

**<Dear Friend, I Can No Longer Hear
Your Voice...">**

by

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Ver.2.

Characters

Miss Sarah Smith...Eliza Soane's good friend from Chertsey. Younger than Eliza she was much helped by Eliza who gave her advice and sometimes financial support. She became a temporary house-keeper to John Soane after Eliza's death but the position did not work out.

Barbara Hofland.....A children's book novelist of approximately the same age as Eliza and John who was befriended by Eliza when she came to London from Sheffield. Hofland was married to a minor British Watercolour artist who struggled to look after the family, which meant Hofland often had to earn a living through her writing. She became a good friend and confidante of John's after Eliza's death, encouraging him to manage his overwhelming feelings of grief. Sensible and insightful she tried to encourage him to indulge less in romantic grief, for which John Soane chided her. She helped choose the inscription that went on Eliza's tomb. She later wrote the first guide to the Soane Museum after John Soane's death.

John Soane...Eliza's devoted husband and the Father of her children. The son of a brick-layer he was also a brilliant but difficult and paranoid man, although the marriage seems to have been happy. He became an eminent architect; he built the Bank of England, Downing Street, and the Dulwich Picture Gallery, amongst others. He was also Professor of Architecture at the Royal Academy. Perhaps unfairly he blamed one of their sons George for Eliza's death. Over the years Soane became well known for his romantic melancholy over Eliza; unknown to Soane, 20 years after her death his claim his was "dying of a broken heart" was sometimes mocked by his younger friends.

Other/ Feral unidentified female voice...This character is an unidentified presence but a constant element within this work. It is a female voice which is a rhythmic, keening, sometimes mischievous presence that at times unites with the voices of the other female characters, at other times pulls away.

ACT 1 - THE MURMURING

JOHN SOANE	BARBARA HOFLAND /SARAH SMITH	FEMALE FERAL VOICE
<p>(Angry swell) Dear Friend...I can no longer hear your voice.</p> <p>(Gradually becoming more resigned) Dear Friend...I can no longer hear your voice!</p> <p>(Exhausted) Dear Friend...I can no longer hear your voice!</p> <p>Brief silence</p> <p>(finally gentler) Dear Friend...I can no longer hear your voice!</p>	<p>(Softer, hesitant) Dear Friend...I can no longer hear your voice!</p> <p>Dear Friend...I can no longer hear your voice!</p> <p>(Swell) Dear Friend...I can no longer hear your voice!</p> <p>Dear Friend....I can no longer hear your voice!</p> <p>(Pleading, beckoning) Dear Friend...I can no longer hear your voice!</p> <p>Dear Friend...I can no longer hear your voice!</p> <p>Dear Friend...I can no longer hear your voice!</p> <p>Dear Friend...I can no longer hear your voice!</p> <p>Dear Friend...I can no longer hear your voice!</p> <p>Dear Friend...I can no longer hear your voice!</p> <p>Dear Friend...I can no longer hear your voice!</p> <p>(Gentle) Dear Friend....I can no longer hear your voice!</p>	<p>(deep murmuring, repeating over and over: "Eliza, my sorrow, and my loss")</p> <p>"Eliza, my sorrow, and my loss"</p> <p>"Eliza, my sorrow, and my loss"</p> <p>"Eliza, my sorrow, and my loss"</p> <p>"Eliza, my sorrow, and my loss"</p> <p>Brief silence</p> <p>"Eliza, my sorrow, and my loss"</p>

ACT 2 - THE DIRGE

<p>JOHN SOANE</p> <p>Tuesday, November 21st.</p> <p>Spasm!</p> <p>Her hands cold and moist.</p> <p>JOHN SOANE / SARAH STEWART</p> <p>Wednesday, November 22nd</p> <p>SARAH STEWART</p> <p>Spasm!</p> <p>JOHN SOANE / SARAH STEWART</p> <p>She breathed her last!</p> <p>JOHN SOANE</p> <p>I was in the room three minutes before...</p> <p>SARAH SMITH</p> <p>Father and son. Sad indeed...</p> <p>JOHN SOANE / SARAH STEWART / BARBARA HOF LAND</p> <p>Thursday November 23rd</p> <p>BARBARA HOF LAND</p> <p>I cannot now tell you details - but Mrs Soane is dead -- suddenly dead!</p>	<p>FEMALE FERAL VOICE</p> <p>REPEATED GUTTURAL SONG, NO DISTINCT WORDS...REPEATS, RISING AND FALLING THROUGHOUT, UNDERLYING ALL SONG BY OTHER CHARACTERS.</p>
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<p>SARAH SMITH</p> <p>(Singing in the background more quietly, she sings a repeated series of details of who came, dates & times)</p>	<p>BARBARA HOF LAND</p> <p>(singing at the same time/ alongside Sarah Smith)</p>
	<p>We can do nothing but talk of <u>his</u> loss.</p>

