



Audition Notice

Gaslight

by Patrick Hamilton

Directed by Brendan James & Charles Langford

Venue: Windsor School of Arts, 381 Lutwyche Rd, Windsor

Performance dates: 6, 7, 13, 14, 15, 20, 21 May 2022

Rehearsals: Starting Sunday February 27th
Monday & Thursday 6:30 - 9:30 pm
Sunday 1:30 - 4:30 pm

Audition Details

Date: Sunday, 16 January

Times: **Session 1:** 10am-midday
Session 2: 2-4pm

Call back: Monday 17 January, 7-9pm

Audition Information:

- **Check the dates.** If you cannot make any of the performance dates or critical rehearsals, **do not audition.** Unavailability at certain points during the production may not be critical, but we can avoid awkwardness and additional work if people provide info at this early stage.
- **Complete the Audition Registration Form** to register your interest with your name, phone number and role/s you're auditioning for.
- **Practice** and **prepare** one (or more) of the script extracts for your preferred character(s) - these will be read together as audition pieces on the day.
- **Email** production@growltheatre.org.au for more information or any questions.

Vaccination Status: All persons involved in this production will be required to provide evidence of full COVID-19 vaccinations or medical exemption from vaccination.

Membership fees: If you are cast for a role, you will need to become a financial member of Growl Theatre which is \$30 per calendar year.

www.growltheatre.org.au

Performance Address: Windsor School of Arts, 381 Lutwyche Rd, Windsor, Qld, 4030

Mailing Address: 21 Yarraman St, Lutwyche, Qld, 4030



SYNOPSIS

In fog-bound 1880's London, Bella Manningham is on edge. She's hearing footsteps at night, pictures are moving by themselves, and the drawing room gaslights dim without explanation. Her husband Jack, overbearing and manipulative, is slowly driving her to question her own reality. He often leaves the house without explanation, leaving Bella in the middle of a mystery most foul.

CHARACTERS - DESCRIPTION & AGES

Jack Manningham (35 - 45): Handsome and gentlemanly on first appearance, he is suave and authoritative, and able to charm both his wife and the audience alike. He has a mysterious and perhaps regrettable past.

(One stage kiss and Victorian-era English accent required)*

Bella Manningham (30s - 40s): Slightly younger than Jack, and previously naturally beautiful, she is now worn down by years of a bad marriage - anxious, frightened, tired and often confused, sometimes hysterical. *(Victorian-era English accent required*)*

Rough (40s - 50s): A former police detective with an overbearingly friendly demeanor, he is warm, proud and larger than life. Sometimes the comical relief in an otherwise dark atmosphere.

*(Working-class English accent required. *)*

Elizabeth (50s): A faithful, subservient maid - sympathetic to Bella but obedient to Jack.

*(This role has been **precast** already as it doubles with the Stage Manager)*

Nancy (20s - 30s): A precocious, pretty and flirtatious maid, she is confident and attracted to Jack's charm. *(One stage kiss and Cockney-English accent required. *)*

**Accents do not need to be perfect but dialogue needs to be clear and understood by the audience.*

Script Extracts

- Pages 2 - 4: Jack, Bella and Nancy. *Bella arranges for muffins and is hesitant to call a servant for the fire. Nancy the maid enters and Jack openly flirts with her, while humiliating Bella.*
- Pages 9 - 10: Jack, Bella and Elizabeth. *Jack's manner changes as he notices a missing picture.*
- Pages 15 - 17: Rough and Bella. *Rough introduces himself to Bella and tries to gain her trust to help her.*
- Pages 51 - 52: Rough and Jack. *Rough reveals himself to Jack and confronts him.*



Rehearsal Schedule

February: Sunday 27, 1:30pm; Monday 28, 6:30pm;

March: Thursday 3, 6:30pm; Sunday 6, 1:30pm; Monday 7, 6:30pm; Thursday 10, 6:30pm; Sunday 13, 1:30pm; Monday 14, 6:30pm; Thursday 17, 6:30pm; Sunday 20, 1:30pm; Monday 21, 6:30pm; Thursday 24, 6:30pm; Sunday 27 1:30pm; Monday 28, 6:30pm; Thursday 31, 6:30pm;

April: Sunday 3, 1:30pm; Monday 4, 6:30pm; Thursday 7, 6:30pm; Sunday 10, 1:30pm; Monday 11, 6:30pm; Thursday 14, 6:30pm; Thursday 21, 6:30pm;

Tech Set up:

April: Sunday 24, 1:30pm; Monday 25, 6:30pm; Thursday 28, 6:30pm

Please note: Some cast may not be required for Tech Set up.

