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CONCORD
THEATRICALS

INCOGNITO

by Nick Payne

SAMUEL FRENCH

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Ben Hall and Lily Williams at Curtis Brown, and John Buzzetti at WME.

Minna.

Mum.

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

Despite being based, albeit very loosely, on several true stories, this play is a work of fiction. But then isn't everything.

FIRST PERFORMANCE

Incognito premiered at HighTide Festival in April 2014 before opening at the Bush Theatre in May 2014, with the following cast and creatives:

Paul Hickey
Amelia Lowdell
Alison O'Donnell
Sargon Yelda

Director	Joe Murphy
Music	Isobel Waller-Bridge
Designer	Oliver Townsend
Lighting	Tim Deiling
Producer	Paul Jellis
Casting	Hayley Kaimakliotis
Creative	HighTide Festival Live Theatre, Newcastle
Presented by	nabokov

CHARACTERS

Thomas Stoltz Harvey, born USA in 1912
Elouise Harvey, born USA in 1912
Hans Albert Einstein, born Switzerland in 1904
Lisa-Scott Hannigan, born USA in 1941 (approx.)
Freddy Myers, USA 20s
Anna Vann, USA 30s
Michael Wolf, born USA in 1965 (approx.)
Otto Nathan, born Germany in 1893
Evelyn Einstein, born USA in 1941

Henry Maison, born UK in 1933
Margaret Thomson, born UK in 1933
Victor Milner, born UK in 1913 (approx.)
Jon Williams, born Wales, UK 40s
Sharon Shaw, UK 40s

Martha Murphy, born UK in 1971 (approx.)
Patricia Thorn, born UK in 1978 (approx.)
'Anthony', UK 40s
Richard Walsh, UK mid-50s
Brenda Walsh, UK mid-50s
Ben Murphy, UK early-20s
Greg Barraclough, UK or Australia, 30s

DOUBLING

Male, forties: Thomas Stoltz Harvey, **Victor Milner**, *'Anthony'*, *Richard Walsh*, **Jon Williams**, Otto Nathan.

Female, forties: *Martha Murphy*, Elouise Harvey, *Brenda Walsh*, Anna Vann, Evelyn Einstein.

Female, twenties to thirties: **Margaret Thomson**, Lisa-Scott Hannigan, *Patricia Thorn*, **Sharon Shaw**.

Male, twenties to thirties: **Henry Maison**, Michael Wolf, Hans Albert Einstein, *Ben Murphy*, Freddy Myers, *Greg Barraclough*.

The play is comprised of three strands, and (to help the reader find it a bit easier to read/follow) each strand (and therefore the characters and dialogue within those strands) is formatted differently.

ENCODING

MICHAEL Evelyn?

EVELYN Excuse me?

MICHAEL My name is Michael, Michael Wolf? I wrote you a coupla months back—

EVELYN I have nothing to say to you.

MICHAEL If I can have, like, two minutes—

EVELYN I don't appreciate being followed.

MICHAEL What? No, oh my god; that is so not what this is about—

EVELYN I got your letters, Michael, and you wanna know what I did with them?

MICHAEL Can I like—

EVELYN I fed them to my poodle.

MICHAEL Look, I get why the whole me-approaching-you-in-the-street thing is kinda unorthodox—

EVELYN Goodbye, Michael.

MICHAEL I think I know who your father is. And if you can gimme, like, five minutes of your—

EVELYN Excuse me?

MICHAEL I...think I know who your father is.

EVELYN *(beat)* Five minutes?

MICHAEL Five minutes.

EVELYN I have an appointment.

MICHAEL Got it.

EVELYN I have an ulcer.

MICHAEL I'm sorry to hear that.

EVELYN Needs looking at.

MICHAEL Got it.

EVELYN The clock is ticking, Michael.

MICHAEL Okay, so there is like, *so* much I wanna – You know about the professor's executor, right?

EVELYN I know he died, if that's what you mean.

MICHAEL Right – Well it turned out this guy, this Otto Nathan guy, had been sitting on this, like, goldmine of like – I mean letters and diaries and correspondence – 'bout the professor. And I mean some of these letters, I mean some of these, like, *exchanges*, no-one, and I mean not one goddamn person, had ever—

EVELYN Three minutes, Michael.

