

# Hilda & The Northern Powerhouse :

## Act 1: Rehearsal draft vf

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## Characters:

<b>Modern Characters</b>	
<b>Patience Smith:</b>	Woman of colour. Mid 30s – 40s moved North from London with husband Sam (just deceased). Mother of Dan. Vicar of Goodmanham.
<b>Dan Smith:</b>	Son of Patience. At boarding school. 15 years old.
<b>Lucy White:</b>	Late 20s. Curate. Always lived local to Hull.
<b>Jean Lister:</b>	Aged 60/70s. Moved to Goodmanham from West Yorkshire. Former Parish clerk
<b>Electa Prince:</b>	Lay reader from York. Close to the Archbishop. 'Kingmaker'.
<b>Bishop Wilfrid Manse:</b>	Bishop of Wakefield. Member of 'The Society'.
<b>Penny Patent, Press person</b>	Reporter for the local broadcaster
<b>Congregation etc</b>	Ruth, Ann, Joe and Sidney
<b>Saxon characters</b>	
<b>Caedmon:</b>	Saxon – swineherd at Whitby. Became first English poet when published by Hilda.
<b>Hilda of Whitby:</b>	Saxon princess. Late 40s/early 50s. Saint from 7 <sup>th</sup> century. Founded Whitby Abbey. Hilda presided over the original Synod of Whitby
<b>Heiu</b>	Irish Hermit at Healaugh, near Tadcaster.
<b>Bishop Aiden</b>	Bishop of Lindisfarne. Patron of Hilda. Saint.
<b>Coifi</b>	Pagan priest, converted with Edwin.
<b>Pageant characters</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- <i>The Irish camp: King Oswy, Bishop Colman and the Irish party (including Bishop Cedd)</i></li> <li>- <i>Roman camp: Queen Enfleda + Oswy's 'natural' son prince Alchfrid, French Bishop Agilbert, Abbott Wilfrid.</i></li> </ul>

## **Scene 1: PROLOGUE: video montage of 'Who is Hilda?'**

*Audience arrive and guided to café area by FFAT volunteers*

*Caedmon enters brush and trolley in hand and signals guitar from organ loft.*

*Caedmon Switches off the video.*

*He notices the audience but sees through them.*

*Caedmon sets things to his liking then proudly produces the BOOK where all can see it.*

*Deferential to it: Sets it up back centre stage, with reading place beside it.*

*Caedmon summons organ music.*

*With help from the volunteers, Caedmon arranges the audience ready for the pageant.*

*Caedmon remains on stage throughout the performance, becoming almost a part of the scenery. He controls the mixing of worlds and is able to summon/dispatch characters from the past. He does not adhere to theatrical cues such as scene changes and the interval.*

*ONLY SEEN BY HILDA ON STAGE – the other medieval characters just obey him.*

*Rule: Caedmon only acquires 'voice' when equality of opportunity is in balance.*

*Organ music allows audience to settle and then introduces the pageant for scene 2 below.*

## **Scene 2: Opening Pageant : Synod of Whitby**

*Caedmon prepares the way for the majestic Synod procession...*

*Hilda leads the procession and takes her stand at the centre.*

*Two other parties, with banners, passion and intent:*

- *The Irish camp: King Oswy, Bishop Colman and the Irish party (including Bishop Cedd)*
- *Roman camp: Queen Enfleda + Oswy's 'natural' son, Prince Alchfrid (later King), French Bishop Agilbert + Abbott Wilfrid.*

*The parties line up in opposition, it is grand and imposing.*

*Deference shown to Hilda as host and chief adjudicator: even the royals respect her.*

Hilda: Bear witness, Almighty God, to this thy Synod, Anno Domini 664.

Welcome to this our community of Streoneshalh

King Oswy, Queen Enfleda, Prince Alchfrid,  
Bishop Colman, Bishop Agilbert and Abbott Wilfrid,  
Sister Heiu, colleagues and friends -

Great God, grant thy servants the grace to know thy will.

Great God: truth conquers all.

*Veritas Dei Vincit*

*A violent crackle of electric static / Noise to indicate modern technology. (Chance for physical/visual ensemble 'crackle'.)*

*The procession parts either side of the altar and exits. Volunteers collect cloaks from the procession.*

*Press opens Scene 3.*

### **Scene 3: The Nave, Goodmanham Church, Maundy Thursday**

*Caedmon positions Hilda in the congregation, with a view of proceedings.*

*Press (with hand mic) enters with cameraperson.*

*Caedmon helps to guide the cameraperson in their filming.*

Penny Patent: Goooooooood morning East Coasters!

Welcome to ECFM!

THE Show for the East Coast from the Tweed to the Wash!

Getting you the stories you need, friends of the famous, putting YOU in charge!

Penny Patent coming to you, *live*, from Goodmanham Church, today...

Maundy Thursday - great!

The new vicar Reverend Patience has been causing a bit of a stir and it's a chance to walk you through her plans for the build up to Easter,

Ooh kay! She's started soooo – let's sneak in here and have a gander...

*Patience with head mic is positioned at the pulpit.*

Patience: So, friends, I ask again: What *are* you doing here?

I doubt you're here for the comfy seats– or the food – although I highly recommend Susan's flapjack with your coffee later! Don't get me wrong I'm glad you ARE here –

You and this church of Goodmanham have been my haven these last 6 months and believe me, I'm grateful! You have given me a fresh start. You have helped me mourn my beloved Sam, my Northern Rock.

For those of you who don't know, I'm from London, where my husband Sam and I shared our life together. Where our son Dan was born fifteen years ago.

When Sam died last year, Dan and I sought to start again and find a new life here in the North, in the land that Sam loved, that he called his 'powerhouse'.

So that was our fresh start, but as we think about the Easter story this week, I ask again – what are YOU doing here?

When we come here into God's house, we're looking for certainty. Ritual and reassurance. Peace. And repeatedly we're offered the opposite: unexpected change. Different voices and feelings. Confusion.

We've heard in Lucy's reading: how in that first Easter those disciples were in crisis! Judas was betraying, Peter denying, the rest running away. No certainty there. But change **needs** chaos, sometimes even needs agony and pain to achieve a truly fresh start.

*Organ start playing....*

What a glorious chance to start all over again from Jesus Christ in that magnificent Easter gift to the world: a clean sheet....

*Caedmon intervenes – Patience held frozen (organ stopped).*

*He summons Hilda from the congregation, she's very loathe to emerge from the crowd. Caedmon indicates Patience to Hilda, as if making a suggestion.*

*Hilda raises an eyebrow – not dismissing but still not sure.*

*Caedmon restarts the organ music*

#### Scene 4: Patience as a great modern vicar (Maundy Thursday)

*Caedmon gestures and we fast forward to the end of the service.*

*Caedmon and Lucy serve coffee in the nave.*

*Lucy gestures to Patience whether she'd like a cup – she nods, but is at the centre of a swirl of people and activity and can't reach it. During the scene she is continually trying to get to her cup of coffee.*

Penny P: Fabulous service, Vicar, what a turn out. You should be so very proud!

Patience: Well how kind -

Adan: Patience! –

Patience: *(to Press)* One moment – sorry – I'll be back

Adan: The choir say they've booked the song room for Monday at four but it's not on the rota and we always have it booked for then for 'Gorgeous Graves'.

Patience: Use my sitting room; it's warmer in there.

Pearl: Patience! All the Bibles have gone!

Patience: Oh I know, we couldn't find them earlier, thank goodness nobody noticed?!

Adan: They're just singing hallelujah and not listening to a word I say! *(exit)*

Marion: Patience! A tile fell off the roof and nearly hit Mrs Peters!

Patience: No! Have you rung the ambulance?

MArion: Sally Johnson's called the police!

Patience: What?