***Critical* Dress/Tech Rehearsals:**

May: Sunday 1, 1:30pm; Monday 2, 6:30pm; Tuesday 3, 6:30pm; Wednesday 4, 6:30pm

Performances:

Friday 6, Saturday 7, Friday 13, Saturday 14, Sunday 15 (matinee), Friday 20, Saturday 21 May
7:30pm evening shows, 2:00pm matinee show

Please note: Extra performances may be required due to demand, either during the performance schedule or immediately after. Cast availability for this is appreciated.

Bump Out:

Sunday 22 May, 10am

Please note: While every step will be taken to ensure a happy and safe production on these dates, the ongoing presence of COVID in the community may mean the production could be delayed or postponed.



Rehearsal Schedule (Calendar)

FEBRUARY						
Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa	Su
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28						
MARCH						
Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa	Su
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			
APRIL						
Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa	Su
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	
MAY						
Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa	Su
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					
		Rehearsal	Critical Rehearsal	Performance		

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sewing, which she gathers up and puts into the box, at the same time taking a purse from the box

There is a knock at the door, and Elizabeth, the cook and housekeeper, enters. She is a stout, amiable, subservient woman of about fifty

Mrs Manningham signals that her husband is asleep then goes over and whispers to Elizabeth at the door, giving her some money from the purse

Elizabeth exits

Mr Manningham's eyes open but his position does not change a fraction of an inch

Mr Manningham What are you doing, Bella?

Mrs Manningham Nothing, dear ... *(She moves back to the window to look out)* Don't wake yourself.

There is a pause. She goes to her sewing-box, replaces the purse in it and puts the box away, then moves to the window again

Mr Manningham *(closing his eyes again)* What are you doing, Bella? Come here ...

Mrs Manningham hesitates then moves to her husband

Mrs Manningham Only for tea, my dear. Muffins — for tea ... *(She takes his hand)*

Mr Manningham Muffins ... Eh ... ?

Mrs Manningham Yes, dear ... He only comes so seldom ... I thought I might surprise you.

Mr Manningham Why are you so apprehensive, Bella? I was not about to reproach you.

Mrs Manningham *(nervously releasing his hand)* No, dear. I know you weren't. *(She moves back to the window)*

Mr Manningham This fire's in ashes. Ring the bell, will you, Bella dear, please?

Mrs Manningham Yes ... *(She moves towards the bell, but stops)* Is it merely to put coal on, my dear? I can do that.

Mr Manningham Now then, Bella. We've had this out before. Be so good as to ring the bell.

Mrs Manningham But, dear — Lizzie's out in the street. Let me do it. I can do it so easily. *(She moves over to the fireplace)*

Mr Manningham (*stopping her with an outstretched hand*) No, no, no, no, no ... Where's the girl? Let the girl come up if Lizzie's out.

Mrs Manningham But, my dear — —

Mr Manningham Go and ring the bell, please, Bella — there's a good child.

Mrs Manningham gives in, and rings the bell

What do you suppose the servants are for, Bella?

Mrs Manningham does not answer. There is a pause

Go on. Answer me. What do you suppose servants are for?

Mrs Manningham (*shamefacedly, and scarcely audibly, merely dutifully feeding him*) To serve us, I suppose, Jack ...

Mrs Manningham Precisely. Then why — — ?

Mrs Manningham But I think we should consider them a little, that's all.

Mr Manningham Consider them? There's your extraordinary confusion of the mind again. You speak as though they work for no consideration. I happen to consider Elizabeth to the tune of sixteen pounds per annum. And the girl ten. Twenty-six pounds a year all told. And if that is not consideration of the most acute and lively kind, I should like to know what is.

Mrs Manningham Yes, Jack. I expect you are right.