MICHAEL I think the professor had an affair with a ballet dancer. When he was sixty-two, I think the professor had an affair with a ballet dancer and I think the whole thing was kept a secret – And I'm sorry if this is literally like the crudest summation of your life, like, ever, but—

EVELYN Final minute.

MICHAEL Evelyn, Hans Albert wasn't your father. Hans Albert was your brother and the... I am like ninety-nine percent certain that the professor was your father. And I know what you're probably thinking—

EVELYN I very much doubt that.

MICHAEL Why in the hell should I trust a reporter, right?

EVELYN Time's up.

MICHAEL Evelyn, there's this guy, there's this guy named Thomas Harvey—

EVELYN Don't ever come to my street again.

MICHAEL Evelyn, Evelyn—

EVELYN I have an appointment and I gave you your five minutes, Michael, and I would be grateful—

MICHAEL Harvey took the professor's brain – And I think he still has it and I think you could do a DNA test. You could find out. If I can find this guy, and I think that I can, Evelyn – you could use the brain to perform a DNA test, and you could know for sure, who you are, one way or the other. *(Beat)* Milk. My mom used to say you gotta drink a glass and a half of milk. Ulcers.

EVELYN *(beat)*

MICHAEL Listen can I buy you lunch?

VICTOR **Hello Henry.**

HENRY **Hello.**

MARGARET **Hello Henry.**

HENRY **Hello my love, where have you been?**

MARGARET **Right here. I've been right here.**

HENRY **I thought you'd left?**

MARGARET **No.**

HENRY **Where have you been?**

MARGARET **I've been right here.**

HENRY **Well, it's good to see you.**

MARGARET **You too.**

VICTOR **Did you have a good night's sleep, Henry?**

HENRY **Tell you the truth, I didn't stay awake to find out.**

VICTOR **Now Henry, Margaret tells me you're quite the piano player? Margaret tells me you're a bit of a *dab hand*, Henry.**

HENRY **I don't know...**

VICTOR **What do you think, Henry; would you like to give it a go?** *(***VICTOR** *gestures to a piano)*

HENRY *(moves to the piano and takes a seat)* **What do you want me to play?**

MARGARET **Whatever you want.**

HENRY *(beat)* **I'm not sure I know how to?**

MARGARET **You do. I promise you.**

Beat.

MARGARET *takes a seat beside* **HENRY**.

VICTOR **We have to let him—**

MARGARET **I know.** *(Beat)* **Ready?**

HENRY **As I'll ever be.**

MARGARET *plays a note.*

Beat, then: **HENRY** *plays the same note but not quite as well.*

VICTOR **The idea is to let him—**

MARGARET **I know.**

VICTOR **Margaret, I understand this is difficult for you—**

MARGARET **Please.**

Beat; **MARGARET** *plays a different note.*

HENRY *mimics.*

MARGARET *plays a different note.*

HENRY *mimics.*

MARGARET *plays a very brief, straightforward melody*[*].

Beat.

MARGARET **Henry?**

HENRY **Hello my love, where have you been?**

MARGARET ***(beat, then)*** **Here. I've been right here.**

VICTOR **Perhaps we ought to stop?**

PATRICIA *Martha?*

MARTHA *Yes.*

PATRICIA *Patricia.*

MARTHA *How's it going?*

PATRICIA *I'm sorry I'm so late.*

MARTHA *You're not that late.*

PATRICIA *I'm pretty late.*

MARTHA *You are pretty late, but that's alright.*

PATRICIA *Are you angry?*

MARTHA *No.*

PATRICIA *You sound sort of angry?*

MARTHA *This is how I normally sound.*

PATRICIA *Then we ought to get you a drink angry lady.*

MARTHA *The bar was pretty busy.*

PATRICIA *They normally come and take your order.*

MARTHA *There weren't any tables.*

PATRICIA *I'm still getting the angry voice, gotta be honest.*

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MARTHA *Sorry – You're right. I am annoyed. I'm sorry. I got here, on time, about half an hour ago, and the place was rammed, full of fucking hipsters, no seats, and when I tried getting served, tried to actually order a drink, nobody seemed remotely interested, so I stood around for a while, pretending to check my emails, then I went to the loo, then, for no discernible reason whatsoever, I listened to a load of old voicemails, and then I came outside for a cigarette even though I'm trying to quit.*

