

THE UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA

GRADUATE COLLEGE

A PRODUCTION BOOK ON LEONID ANDREYEV'S

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

A THESIS

APPROVED FOR THE SCHOOL OF DRAMA

A PRODUCTION BOOK ON LEONID ANDREYEV'S

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

A THESIS

SUBMITTED TO THE GRADUATE FACULTY

in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the

degree of

MASTER OF FINE ARTS IN DRAMA

BY

RICHARD CONN NORTH CUTT

Norman, Oklahoma

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ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The writer of this thesis wishes to express his sincere thanks to Dr. Turner W. Edge, Dr. Nat S. Bok and especially to Miss Nancy E. Gade for all their time and help given toward the completion of this work.

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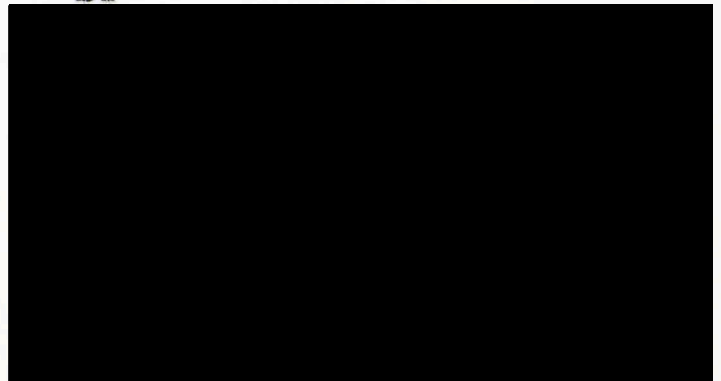


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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

Modern drama has evolved to the point where developed
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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

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the complete script of the play with all stage directions, costume and set designs, technical plots and schedules, an analysis of the play and of additional works by Andreyev, and a brief biography of the playwright.

This thesis is an attempt to present a written and graphic illustration of the steps a director must go through in preparing He Who Gets Slapped for production.

of this period not only gives a picture of the progress of Russian drama but indicates the quality of the harvest reaped in dramatic literature. Anton Chekhov, accepted by most as Russia's foremost playwright, had written Uncle Misha, The Three Sisters, and The Cherry Orchard, and was having them produced by the Moscow Art Theatre. He had been preceded by Pushkin, Gogol, Turgenyev, and Tolstoy and was followed by Gorky and Andreyev. It was into this era of Russian drama that a writer who was to defy the established quest for realism was born. This man was to branch off from the main stock of Russian drama as completely as Chekhov had in preceding years.

Leonid Nikolaevich Andreyev was born on August 9, 1871¹ in the city of Uval, about two hundred miles north of the cultural center of Russia, Moscow. Andreyev's early

¹ Ernest N. Salomon and William D. Prosser, Contemporary Drama (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1961), p. 415.

CHAPTER II

LIFE AND PHILOSOPHY OF THE AUTHOR

Russia from 1800 until 1910 was more fertile in the field of dramatic literature than it had been ever before or has been since. A look at Russian playwrights of this period not only gives a picture of the progress of Russian drama but indicates the quality of the harvest reaped in dramatic literature. Anton Chekov, accepted by most as Russia's foremost playwright, had written Uncle Vanya, The Three Sisters, and The Cherry Orchard, and was having them produced by the Moscow Art Theatre. He had been preceded by Pushkin, Gogol, Turgenev, and Tolstoy and was followed by Gorki and Andreyev. It was into this era of Russian drama that a writer who was to defy the established quest for realism was born. This man was to branch off from the main stream of Russian drama as completely as Chekov had in preceding years.

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¹ Ernest B. Watson and William B. Pressey, Contemporary Drama (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1941) p. 414.

life was burdened with unhappiness and poverty. Despite his meagre means, he managed to graduate from the University of Moscow with a degree in law at the age of twenty-six. Because he had suffered emotionally due to his poverty, Andreyev experienced severe mental anguish which caused him to attempt suicide three times during his early manhood.

In a desperate attempt to find a profession which was satisfying to him, Andreyev, whose distaste for law was exceeded only by his fear of poverty, was led to support himself by painting, newspaper reporting, and fiction writing for the Moscow Courier. While he was penning fictional short stories for the Courier, one of his pieces attracted the attention of the realist playwright Maxim Gorki who was reaching his productive height at this time. It was Gorki who gave Andreyev the badly needed encouragement and assistance that were to lead him into a literary career.

