT)
My stomach rages.

SFX: Thunder, violent seas, lighthouse wood splintering apart.

If your ale is being claimed by the
sea, then I'm glad of it.

When THOMAS next talks, he talks in the present, 'outside' of the memory.

6. THOMAS In that moment, I wanted to throw
you into that sea, after the ale.
(BEAT)
I think, what stopped me, was the
exposure of it all, the splintered
wood, the sea rushing up to greet my
face in every incoming wave, the
watchful eyes of circling seagulls. . .
the world would see my actions. ..
and judge me more harshly than
any quarter session judge, any
master cooper.

When THOMAS speaks again, he is part of the 'memory'.

You damn fool. It's our
rations! The salted beef!

SFX: Wood splintering as something else gives way.

7. JOSEPH My tinctures!

8. THOMAS Too late.

(THOMAS talks again, 'outside' of the memory).
SFX: Lighthouse creaking in the storm.

It was cloaked in the remaining
wood of the sleeping quarters,
that it was done.
(BEAT)

Away from the prying eyes of
the seagulls.
(PAUSE)
Although, now, they've pried
your eyes from your sockets.
So maybe there is some
justice in this world after all.

(MEMORY BEGINS AGAIN)
JOSEPH begins to cry.

9. JOSEPH — My tinctures. . .but my belly aches. . .

10. THOMAS — You left them in the storeroom.

11. JOSEPH — You drew that chalk line. . .you did.

JOSEPH continues to cry.

12. THOMAS — Oh, crying for our Mam, are we?

13. JOSEPH — At least I've got a Mam.

SFX: Rumble of thunder.
THOMAS grabs hold of JOSEPH.

14. THOMAS — You want to go the same way as
your tinctures?

15. JOSEPH — I may cry for my Mam. . .but you cry
nightly.

JOSEPH mimics THOMAS.

'Please Mr. Evans, please don't'

16. THOMAS — You watch me as I sleep?
(BEAT)
You are not my keeper.

17. JOSEPH — I couldn't help but overhear you,
brother. . .

THOMAS laughs. Then he stops.

18. THOMAS — What did you say?

19. JOSEPH — Brother.
(BEAT)
You must recognise the word.

You learnt it in school, as I did.

20. THOMAS — Liar.

21. JOSEPH — I thought my mother loved only me.
But she didn't.
(BEAT)
In a secret space in her heart, she
kept love for one that had caused
her great shame. The son she gave away.

22. THOMAS — You've invented this. Just as you
invent that ailment of yours.

THOMAS pushes JOSEPH in the stomach.

23. JOSEPH — Prisoners know more freedom
than sick children. Sometimes,
my mother would go to the
beach to collect bottles for my
tincture and herbs for charms.
(BEAT)
On her return, she'd often think
me asleep, when I was awake.
(PAUSE)
On the same day, every year tears
would fill her eyes, as if she had
lost a part of herself.

24. THOMAS — My birthday.

25. JOSEPH — I heard her once, talk to herself about
'her little Thomas'.
(BEAT)
She didn't want me to toil on this light.
I wanted to. I wanted to see who 'her
little Thomas' was, as an adult.
(PAUSE)
Because I knew you as child.

26. THOMAS — Loads of children came into that
cooperage.

27. JOSEPH — I saw you talk to that broom.

28. THOMAS — You said my mother would talk
to herself.

29. JOSEPH — Our. Mother.
(PAUSE)

And I'd see you gazing at that side of ham. . .and I knew

SFX: Sound of Thomas' stomach rumbling.

30. THOMAS — You didn't! You didn't take it. . .you? but...you were a sickly child. Mammy's boy.

31. JOSEPH — When I felt well, I'd wander away. . .just out of my mother's grasp.
(BEAT)
Freedom.

32. THOMAS — And endless debt for, you...
(BEAT)
You had everything.
Everything I never had.
(BEAT)
A mother.
I thought only dead things decayed. But I have watched myself decay. Choked with hatred for you.
(BEAT)
All I had was my place in the cooperage. Apprentice to my master. It was all I had.

(FLASHBACK)

No, Mr. Evans! No!

SCENE 19. INT. COOPERAGE – 1755

THOMAS recalls the memory of being branded by BILL (he recounts the memory to JOSEPH).

1. THOMAS — You know what you did? Bill, my master, had to teach me a lesson. Remind me where my loyalties lay. . .
The cooper's hot iron marks out his property.

THOMAS remembers BILL branding him with the iron.
SFX: THOMAS' crying.

2. BILL — You stole that side of ham, didn't you lad? Took chunks out of it?

3. THOMAS — I didn't Mr. Evans. Honest I didn't.

4. BILL — Don't lie to me, lad.

SFX: Branding iron sizzles as it's pressed against THOMAS arm.
SFX: THOMAS screaming in pain.

Do you know what it feels like to have the red-hot metal of a branding iron pressed into your cold, innocent flesh? Do you!

(THOMAS is now back with the CORPSE of JOSEPH HARRY in the LANTERN ROOM).
THOMAS and JOSEPH speak together:

5. T&J — Then everything went black.

6. THOMAS — He clutched his stomach and fell to the floor. Or I may have pushed him. He hit his head, or landed down on his belly. A gust of wind took him, or his legs gave way, or, I may have pushed him.

THOMAS begins to cry.

I may have pushed him.

SCENE 20. INT. JOSEPH HARRY'S COFFIN – OCTOBER 1780

JOSEPH has finally been brought to the SOLVA SHORE.
SFX: (Background) Footsteps on rocky ground, a woman talking to the relief boat men. (Foreground) Rain on the coffin lid.

1. JOSEPH — What can I hear?
An angel of the Lord, readying to
open the gates of heaven?

Perspective change. We are outside of the coffin with Emma and the relief crew.
SFX: JOSEPH'S coffin being put down.
SFX: Coffin being opened.
The relief boat men, including EMMA HARRY, cough as it's opened because of the smell.
EMMA begins to cry.

2. EMMA — Cariad. . .my little Joseph.
(BEAT)
Mam's here now. Don't worry. Mam's
here.
(PAUSE)
And the other man? Thomas Griffith.
Did. . .did the same. . .same fate befall
him?

3. BOAT MAN — He's alive, but he's not with the living.
He speaks not to us, but to someone
else and of someone else unseen.

4. EMMA — To my Joseph?

5. BOAT MAN — No. He seems to speak to a woman.

6. THE SMALLS — I did begin so beautifully.

7. EMMA — A woman?

8. BOAT MAN — Aye.

9. THE SMALLS — I did begin so beautifully.
(BEAT)
So beautifully.

10. BOATMAN — His eyes look, but they do not see.

SFX: THE SMALLS main theme plays.

11. THE SMALLS — … So beautifully.

THE END

Appendices:

Appendix 1 – Interview with Alison Hindell (Head of UK Audio Drama, BBC)

Liz Wride interviews Alison Hindell, Head of UK Audio Drama, BBC.
March 22nd 2012, BBC Wales Studios, Cardiff.

What are the recent radio play(s) that you think stand as true examples of what the medium is capable of?

How recent is recent? One play that comes to mind, which is probably about three years old now, actually, was called 'I Wish to Apologise for My Part in the Apocalypse' by Duncan McMillan. And the reason that I think that was a definitive example of radio was because it captured a surreal notion, which was that the moon falls in love with a woman on the earth and gets closer to the earth, in order to get closer to the woman....and of course, everyone on earth can see the moon getting closer, but they don't know why it's happening. She knows why it's happening. That seemed to me to such a charming notion, but one that could only be expressed in radio because it feeds the imagination, and you have to contribute to it and make the pictures up yourself.

What is it about these specific plays that makes them unique to radio?

I would say the most pure form of radio writing is work that deals with either surreal (which doesn't necessarily mean absurd) or unrealistic ideas and ideas to do with the mind and the imagination, rather than the naturalistic world of domestic reality around us. Recently, in the last three or four years, I would say, the tendency has been to commission many more plays set in the real world that have a factual basis... which are interesting and compelling drama, but frankly, could happen on any medium: television, theatre, film, anything...and I think that has happened at the expense of the more 'flight of fancy' type that really exploits the medium to its utmost. It used to happen a lot more, in the 1970s/80s I suppose, there used to be much more that dealt in that imaginative area. You could say that if you have too much of it, it becomes whimsical or just absurd for the sake of being absurd. But, if you can use the imagined, unreal, metaphors to say something truthful and real

about emotions and the human experience then I think that's the ideal combination.

Do you think plays (be they radio or stage) that are translated to other media betray the original medium?

I think that depends what the original was like; there are two examples that I am thinking of. One case was 'A Very British Subject' by Nicola McAuliffe, which was a play which was commissioned and made, in very fast turn around, because it was about her and her husband's own personal experiences about a political story. It worked at a very naturalistic level and it then transferred to theatre, had a full-scale theatre production, in Edinburgh and then later in London... and benefited from the theatre run in as much as it could be longer, and more considered in what it said, and so on. So in that instance, I was very glad to be able to point to the programme and say, 'we commissioned it, we gave it its first lease of life and it was great to see it take on a second lease of life'.

By contrast, another example I can think of would be Lee Hall's first play for radio 'Spoonface Steinberg'. It was about a child with cancer. It was hugely successful as a radio play. It was one of those radio phenomena that happens, that you can't predict, because it just appealed to the listener's emotions and imaginations and really launched his writing career. Then later it was made into a television version and it really didn't work as well. The notion of the play, as far as I remember it, was that a child undergoing treatment is observing and narrating and commenting on her parents' interaction and it's clear their marriage is falling apart under the strain of it. She describes the surroundings and you are painted a picture, from a very poignant perspective. On TV, they not only filmed it, which meant that the pictures were given to you, but they retained her commentary, so the whole thing was rather over-told and it really was an example of where less is more, frankly, and the radio version of it was much more effective and true than the tv version could ever have hoped to be.

What are the pros and cons of working with an original script versus one that has been adapted from a book/short story etc?

If you're adapting a stage play or in radio, more commonly, a novel, the obvious advantage is, you have a name you can trade on either the original; author or the title is something that not only will get you publicity but it also gets the attention of actors and agents much more readily. So you can phone up and say, 'I'm doing a version of *The Grapes of Wrath*', would your client like to take the lead? And they know what you're talking about. Whereas if you phone up and say, I'm doing a radio play, by a comparatively unknown person, or indeed a completely new writer, it takes a lot more persuasion, you have to send the script, it takes longer and so on.