PATRICIA *And then I arrived – "Yay". I am really fucking sorry. I'm serious.*

MARTHA *It's okay.*

PATRICIA *It's not.*

MARTHA *It's not but in the grand scheme of things it is.*

PATRICIA *I got made redundant. Like, a week ago. And I went in, today, to see a colleague, and I had like this total fucking meltdown. I got really sad, I went home, I smoked a joint and I may or may not have had a small helping of Bombay Sapphire after which I may or may not have fallen asleep, woken up, looked at my watch and gone (whispers) "Fuuuuck".*

MARTHA *I'm sorry to hear about your job.*

PATRICIA *Yeah well you know what? Fuck 'em. But enough about me let's talk about me. D'you wanna go somewhere else?*

MARTHA *I really don't mind either way.*

PATRICIA *Be honest.*

MARTHA *I really am sorry to hear about your job.*

PATRICIA *Thank you.*

MARTHA *But yes this place is my idea of hell.*

PATRICIA *Then let's ditch these fucking hipsters and go and eat some burgers.*

MARTHA *I'm vegan.*

PATRICIA *Then let's ditch these fucking hipsters and go and eat some tofu and mung beans.*

MARTHA *Am I allowed to have one more cigarette?*

PATRICIA *How serious are you about tryina quit?*

Beat.

I'm s'posed to be doing this five-two diet?

MARTHA *How's that going?*

PATRICIA *On the two days, I literally wanna fucking kill myself, but on the five days, I just eat cake on the hour every hour. In many ways it's the perfect balance.*

So how long have you been vegan, Martha?

MARTHA *Since I was a teenager. My parents, adoptive parents, were vegans.*

PATRICIA *Have you ever cracked?*

MARTHA *I had bacon once.*

PATRICIA *That's it?*

MARTHA *That's it.*

PATRICIA *That's a pretty fucking solid track record.*

MARTHA *I went through a phase of eating fish when I was at university.*

PATRICIA *I knew it.*

MARTHA *Why are you on a diet?*

PATRICIA *Because, well, here's the thing: I registered with a new GP, I moved flats recently, and when you register you have to do the whole nurse thing where they weigh you, right? And the nurse said I was seven kilograms overweight and I was like: could it be my shoes? And she was like: young lady, those shoes are the least of your worries. Can I make a confession?*

MARTHA *Okay.*

PATRICIA *Even though I pretended I understood your job, when we were emailing, I actually didn't. And I Googled UCL and everything.*

MARTHA *I'm a Clinical Neuropsychologist.*

PATRICIA *Brilliant, because, I was just saying to a friend last week, if there is one thing we are short of in this world...*

MARTHA *I run the Neuropsychology department.*

PATRICIA *Wow, you're proper.*

MARTHA *I wish.*

PATRICIA *Ready?*

ELOUISE Where on earth have you been?

HARVEY Elouise—

ELOUISE I called the hospital—

HARVEY Honey—

ELOUISE The boys and I have been—

HARVEY Honey, something real big happened at work today.

ELOUISE Well I should hope so—

HARVEY No I mean real big.

ELOUISE *(beat)* Well are you gonna tell me or am I gonna have to—

HARVEY Albert Einstein passed away.

ELOUISE What?

HARVEY You remember I told you he came inna the hospital a couple of weeks back and we took some blood and urine?

ELOUISE Yuh-huh.

HARVEY This morning I got a call from Jack who just got off the phone with Guy Dean. The professor suffered an

aneurysm overnight and they couldn't stop the bleeding. The professor's son, a fella named Hans Albert—

ELOUISE Beautiful name.

HARVEY You think?

ELOUISE I really do.

HARVEY I think it's kinda austere.

ELOUISE It's a beautiful name.

HARVEY Anyway: Hans Albert wants Jack to perform the autopsy, but Jack's away in—

ELOUISE Vermont.

HARVEY Right. So Jack calls me and he says: Harve, you gotta do this.

ELOUISE Oh my god.

HARVEY So I get outta bed –

ELOUISE Why didn't you mention any of this this morning?

HARVEY There wasn't time to get into it.

ELOUISE So what happened when you made it to the hospital?