These men whose personalities and philosophies were diametrically opposed should have been, from all logical standpoints, natural enemies. The contrast of the two men is seen no more clearly than in their attitudes toward thought. For example, Gorki's respect for thought and the mind were very high. "Thought is the source of all that exists, out of it arose everything that is seen and felt by man."²

² Dramas of Modernism. Edited by Moses and Campbell. (Boston: Little Brown and Co., 1941) p. 88.

Andreyev's philosophy toward thought revealed cynicism and distrust. "Thought lures man to the abysses of inexplicable mysteries. . . deceives him, it leaves him in painful and impotent loneliness in front of all that is mysterious and itself vanishes."³ Andreyev's was a personality which opposed itself and refused to realize a means by which it could be unified. Active protest and utter despair were constantly at war within him. His ideals were high; and when they were not realized, he was unable to reorganize his life and thoughts to accept that which had happened. For example, in the last years of his life he served the Kerenski Government; but when that party was overthrown, he became a fierce anti-Bolshevist, an action which led him into a self-imposed exile. Andreyev's psychological makeup was not stable at any time during his life; and when he died in 1919, his personality still held that element of mysticism which had fascinated Gorki and his readers and had been prevalent in his work.

Most of Andreyev's work is composed of highly symbolic tragedies which seek to reveal the mysterious elements of the world and life. His plays can most easily be compared with those of Maeterlink. These two men held as their basic goal a static theatre, a theatre of mood rather than movement,

³Ibid., p. 88.

where nothing overt happens and everything immaterial is felt. Drama should depend on the creation of a mood rather than movement and should be the result of intellectual experience rather than overt actions and events. Both men thought that the theatre should be more like a poem which eliminates action and replaces it with soul or truth than a mere presentation of the externals of life. They endeavored to eliminate physical action and replace it with a spiritual experience which relates to the soul. Action, they felt, was an obstacle to deeper understanding, and words were the only true way of expressing a more universal life. Both men firmly believed that the contemporary theatre was ineffective and failed to express the true drama of man's soul. Maeterlink best states his theory in The Treasure of the Humble:

I have grown to believe that an old man seated in his arm-chair, waiting patiently with his lamp beside him; given unconscious ear to all the eternal laws that reign about his house, interpreting, without comprehending, the silence of doors and windows and the quivering voice of light, submitting with bent head to the presence of his soul and of destiny. . . motionless as he is, does yet in reality live a deeper more human, and more universal life than the lover who strangles his mistress, the captain who conquers in battle or the husband who avenges honor. . . .Indeed, it is not in the actions but in the words that are found the beauty and greatness of tragedies that are truly beautiful and great.⁴

⁴ Maurice Maeterlink, Treasure of the Humble. Translated by Alfred Sutro. (New York: Dodd Mead and Co., 1898) pp. 105-106.

Andreyev strove for his ideal of physical action only when absolutely essential and attempted to introduce mental action which he felt captured more effectively the spirit of man. If the play could, like a poem, express the essence of man's existence and his soul, then the theatre would have finally obtained, in Andreyev's opinion, the status of art. To him plays had to become more truthful if the theatre were to live up to his idea of its obligation.

Is action in the accepted sense of movement and visible achievement on the stage, necessary to the theatre? Not so since in modern life aspects tend to withdraw farther from external activities and go deeper into the recesses of the soul and toward mental action.⁵

To Andreyev the struggle of man is based on a conflict between intellect and nature, what is natural and what is social.

Once man has become the foundation of social life, all connecting boundaries and points of contact heretofore existing between him and nature disappear. He is not merely left in isolation but about him is formed a desert, a vast social chasm. . . . If the individual cannot establish a direct bond between his personal existence and the law of nature there results the tragedy: Personality renounces the world.⁶

Andreyev, whose soul had really found no rest, died in 1919 in a self-imposed semi-exile necessitated because of his political views. Throughout his life Andreyev had

⁵ Plays by Leonid Andreyev. Translated by Clarence L. Meader and Fred Newton Scott. Andreyev's quotation in the preface, "Life and Philosophy" (New York: Scribner's Sons, 1925) p. xii.

⁶ Ibid., p. xvii.

been very much alone despite being married twice and having at least a few friends.

