

**(RE)CLAIMING THE CANON:
A NEW LENS FOR THE STAGING OF THOMAS MIDDLETON AND WILLIAM
ROWLEY'S THE CHANGELING**

by

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B.A., Dalhousie University, 2012

A THESIS SUBMITTED IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF
THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF

MASTER OF FINE ARTS

in

THE FACULTY OF GRADUATE AND POSTDOCTORAL STUDIES

(Theatre)

THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

(Vancouver)

April 2020

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(RE)CLAIMING THE CANNON: A NEW LENS FOR THE STAGING OF THOMAS MIDDLETON AND WILLIAM ROWLEY'S THE CHANGELING

submitted by Luciana Silvestre Fernandes in partial fulfillment of the requirements for

the degree of Master of Fine Arts

in Theatre

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Abstract

This thesis examines the production of Thomas Middleton and William Rowley's *The Changeling* I directed as part of UBC's 2019-2020 season as a case study for re-framing classical and canonized narratives from an inter-sectional feminist lens. This was an expressionistic production, focused on embodying trauma and presenting the story from Beatrice-Joanna's perspective. My project addresses the scarcity of production-based analysis in the academic dialogue, providing a practitioner's perspective. I discuss the importance of (re)claiming early modern scripts, the problematic misogynistic tropes of which are evidenced by the treatment of Beatrice-Joanna's sexual assault in current scholarship and productions. In this thesis, I deconstruct the process of creation—from concept development, through text analysis, design development, and rehearsal practices; and finally, I reflect on the final product and its audiences.

Lay Summary

This thesis explains the directorial process I followed in staging Thomas Middleton and William Rowley's *The Changeling* as part of UBC's 2019-2020 season. This production focused on the perspective of the central character in the play, Beatrice-Joanna, and on staging her trauma. This thesis outlines the importance presenting classical plays through contemporary perspectives and disrupting sexist traditions that become associated with those plays. I expose the process of creation from a director's perspective: from concept development, through text analysis, design development, rehearsal practices and finally, I reflect on the final product and its audience.

Preface

The conceptualization and delineation of this thesis was conducted by me under the supervision and guidance of Lois Anderson. I directed the 2019 production of *The Changeling* with the support of Lois, as well as the theatre production staff and students. I was assisted in the research for this thesis by input from and concurrent interviews with my cast and crew.

Table of Contents

Abstract	iii
Lay Summary	iv
Preface	v
Table of Contents	vi
List of Figures	vii
Acknowledgements	xi
Dedication	xi
Chapter 1: Driving Forces	1
1.1 Disrupting the Canon	2
1.2 Making <i>my</i> Point	4
1.3 Theatricality and a Director's Growth.....	6
1.4 On Defiance and Spite	8
Chapter 2: Text Preparation	11
2.1 Text Analysis	11
2.1.1 Archival Text Work	12
2.2 Contextual Research	38
2.2.1 The Grotesque	38
2.2.2 PTSD and Sexual Assault	41
2.2.3 Trauma and Healing.....	44
Chapter 3: To the Barber: Cutting and Adapting the Text	48

3.1	"If you are not doing the playwright's play, just write your own" and other such excuses artists give themselves	48
3.2	Trim to Tighten	50
Chapter 4: An Expressionistic Nightmare.....		57
4.1	Structured Chaos	57
4.2	Movement and Joannas	58
4.3	Designing a Nightmare	65
4.3.1	Set.....	66
4.3.2	Costumes	71
4.3.3	Lights and Sound	77
4.4	Rape into Wedding.....	79
Chapter 5: Staging Violence and Staging Consent		85
Chapter 6: Conclusion		89
Bibliography		90
Appendix.....		92

List of Figures

Figure 1 Cast and Crew (Set by Luis Belassai; Costumes by Charlotte Chang; Lights by Zach Levis; Photo by Javier R. Sortres)	1
Figure 2: Chantal Gering, Aoiffe Davies and Genevieve Guimond as Joannas (Set by Luis Belassai; Costumes by Charlotte Chang; Lights by Zach Levis; Photo by Javier R. Sortres)	5
Figure 3: Bonnie Duff as Beatrice-Joanna above and Kyle Preston Oliver as De Floresbelow (Set by Luis Belassai; Costumes by Charlotte Chang; Lights by Zach Levis; Photo by Javier R. Sortres).....	7
Figure 4: Flow Chart for Main Plot Action Analysis.....	14
Figure 5: Flow Chart for Sub Plot Action Analysis.....	15
Figure 6: Flow Chart Mapping Stages of Beatrice-Joanna’s Trauma.....	15
Figure 7 Bonnie Duff as Beatrice-Joanna (Promotional Photo by Javier R. Sortres)	37
Figure 8 A moment of the Madmen Morris. Aoife McAndless-Davis, Chantal Gering, Genevieve Guimond, Nicco Graham and Connor Riopel as madpeople, Monica Bowman as Isabella (Set by Luis Belassai; Costumes by Charlotte Chang; Lights by Zach Levis; Photo by Javier R. Sortres)...	39
Figure 9 Bonnie Duff as Beatrice-Joanna at the end of the play. (Set by Luis Belassai; Costumes by Charlotte Chang; Lights by Zach Levis; Photo by Javier R. Sortres).....	47
Figure 10 Monica Bowman as a Joanna performing a movement sequence in a Joanna booth (Set by Luis Belassai; Costumes by Charlotte Chang; Lights by Zach Levis; Photo by Javier R. Sortres)...	60
Figure 11 Chantal Gering, Aoife McAndless-Davis, and Genevieve Guimond as Joannas, half-lit in the platform during the last scene. Hayden Davis as Alsemero and Bonnie Duff as Beatrice center stage. (Set by Luis Belassai; Costumes by Charlotte Chang; Lights by Zach Levis; Photo by Javier R. Sortres)	62

Figure 12 Chantal Gering, Aoife McAndless-Davis and Genevieve Guimond as Joannas and Monica Bowman as Isabella surround Bonnie Duff as Beatrice-Joanna in the epilogue. (Set by Luis Belassai; Costumes by Charlotte Chang; Lights by Zach Levis; Photo by Javier R. Sortres).65

Figure 13 Visual Research of inspiration for set design shared with Belassai. The fabric and rope ones were shared on the second round of visual research. In a moment of serendipity, Belassai and I realized we had both been drawn and inspired by images of the same dance show we had not yet shared with each other at that point.....67

Figure 14 Me, Director Luciana Silvestre Fernandes, in the Chan Centre studying the space during a design meeting and a picture of the space, including the "donut" (octagonal structure at the catwalk level) that Luis and I were drawn to.68

Figure 15 A progression of Luis Belassai set drafts on sketch up.....69

Figure 16 Bonnie Duff as Beatrice Joanna and the cast during curtain call, with all the lines leading to her after her death. (Set by Luis Belassai; Costumes by Charlotte Chang; Lights by Zach Levis; Photo by Javier R. Sortres).....70

Figure 17 Visual Research of inspiration for costume design shared with Chang at the start of the process.....71

Figure 18 Costume Sketches by Charlotte Chang for Main Plot and Subplot (including Livia, who appears in the subplot but belongs to the world of the main plot).....72

Figure 19 Chantal Gering as Diaphanta (Set by Luis Belassai; Costumes by Charlotte Chang; Lights by Zach Levis; Photo by Javier R. Sortres).....74

Figure 20 Chantal Gering as Diaphanta (Set by Luis Belassai; Costumes by Charlotte Chang; Lights by Zach Levis; Photo by Javier R. Sortres).....74

Figure 19 Bonnie Duff as Beatrice-Joanna in her first dress.....75

Figure 22 Bonnie Duff as Beatrice Joanna in her Wedding dress, surrounded by the Joannas, Genevieve Guimond, Chantal Gering, Aoifee McAndless-Davies, and Monica Bowman (Set by Luis Belassai; Costumes by Charlotte Chang; Lights by Zach Levis; Photo by Javier R. Sortres).....76

Figure 20 Bonnie Duff as Beatrice-Joanna in her final dress (Set by Luis Belassai; Costumes by Charlotte Chang; Lights by Zach Levis; Photo by Javier R. Sortres).....77

Figure 21 The ropes and fluorescent scenic painting under black light. Photo by Zach Levis.....79

Figure 22 Bonnie Duff as Beatrice-Joanna and Kyle Oliver Preston as De Flores when he pulls her to him before undoing her corset (Set by Luis Belassai; Costumes by Charlotte Chang; Lights by Zach Levis; Photo by Javier R. Sortres).....80

Figure 23 Monica Bowman, Aoife McAndless-Davis, Chantal Gering and Genevieve Guimond as the Joannas, dress Bonnie Duff as Beatrice-Joanna and admire her in her wedding dress (Set by Luis Belassai; Costumes by Charlotte Chang; Lights by Zach Levis; Photo by Javier R. Sortres).....82

Figure 27 Bonnie Duff as Beatrice-Joanna having a moment with her feelings on top of 4.1 (Set by Luis Belassai; Costumes by Charlotte Chang; Lights by Zach Levis; Photo by Javier R. Sortres)...84

Figure 28 Monica Bowman as Isabela and Ishan Sanduh as Antonios (Set by Luis Belassai; Costumes by Charlotte Chang; Lights by Zach Levis; Photo by Javier R. Sortres).....87

Acknowledgements

Staging a play takes a village. I could not possibly have had a better community to support me. My undying gratitude goes first and foremost to my number one ally, Lois Anderson, who supported and challenged me every step of the way.

I owe it all to my creative team and the production staff at UBC. Thank you for your endless support, hard work, and eagerness in making this project come to life.

An enormous thank you for Andy Ireland and Niko Bell, who kept me grounded, sane, entertained and fed. Theatre is a cruel mistress— thank you for being there when I was at best absent, at worst not myself, and entirely consumed by work.

Dedication

To all the invisible women that nobody seeth or heareth.

Chapter 1: Driving Forces

To stage a play is to make a statement. The choice of play text reflects an artist's personal interest, style and mode of interaction with their socio-political contexts. In this chapter, I address my driving forces: I am fueled both by the existing academic and performance traditions and current dialogue as well as a deeply personal desire to fight my own demons and claim a space and a voice.

Defiance of where I've been taught to be.



Figure 1 Cast and Crew (Set by Luis Belassai; Costumes by Charlotte Chang; Lights by Zach Levis; Photo by Javier R. Sortres).

1.1 Disrupting the Canon

In my MFA in Theatre Directing at UBC, my research focused on reclaiming history and period narratives. The professional Canadian main stages are not representative of all Canadian voices; according to the most recent Arts Council report, only 33% of directors and 28% of artistic directors are women, and a large gender wage gap is still prevalent (37). The Diversity in Canada Labour Report highlights that minority artists earn 11% less than their white counterparts; and that while over 22% of Canadians are visible minorities, the place in the theatre in which they are best represented, as actors, is still merely 12% (1-7). In order to change these alarming statistics to reflect our current demographics, it is pivotal to have diverse artists take centre stage, and participate in the most celebrated forms and texts, while engaging with contemporary concerns.

Canonical texts are part of our collective consciousness: their endurance over time is often related to the text's ability to speak to a transcendent universal truth. Yet, dominant cultures determine what is considered universal, eclipsing alternate and nuanced understandings from the margins. My approach to canonical materials is to encounter these nuanced perspectives. The sense of familiarity these plays have from their previous incarnations can be disrupted in performance, with the potential to dislodge dogmatic understandings of the themes in the play, and to initiate pluralistic conversations. The conversations I aim to incite revolve around inclusion, the #metoo movement, and how to break cycles of abuse. I am delving into the realm of trauma and healing, following Judith Herman's approach of taking the individual experience and placing it into a broader political frame to understand trauma within the socio-cultural conditions that frame the individual experience.

Thomas Middleton and William Rowley's *The Changeling* is one of the most performed non-Shakespearean Jacobean plays, and a play with many themes that resonate in the #metoo era: power dynamics, coercion, and the suppression of women. My aim is to unsettle the traditions associated with this play, the production history of which has been marked by limited patriarchal interpretations. Directors have demonstrated a longstanding tendency to downplay the rape of the play's central female character, Beatrice-Joanna.

The Changeling's popularity has grown in recent years, with a Stratford production directed by Jackie Maxwell in 2017. But even Maxwell's production added a scene of intercourse with an enthusiastic Beatrice-Joanna on top of DeFlores, deflating the reality and gravity of her assault. The recent scholarship on the play-text contains no less problematic aims to blur the lines of consent. Kim Solga argues that Beatrice-Joanna's "status as a victim of sexual violence (indeed, of any violence at all) is wholly uncertain" (146). Frances E. Dolan argues that coercion is distinct from rape, and she minimizes the assault, arguing that Beatrice-Joanna also uses coercion, only differently. To dismiss a woman's assault and status as a survivor because she does not fall into the role of a "perfect victim," and to exclude coercion from rape, are both exemplary of the cultural attitudes the #metoo movement aims to combat. These interpretations blame the victim and frame sexual assault as an ultimately liberating experience—a problematic trope in many stagings of period pieces, and one I refuse to stand by.

I reject oppressive patriarchal ideas and ideals, rules and best practices.

It is important to note that Solga and Dolan's articles were written before the #metoo movement. Charlene Smith, artistic director of Brave Spirits Theatre in Virginia, also staged *The Changeling* post-#metoo in 2018 and wrote an article about her approach, claiming directors should "give the power of storytelling to the people most affected by the story." Smith and I are

creating in response to the #metoo movement, re-contextualizing plays to fit this new reality and consciousness.

1.2 Making *my* Point

Misogynistic production choices are often based on misguided assertions about “the playwright's intention,” a mode of thought that still reigns in less forward-thinking playhouses. To presume that there is a correct interpretation locked up in the murky territory of the playwright’s mind is limiting. This approach leads to what renowned director Peter Brook describes as the Deadly Theatre, or the theatre that lacks human honesty in performance. As Brook articulates it: “Deadly Theatre approaches the classics from the viewpoint that somewhere, someone has found out and defined how the play should be done” (15). In fact, theatre is a live art where meaning is created by many artists, through multiple integrated media. My approach breaks the hierarchy of Deadly Theatre, embracing the creative team's voice on equal level with the text. After all, to do theatre is to engage in an act of interpretation, and I have no intention of hiding behind an imagined playwright’s mind.

Art is, at its best, transformative. I embrace the philosophy that artists are artisans of reality, shaping how audiences perceive the world can shape how they interact with it. It is through our choices of representation that we challenge our unconscious or semi-conscious dogmas. Artists start conversations through our choices of representation: what we normalize and challenge, whose voices we amplify, and what questions we deem worthy of asking. In my thesis, I embrace that my artistic vision is shaped by the fact that I am a woman, a visible minority, an immigrant, and someone who has had similar experiences to Beatrice-Joanna. The

first three times I read this play it gave me nightmares. Haunting and uncannily familiar, Beatrice-Joanna's journey sat with me for a decade before materializing.

This play is deeply dissatisfying, and that draws me to it because such plays are the ones you carry with you long after the curtain call; the ones you find yourself wrestling with, questioning that which is left unfixed in the play and in you. I am drawn to work that has no flawless heroes, only deliciously flawed humans, fighting and struggling in their own right; work that boldly brings out worlds with walls that close in on you if you don't tread carefully and perform according to their rules. Above all, I am drawn to work that embodies the most visceral and difficult experiences of humanity, such as the struggle for agency and the reality of trauma—that is Beatrice-Joanna's plight.

Beyond Beatrice's nightmare or mine, this is a collective trauma. Far too many of us carry invisible scars. My goal is to do justice to her and to the many invisible womxn who have had their sexual assaults discredited.

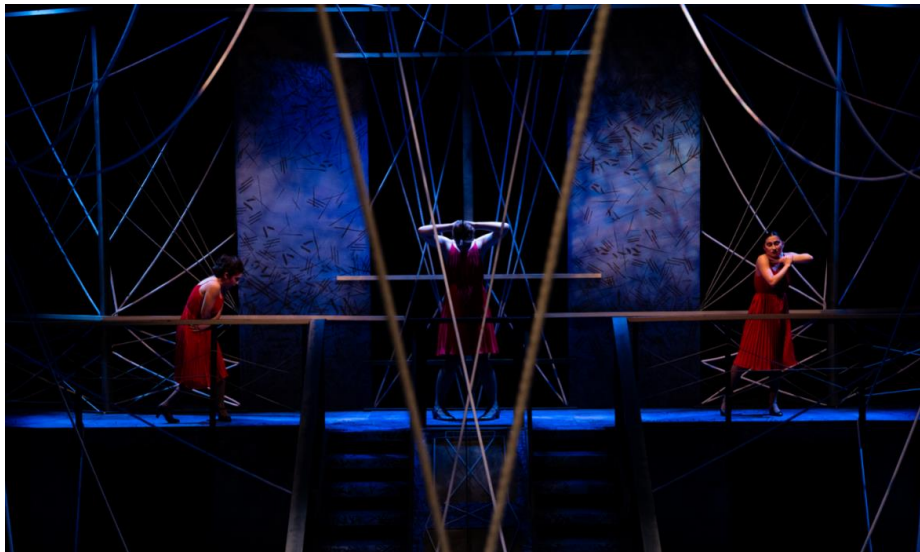


Figure 2: Chantal Gering, Aoife McAndless-Davies and Genevieve Guimond as Joannas (Set by Luis Belassai; Costumes by Charlotte Chang; Lights by Zach Levis; Photo by Javier R. Sortres).

1.3 Theatricality and a Director's Growth

My quest from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast was motivated by the desire to grow as a director, to experiment, to be influenced by different artists and ultimately to find my artistic voice. In my time in British Columbia, I re-discovered my passion for physical theatre and movement as a primary means of storytelling; I had the safe space to explore my passion for the classics while committing to my own individual encounters with them; and I was able to expand on my usage of the visual and sensorial elements of theatre. *The Changeling* represents the synthesis of my growth.

In a moment of struggle, I recall feeling that I had lost my vision and confidence. I thought: “What *is* a director without confidence and vision?!” From that moment on, I embarked on a journey of healing. Confidence and vision for me are connected to the imperative of a director as an artistic leader: to ground a production with a clear vision, to inspire one’s team, and to create an environment conducive to creative exploration, all while acting as the point that ties the team’s artistic views together. I believe the best art walks the line between the intimately personal and the “universal,” or the very relatable, and that a play is only ever relatable if it is personal and specific—that is, real. Audiences can sense truth.

The great challenge then is to keep the process personal and real as the endless analysis, research, and multiplicity of voices join in. I turned to Peter Brook’s process as described in *The Shifting Point*: “When I begin work on a play, I start with a deep, formless hunch which is like a smell, a colour, a shadow. That is the basis of my job, my role—that’s my preparation for rehearsals for any play I do. There’s a formless hunch that is my relationship with the play. It’s my conviction that it must be done today” (3). Committing to my hunch, my nightmare, and how

real this story is for so many women became my grounding point.

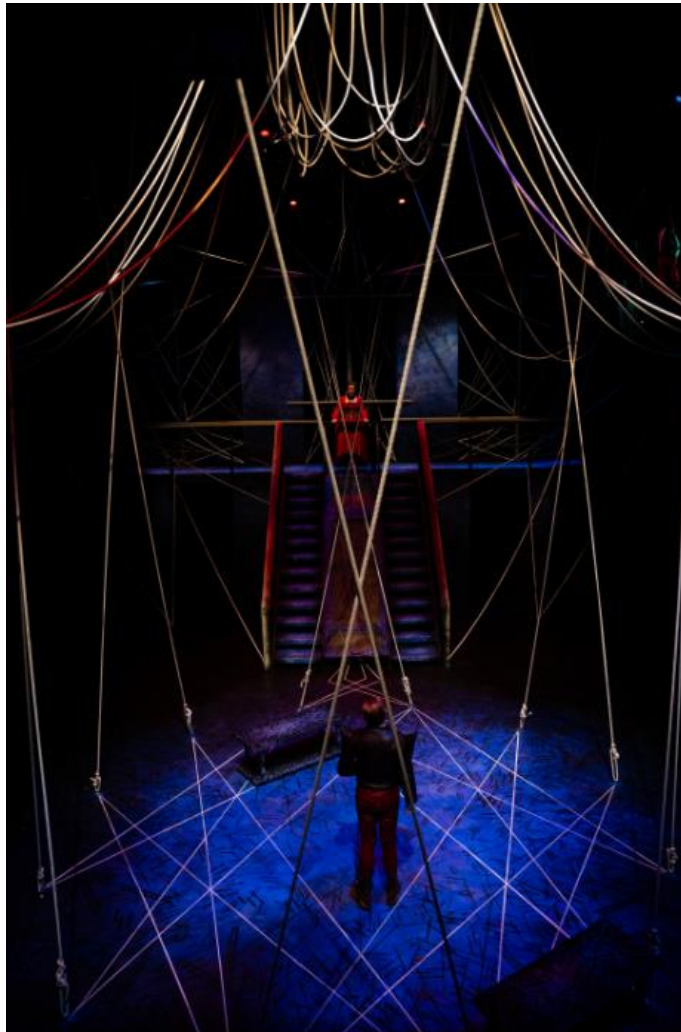


Figure 3 Bonnie Duff as Beatrice-Joanna above and Kyle Preston Oliver as De Flores below (Set by Luis Belassai; Costumes by Charlotte Chang; Lights by Zach Levis; Photo by Javier R. Sortres)

Classical and canonized work can be particularly threatening and deadly to a director. These plays have centuries of traditions, debates, and generally agreed on interpretations and accepted stagings. The weight of a text that has become untouchable can turn an artist away from their personal experience of the text, turning them into a text analyst instead. Text should be inspiring, not limiting. My goal was to focus on what the text inspires rather than to be trapped

by it, to be free from any previous assumptions of what is and is not important and commit to my own lens in adapting, cutting and staging.

*For every “whence” and “wherefore” you
deny me, I claim “tis” and “twere” tenfold.*

The Changeling was also an exercise in style for me. My goal was to embrace theatricality, the multimedia nature of performance, and the sanctity of the theatrical space as a place of gathering. I reject kitchen-sink realism in my practice. Theatre must embrace its theatricality to unleash its power. I wanted to collaborate with my designers to create a unique world for Beatrice-Joanna that is true to the aspects of her reality that are pivotal to the story I am telling: the nightmare, the realm of trauma and entrapment. My goal was to push my design team to find the expressionist artist in themselves and bring us their nightmares too.

Moving forward from my visual and spatial explorations in this production, I want to further explore rhythm and sound and their role in crafting an experience for the audience. After this production, I am particularly interested in the power of design and creating work that is centered on design, either with design as a start point, or the main element in storytelling.

1.4 On Defiance and Spite

The ultimate driving force in all my work is defiance and spite. An artist cannot create from a place of indifference. The strongest passions for me lie in opposition: to create in spite of, or *to* spite, becomes natural for one who does not fit the outdated expectations of what a “director” ought to be or do. That a young immigrant woman whose first language is not English obsesses over Elizabethan and Jacobean scripts provokes surprise, but also contempt. The

expectations of what those plays ought to look like and who gets to tell their supposedly “universal” stories is at the core of what I defy. I defy staging and writing traditions.

*Defiance of where I've been taught to be
Spite for the rules and hierarchies;
Defiance of your gatekeeping and
Spite for poorly masked glass ceilings--
I adore those scripts, but lacking white hairs
and a deep entitled voice, I'm told no.
Do as you wish, as you dare, as you like:
Please deny me. Say I don't belong.
For every “whence” and “wherefore” you
deny me, I claim "'tis" and "'twere" tenfold.*

*By all sweets that darkness ever tasted
I tell you—art can be nothing but free.
The privilege to be a storyteller
is no longer yours alone. Scary, huh?
Let me be damned and burn in the pits of hell
if I don't play Faustus and make ghosts flesh
giving every invisible being you
so carefully erased and muted
a body and a voice center stage.*

I reject oppressive patriarchal ideas and ideals, rules and best practices.