But with original writing, obviously, what you have, every time, is the chance of discovering and then nurturing a new writer's voice and developing it through maybe several plays, adding to the general richness of writing. And you can shape and form it, much more directly and clearly for radio than maybe you can with a well-known novel. In adaptation, there are always compromises you have to make between the original and the new medium, and you are tied to a certain expectation of the story, which is a disadvantage. Whereas, with a new play, you can tell any story that you want. But I think, most seriously, the big advantage of working with original material, is a longer term investment in the wealth of dramatic writing in the UK... because radio writers go on to write for other media as well.

When you direct radio plays (specifically historical stories) does your concern lie with historical accuracy or authenticity?

I think it very much depends on what the piece is. Coming up very soon, Mike Walker's latest three plays about the Plantagenet Kings are going to be broadcast, it'll be the last three of nine. And clearly they are very loosely based on Holinshed in as much as that's the historical source that he's gone to. But none of the language is Holinshed, remotely, because I would argue

that's a barrier. Holinshed isn't written as dramatic literature, so Mike has written these stories in completely contemporary language. However, they are arguably historically more accurate than, say, Shakespeare.
On the other hand, I think you can take that modernity to alienating extremes and certainly I would argue that if you have a linguistic anachronism (which by and large, Mike doesn't), it is a distraction and actually a mistake, because the only thing you've got to support your sense of authenticity or accuracy, whichever you're after, is your dialogue and vocabulary. When people nowadays say, 'Let's go get the bus' instead of 'let's go and get the bus', it irks me, because I'm old fashioned, it irks me in contemporary writing, but I go, 'It's contemporary, it's fine'. When I hear it in something that's set, pre-WWII for example, it more than irks me, because I think it is the equivalent of somebody appearing in a costume drama wearing trainers. It immediately destroys any illusion of historical truth, even if you're not being literal about that historical truth.

I do know that many listeners do notice that kind of detail and they write in and complain furiously if you are careless . ...On Radio 4 and Radio 3, you are dealing with a very well-educated, literate audience, by and large, an audience with an enquiring mind that wants to be stimulated and challenged, that doesn't want to be insulted, doesn't want to be spoken down to and doesn't want Radio 4 to know less than they do. And I think that's the issue, maybe it's that you reach a certain age (that I've reached) where you start to think 'this documentary or drama is telling me nothing I don't know'. Maybe it's because I'm quite widely read, but maybe the programme itself hasn't addressed that question.

In terms of directing, to go back to your original question, the language is one question, but we obviously spend quite a lot of time picking up the sound world, and indeed the accents. Accents are harder to be totally authentic about. Even if you listen to a 1930s film nowadays, the English spoken there is extremely clipped and mannered. We don't know much about pre 20th-century speaking, and to try and echo that, is difficult; for one thing, not many actors these days are well enough trained in Received Pronunciation.

They have an Essex twinge to their voices. We recently did a 'What if the Germans had won WWII drama' called *The Resistance of Mrs. Brown* by Ed Harris. The director there deliberately took the stylistic choice of casting an actress in the lead role who was more than capable of doing the right 1940s voice and then played 1940s films to the rest of the cast. So, not only were they saying the words with the right pronunciation and diction, it was also given the right speak-and-throwaway-delivery, the whole tone of it, was deliberately made, sort of over-authentic, almost, because she was so trying to recreate the truth of a story which patently wasn't true.

When a radio play is recorded in front of a live audience, how do you think this blurs the boundaries between radio and stage?

I think it's always a compromise. Actually, I think that the live audience as long as the play is good enough, the performances are good enough, theatre audience will always have a fine time. They get an insight into how the tricks of the trade are done and it's sort of a bit of a treat to see that. The danger is that the radio audience, which is a much bigger audience they can feel alienated. I think it is a problem with some sitcom type shows on radio, where clearly there is something going on physically or visually or just the audience is so over-hyped, that they are reacting in such an extreme way that the listeners feels: 'I am excluded from this, this is a club I am not a member of and therefore I won't bother listening to it'. But it's not always that way and I think, on the other hand, there is no point in recording a play in front of an audience if you can't hear the audience, because you might as well do it in more controlled circumstances. I try to be careful to get the actors to not 'over-perform', over-theatricalise it, and in a big space that's a challenge, because actors instinctively know they've got to project to the back of the stalls and so on. In fact, they've got to play to the microphone in exactly the same way they would in-studio.

Appendix 2:

Illustrations.

Illustrations

FIGURE 1: Death Certificate of Joseph Harry.

Certificate reads: Oct 28 Joseph Harry died and lay dead on The Smalls (2 months).

(Whitchurch Parish Register – Burials 1793-1812).

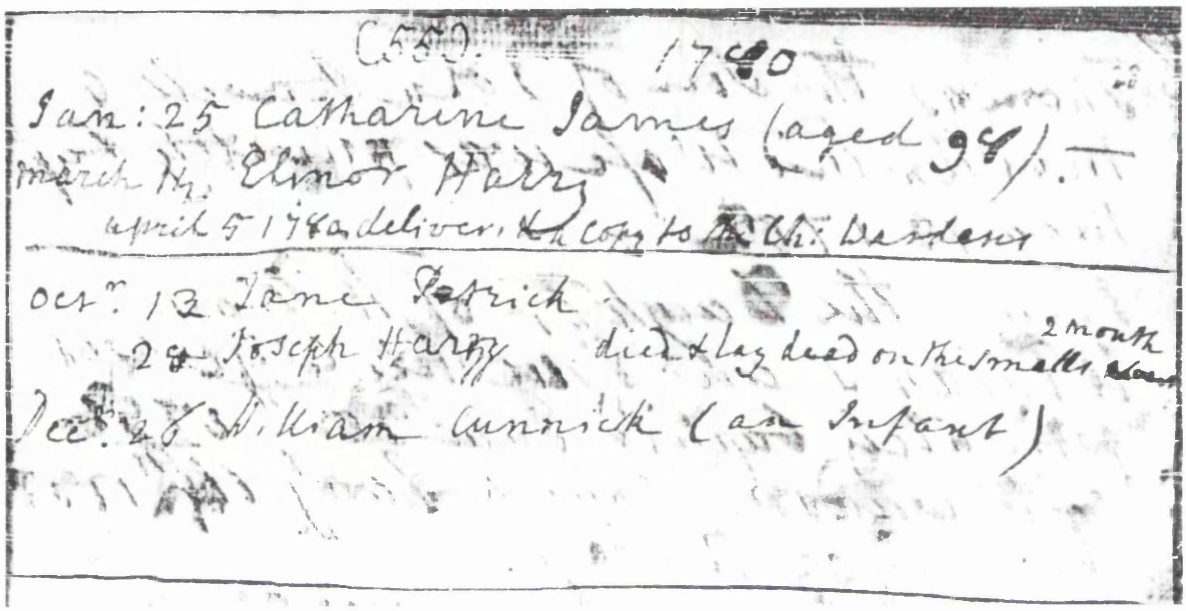


FIGURE 2: Inside The Ship Inn, Solva.

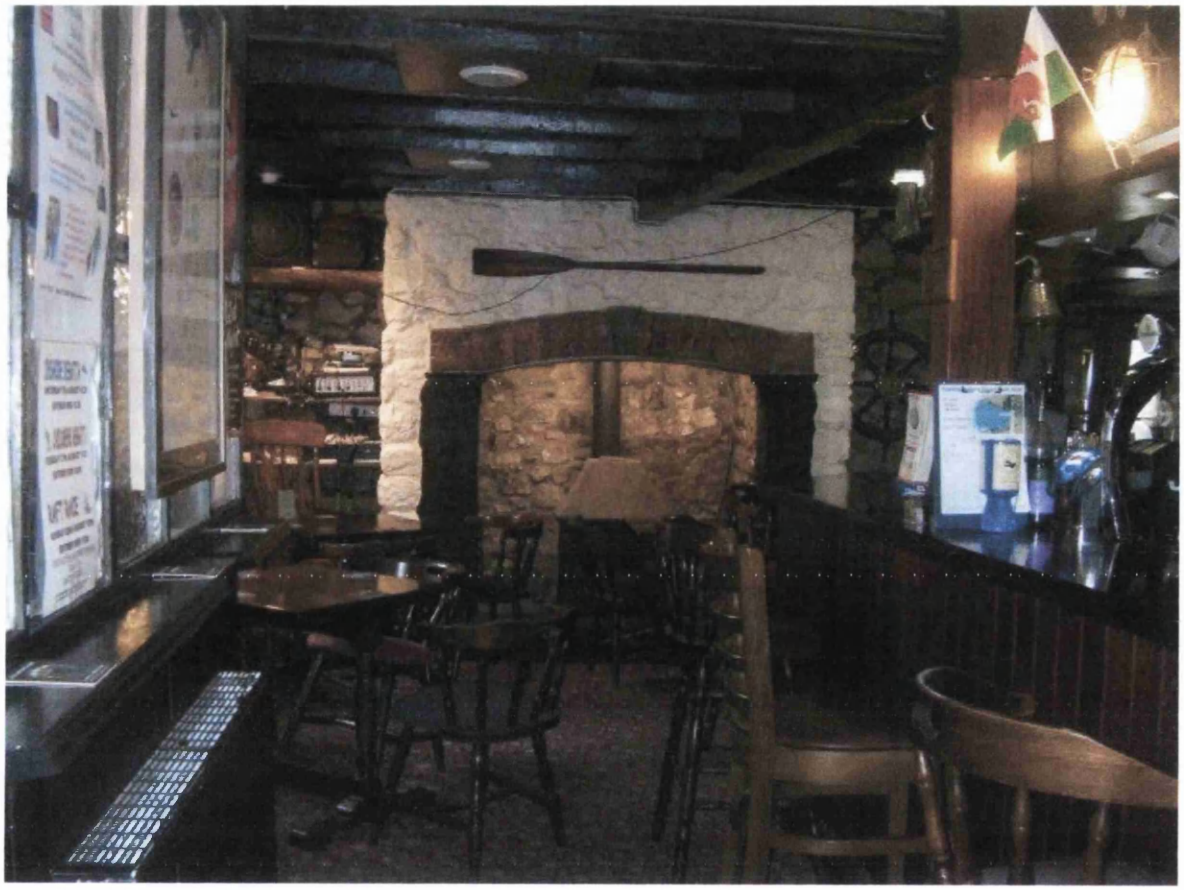


FIGURE 3: Publicity for BBC Radio 4 play 'The Lighthouse'.