Perhaps, if a man's life can be summed up in a few words, Gorki's evaluation of Andreyev best does this.

To Andreyev man appeared poor in spirit, a creature interwoven of irreconcilable contradictions of instinct and intellect, forever deprived of the possibility of attaining inner harmony. All his works are vanity of vanities and self-deception. And, above all, he is the slave of death and all his life long he walks dragging its chain.⁷

That the mind is the controlling element in all human existence, not that the mind necessarily benefits man but that it controls him, and that external reality is merely a facade which often hides the ultimate reality within. However, in attempting to achieve this end he could not restrict himself to symbolism or realism. He is not the slave of either symbolism or realism, but they are his servants -- now the one, now the other. This is the result of this method of writing. Andreyev's plays are very difficult to classify as symbolism or realism. This combination of styles is no better reflected than in his major work, The Gate Slapped. In this play Andreyev makes the action totally realistic. The scene of the play is set in an all-purpose room of a

⁷Maxim Gorki, Reminiscences (New York: Dover Publications, 1946) p. 145.

¹Frank W. Chandler, Modern Continental Dramatists (London: Payne and Free., 1931) p. 112.

CHAPTER III

ANALYSIS OF THE PLAY

Leonid Andreyev is a philosopher striving to grasp an ultimate not just external reality. He feels that the mind is the controlling element in all human existence, not that the mind necessarily benefits man but that it controls him, and that external reality is merely a facade which often hides the ultimate reality within. However, in attempting to achieve this end he could not restrict himself to Symbolism or Realism. "I am not the slave of either symbolism or realism, but they are my servants -- now the one, now the other."¹ As a result of this method of writing, Andreyev's plays are very difficult to classify as symbolism or realism.

This combination -- or diversity -- of styles is no better reflected than in his major work, He Who Gets Slapped. In this play Andreyev makes the action totally realistic. The scene of the play is set in an all-purpose room of a permanent European circus. Throughout the play, rehearsals, performances, everyday financial problems and petty arguments

¹ Frank W. Chandler, Modern Continental Playwrights (London: Hayes and Bros., 1931) p. 112.

are used to show the realistic aspects of the circus; but the dialogue he gives to these realistic people is something more than common speech. Zinaida's dialogue with He about wanting love is definitely not "shop talk" even though she is speaking of her lions. Also, He's discussion with Consuela concerning her work with Bezano is far more than backstage gossip. This inconsistency in the development of the play in terms of the realistic and symbolic aspects of the work are often quite disturbing. It is difficult to decide in which style the author is working. "Although the play seems to hint deeper meanings, Andreyev is reported to have said that it was really all on the surface, and that he was laughing at the lesson-hunting public."²

Perhaps Andreyev did not write He Who Gets Slapped as a "symbolic" drama, but there are some facets of the play which carry symbolic meaning. While these characters are developed as ordinary people in the action of the play, through his dialogue Andreyev has given them additional importance. The symbolism exists on two levels, the first being solely within the script and the second reflecting the personality of Andreyev himself. The character He, in the first instance, could very easily represent intellect mocking the common man through their mockery of him. He deliberately makes himself a fool, and the world mocks him

²Ibid., p. 128.

delightedly, thereby making itself more ridiculous than the clown it mocks. Consuela could be ideal beauty, "she who gets loved"; the Baron, coarse acquisitiveness; the Count, shrewd commercialism. In the second instance, with the play reflecting the playwright's personality, He is Andreyev, Consuela is an idyllic dream which he would keep pure at any cost, and the Gentleman is life which has robbed He of all that makes existence worth while. The first example is an obvious interpretation of the script. The second is a possible, even probable interpretation. However, these are only two levels of the symbolism possible in He Who Gets Slapped if indeed either of them is correct. Whether these conclusions coincide exactly with Andreyev's intention in writing the play is impossible to determine, nor is it of paramount importance. The use of symbolism is so personal that a single response either on the part of a person or an audience is virtually impossible.

No matter what symbol is used in drama its connotations and meanings will be different to each person in the audience. Because of each individual's varying experiences no symbol or symbolization can be universally interpreted the same. It is for this reason that the writer feels the symbolic nature of He Who Gets Slapped should be used as a guideline for the production and not as an end in itself. The symbolism of the play can do much in helping to define the style and

type of production, but it should not be used as a strict pattern which must be religiously followed.

