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Weekly Newsletter

March 6, 2024

St. Patrick's Day

On Friday, March 15, students may accessorize with green to celebrate St. Patrick's Day. This may include items such as necklaces, hats, wigs, scarves, glasses, socks, etc. Please note that this is not a dress down day. Regular uniform is required.

Continent Festival

The students in Lower School have been eagerly learning about the continent of South America in preparation for the Continent Festival on Wednesday, March 20, from 6:30 to 8:00PM. Each classroom, from Kindergarten to Grade 3, has been focusing on a specific country and learning about what makes it unique - from remarkable wildlife to spectacular natural wonders to intriguing cultures. Families are invited to join the exploration of South America by touring the Lower School classrooms during this exciting event!

Aggie Days: Grades 4 and 5

On Thursday, April 11, students in Grades 4 and 5 will be visiting Aggie Days, which takes place on the grounds of the Calgary Stampede. This is a wonderful field trip that ties in nicely with several of our social studies and science units. There are hands-on activities, demonstrations, and many other fun activities. Please note that we spend some of the time in the barn areas, so if your child has allergies to animals, hay, etc., please be sure to inform your child's teacher and ensure that your child has their allergy medication at hand. We will be leaving Edison at 8:45AM and returning by approximately 2:45PM. Regular uniform, comfortable shoes, and a light jacket are required. All students should bring a bag lunch, snack, and drink. Please contact your child's homeroom teacher if you have any questions or concerns.

Kindergarten Field Trip to Bow Habitat Station

On March 15, from 9AM until 2:45PM, the Kindergarten students will visit the Bow Habitat Station. They will learn about life cycles, specifically about trout and the changes that occur through their lives. We will learn to tell different fish apart by looking at their shapes and patterns. We will identify the basic needs of fish in their habitat. Attire: Students are to wear their dress uniform. There is opportunity for optional outdoor exploration, so students should dress appropriately for a short walk. Students are to bring a lunch, two snacks, and water bottle. We are looking for four parent volunteers; please contact your child's teacher if you would like to volunteer.

Parking on 15 St E

Please note that parking on the EAST side of 15 St E is illegal. There are 'No Parking' signs along the east side of the road, and a Peace Officer recently issued warnings to a number of parents parked there at pick up time. Please ensure that if you line up early for pick up, you do so exclusively on the west side of 15 St E. The officer warned that they will be issuing \$240 tickets to violators of the no parking zone in the future.

Research Assignments

All students in Grades 4-11 complete a research project at Edison School. The project has two main components: an essay and a presentation. Students submit a proposal to their English Language Arts (ELA) teachers on a topic of their choosing. Teachers review the proposals to ensure the topics align with learning objectives, and constructive feedback is provided if needed. Once approved, students proceed with thorough research on the chosen topic, and they learn the skills required to draft a well-structured essay. In addition to the essay, students prepare a presentation that highlights key aspects of their research. Emphasis is placed on developing both verbal and non-verbal communication skills, including oration techniques.

Parents are invited to the school on the evening of March 20 to witness and appreciate the hard work and accomplishments of students.

Middle School Timeline

	Due Date
Final Draft of Essay	March 6
Visual	March 19
Presentation	March 19
Display Night	March 20

**Please note that this is a new skill for Grade 4 students, and therefore, the ELA teacher may select alternative deadlines as needed.*

Upper School Timeline

	Due Date
Final Paper	March 15
Visual	March 18
Presentation/Display Night	March 20



PE Field Trip Forms are DUE!

Grades 7-9 - Fitsetninja waivers are due; your child brought a paper copy home last week. Please get them into Mrs. Redgate ASAP. The field trip is the morning of March 11; if your child does not have their form in, they will not be able to take part.

Grades 10-12 - Flying Squirrel online waivers are due; the link can be found on Google Classroom. The field trip is the afternoon of March 18; if your child does not have their waiver complete, they will not be able to take part.

Rowan House Guest Speaker

On Friday, March 6, Pam from the Rowan House will be visiting the Grade 2 classrooms to talk about friendship. Dress uniform is required.

Grade 2 Science

The students in Grade 2C have been learning about light as an energy source, how it moves, and its different properties. In science class we used laser pointers and reflective surfaces to make a 'laser maze', trying to reflect the light from a point across the room, bouncing at specific angles to a target. We will be continuing with our light experiments by using light-bending materials to reverse an image and refract light to make a full spectrum of visible light.



Lower School Edison Excellence Awards

Mrs. Carter

Dominic for improved work habits and for mastering his consonant-vowel-consonant words.

