Acting Edition

CONSTELLATIONS

BY NICK PAYNE

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For Minna

Dedicated to Dad

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Mum.

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Lastly, I would like to acknowledge "A Memoir of Living with a Brain Tumour" by Tom Lubbock, originally published in *The Observer*, November 2010.

CONSTELLATIONS was first performed at the Royal Court Jerwood Theatre Upstairs, Sloane Square, London, on January 13, 2012. It was directed by Michael Longhust, the designer was Tom Scutt, the lighting designer was Lee Curran, the composer was Simon Slater, and the sound designer was David McSeveney. The cast was as follows:

MARIANNE ..... Sally Hawkins
ROLAND ..... Rafe Spall

CONSTELLATIONS was originally produced on Broadway by the Manhattan Theatre Club (Lynne Meadow, Artistic Director; Barry Grove, Executive Producer) and the Royal Court Theatre, by special arrangement with Ambassador Theatre Group and Dodgers, on December 16, 2014. It was directed by Michael Longhurst, the scenic and costume designer was Tom Scutt, the lighting designer was Lee Curran, the sound designer was David McSeveney, the original music was by Simon Slater, and the production stage manager was Peter Wolf. The cast was as follows:

MARIANNE ..... Ruth Wilson
ROLAND ..... Jake Gyllenhaal

CHARACTERS

MARIANNE

ROLAND

A change in formatting — between normal, **bold**, or *italic* text — indicates a change in universe.

CONSTELLATIONS

MARIANNE. Do you know why it's impossible to lick the tips of your elbows? They hold the secret to immortality, so if you could lick them, there's a chance you'd be able to live forever. But if everyone did it, if everyone could actually lick the tips of their elbows, then there'd be chaos. Because you can't just go on living and living and living.
ROLAND. I'm. I'm in a relationship. So. Yeah.
MARIANNE. Do you know why it's impossible to lick the tips of your elbows? They hold the secret to immortality, so if you could lick them, there's a chance you'd be able to live forever. But if everyone did it, if everyone could actually lick the tips of their elbows, then there'd be chaos. Because you can't just go on living and living and living.
ROLAND. I've. I've just come out of a really serious relationship. So. Yeah.
MARIANNE. I was just making conversation.
ROLAND. Sure.
MARIANNE. Just trying to start a conversation.
ROLAND. No, sure. But. Still.
MARIANNE. Do you know why it's impossible to lick the tips of your elbows? They hold the secret to immortality, so if you could lick them, there's a chance you'd be able to live forever. But if everyone did it, if everyone could actually lick the tips of their elbows, then there'd be chaos. Because you can't just go on living and living and living.
ROLAND. Oh right.
MARIANNE. Try it.
ROLAND. What's that?
MARIANNE. Your elbows, try licking them.
ROLAND. I'm all right.

(Marianne attempts to lick her elbows, demonstrating the difficulty.)

MARIANNE. I'm Marianne.
ROLAND. Roland.
MARIANNE. Thank God the rain's held off.

ROLAND. Yeah.
MARIANNE. Nothing worse than a soggy barbeque.
ROLAND. Yeah.
MARIANNE. Soggy sausages. Would you like a drink?
ROLAND. I'm all right. My wife's actually just gone to get me a beer.
MARIANNE. Try it.
ROLAND. What's that?
MARIANNE. Your elbows, try licking them.

(Marianne attempts to lick her elbows, demonstrating the difficulty. Roland, initially hesitant, also attempts to lick his elbows.)

ROLAND. See what you mean. I'm Roland.
MARIANNE. Marianne.
ROLAND. Shame about the rain.
MARIANNE. Nothing worse than a soggy barbeque.
ROLAND. So are you, are you a friend of Jane's or —
MARIANNE. No, Jane, yeah. We were at college together.
ROLAND. Right.
MARIANNE. Yourself?
ROLAND. My wife used to work with Jane.
MARIANNE. Your elbows, try licking them.

(Marianne attempts to lick her elbows, demonstrating the difficulty. Roland, initially hesitant, also attempts to lick his elbows.)