Mr Manningham I have no doubt of it, my dear. It's sheer weak-mindedness to think otherwise. (*Pause*) What's the weather doing? Is it still as yellow?

Mrs Manningham Yes, it seems to be denser than ever. Shall you be going out in this, Jack dear?

Mr Manningham Oh — I expect so. Unless it gets very much worse after tea.

There is a knock at the door. Mrs Manningham hesitates. There is another knock

Come in.

Nancy, the maid, enters. She is a self-conscious, pretty, cheeky girl of nineteen

Mrs Manningham hesitates to tell Nancy why she rang the bell. Nancy looks at the Mannings

Nancy Oh, I beg your pardon. I thought the bell rang ...

Mr Manningham Yes, we rang the bell, Nancy ... *(Pause)* Go on, my dear, tell her why we rang the bell.

Mrs Manningham Oh ... Yes ... We want some coal on the fire, Nancy, please.

Nancy looks impudently at Mrs Manningham, and then, with a little smile and toss of the head, goes over and puts coal on the fire

Mr Manningham *(after a pause)* And you might as well light the gas, Nancy. This darkness in the afternoon is getting beyond endurance.

Nancy Yes, sir. *(She gets the matches, with another barely discernible little smile, and lights the two incandescent mantles during the following)*

Mr Manningham rises, stretches himself, and stands warming his legs in front of the fire. He watches Nancy as she lights the second mantle

Mr Manningham You're looking very impudent and pretty this afternoon, Nancy. Do you know that?

Nancy I don't know that at all, sir, I'm sure.

Mrs Manningham What is it? Another broken heart added to your list?

Nancy I wasn't aware of breaking any hearts, sir.

Mr Manningham I'm sure that's not true. And that complexion of yours. That's not true, either. I wonder what mysterious lotions you've been employing to enhance your natural beauties.

Nancy I'm quite natural, sir. I promise you.

During the following, Nancy moves to the window, lowers the blind and draws the curtains, then lights the lamp

Mr Manningham But you do it adroitly, I grant you that. What are your secrets? Won't you tell us the name of your chemist? Perhaps you could pass it on to Mrs Manningham — and help banish her pallor. She would be most grateful, I have no doubt.

Nancy I'd be most happy to, I'm sure, sir.

Mr Manningham Or are women too jealous of their discoveries to pass them on to a rival?

Nancy I don't know, sir ... Will that be all you're wanting, sir?

Mr Manningham Yes. That's all I want, Nancy — except my tea.

Nancy I'll be coming directly, sir.

Nancy exits

Mrs Manningham *(after a pause, reproachfully rather than angrily)* Oh, Jack, how *can* you treat me like that?

them? We haven't had them since we've been married anyway. Or have we? Have we ...?

Mr Manningham (*suddenly rising, looking at the wall opposite him; in a calm, yet menacing voice*) I don't know, I'm sure ... I don't know ...
Bella — —

Mrs Manningham (*after a pause, dropping her voice almost to a whisper*) What is it? What's the matter? What is it now?

Mr Manningham (*walking over to the fireplace, and speaking with his back to her*) I have no desire to upset you, Bella, but I have just observed something very much amiss. Will you please rectify it at once, while I am not looking, and we will assume that it has not happened.

Mrs Manningham Amiss? What's amiss? For God's sake don't turn your back on me. What has happened?

Mr Manningham You know perfectly well what has happened, Bella, and if you will rectify it at once I will say no more about it.

Mrs Manningham I don't know. I don't know. You have left your tea. Tell me what it is. Tell me.

Mr Manningham Are you trying to make a fool of me, Bella? What I refer to is on the wall behind you. If you will put it back, I will forget the matter.

Mrs Manningham The wall behind me? What? (*She turns*) Oh ... Yes ... The picture has been taken down. Yes ... The pictures ... Who has taken it down? Why has it been taken down ...?

Mr Manningham Yes. Why has it been taken down? Why, indeed? You alone can answer that, Bella. Why was it taken down before? Will you please take it from wherever you have hidden it, and put it back on the wall again.

Mrs Manningham But I haven't hidden it, Jack. I didn't do it. Oh, for God's sake look at me. I didn't do it. I don't know where it is. Someone else must have done it.

Mr Manningham Someone else? Are you suggesting that I should play such a fantastic and wicked trick?

