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The roles of Melibea/Isabelle/Hippolyta in Tony Kushner's adaptation of *The Illusion*: a production thesis in acting

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THE ROLES OF MELIBEA/ISABELLE/HIPPOLYTA
IN TONY KUSHNER'S ADAPTATION OF
THE ILLUSION
A PRODUCTION THESIS IN ACTING

A Thesis

Submitted to the Graduate Faculty of the
Louisiana State University and
Agricultural and Mechanical College
in partial fulfillment of the
requirements for the degree of
Master of Fine Arts

in

The Department of Theatre

by
Michelle Elain McCoy
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ABSTRACT

The roles of Melibea/Isabelle/Hippolyta in *The Illusion*, freely adapted by Tony Kushner, was selected as a thesis project in the fall semester of 2004. This thesis is a written record of the actor's work on the character throughout the rehearsal process and performance of the production. It contains four parts: an introduction, a character analysis, a four-column score and an appendix that includes production photos.

CHAPTER 1

INTRODUCTION

The Illusion opened at the Reilly Theatre on the campus of Louisiana State University in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, November 19, 2004. The production closed on the 5th of December and was directed by Steve Young. The cast was as follows: Pridamant of Avignon, Brace Harris; The Amanuensis, Eric J. Little; Alcandre, Tara MacMullen; Caliston/Clindor/Theogenes, Preston Davis; Melibea/ Isabelle/Hippolyta, Michelle McCoy; Elicia/Lyse/Clarina, Sarah Jane Johnson; Pleribo/Adrasted/Prince Florilame, Chaney Tullos; Matamore, Shawn Halliday.

The costumes were designed by Polly Boersig, the set was designed by James L. Murphy, the lighting was designed by Heather Gilbert, and the sound was designed by Louis Rhodes.

I have selected my performance as Melibea/Isabelle/Hippolyta in Swine Palace Productions' rendering of *The Illusion* as my thesis topic. This thesis contains a character analysis, an actor's score, and an appendix. The purpose of the character analysis is to help the reader understand how the characters were created. All text included in this thesis is from Tony Kushner's adaptation of *The Illusion* unless otherwise noted.

The score is a personal guide for the process of the actor and is set up in four columns, TEXT, TACTIC, OBSTACLE and FOCUS. I penciled in choices that I discovered through the rehearsal process. The top of each scene in the score contains: the act and scene information, my objective for the scene and all the text for that particular scene. The OBJECTIVE states what I want, as the actor, from the other characters in the scene. The TATIC column contains the methods that I use to get what I want and are stated in verb form. The OBSTACLE column contains the challenges the

characters faced throughout the scene that prevented them from obtaining their objective and propelled my character into the next action. The FOCUS column contains the physical objects and/or images that the character is paying attention to at that particular moment. The focus helps me find the characters objectives. Identifying a focus helps me maintain a consistent physical performance throughout the run of the play.

CHAPTER 2

CHARACTER ANALYSIS

When I was first cast in the roles of Melibea, Isabelle and Hippolyta I was excited because I am not usually cast as the romantic lead. This was my chance to play not only a lover, but a lover who changes immensely throughout the course of the play. The role was divided into three characters. Although the background circumstances of the three characters were not identical, they were similar enough for me to think of them as the same character in three different situations.

Female lovers are traditional types in theatre history. Tony Kushner took the character's names and personality traits from historical plays and myths. Isabelle is a derivative of Isabella, one of the names of the female lover character in Commedia plays. Melibea is the name of the female lover in *La Celestina*, a famous Spanish novel that was translated into many languages and popular across Europe in the 16th century. The characters Melibea and Calisto follow a fate similar to that of Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet. Hippolyta's name comes from Greek mythology. She was the queen of the Amazons. The Athenian King who later cast her aside for another woman stole her away from her home. In *The Illusion* Hippolyta accuses Theogenes of abducting her from her home. The typical situation of female lovers in Commedia is that their fathers disapprove of their chosen suitor, as is the case the all of the characters in *The Illusion*.

From clues in the text, listed below, I decided the three women were from three different age groups and levels of experience in life. Melibea's reactions imply that she is very young and falling in love for the first time. She handles the situation with little grace. In her first scene with Calisto, she is very taken with him, but quickly gets frustrated that things are not going her way and threatens to kill him. She relies

completely on her maid Elicia to fix the situation for her. Also her text about having a, “fever...[that starts in her heart] and then spreads throughout...[she has] aches and chills in places [she’s] never felt achy or chilly before...,” implies that she is a teenager, experiencing the twinges of lust for the first time.

Isabelle handles her situation with more grace and ease. In her first scene with her unwanted suitor, Adraste, she speaks to him with witty eloquence. Isabelle also demonstrates her command of her emotions in the wooing scene with Clindor, as well as the scene where she tries to convince her father to release Clindor from prison. She shows an emotional maturity that Melibea lacks. Her poetic language also implies that she has had a great deal of education. I concluded that she must be in her mid-twenties.

Hippolyta would be older than the other two characters for a number of reasons. The first reason would simply be life experience. In the first two vignettes Melibea and Isabelle are falling in love and are still living at home. Hippolyta has been married to Theogenes for a number of years and has left home. This time period has been long enough for him to have had a number of affairs and for their love to turn sour. The second reason to assume that Hippolyta is older is because she is more emotionally complex than the two previous characters. She is able to speak clearly about the complex emotions of a complicated relationship. She expresses jealousy, anger, love and obsession. She is transformed in the last scene with Theogenes from leaving him forever to taking him back. Therefore I placed her in her mid-thirties.

Deciding the character’s ages helped me discover their physical life; the type of energy with which they moved, their center of gravity and their typical gestures. The adjectives listed later also helped me to make choices about character movement. Melibea had a high level of energy. Her movements were quicker and more erratic

because of her age. She could change position from standing to sitting in an almost miniscule amount of time. Because of her preoccupation with her looks, she was constantly adjusting her clothing and hair. Her center of gravity was mostly her heart. Her movements were initiated from her heart and the upward energy kept her on her toes. Isabelle's movements were based on ballet moves. She had the grace and carriage of a ballet dancer. She was more adept in social situations and more confident, therefore less concerned with her looks. Her feet were firmly planted on the ground, except in highly emotional situations, such as when she finally confesses her love for Clindor. Her center of gravity was lower than Melibea's. In times of distress her hands were often on her heart or stomach. Hippolyta's energy was directed downward because of her difficult situation. She spent a lot of time on the ground as she collapsed under the weight of her reality. Her center of gravity was in the center of the earth and she was sinking into it. Her movements and even her voice were heavy, burdened by emotion. The moments when she would break out of that physicality were when she decided to leave Theogenes and when she would speak up for herself. Her movements were very tense.

Objects used by the characters influenced movements and gestures. Melibea had a handkerchief which she waved around, patted her fevered brow with, etc. She also had a fan to open and close dramatically. The fan was used as an extension of Melibea's mood. When she was agitated it shook violently, as she calmed down the fan also slowed down. The objects Isabelle dealt with were a rosary, a knife, and a ring given to her from her father. The ring was an unconscious object she would touch when someone mentioned her father. The rosary was used in her scene with her father as a source of strength and a symbol of God's love and approval of her decisions. The knife was used for an attempted suicide. It was an unfamiliar object in Isabelle's hands and she didn't

know how to touch it. Hippolyta's only object was her wedding ring. It was very useful for dramatically throwing it at Theogenes to show him that the marriage was over.