HARVEY When I get there, I'm introduced to this fella named Otto Nathan.

ELOUISE German?

HARVEY Maybe.

ELOUISE Otto.

HARVEY Right.

ELOUISE Otto Nathan.

HARVEY He's the professor's executor. Wants to meet me. Says he wants to watch.

ELOUISE Watch?

HARVEY The autopsy.

ELOUISE That is not normal.

HARVEY Fella seems kinda normal to me.

ELOUISE Who watches autopsies?

HARVEY He's distraught.

ELOUISE It ain't right.

HARVEY Honey, Honey: here's the thing.

ELOUISE What's the thing.

HARVEY He—

ELOUISE Tell me what the thing is.

HARVEY He wants me to speak to the press first thing tomorrow morning.

ELOUISE Oh my god.

HARVEY Could be a helluva crowd.

ELOUISE I gotta call mama.

HARVEY No.

ELOUISE What?

HARVEY She hasta read about in the news like everybody else.

ELOUISE When she reads about it in the news, you know what she's gonna think? She's gonna think how come I haven't heard about this already. And you know what she's gonna do then?

HARVEY There's something else.

ELOUISE What?

HARVEY Something else I gotta tell ya.

ELOUISE *(beat)* What'd you do?

HARVEY I was, I was looking at this fella, right? One of the greatest minds of the twentieth century, right, no question. And he's pale. And he's kinda small. Fragile looking, okay,

kinda small and kinda fragile looking. And I say to Otto, I say: you got any kinda studies lined up? And he looks at me and I say: studies, you know, scientific? This is the brain of a genius, right, it oughta be studied.

ELOUISE Thomas Harvey—

HARVEY Just lemme...! So I ask about the will. I say there's gotta be something in the professor's will, right? The fella's clueless. Anyway, the point – I got the professor in fronta me, I already opened him up and I'm looking at this...brain, and I'm thinking to myself: this could be the biggest moment of my life. So I took it.

ELOUISE The moment?

HARVEY The brain.

ELOUISE What?

HARVEY I took the brain.

ELOUISE You took Albert Einstein's brain—

HARVEY Exactly.

ELOUISE You took Albert Einstein's brain, are you kidding me?!

HARVEY Honey—

ELOUISE Is that even legal?

HARVEY Of course it is; I'm a pathologist.

ELOUISE You're seriously tryina tell me—

HARVEY I took the brain.

ELOUISE What'd you do with it?

HARVEY It's in the trunk of the car.

ELOUISE Sweet mother of—

HARVEY Elouise, you gotta calm down.

ELOUISE In the trunk of the car, are you kidding me?

HARVEY I didn't wanna leave it at the hospital.

ELOUISE Well you gotta give it back.

HARVEY I'm gonna speak to Hans Albert.

ELOUISE Thomas Harvey—

HARVEY Listen: I'm gonna speak to Hans Albert and I'm gonna straighten this whole thing out.

ELOUISE I need a drink.

VICTOR **Hello Henry.**

MARGARET **Hello Henry.**

HENRY **Hello my love, where have you been?**

MARGARET **Right here. I've been right here.**

HENRY **I thought you'd left?**

MARGARET **No.**

HENRY **Well, it's good to see you.**

MARGARET **You too.**

VICTOR **Did you have a good night's sleep, Henry?**

HENRY **Tell you the truth, I didn't stay awake to find out.**

MARGARET **Henry?**

HENRY **Yes, my love.**

MARGARET **I was wondering if you might be able to play something on the piano for Doctor Milner?**

Beat.

MARGARET **Henry.**

HENRY **Hello my love, where have you been?**

MARGARET **Here, I am always here.**

HENRY **I thought you'd left?**

MARGARET **Henry, please listen to me.**

HENRY **It's good to see you, my love.**

MARGARET **Henry please!**

VICTOR **Perhaps we ought to leave it there?**

MARGARET **Henry, Doctor Milner and I would like to hear you play the piano.**

HENRY **Alright.**

MARGARET **Now Henry.**

HENRY **I might be a bit rusty.**

MARGARET **It doesn't matter.**

HENRY *(moves to the piano and takes a seat. Beat)* **I'm not sure I know how to?**

MARGARET **You do. I promise you.**

Beat.