Matteo for being such a hard worker at seatwork time, and for his INCREDIBLE printing.

Mrs. Wiwchar (Mrs. McElroy)

Jemson for his effort to build clear, detailed, and correctly-edited sentences in his writing.

Taehee for her dedication to expanding her vocabulary in her reading and writing.

Mrs. Wonderham

Alisha for working so hard at tricky sounds.

Inaaya for excellent penmanship and story-writing skills.

Mrs. Harker and Mrs. Osborne

Ty for working so well independently and always being kind.

Pankhuri for continuously demonstrating kindness towards others.

Mrs. Power

Erika for growth in sharing her thoughts and feelings with the teacher and her classmates.

Ruairi for improvements in her focus and speed while completing her work.

Mrs. Palmer

Liam for his excellent participation during our Rowan House presentations.

Mrs. Smith

Adam G. for continued effort to improve and progress.

Mrs. Vogelaar

David for excellent progress in completing tasks in a timely manner.

Ms. Armstrong

Hunter for his enthusiasm for learning, researching, and completing projects for the Geography Festival.

Caid for his effort learning new math concepts.

Elyssa for her hard work and perseverance learning long division.

Gordon for his enthusiasm and work ethic when learning new math concepts.

TELUS Spark

The Grade 2 classes enjoyed spending the day at TELUS Spark on February 28. The students had the opportunity to explore the DaVinci exhibit, participate in VR games, and explore space in the Digital Immersion Gallery, as well as enjoy all of the regular TELUS Spark experiences. In the "Looks Like Science" program, the students experimented with reflection, refraction, and dispersion, and learned about infrared and ultraviolet light. Thank you to all of the parent volunteers who helped to make our trip a success.



Kindergarten Poem

The Sloth

By Nneka Edwards

On Monday I open one eye
On Tuesday I blink
On Wednesday I look up
On Thursday I think
On Friday I reach for a leaf
On Saturday I breathe deep
On Sunday I just yawn
And go right back to sleep.

Grade 1 Poem

Oh, The Places You'll Go!

By Dr. Seuss

You have brains in your head.
You have feet in your shoes.
You can steer yourself
Any direction you choose.

You're on your own.
And you know what you know.
And you are the guy who'll
Decide where to go.

So be sure when you step.
Step with care and great tact
And remember that
Life's a great balance act.

Grade 2 Poem

The Thermometer

Author Unknown

The thermometer has a little red line
That jumps right up when the weather is fine.

But, when it is cold, as everyone knows,
Down into its little round bulb it goes.

It scrunches all up in a tight little ball
As if it can't stand the cold at all.

When the temperature begins to change, why then...
It carefully starts to climb again.

Grade 3 Poem

Mother Earth

By Denise McKay

She reminds me of my own Mother.
She has many scars that are not Her fault.
She has seen many battles and has endured
each and every one of them.
She has never stopped supporting me though.
She still continues to protect me and looks over me.
She gave me the tools I need to survive.
I return the favor by supporting Her, protecting Her, and
giving Her the tools she needs to survive.
Most of all I am grateful every day for the gifts my
Mother and Mother Earth has given me and continues to give me
each and every day.

Grade 4 Poem

Jaguar

By Francisco X. Alarcón

some say
I'm now almost
extinct in this park

but the people
who say this
don't know

that by smelling
the orchids
in the trees

they're sensing
the fragrance
of my chops

that by hearing
the rumbling
of the waterfalls

they're listening
to my ancestors'
great roar

that by observing
the constellations
of the night sky

they're gazing
at the star spots
on my fur

that I am and
always will be
the wild

untamed
living spirit
of this jungle

Grade 5 Poem

The Life of a Pirate Ain't Easy

By Kenn Nesbitt

The life of a pirate ain't easy.
You'll have to buy lots of supplies.
A parrot for one of your shoulders.
An eyepatch for one of your eyes.

Before you set sail for adventure,
before you embark on your trip,
you'll need to come up with the money
to purchase a suitable ship.

You'll need a new chest for your treasure,
a hat and a flag and a plank,
some boots and a spyglass and compass,
which might take a loan from the bank.

Along with this other equipment,
you'll need a new hook and a peg,
and these are the priciest items;
they'll cost you an arm and a leg.