'Twas her fortune; a wench laid her eyes upon an olde tale. A tale of a lady, so alike the wench, in every hope, imperfection and, alas—also in their fates. So alike that the devils of the wench's past were summoned. Ghosts of her memory came to life: these hands not more alike than her ghosts to the lady's. Much desirous for change in her fate, the wench dared speak.

— “Oh, a parlous fool! To profess her truth! Know her not to hold her honour close? Know her not her place?” “Subtle Slut!” “A pretty easy round-packed sinner as most your ladies are.” “Lock her up!” “Cunning Devil.” “Silly little slut.”

Ay, a loud wench is a most fearsome deformity.

And that is power.

And she conjured her powers and affirmed she knew the lady best of all. “Fuck you—that coercion isn't rape and that an imperfect victim isn't a victim.” Many a delicate wench marked her. Their pretty heads suddenly tilted. Incendiary. Many a wench stood, holding their ground and each other's hands.

Chapter 2: Text Preparation

The director's job begins well before rehearsals commence. At the start the rehearsal process, the director must be the absolute specialist in the subject. That is not to say that the director has to have all the answers, but rather become intimately familiar with the play so as to have come to know how little you knew. This is the stage where the director has found all the pertinent questions that can be found alone; has interrogated and built worlds. Day one of rehearsals must be the time to play: the director has laid the foundation and built the playground, so the time has come to go roll in the sand instead of worry about intellectual and analytical concerns.

In this chapter, I include my preparatory text work, completed in advance of rehearsals as well as my adaptation process and a discussion of both.

2.1 Text Analysis

Each production has unique challenges of its own and requires a unique approach to text work: my preparation for Moira Buffini's *Silence*, a linear contemporary realist play, was very different than my preparation to adapt Sophocles' *Antigone* into a seven-Antigone expressionist dance-theatre piece. For this project, as it is common in my practice, I borrow from various practitioners, such as Katie Mitchell, David Ball and Peter Brook, and add elements of my own practice developed over time.

The aim of text analysis and research for a director is to make the text rehearsal ready. I include below only the tasks that were necessary to obtain that clarity, and it is important to understand that this fragment does not attempt to include all knowledge that years of scholarship and practice performing these texts brings: theatre is a craft, and this form of text analysis is

more technical than it is intellectual. It represents the stage of interpretation I was in before bringing in designers and performers.

2.1.1 Archival Text Work

The bulleted points in this and the following sub-sections are the archival text work as completed in the summer and early fall. The paragraphs after the bullets serve to contextualize the work done.

- Turning a hunch into a concept
 - This play gave me nightmares the first 3 times I read it. Whenever stuck in the theoretical and getting lost in the questions, get back to those nightmares.

This is an application of Peter Brook's approach, as discussed in Chapter 1.3.

- Articulate purpose and need (why it needs to be done so desperately)
 - This play tells the story of a woman who attempts to play the bloody games of the dog-eat-dog world she inhabits to her advantage and find agency in the violent ways her world has taught her; she is caught in her own snare though. The odds are stacked too high against her. This production will tell the story from Beatrice-Joanna's perspective and portray the reality of the trauma that follows her sexual assault. My aim to unsettle traditions associated with this play and resonate with the #metoo era: tackling hot topics such as the suppression of women, power dynamics, and coercion.

- Canonical texts are part of our collective consciousness. The sense of familiarity these plays have from their previous incarnations can be disrupted in performance. Beatrice-Joanna has been done a grave injustice by scholars and practitioners alike. This play's production history has been marked by limited patriarchal interpretations.
- My goal is to do justice to her and to the many invisible women who have had their sexual assaults discredited.

The question of “why this play” and “why now” is not only a question a director must be ready to answer for grant and festival applications. As an artist I am interested in purpose—and purpose cannot be lost to process. Articulating clearly why a work needs to be done grounds a director in their vision. My motivations here were further articulated in Chapter 1.

- Action- Mapping
 - Flow-chart analysis for plot and subplot; subplot as related/supporting main plot

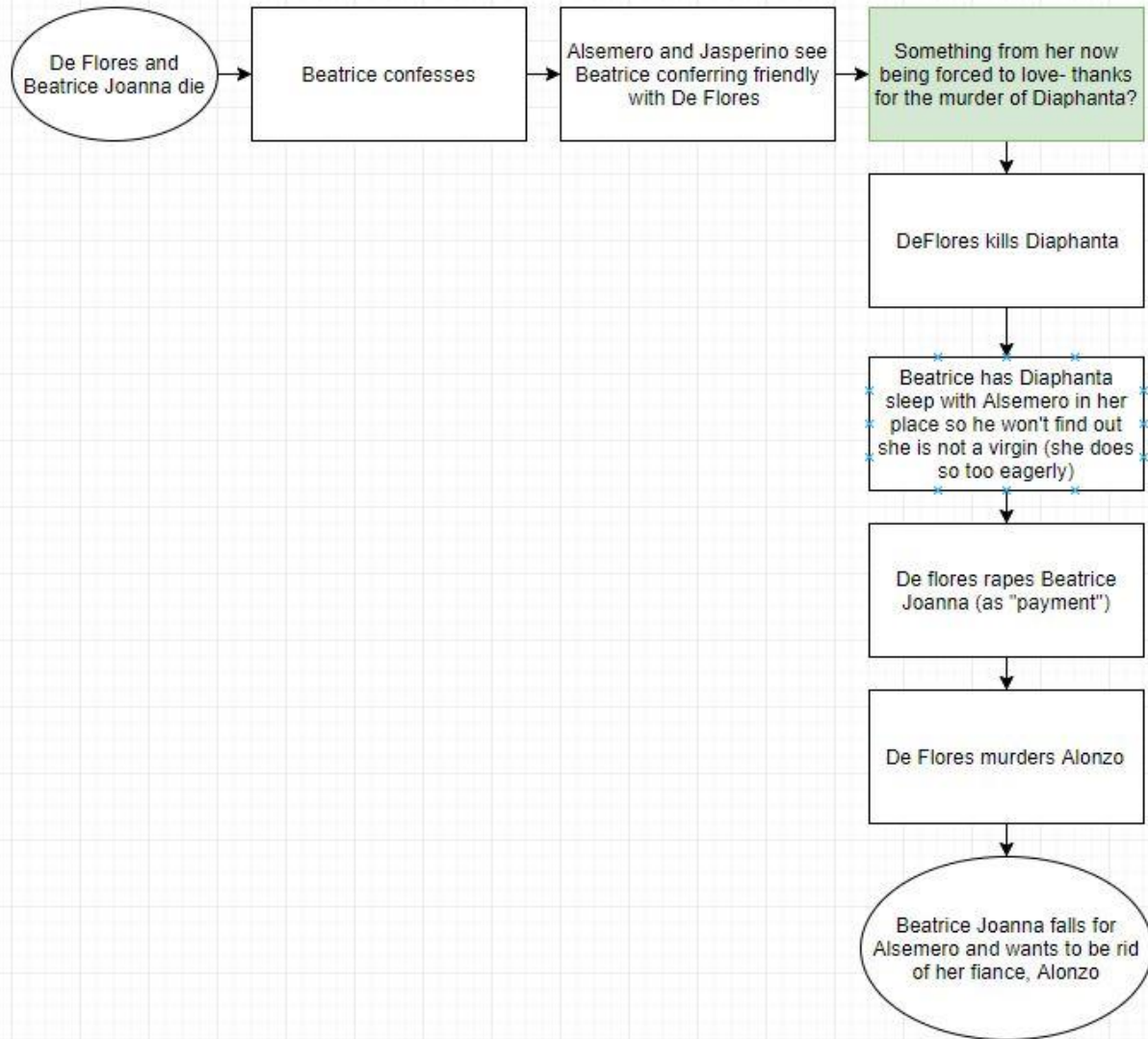


Figure 4: Flow Chart for Main Plot Action Analysis

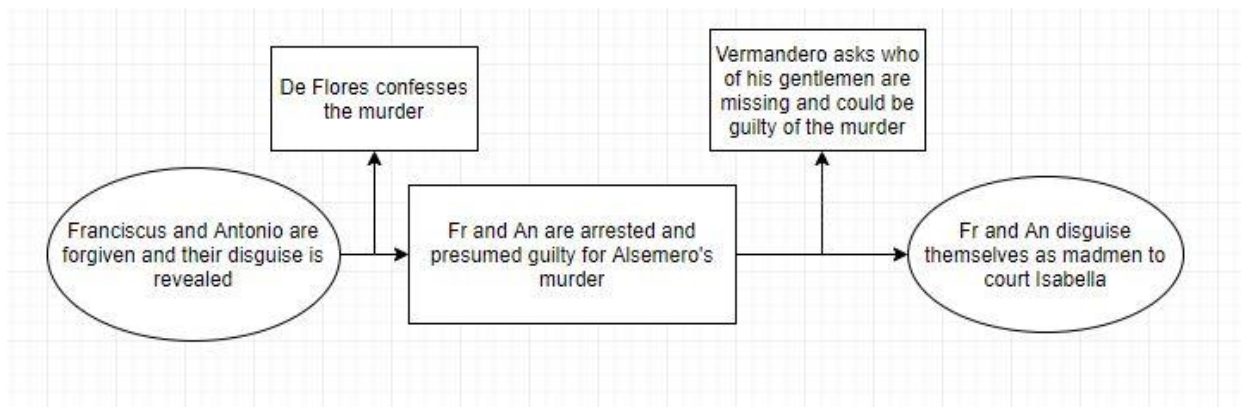


Figure 5: Flow Chart for Sub Plot Action Analysis

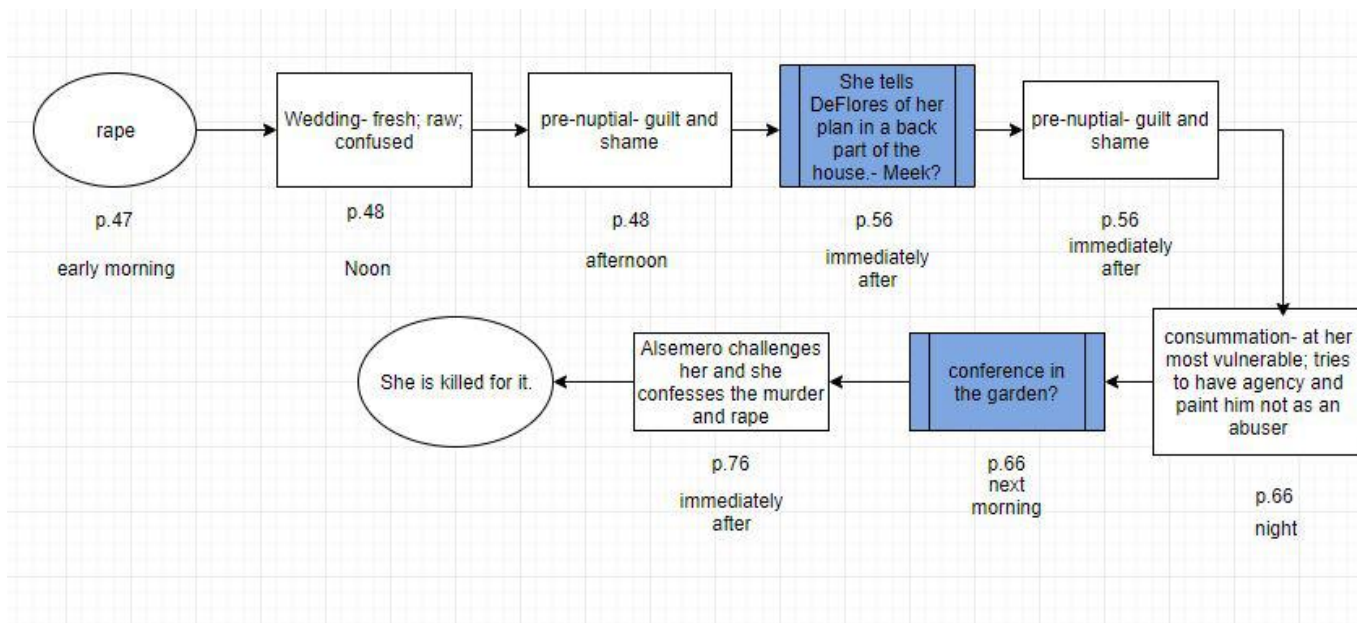


Figure 6: Flow Chart Mapping Stages of Beatrice-Joanna's Trauma

Figures 4 and 5 are how I apply David Ball's mapping of actions, working backwards to trace the action of the play following his definition of action as what "occurs when something happens that makes or permits something else to happen" (9). This approach helps a director find clarity—a play is action and achieving clarity of action is laying the foundation needed before any conceptual work can take place.

Obtaining this clarity, I could then work on cuts that don't affect the clarity of action and the material reality of the play and discover patterns in rhythm—for example, in the first few scenes there are very few actions, while, after the rape, every page is action packed. This informs me of how to guide the audience's breath through the pace of the play. It also reveals potential traps and challenges: the blue boxes, for example, where pivotal action happens off-stage and the details of what actually happen are unclear. This in turn informs me of where clarity will be most important, where decisions will need to be made very clearly, and, conceptually, what is part of the "he said she said" problem and what is clearly shown to the audience.

The subplot chart was particularly helpful, as the subplot of this play is a great challenge: most of it is entirely disconnected from the main plot, until the gentleman in disguise, Franciscus and Antonios are revealed to be counterfeits and suspected of Alonzo's murder. The chart assisted me in the cutting process, keeping me focused on what was important to move the action forward and made me consider the important question of what role, if not to move the main plots action, does it serve. Through a series of close readings and analysis, the parallels between Beatrice-Joanna and Isabella became clearer, the role of the madhouse in expanding the world from Beatrice's household to the community at large and demonstrating quite clearly the shared ideology of those who have power and the real threat of what happens to people who do not behave according to this society's strict code.

In addition to the action of the play, I followed the same strategy in mapping Beatrice-Joanna's trauma, as illustrated in Figure 6. Applying this process to her trauma is the key to telling the story from her perspective and to honoring her journey. This process grounds in action the aspects of the production where the expressionist elements will take place and clarifies important questions of the passage time which are then pivotal in helping guide my actress. The immediacy I discovered through the combination of these simple flow-charts (how immediately after the rape she gets married and how little time to process and plan she has) illuminated and shaped her character's decision-making process in the second half of the play. It also grounded me in what became the most important scene of the play in my production: the transition from rape to wedding, when the nightmare merges with and consumes the action.

- Scene by Scene- Tracking action; trauma; moment before and after; significance
 - 1.1 Church Sunday Morning
 - Beatrice-Joanna and Alsemero see each other and fall in love at first/second sight
 - Pre-Trauma, B-J is at her most confident.
 - Moment before- imagined: B-J woke up, Diaphanta got her ready, they went to leave, and De Flores was waiting to accompany them to church. She sat far from him and followed mass. He watched her the whole time.
 - Moment before- imagined: Alsemero woke up after dreaming of a shipwreck and went to church to ask God to bless his voyage.
 - Significance: Love that one would kill for, undeniable chemistry needed, greater than Romeo and Juliet sparkles.

- 1.1 A street near the harbour/ church; Sunday Morning
 - Beatrice-Joanna and Alsemero confess their love and Joanna has him invited to her father's castle.
 - Pre-Trauma, B-J is most active/has most agency, playing games in order to control her future.
 - Moment before, almost immediately before: they lock eyes at church.
Moment before- imagined: Jasperino wonders thinking of her, she starts home but comes back this way to run into him.
 - Significance: Assault Plot- Other- A lot of firsts

- 1.2 Alibius House; Sunday around midday
 - Counterfeit madman joins the madhouse
 - Moment Before: probably after having a meal (before feeding the interns); Livia and Antonio have probably rehearsed it; was there some jealousy trigger for Alibius?
 - Significance: Assault Plot- ?

- 2.1 Castle Sunday around midday
 - B-J postpones wedding
 - Pre-Trauma, but fear is present as are his obsession and his stalking
 - Moment Before: Alonzo and Tomazo get off their ship; B-J gets home and sends for Jasperino to bear her message; De Flores discusses businesses he is to carry with her father, until her fiancé arrives and he is sent ahead.

- Significance: Assault Plot- husband-to-be is introduced, how B-J's father talks of her, her using womanly ways to get what she needs; interaction with De Flores confessing to stalking her.
- 2.2 Castle Shortly after
 - B-J decides to and proceeds to seduce Deflores into killing her fiance.
 - Pre-Trauma: most agency, believes she has won
 - Moment before: B-J waits anxiously, making herself look her best; Alsemero was probably getting ready to leave and sail away, De Flores has been stalking her and is spying on her.
 - Significance: Assault Plot- the moment he finds his way to corner her, as she thinks she has found a way to be rid of him (both triumphant); when she is unknowingly trapped
- 3.1 A Narrow Passage the next morning (upon his rising)
 - De Flores kills Alonzo
 - Moment Before: De Flores probably has not slept in anticipation. Alonzo ?
 - Significance: point of no return
- 3.2 A Vault- madhouse at the same time as the last two scenes? Same day?
 - Tony reveals himself to Isabella and Lollio tries to take advantage of that; madmen are commissioned for B-J's wedding

- Moment Before: Alibius was out for business and received letter from messenger; Isabella got ready to go to the market; Lollio ? some work-related task?
 - Significance: Assault plot- when both worlds are brought together with the wedding. Other- exact parallel to B-J being creeped on by her owner's keeper and assaulted by him, trying to claim agency through threats of getting other men to kill for her out of love
- 3.3 A chamber in the Castle, after breakfast
 - De Flores approaches Joanna post-murder reveals what he wants for payment, traps her, rapes her.
 - Moment Before: De Flores buried the body; Joanna her father and Alsemero all had breakfast together and were just leaving
 - The act- confusion and guilt: did she yield? Did she deserve it? Did she have an option? Should she have yelled and been guilty of murder rather than let him have her? Is this payment for her crime?
- 3.4 Wedding- that day into next day *potentially a moment of suspension of time: time becomes less about passing hour and more about her experience and how her trauma distorts it.
 - Moment Before: Her father chooses Alsemero in place of Alonzo to marry B-J since he has disappeared, she does so.

- Trauma: her behaviours are impulsive, she is, unknowingly, responding to her assault. Dissociations begin. Touch is uncomfortable, reality is confusing. Everything brings potential harm.
 - Significance: -Trauma: auto-pilot into wedding, raw and everything she has done this for... and now she faces the bleak reality of it -Other: design and all should start really following her impression of the world, not the world as is.
- 4.1 Alsemero's Chamber, after wedding ceremony, before party and consummation. 7h to bedtime.
 - B-J discovers virginity test, and fearing to be discovered, tests her maids virginity and negotiates a bed trick with her
 - Trauma: raw, and irrational, struggling to stay in control, pretending rationality but unable to be her usual pragmatic self, anxious and restless. She is a different person.
 - Moment Before: The family arrives from the church for the festivities, B-J escapes the oppressive performance of her fairy-tale ending, in agony, thinking of the night to come. Diaphanta was working/flirting and was sent by her father to look for B-J to come greet a late-arriving guest.
 - Significance: She can be exposed and lose it all. She realizes that the snowball effect is possible and probable.
- 4.2 A chamber in the castle, same day

- Vermandero suspects the missing gentleman (counterfeit madmen), Alonzo's brother comes to claim vengeance; BJ's virginity is suspected by Alsemero (his friend and her maid's gossip). She is tested, she feigns it satisfactorily.
 - Moment Before: Beatrice-Joanna had told De Flores of her bed trick plan and came back looking for Alsemero; Alsemero was hosting ? ; Jasperino was flirting/hooking up with Diaphanta, was he maybe planning to ask for her hand after the wedding (now that she would have a dowry)?; De Flores is looking for Beatrice Joanna, also concerned they will find out she is not a virgin and what they will do about it, she has tells him she has already figured it out and how. This is the interaction/conversation that is overheard. Tomazo has just docked and left the port in a hurry— he was supposed to be coming to his brother's wedding and just found out on the port another man is marrying where his brother should be.
 - Trauma: Beatrice Joanna is shaken from interacting with De Flores but is forcing herself to present/ to be “in control” and keep going “business as usual,” though for anyone paying close attention, there is little that seems normal here. Everything is heightened.
 - Significance: She wins for once!
- 4.3 A room in Alibius's house, the day before the wedding ** SHOULD I MOVE THIS? ** Or is the party on a different day than the ceremony? Does it matter if I don't mention tomorrow? **

- Isabella disguises herself as a madwoman to test Tony's love, both Tony and Franciscus are called out for their pretense and pitched against each other.
 - Moment Before: Lollo brings her letter after reading and laughing at it. What does she do to pass time?—bring it onto the stage whatever her action is until Lollo interrupts.
 - Significance: Disguises are exposed; superficial intentions too. Isabella is the one who tests the trueness of her would-be lover and he fails; essence vs appearances/ the good name vs the intention parallel.
- 5.1 A gallery in the castle 1am; consummation
 - De Flores persuades a shaken B-J that he is her protector and kills Diaphanta.
 - Trauma: When B-J is the most shaken. Can't keep her thoughts straight, easily take, on survival mode. De Flores sees this and prays on that (it is the sun rising when it is 2am) and convinces her she depends on him. The moment she starts trying to convince herself, and the audience, that she should love him.
 - Moment Before: B-J made Diaphanta ready in her clothes and left in a robe to wait in a room she won't be found, where she said she would meet Diaphanta after the act, switch clothes and exchange places again. Vermandero was probably in bed. De Flores?

- Significance: major shift in the story/her path that needs to be very clear.
A lot of small-ish suggestions that may need to be underlined: I am; “I must trust somebody” beat; clarity of what his plan is; organized believable chaos for when his plan is in action.
- 5.2 A Chamber next day?
 - Tomazo, very suspicious of everyone, is told that the two in the madhouse have escaped the day of the murder and are likely guilty.
 - Moment before: Tomazo may have had what should have been a pleasant encounter and finds himself unable to enjoy it. De Flores Vermandero would have just been visited by Allibius and Isabella and told the news and immediately come looking for Tomazo
 - Significance: when the two plots collide, and we think B-J/De Flores are off the hook (we/the audience should believe this).
- 5.3 Alsemero's chamber- may start simultaneously or immediately after
 - Alsemero sees Beatrice and De Flores interacting and confronts her, locks her up, then De Flores with her. De Flores murders her and gets to be the one to decide how the story is told.
 - Trauma: finger in the open wound moment. Person most loved attacks her and accuses her of being horrible for having been assaulted (and for arranging a murder, lest we forget). Her worshipped fiancé attacking her makes her break with considerable ease. A combination of fragility and

him being the one she can't lie to/hold her pretense to (again, likely informed by what was that interaction)

- Moment before: De Flores and Joanna have an amicable interaction (about?) while being watched by Alsemero and his friend. Counterfeit madmen have been arrested and brought over (likely by Lollio, should be in the scene).
- Significance: Final scene— how do we button the story, what is the final image, what do we make of the final words? How do we underline the irony/ horror in the end and the play's final words? (to ask design team too)

The scene by scene analysis is the guide to why each scene is important in the play. No scene can lack purpose or central action. At this stage, I discover important elements through the details: what in the scene could be dangerously underplayed, such as the complexity around Diaphanta's death. I broaden meaning from the details to an understanding of the play as a whole, paralleling the subplot and main plots for example. This is also when I truly start preparing to support the actors, understanding where their characters come from, building potential suggestions, focusing on which blanks must be filled and which micro-level patterns identified—such as how we never know exactly what Lollio was doing before he enters the stage.