The costumes were beautifully designed by Polly Boersig and were extremely helpful in developing each character's physical life. All of the characters had floor length gowns, each from a different time period. Melibea wore a corseted green silk dress in 16th century French court style. The only skin revealed in the costumes were her hands, chest, neck and face. Therefore those areas became very important in communicating with the other characters. Melibea was preoccupied with how these areas of her body looked at all times. Melibea also had a giant curly blond wig, styled in the same manner. The wig was very helpful when she would throw a temper tantrum, highlighting the shaking of her head. Melibea's costume was the most elaborate of the three. It was made of three different silk fabrics with various patterns. There were ruffles lining every edge that helped to highlight the shape of the dress. This reflected in the excess of the character's personality. She was the most self-involved of the three characters.

Isabelle's gown was an aqua-blue, long-sleeved silk gown in the Empire style of the Napoleonic Era. Since there was no corset she was able to move around more easily. She was more self-possessed than Melibea and therefore more conservative with her arm movements. This was reflected in the long sleeves of her costumes. The length and flow of the costume helped her to find her ballet style movements.

Hippolyta's gown was a sleeveless, modern-day wedding dress with a corseted top and long, large skirt. The skirt helped to highlight the turns that the character made, particularly the turn back to Theogenes when she decided to stay with him. It also gave her something to clutch to her heart when he is stabbed. Because the costume was

modern, her gestures were also more modern. An example of a modern gesture was running her hands through her hair in an expression of frustration with Theogenes.

Below are questions that helped me to create the characters:

What do Melibea, Elicia and Hippolyta have in common?

- 1) They are all women.
- 2) They are all in various stages of a love relationship.
- 3) They all have obstacles preventing them from having the type of relationship they want.
- 4) They all come from wealthy families.
- 5) They don't have a mother.
- 6) Their fathers disapprove of their chosen lovers.
- 7) Their lovers are currently, or were at some point, a servant.

What adjectives describe Melibea?

Young, romantic, bossy, demanding, emotional, energetic, rich, inexperienced, malleable, passionate, evasive, dramatic, rebellious, silly

What does Melibea say about herself?

To Calisto: "I'm deaf to your prayers."

To Calisto: "I'm too busy for your games."

To Calisto: "I'll have you arrested."

To Calisto: "I'm sorry you're so miserable but it's not my fault."

To Elicia: "I am not naturally generous..."

To Elicia: "I love the lute."

To Elicia: "He (Calisto) is Orpheus! And I am his Eurydice!"

To Elicia: "I have to go to my room, I can't breathe..."

To Elicia: “I have a fever...I hurt...I have aches and chills in places I’ve never felt achy or chilly before. Am I dying?”

What do others say about Melibea?

Calisto: “I have seen a most splendid vision...The vision’s name is Melibea.”

Alcandre: “That one there. Your son’s great passion”

Calisto: “Melibea, More wonderful than freedom, or the air itself...”

Calisto: “Your voice is honey, even your contempt is a sweet potent liquor I draw into my roots...”

Pridamant: “She thinks he’s an imposter.”

Calisto: “She hates me now.”

Elicia: “She (suffers because of)... a man.”

Elicia: “She aches for you.”

Elicia: “She didn’t have you arrested.”

Elicia: “She’s on the brink: I’ll give a push. She’s ready to fall fro him head over heels.”

Elicia: “Your natural generosity carries you away.”

Elicia: “ You’re far too sensible to fall for that stuff...Obviously you aren’t worthy of such intense, passionate adoration.”

Elicia: “You’re perfectly nice and all but you’re not exactly the little star of the dawn.”

Calisto: “she had no choice but to love me.”

Calisto: I love her so much that if she asked me to cut off my hand I’d do it.”

Pleribo: “I love her so much that if she asked me to cut off one hand I’d cut them both off.”

Calisto: “You are the answer to my every need.”

What adjectives describe Isabelle?

Self-assured, witty, well educated, experienced, playful, determined, eloquent, loyal, frustrated, lucid, considerate, lively, imaginative, impulsive, refined, tasteful, stubborn

What does Isabelle say about herself?

To Adraste: "I'm bored."

To Adraste: "I have no more feeling for...than the dead have for anything..."

To Adraste: "I have no food to give."

To Adraste: "I cannot love you..."

To Clindor: "I need to be amused."

To Clindor: "I've heard too many fantasies today."

To Clindor: "I'm intrigued but not amused."

To Clindor: "I never defy tradition unless I'm driven too...My father's very strong; I'm stronger. And I will have my way."

To Clindor: "Protecting you, I keep myself alive."

To Geronte: "...let me die in Clindor's place."

To Geronte: "I will become a deadly adversary...I'll give you a hundred hidden reasons to fear me..."

To Geronte: "When Clindor dies, I die."

To Lyse: "I can't bear to live a single instant after he is dead."

To Lyse: "I will wait on you."

To Lyse: "I'll give you half of all I have."

To Lyse: "I'll be (Clindor's) equal."

To Lyse: "I am your friend...till the day I die."

To Clindor: "One more day apart from you and I'd have died..."

What do others say about Isabelle?

Adraste: "...nothing penetrates your shrouded heart."

Adraste: "You only speak to heap scorn on my love."

Adraste: "You defy all of heaven's designs if you refuse to love me."

Adraste: "I have to have you..."

Adraste: "My murderer; my bride."

Matamore: "You're as beautiful as you are wise!"

Adraste: "She's fond of (Clindor)"

Lyse: "She worships (Clindor)... As much as Matamore amuses her; As coldly as she feels towards (Adraste)...She entirely yearn(s) for (Clindor)."

Adraste: "I'll kill her for this treason...It's disgraceful for a lady of her rank to throw herself on paupers."

Matamore: "(Isabelle)...That gleaming, beaming, peerless wonder..."

Matamore: "...my future Queen, the soon-to-be Empress of my limitless realms..."

Matamore: "(The Queen of Iceland) was never a match...for you."

Alcandre: "A handsome young woman..."

Geronte: "...you look like me...and yet I can't seem to place you...(you've) got no grief to spare...for the murder of a noble young man...for whose destruction (you're) not...entirely free of guilt."

Geronte: "Whore and martyr..."

Geronte: "You prefer...your paramour..."

Geronte: "You (are) feckless, inconstant, weak-willed and flighty."

Pridamant: "(Isabelle's) a bit high-strung, and likely to be a spendthrift."

Clindor: "You (Isabelle) can save me, by returning my love...I love you Isabelle."

What adjectives describe Hippolyta?

Hurt, bruised angry, jealous, fiery, livid, obsessed, frightened, suicidal, motherly, needy, lonely, emotional

What does Hippolyta say about herself?

To Clarina: "I'll walk until that merchant of adultery comes..."