He Who Gets Slapped deals with the members of a permanent circus located outside a provincial town in France. The star attraction of the circus is Consuela whose father, Count Mancini, is negotiating her marriage to the Baron, an old roué for whom she cares nothing. Because of the highly sheltered life she has led, Consuela also scorns the young acrobat who admires her, mainly because she does not understand his feelings for her. The acrobat in turn disdains Zinaida, the female lion tamer, who adores him in spite of the fact that she is the mistress of Papa Briquet, the circus manager.

Into this complex situation enters a stranger of sensitivity and intelligence who has been stripped materially and intellectually of all that he had worked for. Defeated and robbed not only of his wife but of his ideas, he offers to serve as a clown. When asked his name, he says that he is to be called "He who gets slapped". In the circus, as in life, he achieves success in his role as the clown and finds in Consuela a new inspiration. He declares his love to her and warns her about the Baron's deceitfulness. Consuela proves as unresponsive to him as to the Baron and the acrobat. In the last act, during a benefit performance after which

she is to be married, He begs Consuela to drink a last toast with him. As they are dying from the poisoned drink, the Baron rushes out and commits suicide, an action prompted by the Russian superstition that whoever dies next after the woman he loves will possess her in death. The curtain falls with He saying that the Baron shall not have her for he is coming too.

The play is made up of four acts of approximately equal length. The exposition in Act I is accomplished through conversation between the Count, Briquet and Zinaida. Other expositional elements within the play are revealed through character development. For instance, the fact that Consuela is not the Count's real daughter is not exposed until both of these characters are partially developed. The audience then has had a chance to see Consuela's devotion to the Count and is, therefore, doubly aware of Mancini's deceitfulness. The plot develops according to standard practice from exposition to incident (He's joining the circus) to complication (He's love for Consuela, her engagement to the Baron, He's conversation with the Gentleman) to climax (the end of the third act with He's question to the Baron; "can you wait?") and finally to denouement (the death of Consuela, the Baron and He.)

He Who Gets Slapped, like Maeterlink's The Intruder

is a play which requires and evokes a specific mood or atmosphere. In the Andreyev work, the tawdry tinsel and glamor of the circus is ever present, constantly exerting its force over the characters. The circus is to its people total life, and no existence outside its realm is wanted or needed. The circus is, in fact, the motivational force for the action. The circus provides He with the only environment which he feels can free him from the outside world. It is also this same element, the circus, that provides the characters with the only environment in which these incidents could take place. In no other situation, under no other circumstances, could the action of this play have occurred. For this reason then the circus itself permeates every action, every character, making them theatrical and giving them a quality of unreality. The milieu controls the characters rather than vice versa and, as a result, the circus becomes a character itself.

The set for the production is a large room cluttered with posters and props. It must exhibit the omnipresence of the circus in the lives of the characters. The walls of the room are opaque at floor level and gradually fade into transparency showing the rigging and instruments of the circus ring in the background. Even though the room is completely defined by walls and ceiling, the environment of

the circus pervades. The existence of the circus as a whole, as a way of life, physically over-shadows the realistic qualities of the room. To increase this effect, the lighting instruments located on the rigging are used to illuminate the room. The entire stage picture is large and spacial so that there is a feeling of openness and freedom.

Andreyev states no specific period or time for the action of the play; however, it is usually set in the early 1900's. Because of the unrealistic qualities and the theatrical background of the circus, the writer has decided to stylize the costumes of the circus people by making them modern in design. The stylization is achieved by exaggerating specific qualities of the character. For example, Consuela's purity, innocence and naïveté should be exhibited quite boldly. The use of white or light colored materials of very soft texture will reflect these elements and this, combined with a soft low neckline, will help to reinforce the qualities within her personality. Zinaida's costume, if made of a hard-looking, almost metallic material and cut so that the lines are severe and stiff, will demonstrate her hardness and aggressiveness. These deliberate stylizations will give the theatrical qualities which the play requires by making character traits and personalities physically apparent.

Due to their inability to see life as anything other than a contradiction, they reveal the truth as it is.

than a struggle for possession, the characters not involved in the circus except through their contact with the circus people (such as Count Mancini, the Baron, and the Gentleman) should seem stiff and inflexible. Therefore, the flamboyancy and theatricality of the circus people is in vivid contrast to the strict, unyielding austerity of these other characters. The writer feels that this disparity will best be seen if the "outsiders" are costumed using some of the features of the early 1900's. The high collars, stiff fronts and tapered pants which give the formal, almost confining appearance of the men's clothing of the period will project the reality which these characters possess.