- Back to Basics:
 - Stasis- B-J marries the man her father chose; he moves into the castle; De Flores continues to creep at her from a somewhat safe distance.
 - Intrusion- B-J and Alsemero confess their love to each other.
 - High Gear- B-J gets De Flores to murder her fiancé.
 - Decisive turn- De Flores rapes B-J.
 - New Stasis- Joanna and De Flores are dead, Alsemero is the new son to her father.
 - Point of attack: Joanna and Alsemero falling in love.

My “back to basics” is another look at the broad picture, understanding the world of the play and what makes the play happen—the events that forever change the world of the play and keep the production dynamic. This process highlights what is at stake (or what makes a play dramatic) and provides the peaks in the dramatic structure.

I also find a lot of clarity through understanding the point of attack: a play shows a specific section of a story, and the choice of where to start shapes the lens through which we experience it. For example, that the play begins with Beatrice-Joanna and Alsemero falling in love inform us of her motivation—she does it all for love. It also ranks what is most important: her relationship with Alsemero. The arrangement made for her to marry Alonzo, and their relationship, is not as central.

- Audience Journey
 - Opening 1.1/1.2: Light with moments of tension – cheering like Romeo and Juliet; intrigued by the Joannas (tension on de Flores interaction); only tension on Lollo's last line
 - 2.1/2.2: Kind of creeped out by de Flores, even if unsure of how to feel about B-J's aggressive dismissal of him. As she seduces him- amused/impressed but free to judge her a bit
 - 3.1/ 3.2: Horrified at the actual brutality of de Flores and Lollo
 - 3.3/ 3.4: Tables officially turned: pity Joanna
 - 4.1: “How is she going to deal with the aftermath now?”
 - 4.2: Heightened tension: “Are they going to be caught? How far can she go with it?” (So absurd it is kinda funny)
 - 4.3: But the funny is ugly. Laugh and feel the discomfort of doing so (madmen morris)
 - 5.1: “No, no no! Don't go there! Don't do that. Don't kill her. Don't fall for him.”
 - 5.2: “Will they have “peace?””
 - 5.3: “WTF.”

Tracking the audience’s journey is not often part of my process, but something I experimented with. I struggle with how determining the audience’s journey may lead a director to misperceive what is inevitably a plural audience as a unified being. Audiences are made up of a wide range of individuals who bring their own experiences and interpretations, which are legitimate and true. This also risks creating from the outside in, creating a superficial production

through the focus on a desired effect rather than allowing an effect to happen because of tight, well executed action.

Moving forward, I plan on experimenting with other ways to track the flow and execution of a vision (a play has direction and a desired impact after all), without denying my audiences their plurality.

- Patterns, mirrors, contrasts
 - Themes: victim blaming; “the perfect victim;” gendered violence; power structures; existing in an unethical world; corruption; how public perception shapes what is moral; abuse masked as love; agency; appearances; “shame.”
 - Focus: Existing in an unethical world, how it corrupts and punishes you for existing on the margins/ trying to break away from its strict limitations.
 - To explore and embody trauma as a means of empathy for those stuck in an oppressive world.
 - Imagery and language
 - Evoked: a woman cleansing herself.
 - Textual: “I am in a labyrinth” (BJ), haunting (1.1 De Flores haunts B-J, memories and guilt haunt her)

My challenge in this section was to keep to the “less is more” approach, when the text is so rich in imagery and too much can be said about language. The goal of highlighting themes and imagery in language was opposite to that of a literary analysis, where more is truly more; instead

it is to find the key images that will govern my visual representation of the action through blocking and design.

- Sensorial Questions
 - World: A nightmare
 - Sound: a fugue, distortion, loops, a loud silence, church bells
 - Space: Cold, oppressive, brutalist architecture, geometric, industrial venue to be embraced
 - Lights: Dramatic Shadows, lurking, beams of light
 - Costume: Stiffness in the seemingly soft, oppressively elegant, high fashion

At this point in the text work, the focus is given fully to what will help me build the world the characters inhabit through design and clear visualization. This was the basis of what I shared with the designers at our first production meeting: deliberately nonspecific to prevent being restrictive but focused enough to inspire them in the right direction.

- Character: wants overall and per scene
- Beatrice-Joanna
 - Wants: Agency. To control of her future.
 - 1.1 church- wants to talk to Alsemero// wants to make him stay
 - 2.1 to delay her wedding
 - 2.2 to prevent Alsemero from giving up on her, ignite him? / find a way to be together/ seduce De Flores into killing Alonzo

- 3.2 (work to be able to marry Alsemero: first her father then De Flores) rid herself of De Flores
 - 4.1 to prepare for her wedding's consummation/ to preserve her image and Alsemero's love/ to test Diaphanta and use her
 - 4.2 to convince Alsemero she is a virgin
 - 5.1 to protect her honour/ to replace Diaphanta in her husband's bed/ to have Diaphanta killed/ to seem innocent
 - 5.3 to sooth Alsemero/ to confess/ to earn forgiveness/ to tell the truth
- Diaphanta/ (Joanna 1; Madwoman 1)
 - Wants: To move up in life. To enjoy a good life
 - 1.1 set up B-J/ Find herself a date
 - 2.2 watch over B-J
 - 4.1 to find B-J/ to convince B-J she can sleep with Alsemero for her
- Isabella
 - Wants: her partner to respect her. Freedom.
 - 3.1 to entertain herself in spite of her husband and situation/ challenge her husband
 - 4.3 to recruit Lollio to her side/ to test Antonios love
 - 5.2 to be heard/ reveal the truth
- Servant/ (Joanna 2; Madwoman 2)

- Wants: to keep order/ do her job
- 4.2 to fix the situation

- Livia/ (Joanna 3; Madwoman 3)
 - Wants to protect/help Antonio
 - 1.2 keep Antonio safe/ help with his plan

- De Flores
 - Wants BJ. Fuck her, control her, own her.
 - 1.1 to vex B-J (have his will)
 - 2.1 to have B-J “rail at him”
 - 2.2 to fuck her, whatever it takes/ to trap her/ to kill Alonzo
 - 3.2 claim his prize/ take her virginity
 - 4.2 to dismiss Tomazo (not raise suspicion)
 - 5.1 to convince B-J she needs him/ tie her to him/ kill Diaphanta/ to show off to B-J
 - 5.3 to dismiss Alsemero/ to silence B-J/ to have the final word/ to shame her/ to die on his own terms

- Vermandero
 - Wants: to create a legacy. To move up his good name
 - 1.1 to tell B-J to get ready for a wedding within this fortnight// to honour/impress/welcome/receive his friend's son.

- 2.1 to set up the perfect wedding
 - 3.2 to impress his guests
 - 4.2 to preserve his good name/ guilt Tomazo
 - 5.1 to have order again
 - 5.2 to make amends with Tomazo
 - 5.3 to reveal his discovery/ to mourn
- Alsemero
 - Wants: to marry Beatrice Joanna. To be the hero of a fairy-talesque romance
 - 1.1 wants B-J to love him
 - 2.2 to prove his love to B-J
 - 3.2 to impress Vermandero/ BJ
 - 4.2 to be a proper host (greet)/ to test B-J
 - 5.1 to protect B-J/ be a proper husband
 - 5.3 to have B-J confess/ to shame her/ to punish her/ to keep his own good name/ to expose B-J and De Flores/ to re-establish order
- Jasperino
 - Wants to help Alsemero (?)
 - 1.1 to bed Diaphanta
 - 4.2 to out B-J/ to convince Alsemero she is unfaithful
 - 5.3 have Alsemero break up with B-J

- Alonzo/ Madman
 - Wants to Marry B-J
 - 2.1 to please his soon to be father in law and fiance/ defend B-J's honour
 - 2.2 to be shown the secrets of the castle (why?)

- Alibius
 - Wants to control Isabella and thrive
 - 1.2 to have Lollo guard Isabella
 - 4.3 to prepare for the biggest gig in his life
 - 5.2 get in favour with the big shots

- Lollo
 - Wants to have fun and get money
 - 1.2 to fool his master? To get money?
 - 3.1 impress Isabella?
 - 4.3 to revenge himself on the fake madmen for making a fool of him/ to present the perfect morris

- Franciscus
 - Wants to seduce Isabella
 - 3.1 to make Isabella fall for him and revenge himself on Lollo
 - 4.3 to win Isabella's love

- Antonio
 - Wants to seduce Isabella
 - 1.2 to be admitted and unsuspected as “an idiot”
 - 3.1 to make Isabella fall for him
 - 4.3 to fit in/ to establish dominance/ Isabella to forgive him

- Tomazo
 - Wants to revenge his brother
 - 2.1 to convince Alonzo to break up with B-J
 - 4.2 to make Vermandero confess/ find out what happened to his brother
 - 5.2 to revenge his brother
 - 5.3 to find closure

Listing character wants is the part of text work that I finalized after cuts, in preparation for rehearsal. I focus my character work by shifting into an actor-centric perspective and looking at the objectives and wants of each character. I focus on sticking to verbs and making every want have a cap on another character¹. I never give these notes out to the actors, or, as a matter of fact, consult this sheet during the process (though I will ask the actors for their input, and challenge

¹ This refers to the practice of considering every objective to have “a cap” or an end, on the other character: there is something the other character can say or do that would fulfil my objective. Example that does not have a cap: “I want appreciation” vs an example with a cap “I want you to say you love me.” Objectives with a cap on the other character raise the stakes and create more interesting dynamics on stage.

them to be more specific if their initial answer isn't putting them into action). This is part of the work to prepare and then forget about: it allows me to understand each character's perspective and be better prepared to assist my actors whenever they struggle finding their motivation.

Beyond preparing me to assist the actors using the tools of their trade and their vocabulary, this process helps me streamline very complex humans, which is essential to achieve clarity in performance. For example, before listing all of Beatrice-Joanna's wants, I had not truly realized what a great proportion of her actions have their cap on Alsemero. There was much more love and romance to this story than I initially realized. On the other hand, it also highlights challenges: characters like Tomazo enter with a small variation on the same want in every scene: bringing out what makes each of these different and how he progresses is pivotal for the arc of the story. Katie Mitchell defends text work as a fundamental element to "ensure you have an objective relationship to the play" (11). While I am not convinced that this is possible, careful text work brings out aspects and challenges of the text that an initial passionate reading may obfuscate.

I have moved away from gathering information on what is said by other characters, in particular for this production, as a means to honour the facts: people are what they do, not what they say about themselves and even less what is said about them. This is part of the way in which I aim to do Beatrice-Joanna justice. I look at what she and those around her do, not what is said about them. In this play in particular this is essential, as there are several significant actions happening offstage that are interpreted through the (biased) eyes of those watching. In 4.2, for example, Jasperino overhears Beatrice-Joanna and De Flores's voices in another room and chooses to listen in (a choice that already speaks more to his character than hers). Jasperino describes what happened as "words pass'd/ Like those that challenge interest in a woman" (4.2

The Changeling, edited script)² and their immediate conclusion is that Beatrice must be having an affair. When we consider the bluntness of the text, there is no evidence to assume that more than words passed between them. Beyond that, the fact that the words used are “challenge interest in a woman” implies that it is De Flores who is interested/could provoke her interest, and this still does not lead Alsemero and Jasperino to question why De Flores would be hitting on the young daughter of his boss, or even ask Beatrice-Joanna what she was talking to De Flores about. We must note too that one these men, Alsemero, keeps potions around to test women’s virginity and apparently has a habit of doing so, as evidenced in the same scene when Alsemero describes that the potion “has that secrete virtue it ne’er miss’ed sir/ upon a virgin.” These are also men who speak of women as vessels to be boarded, as Jasperino does in 1.1 when describing Diaphanta in an aside, when the characters are themselves and not putting on masks to other characters. It is not at all surprising that characters who objectify and dehumanize women as they do would immediately jump to the conclusion that she must be cheating.

Giving much credibility to what a character says of another is a trap, in spite of it being an old text analysis practice. Characters’ biases affect their perspective of the facts and lead them to build their own narratives. If these are left unchallenged, the problematic choices in staging I seek to subvert are the result. I focus on what characters want and what they do.

² All quotations from *The Changeling*, unless otherwise specified, will be from the adapted script included in the appendix.



Figure 7 Bonnie Duff as Beatrice-Joanna (Promotional Photo by Javier R. Sortres).

2.2 Contextual Research

This section includes excerpts from key materials I studied in preparation for this production, a discussion of the questions that led me to them, and an overall reflection on the applied effect of the research materials in production. Research for production is often about world building. That I have lived with this text for a decade before coming to perform it, allied with my expressionistic focus, meant my research was about turning conceptual questions into practical considerations of staging instead of realist world building research that would include historic and geographical contextual information.

2.2.1 The Grotesque

The madhouse dance immediately evoked the grotesque to me. That led me on quest to better understand the grotesque and discover how important the morris and madhouse subplot at large may be. What I found to be the most useful resource on the subject, history and application of the grotesque in the arts was *Grotesque* by Justin Edwards and Rune Graulund. It explains that the uncanny and grotesques are closely related and can produce a range of responses: “The grotesque has the power to move from the material world into the uncanny realm of mystery through its experience of disorientation, bewilderment, confusion and bafflement” (5-6). The idea of something uncannily familiar speaks immediately to the experience of Beatrice-Joanna and my nightmarish impression of this script. Disorientation, bewilderment, confusion and bafflement are also great choreographic start points for the madman morris.



Figure 8 A moment of the Madmen Morris. Aoife McAndless-Davis, Chantal Gering, Genevieve Guimond, Nicco Graham and Connor Riopel as madpeople, Monica Bowman as Isabella (Set by Luis Belassai; Costumes by Charlotte Chang; Lights by Zach Levis; Photo by Javier R. Sortres)

Next, Edwards and Graulund pose perhaps the most significant consideration for this production how the grotesque's break with the normal leads us to question what is normal and abnormal. Further, they speak to my rebellious soul saying that:

We must remember that normalization is a powerful discourse for control and institutionalization, for dominant institutions sanction certain forms of 'normalcy', and this always comes at the expense of others, which are constituted by contrast as abnormal, inferior or even shameful. This lack of 'normalcy', indeed the very idea of normality itself, can lead to an uneven distribution of shame in people's lives, resulting in the negative consequences of exclusion,

demonization and even violence. In this, the grotesque can criticize the idea that there is some ethically compelling aspect to ‘normality’ by suggesting that the normal range is simply a statistical category to which there is no ethical obligation to correspond. If normal just means within a common statistical range, there is no reason to be normal or not (10).

The production consideration that this view brought to the fore was the question of when the real world becomes more grotesque and bewildering than the madhouse. Isabella speaks of the madmen sounding almost jealous of their freedom, which is, indeed, a fleeting concept for most characters in this world. This was my first clue that the mad people should be recognizable others.

The main practical outcome of this reading was a production question that I took to our design team and actors repeatedly and that we wrestled with from day one through the run: what are the walls of this world? What is normal and what is not? What and who is permitted and who is erased and suppressed? At this point already, I realized how thick the tangle the grotesque was sewing in between the plot and subplot: the idea that an uneven distribution of shame leads to violence and that there are no ethics in the categorization of what is normal and accepted is shared in both the main and sub plots in how the burden of “shame” and “good names” are carried disproportionately by the women, who become victims of various forms of violence as a result of this uneven distribution of guilt.

This also made me realize how much closer Beatrice-Joanna and Isabella are to sharing in the same fate of the mad people. I had an early inkling of a madhouse filled with hysteric women patients; indeed, the request by the doctor Alibius to have Lollo summon Isabella to see the mad people dance in 3.2 is a threat: this is what happens to the defiant (including defiant wives). The

spectacle of the oppression of the vulnerable is the normal and the expected punishment for deviants, as “the grotesque returns as the repressed of the political unconscious, as those hidden cultural contents which by their abjection had consolidated the cultural identity of the bourgeoisie” (Edwards and Graulund 14). My goals align with the unearthing and questioning of the political unconscious.

2.2.2 PTSD and Sexual Assault

To focus a production on the embodiment of trauma means additional research on trauma itself is necessary: clear, articulate, performable descriptions that we can manage as objectively as humanly possible to prevent drawing from our own trauma, while remaining grounded in the reality and psychology of it. For this reason, the most useful sources turned out to be the less formal ones: aimed at victims or from the perspective of victims. Such sources, in opposition to scientific journals, keep it human. Psychologist Ph.D. Elyssa Barbash wrote an informative article for *Psychology Today* that explained in succinct language the victim’s experience:

94% of women who are raped experience post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD) symptoms in the two weeks following the assault. ... These symptoms generally include: Intrusive re-experiencing (through memories or reminders) of the assault; avoidance of trauma-related stimuli or reminders; alterations in thoughts and mood (negative thinking and depressed, anxious, or angry mood); increased arousal and reactivity (anxiety, hyper vigilance, irritability, easily startled).

The re-experiencing is tied directly to the actions the Joannas performed in the psychological realm whenever Beatrice experienced anything that would be triggering post-assault. These were

mapped in advance, but also discussed and modified through rehearsals with the actors we made choices as to when we performed an action that was the re-experiencing of the assault and what moments they express the feelings Beatrice couldn't (such as discomfort in someone's presence, tension, and the imperative to perform normalcy). The alterations in thought and mood, arousal and reactivity are key to understanding Beatrice's actions after the assault: she has had very little time to process everything, she is in survival mode, confused, anxious and hyper vigilant. The shifts Beatrice experiences in scene 5.1 when Beatrice waits Diaphanta's return from Alsemero's bed are a perfect example of this. Diaphanta is late and Beatrice-Joanna is anxious, easily convinced the sun is rising (though the clock has merely struck two). Her famous line "I am forced to love thee now," when De Flores manipulates her into believing he is her only hope, is a perfect example of trauma response when she is on an emotional roller coaster, making extremely rash decisions (such as killing Diaphanta), turning to De Flores for advice, and trying to convince herself to love him, bordering on turning to fawning as a coping strategy.³

Barbash also speaks of dissociation, having flashbacks to traumatic events (again, applied in the action of the Joannas) and provides two examples of what dissociation may look like: "feeling that you're briefly losing touch with events going on around you (similar to daydreaming) [and] "blinking out" or being unable to remember anything for a period of time. This turned into a transition decision for 4.1, the moment she processes what has happened to her

³ See text in appendix 5.1. I say border-line because I believe Beatrice-Joanna never quite gets to that stage, as in 5.3 she speaks of De Flores as her "loathing" and a "thing of hate" and even on her death bed, still tries to work to get Alsemero's forgiveness, only ever addressing De Flores to say that "her loathing was professed to the rest but ne'er believed."

that takes place immediately after her wedding.⁴ In the moment, we had a flash-black out. We then added a couple more at pivotal moments, such as after hearing Diaphanta's scream as she is murdered in 5.1 and at the end of the show.

I also provided my actors playing Beatrice-Joanna and De Flores an article written by a domestic abuse survivor who outlines the steps through which victims are manipulated to the point that their sense of reality is deeply compromised, titled "8 Steps That Explain Why Women Stay in Abusive Relationships" by Crystal Sanchez. I had shared this article before when working in another Middleton production about domestic violence, *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, and the actors found it very useful in empathizing with a situation that we may, thankfully, have a difficult time understanding: the motivation and decision-making process of a character who is in a situation of abuse and acting against their and our better judgments. The steps Sanchez identifies are 1) assault on identity (you are worthless), 2) establishment of guilt (this is your fault), 3) self-betrayal (making choices that are harmful to well being), and 4) breaking point (you are crazy, this never happened). This being a tragedy, however, we never get to the next set of steps under the category, "Possibility of Salvation." In this case, it was quite easy to trace De Flores' actions and their impact on Beatrice-Joanna, to list a few: "Though thou writ'st maid, thou whore in thy affection,/ 'Twas changed from thy first love, and that's a kind/ of whoredom in thy heart" (3.2); 2)"Why, are not you as guilty in, I'm sure/ as deep as I?" (3.2); 3) In response to Alsemero hearing the he had slept with Diaphanta on his consummation night: "Yes,

⁴ See text in appendix 4.1's speech "This fellow has undone me endlessly"

and the while I coupled with your mate/ at barley-break;” (5.3), which we know is a lie, as we watched scene 5.1, which happens while the consummation happens offstage.

2.2.3 Trauma and Healing

The most useful source for feeding my vision and purpose, which fuels the entire creative process and every decision made along the way, was trauma psychiatrist and researcher Judith Herman’s *Trauma and Healing*. Herman argues that the emerging awareness of domestic and sexual violence is the third time in the century that a form of psychological trauma surfaced into public consciousness, and that, each time, it was associated to a political movement. The first was hysteria, the second combat neurosis, and the last is sexual and domestic violence, with “its political context [--] the feminist movements in Western Europe and North America” (9). Herman is writing before the western feminist movement gained notoriety with the online dissemination of #metoo. The #metoo movement pulled aside a veil to reveal the insidiousness of the issue in the entertainment industry and on campuses—both the determining frameworks my production was working within—exemplified best in Harvey Weinstein, convicted at last after years and dozens of testimonies from his victims; and Brock Turner, who was caught in the act of violating an unconscious woman on Stanford’s campus and who served half a year’s sentence⁵.

These events are part of our collective consciousness: the students in the cast, crew and audiences, members of this industry and women everywhere share in the fear and trauma of

⁵ See New York Times article “Brock Turner Loses Appeal to Overturn Sexual Assault Conviction” for details.

existing in a world where this is their lived experience. In staging a play about sexual assault and knowing that 1 in 3 women experience sexual violence in their lifetime⁶, one must be conscious that beyond a great political issue, this is a deeply personal matter for far too many of us.

Herman explains that studying psychological trauma, and by extension, witnessing it embodied in performance, is to come to face both with human vulnerability and human capacity for evil, and “when the traumatic events are of human design, those who bear witness are caught in the conflict between victim and perpetrator. It is morally impossible to remain neutral in this conflict. The bystander is forced to take sides” (Herman 7).

I have been interested in the role of the bystander for quite some time, having explored it as the central focus in my production of Middleton’s *A Yorkshire Tragedy*. Wrestling with the role of the bystander is key to breaking cycles of abuse and creating support networks. Audience members come to the theatre to be willing bystanders, witnessing, responding, and having their responses witnessed as well. Conscious of that, my *Changeling* was to be very difficult to witness, because I am asking the audience to understand a very imperfect victim in a vicious society and question their morals around agency, justice, sexism, and punishment. Imperfect victims have the odds set doubly against them, as “it is very tempting to take the side of the perpetrator. All the perpetrator asks is that the bystander do nothing. He appeals to the universal desire to see, hear, and speak no evil. The victim, on the contrary, asks the bystander to share the burden of pain” (Herman 7). My goal became to make the audience share the burden of her pain,

⁶ World Health Organization, 2016, quoted in Carleton’s Sexual Assault Support page.

of our pain: to force them to hear what is playing in her head, for it engulf and surround them as much as it does her.

Herman clarifies that the natural response to atrocities is to banish them from consciousness; they become unspeakable, but “remembering and telling the truth about terrible events are the pre-requisites for both the restoration of the social order and the healing of individual victims” (1). Therapy itself is based on the power of speaking the unspeakable, because immense power and creative energy is released when the barriers of denial and repression are lifted. Those barriers are collective when the trauma is shared. The power of lifting those barriers communally is what the #metoo has released. It lifted the barriers of shame and guilt, bringing millions of women worldwide together through a hashtag, through lawsuits, and through art.