MARGARET *takes a seat beside* **HENRY**.

VICTOR **Margaret, I know this is difficult, but we—**

MARGARET *(to* **HENRY***)* **Ready?**

HENRY **As I'll ever be.**

MARGARET *(beat)* **Henry, please.**

HENRY *plays a note.*

That's it.

HENRY *plays a different note.*

That's it.

HENRY *plays a different note. Beat. Plays a few more notes; he's nearly playing a melody. Beat.*

Henry?

HENRY **Hello my love, where have you been?**

MARGARET *shoves or pushes* **HENRY** *out of sheer frustration. This frightens* **HENRY**.

I don't understand?

MARGARET **I'm, I'm sorry. I'm sorry, I...**

MARGARET *kisses* **HENRY** *softly on the lips.*

VICTOR **Thank you, Henry. I think we'll stop there.**

MARTHA *Morning.*

PATRICIA *Hello Martha.*

MARTHA *How are you?*

PATRICIA *I think I'm pretty terrifically hungover.*

MARTHA *Same. (Beat) Was I sick?*

PATRICIA *A little bit.*

MARTHA *You can say.*

PATRICIA *You were pretty sick.*

MARTHA *Sick in here sick, or sick somewhere else sick?*

PATRICIA *A mix of outside and in.*

MARTHA *I'm so sorry. Did you have to clean up?*

PATRICIA *I thought it was the lady-like thing to do.*

MARTHA *What did you use?*

PATRICIA *I used some towels.*

MARTHA *Towels plural?*

PATRICIA *Yeah.*

MARTHA *How many towels plural?*

PATRICIA *Three.*

MARTHA *I was sick on three towels?*

PATRICIA *You weren't strictly speaking sick on the towels, no. But, yes, the towels were the main cleaning implement used to dispense of the sick.*

MARTHA *Whereabouts?*

PATRICIA *A combination of the bathroom and ze landing.*

MARTHA *Christ; I am so—*

PATRICIA *It's totally fine.*

MARTHA *It's not.*

PATRICIA *It really is.*

MARTHA *Thank you for looking after me. In my own home no less. (Beat) I have to go to work now.*

PATRICIA *Okay – When d'you, when d'you need to – Can I have, like, ten minutes—*

MARTHA *You can stay. If you wanted.*

PATRICIA *Oh.*

MARTHA *Help yourself to some. Bran flakes. If you like.*

PATRICIA *Oh, okay.*

MARTHA *Or go. If you – I can—*

PATRICIA *No it's a two-day, so bran flakes would be, fucking, bang on.*

MARTHA *There's a spare key, also, if you wanted to come and go.*

PATRICIA *Wow.*

MARTHA *Or not.*

PATRICIA *No, that's—*

MARTHA *I'll be back around seven-ish.*

PATRICIA *Okay.*

MARTHA *But if you need to go—*

PATRICIA *I'm redundant, so.*

MARTHA *I have Netflix.*

PATRICIA *Nice.*

MARTHA *If you – I don't know – If you didn't feel like – If you felt like a day in front of the—*

PATRICIA *Netflix sounds epic.*

MARTHA *I ought to go.*

PATRICIA *I ought to have some bran flakes.*

MARTHA *There's my mobile and my direct line, just in case.*

PATRICIA *Okay.*

MARTHA *Only just in case.*

PATRICIA *Your secret's safe with me.*

MARTHA *What?*

PATRICIA *Have a really good day at work.*

MARTHA *Yes. I'm really sorry again you had to clear up my sick.*

PATRICIA *It's the towels you ought to be apologising to.*

MARTHA *Have a good day.*

PATRICIA *Yes.*

MARTHA *Bye.*

PATRICIA *Bye.*

MARTHA *Bye.*

HARVEY *(to* **HANS ALBERT***)* It's a real pleasure to meet you, sir. This is my wife, Elouise.

ELOUISE Pleased to meet you, Mr... Einstein?

HANS A You can call me Hans, if you like; it's a bit more straightforward.

ELOUISE Hans. I gotta tell you, you got a great name.

HANS A Thank you, Mrs Harvey.

ELOUISE Will you be staying for dinner, Hans?

HANS A No thank you, Mrs Harvey, I don't think so.

ELOUISE There's meatloaf.

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

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