MArion: Well, Mrs Peters wobbled onto the Johnson family memorial so she's claiming trespass ...

Steve: Patience! Did you remember to wash the altar linen? I'm doing my whites tonight.

Linda: I'm having terrible trouble with my readings, vicar Patience.

Patience: *(to Steve)* is it VERY dirty? *(Linda reacts)*  
No the linen, Linda!

Steve: Yeah – dribble stains and everything.

Patience: OK take it then ...and Lucy? Assist with Mrs Peters? I'll be along shortly. (*Lucy and Marion leave*)

Linda: Dribble?

Patience: Pearl – did you check in the bell tower?

Marion: The only Bible I saw had very crude drawing on the front.

Pearl: That's your mucky mind. Anyone can see that's a boomerang...

Patience: ...The WI had them in the Parish Hall for book Club! *Pearl exits*

Linda: Nothing dirty about the Loaves and the Fishes is there?

Patience: No! Let's book in some time to talk it through, it's one of my favourite readings!

*Patience just about to get her cup of coffee when Jean elbows Caedmon and others out of the way*

Jean: Five hymns Vicar! It's not really what we come for is it – singing? I'd be on at the West End if I wanted to muck about with all that!

Patience: Jean! How lovely of you to have come -

Jean: It's only because it's Holy Thursday or I wouldn't - And no Bibles! Is that the Southern way...?

Patience: Sorry, wha-

Jean: Tell me: don't you differentiate your colons?

Patience: Excuse –

Jean: The new parish flyer. Riddled with grammar issues.

Patience: We had a bit of a crisis, Jean.

Jean: Well, there's a surprise!

Patience: I'd better help Mrs Peters –

Jean: Every week I'd put in ten pounds. Every week. Wouldn't now if you paid me!

Linda: All gifts are valued, Jean. Think of the poor widow in the temple?

Jean: I am NOT a poor widow Linda Hastings, but I don't hold with indulging those who can't grasp the difference between a hyphen and a dash -

Patience: Speaking of which, you must excuse me Jean.

Jean: I speak as I find.

*Jean exits.*

Linda: Colons? I thought they were – you know -

Penny Patent: Very different meanings, thankfully.  
Vicar – I wonder if I could just ...?

*Lucy re-enters with a fresh coffee in hand for Patience*

Patience            Is Mrs Peters recovered?

Lucy:                Right as rain. A drop too much of the host...

Press:                Oh really? Interesting.  
Come on - let's see what Mrs Peters considers Goodmanham's top tipple..

## **Scene 5: Caedmon and Hilda – she's the one**

*Caedmon arrests the scene – frozen. He hands a cup of coffee to Hilda, activates an ipad and replays a portion of Patience's speech showing her decisive but graceful manner...*

Hilda                Resplendent!  
You've cracked it this time, Caedmon – alleluiah! She is the one!

*Caedmon looks a bit more cautious..*

OK another vicar - we *have* had our disappointments before...

Those Wesleys should have cleaned up with their influence -

But even as King, the eighth Henry frittered what should have been our glorious return – too lazy after his divorce -

*(Caedmon hums Amazing Grace)*

Indeed! John Newton, another chance - Pity he didn't walk the talk.

*Caedmon raises eyebrows*

She's not quite there yet, but look at her!  
She's the real deal...

Yes!! Pigheaded pigman! Let me get excited!

*Caedmon rewinds to replay a section recorded on his Ipad of Patience saying she's from London*

Hilda:                Nobody's perfect.

*Caedmon smiles and nods and guitar starts playing. Both exit.*

*Audience encouraged by volunteers to move to the Lady Chapel and Denise and Pearl close the doors.*

*Denise and Pearl hold the doors open. When audience in the chapel, Harry returns to organ loft.*

## **Scene 6: Patience and Lucy pre Good Friday Matins**

*The Lady Chapel : Lucy, curate, follows Patience around as they tidy up after matins. Caedmon observes*

Lucy:                You'd tell me wouldn't you – if they were really - you know...

Patience:           The thing is – they'll grow back!

Lucy:                By this afternoon?! – they are SO bad. Oh f..it's all vanity! I'm being so dramatic... I just wanted to look good ...

Patience:           You look lovely! You don't want him to be looking at your eyebrows anyway!

Lucy: I could wear a veil?

Patience: Might give the wrong impression..

Lucy: Here's hoping when Linda said a blind date – she meant it.

Patience: *(laughs)* He'll just think you have a quizzical nature!  
Men love a thinker?

Lucy: Exactly - I may as well just stay home with a good book.

Patience: At least you *can* read – I can't – since –

Lucy: You just need the right book! Something soppy and romantic... oh I didn't mean! I mean, you know –

Patience: It's ok.

Lucy: Yeah –horror! Scary! That'll distract you.

Patience: I don't think so.

Lucy: I've got it! Something really relevant, really close to what you're doing now...

Patience: Hmm – Plate spinning for the stressed vicar and how to engage with a congregation in the back of beyond?

Lucy: Don't be daft – you'd go on a course for that!  
And what do you mean back of beyond?

No, something life changing (*Caedmon shows her the book*) – Bede!  
Changed my life.

Patience: Glory Bede!  
I don't mean to sound negative, but sounds as much fun as checking the small print on the Irish backstop...

Lucy: Really, it's fun! About (*Caedmon intervenes to guide her*) English unity.

Patience: Sovereignty?

Lucy: (*Caedmon intervenes to guide her*) Oh no. Early Church. Joining Europe!  
And round here!  
Goodmanham, Beverley Whitby... Lindsey.

Patience: Sam was always banging on about the North leading the way -

Lucy: Reading's my escape – since Darren

Patience: Darren?  
The one with the trowel?

Lucy: Secateurs actually.

Patience: Well, thanks, - but I really haven't got the time –



Lucy: My mother always said we have a duty, to imbibe at least five pages of spiritual guidance –

Patience: Yearly / Lucy: Daily

Patience: Sam said that too.

*Pause*

Lucy: Wonder how many we'll get this morning. Last night's service smashed your record yet again!  
Everyone's talking about the 'new start' they're making this Easter. You've touched a nerve!

Patience: Too right. I've already had the call from Jean Lister saying she's not coming.

Lucy: Why she has to let you know is beyond me... never used to do it with Richard

Patience: Well 'Richard understood', remember?

Lucy: Richard understood that asking Jean Lister to be Parish Secretary after her husband died gave her something to do, after which he, Richard, could do no wrong...

Patience: Anyway - hope there aren't too many blokes in or you'll never work out which is what's-his-name?

Lucy: Derrick.  
No I've thought about that. I've told Linda I'll give him a special wave so there's no mistake.

Patience: Surely he should give you the wave – it's pretty obvious who you are...

Lucy: Oh he doesn't know I'm a curate! It will give us something to talk about.

Patience: Derrick's in for a treat! And so sensible to get away from it all on Good Friday.

Lucy: Is it OK? I just get so tearful by the prayers at the cross, and what with Saturday being off, I thought it would be a good time to –

Patience: It's perfect. You are doing just the right thing.

Lucy: Don't jinx it – I think, no, I really think he might be the one!

*LUCY exits.*

*Caedmon summons Organ music – Patience's theme...*

*Volunteers clear the Lady Chapel and rearrange audience to get ready for scene 7 back in the nave facing the altar.*

## **Scene 7: Electa Prince – post Good Friday The Last Hour**

*? Chair in front of altar for Patience?*

*Ensemble form a queue to shake Patience's hand after the Last Hour act of worship.*

*Electa gets to the front of a queue wanting to talk to Patience.*

Electa: Reverend Patience – thank you – A- MAZ - ZING!  
So great to hear you - so clever - so clear!  
And so sad – just right.  
Wow!