Source: http://www.bbc.co.uk/programmes/b013qzpj (accessed May 2012).

By Alan Harris.

Lighthouse keepers Howell and Griffith are posted to 6 weeks on the Smalls - a desolate rock 20 miles off the Pembrokeshire coast. But the two men share a past. Because of what happens next, lighthouses would never again have only a crew of two. Based on a true story.

Howell... Paul Rhys
Griffith... Ifan Huw Dafydd

Directed by James Robinson.

BROADCAST

Thu 1 Sep 2011 14:15 BBC Radio 4

FIGURE 4: Publicity for Keepers.

Source: http://www.taliesinartscentre.co.uk/performances.php?id=262 (accessed May 2012).

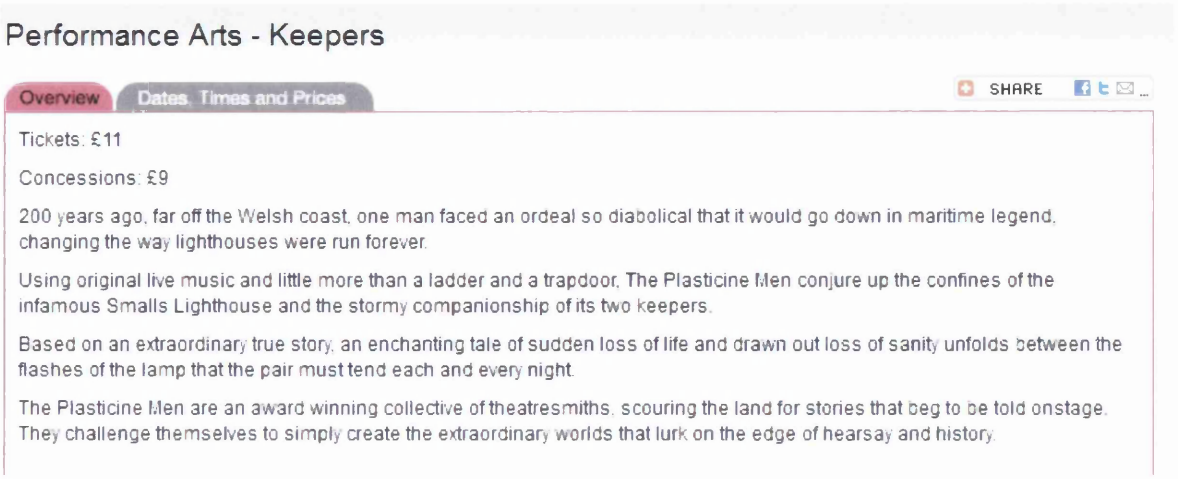


FIGURE 5: The Stage Space.

The Smalls Lighthouse Incident (Stage Play Read-Through) – 23rd March 2012 (location: Room 18, Taliesin Annexe, Swansea University). Chairs are arranged to form the lighthouse space. The plank of wood is the space for Joseph Harry (as a corpse). Props: bucket and sweeping brush.

FIGURE 6: Cast singing.

Cast singing 'Where Does My Wandering Soul Begin?' (Wride, 2012a:54; See page 236).

FIGURE 7: Use of Stage Space.

Scene 2 (Wride, 2012a:55). Thomas occupies the stage space (within the chair circle), writing a letter to Bill. Bill stands outside the chair circle (the cooperage) and reads the letter. The words they speak occupy and cross between both spaces.

FIGURE 8: Scene 5.

(Wride, 2012a:60-62) Even though the set is sparse, some props are essential. The sweeping brush is 'Broomy' (Wride, 2012a:60) whom Thomas talks to in Scene 5.

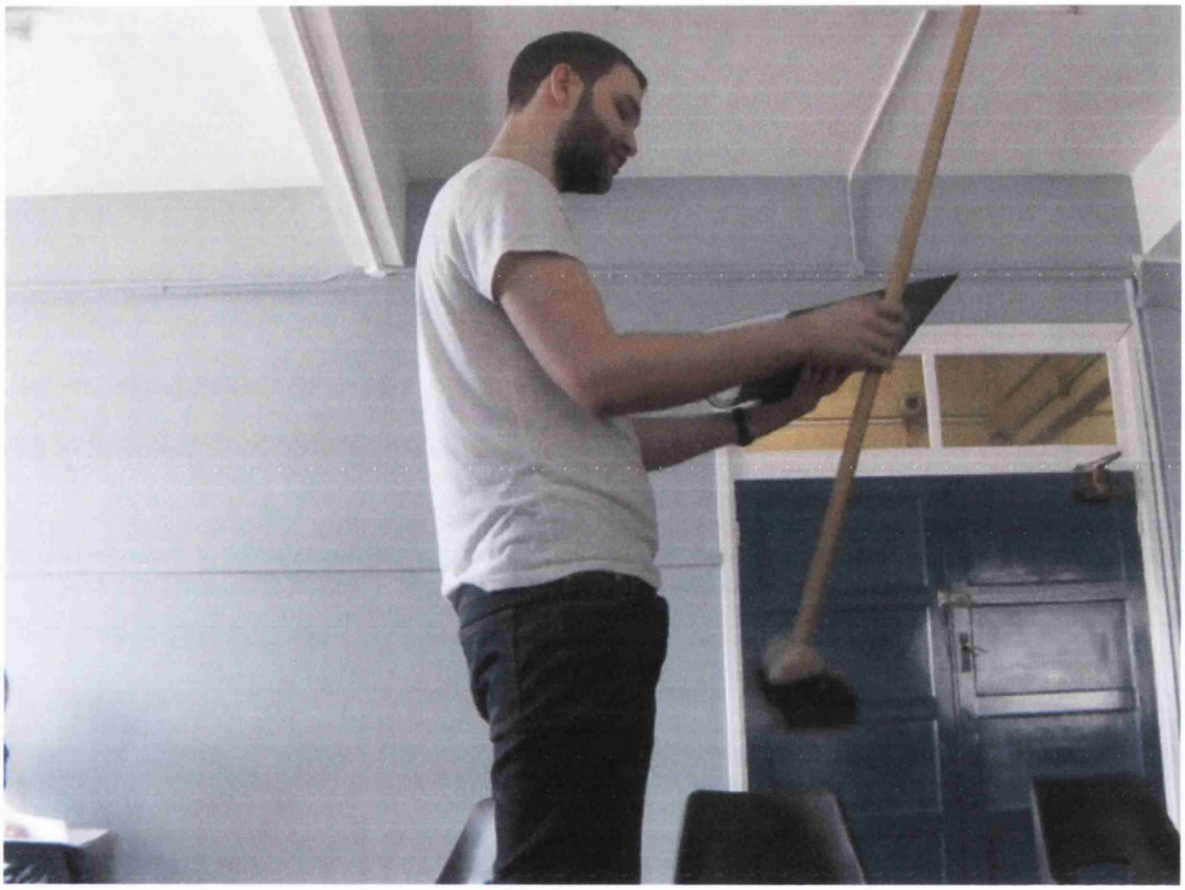


FIGURE 9: The Living and the Dead.

Thomas and Joseph occupy the same stage space, although Thomas occupies it as a living person (Wride, 2012a:70). Joseph (sitting up on the plank of wood) is the re-animated corpse.

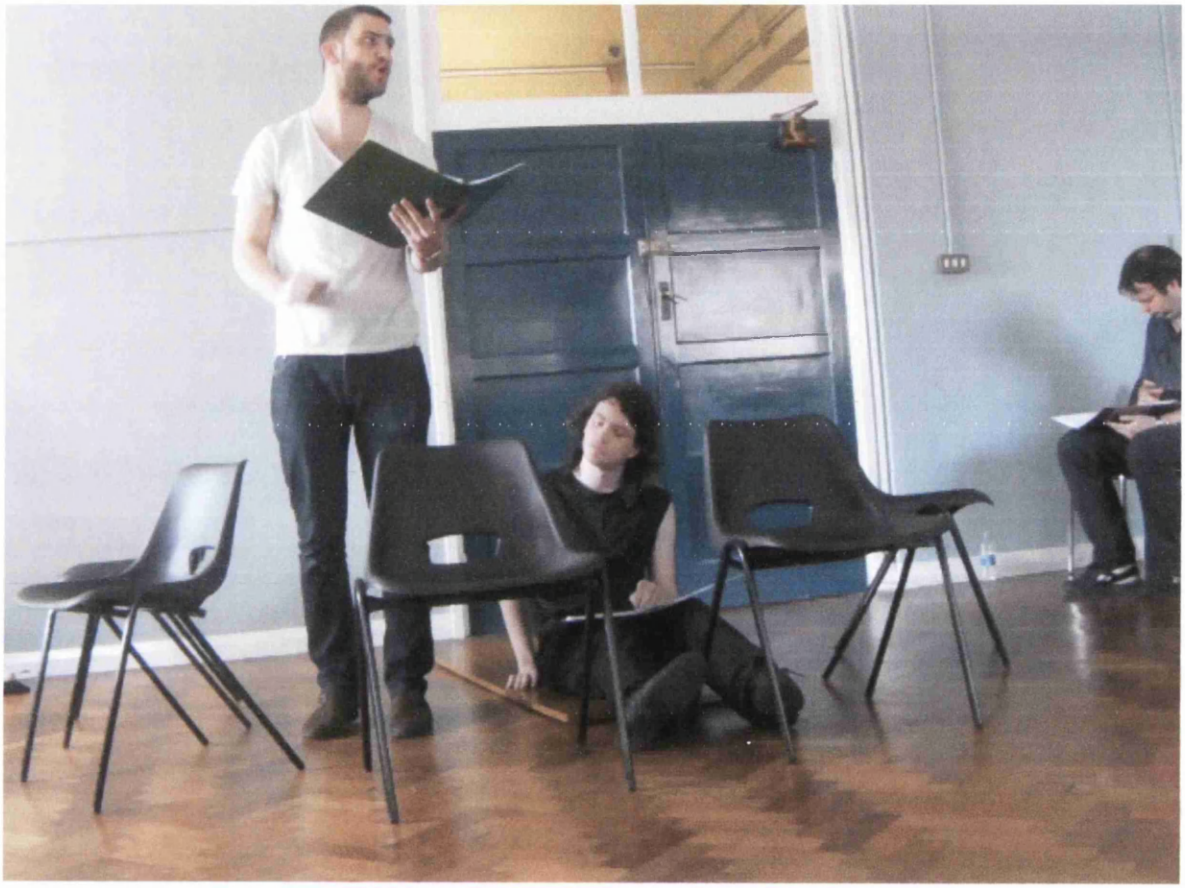


FIGURE 10: Emma talking to 'Young Thomas'.