To Clarina: "Humiliation's all I have..."

To Theogenes: "I was mistaken once, I remember the day..."

To Theogenes: "I'm so rarely mistaken I want to kill myself."

To Theogenes: "I forgive you for everything."

To Theogenes: "I'm tired of the subject of myself."

To Theogenes: "I don't ask you not to die, But know that when you die, I also die."

To Clarina: "I can't breathe...I'm suffocating."

What do others say about Hippolyta?

Clarina: "Do you think your anger will alter him?"

Clarina: "But you...like a beggar, linger outside the almshouse, waiting for either a kick or a coin."

Theogenes: "You came willingly enough; your desire for me made you accomplice if not mastermind of your abduction; you're no victim."

Theogenes: "I love you...you can find room for my insanity."

The Prince: "(Theogenes) never was worthy of your love."

Clarina: "She's fainted...She's cold...already dead..."

CHAPTER 3
THE SCORE

TEXT	TATIC	OBSTACLE	FOCUS
<p><i>ACT 1: Melibea and Calisto, First Scene</i> OBJECTIVE: To make him leave.</p> <p>CALISTO: This garden wall encircles paradise; Within, Melibea waits; if I touch the stones I can feel her heart beating, and I know, I know It's beating for me. Melibea, Melibea, Open the door of your garden wall. It's cold out here, I'm freezing.</p> <p>MELIBEA: It isn't cold, it's spring, and warm, And I know who you are, Calisto.</p> <p>PRIDAMANT: Calisto? His name's not...</p> <p>MELIBEA: You can't come in.</p> <p>CALISTO: I'm in already.</p> <p>MELIBEA: Only the sound of you— eventually Your voice will give out.</p> <p>CALISTO: My voice in your garden; my words in your ears...</p> <p>MELIBEA: My fingers in my ears; I'm deaf to your prayers.</p> <p>CALISTO: My words will linger till they spy a chance, When your guard is lowered, to shower you with love. Your voice is honey, even your contempt Is a sweet potent liquor I draw into my roots, then I sprout green leaves atop my head And blossom purple buds of desire for you.</p>	<p>To ignore</p> <p>To rattle</p> <p>To tease</p>	<p>He is entertaining.</p> <p>He is pushy.</p> <p>He is charming.</p>	<p>The flowers I am arranging</p> <p>My shut eyes</p>

<u>TEXT</u>	<u>TATIC</u>	<u>OBSTACLE</u>	<u>FOCUS</u>
<p>Out here, Melibea, look out here, Don't you want to see such a miraculous plant? Come and shelter under me: I am a Melibea tree.</p> <p>MELIBEA: You're silly and you're poor Calisto; I'm too busy for your games. You make me nervous. Please go away.</p> <p>CALISTO: I'll climb the wall.</p> <p>MELIBEA: I'll call the gardener.</p> <p>CALISTO: And let his blood water the roses... Let me in or I'll stab my eyes out.</p> <p>MELIBEA: Leave or I'll have you arrested. I don't know you. You're excessive. And strange. Calisto. That probably isn't even your real name.</p> <p>PRIDAMANT: It isn't! His name isn't Calisto, its...</p> <p>AMANUENSIS: Sssshhhh!</p> <p>ALCANDRE: SSSssshhh. Sit and don't move. Watch and don't Talk.</p> <p>MELIBEA: Calisto. Like from some old romance.</p> <p>PRIDAMANT: But I must interrupt, please. Something's wrong, something's off, it looks like him but they've got the name wrong.</p> <p>ALCANDRE: What do you mean, wrong? Wrong according to whom? It isn't wrong, it's what it is, it's what it has to be; Calisto, it's the perfect name for him, shapely,</p>	<p>To kick</p> <p>To threaten</p>	<p>I am frightened.</p>	<p>He is hanging off the gate.</p> <p>His surprised eyes</p>

<u>TEXT</u>	<u>TATIC</u>	<u>OBSTACLE</u>	<u>FOCUS</u>
<p>please, Blessed Mother of God, what crime did I commit that you should send this demon to torture me? Make him go away! He frightens me! I hate him! I hate him! I hate him I hate him I hate him!</p> <p>CALISTO: It's going very well. Congratulations.</p> <p>ELICIA: Back in the bush. I'm not done yet. I know just what you mean, ma'am. The minute I saw him I said to myself "I hate that man." For one thing, he's so ugly.</p> <p>MELIBEA: Isn't he?</p> <p>ELICIA: Remarkably ugly. Warty like a squash. Greasy. Fat. The ugliest man I ever saw.</p> <p>MELIBEA: Well, not so ugly as that, but...</p> <p>ELICIA: Ugly enough. And incredibly stupid!</p> <p>MELIBEA: Stupid?</p> <p>ELICIA: A veritable clod of earth; an ox could outsmart him.</p> <p>MELIBEA: I thought he spoke well.</p> <p>ELICIA: Sure, if you like hearing gibberish.</p> <p>MELIBEA: It wasn't all gibberish.</p> <p>ELICIA: Oh please, ma'am, your natural generosity carries you away.</p> <p>MELIBEA: I am not naturally generous, it's just that he...</p>	<p>To egg on</p> <p>To pinpoint</p> <p>To justify</p>	<p>Her description is hideous.</p>	<p>Her hand petting my hair</p>

<u>TEXT</u>	<u>TATIC</u>	<u>OBSTACLE</u>	<u>FOCUS</u>
<p>ELICIA: Maybe a little?</p> <p>MELIBEA: Maybe...</p> <p>ELICIA: A little?</p> <p>MELIBEA: A little. Yes.</p> <p>ELICIA: And he'd probably be better behaved and sweeter still if It wasn't for that toothache.</p> <p>MELIBEA: Toothache? He has a toothache?</p> <p>ELICIA: Oh, yes, didn't you know, a horrible toothache, for eight days running.</p> <p>MELIBEA: Oh how dreadful. There's nothing worse than a toothache.</p> <p>ELICIA: Nothing. His manservant tells me...</p> <p>MELIBEA: Yes?</p> <p>ELICIA: That to ease his terribly pain...</p> <p>MEILIBEA: The toothache...</p> <p>ELICIA: The toothache.</p> <p>MELIBEA: Yes?</p> <p>ELICIA: He sings.</p> <p>MELIBEA: Oh....</p> <p>ELICIA: And plays the lute...</p> <p>MELIBEA: I love the lute.</p> <p>ELICIA: And the countryside for miles around</p>	<p>To cajole</p> <p>To encourage</p> <p>To rejoice</p>	<p>I feel a twinge of passion.</p> <p>She has a secret.</p> <p>We are unable to speak out of code.</p>	<p>His big shoulders</p> <p>Her bent head</p> <p>His real feelings</p>