Patience: Sorry, I don't think we've met

Electa: Electa Prince. Ha ha – yeah! I know!  
Parents with a sense of humour!  
My local is York Minster – ground zero - so that's my regular gig.  
And I'm a lay member of Synod. I know!  
Keeps me close to the top frocks!  
York Archbish and me – like that!

Patience: Well - Thank you for coming to Goodmanham on such a busy day.  
It's a pleasure to meet you.

Electa: I had to check you out – they're all talking about you love. Your marvellous  
attendance figures! You're quite the hit.

Patience: I don't really think -

Electa: Oh yeah. Abso dream combo. The brains, the look, – I mean Black don't crack, right?!  
You're star quality darling, and Auntie Electa knows these things.

Lucy: Patience!  
*(Calling from back of the vestry)*

Electa: Must dash – crazy day – but let's grab a coffee sometime? Or a cheeky fizz?

Patience: That sounds -

Lucy: Patience!

Electa: So in demand! I love it. Mwah! Ciao!

*(Electa exits as Lucy enters – she clocks her)*

Lucy: Oh My G- You do know who she is?

Patience: Electa Prince?

Lucy: She's like really influential with the Archbishop and –

Patience: Yeah she said. Best mates apparently.

Lucy: REALLY influential, Patience –

Patience: OK. If you say so.  
What's she doing abandoning her besties on Good Friday then?

Lucy: It's your fame – they can't keep away. (*hugs her*)  
No seriously - that's the point  
I am having a wild guess that this might have something to do with it:

(*produces her ipad/phone/tablet to show Patience the emails*)

I was checking our emails to get ahead for this weekend,  
- and I didn't want to look over keen to Derrick if truth be told – playing it cool! –  
anyway, I saw this was from the Diocese, so thought I'd better open it in case it was  
a payment summons as usual, and I was like 'oh no',

but then I read it properly -  
Fourth sentence down.  
Oh Yes.  
You *are* reading that correctly Reverend Patience!

Patience: Bishop?

Lucy: 'Bishop of Goodmanham'.

Patience: Bishop of Goodmanham?

Lucy: Bonkers! What does it mean?

Patience: A joke?

Lucy: On Good Friday?

Patience: There's some mistake.  
Wrong email account?  
Wrong county? There's probably another Goodmanham in Kent or somewhere.

*Patience's phone rings*

Lucy: Derrick's in the car.  
We're riding out to Rimswell.  
And no – (*points to face*) didn't notice! *Gives thumbs up*  
Catch up tomorrow right?

*Exit Lucy*

Patience: Hello Headmaster. Yes I'm Dan's mum... We've talked before.  
Oh no. Another one?  
Headmaster I'm so sorry. Yes, he's been silent with me too. It's still so soon – his  
father -  
Yes I understand completely what you're saying.  
Thank you for that.  
Now he's home for a few days, I'll try -  
Right.  
Easter blessings to you, too.

*Patience turns off the phone.*

Patience: Sam...?

*Guitar/organ/choral music*

*Volunteers guide audience to be ready for Scene 8.*

## **Scene 8: Patience alone – evening of Good Friday. First Visitation**

*Patience circles around the book stand/reading spot – but doesn't open the book, much to Caedman's frustration.*

*She goes to light a candle and tries to kneel to pray — but cannot.*

Patience: Nothing.

*Caedmon blows the candle out.*

Patience: 'So Dan – how's it going?'

'Hi love! Yeah – so – that was the headmaster on the phone.  
He's really worried about you and thinks –'

Oh it's transparent. Say it like it is:

'Lit any fires recently, Dan?  
A great future in arson, so I'm told.  
Your dad would be so proud.'

*Lucy enters rushing to deliver a book.*

Lucy: Sorry, I didn't mean to –

Patience: S'fine.

Lucy: No, no, I won't interrupt –

Patience: How was the date?

Lucy: Amazing! He's a dab hand with tweezers.  
We're heading over to Hornsea next week when I'm off, and will call by that  
hardware outlet with any luck.

Patience: Nice.

Lucy: Did you figure out about that joke email about bishop of Goodmanham thing?

Patience: The what? No! I had a call from school and – *shrugs*

Lucy: Right. There's the Bede book. It was just there on my kitchen table funnily enough -  
so I thought I'd - Look, Derrick's waiting – you aren't getting miserable are you?

Patience: No! All fine. Thanks.

*Lucy exits. She bangs door behind her in her haste.*

*Patience eyes the book. Sighs. She opens it*

*Caedmon simultaneously opens the big book on its stand.*

*Patience starts to read and suddenly there's a knock on the door.*

Patience: Bit late to start knocking Lucy!

*Hilda enters*

Oh,

I thought you were –

Hilda: Happens all the time.

No distress.

I'm whatever you need right now!

Patience: A monster glass of wine?

Sorry.

Any good at writing Easter Day sermons?

Hilda: The best. I won awards! You can have whatever I can muster.

Patience: Cooo, get you. Thank you! You're a saint.

Hilda: Correct.

Saint Hilda to be precise.

Patience: Right, Hilda. Nice to meet you – you new to Goodmanham?

Hilda: Oh No. I'm Saint Hilda.

Patience: Oh OK. I've not seen you around?

Hilda: No, I try to be selective, unlike some!

Introductions can be awkward - 'Hello, I'm a Saint!' It almost sounds ridiculous.

Patience: Almost? Yeah.

St Hilda you say?

Hilda: It's worse when you can't get through, isn't it?

Patience: Get through?

Hilda: Upstairs. Can't pray.

Patience: Can't pray? Did you actually say *Saint* Hilda?

Hilda: I've been there. It's hard. But in the end, you just need to believe...

In yourself.

Patience: In myself? Sorry – what is this? Who are you?

Hilda: Hilda, Abbess of Streoneshalh as my last gig.

Patience: No – this cannot be happening. I'm truly going mad. Is this you Sam? You messing with me?

Hey - Hilda –great to meet you. I'm a big fan!

*Hilda smiles at Caedmon*

Hilda: Charming too.

Patience: I like this wind up.

Tell me – Saint Hilda - what do you make of Goodmanham? There's something afoot with the diocese about it becoming a bishopric. Another practical joke today of all days! We're all having such a lot of fun, aren't we?

Hilda: No. That's no joke, that's a disaster. You have to ignore it –

Patience: What?

Hilda: They'll set you up and you'll be silenced, and that's what they want and what we must avoid at all costs. I've seen it time and again it's –

Patience: Who would even care? I'm no one. A drop in the ocean.

Hilda: Oh no – you are much more than that.

*Patience's phone rings (through the vicar's microphone and speakers . Hilda is terrified.*

Patience: Hello

Electa(phone) Hiya! Great to see you earlier. Smashed it. Did you catch my tweet?

Patience: Er – Electa Prince?

Electa: Little ol' me! Just dropping the hint, love.

Jungle drums are rumbling and you're tipped to be in contention for that new post at Goodmanham, so check the deets and don't be a slow coach – you're the real deal, love and no mistake

Patience: I'm sorry -?

Electa: I'll ping the dates your way, just don't sit on your laurels after Easter, there's a big opportunity here, and it's got your name all over it as far as I can see – but I said nowt of course, nix nada. Schtum is our middle name! Ciao bella!

*Rings off.*

Hilda: (to Caedmon)

Who is this?

Patience: I only met her this morning.

Hilda: A busy day for you. *Patience puzzled*  
Dan's fire at school? –

Patience: What? What do you know about that -?

Hilda: When we cannot speak, we act - in my experience.  
Especially when we are young and ignored.

Patience: Dan is not ignored – this is getting - I'm going to ask you to leave –

Hilda: Can I help him?

Patience: No. Don't touch my boy!  
Whoever you are.  
Just leave Dan - and me - alone.

