

## Lockwood

**In this monologue, Lockwood reflects on Nelly Dean's tales of Wuthering Heights. Shocked by the barbarous behaviour of the Heights' inhabitants, he tells the audience about his swift departure from Yorkshire. He then describes his return a year later, only to find it a vastly different place. To be read in a Southern English accent if possible.**

What intrigued me at the start and what I still don't understand is the presence of young Catherine at the Heights? How did she come under Heathcliff's charge? How came she to marry his son? Mrs Dean informed me that her father kept little Cathy well away from Wuthering Heights, but when he died Heathcliff descended, abducted her and married her to his son, thus securing the inheritance that gave him Thrushcross Grange. But there is a law in the land! This is England, not some bandit-ridden island! "Abduct" and "marry by force" – it sounds very much like the lurid plot of an opera.

I felt in no disposition to pass another winter in a place like the Heights. But then, in the September of the next year, on my way to visit a friend in the north, I found myself within fifteen miles of Gimmerton. I acted upon a sudden impulse to break my journey, see whether another tenant had been found, and settle matters finally with my landlord. I walked down through the valley. The grey church looked greyer, and the lonely churchyard lonelier; a moor sheep was cropping the short turf on the graves. When I reached Wuthering Heights, I did not have to climb the gate – it yielded to my hand. This is an improvement, I thought. The air was heavy with the fragrance of wallflowers...all the doors and lattices were open, and from the kitchen I could hear singing and laughter over the evening birdsong.

## Nelly Dean

**Here we see Nelly taking on the role of the narrator within the play. She begins in the present, describing Lockwood's unexpected return to Thrushcross Grange after braving a snowstorm, before delving into the past and recounting Heathcliff's origins. To be read in a Northern English accent if possible.**

The clock was chiming twelve when Mr Lockwood came through the door of Thrushcross Grange the next morning. How he made his way home through those snow drifts is more than I can fathom – we had quite given him up for lost, and were preparing to search for his remains. A terrible state he was in too! He slept all afternoon by his study fire – he said prefers his own company – but when I took his own supper in, he asked me to stay.

“You’ve lived here a considerable time, haven’t you” he says. “Sixteen years?” “Eighteen sir”, I say, “I came when the mistress was married, and after she died, the master retained me as housekeeper.” Times are greatly changed since then. I’ve seen a great many alterations – and troubles too. I asked how he’d liked Mr Heathcliff.

“A rough character,” he replied. Rough as a saw-edge. Hard as whin-stone.

He was a cuckoo, was Heathcliff. A foundling, picked up on the streets of Liverpool by Catherine’s father – the last true master of Wuthering Heights. Hindley, her older brother, resented him from the day he was brought home. Whereas Catherine and Heathcliff – they were inseparable. Hindley drove them even closer together. Day after day they would run away to the moors, like two young animals, and not come home till evening. I cried myself to watched them grow more reckless. Joesph might thrash Heathcliff till his arm ached – they forgot everything the moment they were together again.

## Heathcliff

**This monologue is adapted from a scene from Act 2 of the play, where Heathcliff learns of the death of Catherine from Nelly. As he struggles to comprehend a life without Catherine, he swings violently between grief for the loss of the woman he loved, and anger for the woman who abandoned and betrayed him. To be read in a Northern English accent if possible.**

She's dead. I've not waited for you to learn that. Put your handkerchief away – don't snivel before me! Damn you all. She wants none of your tears.

How did she die Nelly? (*sardonically*) Did she take due warning of our 'evil ways'? Did she die like a saint? Quiet as a lamb – drawing a sigh, stretching herself, like a child reviving, and sinking again into sleep? Did her life close in like a gentle dream, ready for her to wake kindly in the other world. (*scoffing*) May she wake in hell! Liar to the end!

*He breaks away from Nelly and with a frightful vehemence calls all about him.*

Where are you? Not in hell! Not in heaven! Not perished – where? You said you cared nothing for my sufferings. So I pray one prayer – I'll repeat it till my tongue stiffens – CATHERINE EARNSHAW! May you not rest as long as I am living! If I killed you, haunt me! Be with me always; take any form; drive me mad! Only do not leave me in this darkness, where I cannot find you!

How will I bear to look at the child? In her face, all I'll see is the ghost of my immortal love. My pride, my happiness, my anguish. Now you are gone, Cathy, I am weary of living. Must I now, every day, remind myself to breathe? Remind my heart to beat? Why don't you come to me, Cathy? I know you are here! I hear your voice, in the air above me. Speak! Speak to me once more. O God!