Mrs Manningham No, dear, no! But someone else. (*She moves to him*) Before God, I didn't do it! Someone else, dear, someone else. (*She reaches out to him*)

Mr Manningham Someone else, eh? Someone else. (*Shaking her off*) Will you leave go of me. You repel me — you half-witted thing. (*He walks over to the bell-cord*) We will see about "someone else".

Mrs Manningham Oh, Jack — don't ring the bell. Don't ring it. Don't call the servants to witness my shame. It's not my shame for I haven't done it — but *don't* call the servants! Tell them not to come.

Mr Manningham rings the bell

(Moving to him and touching him again) Let's talk of this between ourselves! Don't call that girl in. Please!

Mr Manningham *(shaking her off violently)* Will you leave go of me and sit down there! *(He moves to the fireplace)* Someone else — eh? Well — we shall see.

Mrs Manningham sits in the armchair and sobs

You had better pull yourself together, hadn't you ... ?

There is a knock on the door

Come in.

Elizabeth enters

Ah, Elizabeth, do you notice anything amiss in this room? Look carefully around the walls, and see if you notice anything amiss ... Well, Elizabeth, what do you notice?

Elizabeth Nothing, sir — except the picture's been taken down.

Mr Manningham Exactly. The picture has been taken down. You noticed it at once. Now was that picture in its place when you dusted the room this morning?

Elizabeth Yes, sir. It was, sir. I don't understand, sir.

Mr Manningham Neither do I, Elizabeth, neither do I. And now, before you go, just one question. Was it you who removed that picture, Elizabeth?

Elizabeth No, sir. Of course I ain't, sir.

Mr Manningham You did not. And have you ever, at any time, removed that picture from its proper place?

Elizabeth No, sir. Never, sir. Why should I, sir?

Mr Manningham Indeed, why should you? And now please, will you kiss that Bible, which lies on that desk there. as a token of your truthfulness ...

Elizabeth hesitates. There is a pause. Then she kisses the Bible

Very well, you may go. And please send Nancy in here at once.

Elizabeth Yes, sir.

Elizabeth exits, looking at both the Mannings as she goes

Mrs Manningham *(moving to Mr Manningham)* Jack — spare me that girl. Don't call her in. I'll say anything. I'll say that I did it. I did it, Jack, I did it. Don't have that girl in. Don't!

Elizabeth (*peering through the darkness*) Madam, there's somebody called.

Mrs Manningham Who is it? I don't want to be disturbed.

Elizabeth It's a gentleman, madam — he wants to see you.

Mrs Manningham Tell him to go, Elizabeth. He wants to see my husband.
My husband's out.

Elizabeth No, madam — he wants to see you. You must see him, madam.

Mrs Manningham Oh, leave me alone. Tell him to go away. I want to be left alone.

Elizabeth Madam, madam. I don't know what's going on between you and the master, but you've got to hold up, madam. You've got to hold up.

Mrs Manningham I am going out of my mind, Elizabeth. That's what's going on.

Elizabeth Don't talk like that, madam. You've got to be brave. You mustn't go on lying here in the dark, or your mind *will* go. You must see **this** gentleman. It's *you* he wants — not the master. He's waiting below. Come, madam, it'll take you out of yourself.

Mrs Manningham Oh, my God — what new torment is this? I'm not in a fit state, I tell you.

Elizabeth Come, madam. I'll turn up the light. (*She does so*) There. Now you'll be all right.

Mrs Manningham (*sitting up on the settee*) Elizabeth! What have you done? I can't have anyone in. I'm not fit to be seen.

Elizabeth You look all right, madam. You mustn't take on so. Now — I'll call him up.

Elizabeth exits

(*Off*) Will you come up, please, sir?

Mrs Manningham looks after Elizabeth, half-paralysed, then runs over to the mirror over the mantelpiece, and adjusts her hair. She stands with her back to the fireplace, waiting

Elizabeth returns, holding back the door

Ex-detective Rough enters. He is over sixty — greying, short, wiry, active, brusque, friendly, overbearing. He completely dominates the scene from his entrance

Rough Thank you ... Ah — good evening. (*He moves to Mrs Manningham*)

Mrs Manningham, I believe ... How are you, Mrs Manningham?

