

# Adele, Mrs Fairfax, Jane, Rochester

## Side for Auditions:

### I.7 44-48

*(The scene has changed to a bright sunlit morning in the drawing-room of Thornfield. Tragic music. ADELE, dressed in the home-made costume of a grand opera heroine, bursts into the room in wildly dramatic style.)*

**ADELE**

Thunder! Lightning!

*(Shaking her fist at the heavens)*

Oh you gods! Will this storm never cease?

*(MRS.FAIRFAX follows her on, out of breath.)*

**MRS.FAIRFAX**

Adele!

**ADELE**

*(Gazing around her in mad alarm)*

What voice speaks to me through the raging storm?

*(SHE takes up a grief-struck pose.)*

**MRS FAIRFAX**

Go to your studies this minute.

**ADELE**

No, no, vile witch! Pursue me not!

**MRS FAIRFAX**

I'll pursue you with my slipper if you don't mind your tongue.

**ADELE**

*(Very serious)*

But Mrs Fairfax - when I grow up I will be tragic.

**MRS FAIRFAX**

Yes, I'm horribly afraid you will be.

**JANE**

Ah, here you are, Adele...

*(ADELE sees JANE and reels back in wild amazement.)*

...it's time for your Latin.

**ADELE**

Never! Never!

*(Another tragic pose)*

It is poison to my ears!

**JANE**

Come along!

**ADELE**

I warn you. I will climb to the battlements and throw myself to death!

**MRS FAIRFAX**

*(To JANE)*

To my death, shouldn't that be?

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JANE

Where did she learn such things?

MRS FAIRFAX

Lord alone knows. I shudder to think.

ADELE

Shudder not, old crone.

MRS FAIRFAX

Ah! Whatever's to be done with her?

*(ADELE picks up a handful of ROCHESTER's quill pens from the desk and starts to strew them around the room, like the mad Ophelia with the flowers.)*

ADELE

Rosemary, for remembrance...

*(ROCHESTER enters accompanied by a MALE SERVANT)*

JANE

She's to be taught.

MRS FAIRFAX

You'll never teach all that out of her.

*(ROCHESTER stands transfixed by the sight of ADELE in her Ophelia mode.)*

ADELE

...and pansies and a daisy...

ROCHESTER

What the devil's going on?

*(He goes to his desk where he searches through some papers. ADELE dances across the stage towards him in seraphic ecstasy.)*

ADELE

O Hamlet! Sweet prince!

*(ROCHESTER freezes in exasperation. He is busy and has no time for this nonsense.)*

MRS FAIRFAX

*(Whispering a warning)*

Adele!

ROCHESTER

Miss Eyre, you would oblige me by earning your salary and applying this child to her studies.

ADELE

*(Mimicking ROCHESTER)*

Yes Mees Eyre! Apply me to my studies!

ROCHESTER

Adele! Remove those ridiculous rags!

*(ADELE is suddenly still, very hurt. She looks at ROCHESTER, tears welling up in her eyes.)*

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ADELE

Béte! Je vous hais!

ROCHESTER

*(Snarling)*

Maintenant!

*(ADELE bursts into tears and runs from the room. MRS FAIRFAX sighs wearily and follows her off. JANE has picked up the strewn quills, and returns them very abruptly to the desk.)*

ROCHESTER

Well, Miss Eyre?

JANE

I don't in the least mind how you address me sir, but I do think you should talk more kindly to the child.

ROCHESTER

So you're of Adele's opinion. I'm a beast.

JANE

Well...

ROCHESTER

Seeing her playing that role, my deepest feelings received something of a shock. She is the very image of her mother, Miss Eyre. A breaker of hearts in training.

JANE

*(Mystified)*

She is a child. And she craves your love.

ROCHESTER

Ah, love!

*(He rises and starts to pace.)*