What theatre can do for survivors can be explained through Herman, as she explains: “The fundamental stages of recovery are establishing safety, reconstructing the trauma story and restoring the connection between survivors and their community” (3). Theatre is dependent on the human as the means of art and the connection between the performer and the individuals in the audience, making it the best art form through which to speak the unspeakable. This is an art form defined by its cathartic power: it is holy because it is a gathering where people come together to share an experience and exercise empathy. We as creators have the responsibility to harness this power and make every rehearsal room and every theatre a space where everyone in the room feels safe and empowered to explore the collective trauma behind stories like *The Changeling*. In practical terms, this means that greater conscious efforts to create a safe space and practice safer intimacy and violence direction are needed.



Figure 9 Bonnie Duff as Beatrice-Joanna at the end of the play. (Set by Luis Belassai; Costumes by Charlotte Chang; Lights by Zach Levis; Photo by Javier R. Sortres)

Chapter 3: To the Barber: Cutting and Adapting the Text

Cutting and adapting the text is a non-linear process that is guided by the text work and research above, as well as my vision for the production. In this chapter I articulate my reasons for the cut and adaptation, my overall process, and discuss some of the main decisions made in editing the text.

3.1 “If you are not doing the playwright’s play, just write your own” and other such excuses artists give themselves

There are still several traditionalists who often voice criticisms of editing and adapting as attempts by directors to become or undermine the playwright. Their argument assumes a supremely hierarchical understanding of theatre that is limiting and outdated and particularly inappropriate if one attempts, as such artists often claim to, to “honour the playwright.”⁷

One of the most appealing aspects of early modern scripts to me is that they hold no pretense to exist as a novel, complete in itself. In fact, they were not written by sole geniuses looking to publish and be immortalized by a far stretch. The idea for a play was pitched to a company or lead actor, if there was interest, a plot was provided, collaboration was set, foul papers, filled with blots, cross-outs, and scribbles were handed over, and taken to a scribe who made “corrections” and turned it into a fair copy (that went to the Master of the Revels). It was

⁷ Terry McCabe’s *Misdirecting the Play: An Argument Against Contemporary Theatre*, for example, is written entirely based on that premise. In his first chapter, titled “The Myth of the Director” he states: “The premise of this book is simple: directing that seeks to control the text, instead of subordinating itself to the text, is bad directing. I believe the director’s job is to tell the playwright’s story as clearly and as interestingly as possible. Period.”

then the company's property, which would add stage directions and make modifications as they wished. There are many degrees of separation between the writers' foul papers (which don't survive, as they were not deemed worth preserving) and what comes to us as printed copies.⁸

Beyond scribe and company changes to the text, there are also changes done by printers and editors through the years. One aspect I find particularly relevant which Leah Marcus discusses in "The Shrew as Editor/Editing Shrews," is how an editor's choice can affect the perceived meaning of the text. The distribution of asides, unmarked in the early modern text, is crucial because a character with asides is in closer connection with the audience and is more likely to get the audience "on their side." There are also spelling related disputes due to the less-structured early modern spelling that render "Mistress" or "Master" both possible in many lines and choosing who is addressed can change the narrative significantly. If we consider these in addition to editing, years of selectively controlled academia and staging interpretations, we are left with the question of whose story we are really telling and whose agenda we are really supporting when we blindly adhere to the text as an almighty relic.

Clearly, any attempt to revert to an "original text" and single out what may have been a playwright's intention is futile at best and of questionable relevance to contemporary audiences. I stage and edit according to my belief that to honour an early modern playwright is to keep their work inspiring, keep it collaborative, and keep it relevant. Whether in historic costume and using an uncut text, or set in mars and running at 30 minutes, choices in casting, blocking, fabric, and

⁸ For further historical information see *Shakespeare's Professional Career* by Peter Thomson and *Publishing Drama in Early Modern Europe* by Roger Chartier.

delivery, to name a few, will create meaning and reflect the artists who are making those choices. To hide behind the “playwright’s intention” is cowardly.

3.2 Trim to Tighten

My process of editing begins with the choice of base text. I chose Douglas Buster’s edition, included in Taylor and Lavagnino’s collection of the complete works of Middleton, as this is the most recent edition of the play and part of the only Middleton-centric collection. The process of cutting and editing is based on the action analysis flowcharts included in chapter 2 to preserve clarity. This work happens in waves: I go through the text multiple times making small changes, move on to the next stage of editing, then go back and edit again based on previous steps. The steps are then categorized not according to the order in which they happen, but a similarity in the decision-making process.

The first step is trimming: eliminating repetition, excessive descriptions of actions we are to witness onstage, removing outdated and obscure passages, and limiting thematic diversions that are not related to the action of the play or Beatrice’s trauma. Obscure and outdated references are the quickest ways to lose an audience. This is not to underestimate our audiences, but to avoid setting them up for failure. I aim at an inclusive audience that includes those who will not necessarily have the expertise to follow Latin lines, classical mythology, and Jacobean history. The way in which to pick my battles here ties back to the base principles outlined: is it pivotal to the action or Beatrice’s trauma? If so, I will work to make it clear for my audience. If not, I may work it out or adjust it. I would include many of Franciscus speeches in this category of editing. When not cut out entirely, I took the liberty to adjust references to more accessible ones. This passage, in 3.1, for example, on the unedited draft, reads:

LOLLIO

For love, mistress. He was a pretty poet too, and that set him forwards first; the Muses then forsook him, he ran mad for a chambermaid, yet she was but a dwarf neither.

FRANCISCUS

Hail bright Titania!

Why stand'st thou idle on these flowery banks?

Oberon is dancing with his dryads.

I'll gather daisies, primrose, violets,

And bind them in a verse of poesy.

LOLLIO

Not too near, you see your danger.

FRANCISCUS

Oh, hold thy hand, great Diomed!

Thou feed'st thy horses well, they shall obey thee.

Get up; Bucephalus kneels. [Gets down on all fours.]

After edits, this section in 3.1 reads:

LOLLIO

For love, mistress. The Muses forsook him; he ran mad for a chambermaid. [Showing him a whip] Not too near, you see your danger.

FRANCISCUS

Oh, hold thy hand!

Thou feed'st thy horses well, they shall obey thee.

Get up; I kneel. [Gets down on all fours.]

This keeps the core idea of the moment: the important information that Franciscus is mad for love is preserved and isolated, the action of approaching Isabella, being intimidated away, and kneeling in submission to Lollio is now no longer obfuscated by superfluous imagery.

The second step is focusing and tightening. This step is more directly related to the conscious choice of whose story I am telling. This led to cuts of larger sequences that were not central to Beatrice-Joanna's story and it is where the play was really shortened. For example, Tomazo's scenes seeking revenge and his related interactions with De Flores were cut to prevent turning this play into a revenge tragedy from a minor character. In their first interaction, for example, the cuts keep one instance of the memory of the murder coming back to De Flores, one attempt to escape the conversation looking for Beatrice-Joanna, and one instance of Tomazo's blind faith in De Flores:

Enter Deflores.

TOMAZO

———~~The best is,~~

———~~There is more ground to meet a man's revenge on.~~

Honest Deflores.

DEFLORES

That's my name indeed.

———~~Saw you the bride? Good sweet sir, which way took she?~~

~~—— TOMAZO~~

~~—— I have blest mine eyes from seeing such a false one.~~

~~—— DEFLORES~~

~~—— [Aside] I'd fain get off; this man's not for my company:~~

~~—— I smell his brother's blood when I come near him.~~

~~—— TOMAZO~~

Come hither, kind and true one; I remember

My brother lov'd thee well.

DEFLORES

Oh, purely, dear sir!

[Aside] Methinks I am now again a-killing on him,

He brings it so fresh to me.

Saw you the bride? Good sweet sir, which way took she? (added from above)

~~—— TOMAZO~~

~~—— Thou canst guess, sirrah,~~

~~—— One honest friend has an instinct of jealousy~~

~~—— At some foul guilty person.~~

~~—— DEFLORES~~

~~—— 'Las, sir,~~

~~—— I am so charitable, I think none~~

~~—— Worse than myself. You did not see the bride then?~~

TOMAZO

I prithee name her not. Is she not wicked?

DEFLORES

No, no, a pretty, easy, round-pack'd sinner,

As your most ladies are, ~~else you might think~~

—— I flatter'd her; but, sir, at no hand wicked

—— Till th'are so old their sins and vices meet,

—— And they salute witches. I am call'd, I think, sir.

—— [*Aside*] His company ev'n o'erlays my conscience.

Exit.

In the following interaction in 5.2, when Tomazo comes back and claims to renounce all league with mankind, his entire interaction with De Flores was cut and his interaction with Vermanero reduced to one page. The exchange of offences and Tomazo's escalated despair is an interesting journey for his character, but all we need for the central action is that his presence escalates the urgency to find Alonzo's murderer, and that Beatrice is further entrapped by this. I recognize that in this cut, some of De Flores' guilty conscience asides are also lost. I confess no guilty conscience in reducing the number of asides he has, for allowing a charming abuser a more sympathetic place overemphasizing potentially “redeeming qualities” when staging his victim’s nightmare is repugnant.

In the final stage, I edit for elegance and rhythm. This is when lines tend to be added back, when scenes merge or break, and where meter and line breaks are re-visited. At this stage I consolidated the murder scene from Alonzo's request to see the castle straight through the

stabbings (originally 2.2, 3.1 and 3.2), particularly because the audience should not get to exhale until after it is done: the expeditiousness of all of it should be just as jarring to the audience as it is to the characters living it. But this is also the stage where I re-gain length, as language is not always about immediacy and directness, Elizabethan and Jacobean scripts are often described as “word plays” for this reason. A speech where I went back on cuts significantly, for instance, was Beatrice-Joanna's speech to Alsemero, when he offers to challenge Alonzo to a duel in 2.1. My original cuts were the text stroked through; the also underlined text was re-added:

BEATRICE

How? Call you that extinguishing of fear

When 'tis the only way to keep it flaming?

~~———— Are not you ventured in the action~~

~~———— That's all my joys and comforts? Pray no more, sir.~~

Say you prevail'd, [you're] danger's and not mine then:

The law would claim you from me, or obscurity

Be made the grave to bury you alive.

~~———— I'm glad these thoughts come forth; oh, keep not one~~

~~———— Of this condition, sir! Here was a course~~

~~———— Found to bring sorrow on her way to death:~~

~~———— The tears would ne'er 'a' dried till dust had chok'd 'em.~~

Blood-guiltiness becomes a fouler visage,

And now I think on one--

These lines do not add new information or essential action, but in Beatrice-Joanna's story, her love for Alsemero, the man she will risk and lose everything for, is key and the beauty of her

urgency when faced with the thought of losing him is key. That is revealed in the alliteration of sharp consonants; in thoughts that won't fit the pentameter and the consequent chopped sounds from abbreviations; in the antithesis; in the sensorial imagery; and all of this is conveyed in one single line: "The tears would ne'er 'a' dried till dust had chok'd 'em." The language can be spectacularly rich and do a lot of work for an actor requiring only clarity on their part.

After the three stages are completed, I do a punctuation check, revising the script using three different editions and checking on spelling and punctuation, making decisions where the editors disagree according to my own judgment.

Chapter 4: An Expressionistic Nightmare

I primarily labelled this production an expressionistic nightmare. After the numerous nightmares this play gave me, it seemed only fitting that my personal starting point would be the haunting familiarity that this play had to me. Yet, as I argued in chapter 1, this is a collective trauma and a shared nightmare. Building Beatrice-Joanna's nightmare to be specific to her character's given circumstances while preserving the uncanny familiarity to our world was a shared concern of staging and design. My goal was to go beyond a patchwork of worlds, exploring their common ground: the emotional experience of her struggles. I aimed at externalizing what words fail to express with the use of what the other senses can offer us. Ultimately, I hoped that we may understand Beatrice through a shared emotional experience of trauma.

The unspeakable, what words fail to express, and what we sought to embody in this production, is evidently not best suited to be explained in this form. Here, I will provide the key points and highlight the process my creative team and I went through in structuring the unistructural, and what were the most important and striking choices in staging that evolved from that concept.

4.1 Structured Chaos

Creating structure for a visceral experience may seem contradictory, but it is in fact essential. Artists ought to be selective and precise; if the environment isn't right, the seed isn't planted, and the production bears no fruits.

Punctuating the action of the play with expressions of Beatrice's internal struggle, the use of movement, the combined changes in atmosphere, the space and dress aesthetics, each through their medium, worked to create the vicious entrapment of the main character. The production was built to be triggering, the design and staging done to provoke in the audience the closest to experiencing PTSD while still following a narrative.

To this end, we worked to discover through Beatrice's eyes the rules of this world, how it combines Jacobean and contemporary elements, the social structure and the rules of this society, and to both bare and deconstruct them, underlining the elements that have the greatest impact in her emotional life. Further examples will be discussed as I address each element of performance.

The structural separation between a material world, where the action of the play took place, and a psychological realm, where the Joannas existed, was central. The worlds and characters were to be visually distinct. After the rape in 3.3, the nightmare world consumed the material reality and the nightmare would be complete.

4.2 Movement and Joannas

Movement is integral to my work, because it is integral to storytelling and capable of evoking more than words can. Dancer and dance scholar Susan Foster's most articulate performed lecture "Reflections on Kinesthetic Empathies and the Politics of Compassion" explains the concept of kinesthetic empathy addressing the question of how a body witnessing another body might imagine what it is feeling, using the example of an audience member observing a tight rope dancer in a precarious positioning: "The viewer experiences the stirring up of emotions that instinctually arises when we see those like ourselves in peril." Foster discusses theories like that of John Martin that suggested that upon viewing another person our kinesthetic

senses kick in and we mimic in the musculature and nerves of our own bodies, sometimes imperceptibly, the physical actions and sensations of the body that we see before us. John Martin believes that “viewers comprehend the meaning of a dance through their capacity for inner mimicry” (Foster). Foster reminds us of other familiar body responses, such as puckering when we watch someone else taste lemons or the famously contagious yawns: bodies can elicit kinesthetic responsiveness. We perceive and sense what the other body does and, as Foster would say, we “create mutual awareness through the willingness of two differentiated bodies laboring together at the impossible task of approximating one another.”

This ability of our bodies to effortlessly and unconsciously approximate and replicate what we witness another body experience is what draws me to movement. Specifically, I am drawn to movement created instinctively, abstracting and expanding on the impulses we cannot follow in everyday life. In my approach, I work my performers to liberate their bodies, do warm ups to allow them to move in unexpected ways, to respond physically to each other’s impulses, to create quickly enough that they are not able to overthink, or think at all, about what their movement means. Then I work with them to select the strongest visuals, sharpen the lines and establish rhythm to best evoke a visceral response. We work to find in ourselves the full expression of an impulse than in Realistic acting would be easily suppressed or suggested subtly at best and easily missed by an audience member and, instead, we bring it to the forefront. In my production, this aligns with the aim for the audience to experience what Beatrice-Joanna experiences; expressionistic movement, that is, movement that expands on the feelings caused by the situations Beatrice finds herself in, becomes central.

My production opened with an added movement prologue, where Beatrice-Joanna was revealed center stage, lit by a spotlight in the colors of the psychological realm, with the Joannas

lit in their dedicated space, also in their specific lights, performing the repetitive actions we later discovered were the cleansing actions they performed immediately after the assault. This prologue first and foremost brings the audience into the world of the play, establishes the language of the production and topical focus: Beatrice Joanna's trauma. The Joannas appeared in quick flashes before the assault underlining triggering moments: the red flags that women who have been haunted by a De Flores-like person recognize immediately, but that would not be noticeable to those who have not. For example, we had a flash of Joannas as De Flores goes to return the glove and uses it to pull Beatrice-Joanna closer to him in 1.1, in their first interaction, and in 2.1 while he is trying to prolong his time with her, taking advantage of his position with her father to creep on her continuously (the Joannas disappear once he exits the stage).



Figure 10 Monica Bowman as a Joanna performing a movement sequence in a Joanna booth (Set by Luis Belassai; Costumes by Charlotte Chang; Lights by Zach Levis; Photo by Javier R. Sortres).

At the moment of the assault in 3.3, the Joannas enter the space that was, thus far,

reserved for the action of the “material world”—this is the moment where everything changes, the realms are no longer easily distinguished, and trauma consumes it all. For this sequence, the Joannas entered the platform above in darkness, as De Flores entrapped, shushed, removed and ripped part of Beatrice’s clothing. The Joannas were lit immediately as De Flores backed Beatrice into the benches, in the moment that would be followed by penetration. This black-out on the lead actors allowed Bonnie (Beatrice-Joanna) to ground herself, and to undress herself to the limit of her comfort, with the license to alter that nightly. I also shifted the focus to the Joannas to deny any voyeuristic impulse from the potential De Flores sympathizers in the audience, combating the tradition of making a spectacle of a woman’s rape and focus on what matters: the violence, and the aftermath of violence.

At this point the Joannas began a sequence, in a crescendo, expressing Beatrice’s entrapment, desire to escape, and lack of bodily agency, until a standstill, when we bring the focus back to her. They come in neutrally and dress Beatrice for her wedding, each removing some of their own ruffles to dress her in a visual sharing of costume and identity, and, after that, the Joannas are present more often and perform longer sequences. At the last scene, when Beatrice is murdered, the Joannas are lit partially in the same platform they occupied during the assault, at about 50% brightness from the main action, until Beatrice dies and the lights go out on the Joannas on the upper platform, as the remaining character continue to talk around Beatrice and De Flores’ dead bodies and to settle a very dissatisfying end in a world with no justice, morals or empathy.



Figure 24 Chantal Gering, Aoife McAndless-Davis, and Genevieve Guimond as Joannas, half-lit in the platform during the last scene. Hayden Davies as Alsemero and Bonnie Duff as Beatrice center stage. (Set by Luis Belassai; Costumes by Charlotte Chang; Lights by Zach Levis; Photo by Javier R. Sortres).

However, coming full circle, the Joannas and Beatrice closed the play just as they opened in an added epilogue. I knew I wanted to end the play by underlining the irony of the last speech, a typical Middleton ending⁹, and highlight how empty the re-establishing of order is at the end.

⁹ In both Middleton's *Women Beware Women* and *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, the final words are given to a secondary character who has limited knowledge of all that surpassed, who is not the most evil in the play, but generally self-righteous and misinformed, and who invariably shifts the focus from those who have suffered and died and placing it where it is convenient for them: In *Women Beware Women*, the play ends with a very Jacobean pile of bodies, including that of a woman who was abused in very similar ways to Beatrice. The final speech

As through the entirety of the production, I aimed to bring the focus back to Beatrice-Joanna, whose body lied center stage, completely ignored, as her husband, the man she lost all for committing the murder he wanted to commit himself,¹⁰ refers to her in disdain: “Here’s beauty changed to ugly whoredom” (Middleton 5.3) and re-establishes a convenient new order, where he remains there, as her father’s heir.

At the end of the play, I ultimately blurred the line entirely between the narrative’s world and the audience’s present moment to bring it back to the Joannas and Beatrice. I knew I wanted to have the Joannas come together and sing. To end the play with a purging, in a moment of healing, of sisterhood—of hope. In a way, this performs a similar function a jig would have at the end of a play, grounding the audience and bringing them back to their own worlds. My actresses chose the song, appropriately adapting the lyrics to change men to women from an

attempts to erase her. In *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, most alarming, ignoring the wounded woman whose three children were murdered as she kneels suing for her husband’s life, and the speaker calls the play a tragedy about the brothers (the husband and a brother we never meet). The irony is always striking if you are sensitive to the contrast between what the words say, the images of suffering onstage and the empty words, displacing focus, trying to find a simple ending, where there is none.

¹⁰ In scene 2.2 (see appendix), when Alsemero and Beatrice-Joanna confess their love for each other, he proposes to send a challenge to Alonzo: “...One good service/ Would strike off both your fears./ I’ll send a challenge to Piracquo instantly.” Beatrice stops him, afraid to lose him to death or the law, and has the idea to have De Flores do the deed: “Blood-guiltiness becomes a fouler visage,/ [Aside] And now I think on one—” It is not taking Alonzo de Piracquo’s life that is the issue, but who has the ability, under what circumstances to do it and have it be socially acceptable.

anonymous poem, “There are men in the village of Erith/ Whom nobody seeth or heareth,/ And there looms, on the marge/ Of the river, a barge/ That nobody roweth or steereth.” When they began singing, all characters but Beatrice-Joanna dropped character and walked on neutrally, and the ring from the set came down to surround Beatrice. At that point, the women also dropped character—the Joannas and Monica Bowman (who played a Joanna, but in that scene was playing Isabella) also walking neutrally, come down to surround Beatrice, as they all sing, and we end with Beatrice singing by herself the lines “That nobody seeth or heareth,” honoring the commodified, abused, invisible women who will still fight tooth and nail for a place in this world.

Foster moves beyond Martin, as she brings in how socio-historical context affects our empathetic response. She explains that “the empathetic response to a body’s plight is structured in historically specific ways to accommodate varieties of sameness that serve to rationalize the workings of power.” Foster claims dance can be both potentially liberating and subversive for evoking multiple and simultaneous frameworks for understanding difference and sameness. The Joannas embodied that difference and sameness, as the audience watching different bodies and familiar, though never exact, emotions and circumstances evoked it on an additional level. Foster, and I, hope that extrapolating this awareness from the studio or stage into the world we might “sense how power moves, when it consolidates, and where it disperses.”



Figure 12 Chantal Gallant, Aoife McAndless-Davis and Genevieve Guimond as Joannas and Monica Bowman as Isabella surround Bonnie Duff as Beatrice-Joanna in the epilogue. (Set by Luis Belassai; Costumes by Charlotte Chang; Lights by Zach Levis; Photo by Javier R. Sortres).

4.3 Designing a Nightmare

The basis for our design was to create “Beatrice-Joanna’s Nightmare.” The discussions that followed our first meeting surrounded what a nightmare looked, sounded and felt like, as we read and explored the play together to translate it into visual meaning. Our world was to be non-representational, suggestive and bold: it would merge contemporary and Jacobean elements, never simply layering, but structurally combining elements to create a unique cohesive world that evokes the right feelings, but cannot and does not tempt you to make it about a specific time and place.

I believe that design must be an organic part of a production and that it should transform as the action transforms; it should transform the action and never simply become a backdrop for it. Plays of the Jacobean period are very conscious of their roles as scripts and as a fragment of a whole, with little pretense to control design, acting, and directing (evidently, since directing in particular didn't exist as we know it at that time)—they are not prescriptive, with minimal practical requirements and maximal suggestive elements. To honor my expressionistic goals, design had to take prominence in the process.

To honor this play, the first step is to understand the walls of the world and how they act. The indications of space tell us a lot about it: in the first scene, we are at an open space, outside of church, in an open space, filled with potential. After that, we go into Alsemero's castle, and as soon as we do, the walls start closing in and we move into progressively tighter spaces, from chambers, through alleys, to vaults. The walls keep closing in, to the point where Beatrice is ultimately murdered in a closet. This sense of the walls closing in was critical and handled primarily by the design team.

4.3.1 Set

In our first production meeting, I spoke of my love for the Chan Centre as a space and how you can feel its ghosts. I love a theatrical space that refuses to be hidden, so I wanted to embrace the architecture of the theatre. My first offer for set designer Luis Bellasai, was Brutalist architecture and Constructivist design. The world these characters inhabit should be inorganic, geometric, cold and overbearing. I was interested in negative space and the potential for shadows. Artificiality, claustrophobia and grandeur are key. The theatre and set should dwarf and entrap the individual, in the same way that the walls of the world in *The Changeling*

consume the characters: Beatrice-Joanna says “I’m in a labyrinth” (2.3), and we were working to create the walls of that labyrinth.