Grade 6 Poem

May Perpetual Light Shine

By Patricia Spears Jones

We have encountered storms
Perfect in their drench and wreck

Each of us bears an ornament of grief
A ring, a notebook, a ticket torn, scar
It is how humans know their kind—

What is known as love, what can become
the heart's food stored away for some future
Famine

Love remains a jewel in the hand, guarded
Shared fragments of earth & air drift & despair.

We ponder what patterns matter other than moons and tides:
musical beats—rumba or waltz or cha cha cha
cosmic waves like batons furiously twirling
colors proclaiming sparkle of darkness
as those we love begin to delight
in the stars embracing

Grade 7 Poem

On The Line

By Armand Garnet Ruffo

Sign, sign,
on the dotted line
and you will be mine
forever and ever,
like the mountains
and the lakes,
sky, soil,
everything I take.

I will supply you
with all
your needs,
a bible,
a blanket,
rations and beads.

If you can't understand me
don't worry
or whine,
heed what I say,
what is yours
is mine.

So sign on the line,
what more
can be said,
my word is law,
you have nothing
to dread.

You can't resist
so don't
even try,
I have cannons

and armies,
cities
and spies.

Oh, yes,
I do have a home,
it is far
far away,
but I like what I see,
and I've decided to stay.

Grade 8 Poem

Helena's Monologue

By William Shakespeare

How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know:
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities:
Things base and vile, folding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjured every where:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again.

Grade 9 Poem

Viola's Monologue

By William Shakespeare

I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man: if it be so, as 'tis,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman,—now alas the day!--
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie!

Grade 10 Poem

Portia's Monologue

By William Shakespeare

I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company: therefore forbear awhile.
There's something tells me, but it is not love,
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well,—
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,—
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but I am then forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'erlook'd me and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours. O, these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights!
And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time,
To eke it and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Yasmina Reza's *Art*

The Grade 12 class is studying Yasmina Reza's *Art*, a Tony-award winning play that centres around the purchase of a white painting; some of the discussions that the painting inspire threaten to tear apart friendships. Given that reading a play on paper is not the same as seeing it come to life, students will be performing select scenes from the play in lieu of poem memorization this month.

Select Scene #1: Admiring the Painting

Serge exits and returns with the Antrios, which he turns round and sets down in front of Yvan. Yvan looks at the painting and, strangely enough, doesn't manage the hearty laugh he'd predicted. A long pause, while Yvan studies the painting and Serge studies Yvan.

Yvan: Oh, yes. Yes, yes.

Serge: Antrios.

Yvan: Yes, yes.

Serge: It's a seventies Antrios. Worth mentioning. He's going through a similar phase now, but this one's from the seventies.

Yvan: Yes, yes. Expensive?

Serge: In absolute terms, yes. In fact, no. You like it?

Yvan: Oh, yes, yes, yes.

Serge: Plain.

Yvan: Plain, yes...Yes...And at the same time...

Serge: Magnetic.

Yvan: Mm..yes...

Serge: You don't really get the resonance just at the moment.

Yvan: Well, a bit...

Serge: No, you don't. You have to come back in the middle of the day. That resonance you get from something monochromatic, it doesn't really happen under artificial light.

Yvan: Mm hm.

Serge: Not that it is actually monochromatic.

Yvan: No!. . . How much was it?

Serge: Two hundred thousand.

Yvan: Very reasonable.

Serge: Very.

Silence. Suddenly Serge bursts out laughing, immediately followed by Yvan. Both of them roar with laughter.

Serge: Crazy, or what?

Yvan: Crazy!

Serge: Two hundred grand!

Hearty laughter. They stop. They look at each other. They start again. Then stop. They've calmed down.

Serge: You know Marc's seen this painting.

Yvan: Oh?

Serge: Devastated.

Yvan: Oh?

Serge: He told me it was garbage. A completely inappropriate description.

Yvan: Absolutely.

Serge: You can't call this garbage.

Yvan: No.

Serge: You can say, I don't get it, I can't grasp it, you can't say 'it's garbage'.

Yvan: You've seen his place.

Serge: Nothing to see. It's like yours, it's . . . What I mean is, you couldn't care less.

Yvan: His taste is classical, he likes things classical, what do you expect . . .

Serge: He started in with this sardonic laugh . . . Not a trace of charm . . . Not a trace of humour.

Yvan: You know Marc is moody, there's nothing new about that...

Serge: He has no sense of humour. With you, I can laugh. With him, I'm like a block of ice.

Yvan: It's true he's a bit gloomy at the moment.