*Volunteers steer audience back to sermon format.*

*Organ music.*

## **Scene 9: Patience Easter day sermon – Sunday 10.30am**

*Patience in the pulpit. It's Easter Day service. Lucy in attendance. Jean, Hilda, and Dan are in the congregation.*

Patience: We've already discussed how Easter was God's gift: a Fresh Start.  
But any gift must be received: It's a two way thing.

And receiving is hard!

Acts 20 Paul claims Jesus said it is 'More blessed to give than receive'. There's no other point in the gospels that reports this. In fact, Christ is usually pointing out that receiving is hard – but that receiving is all we can do: accept the grace of God in us.

Receiving feels passive, and needy - and it feels odd in our privileged lives to feel needy! Let's face it, there's plenty said in the Bible about the needy - and how often they get a better chance at heaven.

My son Dan was eight when he pointed this out – 'why does Jesus only like the poor and the sick and the hungry Mummy? Do I have to be ill to be his friend?'

Well, of course there are versions of poverty, and sickness and hunger that aren't anything to do with money or physical health!

But what eight year old Dan hit upon was the ongoing question we humans face:

How do we navigate this world, giving and receiving grace?

How do we serve God's purpose and each other?

It's a negotiation that lasts a lifetime and I receive with joy the honour of being able to negotiate it with you!

May you receive and give the gift of Christ this Easter.

Amen.

*Organ music.*

*Congregation demonstrating their support for Patience and her style and optimism.*

*Caedmon spots Dan in the congregation and freezes the proceedings.*

Patience: Dan?

Did something happen? Cos you don't usually come here unless -

Was there another call from school?

*Dan turns to go.*

Your Dad would be so upset if he -

DAN leaves.

Knew.

Caedmon ushers the congregation to prepare for scene 10.

Organ music

## Scene 10: Bishop Wilfrid visit – Easter day 2pm

Bishop Wilfrid in the children's corner of Goodmanham Church.

- Wilfrid: Salutations and all blessings madam! Do forgive my ambush!
- Ah the feminine touch, what a charming arrangement – *suffer the little children* – no wonder they flock to such plump cushions.
- Patience: Bishop Wilfrid? Lucy said you may visit -
- Wilfrid: Indeed, indeed, the inestimable Mrs Lister has been kind enough to fortify me with her culinary delights...but she has *Knit and Natter* to organise, so I have wended my way to your gentle haven here..
- Patience: Jean Lister?
- Wilfrid: In our prime we were a trinity of sorts!  
We three crossed paths in the Wakefield wilderness: (*laughs*) Richard was my curate, of course, I was Vicar of St Anne's, and Jean's baking bound us together even then. We can but marvel at the Lord's plan that brought Richard and Jean to Goodmanham together.
- Patience: Marvellous indeed. So Jean's not from here originally?
- Wilfrid: Oh yes, just five short years ago. By the way, she's been telling me -
- Patience: I'm sure she has.
- Wilfrid: It's so exciting to encounter "new ideas".  
Of course, there's nothing new under the Lord's gaze, is there?  
And change for change's sake is futile, as we know. But just as Art leaps forward when a Mozart achieves true mastery of tradition, so the Lord's plan advances –
- Patience: Does it?
- Wilfrid: Dear Richard has set the example par excellence here, what a marvellous platform on which to build
- Patience: To be honest -
- Wilfrid: And such a good thing for our Northern colonies to have the benefit of one "Capitally" trained, so to speak (*laughs*)
- Patience: Actually –



Wilfrid: One could so easily land one of the fringe brigade! Tiresome meddling with Custom and practice in order to 'make their mark'.

It's a pleasure to know that one of the same mind has taken such trouble to build the children's church. So hard to attract the young towards the true way -

Patience: No!

Wilfrid: ...As I said to Jean – I beg your pardon?

Patience: I don't agree, Bishop Wilfrid, with your analysis of change.

Wilfrid: You don't?

Patience: The refinement process... sometimes a full reboot is crucial. Reset the dial.

Wilfrid: Reboot?

Patience: Or – frankly – splash out on a new computer!  
It's happened before... in the beginning there was seismic change.  
Knock the earth about with the moon and whoops - we get the raw materials for life.  
Without radical change we get pale imitations, mannered, in bred...

Wilfrid: 'In the beginning,' you must recall my dear, 'was the Word'.

I'm told your numbers are really building up now – really: well done!

Patience: Everyone seems to be focusing on congregations these days – as Electa was saying..

Wilfrid: Dear Electa Prince! So engagingly enthusiastic. Ever so slightly OTT n'est ce pas? Of course there's more to leading one's flock than counting sheep as you so rightly say. So very much more!

*Picks up a cushion from the children's corner -*

And so wise to focus on your maternal instincts. Terribly hard to motivate the brethren when the good Shepherd moves on...

Patience: I've had no real trouble –

Wilfrid: Speaking of which, is that the time? Heavens! I too must be moving on.

Deacon David my driver will be distraught! He likes to keep me regular. I'm confident we'll cross paths very soon -

Blessings on you my child...Exits

Patience: ... except from Jean Lister.

And she's a Goodmanham newcomer?  
Hmmm...

*Caedmon guides Patience to XXX and provides her with materials and a lap top. He is kind and careful with her.*

*Ensemble take audience to the neighbouring YYY where Jean Lister and Pearl (?) are flower arranging.*

## **Scene 11: Easter Monday : Interview set up**

*Patience sits alone at her desk. Lap top open.*

*Jean L drops a flower to be able to be nosey about what Patience is up to. Enter Lucy.*

Lucy: Jean! Pearl! How good of you both on Easter Monday – looking lov...

Jean L: It was meant to be Michelle on the duty rota, but she claims her bunions are playing her up so -

Pearl: That's not what Michelle told me – said you kicked her off this slot so she –

Jean L: Well I might have swapped.  
Now we're getting TV crews in, we can't have the church looking like a three star hotel foyer

Pearl: ...Thinks she's the only one who can make freesias film-worthy

Lucy: It looks lovely! Patience will be so grateful when she gets here

Jean L: We serve a higher authority, and HE knows his arum lilies from his amaryllis

Lucy: Oh – right.

*Patience enters*

Look what a marvellous job these kind ladies are –

*Patience holds out the ipad to Lucy.*

Monday?

You need to be in York on Monday - This is next Monday?

*Patience nods.*

*Caedmon ushers Lucy and Patience away from Jean and Pearl, but Jean is ear-wiggling.*

Lucy: The whole morning? Maybe the whole day?

Patience: Interview.

Lucy: No?

Patience: The new bishopric in Goodmanham:  
I've been asked by the Archdeacon – Electa Prince was right. I've been asked to apply for the post of... -

*Patience and Lucy rush off (speaking as they go).*

*Hilda and Caedmon enter. Looking in the direction where Patience and Lucy have left, Caedmon and Hilda consult.*

Hilda: They can't! Bishop?

What happened to the Statement of Needs, and the Crown Nominations Committee and the call from the Queen?  
It's a Code Red Caedmon.

*Caedmon looks doubtful*

Hilda: They're not wasting any time, so we can't either.  
It has to be a FULL Code Red, Caedmon.  
No mistakes this time.

## **Scene 12 Hilda's Code Red: Easter Monday evening**

*Caedmon leads Patience up the nave in procession.*

*She sees Jean Lister in the congregation – they exchange a look.*

*She sees Bishop Wilfrid in the congregation – they exchange a look*

*She sees Dan by the altar – they exchange a look.*

*Patience tries to pray at the altar.*

*At a sign from Hilda, Caedmon wheels Bede's book to set up beside her. He controls Patience's actions as puppet-master-like he makes her open the book.*

Patience: Ok Lucy you win. Let's see if Bede can help me now.

*Opens the book.*

Hilda: FIN-ALLY!

Patience: Ah! You? How did you get in this time?

Hilda: You should ask yourself that question.

Patience: Where's your carer, love? Are you in the new flats by the station?