Foster explains that Martin’s argument that objects and events can “elicit this kinesthetic responsiveness” and that “in walking through a building we sense its verticality and mass, the openness or closeness of its spaces.” Or, in other words, walking into an exceptionally vertical,



Figure 13 Visual Research of inspiration for set design shared with Belassai. The fabric and rope ones were shared on the second round of visual research. In a moment of serendipity, Belassai and I realized we had both been drawn and inspired by images of the same dance show we had not yet shared with each other at that point.

yet contained space like the Chan Centre, can make you feel small and respond viscerally to the “ghosts” of the structure. Belassai, a skilled designer and architect, and I spent a lot of time in the space, feeling its ghosts before deciding on the configuration of the audience, entrances and use of levels. Our goals in this design were: to keep the audience inside the action; to make the space

as intimate as possible; to make as much of the building as possible playing space; to take advantage of the verticality of the theatre; to focus on Beatrice-Joanna, having the space change according to her journey (closing in on her); to have a versatile suggestive set that can be modified in no time and that the actors can interact with.

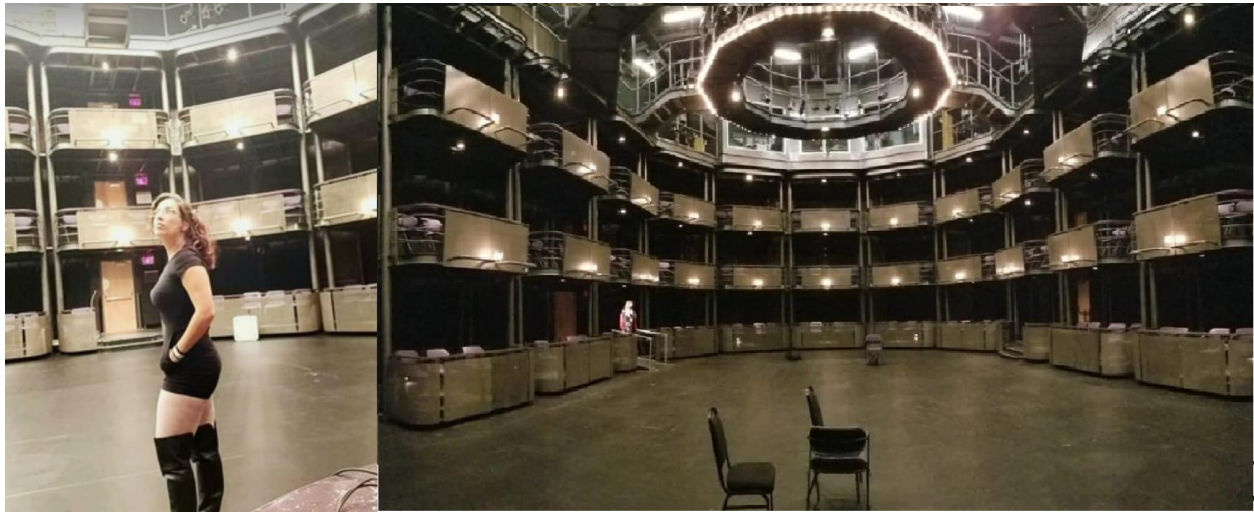


Figure 14 Me, Director Luciana Silvestre Fernandes, in the Chan Centre studying the space during a design meeting and a picture of the space, including the "donut" (octagonal structure at the catwalk level) that Belassai and I were drawn to.

Belassai and I were both interested in working with a singular unifying element. The ropes came in later, after a sketch of Luis' included some lines that I immediately fell in love with, and that echoed images of a dance show we were both inspired by. After many drafts with different configurations that I would then take and plan practically in terms of stage pictures, entrances and exits and flow (who appears above consistently vs below, etc.), we ended up with a space that in shape echoed a Jacobean playhouse, with a main level and a balcony, as well as using some non-traditional areas as playing space. The actors were at the same level of the three levels of audience (floor, balcony and Joanna booth on 2nd floor, Joanna booth on 3rd floor) and above the audience (donut). The mad people and the Joannas had their dedicated spaces around

the audience so that the audience was in Beatrice's head and inside the madhouse, and surrounded by action, with actors occasionally coming behind them and delivering lines or offstage sounds from around them, below and above., The audience was as immersed in the action as they could be.

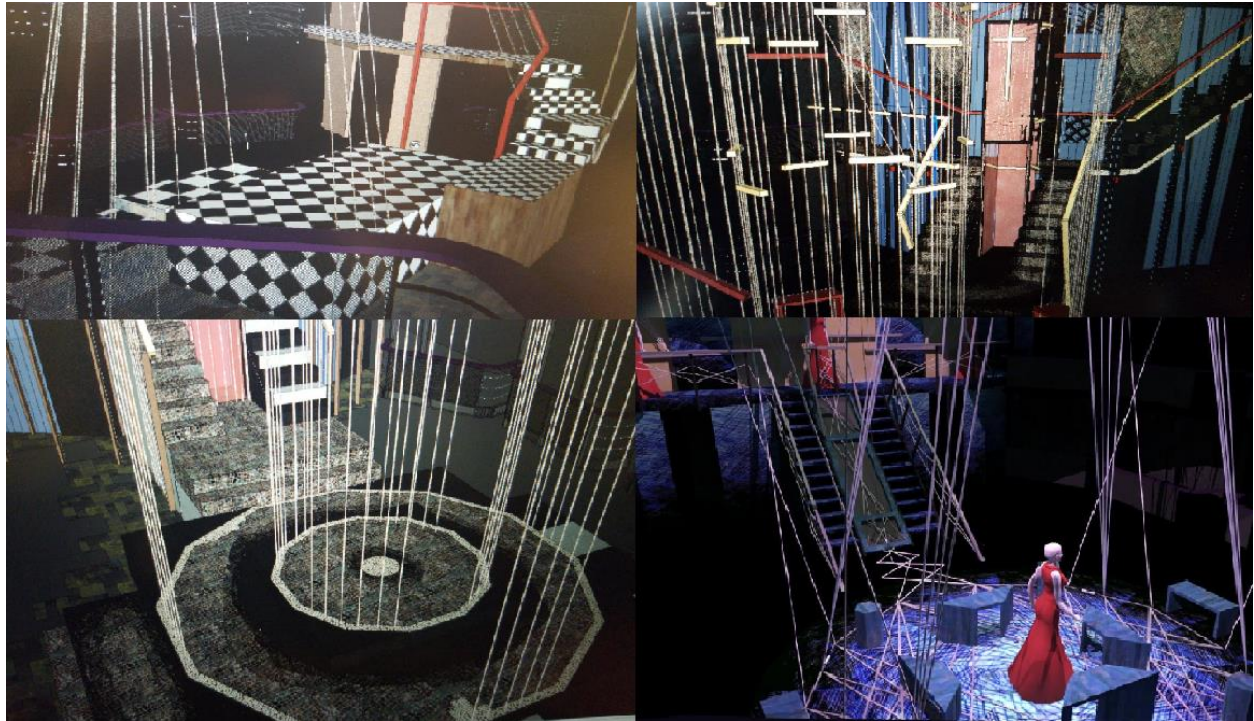


Figure 15 A progression of Luis Belassai set drafts on sketch up

The use of ropes to evoke the labyrinth resulted in a labyrinth akin to a spider's web. The ropes emphasized the verticality of the space, connecting the acting booths, set, and audience spaces. The Joanna booths specifically were only adorned by ropes, while the material world used rope and wood. We tried to avoid symmetry, and broke it with the Joanna booths, but the play space, the material world, kept drawing us back to it. Ultimately, I think the world of order and strict codes of behavior asked for symmetry, as much as our aesthetics wished to deny it, the world of the play called for it. The scenic painting was an artwork by itself, with its blue tones and thorn-like black lines creating an elegant and appropriately cold and frantic environment.

The rope arrangement and design were modified until the end, but they became essential to the transformative nature of the set, creating frames and paths, and in particular at the very end of the play, when the set became action, framed and drew all lines towards Beatrice, in the transformative purging of the epilogue.



Figure 16 Bonnie Duff as Beatrice Joanna in the centre and the cast during curtain call, with all the lines leading to her after her death. (*Set by Luis Belassai; Costumes by Charlotte Chang; Lights by Zach Levis; Photo by Javier R. Sortres*).

4.3.2 Costumes

For costume designer Charlotte Chang, I presented the idea of merging the contemporary and Jacobean periods structurally, taking a contemporary high-fashion approach to styling. This production reflects the world of beautiful people, of performative status and honour. My challenge to Chang was to consider what the costume does to the body: what is the effect of having ruffles on your neck, a corset and high heels? What is the feeling of a robust elegant dress that makes you fill a room and draw every eye in it, but does not allow you to bend, fight or fly? I wanted the design to deconstruct the dress, affect and modify the body of the performer, and to reveal the artifice of fashion. In simpler terms, I described it as if someone had watched a fashion show and a Jacobean tragedy and had nightmares where it all was mixed up. For the nightmarish feeling, I requested a monochromatic approach, that is recognizably un-Realistic.



Figure 17 Visual Research of inspiration for costume design shared with Chang at the start of the process.



Figure 18 Costume Sketches by Charlotte Chang for Main Plot and Subplot (including Livia, who appears in the subplot but belongs to the world of the main plot)

Chang chose red and off-red colors to represent the violence of this world. Orange and browns for the madhouse, sticking to warm colors and allowing the boldest color to those who have broken the walls of the world. Chang built on the manifestly unequal gendered dynamic, giving the male characters exaggerated triangular shapes, shoulder extensions, and clothes they could fight in, and exaggerating the hour-glass shape for the women, who were elegantly confined. She used a predominantly Jacobean cut with modern artificial materials and modified a lot of existing pieces, turning jackets into doublets and building dresses over modern summer base dresses.

Chang created looks that embraced the character's individuality from my character descriptions with her individual spin. For example, I described Alonzo as new-money, someone who would wear gold teeth if he were a rap artist in the 2000's; he needed to be obviously not a match for Beatrice-Joanna. Alonzo's fur and particularly his bright red tight vinyl pants did not disappoint. Diaphanta's flirty and free nature, breaking rules were evident in her pinker outfit, revealing the most skin of anyone in the show and her undergarment, with her asymmetrical pannier. The Joannas, as aspects of Beatrice, wore the same undergarments Beatrice-Joanna did, each with a ruffle later passed to her, indicating something fragmented and unique about each of them and speaking to diverse women in the same outfit/situation/frame. Chang's descriptive word for De Flores was a snake, hence his snake print pants and most prominent shoulder extensions.



Figure 19 Kyle Preston Oliver as De Flores. (Set by Luis Belassai; Costumes by Charlotte Chang; Lights by Zach Levis; Photo by Javier R. Sortres).



Figure 20 Chantal Gering as Diaphanta (Set by Luis Belassai; Costumes by Charlotte Chang; Lights by Zach Levis; Photo by Javier R. Sortres).

Chang built dashing dresses for Beatrice that brought out how she is seen much like a trophy by the men in her life. As the focal character, she was the only one who had multiple costumes. Her dress progression characterized both her change of “characters” from young heiress, to bride, to respectable (and thus covered up) wife. I will focus my analysis here on Beatrice’s outfits to illustrate the storytelling and world-building aspects of our costume design.

Beatrice-Joanna’s first dress was built in bright silky red. Her corset was exposed and decorated with jewels over her dress, exposing and beautifying the torturous artifice of her attire, emphasizing how this world glorifies her restraint. Still youthful and exposing skin, in this first dress Beatrice’s hourglass figure is particularly exaggerated due to a wide pannier worn underneath and revealed at her on-stage costume change later. The added width meant Beatrice had to turn sideways to get through certain doors and at the top of the stairs: visually emphasizing a world that is built to be harder for women to navigate.



Figure 21 Bonnie Duff as Beatrice-Joanna in her first dress.

Her wedding dress is the most impractical of all, tight until her knees, she needs help to get up and down steps and is almost mummified by fashion. At the wedding costume change, neck and wrist ruffles are added, serving as fabulous shackles. Added to that, an incredibly long veil and train that make movement particularly challenging. Beatrice-Joanna is bound into her elegance, her pain is barely held in by the seams. She is stunning to look at and built as more a vision than a human, which is a painful antithesis with what we witness her character go through.



Figure 22 Bonnie Duff as Beatrice Joanna in her Wedding dress, surrounded by the Joannas, Genevieve Guimond, Chantal Gering, Aoifee McAndless-Davies, and Monica Bowman (Set by Luis Belassai; Costumes by Charlotte Chang; Lights by Zach Levis; Photo by Javier R. Sortres).

In her final dress, ruffles and corset expose her bondage. Beatrice-Joanna is fully covered and has lost the brightness of her previous dresses and some of her glow. She is a more somber art piece now, in darker more closed tones, but the bright red shoes and lips are still present: her fiery essence is never fully consumed.



Figure 23 Bonnie Duff as Beatrice-Joanna in her final dress (Set by Luis Belassai; Costumes by Charlotte Chang; Lights by Zach Levis; Photo by Javier R. Sortres).

4.3.3 Lights and Sound

This play is a fugue to me. From early on, I listened to fugues while doing text work. I brought that idea to sound designer Jacob Wan, as well as the suggestions of white noise and the occasional loud silence. In further discussions, I offered Beethoven's *Große Fuge*, which became the base for our main plot sound design, emphasizing the distorted spiraling cat-and-mouse deadly game of Beatrice-Joanna and De Flores. Music's ability to evoke powerful feeling made it central for the expressionistic take. On par with the creation of a nightmare of trauma, the distortions at each Joanna appearance underlined the separation of the two realms and the

discomfort that their presence indicates. The use of surround sound aided in immersing the audience in the action and in the embodiment of trauma, as the audience could hear the repeat sounds, words or white noise envelop them as they did Beatrice. Wan included the amplification and repetition of triggering words, which added to the experience of re-living traumatic events associated with PTSD symptoms.

Light Designer Zach Levis embraced the shadows and use of dramatic colors, playing with shadows and controlling the perception of space. Beatrice-Joanna was always more brightly lit, and he truly embraced the closing in and claustrophobia as the play progressed, also transitioning the color palette from the nightmare into the material world post-assault. Similarly, to how the nightmare consumes the material world, when the subplot and main plot come together, the sound and lights that characterized the separation become exclusive to the main-plot nightmare characteristics instead. Levis suggested fluorescent paint for the phantasmagoric effect and we chose to bring them up after the assault; after the prolonged sequence from assault through wedding we have the first moment of darkness of the play, a moment of dissociation when Beatrice blacks out as Alsemero goes to kiss her. At that moment, the theatre went dark, all fell silent and the fluorescent labyrinth of lines was lit. They remained on from the assault onwards and were highlighted further at the next significant shift for Beatrice, when she has Diaphanta murdered, and at last, at the end of the play.

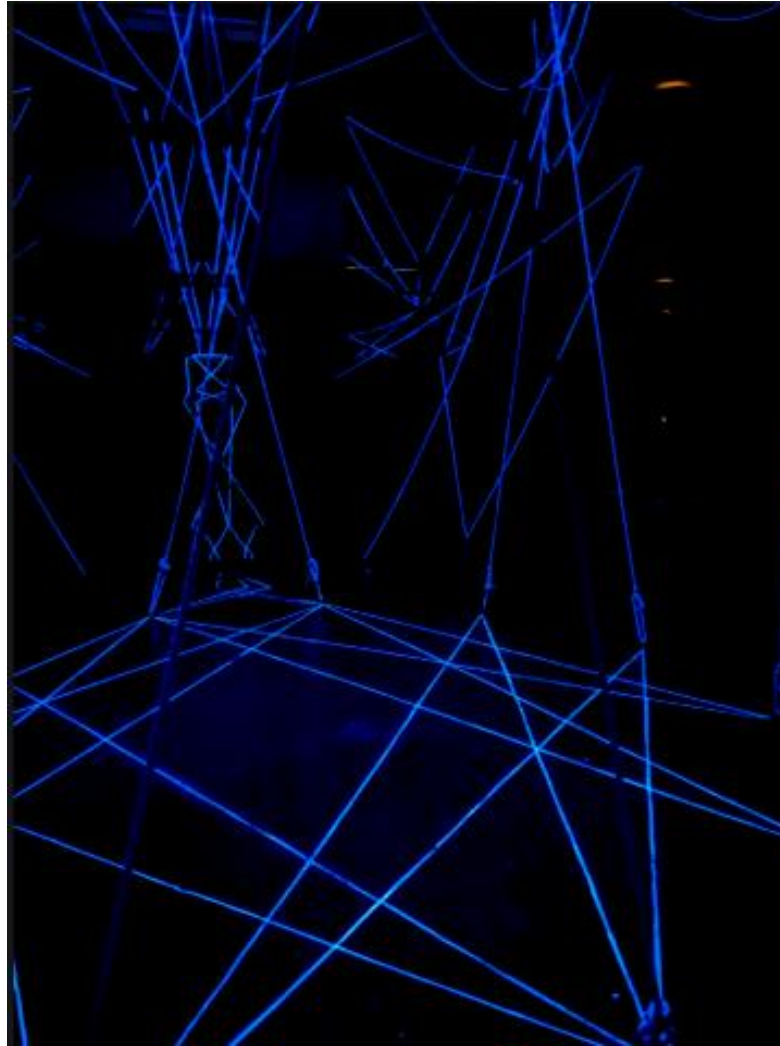


Figure 24 The ropes and fluorescent scenic painting under black light. Photo by Zach Levis

4.4 Rape into Wedding

Our second design meeting working on the rape and wedding scene. This was the most important scene of the play, and, as a word-less scene, it was also a design show. Most of the design and staging decisions were made in relation to this scene. This production for me is about a woman stepping from being raped, immediately into getting married, and us as audience members, living through this with her, understanding the trauma she is experiencing and watching the struggle of going through the motions, surviving, and, in the struggle to survive,

never fully getting to process what happened. The wedding was what she did it all for, and it is a moment of absolute pain. I will talk through some major decisions in building this complex emotional scene.



Figure 25 Bonnie Duff as Beatrice-Joanna and Kyle Oliver Preston as De Flores when he pulls her to him before undoing her corset (Set by Luis Belassai; Costumes by Charlotte Chang; Lights by Zach Levis; Photo by Javier R. Sortes).

I choreographed the rape scene with my actors so that Beatrice-Joanna has a freeze reaction the moment De Flores turns her face and kisses her. At that point, we lit the Joannas in onto the platform, giving them half focus. They perform the same few gestures Beatrice does when manhandled, emphasizing the non-consensual revulsion and horror in her bodily responses. We amplified her fearful breath through a recorded sound effect, and we did the same when De Flores ripped her skirt. He walked her back into the benches he had put together for a bed. At

that point we switched the lights from Beatrice and De Flores center stage and lit the Joannas on the platform: they performed a frantic sequence on a crescendo as the white noise built, gestures of reaching out, trying to escape, being pulled back down until a gong stopped the entire sequence and brought the light back to Beatrice-Joanna. I knew from early on that I would not stage the entire assault but only a few gestures leading up to it to deny voyeuristic audience members making a spectacle of her assault. This is about honoring her pain, so we moved the focus to the Joannas who expressed it through their movement, rather than watching her abuser enjoy her pain. Coming back to see Beatrice-Joanna left as what I described on script as “a used mess.” We see what matters: the non-consent, her internal life through the Joannas, and the effect it has on her.

In discussing the potential of using nudity with the lead actor Bonnie Duff, whom I wanted to have absolute authority over the question, I expressed my concern over denying the voyeuristic sexualizing gaze of a woman’s pain, and that if it happened, it would be a glance exposing vulnerability. Duff shared the same concern, but believed the vulnerability of her exposed body could benefit the scene, and quoted a technique we had been employing through the play, which I described as allowing the audience to get comfortable, laugh, then have the rug pulled out from under them—horrifying them with what they were comfortable with and had laughed at. Duff suggested that if we had such a voyeuristic audience member, the building of suffering would pull the rug from under them in just this way.

We agreed to try, exposing just her breasts. At tech, the effect of the scene was brutal. I am very comfortable with nudity and certainly not thrown off by breasts, but even after having considered it for months, discussed and agreed to it, I still could not bear to watch it. The vulnerability of her exposed body (live) made the scene excruciating to watch. We decided to

keep it. When the crescendo of the Joannas reached a peak, we heard the gong bring us back to reality (a motif established at this moment and used throughout) and the lights went back to Beatrice-Joanna and De Flores: he standing, zipping his pants back up, and Beatrice-Joanna was lying with her breasts exposed. We had silence at this moment as De Flores slowly walked around, took his money bag and walked offstage. We amplified the sound of his footsteps. Beatrice, haunted by the loud surround footsteps begins a cleansing action and is joined by the Joannas, actions we used in the prologue and scattered through at flashback moments later in the productions, until the gong hit again. Then, Beatrice was brought back into reality, and the fact that it was time for her to get dressed for her wedding.



Figure 26 Monica Bowman, Aoife McAndless-Davis, Chantal Gering and Genevieve Guimond as the Joannas, dress Bonnie Duff as Beatrice-Joanna and admire her in her wedding dress (Set by Luis Belassai; Costumes by Charlotte Chang; Lights by Zach Levis; Photo by Javier R. Sortres).

We preserved the spectacle of the event, which would have been her crowning moment, showing all her privilege and grandeur, in contrast to how hopelessly alone and broken she is after her assault, still trying to go through the motions. We chose to have the costume change happen on stage, exposing the artifice and entrapment that dressing the part of a beautiful noble woman requires. The Joannas then, as her ladies-in-waiting, dressed her as she stood as a beautiful object being adorned on top of the benches. Beatrice could barely move her limbs and was puppeteered by the Joannas. Her stunning veil flies in, behind the audience, and on the platform the men search for the missing Alonzo and it is determined she is to marry Alsemero. All the while we see her being spectacularly built, her wedding music loops in surround sound, in a crescendo to the point of becoming a cacophony, the sound of the memories that haunt her: her frantic breath when De Flores first touched her, the sound of her skirt ripping. The amplification of triggering sounds also became a recurring motif from this point onwards.

When Beatrice reaches the top of the stairs and is brought to marry the man of her choice, when there might have been a spark of hope, the footsteps begin again, we have a moment of suspension as De Flores enters, makes eye contact with her and laughs. This is about power. He has it and is making sure she knows it. He is not done. She starts the obsessive cleansing moves again, until the gong brings her back to reality. When Alsemero goes to kiss her, she instinctively retreats and flinches: touch is triggering now, even from the man of her dreams. When Alsemero goes in for the second time we get the dissociation effect of cutting all sound and light and seeing the blue light emphasis on the set that remains for the rest of the play. After the flash of black we heard another loud silence, when Beatrice walked down the stairs, sat at the bottom, and finally had a chance to be with herself and her feelings for a second at the top of 4.1 when she reflects on how “this fellow has undone me endlessly.”

This was the scene that changed the shape of the play in action and aesthetically and the point where all elements converged to underline pain and entrapment.



Figure 27 Bonnie Duff as Beatrice-Joanna having a moment with her feelings on top of 4.1 (Set by Luis Belassai; Costumes by Charlotte Chang; Lights by Zach Levis; Photo by Javier R. Sortres).

