

Ghosts in the Gallery

by Paul Sirett

Extract

B: Let go!

B tries to pull away, as she does so her bag falls open and her things spill out – her mobile phone, her i-Pod, etc. Sir Humphrey keeps hold of B.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY: What's all this?

Mary Shelley picks up B's i-Pod.

MARY SHELLEY: Strange...

B: Give it back!

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY: Are you real?

B: Of course I'm real! Let go!

MARY SHELLEY: Oh dear...

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY: She shouldn't see us like this.

MARY SHELLEY: What are we going to do?

B: Please let me go!

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY: Can't, I'm afraid. Not now you've seen us. I'd better inform Doctor Dee

B: No! Please...I won't tell anyone.

(To Mary re. the i-Pod)

Please give it back.

MARY SHELLEY: What is it?

B: An i-Pod.

MARY SHELLEY: A what-Pod?

B: i-Pod!

MARY SHELLEY: Is it like a vanilla pod?

B: A what?;

MARY SHELLEY: A flavouring.

B: Just give it back!

Mary Shelley licks the i-Pod.

B: What are you doing?!

MARY SHELLEY: Does one need to peel it?

B: No!

MARY SHELLEY: It doesn't taste of anything. You use it in puddings, you say?

B: No! It's an i-Pod! You play music on it!

Mary Shelley shakes it. She tries to strum it as if it's a string instrument. She tries to blow it as if it's a wind instrument.

B (continued): Not like that! Look, if you me let go, I'll show you how to use it.

The Black Prince enters.

B (continued): Oh no! Not that thing again!

The Black Prince grabs B.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY: Have you two met before?

B: You could say that.

Now that the Black Prince has hold of B, Sir Humphrey Davy is able to let go. He peers at the i-Pod that Mary Shelley is holding.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY: May I take a look?

Mary Shelley hands him the i-Pod and turns to B.

MARY SHELLEY: Are you from Africa?

B: No. I'm not from Africa. I'm from Mitcham.

MARY SHELLEY: I see...

(Introducing herself) Mary Shelley.

B: Didn't you write Frankenstein?

MARY SHELLEY: I did indeed. And this gentleman, Sir Humphrey Davy, is the great scientist upon whom I based the character of Doctor Frankenstein.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY: I always thought I'd go down in history as a great romantic genius. But no! I'm the man who created a monster.

MARY SHELLEY: And the Davy lamp.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY: And the Davy lamp.

(Referring to the i-Pod)

A strange device...

B: You can have it. Just let me go.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY: *(Referring to the i-Pod)* How does one...?

B takes the i-Pod, turns it on and holds out the ear pieces to Sir Humphrey Davy.

B: Put them in your ears.

Sir Humphrey takes the ear pieces and puts them in his ears. He is taken aback by what he hears.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY: *(Shouting)* Good Lord! I say! What on earth is this?

B: Rihanna.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY: *(Shouting)* What?

B: Rihanna! Oh, forget it. Look, you can keep it if you let me go.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY: *(Shouting)* What?

Sir Humphrey Davy hands the ear pieces to Mary Shelley.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY (continued): Listen...

Mary puts them in; listens.

MARY SHELLEY: I like this.