Scene 9 (Wride, 2012a:68-69). The production deployed two actors to play the older Thomas (living and as a reanimated corpse) and Thomas as a young child.

FIGURE 11: Scene 20.

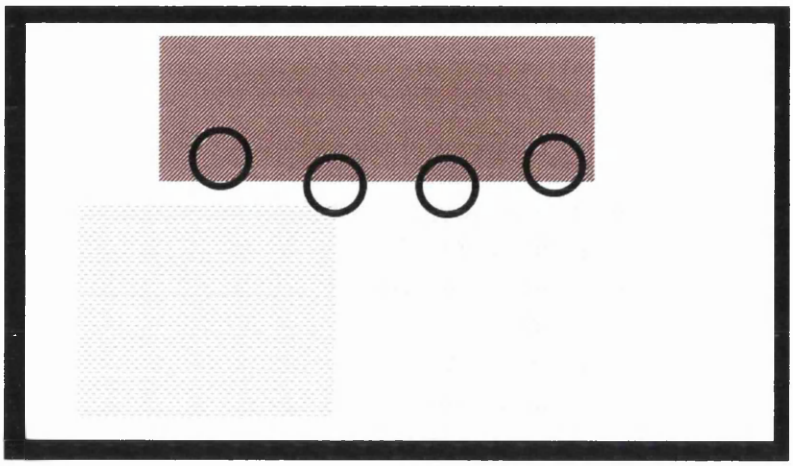
Thomas and Joseph (pictured) become the fighting cockerels (Wride 2012a, 85-86).

FIGURE 12 – Radio Read-through.

The cast for the radio read-thtough in the Art Space of the Taliesen Annexe (July the 4th, 2012).

FIGURE 13 - Layout for Stage Read-Through.

This took place on March 23rd 2012 (Art Studio Taliesin Annexe).



KEY:

- Chairs
- Lighthouse Space
- Cooperage Space
- Beach/Outside Space

FIGURE 14 – Staging Concept.

Wooden rostrum.

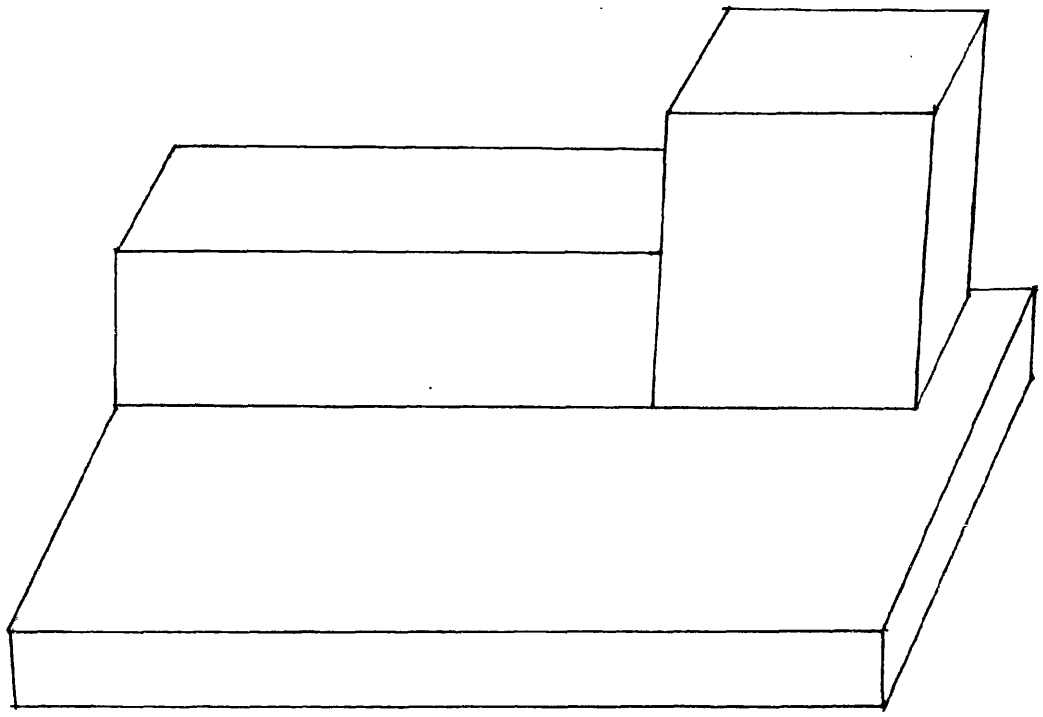
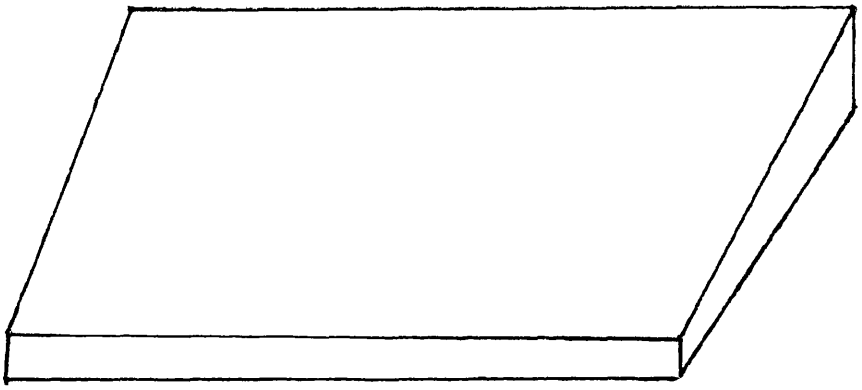


FIGURE 15 – Raked Stage.

Wooden structure.



Appendix 3: Nuit

An experiment in sound

NUIT

(A Short Radio Play)

By

E.S.G.Wride

CHARACTERS

OLD MAN - English

NUIT - English

SYNOPSIS

AN OLD MAN is sitting in the darkness of his top-floor flat, talking to his old friend, NUIT.

SCENE 1. INT. LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

An old man sits in the pitch darkness of his living room. He is totally alone apart from an old TV set that is tuned into static.
SFX: TV static
The OLD MAN sighs

1. OLD MAN — Sad thing is. . .this static is the best thing I've seen in years. Best thing I ever invented.
(BEAT)
Indirectly, of course.

In the distance, a disembodied, female voice begins to talk. It is NUIT the OLD MAN'S dearest friend, who has come to visit him.

2. NUIT — Of course. We can't have you taking all the credit now, can we? I mean, ninety-nine percent of things are probably down to you. . .but what about the other one percent?

3. OLD MAN — Hello again, Nuit.

4. NUIT — Talking to ourselves again, are we?

5. OLD MAN — Well I'm talking to you now. . .but to answer your question yes. Yes, I suppose I was.

The OLD MAN sighs again.

I have to talk to myself. Nobody else wants to talk to me anymore.

6. NUIT — Turn that TV off. Don't you know too much TV is bad for your eyesight?

7. OLD MAN — I have twenty-twenty vision. I can see everything. . .

The TV is clicked off and the static sound disappears.

. . .Maybe that's half the problem.

The sound of TV static is replaced by the distant sound of children laughing and playing games.

Maybe it's all my fa/ult.

8. NUIT — /Ssssh!
(BEAT)
What's that noise? Can you hear that? It sounds like people. . .children.

NUIT giggles.

I haven't seen any children in such a long time.

NUIT claps her hands together excitedly.

Can I go and talk to them? They make up such great stories about me. . .they say that I battle with the sun all day until everything's turned black and that my world is ruled by the moon: full of ghosts, goblins and things that go *bump* in the night.

NUIT giggles again.

Please, please can I talk to them?

9. OLD MAN — I'm afraid you can't. No-one can. All that's in the past. They're all grown up now, Nuit. . .

The OLD MAN begins to get distressed.

. . .and they want nothing to do with me.

10. NUIT — Come on now. . .it can't be all that bad.

In the distance, the sound of the children in the present can be heard.
SFX: Machine gun fire that gradually grows louder.

11. OLD MAN — That's them. . .my children.

SFX: Bombs dropping.

And that. That's them too. . .

SFX: A loud scream.

. . .The sounds of my children.

12. NUIT — Nothing that can't be undone, surely?
(BEAT)
If anyone can sort it out, you can.

13. OLD MAN — What? Wave a magic wand? Whoever came up with that idea was a clever, clever man.
(BEAT)
I can't fix it, Nuit. I can't. Not this time. It's all gone too far. . .

The OLD MAN gets distressed and begins to cry.

14. NUIT — No, no. . .please. . .please don't cry.
(BEAT)
Tissue.
(BEAT)
Take it.
Take it.

The OLD MAN takes the tissue and blows his nose.

Glass of water?

SFX: A glass is filled with running water.

Better?

15. OLD MAN — There's only one thing left to do, y'know. . .

16. NUIT — See. . .I knew if anybody could sort it out it'd

be y/ou.

17. OLD MAN — /Press the self destruct button.

NUIT gasps.

18. NUIT — You can't! Not on them! You can't!

19. OLD MAN — Who said anything about them?
(BEAT)
I meant me.

NUIT begins to cry.

20. NUIT — You can't. I won't let you.

21. OLD MAN — You won't be able to stop me.

The OLD MAN turns the TV back on. The static starts up again.

Look at that screen, Nuit.

The static is replaced by a picture of a warzone. Machine-guns are firing once more.

Wipe your eyes and look at it.