ROLAND. See what you mean. I'm Roland.
MARIANNE. Marianne.
ROLAND. Shame about the rain.
MARIANNE. Nothing worse than a soggy barbeque.
ROLAND. So are you, are you a friend of Jane's or…?
MARIANNE. Who's Jane?
ROLAND. Jane's the — She's the lady having the barbeque?
MARIANNE. Oh, right, Christ, no. I was just walking past and I saw a load of free booze and sausages. I'm joking.
ROLAND. Right.
MARIANNE. Jane and I were at college together. How about you?
ROLAND. I play football with Tom.
MARIANNE. Tom?
ROLAND. Jane's brother-in-law. Blue-y green T-shirt.
MARIANNE. Yes.
ROLAND. D'you want a drink?
MARIANNE. I'm fine. Thanks.

ROLAND. So what do you, what do you do? For a living.
MARIANNE. I work at Cambridge University.
ROLAND. Right. Great.
MARIANNE. Yourself?
ROLAND. I'm a beekeeper.
MARIANNE. Really?
ROLAND. Yeah, yeah.
MARIANNE. You're really a beekeeper?
ROLAND. I'm really a beekeeper.
MARIANNE. I fucking love honey.
ROLAND. Oh yeah?
MARIANNE. Spoon. Jar of honey. Heaven.
ROLAND. What sort of honey do you normally go for?
MARIANNE. I'm too embarrassed.
ROLAND. How d'you mean?
MARIANNE. Too embarrassed to tell you.
ROLAND. Why's that?

(Marianne whispers the following into Roland's ear: "I like Tesco. The really dirty stuff, the prison stripe stuff.")

That's all right.
MARIANNE. Really?
ROLAND. Of course.
MARIANNE. I'm not putting honest, hard-working beekeepers out of business?
ROLAND. Wouldn't've thought so.
MARIANNE. Do you think I'm a honey philistine?
ROLAND. Some of the supermarket stuff's all right.
MARIANNE. Really?
ROLAND. Yeah, some of it's fine, yeah.
MARIANNE. So — And I mean don't take this the wrong way, but, I mean, are you —
ROLAND. Go on.
MARIANNE. You — I mean do you make a living?
ROLAND. I do, yeah.
MARIANNE. I mean from beekeeping.
ROLAND. From beekeeping.
MARIANNE. How does it — I mean how does it —
ROLAND. Well. I used to, I used to work for a friend of mine. In Wiltshire.
MARIANNE. Very nice.

ROLAND. After a while though, decided I wanted to go into business on my own. But my, my girlfriend — Ex-girlfriend —
MARIANNE. I'm sorry for your loss.
ROLAND. What's that?
MARIANNE. No — I was — I was making a —
ROLAND. Right.
MARIANNE. Sorry for your loss as in

(Gestures, sliding a finger across her throat, "killed.")

ROLAND. Right.
MARIANNE. It was just a —
ROLAND. No.
MARIANNE. Anyway you were —
ROLAND. Yeah, no, so, she, my ex, she wanted to move to London. So we got this one-bed place in Mile End.
MARIANNE. No wonder you broke up with her, fuck me. I'd've broken up with her if she'd made me leave Wiltshire for fucking Mile End.
ROLAND. I'm still living there, actually.
MARIANNE. Lovely curries.
ROLAND. There wasn't any room. For bees.
MARIANNE. I see.
ROLAND. We didn't have a garden.
MARIANNE. Bummer.
ROLAND. One day I was up on the roof and I realised it was perfect. So I tidied it up a bit and I got my first hive.
MARIANNE. Amazing.
ROLAND. Went from one to two, from two to four. We, we went away. Me and Laura. We went away to Spain and when we got back, we found that the flat had been raided.
MARIANNE. Raided?
ROLAND. I used to keep the honey in trash bags. You know those black, plastic garbage bags —
MARIANNE. Yes.
ROLAND. Didn't have a lotta money, at the time, so the trash bags were just a cheap alternative. When we were away though, one of the neighbours called the police. Thought I was brewing up smack or something. They properly went for it. The police. They kicked the front door in, turned the flat upside down and they confiscated all these trash bags filled with the most amazing honey and honeycomb.