In He Who Gets Slapped the author has combined two styles of play writing which at first seem to be in complete opposition. Upon further consideration it becomes apparent that this diversity serves the purpose of focusing and strengthening the major theme of the play. The reality of one group of characters loses its truthfulness in the theatricality of the other. The circus people whose life is ruled by an extreme non-reality emerge as the more truthful and real of the two groups of characters. This theme itself is one of opposition and contrast and Andreyev has dealt with it by using this same method -- contrast. That element is also strengthened in the costumes and setting so that the show as a whole states a proposition about reality and then contradicts it by revealing the truth as sham and sham as truth.

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED: Cast of Characters

Consuela - A bareback circus rider, known as "The
Bareback Tango Queen"

Count Mancini - Consuela's father

He - A clown in Briquet's circus

Briquet - The manager of the circus

CHAPTER IV

Alcida - A Rox tamer, Briquet's unmarried wife

Alfred - THE COMPLETE SCRIPT AND STAGE DIRECTIONS

A Gentleman

FOR

Baron Regard

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

Jim Jackson - The chief of

by

Tilly - A musical clown

LEONID ANDREYEV

Folly - A musical clown

(Adapted by Judith Guthrie)

Thomas

Angelica

And others - Artists of Briquet's circus.

(The action takes place in a circus in a provincial
city in France)

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED: Cast of Characters

Consuela - A bareback circus rider, known as "The Bareback Tango Queen"

Count Mancini - Consuela's father

He - A clown in Briquet's circus

Briquet - The manager of the circus

Zinaida - A lion tamer, Briquet's unmarried wife

Alfred Bezano - A jockey and bareback rider

A Gentleman

Baron Regnard

Jim Jackson - The chief clown

Tilly - A musical clown

Polly - A musical clown

Thomas

Angelica

And others - Artistes of Briquet's circus.

(The action takes place in a circus in a provincial city in France)

Act I: Scene 1

A very large, rather dirty room, with whitewashed walls. The room is used for many purposes. It is the office of Papa Briquet, manager of the circus: here he keeps his little desk. It is the cloakroom of some of the actors. It is also the room where the cast gathers between calls, during rehearsals or performances. Again it is a checkroom for used circus property. The walls are covered with circus announcements and glaring posters.

The time is morning. In the circus hall a rehearsal is going on, and preparations are being made for the evening performance. As the curtain goes up, the cracking whip and the shouts of the riding master are heard from the ring. Tilly and Polly are SC rehearsing jumping through hoops. UR Enter Count Mancini. They go on rehearsing and ignore him.

MANCINI

Good morning. (No answer. Crosses to R of Polly and Tilly.) Good morning to you, rogues and vagabonds. (No answer. Crosses further.) Count Mancini does you the honor of wishing you a good morning.

TILLY and POLLY

(Without stopping work.) Good morning.

MANCINI

Where is Consuela? (No answer.) I said where is my daughter? (No answer.) I said where is my daughter, the Countess Consuela?

TILLY and POLLY

Busy.

MANCINI

Where is your little manager person, where is Papa Briquet?

TILLY and POLLY

Busy.

MANCINI

What are you doing?

TILLY and POLLY

Busy.

MANCINI

I wonder if you could oblige me. . . (Crosses closer to T and P.) I said I wonder if you could oblige . . . little temporary financial . . . so stupid . . . absurd, really . . . left one's check book in a -- never mind. Could you be so kind. . . little favor.

TILLY and POLLY

(Emptying pockets and showing linings.) All gone. All empty. (T and P dance M back through UR door. Enter Briquet UC.)

BRIQUET

Bonjour, mes enfants.

TILLY and POLLY

Good morning, Papa Briquet.

POLLY

(Confidentially.) That Mancini is about.

BRIQUET

(Crosses hastily to desk and puts away cash box.) So early?

POLLY

(Crossing D with him.) Yes.

BRIQUET

What does he want?

POLLY

The usual. Don't lend him anything, Papa. He's no more a count than I am. Tilly's in bad form today.

BRIQUET

Why?