<u>TEXT</u>	<u>TATIC</u>	<u>OBSTACLE</u>	<u>FOCUS</u>
<p>Grows peaceful with the bright response of birds, And, playing and singing, handsome as a god, He isn't even Calisto anymore. He is like Orpheus.</p> <p>MELIBEA: He is Orpheus! And I am his Eurydice! Rescue me from Hell!</p> <p>ELICIA: Pardon?</p> <p>MELIBEA: I said I don't feel well. I'm going to my room.</p> <p>ELICIA: If I see him again, maybe I could give him your handkerchief.</p> <p>MELIBEA: My handkerchief?</p> <p>ELICIA: He could use it to wipe his fevered brow. Or I could wipe it for him.</p> <p>MELIBEA: DON'T YOU DARE! I mean, Let him wipe his own brow. I mean, Here... <i>(Giving her the handkerchief)</i> I have to go to my room, I can't breathe... <i>(She exits)</i></p>	<p>To command To dismiss</p>	<p>She perceives my passion.</p> <p>My rage</p>	<p>Calsito's perfect high notes sending doves into orbit</p> <p>My pounding heart</p>

<u>TEXT</u>	<u>TATIC</u>	<u>OBSTACLE</u>	<u>FOCUS</u>
<p>MELIBEA: Calisto.</p> <p>CALISTO: You aren't drawing away.</p> <p>MELIBEA: I can't. (A hawk's cry is heard)</p> <p>CALISTO: Look! See that shadow flying?</p>	To test	I am unable to speak.	
<p>MELIBEA: Oh, a hawk! What a sound it makes. Every animal in the whole moonlit world Freezes when it hears that cry; An icicle through the heart.</p> <p>CALISTO: Are you shivering?</p> <p>MELIBEA: It's cold.</p> <p>CALISTO: Melibea. The source of fire is here in me. Put your hand on my heart.</p>	To engulf	I feel a sense of foreboding.	The dark shadow in the sky
<p>MELIBEA: It's like a burning coal! How strange, Calisto.</p> <p>CALISTO: You are the answer to my every need. I'll keep you warm, you'll save me from burning; Both winter ice and blistering sun Will be ours to command. The winds will blow wild over our happiness...</p>	To excite	His heart is burning.	His hand on mine
<p>ELICIA: You'll have to run! Pleribo's told your father! He's arming the gardeners with shovels and spades!</p>		I am afraid of my father's anger.	The sound of angry men coming closer
<p>MELIBEA: Calisto!</p> <p>CALISTO: In my imagination and in my</p>	To shove		

<u>TEXT</u>	<u>TATIC</u>	<u>OBSTACLE</u>	<u>FOCUS</u>
<p>speeches I have slain a hundred gardeners! What are these real gardeners To the monstrous horticulturists I have vanquished?</p> <p>ELICIA: For Melibea's sake, you have to flee from here! Leave her, please, her father is dangerous, and The Law is clear and very harsh! For her sake, if not for yours!</p> <p>CALISTO: I will return! Wait for me, my own adored! With my great love for you... <i>(All exit)</i></p>			

<u>TEXT</u>	<u>TATIC</u>	<u>OBSTACLE</u>	<u>FOCUS</u>
<p><i>ACT 1: Adraste and Isabelle, Fourth Scene</i></p> <p>OBJECTIVE: To shove Adraste away.</p> <p>ADRASTE: I have devoted myself entirely To discovering the sight, the sound, The word that will finally awaken you To my devotion, the word that will set marvels free. But nothing penetrates your shrouded heart.</p> <p>ISABELLE: Those who don't understand the world Think words have meanings that adhere With constancy; you offer me a thing And say it is a rose; to you, no doubt, It is. To me it's a thistle. And I'm pricked by its thorns. You say you love me; I say you torment me. You describe me at great length, and I know you think I'm flattered; In point of fact I'm bored.</p> <p>ADRASTE: When a kind word from you Would be life's-blood to me You're silent as the dead. You only speak to heap scorn on my love.</p> <p>ISABELLE: I only speak to tell you how I feel. I have no more feeling for you, Adraste, Than the dead have for anything; I'm insensate; for God's sake let me rest in peace.</p> <p>ADRASTE: You ought to pity me, at least.</p> <p>ISABELLE: I do.</p> <p>ADRASTE: And should I live on that? Pity,</p>	<p>To separate</p> <p>To nudge</p> <p>To halt</p> <p>To pet</p>	<p>He is talking very fast.</p> <p>He is constantly interrupting.</p> <p>His feelings are hurt.</p>	<p>Relaxing my fists</p> <p>His pointy nose</p> <p>His folded arms</p>

<u>TEXT</u>	<u>TATIC</u>	<u>OBSTACLE</u>	<u>FOCUS</u>
<p>When I'm ravenous for your love?</p> <p>ISABELLE: You may be ravenous; I have no food to give. I do pity you. Your pain's unnecessary and absurd. I don't mean to bruise your tenderness With my harshness, but please know, Adraste, That I cannot love you, do not love you, And want nothing other than your absence. Only your persistence makes us enemies.</p> <p>ADRASTE: Enemies. You will never be an enemy of mine. Isabelle. I loved you long before we ever met; We two are torn halves of one whole that existed In some earlier, better world than this. You defy all of heaven's designs if you refuse to love me.</p> <p>ISABELLE: Then I defy them; tell heaven to stop asking me To do impossible things.</p> <p>ADRASTE: Listen to me, Isabelle. Your father's chosen me, you know he has; I have to have you; if not through love, I'll invoke the law and his paternal right To settle your affairs as he sees fit.</p> <p>ISABELLE: That's a dead end, and a desperate move. If I'm taken as goods, traded With a handshake and a bill of sale, I promise you That I will poison both Your bed and live with my hatred of you.</p> <p>ADRASTE: A quick death with you in a poisoned bed Is better than living alone.</p>	<p>To slap</p> <p>To shake</p> <p>To knock him out</p> <p>To cleave</p>	<p>He has a death-grip on my dress.</p> <p>He is attempting to kiss me</p> <p>He is physically threatening to rape me.</p>	<p>Getting him off me</p> <p>Kneeing him in the crotch</p>

<u>TEXT</u>	<u>TATIC</u>	<u>OBSTACLE</u>	<u>FOCUS</u>
<p>I'll take my chances. Your father's walking in his garden. I'll close the deal. The bill of sale was drawn up long ago.</p> <p>ISABELLE: Please, Adraste...</p> <p>ADRASTE: You pity me. I can't be guided by pity for you. My love's too fierce; it won't permit me To pity the woman who hates my love. I go now to claim you: my murderer; my bride.</p>	<p>To plead</p>	<p>He is very determined.</p>	<p>My father in the garden</p>