Saturday 25 th	We can do nothing but talk of <u>his</u> loss.
Mr Spiller to dinner. Mr J Soane.	We can do nothing but talk of <u>his</u> loss.
Mr Pennington called.	
Mr Keate, Mr Pennington, called.	We cannot sleep for thinking of him...
Sunday 26	We can do nothing but talk of <u>his</u> loss.
Mr J S, called.	
	We can do nothing but talk of <u>his</u> loss.
Mr Soane, sad the whole day.	She was kind.
Mr Turner, called.	... to her children...
Mr Spiller, to dinner.	Kind.
Mr Pennington, called.	
Monday 27 th	... content to live in his talents ...his comforts...
Mrs J S called.	
Ms Rudd... saw the last of her friend	Kind.
Miss Woodmeston called.	Kind.
Mr Foxall, called.	
Mr Spiller, to dinner.	Kind.
Mrs Britton called...Mrs Hofland, Mr Pennington called.	Kind.

ACT 3 - CRY

(A culmination... in contrast to that of the preceding verse, more explosive and highly ornamented).

BARBARA HOFLAND / SARAH SMITH

The last sad remains of the of the best
of friends brought into the library...

...the servants sat up all night in the room.

Mr Soane taken ill.

JOHN SOANE

December 1, Friday.

The burial of all that is dear to me in this world, all I wish to live for!

BARBARA HOFLAND / SARAH SMITH

The funeral procession: Mr and Mrs J Soane, Junior, Spiller, Shee, Taylor, Perry, Basevi, Parke, Foxhall, Tyrell, Thei, Pennington, Mr Bayley, Mr Parker, Mr Payne, Joseph and Mary

JOHN SOANE	BARBARA HOFLAND	SARAH SMITH	FERAL FEMALE VOICE (this voice counterpoints the others, dark guttural, mischievous, mocking)
<p>Silence prevails; it is an awful silence.</p> <p>Raining, very dark – Oh Eliza!</p> <p>Raining, very dark – Oh Eliza!</p> <p>The 10th month</p> <p>Raining, very dark – Oh Eliza!</p> <p>Silence prevails; it is an awful silence.</p> <p>1816</p> <p>Go to St Pancras!</p>	<p>Silence prevails; it is an awful silence.</p> <p>6 months to this day!</p> <p>Thursday 7th July</p> <p>Thursday 22nd Sept.</p> <p>Thursday 26th Sept</p> <p>Silence prevails; it is an awful silence.</p> <p>1816</p>	<p>Silence prevails; it is an awful silence.</p> <p>6 months to this day!</p> <p>Thursday 7th July</p> <p>Thursday 22nd Sept.</p> <p>Thursday 26th Sept</p> <p>Silence prevails; it is an awful silence.</p> <p>1816</p>	<p>Silence prevails; it is an awful silence.</p>

<p>I am bleeding apart. (ANGRY)</p>	<p>Adieu adieu</p>	<p>Adieu adieu adieu adieu adieu adieu adieu adieu adieu adieu adieu adieu adieu adieu adieu adieu</p>	
<p>saw the monument, my never to be forgotten friend.</p>	<p>Saturday 10th Feb</p>	<p>Saturday 10th Feb</p>	
	<p>Friday 26th April</p>	<p>Friday 26th April</p>	
<p>Silence prevails; it is an awful silence.</p>	<p>Silence prevails; it is an awful silence.</p>	<p>Silence prevails; it is an awful silence.</p>	<p>Silence prevails; it is an awful silence.</p>
<p>Raining, very dark – Oh Eliza!</p>	<p>9th May</p>	<p>9th May</p>	
<p>19 months.</p>	<p>Sunday 22nd June,</p>	<p>Sunday 22nd June</p>	
<p>22 months.</p>	<p>Monday 22nd Sept</p>	<p>Monday 22nd Sept</p>	
<p>Fourth miserable Xmas day.</p>	<p>Silence prevails; it is an awful silence.</p>	<p>Silence prevails; it is an awful silence.</p>	<p>Silence prevails; it is an awful silence</p>

FINALE- THE MURMURING CLOSES

(All voices together. More resigned, gentle)

As night falls: Dear Friend, I can no
longer hear your voice
Tell me what I must do to fulfil your
wishes
Dear Friend, I can no longer hear your
voice
Dear Friend... Dear Friend! Dear Friend!

END