

THE AWAKENING

Chapter 6 — Narrator Script (Booth Ready)

by Kate Chopin · narrated by Mike Vendetti & Kathy Verduin

Léonce Pontellier Edna Pontellier Robert Lebrun Madame Lebrun Parrot
(off-stage voice — French) Adèle Ratignolle Monsieur Ratignolle
Mademoiselle Reisz Victor Lebrun Mariequita Monsieur Farival Doctor
Mandelet

NARRATOR

★ BEAT — Edna begins to sense her own contradictory interior

This is the novel's philosophical still-point — a short chapter that steps outside the narrative to name what is happening inside Edna. Read it as an interior monologue narrated from above, slowly and with quiet gravity. There is no drama; the drama is precisely the absence of one. The famous sea-voice passage at the close should arrive softly, almost hypnotically — do not overperform it. Let the cadence of the prose do the work.

Edna Pontellier [*pon-tel-YAY*] could not have told why, wishing to go to the beach with Robert, she should in the first place have declined, and in the second place have followed in obedience to one of the two contradictory impulses which impelled her.

A certain light was beginning to dawn dimly within her,—the light which, showing the way, forbids it.

At that early period it served but to bewilder her. It moved her to dreams, to thoughtfulness, to the shadowy anguish which had overcome her the midnight when she had abandoned herself to tears.

In short, Mrs. Pontellier was beginning to realize her position in the universe as a human being, and to recognize her relations as an individual to the world within and about her. This may seem like a ponderous weight of wisdom to descend upon the soul of a young woman of twenty-eight—perhaps more wisdom than the Holy Ghost is usually pleased to vouchsafe to any woman.

But the beginning of things, of a world especially, is necessarily vague, tangled, chaotic, and exceedingly disturbing. How few of us ever emerge from such beginning! How many souls perish in its tumult!

The voice of the sea is seductive; never ceasing, whispering, clamoring, murmuring, inviting the soul to wander for a spell in abysses of solitude; to lose itself in mazes of inward contemplation.

The voice of the sea speaks to the soul. The touch of the sea is sensuous, enfolding the body in its soft, close embrace.

— *END OF CHAPTER 6* —