Chapter 5: Staging Violence and Staging Consent

I wrote in chapters 1 and 2 of my awareness of how personal the play's subject matter would be to many involved in this production due to the insidiousness of gender violence, in particular in our industry. Creating a safe environment to explore unsafe subjects must be the first step of any production dealing with sexual assault. In order to do so, I provided resources for my actors for support available on campus and the community at large, I created and discussed an intimacy protocol with my actors on the first day of rehearsals, and had the cast discuss among themselves and communicate to me through their cast representative whether they preferred to have an outside intimacy choreographer join us or if they wanted me to serve in this role, emphasizing that regardless, the process of choreography would be collaborative and no choreography would be imposed.

My practice followed the protocol I proposed for intimacy and violence:

- Any intimacy will be carefully choreographed in a closed rehearsal (only those involved, and stage management will be present for the first rehearsal).
- Intimacy scenes will only be rehearsed with director/stage management present.
- We will discuss the needs of the scene, the beats, important images, and escalation of action prior to any movement being decided on.
- We will collaborate and work with suggestions from each other.
- No move will be tested without explicit consent.
 - We will establish boundaries before starting and check in before each move.

- If at any moment you are not comfortable, or think you may grow uncomfortable with any move, you can simply say that “X is not sustainable for me, can we try “Y?” and we will work together to establish a choreography that is sustainable. No further explanation is needed.
- If you ever have any concerns, please come to me (I am happy to meet in private). If I am part of the concern, please reach out to my supervisor, Lois Anderson.

I guided my entire cast and the performers involved on any days we rehearsed the assault scene through group “come-downs,” encouraged and assisted them in finding their individual practices, and reserved spaces for my actors playing Beatrice and De Flores to have their individual come downs. No rule book is ever a substitute for listening, caring and paying attention, and I made sure my actors knew that the art is never more important than they are. Anyone who works under the assumption that the art is the most important thing in the world and expects their performers to sacrifice themselves is debasing art by turning it into a weapon of self-destruction. Art is greater than that.

Having staged several plays of this period, many with violent and sexual content, of all the practices I have developed the most important is staging consent. Just as in a fight, it is not seeing a punch land perfectly on another actor’s skin that sells it to an audience—it is the knap, the prep and final image, the motion, the vocal and physical commitment of the actors—the same is true for intimacy. When staging intimate violence, the similarity to a fight choreography makes it more straight forward than when staging a flirtatious intimate moment. In *The Changeling*, we had intimate violence, but we also had a lot of flirting. The contrast between the two should always be obvious. I always slow down in blocking and choreographing the lead up to intimate actions and break down the physical language of consent and the dance of flirtation.

In Antonios and Isabella's scene, Antonios has very little time to convince the woman he loves to be with him, and the urgency could lead an actor to, in aggressively pursuing his objective, turn a dance into a hunt. I was very specific about how Ishan Sandhu, as Antonios, should never advance without an invitation—If Monica Bowman, playing Isabella, retreated in surprise at his reveal, he can't move closer, first he must convince her he is harmless (get on his knees, offer his leash, etc.). I was also very particular with Monica, whose character doesn't declare her intentions as directly, about what to do with her body: if he is coming to kiss you and you want to be kissed, turn to him, expose your soft spots¹¹, make sure that the audience members sitting immediately behind you can see your body say "yes" even if they can't see you smile.



Figure 28 Monica Bowman as Isabela and Ishan Sandhu as Antonios (Set by Luis Belassai; Costumes by Charlotte Chang; Lights by Zach Levis; Photo by Javier R. Sortres).

¹¹ This refers to our tendency when we feel threatened or uncomfortable to protect ourselves, and when comfortable and flirting to expose our vulnerable spots (think wrists and open arms vs arms crossed).

If this is a flirtation scene, there will be indications in the lines for physical language. For example, in Antonios' line in 3.1, he responds to Isabella's comment that he is bold saying:

What should I fear,
Having all joys about me? Do you smile,
And love shall play the wanton on your lip,
Meet and retire, retire and meet again.

His "do you smile" is right before the end of the verse line, i.e., when the pause happens naturally in verse, gives the perfect opportunity for Isabella to "smile" in response, before he then plays the wanton on her lips and kisses her. It is also only responsible to show enthusiastic consent where it is possible and not refrain from allowing the women to express desire and take control: Isabella is a very assertive character, and makes the choice to protect Antonios, and give him hope saying that "If he hold on as he begins, he is like to come to something!" (Middleton 3.1). Beyond a tradition of passive ingenues, there is no reason this character couldn't take charge on their second kiss, back Antonios into the chair, hold his choker and pull him by the hair for their next kiss. Clarity in action and contrast are the perfect recipe for a complete understanding.

Chapter 6: Conclusion

The show is dead.

Long live the show.

Theatre's most striking characteristic is its ephemeral nature. The surviving evidence is rarely from the perspective of those who created, since as creators, we believe in the form and know that the impact of a show lives long after the curtain call. This production and written thesis bring a scarce, though desperately needed, perspective to the staging of classics and enriches the archival sources for theatre studies with a practitioner's analysis. Most importantly, though, this production impacted hundreds of viewers, some of whom wept and some of whom walked away. Many women came to talk to me after the show, and one in particular, a 19-year old I barely knew, asked me about the nightmare vision and proceeded to tell me about her experience of sexual assault and how she denied herself the status of survivor for not "ticking all boxes." This show was for her. Long live the show.

I am aware I may be asking a lot when I ask an audience member to empathize with a privileged imperfect woman, understand her entrapment, and respect the fight in her. I do not underestimate the value of planting a seed; seeing a perspective entirely different from what you believed absolute is jarring and may be shut away with a knee-jerk reaction. Yet exposure is the seed of normalcy. The more the voices of survivors that are heard, the easier it becomes to recognize oppressors and predators and the structures that yield them power—the more the normal is changed. If nothing else, this show tells the persistently traditionalist audience that theirs is not the only voice. Long live the show.

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Appendix

The Changeling

By Thomas Middleton and William Rowley

Edited by Luciana Silvestre Fernandes

The Scene: Alicant

The space includes a realm of reality and a psychological realm where the Joannas exist. The spaces blend when she is dressed for the wedding and at the end.

Dramatis Personae

Beatrice-Joanna

Diaphanta/ (Joanna 1; Madwoman)

Isabella (Joanna 4)

Servant/ (Joanna 2; Madwoman)

Livia/ (Joanna 3; Madwoman)

De Flores

Vermandero

Alsemero

Jasperino/ (Madman)

Alonzo/ (Madman)

Alibius

Lollo

Franciscus

Antonio

Tomazo

1.0 Prologue

Beatrice-Joanna tears and cleanses herself, scrubbing herself violently. The Joannas (2, 3 and 4) appear, performing the same action. A clock strikes/ church bells toll. It startles her, the Joannas disappear. Lights change to the present at a church: Beatrice Joanna and Diaphanta. De Flores is always close by. As she leaves, she locks eyes with Alsemero, a moment of suspension.

1.1 A street near the harbor

ALSEMERO

'Twas in the temple where I first beheld her,

And now again the same; what omen yet

Follows of that? None but imaginary.

Why should my hopes or fate be timorous?

The place is holy, so is my intent:

I love her beauties to the holy purpose,

The church hath first begun our interview

And that's the place must join us into one.

Enter Beatrice and Diaphanta. He kisses Beatrice-Joanna's hand. Enter Jasperino.

JASPERINO

[*Aside*] How now! Salute a woman! He kisses too: wonderful! Where learnt he this?

BEATRICE

You are a scholar, sir.

Which of the sciences is this love you speak of?

ALSEMERO

From your tongue I take it to be music.

BEATRICE

You are skillful in't, can sing at first sight.

ALSEMERO

And I have show'd you all my skill at once.
I love you dearly.

BEATRICE

Be better advis'd, sir:
Our eyes are sentinels unto our judgments,
But they are rash sometimes, and tell us wonders
Of common things, which when our judgments find,
They can then check the eyes, and call them blind.

ALSEMERO

But I am further, lady; yesterday
Was mine eyes' employment, and hither now
They brought my judgment, where are both agreed.
Only there wants the confirmation
By the hand royal; that's your part, lady.

BEATRICE

Oh, there's one above me, sir.

JASPERINO

[*Aside*] I meant to be a venturer in this voyage. Yonder's another vessel: I'll board
her; if she be lawful prize, down goes her topsail!
Enter Deflores.

DEFLORES

Lady, your father--

BEATRICE

Is in health, I hope.

DEFLORES

Your eye shall instantly instruct you, lady.
He's coming hitherward.

BEATRICE

What needed then
Your duteous preface? I had rather
He had come unexpected; you must stall
A good presence with unnecessary blabbing:
And how welcome for your part you are,
I'm sure you know.

DEFLORES

[*Aside*] Will't never mend, this scorn,
One side nor other? Must I be enjoin'd
To follow still whilst she flies from me? Well,
Fates do your worst, I'll please myself with sight
Of her, at all opportunities,
If but to spite her anger. I know she had
Rather see me dead than living, and yet
She knows no cause for't but a peevish will.

ALSEMERO

You seem'd displeas'd, lady, on the sudden.

BEATRICE

Your pardon, sir, 'tis my infirmity,
Nor can I other reason render you
Than his or hers, of some particular thing
They must abandon as a deadly poison,
Which to a thousand other tastes were wholesome;
Such to mine eyes is that same fellow there.

ALSEMERO

He does ill to tempt your sight, if he knew it.

BEATRICE

He cannot be ignorant of that, sir;
I have not spar'd to tell him so, and I want
To help myself, since he's a gentleman
In good respect with my father and follows him.

ALSEMERO

He's out of his place then now.
Focus switches to Jasperino and Diaphanta

JASPERINO

I am a mad wag, wench.

DIAPHANTA

So methinks; but for your comfort I can tell you we have a doctor in the city that
undertakes the cure of such.

JASPERINO

Tush, I know what physic is best.

DIAPHANTA

A little poppy, sir, were good to cause you sleep.

JASPERINO

Poppy! I'll give thee a pop i' th' lips for that first, and begin there. [*He kisses her.*]
Poppy is one simple indeed, and cuckoo, what you call't, another: I'll discover no
more now; another time I'll show thee all.
Enter Vermandero with servant.

BEATRICE

My father, sir.

VERMANDERO

Oh, Joanna, I came to meet thee.
Your devotion's ended?

BEATRICE

For this time, sir.

[*Aside*] I shall change my saint, I fear me: I find
A giddy turning in me.--Sir, this while
I am beholding to this gentleman,
Who left his own way to keep me company,
And in discourse I find him much desirous
To see your castle: he hath deserv'd it, sir,
If ye please to grant it.

ALSEMERO

Alsemero, sir.

VERMANDERO

Alsemero? Not the son
Of John de Alsemero?
Oh, sir, I knew your father.
We two were in acquaintance long ago
And so continued till the stamp of time
Had coin'd us into silver. Well, he's gone;
A good soldier went with him
In fight with those rebellious Hollanders,
Was it not so?

ALSEMERO

Whose death I had reveng'd,
Or followed him in fate, had not the late league
Prevented me.

VERMANDERO

Ay, ay, 'twas time to breathe.

Oh, Joanna, I should ha' told thee news:
I saw Piracquo lately.
He's hot preparing for this day of triumph;
Thou must be a bride within this sevensnight.

BEATRICE

Nay, good sir, be not so violent; with speed
I cannot render satisfaction
Unto the dear companion of my soul,
Virginity, whom I thus long have liv'd with--

VERMANDERO

Tush, tush, there's a toy.

ALSEMERO

[*Aside*] I must now part, and never meet again
With any joy on earth.--Sir, your pardon,
My affairs call on me.

VERMANDERO

Not chang'd so soon, I hope? You must see my castle
And her best entertainment ere we part;
Come, come, let's on; I had good hope your stay
Had been a while with us in Alicant;
I might have bid you to my daughter's wedding.
I tell you, sir, the gentleman's complete.

ALSEMERO

He's much
Bound to you, sir.

VERMANDERO

He shall be bound to me,
As fast as this tie can hold him; I'll want

My will else.
But come, by the way I'll tell you more of him.

ALSEMERO

[*Aside*] How shall I dare to venture in his castle
When he discharges murderers at the gate?
But I must on, for back I cannot go.

VERMANDERO

Look, girl, thy glove's fall'n;
Stay, stay, Deflores, help a little.

DEFLORES

Here, lady.

He holds the glove for her to grab, when she does so, instead of letting go, he pulls her forward. The Joannas (2, 3 and 4) are lit, tense, for a brief moment.

BEATRICE

Mischief on your officious forwardness!
Who bade you stoop? They touch my hand no more:
There, for t'other's sake I part with this;
Take 'em and draw thine own skin off with 'em.
Exeunt. Manet Deflores.

DEFLORES

Here's a favour come with a mischief!
Now I know she had rather wear my pelt tann'd
In a pair of dancing pumps than I should
Thrust my fingers into her sockets here.

I know

She hates me, yet cannot choose but love her:
No matter, if but to vex her, I'll haunt her still;
Though I get nothing else, I'll have my will.
Exit.

1.2 A room in Alibius's house

ALIBIUS

Lollio, I must trust thee with a secret,
But thou must keep it.
Lollio, I have a wife.

LOLLIO

Fie, sir, 'tis too late to keep her secret; she's known to be married all the town over.

ALIBIUS

Thou goest too fast, my Lollio:
My wife is young. I am old, Lollio.

LOLLIO

No, sir, 'tis I am old Lollio.

ALIBIUS

Here's the fear, man
I would wear my ring on my own finger;
Whilst it is borrowed it is none of mine.

LOLLIO

You must keep it on still then; if it but lie by, one or other will be thrusting into't.

ALIBIUS

Thou conceiv'st me, Lollio; here thy watchful eye
Must have employment. I cannot always be at home
To watch her treadings, and in my absence
Supply my place.

LOLLIO

Surely I cannot see who you should have cause to be jealous of. We have but fools

and madmen here, and both under the whip; the one has not wit enough to be knaves, and the other not knavery enough to be fools.

ALIBIUS

Ay, those are all my patients, Lollo.
I do profess the cure of either sort:
My trade, my living 'tis, I thrive by it.
But here's the care that mixes with my thrift:
The daily visitants that come to see
My brainsick patients I would not have
To see my wife. Gallants I do observe
Of quick, enticing eyes, rich in habits:
These are most shrewd temptations, Lollo.

LOLLIO

If they come to see the fools and madmen, you and I may serve the turn, and let my mistress alone; she's of neither sort.

ALIBIUS

Hold that buckler fast, Lollo; my trust
Is on thee, and I account it firm and strong.
Enter Livia and Antonio, as an "idiot".

LIVIA

Save you, sir, my business speaks itself.

ALIBIUS

Ay, ay, ma'm,
'Tis plain enough, you mean him for my patient.

LIVIA

[*Giving Alibius money*] And if your pains prove but commodious,
To give but some little strength to his sick
And weak part of nature in him, these are

But patterns to show you of the whole pieces
That will follow to you.

LOLLIO

Sir, an officer in this place may deserve something; the trouble will pass through
my hands.

LIVIA

[*Giving Lollio money*] 'Tis fit something should come to your hands then, sir.

ALIBIUS

Believe it, ma'am there shall be no care wanting.

LIVIA

His name is Antonio; marry, we use but half to him, only Tony.
If you can raise him but to any height,
'Twould add an honour to your worthy pains,
He is a gentleman.

LOLLIO

As you allow us time and means, we can raise him to the wit of a magnifico.

LIVIA

Oh, no, that's not to be expected; far shorter will be enough.

LOLLIO

No, fie, to level him with a constabler. I'll go further; say I make him as wise as
myself.

LIVIA

Why, there I would have it. And so leave you: your best cares, I beseech you.
Exit Livia.

LOLLIO

I were best try his wit a little. Tony, how many true fingers has a tailor on his right hand?

ANTONIO

As many as on his left, cousin.

LOLLIO

Very well answered. Tony: say how many fools are here.

ANTONIO

Two, cousin, thou and I.

LOLLIO

Tony; mark my question: how many fools and knaves are here? A fool before a knave, a fool behind a knave, between every two fools a knave, how many fools, how many knaves?

ANTONIO

I never learnt so far, cousin.

LOLLIO

I'll make you understand it easily. Cousin, stand there. Master, stand you next the fool. Here's my place. Mark now, Tony: there a fool before a knave.

ANTONIO

That's I, cousin.

LOLLIO

Here's a fool behind a knave, that's I, and between us two fools there is a knave, that's my master; 'tis but we three.

Madmen are heard from within.

LOLLIO

Peace, I say! Their hour's come, they must be fed.
Come, Tony, you must amongst your school-fellows now.

Exeunt.

2.1 A chamber in the castle

BEATRICE

Oh, sir, I'm ready now for that fair service
Which makes the name of friend sit glorious on you;
Fitness of time and place is there set down, sir. *[She hands him a paper.]*

JASPERINO

The joy I shall return rewards my service.

Exit.

BEATRICE

How wise is Alsemero in his friend!
It is a sign he makes his choice with judgment.
Methinks I love now with the eyes of judgment
And see the way to merit, clearly see it.
Enter Deflores. Joanas are lit, barely at first, small tense actions through their dialogue.

DEFLORES

[Aside] Yonder's she.
What ever ails me? Now alate especially
I can as well be hang'd as refrain seeing her;
Some twenty times a day-- nay, not so little--
Do I force errands, frame ways and excuses
To come into her sight, and I have small reason for't,
And less encouragement; for she baits me still
Every time worse than other, does profess herself
The cruellest enemy to my face in town--

She turns her blessed eye upon me now,
And I'll endure all storms before I part with 't.

BEATRICE

Again!

[*Aside*] This ominous ill-fac'd fellow more disturbs me
Than all my other passions.

DEFLORES

[*Aside*] Now 't begins again;
I'll stand this storm of hail though the stones pelt me.

BEATRICE

Thy business? What's thy business?

BEATRICE

[*Aside*] The villain's fix'd.--
Thou standing toad-pool!

DEFLORES

[*Aside*] The shower falls amain now.

BEATRICE

Who sent thee? What's thy errand? Leave my sight!

DEFLORES

My lord your father charg'd me to deliver
A message to you.

BEATRICE

What, another since?
Do't and be hang'd then, let me be rid of thee!

DEFLORES

True service merits mercy.

BEATRICE

What's thy message?

DEFLORES

Let beauty settle but in patience,
You shall hear all.

BEATRICE

A dallying, trifling torment!

DEFLORES

Signior Alonzo de Piracquo, lady,
is new alighted.

BEATRICE

Vengeance strike the news!
Thou thing most loath'd, what cause was there in this
To bring thee to my sight?
Get thee from me.

DEFLORES

So.

[*Aside*] Why, am not I an ass to devise ways
Thus to be rail'd at? I must see her still!
I shall have a mad qualm within this hour again,
I do but take breath to be lugg'd again.
Exit Deflores.

BEATRICE

I never see this fellow but I think
Of some harm towards me: danger's in my mind still;
I scarce leave trembling of an hour after.
The next good mood I find my father in
I'll get him quite discarded. Oh, I was *[Joannas disappear]*
Lost in this small disturbance and forgot
Affliction's fiercer torrent that now comes,
To bear down all my comforts.

Enter Vermandero above, Alonzo and Tomazo are brought in by the servant below.

VERMANDERO

Y'are both welcome,
But an especial one belongs to you, sir,
To whose most noble name our love presents
The addition of a son, our son Alonzo.

ALONZO

The treasury of honour cannot bring forth
A title I should more rejoice in, sir.

VERMANDERO

You have improv'd it well. Daughter, prepare;
The day will steal upon thee suddenly.
Beatrice pulls Vermandero to talk apart.

TOMAZO

Alonzo.
In troth I see small welcome in her eye.

ALONZO

Fie, you are too severe a censurer
Of love in all points; there's no bringing on you.

BEATRICE

That's all I do entreat.

VERMANDERO

It is but reasonable;
I'll see what my son says to't. Son Alonzo,
Here's a motion made but to reprieve
A maidenhead three days longer; the request
Is not far out of reason, for indeed
The former time is pinching.

ALONZO

The time is set as pleasing as before.

VERMANDERO

Y'are nobly welcome, sirs.
Exeunt Vermandero and Beatrice.

TOMAZO

So, did you mark the dullness of her parting now?
Unsettle your affection with all speed
Wisdom can bring it to, your peace is ruin'd else.
Think what a torment 'tis to marry one
Whose heart is leapt into another's bosom:
She lies but with another in thine arms.

ALONZO

You speak as if she lov'd some other then.

TOMAZO

Do you apprehend so slowly?

ALONZO

Nay, and that

Be your fear only, I am safe enough;

Preserve your friendship and your counsel, brother.

Pray let no more be urg'd; I can endure

Much till I meet an injury to her,

Then I am not myself. Farewell, sweet brother.

Exit.

TOMAZO

Why, here is love's tame madness!

Exit.

2.2 Another chamber

DIAPHANTA (*to Alsemero*)

The place is my charge; you have kept your hour,
And the reward of a just meeting bless you.

Exit. Enter Beatrice.

BEATRICE

I have within mine eye all my desires;
Requests that holy prayers ascend heaven for,
And brings 'em down to furnish our defects,
Come not more sweet to our necessities
Than thou unto my wishes.

ALSEMERO

W'are so like
In our expressions, lady, that unless I borrow
The same words, I shall never find their equals.

BEATRICE

How happy were this meeting, this embrace,
If it were free from envy! How well were I now
If there were none such name known as Piracquo,
Nor no such tie as the command of parents!

ALSEMERO

One good service
Would strike off both your fears.
I'll send a challenge to Piracquo instantly.

BEATRICE

How? Call you that extinguishing of fear
When 'tis the only way to keep it flaming?
Are not you ventured in the action
That's all my joys and comforts? Pray no more, sir.
Say you prevail'd, you're danger's and not mine then:

The law would claim you from me, or obscurity
Be made the grave to bury you alive.
The tears would ne'er 'a' dried till dust had chok'd 'em.
Blood-guiltiness becomes a fouler visage,
[*Aside*] And now I think on one-- I was too blame:
I ha'marr'd so good a market with my scorn.
'T had been done questionless. The ugliest creature
Creation fram'd for some use, yet to see
I could not mark so much where it should be.

ALSEMERO

Lady.

BEATRICE

[*Aside*] Why, men of art make much of poison,
Keep one to expel another; where was my art?

ALSEMERO

Lady, you hear not me.

BEATRICE

I do especially, sir;
The present times are not so sure of our side
As those hereafter may be; we must use 'em then,
As thrifty folks their wealth, sparingly now
Till the time opens.
Within there, Diaphanta! [*Enter Diaphanta.*]
Perfect your service, and conduct this gentleman
The private way you brought him.

ALSEMERO

My love's as firm as love e'er built upon.
Exeunt Diaphanta and Alsemero. Enter Deflores.

DEFLORES

[*Aside*] I have watch'd this meeting, and do wonder much
What shall become of t'other; I'm sure both
Cannot be serv'd unless she transgress. Happily
Then I'll put in for one: for if a woman
Fly from one point, from him she makes a husband,
She spreads and mounts then like arithmetic:
One, ten, one hundred, one thousand, ten thousand,
Proves in time sutler to an army royal.
Now do I look to be most richly rail'd at,
Yet I must see her.

BEATRICE

[*Aside*] Why, put case I loath'd him
Must I needs show it? Cannot I keep that secret,
And serve my turn upon him? See, he's here.--
Deflores.

DEFLORES

[*Aside*] Ha, I shall run mad with joy!
She call'd me fairly by my name, Deflores.