<u>TEXT</u>	<u>TATIC</u>	<u>OBSTACLE</u>	<u>FOCUS</u>
<p><i>ACT 1: Matamore, Clindor, Isabelle, Fifth Scene</i></p> <p>OBJECTIVE: To get rid of Matamore.</p> <p>MATAMORE: Madam, do not be alarmed To see your gutless suitor fled away. He saw me coming...</p> <p>ISABELLE: And instantly ran. He shows better sense in this Than I'd have guessed him capable.</p> <p>CLINDOR: Kings and emperors, after all, Would do no less.</p> <p>ISABELLE: When Matamore approaches, Everyone retreats; in fact, I feel an urge myself...</p> <p>MATAMORE: It's natural to flee me; I am so great, At times I want to flee myself' But stay with me; I'll extemporize Another sonnet to your grace.</p> <p>ISABELLE: Oh don't do that! I mean, not while The sweet music of the other twelve you wrote Is still ringing in my ears; let me savor that.</p> <p>MATAMORE: You're as beautiful as you are wise! An excess of sweetness is as disagreeable As a lack of bitter gall. Hmmm. That's rather good! Delamont!</p> <p>CLINDOR: Um, it's Clindor, sir.</p> <p>MATAMORE: Delamont, record that last remark. I'm collecting My pithiest sayings in a book.</p>	<p>To tease</p> <p>To devil</p> <p>To stall</p>	<p>My stomach is shaken.</p> <p>His unintentional humor</p> <p>This is entertaining.</p>	<p>Clindor's deep voice</p> <p>Matamore's inhale to speak</p> <p>Clindor's grace</p>

<u>TEXT</u>	<u>TATIC</u>	<u>OBSTACLE</u>	<u>FOCUS</u>
<p>CLINDOR: This one, sir, is full of pith.</p> <p>MATAMORE: Thank you. Read it back to me.</p> <p>CLINDOR: “An excess of sweetness is as disagreeable As a lack of bitter gall.”</p> <p>MATAMORE: My God that’s good. One problem, though.</p> <p>ISABELLE: What’s that?</p> <p>MATAMORE: It makes no sense. Ah well, I’ll have to work on it.</p> <p>ISABELLE: Oh do! Polish it up, in some private place, And give it to me as a present. I adore a well-polished epigram.</p> <p>MATAMORE: I have a thousand others....</p> <p>ISABELLE: No. I want this one. Go. To work. Your messenger of love Can stay with me and press your advantage While you wrestle with your muse.</p> <p>MATAMORE: I will buff it to a brilliance, and make it shine So that you can see yourself reflected in its biting wit. Delamont...</p> <p>CLINDOR: Clindor.</p> <p>MATAMORE: Whatever. If the Queen of Iceland should arrive, Tell her I am indisposed.</p> <p>ISABELLE: The Queen of Iceland?</p>	<p>To push</p> <p>To inspire</p> <p>To hurry</p>	<p>He is not leaving.</p>	<p>Clindor’s glance</p> <p>Matamore’s big eyes</p>

<u>TEXT</u>	<u>TATIC</u>	<u>OBSTACLE</u>	<u>FOCUS</u>
<p>MATAMORE: Will not let me rest; pursues me in her sled; And wants my fiery love to thaw Her frozen marriage bed. Also good. Write it down, Delamont, I'm off to shine my epigram.</p>			

<u>TEXT</u>	<u>TATIC</u>	<u>OBSTACLE</u>	<u>FOCUS</u>
<p><i>ACT1: Clindor and Isabelle, Sixth Scene</i> OBJECTIVE: To discover his real feelings.</p> <p>CLINDOR: It will take several years, I think, To make that saying shine.</p> <p>ISABELLE: Then we shall have to amuse ourselves while he's Away. Can you, messenger of love, amuse me for as long as that?</p> <p>CLINDOR: For several years? Without a doubt.</p> <p>ISABELLE: Begin, then, I need to be amused.</p> <p>CLINDOR: I'll tell you a story.</p> <p>ISABELLE: Is the story fact or fantasy?</p> <p>CLINDOR: Does it matter?</p> <p>ISABELLE: Yes, I've heard too many fantasies today. Tell me something true.</p> <p>CLINDOR: Once there was a servant, Without land or means or title, poor, an orphan, Forced from his home by an unloving father; Who found employment with a lunatic squire To act as his bootblack, his secretary And more. To deliver messages of love To a beautiful lady.</p> <p>ISABELLE: This is a sad story; I'm intrigued but not amused.</p>	<p>To write off</p> <p>To command</p> <p>To play</p> <p>To challenge</p>	<p>I am excited.</p> <p>He is being playful.</p> <p>He is not expressing his real feelings.</p>	<p>The shine on my nails</p> <p>His step into the "arena"</p> <p>The garden outside</p>

<u>TEXT</u>	<u>TATIC</u>	<u>OBSTACLE</u>	<u>FOCUS</u>
<p>CLINDOR: It gets sadder still. Can you guess What soon befell this poor young mercury?</p> <p>ISABELLE: Tell me.</p> <p>CLINDOR: He went one day to deliver a letter to the lady And unexpectedly delivered his heart instead.</p> <p>ISABELLE: Did the lady accept it?</p> <p>CLINDOR: I've forgotten how it ends. Do you think she did?</p> <p>ISABELLE: Yes. I do.</p> <p>CLINDOR: Even though the messenger Had never told her of his love before?</p> <p>ISABELLE: Oh but he had. With a tongue of air, a quiet voice, That spoke truer, clearer, finer words Than any she'd heard in all the endless vocalizing Of a dozen braying lords. It did not brag, lie, Flatter, or threaten, this quiet voice, But it sang a silent hymn of adoration Only her heart could hear.</p> <p>CLINDOR: And then what happened?</p> <p>ISABELLE: I suppose They fell deeply, completely in love.</p> <p>CLINDOR: The story's improving. Maybe it ends happily.</p> <p>ISABELLE: Maybe. There's a rival.</p> <p>CLINDOR: There always is a rival.</p>	<p>To pull</p> <p>To embrace</p> <p>To carress</p> <p>To block</p>	<p>I am unsteady.</p> <p>He is testing me.</p> <p>Adraste is so pushy.</p>	<p>His shortness of breath.</p> <p>Painting the picture</p> <p>His determination</p>

<u>TEXT</u>	<u>TATIC</u>	<u>OBSTACLE</u>	<u>FOCUS</u>
<p>ISABELLE: And a father who forbids their love.</p> <p>CLINDOR: Fathers, too, have a habit of becoming The very nemeses of love.</p> <p>ISABELLE: What hope for a good conclusion, then, With obstacles like these?</p> <p>CLINDOR: Obstacles are only obstacles Until they're overcome. In all such stories, The lovers exchange Some token of their passion; Traditionally, it seems to me, a kiss...</p> <p>ISABELLE: I never defy tradition Unless I'm driven to... <i>(They kiss)</i> My father's choice is made; Now I make mine. I love you. My father's very strong; I'm stronger. And I will have my way. Tell your master I refuse his advances; My heart is occupied with other matters; I'll send my maid down with a letter, Explaining the vagaries, the strange fortunes of love.</p>	<p>To shock</p> <p>To acquire</p>	<p>My Father is evil.</p>	<p>I have to get away quickly.</p>