Mrs Manningham (*shaking hands with Rough but not letting go of his hand*) How do you do. I'm very much afraid ...

Rough You're very much afraid you don't know me from Adam? That's about the root of the matter, isn't it?

Elizabeth exits, closing the door

Mrs Manningham Oh, no — it's not that — but no doubt you have come to see my husband?

Rough (*still holding her hand and looking at her appraisingly*) Oh, no! You couldn't be further out. On the contrary, I have chosen this precise moment to call when I knew your husband was out. May I take off my things and sit down?

Mrs Manningham Why, yes. I suppose you may.

Rough You're a good deal younger and more attractive than I thought, you know. But you're looking very pale. Have you been crying?

Mrs Manningham Really — I'm afraid I don't understand at all.

Rough You will do so, madam, very shortly. (*He moves L and removes his scarf during the following*) You're the lady who's going off her head, aren't you?

Mrs Manningham (*moving towards him*) What made you say that? Who are you? What have you come to talk about?

Rough (*taking off his coat and putting it on a chair*) Well, of one thing you can be certain. I have not come to talk about the weather. Though that indeed merits a world of comment at the moment. But you're running away with things, Mrs Manningham, and asking me a good deal I can't answer at once. Instead of that, I am going to ask you a question or two ... Now, please, will you come here and give me your hands?

There is a pause. She obeys

Now, Mrs Manningham, I want you to take a good look at me, and see if you are not looking at someone to whom you can give your trust. I am a perfect stranger to you, and you can read little in my face besides that. But I can read a great deal in yours.

Mrs Manningham (*after a pause*) What? What can you read in mine?

Rough Why, madam, I can read the tokens of one who has travelled a very long way upon the path of sorrow and doubt — and will have, I fear, to travel a little further before she comes to the end. But I fancy she is coming towards the end, for all that. Come now, are you going to trust me, and listen to me? I'm old enough to be your grandfather.

Mrs Manningham (*after a pause*) Who are you? God knows I need help.

Rough I very much doubt whether God knows anything of the sort, Mrs Manningham. Had he done so I believe he would have come to your aid before this. But I am here, and so you must give me your faith.

Mrs Manningham Who are you? Are you a doctor?

Rough Nothing so learned, ma'am. Just a plain police detective.

Mrs Manningham Police detective?

Rough Yes. Or was ten years ago. At any rate, still detective enough to see that you've been interrupted in your tea. Couldn't you start again, and let me have a cup?

Mrs Manningham Why, yes — yes. I will give you a cup. It only wants water. *(She busies herself with hot water, cup, teapot, et cetera, throughout the ensuing conversation)*

Rough *(fetching a chair and bringing it to the table)* You never heard of the celebrated Sergeant Rough, madam? Sergeant Rough, who solved the Claudesley Diamond Case — Sergeant Rough, who hunted down the Camberwell Dogs — Sergeant Rough, who brought Sandham himself to justice ... *(He puts his hand on the back of the chair, and looks at her)* Or were all such sensations before your time?

Mrs Manningham Sandham? Why, yes, I have heard of Sandham — the murderer, the throttlér.

Rough Yes, madam, Sandham the Throttlér. And you are now looking at the man who gave Sandham to the man who throttled him. And that was the common hangman. In fact, Mrs Manningham, you have in front of you one who was quite a personage in his day — believe it or not.

Mrs Manningham I quite believe it. Won't you sit down? I'm afraid it won't be very hot.

Rough Thank you ... How long have you been married, Mrs Manningham?

Mrs Manningham Seven years — and a little.

Rough Where have you lived during all that time, Mrs Manningham?

Mrs Manningham *(putting milk in Rough's cup and passing it to him)* Why ... First we went abroad — then we lived in Yorkshire, and then six months ago my husband took this house.

Rough *(taking the cup)* Thank you ... And does your husband always leave you alone like this in the evenings?

Mrs Manningham Yes. He goes to his club, I believe, and does business.

Rough *(stirring his tea; thoughtfully)* So you believe.

Mrs Manningham Yes ...

Rough And does your husband give you a free run of the whole house while he's out?

Mrs Manningham Yes ... Well, no ... Not the top floor. Why do you ask?