BEATRICE

What ha' you done
To your face alate? Y'ave met with some good physician;
Y'ave prun'd yourself, methinks: you were not wont
To look so amorously.

DEFLORES

[*Aside*] Not I;
'Tis the same physnomy to a hair and pimple
Which she call'd scurvy scarce an hour ago.

BEATRICE

Come hither, nearer, man.

Turn, let me see.
Fah! 'Tis but the heat of the liver, I perceive 't.

DEFLORES
[*Aside*] Her fingers touch'd me;
She smells all amber.

BEATRICE
I'll make a water, for you shall cleanse this
Within a fortnight.

DEFLORES
[*Aside*] 'Tis half an act of pleasure
To hear her talk thus to me.

BEATRICE
When w'are us'd
To a hard face, 'tis not so unpleasing.

DEFLORES
[*Aside*] I was blest
To light upon this minute; I'll make use on't.

BEATRICE
Hardness becomes the visage of a man well;
It argues service, resolution, manhood,
If cause were of employment.

DEFLORES
'Twould be soon seen,
If e'er your ladyship had cause to use it.

BEATRICE

[*Aside*]

Oh, my Deflores!

We shall try you.--

DEFLORES

[*Aside*]

How's that?

She calls me hers already, my Deflores!--

You were about to sigh out somewhat, madam.

That sigh would fain have utterance. Take pity on't!

BEATRICE

Would creation--

DEFLORES

Ay, well said, that's it.

BEATRICE

Had form'd me man.

DEFLORES

Nay, that's not it.

BEATRICE

Oh, 'tis the soul of freedom!

I should not then be forc'd to marry one

I hate beyond all depths; I should have power

Then to oppose my loathings, nay, remove 'em

Forever from my sight.

DEFLORES

Oh, blest occasion!

[*Kneeling*] Without change to your sex, you have your wishes.

Claim so much man in me.

BEATRICE

In thee, Deflores?

There's small cause for that.

DEFLORES

Put it not from me;

It's a service that I kneel for to you.

BEATRICE

You are too violent to mean faithfully;

There's horror in my service, blood and danger:

Can those be things to sue for?

DEFLORES

If you knew

How sweet it were to me to be employed

In any act of yours, you would say then

I fail'd and us'd not reverence enough

When I receive the charge on't.

BEATRICE

[*Aside*] This is much,

Methinks; belike his wants are greedy, and

To such gold tastes like angels' food. --Rise.

DEFLORES

I'll have the work first.

BEATRICE

[*Aside*] Possible his need

Is strong upon him. [*Offering him money*] There's to encourage thee;

As thou art forward and thy service dangerous,

Thy reward shall be precious.

DEFLORES

That I have thought on;
I have assur'd myself of that beforehand,
And know it will be precious: the thought ravishes! [*A flash of the Joannas
holding each other's hands*]

BEATRICE

Then take him to thy fury.
Alonzo de Piracquo.

DEFLORES

[*Rises.*] His end's upon him; he shall be seen no more.

BEATRICE

Be wondrous careful in the execution.

DEFLORES

Why, are not both our lives upon the cast?

BEATRICE

Then I throw all my fears upon thy service.

DEFLORES

They ne'er shall rise to hurt you.

BEATRICE

When the deed's done,
I'll furnish thee with all things for thy flight;
Thou may'st live bravely in another country.

DEFLORES

Ay, ay, we'll talk of that hereafter.

BEATRICE

[*Aside*] I shall rid myself of two inveterate loathings
At one time: Piracquo and his dog-face.

Exit.

DEFLORES

Oh, my blood!

Methinks I feel her in mine arms already,
Her wanton fingers combing out this beard,
And being pleased, praising this bad face.
Hunger and pleasure, they'll commend sometimes
Slovenly dishes and feed heartily on 'em;
Nay, which is stranger, refuse daintier for 'em.
Some women are odd feeders. I'm too loud;
Here comes the man goes supperless to bed,
Yet shall not rise tomorrow to his dinner.

Enter Alonzo.

ALONZO

Deflores. I am glad I ha' met with thee.
Thou canst show me the full strength of the castle?

DEFLORES

That I can, sir.
And if the ways and straits of some of the passages
Be not too tedious for you, I will assure
You worth your time and sight, my lord.

ALONZO

Puh, that shall be no hinderance.

DEFLORES

I'm your servant then. [*Deflores hides a weapon, as Alonzo goes ahead.*]
All this is nothing; you shall see anon
A place you little dream on.

ALONZO

Here's rich variety, Deflores.
Goodly munition.

DEFLORES

No bastard metal will ring you a peal like bells
At great men's funerals. Keep your eye straight, my lord;
Take special notice of that sponce before you. [*Stabs him.*]

ALONZO

Deflores, oh, Deflores,
Whose malice hast thou put on?

DEFLORES

Do you question
A work of secrecy? I must silence you. [*Stabs him. Alonzo still moans/cries out*]
I must silence you. [*Stabs him; Alonzo dies.*]
So, here's an undertaking well accomplish'd.
This vault serves to good use now. Ha! What's that
Threw sparkles in my eye? Oh, 'tis a diamond.
This will approve the work. [*He tries to take the ring off.*]
What, so fast on?
Not part in death? I'll take a speedy course then:
Finger and all shall off. [*Cuts off his finger.*] So, now I'll clear
The passages from all suspect or fear.
Exit with body- perhaps a flash of the Joannas?

3.1 A vault *Enter Isabella and Lollo.*

ISABELLA

Why, sirrah? Whence have you commission
To fetter the doors against me?
Is it your master's pleasure, or your own?

LOLLIO

'Tis for my masters pleasure, lest being taken in another man's corn, you might be
pounded in another place.

ISABELLA

Y'are a brave, saucy rascal! Come on, sir,
Afford me then the pleasure of your bedlam.

LOLLIO

When you have a taste of the madman, you shall see Fools' College o' th' side. *Exit.*
[*Within*] Come on, sir, let me see how handsomely you'll behave yourself now.
Enter Lollo, Franciscus.

FRANCISCUS

How sweetly she looks! Poet, drink to my mistress' health; I'll pledge it. Stay, stay,
there's a spider in the cup! No, 'tis but a grape seed: swallow it, fear nothing, poet.

ISABELLA

Alack, alack, 'tis too full of pity
To be laugh'd at! How fell he mad?

LOLLIO

For love, mistress. The Muses forsook him; he ran mad for a chambermaid.
[*Showing him a whip*] Not too near, you see your danger.

FRANCISCUS

Oh, hold thy hand!

Thou feed'st thy horses well, they shall obey thee.
Get up; I kneel. [*Gets down on all fours.*]

ISABELLA

His conscience is unquiet; sure that was
The cause of this. A proper gentleman.

FRANCISCUS

Cupid struck me blind.

LOLLIO

And Luna made you mad; you have two trades to beg with.

FRANCISCUS

Luna is now big-bellied, and there's room
For both of us to ride with Hecate;
I'll drag thee up into her silver sphere,
The swiftlyanthropi that walks the round,
We'll tear their wolvish skins, and save the sheep. [*Beats Lollio.*]

LOLLIO

Mad slave, indeed, abuse your keeper? [*whips him*]

ISABELLA

I prithee hence with him, now he grows dangerous.

FRANCISCUS

[*Singing*] Sweet love pity me, give me leave to lie with thee.

LOLLIO

No, I'll see you wiser first. To your own kennel. [*Exit Franciscus.*] Now, mistress, I
will bring you another sort. Tony, come hither, Tony, look who's yonder. [*Enter*

Antonio.]

Fear him not, mistress, 'tis a gentle nidget; you may play with him.

MADMAN *within*

Bounce, bounce, he falls, he falls!

LOLLIO

Must I come amongst you there? Keep you the fool, mistress. *[Exit.]*

ANTONIO

'Tis opportuneful now, sweet lady! Nay,
Cast no amazing eye upon this change.

ISABELLA

You are a fine fool indeed.

ANTONIO

No danger in me: I bring naught but love
And his soft, wounding shafts to strike you with.

ISABELLA

A forward fool, too.

ANTONIO

Take no acquaintance
Of these outward follies; there is within
A gentleman that loves you.

ISABELLA

When I see him,
I'll speak with him; so in the meantime
Keep your habit, it becomes you well enough.
Enter Lollio.

ANTONIO

And must again. He, he, I thank you, cousin;
I'll be your valentine tomorrow morning.

LOLLIO

Is he not witty, pretty well for a fool?

ISABELLA

If he hold on as he begins, he is like to come to something!

MADMAN [*within*]

Catch there, catch the last couple in hell!

LOLLIO

Again? Must I come amongst you? [*Exit.*]

ANTONIO

Why should a minute of love's hour be lost?

ISABELLA

Fie, out again! I had rather you kept
Your other posture: you become not your tongue
When you speak from your clothes.

ANTONIO

How can he freeze
Lives near so sweet a warmth?
Enter Lollio above.

ISABELLA

Take heed, there's giants keep 'em. [*Antonio kisses her.*]

LOLLIO *[above]*

How now, fool, are you good at that? I believe I must put harder questions to him.

ISABELLA

You are bold without fear, too.

ANTONIO

What should I fear,
Having all joys about me? Do you smile,
And love shall play the wanton on your lip,
Meet and retire, retire and meet again.

LOLLIO

[Aside] Cuckoo, cuckoo!

Lollio Exits. [Enter and exit Madmen above.]

ANTONIO

What are these?

ISABELLA

Of fear enough to part us,
Yet are they but our schools of lunatics,
That act their fantasies in any shapes
Suiting their present thoughts: if sad, they cry;
If mirth be their conceit, they laugh again.
Sometimes they imitate the beasts and birds,
Singing or howling, braying, barking; all
As their wild fancies prompt 'em.

Enter Lollio.

ISABELLA

Your fool is grown wondrous witty.

LOLLIO

Well, I'll say nothing; but I do think he will put you down one of these days.
Exeunt Lollio and Antonio.

ISABELLA

Here the restrained current might make breach,
Spite of the watchful bankers. Would a woman stray,
She need not gad abroad to seek her sin;
It would be brought home one ways or other.
Enter Lollio.

LOLLIO

How dost thou, sweet rogue?
Come, there are degrees; one fool may be better than another.

ISABELLA

What's the matter?

LOLLIO

Nay, if thou giv'st thy mind to fools, flesh, have at thee! [*Tries to kiss her.*]

ISABELLA

You bold slave, you!

LOLLIO

I could follow now as t'other fool did:
[*Imitating Antonio*] "What should I fear,
Having all joys about me? Do you smile..."
But is not this the more foolish way? Come, sweet rogue, kiss me.

ISABELLA

Sirrah, no more! I see you have discovered

This love's knight-errant, who hath made adventure
For purchase of my love; be silent, mute,
Mute as a statue, or his injunction
For me enjoying shall be to cut thy throat.
I'll do it, though for no other purpose,
And be sure he'll not refuse it.
No more: your master!
Enter Alibius.

ALIBIUS
Sweet, how dost thou?

ISABELLA
Your bounden servant, sir.
You were best lock me up.

ALIBIUS
In my arms and bosom, my sweet. Lollo,
We have employment, we have task in hand;
At noble Vermandero's, our castle-captain,
There is a nuptial to be solemnis'd,
For which the gentleman hath bespoke our pains:
A mixture of our madmen and our fools
To finish, as it were, and make the fag
Of all the revels, the third night from the first.
This, this, Lollo: there's a good reward begun,
And will beget a bounty, be it known.

ISABELLA
Y've a fine trade on't;
Madmen and fools are a staple commodity.

ALIBIUS
Oh, wife, we must eat, wear clothes, and live:

Just at the lawyer's haven we arrive,
By madmen and by fools we both do thrive.

Exeunt.

3.2 A chamber in the castle -*Vermandero, Alsemero, Jasperino, Servant and Beatrice.*

VERMANDERO

Valencia speaks so nobly of you, sir,
I wish I had a daughter now for you;
But heaven has married her to joys eternal.
Come, sir, your friend and you shall see the pleasures
Which my health chiefly joys in.

Exeunt. Manet Beatrice.

BEATRICE

So, here's one step
Into my father's favour; time will fix him.
I have got him now the liberty of the house;
So wisdom by degrees works out her freedom.

Enter Deflores.

DEFLORES

[*Aside*] My thoughts are at a banquet for the deed:
I feel no weight in't; 'tis but light and cheap
For the sweet recompense that I set down for't.

BEATRICE

Deflores.

DEFLORES

Lady.

BEATRICE

Is it done then?

DEFLORES

Piracquo is no more.

BEATRICE

My joys start at mine eyes; our sweet'st delights
Are evermore born weeping.

DEFLORES

I've a token for you.
But it was sent somewhat unwillingly:
I could not get the ring without the finger.

BEATRICE

Bless me! What hast thou done?

DEFLORES

Why, is that more than killing the whole man?

BEATRICE

'Tis the first token my father made me send him.

DEFLORES

And I made him send it back again.

BEATRICE

I pray bury the finger, but the stone
You may make use on shortly; the true value,
Take't of my truth, is near three hundred ducats.

DEFLORES

'Twill hardly buy a capcase for one's conscience, though,
To keep it from the worm, as fine as 'tis.
Well, being my fees I'll take it;
Great men have taught me that, or else my merit
Would scorn the way on't.

BEATRICE

 It might justly, sir.
Why, thou mistak'st, Deflores: 'tis not given
In state of recompense.
Prithee, thou look'st as if thou wert offended.

DEFLORES

Offended? Could you think so?

BEATRICE

Look you, sir, here's three thousand golden florins;
I have not meanly thought upon thy merit.

DEFLORES

What, salary? Now you move me.

BEATRICE

 How, Deflores?

DEFLORES

Do you place me in the rank of verminous fellows
To destroy things for wages? Offer gold?
The lifeblood of man! Is anything
Valued too precious for my recompense?

BEATRICE

I understand thee not.

DEFLORES

 I could ha' hir'd
A journeyman in murder at this rate,
And mine own conscience might have slept at ease.

BEATRICE

[*Aside*] I'm in a labyrinth;

What will content him? I would fain be rid of him.--

I'll double the sum, sir.

DEFLORES

You take a course

To double my vexation, that's the good you do.

BEATRICE

[*Aside*] Bless me! I am now in worse plight than I was;

I know not what will please him.--For my fear's sake,

I prithee make away with all speed possible.

And if thou be'st so modest not to name

The sum that will content thee, paper blushes not:

Send thy demand in writing, it shall follow thee;

But prithee take thy flight.

DEFLORES

You must fly too then.

I'll not stir a foot else.

BEATRICE

What's your meaning?

DEFLORES

Why, are not you as guilty, in, I'm sure,

As deep as I? And we should stick together.

Come, your fears counsel you but ill: my absence

Would draw suspect upon you instantly;

There were no rescue for you.

BEATRICE

[*Aside*]

He speaks home.

DEFLORES

Nor is it fit we two engag'd so jointly
Should part and live asunder. [*He tries to kiss her.*]

BEATRICE

How now, sir?

This shows not well.

DEFLORES

What makes your lip so strange?
This must not be 'twixt us.

BEATRICE

[*Aside*]

The man talks wildly.

DEFLORES

Come, kiss me with a zeal now!

BEATRICE

[*Aside*]

Heaven, I doubt him!

DEFLORES

I will not stand so long to beg 'em shortly.

BEATRICE

Take heed, Deflores, of forgetfulness;
'Twill soon betray us.

DEFLORES

Take you heed first;
Faith, y'are grown much forgetful: y'are too blame in't.

BEATRICE

[*Aside*] He's bold, and I am blam'd for't.

DEFLORES

I have eas'd
You of your trouble; think on't: I'm in pain
And must be eas'd of you; 'tis a charity.
Justice invites your blood to understand me.

BEATRICE

Oh, I never shall!

DEFLORES

Oh, this act
Has put me into spirit; I was as greedy on't
As the parch'd earth of moisture when the clouds weep.
You see I have thrown contempt upon your gold;
Not that I want it not, for I do-- piteously.
In order I will come unto't and make use on't.
But 'twas not held so precious to begin with,
For I place wealth after the heels of pleasure;
And were I not resolv'd in my belief
That thy virginity were perfect in thee,
I should but take my recompense with grudging,
As if I had but half my hopes I agreed for.

BEATRICE

Why, 'tis impossible thou canst be so wicked,
To make his death the murderer of my honour!
Thy language is so bold and vicious,

I cannot see which way I can forgive it
With any modesty.

DEFLORES

Push, you forget yourself:
A woman dipp'd in blood and talk of modesty!

BEATRICE

Oh, misery of sin! Would I had been bound
Perpetually unto my living hate
In that Piracquo than to hear these words!
Think but upon the distance that creation
Set 'twixt thy blood and mine, and keep thee there.

DEFLORES

Look but into your conscience, read me there:
'Tis a true book; you'll find me there your equal.
You must forget your parentage to me;
Y'are the deeds creature: by that name
You lost your first condition, and I challenge you,
As peace and innocency has turn'd you out
And made you one with me.

BEATRICE

With thee, foul villain?

DEFLORES

Yes, my fair murderess. Do you urge me?
Though thou writ'st maid, thou whore in thy affection,
'Twas chang'd from thy first love, and that's a kind
Of whoredom in thy heart; and he's chang'd now
To bring thy second on, thy Alsemero,
Whom, by all sweets that ever darkness tasted,
If I enjoy thee not, thou ne'er enjoy'st.

I'll blast the hopes and joys of marriage;
I'll confess all, my life I rate at nothing.

BEATRICE
Oh, sir, hear me!

DEFLORES
She that in life and love refuses me,
In death and shame my partner she shall be.

BEATRICE
Stay, hear me once for all: I make thee master
Of all the wealth I have in gold and jewels;
Let me go poor unto my bed with honour
And I am rich in all things.

DEFLORES
Let this silence thee:
The wealth of all Valencia shall not buy
My pleasure from me.

BEATRICE
Vengeance begins;
Murder, I see, is followed by more sins.
Was my creation in the womb so curs'd
It must engender with a viper first?

DEFLORES
Come, rise and shroud your blushes in my bosom;
Silence is one of pleasure's best receipts:
Thy peace is wrought forever in this yielding.
'Las, how the turtle pants! Thou'lt love anon
What thou so fear'st and faint'st to venture on.

3.3

Deflores submits/manhandles her.

Joannas appear when he touches Beatrice. The Joannas perform the same action as Beatrice-Joanna. They come into focus as darkness sets on Beatrice-Joanna and De Flores. Joannas actions become more frantic and heightened in a crescendo till reaching a peak.

Lights back on Joanna, left an used mess. Deflores exits.

The same cleansing action from the start is performed by Beatrice-Joanna alone. The Joannas then join until suddenly --

Clock strikes/ Church bells toll. Beatrice is startled and we are brought back to the present. The women dress her, while all around the gentlemen look for Alonzo and Vermandero points to Alsemero, the men applaud the choice and fashion him for a groom.

Clock strikes/ Church bells toll. Beatrice walks to her groom.

Enter Deflores after all, smiling at the accident. Beatrice locks eyes with Deflores. Reality is suspended, she re-enacts her trauma.

Church bell rings/ bells toll. Back in reality, Alsemero touches her, she flinches.

Black

4.1 Alsemero's chamber *The Joannas (2, 3 and 4) are visible through most of the scene, re-enacting her trauma. Focus varies with how triggering the action is.*

BEATRICE

This fellow has undone me endlessly;
Never was bride so fearfully distress'd.
The more I think upon th' ensuing night,
And whom I am to cope with in embraces--
One who's ennobled both in blood and mind,
So clear in understanding, that's my plague now,
Before whose judgment will my fault appear
There is no hiding on't-- There's no venturing
Into his bed, what course soe'er I light upon,
Without my shame, which may grow up to danger.
He cannot but in justice strangle me
As I lie by him, as a cheater use me.
'Tis a precious craft to play with a false die
Before a cunning gamester. Here's his closet,
The key left in't, and he abroad i' th' park.
Sure 'twas forgot; I'll be so bold as look in't.
Bless me! A right physician's closet 'tis.
What manuscript lies here? *The Book of Experiment,*
Call'd Secrets in Nature: so 'tis, 'tis so.
[Reading] "How to know whether a woman be with child or no."
I hope I am not yet; if he should try, though...
The leaf tuck'd down upon't, the place suspicious.
[Reading] "give her two spoonfuls of the white water in glass C. And if she be with
child, she sleeps full twelve hours after; if not, not."
None of that water comes into my belly.
Ha! That which is next, is ten times worse.
[Reading] "How to know whether a woman be a maid or not."
If that should be apply'd, what would become of me?
[Reading] "Give the party you suspect a spoonful of the water in the glass M,
which upon her that is a maid makes three effects: 'twill make her incontinently
gape, then fall into a sudden sneezing, last into a violent laughing; else dull, heavy,
and lumpish." [bells] Where had I been?
I fear it, yet 'tis seven hours to bedtime.
Enter Diaphanta.

DIAPHANTA

Cuds, madam, are you here?

BEATRICE

[*Aside*] Seeing that wench now,
A trick comes in my mind-- I come hither
To look my lord.

DIAPHANTA

[*Aside*] Would I had such a cause
To look him too.--Why, he's i' th' park, madam.

BEATRICE

There let him be.
I fear thou art not modest, Diaphanta.

DIAPHANTA

Your thoughts are so unwilling to be known, madam;
'Tis ever the bride's fashion towards bedtime
To set light by her joys, as if she ow'd 'em not.

BEATRICE

Her joys? Her fears, thou wouldst say.
I will give a thousand ducats to that woman
Would try what my fear were, and tell me true
Tomorrow when she gets from 't: as she likes
I might perhaps be drawn to 't.

DIAPHANTA

Are you in earnest?

BEATRICE

Do you get the woman, then challenge me.

DIAPHANTA

But are you serious still? Would you resign
Your first night's pleasure and give money too?

BEATRICE

As willingly as live. [*Aside*] Alas, the gold
Is but a by-bet to wedge in the honour.

DIAPHANTA

Madam, what say you to me, and stray no further?

BEATRICE

Y'are too quick, I fear, to be a maid.

DIAPHANTA

How? Not a maid? Nay, then, you urge me, madam,
Your honourable self is not a truer
With all your fears upon you
Then I with all my lightsome joys about me.

BEATRICE

I'm glad to hear 't; then you dare put your honesty
Upon an easy trial.
Glass M. Ay, this is it. Look, Diaphanta,
You take no worse than I do.
She drinks and hands Diaphanta the glass. She drinks.

BEATRICE

Diaphanta gapes. Begins already,
There's the first symptom. *Diaphanta sneezes.* And what haste it makes

To fall into the second, there by this time:
Most admirable secret! On the contrary,
It stirs not me a whit, which most concerns it. *Diaphanta laughs*

BEATRICE
[*Aside*] Just in all things and in order.

DIAPHANTA
Ha, ha, ha, I am so, so light
At heart, ha, ha, ha. so pleasurable!
Now I'm sad again.

BEATRICE
[*Aside*] It lays itself so gently too.--Come, wench,
Most honest Diaphanta I dare call thee now.
About midnight
You must not fail to steal forth gently
That I may use the place.

DIAPHANTA
Oh, fear not, madam [*Exeunt.*]

4.2 A chamber in the castle

VERMANDERO

I tell thee, wench, mine honour is in question,
A thing till now free from suspicion.
Who of my gentlemen are absent?
Tell me and truly how many and who.

SERVANT

Antonio, sir, and Franciscus.

VERMANDERO

When did they leave the castle?

SERVANT

Some ten days since, sir.