TEXT	TATIC	OBSTACLE	FOCUS
<p><i>ACT 1: Clindor, Isabelle, Matamore, Seventh Scene</i> OBJECTIVE: To get him to propose.</p> <p>ISABELLE: My father's turned to stone, A monolith on which is carved The awful words: Adraste and Isabelle Will Wed. He'd rather see me dead than married to a serving Man. It's not safe for you in this tyrant's house; At any strange noise, we have to run.</p> <p>CLINDOR: I can protect myself.</p> <p>ISABELLE: Since we last met you've become as irreplaceable As the blood in my veins, as the air I breathe, As my dreams at night, as my memory of joy. Protecting you, I keep myself alive.</p> <p>CLINDOR: My father's house is barred to me. I have nothing to offer you, except...</p> <p>ISABELLE: Except your love, which is all I desire. The wanderings of the heart will at last find rest, The vagaries of love will cease, Here, hear will be home forever, For you, for me...my only, only love. <i>(Matamore enters)</i></p> <p>MATAMORE: Let Jove in heaven with thunderbolt split This usurperous dog, this treacherous equerry! I...<i>(He faints)</i></p> <p>ISABELLE: Oh God! Is he dead?</p>	<p>To warn</p> <p>To reveal</p> <p>To hold on</p> <p>To thrust</p>	<p>The impending presence of my father</p> <p>He is ashamed.</p> <p>Matamore is intruding.</p>	<p>His pride</p> <p>Matamore's sword</p>

<u>TEXT</u>	<u>TATIC</u>	<u>OBSTACLE</u>	<u>FOCUS</u>
<p>CLINDOR: No, not dead, merely Overcome by prolixity. Let me talk to him. (<i>They talk</i>)</p> <p>MATAMORE: I give her to you As one warrior, however greater, to another warrior, However less. I have so many lovers, I can share.</p> <p>ISABELLE: It breaks my heart to lose the chance To be your concubine, but I take solace In knowing how relieved The Queen of Iceland will be.</p> <p>MATAMORE: She will; her icebound beauty, Great as it is, Was never match, my Isabelle, for you.</p> <p>ISABELLE: Pronounce on us, colossal Matamore, Your blessing and your benediction, A thing my father won't provide...</p> <p>MATAMORE: Let me be your father, then, if that's The role I'm meant to play. Pledge each other your vows. I stand, for once, as silent witness.</p> <p>ISABELLE: And I, for once, obey you, Father, And join my heart, Clindor, to yours.</p> <p>CLINDOR: Confirm that vow by giving me... (<i>Adraste enters. Clindor and Adraste sword fight. Clindor kills Adraste</i>)</p>	<p>To pet</p> <p>To cheer up</p> <p>To unite</p>	<p>I don't know what to do with Matamore.</p> <p>We are in deep trouble.</p>	<p>Matamore feigning confidence.</p> <p>The wedding ceremony</p> <p>Adraste's dead body</p>

<u>TEXT</u>	<u>TATIC</u>	<u>OBSTACLE</u>	<u>FOCUS</u>
<p>For little ragtag orphan boys... But she's got no grief to spare, oh no, For the grotesque murder of a noble young man Who loved her dearly, For whose destruction she is not, I'm ashamed to say, Entirely free of guilt.</p> <p>ISABELLE: Punish me, then, let me die in Clindor's place.</p> <p>GERONTE: Oh you'd like that. Whore and martyr, now There's distinction.</p> <p>ISABELLE: I am your daughter; if you love me at all...</p> <p>GERONTE: Love, love, what does love mean? Nothing! Anything can be called love, Any ugly emotion—Love, that illusion, That hydra-headed gargoyle into whose foul maw Everyone tumbles, giddily, each With the same insipid look Of sheeplike expectation. Love, that sarcophagus, Love that disease, That demonic, black misery, That catastrophe, Love.—Do I love you? Oh yes. My daughter. Oh yes I do, But not like your pauper does, tender and moist, Not with sweet wet kisses Tasting faintly of decay... I love you, Isabelle, With a heart of ice, drained and dry, Bred of denial, restraint and control, A love whose flesh has been boiled off— A clean cold hard white bonelike love. I am the Law. Come shiver in my arms. No? You prefer, of course, your paramour,</p>	<p>To supplicate</p>	<p>I feel guilty about Adraste.</p> <p>He is so cold.</p> <p>He has no heart.</p>	<p>His clenched fist</p> <p>His triumph</p> <p>My knees</p> <p>His puffed chest</p>

<u>TEXT</u>	<u>TATIC</u>	<u>OBSTACLE</u>	<u>FOCUS</u>
<p>His lawless extravagance, his oily heat.</p> <p>ISABELLE: I'll show you, father, How true a daughter of yours I am; I will become a deadly adversary; A coiled viper as venomous as you: I'll give you a hundred hidden reasons to fear me...</p> <p>GERONTE: Be careful how you threaten: My patience has its limits.</p> <p>ISABELLE: Your worst threats hold no terror; I'd rather you cut my throat Than kiss my forehead, rather feel The point of your knife Than the touch of you hand.</p> <p>GERONTE: Ludicrous bravado and wasted breath— Here, my pampered patricide, here: <i>(He throws his dagger at her feet)</i> Murder your father, astonish him, Show him he was wrong to think you Feckless, inconstant, weak-willed and flighty. Before his blood's dried on the chopping block, Isabelle, You'll have found someone new to amuse yourself.</p> <p>ISABELLE: Father. Hear me, hear what I pray. Tomorrow when my lover dies The world will see your hate triumphant, A victory of arrant hatred, rank and wealth, Of sterile men and faceless Law; I congratulate you for this. But father, please know, The arm that raises the axe tomorrow Is your arm; the neck on which it falls Not Clindor's neck, but mine.</p>	<p>To scare</p> <p>To terrorize</p> <p>To crush</p>	<p>He hates Clindor.</p> <p>He seems unaffected.</p> <p>I am unable to murder my father.</p> <p>He is so stubborn.</p>	<p>My inner strength</p> <p>His knife</p>

<u>TEXT</u>	<u>TATIC</u>	<u>OBSTACLE</u>	<u>FOCUS</u>
<p>When Clindor dies, I die. In Paradise we'll be together; And if you ever loved me, And my dying brings you grief, Know, Father, that I mock your sorrow, That your tears and anguish will bring me Joy. While you still live, the ghost of me will breathe An icy churchyard wind through your bones every day, And in the dark you'll hear me walking about, looking for You. Every day, and every night; You'll weep with relief when your last day dawns, And till you die, I promise, you will envy me my death.</p> <p>GERONTE: So be it. My daughter. My only child. His sentence holds. It is the Law. When the sun appears, He dies.</p>	<p>To devastate</p>	<p>He tries to interrupt.</p> <p>He refuses to budge.</p>	<p>His cocky stance</p>

TEXT	TATIC	OBSTACLE	FOCUS
<p><i>ACT II: Lyse and Isabelle, Second Scene</i> OBJECTIVE: To beg for her assistance.</p> <p>LYSE: What are you doing there Down on your knees? For a mad mad moment I thought “My God, she’s scrubbing the floor!”</p> <p>ISABELLE: Help me, Lyse. I can’t bear to live A single instant after he is dead. Look. It’s my father’s knife.</p> <p>LYSE: Put it away. There’s a less painful solution.</p> <p>ISABELLE: There’s no other remedy. Assist me or else Become my enemy.</p> <p>LYSE: I’ve saved him.</p> <p>ISABELLE: Clindor?</p> <p>LYSE: At liberty tonight.</p> <p>ISABELLE: Tell me what to do.</p> <p>LYSE: Meet me at the prison at midnight exactly. I have the key to Clindor’s cell.</p> <p>ISABELLE: Lyse! How did you get it?</p> <p>LYSE: His jailer is a lonely man.</p> <p>ISABELLE: This sacrifice...</p> <p>LYSE: Is even more than you imagine.</p> <p>ISABELLE: I swear to you, if he goes free, You’ll live your days a wealthy woman.</p>	<p>To order</p> <p>To pinpoint</p> <p>To obey</p> <p>To honor</p>	<p>I am lost.</p> <p>She is lying.</p> <p>I cannot believe it.</p>	<p>My father’s knife on the ground</p> <p>Imagining Clindor free</p> <p>The key in her hand</p>