Hilda: Why are you listening to Bish Bosh Bash Wilfrid?  
He's trouble – just like...

Patience: Ok, we're going to be nice and calm -

Hilda: Oh stop being ridiculous, we haven't got time for all that

Patience: Why – for w-what?

Hilda: For anyone else to get here, not see me, and for you to feel daft – when I can just tell you now without an audience that I'm only visible to *you*.  
You are my target!

*Patience winces.*

Listen love. I've been waiting a long time for you.  
If anything, I'm the one who should be upset

Patience: About what?

Hilda: Spoiling my grand entrance! I've been trying for days!

Patience: It's just you and me in the vestry -

Hilda: OK. Not my strongest point – stage management - but I couldn't wait. You've got to stop.

Patience: Stop what?

Hilda: This bishop application.  
Listen. Lots of people make a difference these days – bloggers, entrepreneurs, philanthropy whatsits but church leaders - ? *Shrugs*  
You'd be wasted – you *will* be wasted – and Sam would say the same if he -

Patience: Sam? What is your problem?  
Dan, Sam – are you stalking my family?

Hilda: What? No! Well, maybe–

Patience: Researching people then upsetting them?  
I am SURE you have people in your head but don't drag me into this crazy powerplay you have going on! I have shit to do!

Hilda: EXACTLY! You do! I KNOW what it's like to miss your chances -

Patience: You CLEARLY come from some sad little group that doesn't like to see anything change – to be honest, I'm quite impressed you heard the news so quickly, which means Lucy has been blabbing but that is NOT THE POINT! The point is that, yes, yes I AM in the running for Bishop of Goodmanham!  
And small minded people like you are going to become the minority soon.  
Now get out of my church!

Hilda: I'm not in your church.  
Where am I? Probably in your head, conjured from ...

Patience: Of all the people,  
of ALL the people I would summon up or channel or whatever this is on Resurrection Monday, believe me you wouldn't even feature!

Hilda: I believe you.  
But here I am.  
Sorry.

Patience: I may as well give up on this interview now. Wilfrid's right. I'm just not up to it.

Hilda: Wilfrid's rarely right, in my experience, unless he's advising on hats or colour combinations -

Patience: He was eyeing our cushions -

Hilda: Sounds about right.  
How's Bede?

Patience: Terrible. Confusing.

Hilda: A you-know-what lick, our Bede.  
Lovely handwriting though -

Patience: What are you on about now?

Hilda: Well, strictly we didn't overlap timewise. But given my continued – er – availability, I've come to see the value in Bede's contribution – and (*nods to Caedmon*) of course we're grateful he managed to republish some key works...

Patience: Come again one more time.

Hilda: Oh glory –  
  
Saint Hilda, I am! I am she! We're one big very merry fam-i-ly. Except we weren't, of course, I never knew me dad and -

Patience: So you're telling me that – that you are the Saint Hilda in this book, the Saint Hilda of Whitby abbey who was alive *and died* in the 7<sup>th</sup> Century?

Hilda: Looking good on it?!

Patience: You're a ghost –

Hilda: No! As I've been trying to say all along -, We've tried a number of options over the years – hauntings, visitations, apparitions, parallel universes. Most ended badly. So I tend to stick to in-head appearances when I can. We find that safest all round.

Patience: We?

Hilda: Those of us with unfinished business, with things we needed to put right -

Patience: Am I your penance? Or are you mine? For Sam .. and Dan and... not being able to pray?

Hilda: Penance?

Patience: You were right by the way – been blocked for months now. Are you an angel?

Hilda: Angel, me? No!

Patience: Not a devil?

Hilda: No! Try me – put me to the test. Let's see -  
(*turns to Caedmon for inspiration – he 'acts' Heiu*)

## Scene 13 Advice from Heiu

*Immediately after the same evening*

Hilda: Yes - Hei-u!

Patience: Hey - Me?

Hilda: No, not you, I'm summoning – HEIU!

*Caedmon directs the audience and Patience and Hilda towards an alcove / pillar from behind which Heiu emerges...*

Heiu: What now??

Hilda: Meet someone.

*Heiu approaches*

Heiu: If this is another befriending set up, I'll scream – how many times Hilda?  
I'm better on my own.

Patience: Hello.

Heiu: Some of us prefer our own company – it's nothing personal you know.

Hilda: Be nice Heiu!

Heiu: Why?

Hilda: She's going through a rough time. *(aside to Heiu)* (Can't pray)

Heiu: Hmmmm, it shows. What's your name, love?

Patience: Patience.

Heiu: Well that's fitting. Tried Camomile tea? Works wonders. Or a bit of Valerian?

Patience: No, I –

Heiu: Or a retreat? Cleanse the soul.

Hilda: Doesn't work for everyone, Heiu. *(to Patience)* (She's a bit self-centered)

Heiu: Don't start that with me, Hilda.

Who was the self-centred one running over to Tadcaster when things didn't go her way that Easter –

Hilda: Let's not –

Patience: What was that –?

Hilda: Nothing! It doesn't matter –

Heiu: Worked for you then, didn't it, getting away from them all?

Hilda: I don't know what you're talking about –

Heiu: *Eyebrow raised* Bit of a retreat?

Hilda: Alright. But we're talking about Patience now.

Heiu: Basically love, you've just got to take some time for yourself! Stress less.

Patience: Not really an option at the moment. Interview in a few days -

Hilda: Ah well – it was worth a try – thanks Heiu -

Heiu: If you keep giving and giving you'll have nothing left!  
Sometimes you need to replenish. Fill the tank!

Patience: I guess...

Heiu: And if people get on your nerves: sack them off! Book a spa day.

Hilda: Thanks Heiu!

*Hilda instructs Caedmon to get rid of Heiu. He does so. Heiu exits muttering*

## **Scene 14 Advice from Aiden**

*Immediately after the same evening*

*Caedmon sweeps up after Heiu's exit and urges Hilda to continue her Code Red..*

Hilda: How about another saint this time? Aiden !

Patience: Saint Aiden? I've heard of him! Sam thought he was incredible...

Hilda: He's the full hit – gift of the gab and walks his talk every step of the way - Aiden!

*Aiden enters, shepherded in by Caedmon.*

He's also like one of those uncles who's not really your uncle?  
Helps you set up an abbey but no real relation...

Patience: What?

Aiden: Top o' the morning! Hae ya doen? Y'alreet man?

Hilda: No– don't be showing off now. Pick one of them and stick with it.

Aiden: Hilda hen! Great to see you – where've you been hiding?!

Hilda: Still on the cause, Aiden, it's still –

Aiden: You're wearing yourself out, hen – it wasn't your fault!  
Remember – accept. In the end, right will prevail -

Hilda: Look we've got a chance, a real one – don't let her - this is Patience. She's got it all.  
But she's got it all to do too. Lost her faith. Can't pray.  
She'll be amazing. Needs to believe in herself.  
Tell her Aiden.

Aiden: Patience – what a lovely name. Where are you from?

Patience: England. London.

Aiden: Never went! Any good?

Patience: Has its moments for a city.  
You're a lot younger than I thought.

Hilda: Clear conscience, damn him!

Aiden: Chill Hill! My secret is – the Fengshui.

A clean soul is a clean space. No trappings. People try to clog you up with *things* – ye just say ‘not today’ and give it away!

Patience: Right!

Aiden: – and when hundreds and maybe thousands of people start to listen to you, and follow you, you start to believe you must be doing something right!

Hilda: Modest as ever.

Patience: It was a numbers game even then?

Hilda: No Patience! It’s not all bums on seats..

Aiden: Well, numbers help – but it’s really about the clean lines and empty work tops.

Hilda: Aiden! Stop it –

Aiden: Seriously!