The sound of machine guns grows louder before dying down.

You can't look, can you? Well, that's how I feel.

22. NUIT — Please. . .please don't do this. . .they need you. . .
What are they supposed to do without you? What am I supposed to do without you?

23. OLD MAN — You have the moon for company, Nuit. . .
(PAUSE)

Why. . .why do you use the French? For your name, I mean? Why not some other language?

24. NUIT — You made me do it.

25. OLD MAN — Nuit, you have enough free will of your own. You can't go blaming me for your name. I didn't name you. . .you did that.

26. NUIT — No. . .I didn't mean it like that.

27. OLD MAN — I never knew you blamed me too.
(BEAT)
They blame me, Nuit. They don't thank me. They used to. . .but they blame me now. I'm a failure.

The sound of machine gun fire starts up on the television again.
NUIT becomes very distressed and begins to sob.
SFX: Sound of machine guns grows louder.

28. NUIT — Please don't. . .don't sit so close to the TV screen . . .you'll hurt your eyes. . .please. . .come back from the screen. . .come back. . .turn the volume down. . .please. . .come back. . .

SFX: Sound of machine guns grows louder and louder.

I didn't mean what I said. . .I meant that you. . .

SFX: Sound of machine guns firing rapidly, then, total silence.
NUIT is sobbing.

.. . .Come back. . .
(PAUSE)
I chose my name *because of you.*
They. . .they gave you so, so, many names, build you so, so, many houses, I only wanted one name. I only wanted to be one person. . .I didn't want to be all things to all men. . .

NUIT continues to sob.

. . .because I knew it would lead to something terrible.

THE END

Appendix 4: Historical Radio Drama, a conference paper

Navigating the landscape of Historical Radio Drama: Are we 'here' yet?

Presented at

The University of Wales, Gregynog; Annual Postgraduate Student Conference:

Beyond here lies nothing: the bounds of literature.

15th – 16th April 2010

This paper relates to my thesis in Creative Writing, which involves both a radio, and a stage element. The dramas I am writing stem from an historical incident that occurred near Solva, Pembrokeshire in 1780. The incident occurred on an off-shore lighthouse, known as *The Smalls*, where there were two keepers who were well-known for their arguments. When one keeper died suddenly (from an on-going illness), his surviving colleague, fearing a murder charge, kept the corpse in a make-shift coffin for months. The result was his slow descent into madness.

The argument I will put forward will relate to the radio portion of my work and will focus on the creation of *an historical here* within the radio paradigm. It will also draw in and examine the work of Arthur Miller (specifically, his famous 1953 famous stage play *The Crucible*). Miller's drama takes place in seventeenth-century Salem, amid the infamous witch trials, that were conducted on the hearsay of the village's youth.

The notion of navigating a radio landscape might at first appear oxymoronic: however, this is largely due to the intangible nature of the medium itself. But

arguably, *knowing* the landscape, especially within the realm of historical radio drama, allows for the creation of a more realistic piece. This being said, *how* is it possible to create an *historical here*, without ever having *been there*? To address this question, it is appropriate to examine the facts of the incident that is being dramatised (in this case The Smalls Lighthouse). The uniqueness of the Smalls was not in a tale laden with fact, as the specifics were sparse (the only known facts being the keepers' names, place of residence and previous occupations). How then, could an historical *here* be constructed from an incident, that, in the gallery of history, is more pencil sketch than detailed oil painting?

It was at this point, that Arthur Miller's *Crucible* was turned to, for notions on *how* to construct an *historical here*. The first important point to address, relates to Miller's use of the word 'history' (Miller, 1957:224). He clearly states that his play will not be history in the sense used by academic historians (Miller, 1957:224). This raised questions relating to *The Smalls Lighthouse Incident*. Shouldn't my piece follow the path of academic history, as it is, arguably, following *a more academic path* than that travelled by Miller?

Ideas about where my piece stood in terms of academic history were defined within the early stages of the dramatisation. For example, after discovering burial records for the keeper who died on the lighthouse; it became clear his name was Joseph Harry and not Thomas Harry (as some accounts had previously stated). Facts such as these were not deviated from or dramatised in any way.

However, Miller also goes on to outline the amount of artistic licence he took with *The Crucible* (Miller, 1953). It is stated that 'many characters had been fused into one', and that certain facts, such as Abigail's age, had been adjusted, (Miller,

1953:224). This is not to say that Miller's offering flies in the face of history. His use of actual court records is documented by Blakesley (1992:xv) and Miller himself admits that 'the fate of each character is exactly that of his historical model' (Miller, 1953:224). This leads us to question whether Miller's *initial claims* of non-adherence to academic history are too extreme. However, the main question that arose from the examination of Miller's work was, '*What is the essence of the historical 'here'? Is that essence necessarily found within historical fact?'*

Despite Miller's treatment of some facts, his play is pungent with the scents and flavours of the past. How is this achieved if not through adherence to hard, historical fact? It is at this point that we should revisit Miller's initial source, the court transcripts. Miller studied the 'gnarled way of speaking' (Blakesly, xv) that characterised the people of Salem. It is worthy to note that Miller did not leave the language untouched, stating that he 'without planning to. . . even elaborated a few of the grammatical forms. . . the double negatives especially.' (Blakesly, xv).

This can be seen in act one, where Parris' Barbadian Slave, Tituba, is interrogated over the bewitching of a young girl. Tituba is faced with the questions: 'Woman, have you enlisted these children for the Devil?' (Miller, 1953: 256) "You have sent your spirit out upon this child, have you not?' and 'Are you gathering souls for the Devil?' (Miller, 1953:256). Now, it is possible to argue that these words create an historical placing, due to their subject matter. That is to say, that talk of devils, souls and spirits, is archaic, and transports the audience into a world, where such an ideology was once common place.

However, it is possibly *more* appropriate to argue that it is Miller's placement and choice of words, (along with the length and structure of his sentence) that gives

the piece a firm rooting in history. The notions of 'enlisting' and sending out spirits (Miller, 1953:256) possess a formality that is lacking from modern speech. Also, Miller does not abbreviate in a way that is commonplace in current speech patterns. The line, 'have you not?' would, in modern tones, be abbreviated as 'haven't you?' an alteration that, arguably, lacks gravity and formality. Taking into consideration the aforementioned points, it is possible to conclude that within Miller's work his historical 'here' is created mainly via speech.

This was an important revelation in the writing of my own radio play. The aforementioned techniques would be squeezed out of Miller's text upon its reading and utilised to give *The Smalls Lighthouse Incident* a firm rooting in its eighteenth century timeline. Prior to reading Miller, my working draft of *The Smalls Lighthouse Incident* was still tethered to modernity. This is evident in the phrasing of *Thomas Griffith* as he cleans windows during the opening scene. He states:

> That oil can't half muck up windows.
> Swear they hadn't been cleaned for a. . .
> well. . .week, I s'pose.

After reading Miller's work, the same piece read:

> This lighthouse lantern glass gets stained so with
> muck and grease, I've taken to thinking, Joseph
> Harry, that your thoughts might not be fanciful
> ramblings, yet.
> Three Sunday's I've toiled honestly in this place. . .
> with rags for to scrub and water for to clean. And
> with each passing week. . .

The glass appears more filthy than before. . .

The above segment demonstrates how *The Smalls Lighthouse Incident* has dropped modernist tones (that is, highly elided words) and embraced the lengthy formality of Miller. However, this is not to say that further research into linguistics (beyond reading *The Crucible*) was not conducted. Now that it was evident that language was the fertiliser to this historical world, the key was to make it rich.

With no historical equivalent of the court records of Salem, the task of grasping the eighteenth-century Pembrokeshire dialect may have seemed unlikely. Diarists of the time, or letter writers, such as the tenth earl of Pembroke (Herbert, 1950), offered an insight into the speech of the upper class, but not the everyday man. Ultimately, more modern resources were turned to, in order to unearth the linguistics of the period. Recordings from the 'Survey of Anglo-Welsh Dialects' were eventually used, the aim being to find colloquialisms that encapsulated the Anglo-Welsh dialect. It was discovered that words such as 'see' were tagged onto the end of sentences, or that distinctive phrases were used within a sentence. For example, the phrase 'For to' (Parry, 1974) as in 'wheel for to spin' (Parry, 1974) is used on one tape. The disadvantage of this method, however, was that the tapes were several hundred years in advance of the required time period, and no tape of Solva itself was ever obtained. Despite listening to recordings, the end result could not promise accuracy of speech (as was the case with Miller).

Within a radio play, it would be foolish to think that only voice created a sense of place. The soundscape would also act as metaphorical scenery and help cement the setting. Two types of sound are usually utilised, diegetic and non-diegetic sound, the former being crudely described as actual sound, the latter as commentary sound. Early on, it was decided that certain non-diegetic elements would be excluded (such as narration), as they are too similar to devices used in literature. However, diegetic elements such as sounds made by objects in the story, will be an important aspect.

Whilst the use of diegetic sounds are useful within radio drama, there are incidences where their overuse can be a hindrance. For example, the mundane nature of an individual walking from the top floor of a house to the ground floor would

hinder drama, as it is uninteresting. Despite this, in *The Smalls Lighthouse Incident*, the opening scenes recount such a journey, from the lighthouse lantern to its lower levels. The reasons for subverting traditional radio rules are due to many factors. It creates a sense of place, allows for utilisation of a range of sounds and also interests the listener, *as it is a space they are unfamiliar with.*

On the other hand, however, it is possible to suggest that the creation of an historical here, by a writer, is a largely fruitless undertaking (especially within the medium of radio). This is because the resulting radio drama will play the role of ghost in the machine: disembodied words spoken through the mouthless, faceless grid of the radio itself. Due to the physical formation of the technology, the world created for the radio (historical or otherwise) whilst vivid in the writer's mind, may differ in the mind of an audience.

At this point it is possible to ask, where exactly does the *historical here* lie? Within the writer? The listener? Or the radio medium itself? Or perhaps, an appropriate *here* is created when there is a metaphorical game of Chinese whispers taking place between all three?

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Appendix 5 – Measuring Shelf Life: Central School of Speech and Drama Conference Paper

Measuring Shelf Life: Is the 'author' past its sell-by date in site specific and interactive theatre?