<u>TEXT</u>	<u>TATIC</u>	<u>OBSTACLE</u>	<u>FOCUS</u>
<p>I will wait on you.</p> <p>LYSE: It's not your servitude I crave. A handsome payment is another matter. Here are the keys to your father's vaults; Go in, pack a bag With all the coins and jewels you can carry. We flee tonight; you with your love, no longer lonely; I with the loot, no longer poor.</p> <p>ISABELLE: I'll give you half of all I have.</p> <p>LYSE: Only half?</p> <p>ISABELLE: It's a lot of money.</p> <p>LYSE: You haven't seen the jailer.</p> <p>ISABELLE: All then; everything. You shall have diamonds for setting him free! Clindor and I will need no gold! I'll be his equal, we'll both be orphans, Homeless and poor in the wide, wide world! How happy we'll be!</p> <p>LYSE: Both poor. I know Clindor will be overjoyed.</p> <p>ISABELLE: It's you who deserve this ecstasy, not I. I am your friend, Lyse, till the day I die.</p>	<p>To defend</p> <p>To exalt</p>	<p>She is demanding specifics.</p> <p>I am so joyous.</p>	<p>Her grasp on my hands</p> <p>Clindor and I joined forever</p>

<u>TEXT</u>	<u>TATIC</u>	<u>OBSTACLE</u>	<u>FOCUS</u>
<p>execution, We three must ride Far beyond the reach of his law and his rage To a freer, happier, more gentle land. As we descend on our subterranean voyage, I'll tell you a tale of the man in the moon.</p> <p>ISABELLE: Oh yes, Lyse, a story, A story of love...</p> <p>LYSE: A story of love. Very well: Once there was an orphan; His father had banished him; He was very poor; His lover was wealthy, and she had a maid.</p> <p>ISABELLE: And through a strange twist of fortune, The ladies changed places, And the poor, poor orphan married the one with no money...</p> <p>LYSE: And the poor, poor maid became very, very rich... <i>(Clindor chooses Isabelle and they all run off)</i></p>	<p>To stall</p> <p>To expose</p>	<p>He does not know I am poor.</p> <p>He hesitates.</p>	<p>His joy at being released</p>

<u>TEXT</u>	<u>TATIC</u>	<u>OBSTACLE</u>	<u>FOCUS</u>
<p><i>ACT II: Hippolyta and Clarina, Fourth Scene</i> OBJECTIVE: To extract Clarina's help.</p> <p>CLARINA: This is an endless walk, Hippolyta. It's taken half the day.</p> <p>HIPPOLYTA: I need the exercise and air, Clarina; this grove is A popular place. There's the palace of Prince Florilame...</p> <p>CLARINA: The Prince is away, at sea.</p> <p>HIPPOLYTA: He's at sea and so am I. While he's off with his cargo and his ships. My equally enterprising spouse has been plying The Prince's wife with merchandise of his own, Offering her his inimitable protestations of love, Which she buys wholesale, eager customer that she is. This forest is their trading post; They meet here every day, and barter. I'll walk until that merchant of adultery comes And then...we'll haggle over prices. Now you know why I'm here. Keep silent.</p> <p>CLARINA: I can't. It's you who should keep silent. Do you think your anger will alter him? He's had a dozen affairs, and he'll have more, The more you show him how you're hurt The more he'll seek them out.</p> <p>HIPPOLYTA: No, that can't be true. There must be at least some little soul in him,</p>	<p>To disclose</p> <p>To dissuade</p>	<p>I do not know how to tell her this information.</p> <p>I am consumed with rage.</p>	<p>Princes Palace in the distance</p> <p>Her face</p>

<u>TEXT</u>	<u>TATIC</u>	<u>OBSTACLE</u>	<u>FOCUS</u>
<p>Some kernel of human shame he hasn't killed.</p> <p>CLARINA: I think there was once. He got older. None of the changes have been for the better. There's a gradual wearing-down of things. Accept it. Spare yourself this humiliation.</p> <p>HIPPOLYTA: Humiliation's all I have Clarina. I revel in it.</p> <p>CLARINA: You do. The two of you quarrel until you're both Hoarse— You may not have a life together; but this dragon duet Is only a way of driving each other mad.</p> <p>HIPPOLYTA: We'll rave, then. At least I won't be alone.</p> <p>CLARINA: Well here he comes to keep you company.</p> <p>HIPPOLYTA: Does he see me? He does. I can't... Talk to him, please, tell him...</p>	<p>To drain</p> <p>To shove</p> <p>To beseech</p>	<p>She sees no hope.</p> <p>She is not listening.</p>	<p>Her sympathy</p> <p>His rapid approach</p>

TEXT	TATIC	OBSTACLE	FOCUS
<p><i>ACT II: Hippolyta and Theogenes, Fifth Scene</i></p> <p>OBJECTIVE: To keep Theogenes with me.</p> <p>THEOGENES: Rosine, my own adored, There's little time for pranks and teasing; Our tryst today will have to be quick. My wife's asleep but she'll expect me home...</p> <p>HIPPOLYTA: She knows where to expect you, Theogenes. And she's wide awake, though She seems to be having a very bad dream.</p> <p>THEOGENES: Oh God...</p> <p>HIPPOLYTA: In all the worst moments of your life You make that little gesture and say "Oh God..." You are the filthiest liar I've ever met; you can't possibly believe That God would ever listen to you.</p> <p>THEOGENES: You're mistaken, Hippolyta, I...</p> <p>HIPPOLYTA: I was mistaken once; I remember the day, Though you, I'm sure, don't. You said you loved me. I believed you. I've become wiser. And now I'm so rarely mistaken I want to kill myself I gave up all the comforts of my father's house To flee into poverty with you, a common soldier, Incurred his wrath and broke his heart And all for what? To stand here trading broken hearts And tawdry lies with you? If you cannot</p>	<p>To stun</p> <p>To compress</p> <p>To pull</p> <p>To shake</p>	<p>He is an idiot.</p> <p>His laughter</p>	<p>His joy at winning</p> <p>His flailing hands</p> <p>The memory of our first meeting</p>