Hilda: This job interview is just displacement Patience, I’ve told you -

Aiden: Right. Now that’s dangerous. You need a functioning storage system if you want to succeed.

Patience: Displacement – what do you mean? Sam wan – no, I wanted to be Bishop.

Aiden: Psalm one?

Hilda: Yeah but did you – did you want it this way? They’re tricking you -

Aiden: I didnae have you penned as a tree hugger, was that with coming from the city, Patience of the Psalm One brigade!

Mind you, we could all do with the streams of water -

Patience: I didn’t foresee it happening this way – if ever to be honest - but what else am I meant to do?

Aiden: Don’t beat yoursel’ up about it hen!

Patience: Sam’s not coming through to me. He’s cut me off. For some reason. I can’t reach him – or pray - and instead I get you lot. It’s torment! I can’t stay in this limbo forever.

Hilda: Sam wouldn’t have wanted it like this.

Patience: How dare you -?

Aiden: I know that wall hanging is truly garish.

Patience: You didn’t know him, and you don’t know me and I’m done with whatever this is I’m done with you!

I’m done!

*Caedmon swiftly organises a quick exit - all the gang disappear.*

I’m done!



*Patience looks around an empty church.*

## **Scene 15: A week later: Saturday. Preparation for Interview (1)**

*Patience on her knees trying to pray. Lucy enters.*

Lucy: Patience I'm back!

*Sees Patience on her knees*

Oh trust me to interrupt again -

Patience: No no – you didn't.

I'm still struggling. *(gets up)*

How was Derrick's outing? Plenty of hardware involved?

Lucy: The full tool belt, thanks! Precision engineering at its best – but don't keep me on tenterhooks, what news of the interview? Did I see Deacon David, Bishop Wilfrid's distraught driver snooping round outside?

Patience: I don't think so – unless he's returned to admire your cushions.

Lucy: I'm not sure I'm comfortable with them being called that

Patience: No –the children's corner! He likes us motherly.

Lucy: Uh-oh, just look it's Twelve O'Clock! *(seen Jean Lister arriving behind Patience)*

Patience: No it's not – it's gone five -

Lucy: We're turning into pumpkins just the same–

Jean Lister: So! You turn up at last. I was telling my fellow nits at the Knit and Natter how poor Bishop Wilfrid was kept waiting by Miss High and Mighty last week, and the disgrace of seeing our Goodmanham church traditions flaunted on popular television broadcasts, the shame of it – Maureen dropped an entire row in the commotion.

Patience: Well Jean. Thank you for entertaining Bishop Wilfrid so well last week –

Jean: He loves my shortcrust – who doesn't?

Patience: We all try to fulfil God's purpose.

Jean Lister: Humfh. Yes well, There are those that see fit to disdain the Lord's plan for them and push against the traditions... Richard understood tradition – he knew the folk around here you see. Belonged.

Patience: It must have been very hard for you all when you first moved here though. It takes time to fit in, doesn't it?

Jean: Yes well, remember that new-fangled ideas don't endear anyone. And pride always comes before a fall!

*Exit.*

Lucy: Next time I'll remind her of Matthew 6:1.

Patience: 'Pray in your own room with the door shut'? She'll never come back!

*Lucy shrugs – wouldn't be a bad thing.*

*They light a candle together.*

*Caedmon and ensemble guide the audience towards spot for scene 16.*

## **Scene 16: Sunday after Easter Sunday: Penny Patent interview**

*Penny Patent and her camera person are determined to try to interview Lucy or Patience – hounding them. Lucy and Patience hide in the XXXX.*

*Hilda and Caedmon defend their hiding place.*

Penny Patent: Hiiii ya! Just one week on from Easter Sunday and Welcome back to ECFM – where your tireless journalist Penny Patent has the SCOOP in a breaking story that Goodmanham - where we celebrated the build up to Easter with Vicar Patience Smith - is being targeted as the site of a brand new bishop's diocese!

MASSIVE news for the Church of England, and follows hot on the heels of Leeds getting their new diocese in 2014.

Our sources tell us Goodmanham is set up a BRAND NEW bishopric and the post for a BRAND NEW Bishop after a DIRECT intervention from the Archbishop of York and the Queen! Close to the powers that be is local lay reader Electa Prince -

Electa Prince: Lips are sealed of course!

There's so much speculation, people are going crazy to know, but rules are rules, Penny – and you know me, I don't ever indulge in gossip!

But hey - I'm just really looking forward to some fresh ideas – it's the chance for a real new start. What a chance for Goodmanham to flourish – I'm so proud of my local patch!

Penny: Your patch?

Electa: It's a fabulous opportunity for the right person – a real reboot! Let's watch this space...amazing!

Penny: So – Electa Prince there, adviser to the Archbishop, commenting earlier today. And we also have the good fortune to get a comment from Bishop Wilfrid of Wakefield. Your grace – a word?

Wilfrid: The only word! Grace!

Goodmanham now has the chance to explore how we brethren should navigate this earthly toil, giving and receiving grace. I look forward to working alongside a strong new bishop - leading the way to understanding God's purpose in our Northern province.

*Caedmon shepherds the TV crews away.*

*Lucy and Patience come out of their hiding place and stare after them.*

Lucy: They're quoting you.

Patience: No. It's a fluke.

Hilda: No it's not. It's a fix.

Lucy: No it's plagiarism! They're repeating what you've been preaching all Easter.

Patience: What do you mean? *(To Hilda)*

Lucy: Or a sign at the very least!

Hilda: A sign they're going to throw you to the lions like Daniel.

Patience: But what if you're wrong? *(To Hilda)*

Lucy: Oh. You're right. I'm usually wrong.  
Richard used to tell me how useless I am – so don't listen to me. I only mess things up. *(exits in tears)*.

Patience: Now see what you've done?!

Hilda: That wasn't me! Oh suit yourself! I should know when I'm not wanted. *(leaves)*

Patience: This cannot be happening to me.

*Dan enters silently and stares at his mother's back. She doesn't notice him.*

*Caedmon gives him a hug and steers him out.*

*Ensemble take the audience to the altar.*

## **Scene 17: Sunday night. Preparation for Interview with Coifi(2)**

*Patience by the altar. Rehearsing her 'answers' and lines. It's very late now. Caedmon and Hilda observe from behind the Book.*

Patience: OK I'm sorry right?

I was rude – but you've got to admit visitations and interruptions - especially from the Seventh Century - are creepy?

Please?

The interview's tomorrow. Today.

I know you're not keen on this job, but you've got to admit it's progress?

And if I get it, we can talk more about what I do with it?

*Checks instruction papers in her hand*

I've got to explain my 'motivation', the 'origin of my faith' – oh AND the history of my parish! Well -

- 1) Motivation is dead, literally. Thanks Sam.
- 2) Faith is – well, wobbly.

So, I thought - maybe you can help with the history at least? So I don't look a total idiot - Please?

Hilda: Moan moan moan - come on, buck up!

Patience: Hello! Hello Hilda – SAINT Hilda - thank you! So great to hear you –

Hilda: Blimey – that's a change!

Patience: Yes - *finally* indeed!

Hilda: You're as bad as Wilfrid with all your talk about how it looks and what you look like – and I'm not talking about your bishop, but the saint I've had to endure all these years...

I've news for you love. I really couldn't give a flying buttress as to whether you look an idiot in front of that bunch of jokers.

As I've already said. There's other ways to fry this particular fish and I wish – I just WISH – you'd get it into your head that this interview is NOT what you've built it up to be.

Patience: History of my parish? Please?

Hilda: Loads of it! (*Caedmon starts miming things to prompt Hilda*)

Have you got St Helen's well...? (*Patience looks blank*)

Constantine... first Roman emperor ... You're right. Bit dull.  
(*Caedmon mimes Coifi*)

Yes – of course - Coifi!!

Coifi: Yoo hooo!