MARIANNE. Did that really happen?
ROLAND. Yeah.
MARIANNE. You used to keep honey in trash bags?
ROLAND. Yeah.
MARIANNE. Roland I don't think that I can go back to work.
ROLAND. Have they told you that?
MARIANNE. They're great.
ROLAND. You've told them then?
MARIANNE. Not yet.
ROLAND. But you're going to.
MARIANNE. I think so.
ROLAND. But you haven't said any of this to them?
MARIANNE. They've said whatever I want.
ROLAND. So what about part-time?
MARIANNE. I don't know the point.
ROLAND. You mean the point of going part-time?
MARIANNE. Either I'm walking or I'm
Either I'm walker
I either do it or I don't. Scares me.
ROLAND. Work?
MARIANNE. Stopping.
ROLAND. Stopping work scares you?
MARIANNE. What will I do?
ROLAND. We'll go away. We can do whatever we want.
MARIANNE. I don't —
ROLAND. I'm being serious.
MARIANNE. I don't —
ROLAND. I mean it.
MARIANNE. I I don't
We can't. I have to have to make a
I have to have a choice.
Control.
ROLAND. You want me to leave?
MARIANNE. Not in a bad way but yeah.
ROLAND. Have I done something wrong?
MARIANNE. No.
ROLAND. Have I said something, have I offended you?
MARIANNE. No.
ROLAND. I thought we'd had a nice evening?
MARIANNE. We did.

ROLAND. Coming back here was your suggestion?
MARIANNE. I know, but, on reflection —
ROLAND. Do you wanna come inside you said.
MARIANNE. I know I know but now I've changed my mind. I'm allowed to change my mind aren't I?
ROLAND. If I'm allowed to ask why, sure.
MARIANNE. I just — I'd just rather not get into it.
ROLAND. Can you at least tell me if it's me?
MARIANNE. I just —
ROLAND. I'm not saying specifically — Generally — Generally speaking —
MARIANNE. I'm just going through some things. At the moment. And you're right we've had a lovely evening and you're right it was my idea to come back here, but, I just, as soon as we stepped inside, I started thinking — I mean I just started thinking —
ROLAND. You want me to leave?
MARIANNE. Not in a bad way but yeah.
ROLAND. Have I done something wrong?
MARIANNE. No.
ROLAND. Have I said something, have I offended you?
MARIANNE. No.
ROLAND. Then I don't understand?
MARIANNE. I'm not asking you to understand, I'm asking you to leave.
ROLAND. Bit fucking rich, isn't it?
MARIANNE. I'm sorry?
ROLAND. This was your idea.
MARIANNE. Charming.
ROLAND. I'm just saying.
MARIANNE. Okay —
ROLAND. It's rude.
MARIANNE. Yeah I'd like you to leave now.
ROLAND. I should probably make a move.
MARIANNE. You don't — I mean don't feel you have to.
ROLAND. I've got a really early start.
MARIANNE. How early's early?
ROLAND. Six.
MARIANNE. You could — I mean you could — Not in a like "welcome to my lair" way or anything, but — If you wanted, you could. Stay.

ROLAND. I should probably head back.
MARIANNE. Well, look, I mean — Thanks for a really lovely evening.
ROLAND. Likewise, yeah.
MARIANNE. We should — I mean whenever you're free, we should think about —
ROLAND. Definitely, yeah.
MARIANNE. The "lair" thing was just a joke by the way.
ROLAND. Come again?
MARIANNE. Sofa just folds out. You wouldn't have to stay in my bed. Stop talking, Marianne.

(Roland gently kisses Marianne goodbye on the cheek.)

MARIANNE. Not in a bad way but yeah.
ROLAND. Have I done something wrong?
MARIANNE. No.
ROLAND. Have I said something —
MARIANNE. No.
ROLAND. I thought we'd had a nice evening?
MARIANNE. We did.
ROLAND. Coming back here was your suggestion?
MARIANNE. No I know, but, on reflection —
ROLAND. Do you wanna come inside you said.
MARIANNE. I know but now I've changed my mind. I'm allowed to change my mind aren't I? I just — I'd just rather not get into it.
ROLAND. I went on another date a couple of weeks ago. Almost exactly the same thing happened. So I'm more than happy to leave you to it, but if it is me —
MARIANNE. It's not.
ROLAND. I'm not saying you have to be specific —
MARIANNE. It's not you.
ROLAND. If you had some feedback —
MARIANNE. Feedback?
ROLAND. Feedback's not right, but —
MARIANNE. Okay, look, I just. I'm just going through some things. At the moment. My, my mother. She's been ill for a really long time. And. I can't tell whether I want you to stay because I want you to stay or whether I just don't want to go to sleep on my own.