Serge: I don't blame him for not responding to this painting, he hasn't the training, there's a whole apprenticeship you have to go through, which he hasn't, either because he's never wanted to or because he has no particular instinct for it, none of that matters, no, what I blame him for is his tone of voice, his complacency, his tactlessness. I blame him for his insensitivity. I don't blame him for not being interested in modern Art, I couldn't give a toss about that, I like him for other reasons...

Yvan: And he likes you!

Serge: No, no, no, no, I felt it the other day, a kind of...a kind of condescension...contempt with a really bitter edge...

Yvan: No, surely not!

Serge: Oh, yes! Don't keep trying to smooth things over. Where d'you get this urge to be the great reconciler of the human race? Why don't you admit that Marc is atrophying? If he hasn't already atrophied.

Silence.

At Marc's. On the wall, a figurative painting: a landscape seen through a window.

Yvan: We had a laugh.

Marc: You had a laugh?

Yvan: We had a laugh. Both of us. We had a laugh. I promise you on Catherine's life. We had a good laugh, both of us, together.

Marc: You told him it was garbage and you had a good laugh.

Yvon: No, I didn't tell him it was shit, we laughed spontaneously.

Marc: You arrived, you looked at the painting and you laughed. And then he

Yvan: Yes. If you like. We talked a bit, then it was more or less as you described.

Marc: A genuine laugh, was it?

Yvan: Perfectly genuine.

Marc: Well, then, I've made a mistake. Good. I'm really pleased to hear it.

Yvan: It was even better than you think. It was Serge who laughed first.

Marc: It was Serge who laughed first...

Yvan: Yes.

Marc: He laughed first and you joined in.

Yvan: Yes.

Marc: But what made him laugh?

Yvan: He laughed because he sensed I was about to laugh. If you like, he laughed to put me at my ease.

Marc: It doesn't count if he laughed first. If he laughed first, it was to diffuse your laughter. It means it wasn't a genuine laugh.

Yvan: It was a genuine laugh.

Marc: It may have been a genuine laugh, but it wasn't for the right reason.

Yvan: What is the right reason? I'm confused.

Marc: He wasn't laughing because his painting is ridiculous, you and he weren't laughing for the same reasons, you were laughing at the painting and he was laughing to ingratiate himself, to put himself on your wavelength, to show you that on top of being an aesthete who can spend more on a painting than you earn in a year, he's still your same old subversive mate who likes a good laugh.

Yvan: Mm hm...

A brief silence.

Yvan: You know...

Marc: Yes...

Yvan: This is going to amaze you...

Marc: Go on...

Yvan: I didn't like the painting...but I didn't actually hate it.

Marc: Well, of course. You can't hate what's invisible, you can't hate nothing.

Yvan: No, no, it has something...

Marc: What do you mean?

Yvan: It has something. It's not nothing.

Marc: You're joking.

Yvan: I'm not as harsh as you. It's a work of art, there's a system behind it.

Marc: A system?

Yvan: A system.

Marc: What system?

Yvan: It's the completion of a journey...

Marc: Ha, ha, ha!

Yvan: It wasn't painted by accident, it's a work of art which stakes its claim as part of a trajectory...

Marc: Ha, ha, ha!

Yvan: All right, laugh.

Marc: You are parroting out all of Serge's nonsense. From him, it's heartbreaking. From you, it's just comical!

Yvan: You know, Marc, this complacency, you want to watch out for it. You're getting bitter. It's not very attractive.

Marc: Good, the older I get, the more offensive I hope to become.

Yvan: Great.

Marc: A system!

Yvan: You're impossible to talk to.

Marc: There's a system behind it!...You look at a piece of garbage, but never mind, never mind, there's a system behind it!...You reckon there's a system behind this landscape? (*He indicates the painting on his wall*)...No, ug? Too evocative. Too expansive. Everything's on the canvas! No scope of system!...

Yvan: I'm glad you're enjoying yourself.

Marc: Yvan, look, speak for yourself. Describe your feelings to me.

Yvan: I felt a resonance.

Marc: You felt a resonance?...

Yvan: You're denying that I'm capable of appreciating this painting on my own account.

Marc: Of course I am.

Yvan: Well, why ?

Marc: Because I know you. Because apart from your disastrous indulgence, you're quite sane.

Yvan: I wish I could say the same for you.

Marc: Yvan, look me in the eye.

Yvan: I'm looking at you.

Marc: Were you moved by Serge's painting?

Yvan: No.

Marc: Answer me this. You're getting married tomorrow and you and Catherine get this painting as a wedding present. Does it make you happy? Does it make you happy?....