## Catherine

**In this scene, Catherine, nearing death, begins to lose her grip on reality. Maddened by the confinement of Thrushcross Grange and her marriage to Edgar Linton, she longs to return to her childhood home of Wuthering Heights, and to childhood itself. To be read in a Northern English accent if possible.**

*(Catherine is in a nightdress, wandering, her hair loose and a distant look in her eye. She holds a pillow from which feathers are escaping. She chases a few and then settles to examine them).*

That's a wild duck – and here's a moor-cock's, and – I should know it among a thousand – a lapwing's! Bonny bird: wheeling over our heads in the middle of the moor. We picked this feather up from the heath – it wasn't shot. I made Heathcliff promise he'd never shoot a lapwing, and he didn't – yet here are more! Did he shoot my lapwings, Nelly?

Oh, if I were but in my own bed at Wuthering Heights! Listening to the wind sounding in the firs by the lattice. Let me feel it, Nelly – it comes straight down the moor – let me have one breath! I wish I were out of doors – I wish I were a girl again, half savage and hardy and free, laughing at injuries, not maddening under them. Why am I so changed? I know I should be myself, were I among the heather on those hills. Open the window – wide. Look, there's the candle in Joesph's window! He sits up late, waiting for me to return so that he may lock the gate. Well, he'll wait a while yet! It's a rough journey and I must pass by Gimmerton Kirk! We've braved the ghosts often together and dared each other to stand amongst the graves and ask them to come! Heathcliff! I dare you now! Will you venture? If you do I'll keep you. They may bury me twelve feet deep and throw the church down over me! I won't rest till you are with me, never!

## Edgar

**This monologue is adapted from a moment in Act 1 where Edgar visits Catherine at Wuthering Heights, and they discuss with the possibility of Catherine returning to Thrushcross Grange to further cultivate her etiquette and grace. To be read in a Southern English accent if possible.**

*(gaily, with a bright smile)* In spite of the dark clouds, it's a wonderful day! Isabella asks to be excused – she was afraid it would rain and didn't fancy the journey – so I left early on my own. You're looking splendid, Catherine. I can't believe we are going to have the place to ourselves. Come, sit. You have the sunniest disposition Catherine – you will be a great asset to me in my social life! No young lady of my acquaintance has more natural talent; I hope you are studying to improve your accomplishments. I know you may never compete with Isabella, but you have never been blessed with the same opportunities as she. You will forgive me in saying so, but considering the nature of your environment, you emerge with credit. Which reminds me – Isabella and my mother think it is high time you paid us with an extended stay at the Grange. I think you are in need of a well-deserved holiday from the Heights. I will speak to your brother Hindley – for there is nothing I would like more than to be able to spend more time with you. And I do appreciate how much you have had to struggle against the limitations of your rustic conditions, as a rose struggles to emerge from thorns.

## Isabella

**In this scene, Isabella naïvely declares her love for Heathcliff and chastises her sister-in-law Catherine for her patronising and dismissive behaviour towards her. For the purpose of auditions, Catherine's lines have been adapted to be part of Isabella's dialogue. To be read in a Southern English accent if possible.**

*(to Catherine)* You want me to tell you the reason for my raised spirits? Of course you do. And you are going to be pleased. It's because – Heathcliff is coming. I can't yet see him outside, but he is coming though – and this time particularly to see me. He said I might expect him today. All I want is to be...well, with him. And I won't be sent off! You always find an excuse to send me away whenever he is here. And I know why, Catherine – I am not quite as childish as you think; you don't want anyone to be loved except yourself. But I love Heathcliff. I love him more than you love Edgar. And he might love me if you would let him! And then – you would give your sight and half your life to be me – don't pretend you wouldn't!

I know there are things about life and people you think I cannot possibly understand – that I have not had the chance nor the time to come to understand, having spent my childhood hidden away in this parlour. But tell me, when and where have you had the opportunity to gather such wisdom – up at the Heights amongst the rustics? Well, I shall listen to you no more. Whenever you speak, you speak from selfish wickedness. You are a poisonous friend, and worse than twenty enemies.

## Hindley

**Returning home drunk and in a violent rage, Hindley berates Heathcliff and Nelly. Due to his unpredictable behaviour and affinity for the bottle, Nelly has taken to hiding his baby son Hareton. In this scene, however, she is unsuccessful in keeping Hareton safely away from his father. To be read in a Northern English accent if possible.**

What's this? *(He grabs Heathcliff and looks him up and down, eventually flinging him away)* Attempting the coxcomb? A bit of boot and whip will soon alter that. *(to Nelly)* Where's Hareton? – you're always putting him out of my way. Tell me! I wonder how far you could take a knife down your throat without squawking? Where have you hidden my son? I have murder in me tonight – I'll do for you Nelly – you needn't laugh! I'll kill someone – I shall have no rest till I do! I want my son. Where is he? When I'm myself you know I don't want to handle him as you damn well know. Where is he? Where's my son? HARETON! Come to thy father, damn thee! *(He searches about and is on the point of giving up when he stumbles over the cradle)* Ah! Hareton, I have found thee out! I have found thee Hareton! What sort of monster is this? By God, as if I would breed such a monster! I'll break the brat's neck! No! *(Thrusting the baby at Nelly)* It's your fault Nelly – you should have kept him out of my sight. You should have taken him from me. Take yourself and the boy away. And, hark you Heathcliff, clear out of my reach and hearing. Go on – get out, all of you. I won't murder you tonight – unless I set the house on fire – but that's as my fancy goes.

