

*...his coat as he speaks*

**Actor** And so, imagine if you would, this stage an island, this aisle a causeway, running like a ribbon from the salt marsh through the sea, the only link between the gaunt, grey house and land. Imagine Arthur Kipps alone there now, a tiny figure, lost in the immensity and wideness of marsh and sky, dwarfed by the house, alone amid the mysterious shimmering beauty. He feels the key in his pocket, but does not go inside. Instead, he walks away from the house towards the fragmentary ruins of some old church or chapel. To the west, on his right hand, the sun is already beginning to slip down in a great, wintry, golden-red ball; to the east, sea and sky have darkened slightly to a uniform, leaden grey.

*Kipps scrambles*

Imagine now, a burial ground. Imagine fifty gravestones, most of them leaning or completely fallen, covered in lichens, mosses, scoured pale by the salt wind, stained by years of driving rain. Names and dates are now barely decipherable. Imagine him grown conscious of the cold, the bleakness and eeriness of the spot, decide to leave, to go back to the house, to switch on a good many lights, to light a fire. Now see him turn ...