Yvan: Of course it doesn't make me happy. It doesn't make me happy, but, generally speaking, I'm not the sort of person who can say I'm happy, just like that. I'm trying to...I'm trying to think of an occasion when I could have said yes, I'm happy... Are you happy to be getting married, my mother stupidly asked me one day, are you at least happy to be getting married?... Why wouldn't I be, mother? What do you mean, why wouldn't I be? You're either happy or you're not happy...

Serge, Alone.

Serge: As far as I'm concerned, it's not white. When I say as far as I'm concerned, I mean objectively. Objectively speaking, it's not white. It has a white background, with a whole range of greys... There's even some red in it. You could say it's very pale. I wouldn't like it if it was white. Marc thinks it's white.... That's his limit.... Marc thinks it's white because he's got hung up on the idea that it's white. Unlike Yvan. Yvan can see it isn't white. Marc can think what he likes, what do I care?

Marc, Alone.

Marc: Obviously I should have taken the Ignatia. Why do I have to be so categorical? What possible difference can it make to me, if Serge lets himself be taken in by modern Art? I mean, it is a serious matter. But I could have found some other way to put it to him. I could have taken a less aggressive tone. Even if it makes me physically ill that my best friend has bought a white painting, all the same, I ought to avoid attacking him about it. From now on, I'm on my best behaviour.

Select Scene #2: Yvan starts to spiral in a monologue

Yvan: So, a crisis, insoluble problem, major crisis, both step-mothers want their names on the wedding invitation. Catherine adores her step-mother, who more or less brought her up, she wants her name on the invitation, she wants it and her step-mother is not anticipating, which is understandable, since the mother is dead, not appearing next to Catherine's father, whereas my step-mother, whom I detest, it's out of the question her name should appear on the invitation, but my father won't have his name on it if hers isn't, unless Catherine's step-mother's is left off, which is completely unacceptable, I suggested none of the parents' names should be on it, after all we're not adolescents, we can announce our wedding and invite people ourselves, so Catherine screamed her head off, arguing that would be a slap in the face for her parents who were paying through the nose for the reception, and particularly for her step-mother, who's gone to so much trouble when she isn't even her daughter and I finally let myself be persuaded, totally against my better judgement, because she wore me down, I finally agreed that my step-mother, whom I detest, will have her name on the invitation, so I telephoned my mother to warn her, mother, I said, I've done everything I can to avoid this, but we have absolutely no choice, Yvonne's name has to be on this invitation, she said, if Yvonne's name is on the invitation, take mine off, mother, I said, please, I beg you, don't make things even more difficult, and she said, how dare you suggest my name is left to float around on the card on its own, and if I was some abandoned woman, below Yvonne, who'll be clamped on to your father's surname, like a limpet, I said to her, mother, I have friends waiting for me, I'm going to hang up and we'll discuss all this tomorrow after a good night's sleep, she said, why it is I'm always an afterthought, what are you talking about, mother, you're not always an afterthought, of course I am and when you say don't make things even more difficult, what you mean is, everything's already been decided, everything's been organized without me, everything's been cooked up behind my back, good old Huguette, she'll agree to anything and all this, she said- to put the old tin lid on it- in aid of an event, the importance of which I'm having some trouble grasping, mother, I have friends waiting for me, that's right, there's always something better to do, anything's more important than I am, good-bye and she hung up, Catherine, who was next to me, but who hadn't heard her side of the conversation, said, what did she say, I said, she doesn't want her name on the invitation with Yvonne, which is understandable, I'm not talking about that, what was it she said about the wedding, nothing, you're lying, I'm not Cathy, I promise you, she just doesn't want her name on the invitation with Yvonne, call her back and tell her when your son's getting married, you rise above your vanity, you could say the same thing to your step-mother, that's got nothing to do with it, Catherine shouted, it's me, I'm the one who's insisting her name's on it, it's not her, poor thing, she's tact personified, if she had any idea of the problem this is causing, she'd be down on her knees, begging for her name to be taken off the invitation, now call your mother, so I called her again, by now I'm in shreds, Catherine's listening on the extension, Yvan, my mother says, up to now you've conducted your affairs in the most chaotic way imaginable and just because, out of the blue, you've decided to embark on matrimony, I find myself obliged to spend all afternoon and evening with your father, a man I haven't seen for seventeen years and to whom I was not expecting to have to reveal my hip-size and my puffy cheeks, not to mention Yvonne who incidentally, I may tell you, according to Felix Perolari, has now taken up bridge- my mother also plays bridge- I can see none of this can be helped, but on the invitation, the one item everyone is going to receive and examine, I insist on making a solo appearance, Catherine, listening on the extension, shakes her head and screws up her face in disgust, mother, I say, why are you so selfish, I'm not selfish, I'm not selfish, Yvan you're not going to start as well, you're