Hilda: Oh – bother. Of course he's right here: rather too ready to oblige this one.  
Well, he's part of your parish past so - Come on then!  
Let's have a bit of your conversion story – you know you want to...

Patience: (*frowning*) Is he -?

Coifi: Wooo! Yeah! My turn, my turn!

Hilda: Yes, he converted. So he ended up on the right side. Allegedly.

Coifi: Yeah! So when like King Edwin asked whether I supported the new faith, I was like – yeah! Let's do this.

I mean, Wotan and all those pagan gods – like - it should have been like, 'total respect', all I'd done for them, but no! Zilch! Zero! After all my work!

So when I saw the King was on board with this new Christianity faith, like, I leapt onto the King's stallion, and rode from Lonsborough over to the temple at Goodmanham and I'm like - Yooooo! Let's do this!

So I grabbed an axe and threw it at the altar to Woden – and no reaction! Nothing!  
So I was like – it's got to go – that's it – burn baby burn

so I got the whole thing ablaze like, and it was burning way way up in the sky!

Patience: Dan would love you!

Coifi: - and King Edwin was like totally impressed,  
and I got to keep the stallion – so yeah. That turned out to be a pretty good move for me, I have to say.

Patience: O – kay. So we have our very own local Vicar of Bray. Excellent.  
(*To Hilda*) What exactly are you telling me here?

Hilda: Ah – yes. Not so very helpful really – there was a loyal thane who sacrificed himself for Saint Edwin

Patience: Hmm – is that any better? Was this at Goodmanham?

Coifi: Er – maybe?

Patience: Maybe?!

Hilda: Either Goodmanham or York. Go on – away with you Coifi. That’s enough.

*Coifi exits reluctantly.*

Patience: Great.

Hilda: Look, it’s OK. They’re not really testing you for accuracy, it’s more about how you use what you know. I genuinely think you should stop now and get some rest.

Patience: Can’t you get that Aiden back – he seemed to know a thing or two?

Hilda: Sorry. He’s mid- ‘lifelaundry’!

Patience: Heiu?

Hilda: Silent.

There’s the royal women if they’re any use? But they even get me confused –three generations: Ethelburga, Enfleda and Elfleda. They’re really traditional.

Patience: Traditional?

Hilda: Yeah. Not sure they were my greatest fans, to be honest...

Patience: What?! How is this even relevant?  
You are trying to sabotage this, aren’t you?  
And you’re succeeding. I’m exhausted. I’m confused. And I’m going to blow it.

Hilda: I just think you’re wasting time –

Patience: You’re right.  
Where’s your sisterhood, Abbess? You might as well just say it - I’m just not good enough.

Hilda: No! You are too good for them – you’re more than enough.

Patience: Thank you – you’ve done a great job. I know I’ll definitely blow it now.

*Exit Patience.*

Hilda:            You are enough. You always were.

*Exit Hilda and Caedmon.*

*Ensemble arrange the audience to observe scene 18: the interview*

## **Scene 18: Monday after Easter Monday: The Interview**

*Caedmon sets up a microphone for Patience in the middle of the stage. She must stand.*

*He points her towards the interview panel. On the panel sits: Electa, Jean Lister and Bishop Wilfrid.*

*Hilda and her gang interject from around her and in the congregation/audience.*

*The congregation ensemble moves around her, seeming to support Patience at the beginning but as the interview progresses, they become obstacles that she needs to battle through to be seen/heard.*

*The interview panel cannot hear the interjections of Hilda/Heiu and the Saxon past.*

Electa:            You talk about 'Sam' being your 'rock'. Where does that leave Saint Peter?

Patience:        With God's grace, I will build -

Jean:             Builder now? Jack of all trades this one...

Wilfrid:          Catholic order and Catholic doctrine. Strong foundations.

Hilda:            It's a set up!

Heiu:             Sack them off, you're better off by yourself.

Aiden:           Clean lines – attend to your surfaces

Patience:        I will sack – I'm sorry, I will attend to clean surfaces that – No!  
I will build -

Electa:           Give us an example of where you showed leadership to a dispirited team?

Jean:             We support women's roles and duties and the natural order.

Wilfrid:          Sacramental ministry that can be received with confidence

Jean:             A pure line of clergy back to the original male disciples

Hilda:            Don't play along – you're better than this.

Heiu:             Aiden wouldn't have got very far without us girls

Hilda:            'Pure lines' – great! Just write out little anomalies like us!

Aidan:           Clean lines! Not pure. Wiggly lines! We are all equally wiggly!

Patience:        I accept I cannot do everything -

Wilfrid:          Meek and mild Mary mother of God

Jean:             We all know we need a strong man in charge.

Heiu: You see why I prefer my own company?

Coifi: What does the boss say? No point in kicking back

Patience: I trust I may be kicking - guided -

Electa: Tell us about the last time you took responsibility?

Jean: Her son lights fires you know?

Wilfrid: Mary's constant motherhood is our modest helpmeet

Patience: I take full responsibility for my son – for all my parish -

Electa: So your son an arsonist? Should that be a concern for us?

Hilda: What a shower! These are the ungodly, love – why bother?

Jean: Remember, we reap what we sow!

Heiu: The ungodly will be cut down like grass. That one needs reaping -!

Aiden: The ungodly are cut down like grass, gnashing their teeth!

Electa: Talk us through your view of the holy trinity?

Coifi: Just tell them what they want to hear! It worked for me!

Patience: Wholeness in diversity – I've always sought to unite

Wilfrid: **Father, Son**, and Holy Spirit –more accessible, don't you think, in human terms?

Heiu: Did he have an issue with his Daddy?

Aiden: Who is this simpleton?

Hilda: Wilfrid! Ha! Says it all, eh Aiden?

Jean: Three in one – you do know what Trinity means?

Aiden: Three for one? I'd tell her to BOGOF!

Heiu: From someone who's never worked in retail...

Patience: Shut up! *(to Hilda's gang)*

I'm so sorry. Can you repeat the last question?

Electa: 'Oh yea of little faith' Matthew 8 v 23. What is *your* mission vicar?

Patience: It was only after Sam died that my faith wa– Oh I see.

Electa: We've noted your success with your parish flock – but what of your fellow clergy?

Wilfrid: St Wilfrid will pray for us, bless his soul.

Jean: Richard used to say: listen to Jean's waters – I'm always right, when I feel it in my water.

Coifi: Christianity gives you, like, brownie points! Yeah!

Patience: I must trust that I will be guided towards my field of endeavour

Coifi: – better than the Pagan Gods – they only think of themselves!

Wilfrid: St Hilda will pray for us. She never wished to challenge the natural order and become a bishop -

Hilda: Pardon?

Patience: - Which may be unheroic, and mundane. It may seem pointless.

Electa: You wanted to tell us about the history of Goodmanham? Of course – no rush – but of course we have other people to see -

Jean: Goodmanham a pagan site? Utter claptrap!

Patience: But I am no less a warrior!

Heiu: Get out of there! Leave! Hell is other people!

Jean: You can't contradict the natural order of things.

Patience: I will champion the underdog. I will fight the good fight.

Electa: We will be in touch.

Patience: I will assemble a Powerhouse!

Wilfrid: Thank you for your time.

Patience: A Northern Powerhouse!

Jean: We've many candidates waiting.

Patience: So help me God.

Hilda: Amen.

Patience: Forgive me Dan.  
Forgive me Sam.  
Forgive me Lucy.  
I have failed.

#### *BLACKOUT*

Electa Prince: CONGRATULATIONS Patience White!  
You did it! Our first Bishop of Goodmanham!

INTERVAL



# Hilda & The Northern Powerhouse : Act 2

## SYNOPSIS

### INTERVAL

#### Act 2 Scene 1 Patience in shock

Patience in same place as during 'interview' but now it's her church and she's frozen mid sermon. Caedmon fetches Lucy to get her 'off' and to safety.