<u>TEXT</u>	<u>TATIC</u>	<u>OBSTACLE</u>	<u>FOCUS</u>
<p>love me, Why did you abduct me? And if you will not love me, And me alone, return me to my father. I'd rather bear His gloating and contempt and live alone and without love Than drink this foul-tasting gall of yours.</p> <p>THEOGENES: You know as well as I your father's doors are barred, You know his flinty heart won't melt, Or else you'd have returned a hundred times before, If your threats mean anything at all. Go! Live on his doorstep! He may relent, although If he's a whit like his child he won't. Like her he has no talent for forgiveness.</p> <p>HIPPOLYTA: Forgiveness is for people who Admit that they've transgressed. How can I forgive you when you swear You're guilty of nothing at all?</p> <p>THEOGENES: And what have I done? Abducted you? I abducted you? That's a lie; you know Hippolyta You came willingly enough; your desire for me Made you accomplice if not mastermind Of your abduction; you're no victim. I learned the art of murder for your sake, And for your sake, I honed my skills And built a bloody fortune up in service to the Prince To compensate you for your loss of wealth.</p> <p>HIPPOLYTA: And the Prince has amply rewarded your bloody deeds, And you, in gratitude, no doubt, Have rendered service to his wife, and she,</p>	<p>To lambaste</p>	<p>His conceit</p>	<p>His turned head</p> <p>His gesturing hands</p> <p>Shaking his shoulders</p>

<u>TEXT</u>	<u>TATIC</u>	<u>OBSTACLE</u>	<u>FOCUS</u>
<p>Displaying the same fine fealty to the Prince As you her paramour have shown, accepts your servitude; Once a servant, always a servant; once false, then false forever.</p> <p>THEOGENES: Oh that's exactly how you women think! One mistake and everything's ruined, One indiscretion means a thousand more; Regardless of the uncountable kindnesses Your husband may have shown, The liberty, the veneration, The indulgence of each weird request; A husband may be Christ-like in his sacrifice to you, But catch him with a mistress.</p> <p>HIPPOLYTA: Or two. Or three, or... How many is it? I've lost count.</p> <p>THEOGENES: And he becomes the Prince of Darkness in your eyes. Evil beyond all repair.</p> <p>HIPPOLYTA: You're not the Prince of Darkness Or the Son of God. Just something wearily in-between Hellbent on disappointing. You keep me around To forgive you your sins; with each indulgence Fresh in your heart, you run out To muddy your soul again And then back again for more forgiveness. I'm exhausted by this ritual: I forgive you for everything. From now Until the day you die, know that you're in a state Of Permanent Absolution. Forget about me, then, and my pardoning. I'm tired of the subject of myself.</p>	<p>To reject</p> <p>To halt</p> <p>To annihilate</p> <p>To absolve</p>	<p>He is ridiculous.</p> <p>He is such a bastard.</p>	<p>Removing my wedding ring</p> <p>His flailing hands</p> <p>His look of incredulity</p>

<u>TEXT</u>	<u>TATIC</u>	<u>OBSTACLE</u>	<u>FOCUS</u>
<p>When the Prince learns what you've been doing What do you think will happen? This isn't a game; it's treason, a crime.</p> <p>THEOGENES: I know; death threatens me for this; But I've spent my life in love, And love is all I am; if I cease to love, I cease to be; I dream of love; I eat love, Breathe love, bathe my tired heart in love, Pronounce love over and over and over again till It sounds like a word from another language, A word I've lost the meaning for. How much do you think life really matters To the creature I've become? My only hope's that time will wear me out; My flame will eat up all the air, and die.</p> <p>HIPPOLYTA: And when your flame's consumed the atmosphere, What will become of me, do you suppose? When you've burned up, and all the air is gone, Do you imagine I'll live on, not breathing? When we first loved our souls were joined In joy and bitter struggle both; We promised an exchange of hearts, Forever, and, I think, try though you might, One never does break free of that. Our lives and deaths are married. I don't ask you not to die, But know that when you die, I also die.</p> <p>THEOGENES: You only think you will.</p> <p>HIPPOLYTA: Oh no. You'd understand, my love, If, after all your talk of love You understood love at all.</p>	<p>To implore</p> <p>To draw</p> <p>To dismiss</p>	<p>My fear of separation</p> <p>I am afraid of his death.</p> <p>He is so stubborn.</p>	<p>The image of him dead</p> <p>The emptiness outside</p>

<u>TEXT</u>	<u>TATIC</u>	<u>OBSTACLE</u>	<u>FOCUS</u>
<p>THEOGENES: If our lives and deaths are bound together, And if, in dying, I would cause your death, It would also be the case, I suppose, That you, in living, force me, your friend, To live.</p> <p>HIPPOLYTA: Careful logic, well-constructed. Your reasoning's impeccable. If you could only promise me...</p> <p>THEOGENES: I do. I promise love forever, my single soul, Complete, eternal, faithful...</p> <p>HIPPOLYTA: If I could really have that, For one simple day, From the morning till the evening, Just once...</p>	<p>To pet</p>	<p>He refuses to understand.</p>	<p>His mouth</p>

<u>TEXT</u>	<u>TATIC</u>	<u>OBSTACLE</u>	<u>FOCUS</u>
<p><i>ACT II: The Prince, Theogenes, Hippolyta, Clarina, Sixth Scene</i></p> <p>OBJECTIVE: To hold on to Theogenes.</p> <p>THE PRINCE: Ah, Theogenes, there you are.</p> <p>THEOGENES: Your Grace! Back sooner than you planned; Did the weather turn your ship around?</p> <p>THE PRINCE: A hurricane that blew up unexpectedly From the Windward Islands; And troubling news arrived from home.</p> <p>HIPPOLYTA: I hope our wife, the Princess, is well.</p> <p>THE PRINCE: Never better. The trouble's small, A private matter, and easily dispensed with. I've been hunting.</p> <p>THEOGENES: I thought I heard your hawk.</p> <p>THE PRINCE: Mmmm. You probably did. A pity. This morning, at the hunt, An archer killed him accidentally. He served me very well, that hawk.</p> <p>THEOGENES: That is a pity. Hawks are hard to train.</p> <p>THE PRINCE: Yes, and rarely worth the trouble. Too intelligent, too proud. The arrow Caught him in mid-air; a perfectly constructed Thing of flight, in an instant destroyed,</p>	<p>To distract</p>	<p>The Prince seems upset.</p>	<p>The Princes folded arms</p>

CONCLUSION

Performing the roles of Melibea, Isabelle and Hippolyta was a great experience. I continued to build the characters throughout the run of the play. Each night the three characters changed depending on my state of mind as the actor. I worked every night to be truthful from moment to moment on-stage. The roles were more complex than I first imagined. Looking back there are many layers that I would have added to the characters. For example, after doing further research on Comedia, I realized that Melibea could have won the audience to her side by directly flirting with them. I hope to have the chance to perform these roles again.

REFERENCES

Kushner, Tony. *The Illusion*. New York: Theatre Communications Group, 1994.

APPENDIX

THE ILLUSION PHOTOGRAPHS

MELIBEA



ISABELLE, CLINDOR AND MATAMORE



HIPPOLYTA AND PRINCE FLORILAME



VITA

Michelle Elain McCoy was born on August 18, 1980, in Asheville, North Carolina. She received her primary education at various southern schools. She received her secondary education at Pisgah High School in Canton, North Carolina. She received her Bachelor of Arts degree from Greensboro College in Greensboro, North Carolina in May 2002.