(Beat.)

ROLAND. I'm really sorry.
MARIANNE. Why don't we just speak in a week or so?

(Marianne and Roland are a little drunk:)

ROLAND. Friend of mine said to me when I told him that I was going on a date, he said "what does she do" —
MARIANNE. And what did you say?
ROLAND. I said I don't really know but I think it's something to do with space. And when we were talking about your job earlier on I was nodding along pretty much the entire time but when we stepped through your front door I realised I hadn't really understood a single thing you'd said.
MARIANNE. Most of my time is spent sitting in front of a computer.
ROLAND. Right.
MARIANNE. Analysing data.
ROLAND. Right.
MARIANNE. Cosmic microwave background readings.
ROLAND. Okay.
MARIANNE. Radiation left over from the big bang.
ROLAND. Right.
MARIANNE. Cosmology. Theoretical early universe cosmology.

(Marianne and Roland are a little more drunk:)

ROLAND. I said I don't really know but I think it's something to do with space. And when we were talking about your job earlier on I was nodding along pretty much the entire time but when we stepped through your front door I realised I hadn't really understood a single thing you'd said.
MARIANNE. Most of my time is spent sitting in front of a computer.
ROLAND. Right.
MARIANNE. Analysing data.
ROLAND. Right.
MARIANNE. Quantum cosmology.
ROLAND. Right.
MARIANNE. Do you know much about theoretical physics?
ROLAND. Pass.
MARIANNE. Quantum mechanics?
ROLAND. Pass.
MARIANNE. Quantum mechanics focuses on the quantum realm. Atoms, molecules.
ROLAND. Right.

MARIANNE. On nuclear and atomic scales, gravity is pretty much insignificant. But in terms of General Relativity, it's vital.
ROLAND. Okay.
MARIANNE. So you've these two theories that are completely at odds with one another. Relativity covers the sun, the moon, the stars, while quantum mechanics takes care of molecules, quarks, atoms — that sort of thing. We've effectively asked the same question twice and come up with two completely different answers.
ROLAND. This is really sexy by the way.
MARIANNE. The point being —
ROLAND. I had a really amazing time tonight and I'd really like to spend the night.
MARIANNE. But —
ROLAND. With you. I'd really like to spend the night —
MARIANNE. But now we've got String Theory. Or, to be a bit more specific, we've got lots of different string theories —
ROLAND. If you'd rather I didn't stay you just have to say.
MARIANNE. And the exciting thing about String Theory is that it potentially bridges the gap between Relativity and —
ROLAND. You haven't answered either of my questions.

(Marianne kisses Roland.)

MARIANNE. A by-product of every single one of these theories — almost entirely by accident — is the possibility that we're part of a Multiverse.

(Roland kisses Marianne.)

Despite our best efforts, there are certain microscopic observations that just cannot be predicted absolutely. Now, potentially, one way of explaining this is to draw the conclusion that, at any given moment, several outcomes can co-exist simultaneously.
ROLAND. This is genuinely turning me on you do realise that.
MARIANNE. In the Quantum Multiverse, every choice, every decision you've ever and never made exists in an unimaginably vast ensemble of parallel universes.
ROLAND. Everything?
MARIANNE. Everything.
ROLAND. Everything I've ever done?
MARIANNE. Everything you've ever and never done.
ROLAND. But if everything I'm ever gonna do already exists, then what's the point in me —

MARIANNE. Well —
ROLAND. What's the point in me even —
MARIANNE. Well —
ROLAND. D'you see what I'm saying?
MARIANNE. No, totally, but — Let's say that ours really is the only universe that exists. There's only one unique me and one unique you. If that were true, then there could only ever really be one choice. But if every possible future exists, then the decisions we do and don't make will determine which of these futures we actually end up experiencing. Imagine rolling a dice six thousand times.