VERMANDERO

The time accuses 'um: a charge of murder
Is brought within my castle gate, Piracquo's murder;
I dare not answer faithfully their absence.
A strict command of apprehension
Shall pursue 'um suddenly, and either wipe
The stain off clear or openly discover it. [*Enter Tomazo.*]
See, I am set on again.
Exit Servant.

TOMAZO

I claim a brother of you.
For here I left him, and the hasty tie
Of this snatch'd marriage gives strong testimony
Of his most certain ruin.

VERMANDERO

Certain falsehood!

This is the place indeed; his breach of faith
Has too much marr'd both my abused love,
And mock'd my daughter's joy. The prepar'd morning
Blush'd at his infidelity; he left
Contempt and scorn to throw upon those friends
Whose belief hurt 'em: oh, 'twas most ignoble
To take his flight so unexpectedly
And throw such public wrongs on those that lov'd him!

TOMAZO

Then this is all your answer?

VERMANDERO

'Tis too fair

For one of his alliance, and I warn you
That this place no more see you.

Exit. Enter Deflores.

TOMAZO

Honest Deflores.

DEFLORES

That's my name indeed.

TOMAZO

Come hither, kind and true one; I remember
My brother lov'd thee well.

DEFLORES

Oh, purely, dear sir!

[*Aside*] Methinks I am now again a-killing on him,
He brings it so fresh to me.---

Saw you the bride? Good sweet sir, which way took she?

TOMAZO

I prithee name her not. Is she not wicked?

DEFLORES

No, no, a pretty, easy, round-pack'd sinner,
As your most ladies are-- I am call'd, I think, sir.
Exit. Enter Alsemero.

ALSEMERO

You are most welcome.

TOMAZO

You may call that word back;
I do not think I am, nor wish to be.

ALSEMERO

Your words and you
Appear to me great strangers.

TOMAZO

Time and our swords
May make us more acquainted; this the business:
I should have a brother in your place;
How treachery and malice have dispos'd of him,
I'm bound to enquire of him which holds his right.

ALSEMERO

You must look
To answer for that word, sir.

TOMAZO

Fear you not;

I'll have it ready drawn at our next meeting.

Exit. Enter Jasperino.

ALSEMERO

Jasperino,

I have news to tell thee, strange news.

JASPERINO

I ha' some too

I think as strange as yours; would I might keep

Mine, so my faith and friendship might be kept in't.

'Twas Diaphanta's chance--for to that wench

I pretend honest love, and she deserves it--

To leave me in a back part of the house,

A place we chose for private conference;

She was no sooner gone, but instantly

I heard your bride's voice in the next room to me

And, lending more attention, found Deflores

Louder then she.

ALSEMERO

Deflores? Thou art out now.

The very sight of him is poison to her.

JASPERINO

That made me stagger too, but Diaphanta

At her return confirm'd it.

Then fell we both to listen, and words pass'd

Like those that challenge interest in a woman.

ALSEMERO

Oh, were she the sole glory of the earth,

Had eyes that could shoot fire into kings' breasts,

And touch'd, she sleeps not here; yet I have time,
Though night be near, to be resolv'd hereof.
[*Giving him a key*] That key will lead thee to a pretty secret
By a Chaldean taught me, and I've made
My study upon some; bring from my closet
A glass inscrib'd there with the letter M,
And question not my purpose. [*Exit Jasperino.*]
How can this hang together? Not an hour since
Her woman came pleading her lady's fears,
Deliver'd her for the most timorous virgin
That she might come obscurely to my bosom.
Enter Beatrice.

BEATRICE

[*Aside*] All things go well; my woman's preparing yonder
For her sweet voyage, which grieves me to lose:
Necessity compels it; I lose all else.

ALSEMERO

[*Aside*] Push, modesty's shrine is set in yonder forehead.
I cannot be too sure though.--My Joanna.

BEATRICE

Sir, I was bold to weep a message to you;
Pardon my modest fears.

ALSEMERO

[*Aside*] The dove's not meeker.
She's abus'd, questionless. [*Enter Jasperino.*]
Oh, are you come, sir?

BEATRICE

[*Aside*] The glass, upon my life! I see the letter. I am suspected.

ALSEMERO

How fitly our bride comes to partake with us!

BEATRICE

[*Aside*] I'm put now to my cunning; th' effects I know,
If I can now but feign 'em handsomely.

ALSEMERO

[*Aside to Jasperino*] It has that secret virtue it ne'er miss'd, sir,
Upon a virgin. *Beatrice gapes, then sneezes.*
[*Aside to Jasperino*] By all that's virtuous, it takes there, proceeds!

JASPERINO

[*Aside to Alsemero*] This is the strangest trick to know a maid by.

BEATRICE

Ha, ha, ha! You have given me joy of heart to drink, my lord.

ALSEMERO

No, thou hast given me such joy of heart
That never can be blasted.

BEATRICE

What's the matter, sir?

ALSEMERO

[*Aside to Jasperino*] See, now 'tis settled in a melancholy,
Keeps both the time and method.--My Joanna,
Chaste as the breath of heaven or morning's womb
That brings the day forth, thus my love encloses thee.
He embraces her. Exeunt.

4.3 A room in Alibius's house

ISABELLA

Sirrah, here's a madman akin to the fool too,
A lunatic lover.

LOLLIO

No, no, not he. I brought the letter. [*Reads*] "To Andromeda, chief chambermaid to the knight of the sun, in the middle region. Pay the post." This is stark madness.

ISABELLA

Now mark the inside. [*she reads*] "Sweet lady, having now cast off this counterfeit cover of a madman, I appear to your best judgment a true and faithful lover of your beauty. I remain, mad till I speak with you, from whom I expect my cure, yours all, or one beside himself, Franciscus."

LOLLIO

You are like to have a fine time on't. My master and I may give over our professions; I think you can cure fools and madmen faster than we.

ISABELLA

Very likely.
But thy counsel now: how shall I deal with 'um?

LOLLIO

Abuse 'um: that's the way to mad the fool and make a fool of the madman.

ISABELLA

'Tis easy. I'll practise; do thou observe it:
The key of thy wardrobe. [*He gives her the key.*]

LOLLIO

There; fit yourself for 'um, and I'll fit 'um both for you.
Exit. Enter Alibius.

ALIBIUS

Lollio, art there? Will all be perfect, think'st thou?
I will see them once more rehearse before they go.

LOLLIO

There is one or two that I mistrust their fooling; I'll instruct them, and then they shall rehearse the whole measure.

ALIBIUS

Do so; I'll see the music prepar'd: but, Lollio,
By the way, how does my wife brook her restraint?

LOLLIO

So, so. She takes some pleasure in the house. You must allow her a little more length.

ALIBIUS

She shall along to Vermandero's with us;
That will serve her for a month's liberty.
Exit Alibius.

LOLLIO

Do, sir; and I'll dance the whilst. Tony, where art thou, Tony?
Enter Antonio.

ANTONIO

Here, cousin. Where art thou?
Come, Tony, the footmanship I taught you.
Enter Isabella dressed as a madwoman. Antonio dances. Lollio exits.

ISABELLA

Hey, how he treads the air!

Shoo, shoo, t'other way: he burns his wings else;
Here's wax enough below, Icarus, more
Than will be canceled these eighteen moons.
He's down, he's down; what a terrible fall he had!

ANTONIO

Prithee, coz, let me alone.

ISABELLA

Art thou not drown'd?
Bless thee from the pirates. *[Attempts to kiss him]*

ANTONIO

I'll kick thee if again thou touch me,
Thou wild unshapen antic; I am no fool,
You bedlam!

ISABELLA

But you are as sure as I am, mad.
Have I put on this habit of a frantic
With love as full of fury to beguile
The nimble eye of watchful jealousy,
And am I thus rewarded?

ANTONIO

Ha, dearest beauty!

ISABELLA

No, I have no beauty now,
Nor never had, but what was in my garments.
You a quick-sighted lover? Come not near me.
I came a feigner to return stark mad.
Exit. Enter Lollo.

LOLLIO

Why, Tony, whither now? Why, fool!

ANTONIO

Whose fool, usher of idiots? You coxcomb!
I am stark mad, I have cause enough;
And I could throw the full effects on thee,
And beat thee like a fury.

LOLLIO

Do not, do not! I can give you comfort: my mistress loves you, and there is as arrant a madman i' th' house as you are a fool, your rival. If after the masque we can rid her of him, you earn her love.

ANTONIO

May I believe thee?

LOLLIO

Yes, or you may choose whether you will or no. *[Exit Antonio. Enter Franciscus.]*
[Aside] This is t'other counterfeit. *[Reading]* "Sweet lady, having now cast this counterfeit cover of a madman, I appear to your..." This is pretty well for a madman.

FRANCISCUS

Ha! What's that?

LOLLIO

[Reading] "Chide those perfections in you which made me imperfect." Your hand is true, is it not? If you love my mistress so well, you are like to be cur'd. My mistress loves you, but must have some proof of your love to her; you must meet her enemy and yours.

FRANCISCUS
He's dead already.

LOLLIO
Will you tell me that, and I parted but now with him?

FRANCISCUS
Show me the man.

LOLLIO
Ay, see him before you kill him, in any case; 'tis but a fool that haunts my mistress in the shape of an idiot. Bang but his fools' coat, and 'tis well. In, in: my master!
Exit Franciscus. Enter Alibius.

ALIBIUS
In a readiness, Lollio?

LOLLIO
Yes, sir.

ALIBIUS
Away then, and guide them in, Lollio;
Entreat your mistress to see this sight.
Lollio brings on the Madmen and Fools, and Isabella. The Madmen and Fools dance. Grotesque. In a moment of heightened reality each reveals what part of their character causes them to be put here, but are subdued by the crack of Lollio's whip. Isabella watches in horror and refuses to stay.
'Tis perfect: well fit but once these strains,
We shall have coin and credit for our pains.
Exeunt.

5.1 A gallery in the castle *A clock strikes one.*

BEATRICE

One struck, and yet she lies by't-- Oh, my fears!
This strumpet serves her own ends, 'tis apparent now,
Devours the pleasure with a greedy appetite,
And never minds my honour or my peace,
Makes havoc of my right; but she pays dearly for't:
No trusting of her life with such a secret,
That cannot rule her blood to keep her promise.
Beside, I have some suspicion of her faith to me,
Because I was suspected of my lord,
And it must come from her. Hark, by my horrors,
Another clock strikes two.
Strike two. Enter Deflores.

DEFLORES

Is she not come from him yet?

BEATRICE

As I am a living soul, not.

DEFLORES

Sure the devil
Hath sow'd his itch within her; who'd trust
A waiting-woman?

BEATRICE

I must trust somebody.

DEFLORES

You are so harsh and hardy, ask no counsel;
And I could have help'd you to an apothecary's daughter
Would have fall'n off before eleven, and thank'd you too.

BEATRICE

Oh me, not yet? This whore forgets herself.

DEFLORES

The rascal fares so well. Look, y'are undone:
The day-star, by this hand; see Phosphorus plain yonder.

BEATRICE

Advise me now to fall upon some ruin;
There is no counsel safe else.

DEFLORES

Peace, I ha't now:
For we must force a rising; there's no remedy.

BEATRICE

How? Take heed of that.

DEFLORES

Tush, be you quiet
Or else give over all.

BEATRICE

Prithee, I ha' done then.

DEFLORES

This is my reach: I'll set some part afire
Of Diaphanta's chamber.

BEATRICE

How? Fire, sir?
That may endanger the whole house.

DEFLORES

You talk of danger when your fame's on fire?

BEATRICE

That's true. Do what thou wilt now.

DEFLORES

Push, I aim

At a most rich success, strikes all dead sure.
The chimney being afire, and some light parcels
Of the least danger in her chamber only,
If Diaphanta should be met by chance then
Far from her lodging, which is now suspicious,
It would be thought her fears and affright then
Drove her to seek for succour; if not seen
Or met at all, as that's the likeliest,
For her own shame she'll hasten towards her lodging.
I will be ready with a piece high-charg'd,
As 'twere to cleanse the chimney: there, 'tis proper now,
But she shall be the mark.

BEATRICE

I'm forc'd to love thee now,
'Cause thou provid'st so carefully for my honour.

DEFLORES

'Slid, it concerns the safety of us both,
Our pleasure and continuance.
Exits. Strikes three a' clock.

BEATRICE

List! Oh, my terrors,
Three struck by St. Sebastian's!

WITHIN
Fire, fire, fire!

BEATRICE
How heartily he serves me! His face loathes one,
But look upon his care, who would not love him?
Enter Deflores. Fira-warning bell rings.

DEFLORES
The fire bell rings, the chimney works, my charge:
The piece is ready.
Exit.

BEATRICE
Here's a man worth loving!
Enter Diaphanta.

DIAPHANTA
Pardon frailty, madam;
In troth, I was so well, I ev'n forgot myself.

BEATRICE
You've made trim work.

DIAPHANTA
What?

BEATRICE
Hie quickly to your chamber;
Your reward follows you.
Exit. Enter Alsemero.

ALSEMERO

Oh, my dear Joanna!

Enter Vermandero, Jasperino.

VERMANDERO

Oh, bless my house and me!

Enter Deflores with a piece.

VERMANDERO

Knave, whither goes that piece?

DEFLORES

To scour the chimney,

Exit.

VERMANDERO

Oh, well said, well said;

That fellow's good on all occasions.

BEATRICE

A wondrous necessary man, my lord.

[The piece goes off.] -- 'Tis done.

ALSEMERO

Come, sweet, to bed now

Enter Deflores carrying the burnt body of Diaphanta.

VERMANDERO

Bless us! What's that?

DEFLORES

A thing you all knew once: Diaphanta's burnt.

BEATRICE

My woman, oh, my woman!

DEFLORES

Now the flames are
Greedy of her; burnt, burnt, burnt to death, sir.

BEATRICE

Oh, my presaging soul!
Deflores, what is left of her inter,
And we as mourners all will follow her.
Which of you spied the fire first?

DEFLORES

'Twas I, madam.

BEATRICE

And took such pains in't too? A double goodness!
'Twere well he were rewarded.

VERMANDERO

He shall be.

Deflores, call upon me.

ALSEMERO

And upon me, sir.

Exeunt. Manet Deflores.

DEFLORES

Rewarded? Precious, here's a trick beyond me;

I see in all bouts both of sport and wit
Always a woman strives for the last hit.
Exit.

5.2 A Chamber

TOMAZO

All league with mankind I renounce forever
Till I find this murderer.
For in the state of ignorance I live in,
A brother may salute his brother's murderer,
And wish good speed to th' villain in a greeting.
Enter Vermandero, Alibius and Isabella.

VERMANDERO

Noble Piracquo.
We bring that news will make a welcome for us.
Two of the chiefest men I kept about me
I hide not from the law or your just vengeance.

TOMAZO

If you bring that calm,
Name but the manner I shall ask forgiveness in. *[Kneels.]*

ALIBIUS

'Twas my wife's fortune, as she is most lucky
At a discovery to find out lately
Within our hospital of fools and madmen
Two counterfeits slipp'd into these disguises,
Their names, Franciscus and Antonio.

ISABELLA

Now that which draws suspicion to their habits,
The time of their disguisings agrees justly
With the day of the murder.

TOMAZO

Oh, blest revelation!
Like subtle lightning will I wind about 'em

And melt their marrow in 'em.
Exeunt.

5.3 Alsemero's chamber

JASPERINO

Your confidence, I'm sure, is now of proof.
The prospect from the garden has show'd
Enough for deep suspicion.
She meets you opportunely from that walk;
She's here.
Exit Jasperino. Enter Beatrice.

BEATRICE

Alsemero!

ALSEMERO

How do you?

BEATRICE

How do I?
Alas! How do you? You look not well.

ALSEMERO

You read me well enough; I am not well.

BEATRICE

Not well, sir? Is't in my power to better you?

ALSEMERO

Yes.

BEATRICE

Nay, then y'are cur'd again.

ALSEMERO

Pray resolve me one question, lady.
Are you honest?

BEATRICE

Ha, ha, ha, that's a broad question, my lord.

ALSEMERO

But that's not a modest answer, my lady:
Do you laugh? My doubts are strong upon me

BEATRICE

'Tis innocence that smiles, and no rough brow
Can take away the dimple in her cheek.
Say I should strain a tear to fill the vault,
Which would you give the better faith to?

ALSEMERO

'Twere but hypocrisy of a sadder colour,
But the same stuff; neither your smiles nor tears
Shall move or flatter me from my belief:
You are a whore.

Trigger- Joannas (1, 2 and 3) begin to enact the action from the assault in other realm

BEATRICE

What a horrid sound it hath!
It blasts a beauty to deformity;
Upon what face soever that breath falls!
Show me the ground whereon you lost your love.

ALSEMERO

How comes this tender reconciliation else
'Twixt you and your despite, your rancourous loathing,

Deflores? He that your eye was sore at sight of,
He's now become your arms' supporter, your
Lips' saint.

BEATRICE

Is there the cause?

ALSEMERO

Worse: your lust's devil,
Your adultery.

Trigger- Joannas action gets more frantic (Joanas 1 and 3)

BEATRICE

Would any but yourself say that,
'Twould turn him to a villain.

ALSEMERO

'Twas witness'd
By the counsel of your bosom, Diaphanta.

BEATRICE

Then hear a story of not much less horror
Than this your false suspicion is beguil'd with.
To your bed's scandal I stand up innocence,
Which even the guilt of one black other deed
Will stand for proof of: your love has made me
A cruel murderess.

A bloody one.

I have kiss'd poison for't, strok'd a serpent,
That thing of hate, worthy in my esteem
Of no better employment, and him most worthy
To be so employ'd I caus'd to murder
That innocent Piracquo, having no
Better means than that worst, to assure
Yourself to me.

ALSEMERO

Oh, thou art all deform'd!

BEATRICE

Forget not, sir,
It for your sake was done

ALSEMERO

Oh, thou shouldst have gone
A thousand leagues about to have avoided
This dangerous bridge of blood; here we are lost.

BEATRICE

Remember I am true unto your bed.

ALSEMERO

The bed itself's a charnel, the sheets shrouds
For murdered carcasses; it must ask pause
What I must do in this. Meantime you shall
Be my prisoner only; enter my closet.

Exit Beatrice.

I'll be your keeper yet. Oh, in what part
Of this sad story shall I first begin?

Enter Deflores.

Ha! Deflores. I can tell you
News, sir: my wife has her commended to you.

DEFLORES

That's news indeed, my lord; I think she would
Commend me to the gallows if she could.

ALSEMERO

I had forgot my message; this it is:
What price goes murder?

DEFLORES

How, sir?

ALSEMERO

I ask you, sir:
My wife's behindhand with you, she tells me,
For a brave, bloody blow you gave for her sake
Upon Piracquo.

DEFLORES

Has she confess'd it?

ALSEMERO

As sure as death to both of you,
And much more than that.

DEFLORES

It could not be much more;
'Twas but one thing, and that she's a whore.

BEATRICE *within*

He lies, the villain does belie me!

DEFLORES

Let me go to her, sir.

ALSEMERO

Nay, you shall to her.
Peace, crying crocodile, your sounds are heard;

Take your prey to you! Get you into her, sir.

Exit Deflores.

I'll be your pander now; rehearse again

Your scene of lust, that you may be perfect

When you shall come to act it to the black audience

Where howls and gnashings shall be music to you.

Enter Vermandero, Alibius, Isabella, Tomazo, Franciscus, and Antonio.

VERMANDERO

Oh, Alsemero. I have a wonder for you.

I have suspicion near as proof itself

For Piracquo's murder.

ALSEMERO

Sir, I have proof

Beyond suspicion for Piracquo's murder.

VERMANDERO

Beseech you hear me: these two have been disguis'd

E'er since the deed was done.

ALSEMERO

I have two other

That were more close disguis'd then your two could be,

E'er since the deed was done.

VERMANDERO

You'll hear me: these mine own servants--

ALSEMERO

Hear me: those nearer than your servants

That shall acquit them and prove them guiltless.

BEATRICE *within*
Oh, oh, oh!

ALSEMERO
Hark, 'tis coming to you.

DEFLORES *within*
Nay, I'll along for company.

BEATRICE *within*
Oh, oh!

VERMANDERO
What horrid sounds are these?

ALSEMERO
Come forth, you twins of mischief.
Enter Deflores bringing in Beatrice wounded.

VERMANDERO
An host of enemies entered my citadel
Could not amaze like this. Joanna, Beatrice Joanna!
Joanna 1 (maybe accompanied by the other women in their character costumes/ a blend of Joannas and character costumes?), losing strength, begin to enact the action from the assault in other realm in a crescendo through the speech

BEATRICE
Oh, come not near me, sir; I shall defile you.
I am that of your blood was taken from you
For your better health; look no more upon't,
But cast it to the ground regardlessly:
Let the common sewer take it from distinction.
Beneath the stars, upon yon meteor
Ever hung my fate, 'mongst things corruptible;

I ne'er could pluck it from him. My loathing
Was prophet to the rest but ne'er believ'd;
Mine honour fell with him, and now my life.
Alsemero, I am a stranger to your bed;
Your bed was coz'ned on the nuptial night,
For which your false bride died.

ALSEMERO

Diaphanta!

DEFLORES

Yes, and the while I coupled with your mate
At barley-break; now we are left in hell.
I lov'd this woman in spite of her heart;
Her love I earn'd out of Piracquo's murder.

TOMAZO

Ha, my brother's murderer!

DEFLORES

Yes, and her honour's prize
Was my reward; I thank life for nothing
But that pleasure: it was so sweet to me
That I have drunk up all, left none behind
For any man to pledge me.

VERMANDERO

Horrid villain! [*Tomazo and Alsemero go to attack Deflores*]
Keep life in him for further tortures.

DEFLORES

No,
I can prevent you; here's my penknife still.
It is but one thread more, [*stabbing himself*] and now 'tis cut.
Make haste, Joanna, by that token to thee:

I would not go to leave thee far behind.

Dies.

BEATRICE

Forgive me, Alsemero, all forgive;
'Tis time to die when 'tis a shame to live.

Dies.

VERMANDERO

Oh, my name is entered now in that record
Where till this fatal hour 'twas never read!

ALSEMERO

Let it be blotted out. Justice hath so right
The guilty hit, that innocence is quit
By proclamation, and may joy again.
Sir, you are sensible of what truth hath done;
'Tis the best comfort that your grief can find.

TOMAZO

Sir, I am satisfied; my injuries
Lie dead before me.

ALSEMERO

What an opacous body had that moon
That last chang'd on us! Here's beauty chang'd
To ugly whoredom, here servant obedience
To a master sin, imperious murder.
I, a suppos'd husband, chang'd embraces
With wantonness, but that was paid before;
Your change is come too, from an ignorant wrath
To knowing friendship. Are there any more on's?

ANTONIO

Yes, sir, I was chang'd too, from a little ass as I was to a great fool as I am; and had like to ha' been chang'd to the gallows but that you know my innocence always excuses me.

FRANCISCUS

I was chang'd from a little wit to be stark mad, almost for the same purpose.

ISABELLA

[To Alibius] Your change is still behind,
But deserve best your transformation.
You are a jealous coxcomb, keep schools of folly,
And teach your scholars how to break your own head.

ALIBIUS

I see all apparent, wife, and will change now
Into a better husband, and never keep scholars
That shall be wiser then myself.

ALSEMERO

Your only smiles have power to cause relive
The dead again, or in their rooms to give
Brother a new brother, father a child:
If these appear, all griefs are reconcil'd.

Before audience has a chance to applaud, the Joannas/women begin singing and go toward Beatrice Joanna in a mourning procession. Their singing purge others from the stage. Joannas and Beatrice-Joanna join.