

**Samuel Taylor Coleridge's**

***CHRISTABEL AND GERALDINE***

based on the poem CHRISTABEL by Samuel Taylor Coleridge

adapted and re-created for the stage

by

Joe Woodward

*performed at The Canberra Theatre Centre, Courtyard Studio in January 1999*



Melinda Donnell

(left) and Desiree Bandle in *Christabel and Geraldine*

**SAMPLE TEXT**

**(text in inverted commas is the direct text from Coleridge's poem, CHRISTABEL)**

*DEAMON 1 in the form of some DEATHLY SHAPE, leaps from the dark making a ghastly sound and startles Christabel.*

CHRISTABEL: What was that? It gave me such a shock.

*But Geraldine doesn't answer. Geraldine reaches out to touch her face Geraldine is aware of two DEATH'S HEAD figures shadowing Christabel.*

STILLNESS.

*The DEATH'S HEAD figures take their cue from GERALDINE and disappear.*

CHRISTABEL: We must be quiet.

*They continue to walk, miming a walk, on stairs upward toward and then slowly past Leo who's eyes remain fixed directly forward.*

DAEMONS: "Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare  
And jealous of the listening air  
They steal their way from stair to stair  
Now in glimmer and now in gloom  
And now they pass the Baron's room  
As still as death, with stifled breath."

*They arrive at Christabel's room.*

Scene 4

CHRISTABEL: Here we are. My room.

*She mimes the opening of the door and bids Geraldine enter. But Geraldine hesitates. Once again, she swoons, almost fainting on to the floor.*

CHRISTABEL: Oh, you are so tired Geraldine.

*She helps Geraldine enter sit up on the bed.*

CHRISTABEL: *(grabbing a glass and decanter)* Here: drink this. It's a wild flower wine. My mother used to make it and my father says it has magical powers of healing.

GERALDINE: From wild flowers!

CHRISTABEL: *(Pouring some wine)* Here, drink some.

GERALDINE: Your mother again!

CHRISTABEL: She died the hour I was born. The old priest said how on her death bed, she said she'd hear bells strike twelve upon my wedding day. Oh I wish you could meet her.

*Screams from A SPECTRAL FIGURE and joined by Geraldine*

GERALDINE: I wish ... I wish ... I wish *(with a changed voice)* "Off wandering mother! Peak and pine! I have power to bid thee flee."

CHRISTABEL: *(Shocked and calming Geraldine)* Geraldine ... shhhhh ...

GERALDINE: *(Off the bed and agitated)* "Off, woman off! this hour is mine - Though thou her guardian spirit be, off woman off! 'tis given to me."

CHRISTABEL: Geraldine ... Shhhh ... Why are you doing this? Do you see her too? My ... Here ...

*She offers more wine.*

*The Spectral Figure disappears.*

GERALDINE: It's over now. More wine.

*She drinks. Then offers it back to Christabel who moves in close to her. They both drink and sip in turn from the cup.*

CHRISTABEL: I see her. Did you see her?

GERALDINE: Oh sweet Christabel. Sweet, sweet Christabel.

*She kisses her gently.*

GERALDINE: "All they who live in the upper sky, Do love you, holy Christabel! and you love them, and for their sake And for the good which me befel, Even I in my degree will try, Fair maiden, to requite you well."

She stands. Christabel giggles.

GERALDINE: Get undressed.

CHRISTABEL: What?

GERALDINE: It is time for bed, isn't it. You don't go to bed with your clothes on!

CHRISTABEL: No. Of course not.

GERALDINE: Get undressed.

*Christabel rises to face Geraldine. She begins to undress and then turns her back and descends onto the bed where she faces Geraldine.*

GERALDINE: You're shy Christabel. In front of me, you are shy!

CHRISTABEL: No. It's just that there are so many thoughts moving to and fro ... I ...

GERALDINE : Leave your thoughts. Just look at me.

*Geraldine is intent on Christabel. She loosens her top so that Christabel may see her breasts. Geraldine takes Christabel's hand and slowly leads it to her breasts. Christabel is fascinated and tempted. Time stops. The spell is cast. She slowly withdraws her hand. But the spell remains.*

\*\*\*

NOTE: The above sample script is available **FREE** of charge for reading purposes, workshopping in classes and community theatres and evaluation of suitability and needs.

Purchase the whole script for \$12 by clicking on the icon:



Production licence is available for a \$120 (AUD) fee. Professional fees are 10% of gross box office. However, we have found that scripts offered by Shadow House PITS have had a resonance in areas which do not have a capacity to pay. Should you wish to produce any of these works and do not have a capacity to pay and/or recoup fee costs at box office, then please just let me know. In such cases, I would just like to get a report on the production and if possible, some photographic or video imagery from the work. It has been most gratifying to hear of small scale productions taking place in areas without charge. If any of these works, or the plays in the "youth" section, are of value to your group or school in financially poor areas please feel most welcome to use the texts free of additional charge.

And, to be sure, the prime criteria for letting out the licence is a passion for the material and a desire on the producer's part to challenge audiences and the respective cultures where the work is to be performed. None of the Shadow House PITS scripts are mere entertainments. All are conceived within the context of personal, social and cultural challenge. You are invited to join us on this quest by producing one or more of these works within your own cultural and community context. We invite you to

exercise your imagination and your desire to embrace theatre for change and liberation. Let me know if you find any other offerings on the Internet that have the same or similar aims.

Browse more Shadow House PITS scripts [here](#).