Presented at

The Central School of Speech and Drama, London

'Authoring Theatre' Conference

14th – 15th July 2011

For the purpose of this paper, I'm going to examine site-specific and interactive theatre in relation to Roland Barthes seminal post-structuralist 1967 essay, *The Death of the Author.* The two pieces of theatre I'm going to focus on are: Volcano Theatre's 2010 production *Shelf Life* (Davies, 2010) and D.J. Britton's 2010 reworking of Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure* (Britton, 2010). In pairing Barthes' theory of authorship with these site-specific pieces, I want to raise questions about the impact these unique spaces have on authorship. But the main questions I would like to address are: Where does the author (and indeed, Barthes' theory of authorship) belong within these highly collaborative theatre environments? Is the author *actually* past its sell-by date in site specific and interactive theatre?

Now, I would like to discuss the two productions in more detail.

The first was Volcano Theatre's *Shelf Life* (you can see the poster on this slide), the second was Sherman Cymru's *Measure for Measure* (Britton, 2010). These were two really interesting pieces of theatre, one reason being their locations. *Shelf Life* took place at *Swansea's Old Library,* which the Doctor Who fans among you will recognise as a filming location. *Measure for Measure* (Britton, 2010) took place at The Provincial in Cardiff, which was the Old Natwest Bank.

At this point, I should mention that I was an intern on the *Shelf Life* production, so I got to experience most of the rehearsal process. I wasn't involved personally with *Measure for Measure,* but had direct access to members of the production team. Both pieces were highly collaborative endeavours, but the groups of people I want to focus on are the director, the actors and the dramaturg (and I should point out that both pieces involved the same dramaturg, D.J. Britton).

Now, I'd like to discuss *Shelf Life* in a bit more detail. The director (Paul Davies) and the dramaturg (D.J. Britton) had one main idea for the piece, which was, unsurprisingly, the notion of 'A Library'. They considered this idea, thematically, practically and also collaboratively (although, to be honest, the entire project was highly collaborative, not just this early discussion).

Thematically, they thought about the evolution of libraries, how they've moved on from somewhere books are borrowed, to what the director called 'Information Centres', a place of computers and digitalisation. Another big theme that relates to Swansea Old Library, is *closure*. It's now home to The Welsh School of Architectural Glass, so there is a certain irony in putting on a performance about a library in a space that is no longer a library. So that also had to be given some thought.

Practically, they had to consider the space of the library because they were dealing with three different zones: the reading room, the stacks (a basement storage facility) and the courtyard. Early on, the courtyard was marked as a place of joy and celebration, so Volcano collaborated with the Welsh National Opera to bring a choir into the courtyard. Other considerations for the courtyard were things like bonfires and hog-roasts – (two things that sadly never happened in the final performance).

Moving on to the last point, everyone (the actors, the dramaturg, the director, me as the intern) contributed to this theme of *the library*. The book list you can see on the slide was developed by one of the actors. It was a response to the two question 'What are your favourite books? and 'What books would you put in a library?' So there was a strong personal element there. Also, the interesting thing about the book list was that a lot of those books did make it into the final production. So the books that were handed out to the public had been chosen, to an extent, by the actors.

If you look at *the book shrine*, this was created by one of the actors and came out of an exercise where they were given a load of books and the free rein to literally rip them apart (or make book shrines with pictures of Elvis). This didn't make it into the final production, but it did spark off debate within the creative team about the reverence with which books are treated and how people behave in libraries.

So, how does this highly collaborative environment relate to Barthes? If we now revisit his theory of authorship, we can try and determine the relationship of his theory to *Shelf Life*, but first we must ask: *what* for Barthes, is the author?

In order to discover the answer, it is helpful to examine his view on the Shaman and compare it to what he calls 'The Modern Author' (for Barthes, Modern means 'since the Middle Ages').

So, as you can see on the slide, we have the Shaman and the Modern Author. Now, Barthes argues that in ethnographic societies, narrative responsibility doesn't lie with a person per se, but with a mediator, a Shaman. The opposite is true for the Modern Author. The emphasis really is on the 'person' of the author; this is where the narrative responsibility lies.

This means the modern author (as the word 'author' suggests) holds a greater authority than that of the shaman. The modern author is admired for his or her genius, whereas the shaman by contrast, is admired for his performance and for his skill. Further emphasis of the author's authority can be seen in the last point in the author column: explanation. Barthes argued that: 'the explanation of a work is always sought in the man or woman who produced it'. (Barthes, 1984:142).

If we look back to *Shelf Life* for a moment, can the production be said to have a Modern Author or something more akin to a Shaman? I would argue that the melting pot of ideas involved with the production meant that the singular authority Barthes associates with the Modern Author has been, in the worst case, lost, in the best case, dispersed.

It was this loss of authority that Barthes argued was the death of the author.

For Barthes, death of the author starts with the act of writing. He describes writing as 'a negative where all identity is lost, starting with the very identity of the body writing'. Also, after this death has occurred it's argued that 'it is language which speaks', 'language that acts' 'performs', 'not the author' (Barthes, 1984:143).

And it is at this point, out of the ashes of the author, that a figure Barthes called the scriptor, emerges. It is the scriptor I am particularly interested in, in relation to Shelf Life. Who is the scriptor and how do they differ from their predecessor, the Modern Author? According to Barthes, the differences lie in temporality.

As you can see on the slide, the author is linked to the past, the past of his own work. By contrast, the scriptor is linked very much to the here and now. With

Shelf-Life, there really was a feeling of the work being created in the present, the here and now. So it was this temporal difference that lead me to label the actors as scriptors.

Now, at this point, *Measure for Measure* should be mentioned. Was the scriptor part of this production? I would argue that in the case of *Measure for Measure* (Britton, 2010) things were slightly different, because it had a definitive, structured script (which *Shelf Life* didn't have). So I would argue that the presence of a complete script removes notions of the scriptor (as the text isn't written as the production occurs). Although in the case of *Measure for Measure*, a definitive author is a difficult statement to make. Who is the author? Shakespeare? Or D.J. Britton?

Arguably, if one definitive author can't be found, then how can the author die? This is why I would argue that in the case of something like *Measure for Measure*, co-authorship and shared authority is possible. Barthes argues that a myth must be overthrown. The myth that 'the birth of the reader must be at the cost of the death of the Author' (Barthes, 1984:148). I would change that slightly and argue that the myth is: 'the birth of the scriptor, must be at the cost of the death of the author'. I would argue that with a shared authority, author and scriptor can co-exist within the theatre space.

One element that really made me think the scriptor was at work in *Shelf Life*, was a sketch within the production, known as 'The Table Conversation'. Basically, it involved the actors talking around the table that you can see in this picture. But what was unique about it was that it was completed unscripted. In the early rehearsals, the actors chose what topics they might cover: subjects like childhood and

food. Then, during *Shelf Life's* run, topics were chosen from the list and built from scratch, every night. So there was an immediacy about the whole thing, a real feeling of the here and now and an interplay between the actors and the new audience.

So if something as organic, as *unscripted* as 'The Table Conversation' is the work of the scriptor, then who takes ownership of *scripted* works within the production?

One of the biggest contrasts to 'The Table Conversation' is the 'Death of a Library' dialogue, some of which you can see on this slide. Written by the dramaturg, D. J. Britton, it encapsulates several of the themes that he discussed with the director early on: the death of a library, its rebirth via digitalisation, the role of librarians... so does this piece have an author or a scriptor?

Barthes argued that an author nourishes the work, because (coming back to the notion of temporality) he exists *before* it; but, on the other hand, that dialogue draws on things that were discussed in the realm of the scriptor, things like digitalisation. Personally, I would argue that the 'Death of a Library' dialogue has an author in the form of D.J. Britton. The dialogue may draw on the work of the scriptor, but the dialogue was physically written by one person; so, I would argue it possesses the singular authority of the modern author.

These scripted and unscripted segments (death of a library dialogue and table conversation) also brought into question the role played by the surroundings. There was an irony to the table conversation. It was created by the scriptor, lacked the capitalist authority of the author, but was still chained to a physical space. By contrast, the death of a library dialogue had more freedom and inhabited the space of

the reading room during rehearsals. It was rehearsed on the lower levels, but didn't quite resonate in the same way as it did, when read on the upper levels. This made me think about the importance of the buildings in relation to the performance. Can the buildings themselves (that is, Swansea Old Library and the Old Natwest Building) lay claim to any type of authorship?

As you can see on the next slide, there are three factors that influenced the respective building's relationship with the narrative: the history of the building, the zones within the building and the physicality of the building.

The first point: history. With Swansea Old Library, the history of the building directly impacted upon the content of the piece. So, literally, if that show had taken place in a library twenty miles down the road, the content of the play would have been entirely different. Stories of the original library staff were incorporated into the play in the form of a character called Mr. Lean (who was an actual librarian) and of the history of the library in a wider context (such as the Swansea Blitz in WWII).

With *Measure for Measure*, the history of the building didn't affect the *content*, because Shakespeare's play had already been written, but the theatre company did need to find a building with the 'right' history to fit the play...and that was the Old Natwest Bank. It was in the old red light district of the old Cardiff docklands and was the bank where the world's first £1m cheque was deposited... so the personal history of the bank chimed very well with the themes explored in the play (like sex and power and money).

The second point: the zones of the building; this relates almost exclusively to Swansea Old Library. The zones (such as the stacks/the reading room) had quite an

effect on the material performed there. A short story by Italo Calvino called 'The Land Where One Never Dies' (Calvino, 1995) was saturated with mortality when performed in the stacks, but in the reading room, in early rehearsals, it felt lighter. In the end, it was performed in the stacks, because it fitted in with the history of the space being used as a morgue.

This leads me onto the third point, the physicality of the building. This isn't to say that the physical space of the bank itself had no impact on the play's content. The dramaturg, D. J. Britton, described how the vast expanse of the banking room meant there were acoustic issues (so he realised that intimate dialogue wouldn't work within the play, because it would get lost within space). So, before the play was finalized, the banking room had, in some respects, dictated what kind of things could be written.

So, does this mean that these unique theatre spaces can be said to fit within Barthes' paradigm of authorship? Do they have an authorial or scriptorial quality?