not going to be like Mme Romero this morning and tell me I have a heart of stone, that everybody in our family has a heart of stone, that everybody in our family has a heart of stone, that's what Mme Romero said this morning when I refused to raise her wages- she's gone completely mad, by the way- to sixty francs and hour tax-free, she had the gall to say everyone in the family had a heart of stone, when she knows very well about poor Andre's pacemaker, you haven't even bothered to drop him a line, yes, that's right, very funny, everything's a joke to you, it's not me who's the selfish one, Yvan, you've still got a lot to learn about life, off you go, my boy, go on, go on, go and see your precious friends...

Select Scene #3: The Height of Conflict

Marc: It's true I can't imagine you genuinely loving that painting.

Yvan: But why?

Marc: Because I love Serge and I can't love the Serge who's capable of buying that painting.

Serge: Why do you say buying? Why don't you say, loving?

Marc: Because I can't say loving, I can't believe loving.

Serge: So why would I buy it, if I didn't love it?

Marc: That's the nub of the question.

Serge: (to Yvan) See how smug he is! All I'm doing is teasing him, and his answer is this serenely pompous heavy hint!...(to Marc) And it never crossed your mind for a second, however improbable it might seem, that I might really love it and that your vicious, inflexible opinions and your disgusting assumption of complicity might be hurtful to me?

Marc: No

Serge: When you asked me what I thought of Paula – a girl who once spent an entire dinner party maintaining Elhers Danlos's syndrome could be cured homeopathically – did I say I found her ugly, repellent and charmless? I could have done.

Marc: Is that what you think of Paula?

Serge: What's your theory?

Yvan: No, of course he doesn't think that! You couldn't possibly think that of Paula.

Marc: Answer me.

Serge: You see the effect you can have!

Marc: Do you think what you just said about Paula?

Serge: Worse, actually.

Yvan: No!

Marc: Worse, Serge? Worse than repellent? Will you explain how someone can be worse than repellent?

Serge: Aha! When it's something that concerns you personally, I see words can bite a little deeper!...

Marc: Serge, will you explain how someone can be worse than repellent...

Serge: No need to take that frosty tone. Perhaps it's – let me try and answer you – perhaps it's the way she waves away cigarette smoke.

Marc: The way she waves away cigarette smoke...

Serge: Yes. The way she waves away cigarette smoke. What appears to you a gesture of no significance, what you think of as a harmless gesture is in fact the opposite, and the way she waves away cigarette smoke sits right at the heart of her repellentness.

Marc: You're speaking to me of Paula, the woman who shares my life, in these intolerable terms, because you disapprove of her method of waving away cigarette smoke?...

Serge: That's right. Her method of waving away cigarette smoke condemns her out of hand.

Marc: Serge, before I completely lose control, you'd better explain yourself. This is very serious, what you're doing.

Serge: A normal woman would say, I'm sorry, I find the smoke a bit uncomfortable, would you mind moving your ashtray, but not her, she doesn't deign to speak, she describes her contempt in the air with this calculated gesture, wearily malicious, this hand movement she imagines is imperceptible, the implication of which is to say, go on, smoke, smoke, it's pathetic but what's the point of calling attention to it, which means you can't tell if it's you or your cigarette that's getting up her nose.

Yvan: You're exaggerating!

Serge: You notice he doesn't say I'm wrong, he says I'm exaggerating, but he doesn't say I'm wrong. Her method of waving away cigarette smoke reveals a cold, condescending and narrow-minded nature. Just what you're in the process of acquiring yourself. It's a shame, Marc, it's a real shame you've taken up with such a life-denying woman...

Yvan: Paula is not life-denying!...

Marc: Take back everything you've just said, Serge.

Serge: No.

Yvan: Yes, you must!

Marc: Take back what you've just said...

Yvan: Take it back, take it back! This is ridiculous!

Marc: Serge, for the last time, I demand you take back what you've just said.

Serge In my view, the two of you are an aberration. A pair of fossils.

Marc throws himself at Serge. Yvan rushes forward to get between them.

Marc: (to Yvan) Get off!...

Serge: (To Yvan) Mind your own business!...

A kind of bizarre struggle ensues, very short, which ends with a blow mistakenly landing on Yvan.