Caedmon and Hilda and some of the Saxon gang confer and agree it's even worse than expected.

#### Act 2 Scene 2 Patience and Dan

- Patience trying to rationalise what is happening to her with Lucy – both super 'excited'
- Lucy and her progress with Derrick – good - she leaves as Dan arrives to ask his mum for money.
- Patience believes this new job will be the means to her rapprochement with Dan
- Dan unimpressed by the promotion – hates move North and this Bishop job even worse
- Dan expresses the same doubts that Hilda already voiced, Patience thinks Hilda's been getting to him and corrupting him against her.

#### Act 2 Scene 3 Hilda and Patience – Hilda told to get lost

- Patience furious that Hilda now more influence over Dan than she has
- Patience tells Hilda to leave her alone – messed up her interview and if she can't support her she should back off – Patience can't even preach now, never mind pray, everything failed.
- Heiu tells her that Hilda failed too
- What????
- So all along you've been making out you're this big role model and you failed?
- Heiu: Hilda got complacent. Thought the vote at Whitby couldn't go against her ... misjudged

#### Act 2 Scene 4 Patience the Poster Girl: Electa's plans

- Movement scene with Patience at centre of a cross
- Building up to her new role, Patience is in demand. Electa is guiding her on duties and responsibilities. Gives her lots of key trappings – the surface-show of power
- Patience keeps trying to say things but silenced. 'Oh no, you have posters to pose for, my dear' Photo shoot, loads of VoxPops for broadcasters, marketing people everywhere
- She's having photos, and selfies, It's all about the visual, Whenever she tries to speak, she's interrupted by another photograph, Imprisoned
- Lucy calls in – Derrick has erected the screen in the centre of Goodmanham to broadcast the Ascension Day service to one and all, Lucy hides how unhappy she is about this idea and the latest developments
- Electa Prince explains to Patience what needs to happen – talks her through the messaging
- Patience tries to put her own words/stamp on the messaging
- Cut off by Electa and Wilfrid – you don't need to worry yourself with that, leave all that to us. Clear that Patience not going to be allowed to speak for herself.

#### Act 2 Scene 5: Saxon conflagration: Hilda's gang – debate (parallel for Whitby Synod)

*Hilda & The Northern*

*Powerhouse Act 2 synopsis*

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- Hilda furious with her gang for messing things up for Patience – now see what you’ve done. She’ll never listen to me now. And she’s losing it...she’ll be silenced by the Society
- Argument over what legacy Hilda had – echo synod of Whitby with opposing sides and Hilda in the middle as referee? Picks teams – who’s for and against
- Aiden: what he saw in Hilda and why he called her to serve in England, Her role in building the Hartlepool abbey, Her building of Whitby, her disciples
- Wilfrid- she was a nobody, written out of history correctly
- No that’s not how it happened it was like this – No that’s not right it was like that –
- Caedmon – still unable to speak but he’s demonstrably the main legacy – silences the rest.

### **Act 2 Scene 6 Ascension Day EVE - Patience and Jean Lister - confrontation**

- Patience is trying to write her sermon for the next day - Ascension Day should be joyous, instead Patience is miserable. Lucy tries in vain to cheer her
- Jean Lister observes – she almost comforts Patience but instead, she confronts Patience about Dan – accuses him, she believes he’s hidden the kneelers
- Patience gives her an unreserved bollocking.
- Jean Lister makes it clear she’ll be taking it further with the hierarchy
- Saxons, led by Caedmon, manhandle Patience out of the Church to....

### **Act 2 Scene 7: Patience and Hilda on top of Howe Hills (outside Goodmanham)**

- Honest heart to heart: intimate and frank.
- Can see why Hilda and Patience both love this place.
- There’s a chalk quarry and the skateboarding park made by local kids and burnt out cars... but also a history that predates the Romans, channelling the pagan gods, and spirits, and Hilda introduces them – they are fundamentally benign
- Discussion about why doing what doing – FAITH
- Disillusionment with Hilda – you failed in Whitby, why should I listen to you?
- Hilda: *Because* I failed! That’s how we learn..
- Patience: Goodmanham could be amazing but feel like I’m losing Dan by being here
- Hilda: By being here – or through what you are doing?
- Suggestion from Hilda gives Patience the seed of a plan for how to renegotiate terms...

### **Act 2 Scene 8 Caedmon’s song sung by Saxon gang, Caedmon plays guitar: Aloft:**

*Aye Aye Aye Aloft -  
 Held in the atmosphere beyond the clouds  
 There's no descent,  
 no accidental angels making devilment  
 Together we observe their shining crowds  
 Aye Aye Aye Aye  
 And we know -  
 There's no more landing gear for you or me  
 Oh no -  
 No more coming down from here I see  
 Our altitude has registered, it's clear that we are- aloft!  
 Aye Aye Aye Aloft!  
 We are circling the blue belt Aloft!  
 Nothing shields us from the sure shelf Aloft!  
 Pointless here to send a flare*



*You and me were born to soar Aloft!*

*Aye aye aye aye - aye!!!*

**Act 2 Scene 9: Patience's terms = Pentecost**

- Conference with Electa and Bishop Wilfrid
- These are my terms. After all the PR it will be impossible to back track without bringing the Church into disrepute, and I don't want to do that to you – so I will continue as Bishop, but these are my terms.
- Already written to the Prime minister.
- Caedmon and Hilda's engagement and reaction

**Act 2 Scene 10 Reactions – and camp fire**

- Patience takes Dan to the quarry – it's a surprise
- When they get there – Lucy and Derrick have organised a camp fire for entire congregation
- Dan joins in toasting marshmallows, shows them how to do it right
- Jean is on the edge of the circle. Expect a confrontation.
- Dan draws her into the circle –She says it how it is and doesn't mince words. He could do with some help with his English homework – Jean is happy to help.
- Patience approaches, expect vitriol, Patience asks if she's considered the offer to become her diocese administrator and adviser. Jean has ..She accepts.

**Act 2 Scene 11: Patience's Northern Powerhouse sermon for Trinity Sunday**

- Trinity Sunday, Patience uses the Book - Bede! - In order to tell you some stories... (Whoops of joy from Aidan) Do you have some stories for me?
- Hear from modern congregation – similar scene to opening with the whirligig of questions.. but this time in the shape of a Celtic cross – circle and cross
- Jean Lister is included: This is the Northern Powerhouse!
- Electa Prince leaves without a word...
- Patience is mobbed at the end of the sermon.
- Hilda gives thumbs up to Caedmon

**Act 2 Scene 12: Caedmon epilogue**

- Caedmon's voice returns:

Praise we the Fashioner now of Heaven's fabric  
The majesty of his might and his mind's wisdom,  
Work of the world-warden, worker of all wonders,  
How he the Lord of Glory everlasting,  
Wrought first for the race of men Heaven as a rooftree,  
Then made he Middle Earth to be their mansion.

- Finishing line: 'I am Caedmon, the first English poet, illiterate herdsman. Whitby born and bred. Recognised, nurtured and published on the order of Abbess Hilda in the year of our God, 661.

***Aye Aye Aye Aye Aloft -  
Held in the atmosphere beyond the clouds***

*There's no descent,  
no accidental angels making devilment  
Together we observe their shining crowds*

*Aye Aye Aye Aye  
And we know -  
There's no more landing gear for you or me  
Oh no -  
No more coming down from here I see  
Our altitude has registered, it's clear that  
we are- aloft!*

*Aye Aye Aye Aye Aloft!  
We are circling the blue belt Aloft!  
Nothing shields us from the sure shelf Aloft!  
Pointless here to send a flare  
Free-fall float in zero air  
You and me were born to soar Aloft!*

*Aye aye aye aye - aye!!!*