I would argue that these unique theatre spaces don't exactly fit within Barthes' theory of authorship. The notions of lost authority, the 'death' Barthes talks about...for me, these things don't apply to a building, unless it's a ruin. For the 'live' buildings of the Old Natwest Bank and Swansea Old Library, I've added my own extension onto Barthes' theory and call the buildings, 'advisors' (as opposed to authors or scriptors). I've called them this, because these buildings have an informative potential about them: about their own personal history. They offer their potential to the creative team.

Barthes' argued that: 'a text's unity lay not in its origin, but in its destination' (Barthes, 1984:145) and I think this is partly true for the theatre space. For me, the

history of the theatre space is the origin, whereas the creative team are the destination. So the history of the space, arguably, isn't as important as what the creative team do with it.... how they deal with the challenges of the space, and what histories they choose to extract from the building, for any given production.

So, with the role played by the theatre space in mind, is it fair to say that the author is past its sell-by date in site-specific theatre? Does Barthes' theory of author death and the emergence of the scriptor applicable to site-specific theatre? I would argue that each separate production emphasises an area of Barthes' theory.

In the case of *Shelf-Life*, I think it was an environment that was primed for the birth of the scriptor, because of this feeling of eternal presence about the rehearsal process, but also about elements of the final show (like the table conversation). It was the creation of what the dramaturg called: theatre without a safety net.

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Appendix 6 – Telling the Truth. Swansea Conference Paper

The Fact of the Matter: Shedding Light on The Smalls Lighthouse Incident

Presented at

Swansea University

RIAH 'Telling the Truth' Conference

14th October 2011

Are the *sources* of historical fact more important than *the facts* themselves? What about the tensions between artistic licence and fact? If you stick to the facts, does this result in the *humdrum* rather than the *dramatic*? Then again, if you employ artistic licence, where are the boundaries? When do you cross that line, and become a liar?

These are some of the questions I want to address when looking at facts and truth in historical dramatisation. For my thesis, I'm writing a radio and a stage play based on a single event from history, called 'The Smalls Lighthouse Incident'. First, I'll tell you the story as I now know it. Then I'll go back and talk about the story as I first encountered it, and how I uncovered the 'truth' of the tale.

The Smalls Lighthouse Incident took place in 1780, on the Smalls rock, which is twenty-five miles off St. David's Head.

Two keepers (Thomas Griffith and Joseph Harry) from the coastal village of Solva were sent to work on the light for three months. Thomas was a cooper by trade, whilst Joseph was a farmer. The pair were well known for their arguments and

when Joseph died from an on-going illness, Thomas kept the body on the light. He thought if he threw it overboard he'd be accused of murder. So using his skills as a cooper, he made a coffin for Joseph. Thomas then stayed onboard the lighthouse, until the lifeboat turned up, by which time, he'd gone completely mad.

So that sounds quite a story. However, the first account of the story that I ever came across, was in *The Welsh Academy Encyclopaedia of Wales* and it sounded quite different. They state:

> Prior to 1801, only two keepers maintained the light on the Smalls. When one of them died, his colleague made a shroud and kept the corpse outside, afraid of being accused of murder if he buried the body at sea, and he had to wait three weeks for a relief boat.
>
> (Davies et al, 2008:463).

Now, when I first came across this paragraph, I was really drawn to the story, but I was left with three big questions: WHEN? WHO? and WHY? Basically, this paragraph was lacking in fact. I had no precise timescale for the incident, I didn't know the names of the keepers and I didn't know why the one keeper died.

I could have built my plays on the foundations of this paragraph but I think that may have lead to drama that was 'based on a true story' whereas I wanted 'historical dramatisation' something that had a greater grounding in fact. This desire I had to find fact came from two quotations that I really agree with, and think really define historical, dramatic writing.

The first is by Hans Anderson, who argued that, 'Out of reality are our tales of imagination fashioned.' (Greene, 2005:xiv).

The second quote argues that, 'Historical dramatic writing...begins with a fabric of facts...this fabric is then embroidered upon by imagination and invention.' (Moe et al, 2005:3).

So, basically, I wanted to find this fabric of facts.

One of the questions I raised initially was: *Are the sources of facts more important than the facts themselves?* I would definitely say that in my journey to uncover the 'truth' (inverted commas) I did look at the reliability of the source first (of course, I'm well aware that the phrase *reliable source* is subjective).

As you can see on this next slide, there were certain elements that had to be present for me to consider the sources reliable. Sources were reliable if they were in print, if they had a definitive author or if they were an original document. One of the most reliable sources I'd come across was the actual death certificate of the keeper that had died on The Smalls, which you can see on this next slide.

It actually says:

OCTOBER 28th, JOSEPH HARRY, DIED AND LAY DEAD ON THE SMALLS 2 MONTHS.

This gave an entirely different name for the dead keeper (other accounts claimed he was also called Thomas and that his last name was Howell). So even though the fact was at odds with previous facts, the source was original, reliable, so this name for the keeper was now taken to be fact.

On this next slide, is a list of what, for me, constitutes reliable fact. Repetition of information led me to believe the fact was reliable. For example,

Joseph's illness was mentioned time and again in different accounts. So I then took this illness to be fact (even though I didn't know precisely what it was).

Another point about facts, is details. I paid special attention to some facts that were overly-detailed. For example, a Roger Worsley book *Open Secrets* contained the information I would later find in the death certificate. I investigated them further because I thought there must be something behind that level of detail.

My overall decision was: if it's a fact (such as Joseph dying on the lighthouse in October 1780) then I'd stick to it. However, things that didn't have any facts attached to them, were basically fair game. This is where I could embroider upon the facts with imagination and invention.

One of the things I invented was Joseph's illness. I decided that if he had ongoing problems with a hernia, it could be aggravated by lighthouse duties and could eventually be fatal. I also invented the characters of Thomas and Joseph's parents, and I decided that one of the larger story arcs would reveal Thomas and Joseph to be brothers. Obviously this isn't something that was available in historical record.

Now, I want to move on to my second question... Does adherence to the facts lead to the humdrum? I would argue that the answer is yes and no.

I would argue that I am actually dealing with two types of fact: what I have called Narrow Fact and Wide Fact. Narrow fact (as you can see on this slide) relates to facts that are specific to the Lighthouse Incident, whereas Wide fact relates more to general facts of the eighteenth century.

I don't think adherence to wide fact would lead to something mundane. Information such as people turning to Methodism, or the diet of the rural poor, I would argue, makes for a richer audience experience, because it's information that creates a sense of the eighteenth century.

It is my belief that if I'd stuck to the narrow facts of the incident then the overall project would have been lacking in drama. But the lack of drama wouldn't have come necessarily from the facts themselves. To use narrow facts (which are: two men, who hate each other, stuck on a lighthouse, one of them suddenly dies) would have affected the setting: so maybe I would have set the play solely on the lighthouse. This could have led to a watering down of the representation of eighteenth-century life, because the action never moved outside the lighthouse space.

But also, the use of narrow facts may have led me to have just two characters (Thomas and Joseph). Now, for me, there would have been a real danger in writing a two-hander, because then all the drama, all the new energy, has to come from an external force; which means it's really easy for drama to be sucked from the whole scenario, possibly leading to the humdrum.

One of my final questions is: if you employ artistic licence, where are the boundaries? Well, I believe those boundaries lie in fact. It is, I believe, *fact* that stops you crossing that line and becoming a liar. I'm not going to pretend that my versions of The Smalls story represent the 'truth' of the incident, because with historical dramatisation you can't ever reach the truth, unless you find a way to go back in time and see the incident for yourself. But fact (as the Hans Anderson quote states) is the basis for my artistic elaboration.

I believe that my elaborations, my artistic licence has a basis in fact and it involves merging both narrow and wide fact.

For example, I knew Thomas was a cooper and would have been a cooper's apprentice in his youth (which is a narrow fact) and I knew that during the eighteenth century there were many shipwrecks and a lot of smuggling (which is wider fact). The artistic licence came in creating the character of the Master cooper, Bill, who is, in part, based on these wide and narrow facts. He is the master cooper, but he is also a smuggler.

To conclude, it is my view that in historical dramatisation, only the writer's version of the historical truth (which is guided by the facts) can be represented. I think, if there is a real truth in an historical incident, in the dramatisation of an incident, it isn't really anything to do with fact at all. I think historical fact leads us to believe that certain periods of history were vastly different to our own time, but the people were still the same. So for me, the real truth lies within the characters and their relationships and interactions as human beings.

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Appendix 7 – From the 'Sound' Up: BSECS Conference paper

From the 'sound' up: Constructing the landscape of the historic Smalls Lighthouse in radio dramatisation

Presented at

The British Society for Eighteenth Century Studies 41st Annual Conference,

St. Hugh's College, Oxford.

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For the purpose of this paper, I want to examine the challenges of constructing an eighteenth-century landscape via radio dramatisation. The landscape in question is The Smalls Lighthouse. Located twenty-seven miles off the coast of Pembrokeshire on a treacherous rock known as The Smalls, the landscape *from* The Smalls Lighthouse has remained unchanged for centuries; whereas the landscape *of* the lighthouse has changed dramatically: from the initial wooden structure of 1775, to the masonry tower of 1861 (Hague, 1994:15).

I'll be drawing on Sieveking's theory of sound, but also looking at the work of radio theorists Felix Felton, Robert McLeish and Tim Crook, but first I'm going to describe the physical landscape of The Smalls as it stood in 1780:

> 'The overall height of the structure was 65 ft., and it was 22 ft. In diameter, and each pillar on the Eastward side was supported with a stay. The lower room which had a front door was reached by a ladder from the rock, and contained quarters for the two keepers...and the stores. The upper room consisted of windows on all sides enclosing the lantern and its four burners which used whale oil, and had glass reflectors.'
>
> (Freeman, 1958:5)

The radio dramatisation in question (*The Smalls Lighthouse Incident*), is a work in progress and is part of my doctoral thesis. For my thesis I'm creating a radio and a stage play based on an incident that occurred on the Smalls in 1780, but today I'm going to focus on and talk about the radio play. Before I talk more about the lighthouse landscape, I'll tell you about the event that has acted as historical catalyst for my writing, to give a sense of landscape-in-context.