Rough Ah — not the top floor ...

Mrs Manningham No ... no ... Will you have some sugar? What were you saying? *(She sits, bending over eagerly to answer his questions)*

Rough Before I go any further, Mrs Manningham, I must tell you there's a leakage in this household. You have a maid called Nancy?

Mrs Manningham Yes ... Yes ...

Mr Manningham Have I not told you — — ?

During the following, Mr Manningham forces Mrs Manningham into the small chair L

Mrs Manningham	}	<i>(together)</i>	{	<i>(storming)</i> I haven't dreamed. I haven't!
Mr Manningham				Don't tell me that I have dreamed. In the name of God don't tell me that!
Mr Manningham				Sit down and be quiet. Sit down!

Mr Manningham *(more quietly and inquisitively)* What was this dream of yours, Bella? You interest me.

Mrs Manningham I dreamt of a man — *(Hysterically)* I dreamt of a man — —

Mr Manningham *(now very inquisitively)* You dreamed of a man, Bella? What man did you dream of, pray?

Mrs Manningham A man. A man that came to see me. Let me rest! Let me rest!

Mr Manningham Pull yourself together, Bella. What man are you talking about?

Mrs Manningham I dreamed a man came in here.

Mr Manningham I know you dreamed it, you gibbering wretch! I want to know more about this man of whom you dreamed. Do you hear! Do you hear me!

Mrs Manningham I dreamed ... I dreamed ...

Rough enters through the door R from the inner room

Rough Was I any part of this curious dream of yours, Mrs Manningham? Perhaps my presence here will help you to recall it.

Mr Manningham *(after a pause)* May I ask who the devil you are, and how you got in?

Rough Well, who I am seems a little doubtful. Apparently I am a mere figment of Mrs Manningham's imagination. As for how I got in: I came in, or rather I came back — or better still, I effected an entrance a few minutes before you, and I have been hidden away ever since.

Mr Manningham And would you be kind enough to tell me what you are doing here?

Rough Waiting for some friends, Mr Manningham, waiting for some friends. Don't you think you had better go up to bed, Mrs Manningham? You look very tired.

Mr Manningham Don't you think you had better explain your business, sir?

Rough Well, as a mere figment, as a mere ghost existing only in your wife's mind, I can hardly be said to have any business. Tell me, Mr Manningham, can you see me? No doubt your wife can, but it must be difficult for you.

Perhaps if she goes to her room I will vanish, and you won't be bothered by me any more.

Mr Manningham Bella. Go to your room.

Mrs Manningham stares at both Rough and her husband in turn in apprehension and wonderment. She goes to the door

I shall find out the meaning of this, and deal with you in due course.

Mrs Manningham I — —

Mr Manningham Go to your room. I will call you down later. I have not finished with you yet, madam.

Mrs Manningham looks at both of them again, and exits

Rough You know, I believe you're wrong there, Manningham. I believe that is just what you have done.

Mr Manningham Done what?

Rough Finished with your wife, my friend. (*He sits down easily in an armchair*)

Mrs Manningham Now, sir — will you have the goodness to tell me your name, and your business, if any?

Rough I have no name, Manningham, in my present capacity. I am, as I have pointed out, a mere spirit. Perhaps a spirit of something you have evaded all your life — but in any case, only a spirit. Will you have a cigar with a spirit? We may have to wait some time.

Mr Manningham Are you going to explain your business, sir, or am I going to fetch a policeman and have you turned out?

Rough (*lighting a cigar*) Ah — an admirable idea. I could have thought of nothing better myself. Yes, fetch a policeman, Manningham, and have me turned out ... (*Pause*) Why do you wait?

Mr Manningham Alternatively, sir, I can turn you out myself.

Rough (*standing and facing Mr Manningham*) Yes. But why not fetch a policeman?

Mr Manningham (*after a pause*) You give me the impression, sir, that you have something up your sleeve. Will you go on with what you were saying?

The gaslights slowly fade during the following

Rough Yes, certainly. Where was I? Yes. (*He pauses*) Excuse me, Mr Manningham, but do you get the same impression as myself?

Mr Manningham What impression?

Rough An impression that the light is going down in this room.

Mr Manningham I have noticed it.