(Still drunk:)

ROLAND. Everything?
MARIANNE. Everything.
ROLAND. Everything I've ever done?
MARIANNE. Everything you've ever and never done.
ROLAND. But if everything I'm ever gonna do already exists, then what's the point in me —
MARIANNE. There isn't.
ROLAND. What?
MARIANNE. In none of our equations do we see any sign whatsoever of any evidence of free will.
ROLAND. In your e —
MARIANNE. We're just particles.
ROLAND. Speak for y'self.
MARIANNE. We're just particles governed by a series of very particular laws being knocked the fuck around all over the place.
ROLAND. You make it sound so glamorous.

(Marianne and Roland are sober:)

MARIANNE. Most of my time is spent sitting in front of a computer typing in numbers. It's not really very interesting.
ROLAND. Okay.
MARIANNE. Look. I, I've had a really enjoyable evening.
ROLAND. No, yeah, me —
MARIANNE. I haven't really made up my mind, though, whether or not I'd like you to stay. I just — I've got quite a bit on at the moment and we were having a really lovely time and I thought it would be really nice to invite you back. But I just want to be clear that I'm not massively interested in sleeping with you.
ROLAND. It's all right, you don't have to —

MARIANNE. I'd just sort of rather get into bed and go to sleep. But I'm completely happy to go and get you a sleeping bag and a couple of towels.
ROLAND. Okay.
MARIANNE. But — I mean, just to be clear, I'm not being coy. I'm not sort of saying no to sex but yes to all the other stuff. We're going to go to sleep, separately, and then we're going to wake up and then we're going to have some toast. Or, I mean, whatever. You don't have to have toast.
ROLAND. Floor's fine. Honestly.
MARIANNE. I'm so tired. I'm so tired, Roland. Before people had face
Before they had face
Face before they
FUCK.
ROLAND. Okay.
MARIANNE. God.
ROLAND. God?
MARIANNE. People's lives were their own. Before it became skin
Skin, it became
Skin
ROLAND. Skin?
MARIANNE. Mum wasn't scared of dying, she was scared of being kept alive. You know?
ROLAND. Yes.
MARIANNE. That wasn't what scared her.
ROLAND. I understand.
MARIANNE. It's not just the speaking.
ROLAND. Okay now I don't understand?
MARIANNE. Reading. I'm having trouble — Numbers, words, on the page. I don't know how to explain it. Typing. Typing, as well.
ROLAND. In what way?
MARIANNE. I know the word. I know the word I'm trying to type. But I don't know the letters. None of the letters seem right. Rea
Rea
Rea
ROLAND. You don't need to finish.
MARIANNE. I want to.
ROLAND. I think I know what you're trying to say.
MARIANNE. How How can you know what I'm trying to say? Mmm Most of the time I don't even know what I'm trying to say.

ROLAND. You're right I was being polite because I don't want you to wear yourself out.
MARIANNE. Maybe we should get me a notepad to hang around my neck?
ROLAND. What?
MARIANNE. Kidding.
ROLAND. Mary fucking hell.
MARIANNE. Roland I don't think that I can go back to work.
ROLAND. All right?
MARIANNE. Where have you been?
ROLAND. Pub.
MARIANNE. I sent you a text.
ROLAND. I know.
MARIANNE. Why didn't you text me back?
ROLAND. Dunno.
MARIANNE. What does that mean?
ROLAND. It means I dunno. Means I didn't think it was urgent.
MARIANNE. I didn't know where you were.
ROLAND. I just told you.
MARIANNE. Now, you just told me now, but I wanted to know —
ROLAND. I was playing tennis. I was playing tennis with Tony and then we went to the pub. What's wrong? I'm sorry. What is it, what's wrong?
MARIANNE. Roland I'm really sorry.
ROLAND. What, what is it?
MARIANNE. James and I had sex.
ROLAND. James.
MARIANNE. From work.
ROLAND. The bowl cut? You mean the bloke with the bowl cut?
MARIANNE. Yes.
ROLAND. When?
MARIANNE. We've — There's been a few. A few times.
ROLAND. How many's a few?
MARIANNE. I'd rather we didn't get into who did what to whom.
ROLAND. How many's a few, Mary?
MARIANNE. Six. Maybe seven.
ROLAND. Spread out? Were the six or seven times you had sex spread out over a particular period of time?
MARIANNE. Yes.
ROLAND. Are you together, then, d'you wanna be together?

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