## Cathy

**In this monologue, Cathy reprimands the other inhabitants of Wuthering Heights, where she is being held prisoner by Heathcliff. In particular, she vehemently rejects Hareton's attempts to forge a friendship, and deliberately tries to provoke the zealous Joesph by pretending to be practicing witchcraft. To be read in a general English accent if possible.**

*(to Hareton)* Get away this instant! How dare you touch me – you know I can't endure you! Come near me and I'll go back upstairs and never come down again! Mister Hareton Earnshaw – and the whole pack of you – just be good enough to understand that I reject any pretence of kindness any of you have the hypocrisy to offer. I will have nothing to do with any of you. I despise you. I am driven down here by the cold, not to amuse you or enjoy your company. Be silent! One more word and I'll go! I'll go anywhere – outside into the snow, anywhere rather than have your disagreeable voice in my ear. *(rounding on Joesph)* And you, Joesph – you scandalous old hypocrite! I warn you – stop provoking me, or I'll ask your abduction as a special favour from the devil. I'll show you how far I've progressed in the Black Art! I'll soon be competent to make a clear house of it! The old cow didn't die by chance, and as for your rheumatism – it's too late to ask for deliverance from evil! You're lost – a castaway! Now be off, or I'll hurt you seriously. I've got you all modelled in wax, and the first who passes the limits I fix shall – I'll not say what shall be done to him – but you'll see – you'll see!



## Hareton

**In this monologue Hareton tries to establish an alliance with Cathy, asking if she will read aloud in the evenings so that he, who is himself illiterate, may listen. When his attempts to extend a kind word are met with scorn from Cathy, he loses his temper, giving up on any possibility of friendship. To be read in a Northern English accent if possible.**

Cathy! I know you can't endure me, but I can't think as to why! I know you are unhappy here, but how am I to blame? What have I done? Whatever cause you might have to be angered – and I know you have some – it's not my doing and I'm not in any way to blame. When you were sick – after – after Linton died...I tried to help...I tried to help more than once. I asked Mr Heathcliff to let me wake and help you. Look – you've been upstairs for so long. I'm just glad to see you down. I thought that now – now that you are feeling a little better – we might have a chance to talk. That we might be friends. At night, I'm stalled with having nothing to do. When the lamp is lit and the work is done, I should like to hear you read. I should like to hear you read from one of your books. (*Cathy is unresponsive*) Well, you can go back upstairs then! You can go to hell for me! That's what you can do! I'll have nothing more to do with you! Stop upstairs – go out – or go to hell! But don't you talk down to me no more! My name ain't ploughboy and it ain't dunce – it's Hareton Earnshaw and I'll counsel you to respect it!

## Joseph

**After failing to find Heathcliff, who has run off during a storm, Joseph returns inside to chastise a distressed Catherine, telling Hindley of her flirtatious behaviour. As the storm gathers strength, he begins to pray, calling on God to save him and punish the 'reprobates' who surround him. To be read in a Northern English accent if possible.**

T' young lad just gets worse and worse. He's left the gate at full swing and Miss's pony's trodden down two riggs o' corn! I'll look for him no further. It's as black as a chimney out there and t' rain's pounding across t' more. And Heathcliff's not t' chap to come at *my* whistle. Doubt he'll be less hard o' hearing with yer! I know he were not for Gimmerton – I'd not be surprised if he were at t' bottom o' a bog by now! *(to Catherine)* And serve you right, Miss Catherine – I see yer running around after t' lads. *(to Hindley)* Never a day that yer off, Master, but t' young lad Linton's sneakin' hither. Miss Dean watches for yer, oh aye, she does, in t' kitchen, and as soon as yer out one door, he's in at t' other. And when she's done with t' gentry she's out amongst t' fields with that flaysome devil Heathcliff!

*(upon hearing a crash of thunder, he falls to his knees)* O Lord, hear my cry on this Day of Judgement! Remember the Patriarchs, Noah and Lot. And as in former times, spare Thou the righteous! But if it be Thy will to find out the Sinner, to cleanse the earth of the wicked and smite the ungodly, seek Thou them out! Strike 'em with thy bolt! Strike 'em! Strike down the wicked!