In 1780, two keepers were working on the light, when one suddenly died. This wouldn't have been a problem, apart from the fact that everyone on land knew

that these keepers hated one another. Fearing the hangman's noose, the surviving keeper stayed on the light with the body. He made a coffin for the corpse and waited with it for three months until the relief boat turned up...by which time the surviving keeper had descended into total madness.

Now, you might be wondering what we might call *the human element* has to do with the landscape. Well, I will question this, when I discuss the notion of scope and landscape. How far does the lighthouse landscape extend? Does it incorporate the human element and specifically the keeper's descent into madness?

First, I would like to focus on some more descriptions of the lighthouse from Freeman (1958), as these are, for me, the physical, historical building blocks of the lighthouse landscape. They are descriptions documented in the 1950s, but they originate in the eighteenth century from documents like original drawings of the lighthouse or local Solva knowledge.

Freeman talks of the 'octagonal wooden building of two floors with a little cat-walk with iron railings around the upper one "in order that the windows might be kept clean"' (Freeman, 1958:5).

Now this quote, and the quote I mentioned initially, really focus, structurally, on the lighthouse. These quotes give the height of the lighthouse in numerical terms and uses words like 'octagonal' (Freeman, 1958:5) and 'glass reflectors' (Freeman, 1958:5) to describe the shape and distinctive features of the lighthouse. They describe the physical features of the lighthouse well, but a problem arises when trying to portray these features via radio.

There is no sound effect for 'octagonal'. Similarly, there is no sound effect for height or for glass reflectors. The only way to convey information such as shape or height of the lighthouse structure would be through dialogue.

For example, on this next slide, are the lines that convey the height of the structure:

The Smalls Lighthouse. Say it quick and it

sounds like The Smallest Lighthouse.

(BEAT)

Quite an insult for something sixty-five foot high.

I should point out that these words are spoken by the lighthouse itself, who acts as narrator for the radio play.

So, what about the structural elements of the lighthouse landscape that can be represented via sound? The quotes contain words such as 'ladder' (Freeman, 1958:5) and the idea that there's a cat-walk so that the windows can be kept clean. Now these words, even after I've said them, the sort of sound effects that stem from them are fairly obvious: That sort of squeaking you get when a when a wet soapy rag is dragged across window glass, or the creaking of a wooden rope ladder as people climb up it.

However, I think it's overly simplistic to look at historical descriptions of the lighthouse then lump the physical characteristic of the landscape into: can or cannot be portrayed via a direct sound effect.

This is why I now want to examine the work of Lance Sieveking, a radio producer who defined rules of sound production in audio dramas.

For example, the sound of windows being cleaned, the rag being dragged across glass, this is what Sieveking called an 'average sound', one that was 'easily identifiable' (Crook, 1999:71).

Similarly, words I mentioned before such as 'ladder' could possibly be filed under what Sieveking calls 'the realistic, confirmatory effect. This effect is, according to Sieveking, 'a sound which amplifies a signpost rooted in dialogue' (Crook, 1999:70). So, for example, the word ladder is 'a signpost rooted in dialogue', whereas the sound of creaking wood, would be the sound that amplifies the signpost. If the sound of the creaky wood of ladder rungs was heard, followed by the phrase, 'This ladder gets longer every time I climb it' (Wride, 2011:76) then it would be clear that a wooden ladder was being climbed.

But I'm particularly interested in the points Sieveking made about more complex sounds. He mentions something called 'the symbolic, evocative effect'. He describes this as, 'a sound symbol of mind state or being' (Crook, 1999:71). So, how does 'the symbolic, evocative effect' relate to the lighthouse landscape? (Especially since it relates to the mind). Well, the Smalls Lighthouse is also referred to as a 'barracoon'. This is not a literal observation, because it wasn't a place where slaves were held. It's thematic, a claustrophobic feeling in the mind of the keepers. Sieveking calls this effect 'the sound equivalent of an artist's abstract brush. . .stroke on canvas' (Crook, 1999:71).

Sieveking also highlights music as an effect, but I want to think about music's role in creating landscape. Music can create landscape in terms of setting, a time period, but also an emotional landscape. My radio piece, in this relatively early stage, doesn't have any actual music attached to it, but something involving a violin, would be the type of music I would be drawn to. The reason for this is because the

eighteenth-century lighthouse was designed by a violin-maker, Henry Whiteside, so the violin would fit the time period.

Also, in terms of emotional landscape, the violin would fit the range of that particular landscape. The cheerful, fast-paced music of the violin could work for something like a scene in the Ship Inn, which is an eighteenth-century pub in Solva that I've incorporated into the overall lighthouse story. The violin could also work in quite a tongue-in-cheek way (as you can see on this slide) 'bring out the violins', for some of the emotional, but hostile, scenes that might take place between the two keepers.

So, moving on from Sieveking's laws, but keeping the sounds in mind, I would like to question: What *sort* of landscape is being created?

Can the landscape be said to be authentic or is it synthetic?

At this point, I should explain the way I'm using the terms authentic. I'm looking at authenticity on three levels:

Authenticity of Sound, Authenticity of landscape and Historical Authenticity.

Each point has a cumulative effect, so they all add up to the overall authenticity of the landscape. So, does the technology used to produce sound lead to a synthetic landscape?

On this next slide, we've got spot and grams. Spot effects are sound effects that are created 'live' in the studio. They're either created by members of the spot effects team, (or by the actor) and these effects are used to convey what McLeish (McLeish, 1999:251) calls, in the radio landscape, 'incidental furniture'. 'Incidental furniture' are 'effects specially placed to suit the action' (McLeish, 1999:251). So the sound of a drink being poured is created by pouring water into a glass, the sound of a door closing...by actually closing a door and so on.

Grams, as you can see in the other column, relates to pre-recorded sound that comes from a sound-bank. The effects are what I have called 'obscure' sounds. McLeish calls them 'backdrop' (McLeish, 1999:251). Either way, they are sounds that couldn't easily or safely be physically constructed within the studio space, such as the sound of waves, or the sound of fire.

Does this mean that spot effects create a more authentic landscape than grams effects because they are created in-studio? I would argue, not. This is because spot effects aren't as straightforward as: the script says someone slams a door, so in the studio, the actor slams a door.

As you can see on this next slide, some spot effects are chameleonic. For example, 'shot poured on brown paper' (Felton, 1949:251) masquerades as rain, while the rustling of recording tape translates as walking through jungle undergrowth

(McLeish, 1999:252). So, the honesty of the sounds creation is brought into question. In a radio production, is the sound you're hearing, actually the sound that was created? Well, yes and no.

All this brings us to the question of historical accuracy. To what extent can sound be said to effectively portray an eighteenth-century lighthouse? Is there such a thing as an eighteenth-century soundscape?

My radio play contains lots of things like waves crashing on the rocks, seagulls, creaking floorboard as people walk about the lighthouse, the howling wind of storms (all that sort of thing). In 2012, all these sounds still exist. More importantly, there is nothing particularly 'eighteenth-century' about these sounds. One example of a sound that is a true marker of a specific time period, I think, is the sound of a dial-up modem, but I don't think there's an eighteenth-century sound like that.

However, there are elements of the physical lighthouse space that were historical: things like the whale oil burner or the fact that the structure is wooden (Freeman, 1958:5), but these sounds would have come under Sieveking's 'realistic, confirmatory, effect' (Crook, 1999:70), because the sound of say, bubbling oil, wouldn't be enough in itself to signify a whale oil burner.

While you could argue there aren't any historical sounds to give the landscape an eighteenth-century grounding, I would argue that the presence of the keepers themselves bookmarks the incident along the historical timeline. This is because after Joseph Harry's death, it became law that there should always be three keepers on a lighthouse.

So, does this mean that the keepers are part of the landscape? I would argue it does.

On this next slide is a chart that explains what I mean.

The spot sound effects (such as a wet rag being dragged across the lantern glass) are, going to back to Sieveking, called 'easily identifiable' sounds. So if we then pair these 'easily identifiable' sounds up with the keepers (because, it would be one of them, in the narrative of the play, who would be cleaning the lantern glass), arguably, we end up with Sieveking's 'symbolic, evocative effect' (Cook, 1999:70). I say this, because the 'easily identifiable' sounds, paired with the keepers (who act as historical bookmarks), create a sense of eighteenth century, because those two keepers are carrying out the actions.

So, if we take this to mean that the keepers are part of the landscape, then how far does the landscape extend?

I have set it up so that the lighthouse landscape extends to the keepers, so that there is a version of the lighthouse within Thomas Griffith. I've done this, because

as the original tale tells us, he goes mad. I didn't want to ignore this part of the story, as I think his descent into madness is an important tool in reflecting the lighthouse landscape.

At the time, the lighthouse was known as a 'barracoon' (Freeman, 1958:5), so I think Thomas' descent into madness may well be the elusive 'symbolic, evocative effect' (Crook, 1999:71) that I was looking for to properly get across the idea of the barracoon.

So I transformed the landscape of the lighthouse into a forest and there's actually a scene where the physical space of the lighthouse splinters and breaks apart, to give way to the landscape of the mind. And I've filled this landscape with 'easily identifiable sounds' (Crook, 1999:71), such as bird song, which as McLeish points out is 'immediately understood' (McLeish, 1999:252) 'outdoors...[and] rural' (McLeish, 1999:252). But I didn't want it too separate from the actual lighthouse landscape, so the other sound effect I used (which once again comes under the umbrella of easily identifiable) is the buzzing of flies.

This is because the true thing, the one thing that links together the lighthouse landscape: the physical space and the landscape of the mind is actually the dead body of the keeper Joseph Harry. So the flies are representative of his rotting corpse.

However, all that being said, it might be presumptuous to say that radio drama presents the audience with a definitive landscape. In my piece, as much as the soundscape attempts to portray 1780, it could develop in the mind of the audience as a slightly different time period. So, what I'm really saying is that in radio drama the landscape isn't simply portrayed via the soundscape, and the scope of the landscape is much wider than simply lighthouse or keeper's mind, but extends to the mind of each individual audience member.

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Appendix 8: Hymn CD

The attached CD:

S, Anderson (2006). Where Shall My Wondering Soul Begin? in *History of the Hymnal – 100 Classic Christian Hymns*. Madacy Christian. [MP3 FORMAT] is the main hymn sung in the stage play 'Hearts of Oak'.