POLLY

Says he's not well. Says his throat's sore.

BRIQUET

Shall I look at it?

POLLY

Yes, please, papa. (Briquet calls Tilly over. While he is looking at his throat Mancini reappears.)

BRIQUET

Little wider please. Oh, it's nothing. Paint it with iodine.

POLLY

I told him it was nothing. Come on.

MANCINI

(Crosses L of Briquet.) Hm! . . . Doctor Briquet! . . . Better be careful -- you're not qualified.

BRIQUET

(Signals P and T away. They exit UC.) They only want a little looking after. They're all so fussy about their health -- almost as nervous as the animals.

MANCINI

His throat's just burnt with drink. That's all. Those two get sozzled. Every night. Sozzled. Absinthe. Well, I mean! It's their morals that want "looking after."

BRIQUET

(Sits at desk.) Oh, shut up, Mancini! I'm tired of you.

MANCINI

Count Mancini à votre service! (Sits in chair DS of desk.) Oh, look, I wonder if you could oblige me . . . a little temporary financial . . . Left one's check book -- well, somewhere . . . absurd of course . . . little favor.

BRIQUET

No. And I won't have you "touching" my artistes.

MANCINI

(He stands.) Touching -- (Crosses L of desk.) quel phrase! The indignity!

BRIQUET

(Turns chair to face M.) Tired of you, poking your nose into everything. You worry the artistes. One day they'll turn on you and I shan't stop them.

MANCINI

As a man of entirely different society -- l'alta society -- I can't be expected to treat your artistes as equals . . . now you . . . I do you the honor of speaking to you quite informally.

BRIQUET

(Slightly threatening.) Well . . . Well . . . Really!

MANCINI

Never mind . . . it's all a joke. Still if your artistes did turn nasty . . . ever seen this, Briquet? (Draws a stiletto.) Useful little thing. Oh, by the way I found such a girl out by the gas works yesterday. Oh, well, I know you don't approve . . . but chacun à son gout . . . and anyhow what about you and Zinaida . . . does everybody know you're not married? I say, lend me a hundred francs.

BRIQUET

Not a sou.

MANCINI

Then I'll take Consuela away and that'll be that.

BRIQUET

You threaten that every day.

MANCINI

And so would you if you were as hard up as I am, as shamefully hard up. Listen, (Crosses to B.) you know as well as I do that I've got to keep up the prestige of my name . . . somehow . . . and all because of the misfortunes of my ancestors I have to make my daughter, Consuela, the Countess Veronica, an equestrienne . . . an equestrienne . . . just for bread and butter.

BRIQUET

You spend too much on women . . . you'll end up in prison.

MANCINI

Prison! Of course not. (Crosses a little away, then turns to face B.) Why, I've got to live up to my name, haven't I? The Mancinis are known all over Italy for their love of women. Is it my fault that I have to pay such terrible prices for what my ancestors had for nothing? What do you know about family tradition? You're no better than a -- well, we won't say what. Now, I don't drink and I stopped playing cards after that . . . well, case. No need to laugh. Now if I give up women what will be left of Mancini? Only a coat of arms! So . . . in the name of family tradition . . . lend me a hundred francs.

BRIQUET

No, I've told you I won't.

MANCINI

You know I let Consuela keep half her salary . . . perhaps you think I don't love my child . . . my only little daughter! All I have left to keep alive the memory of her sainted mother! How can you be so hard. (Pretends to cry into a dirty hanky.)

BRIQUET

What you mean is she's silly enough to give you half her salary. (Turns his back on M.) No, no, Mancini, I've had enough of you.

(Zinaida, the lion tamer enters UC. She is burningly beautiful. Her quiet gestures at first glance give an impression of languor. She is Briquet's unmarried wife.)

ZINAIDA

(B stands.) Good morning.

MANCINI

(Crosses up to her, falls on his knees and kisses her hand.) Madame Zinaida! This barbarian . . . this boor . . . may pierce me with his dagger but I cannot control this outburst of my love! Madame . . . Count Mancini has the honor of soliciting one look from those lustrous eyes.

ZINAIDA

(To B.) Money?

BRIQUET

Yes.

ZINAIDA

(Crosses SL and sits on end of sofa.) Don't give him any.

MANCINI

(Gets up and wipes his knees.) Duchess! Don't be so hard-hearted! I am no lion, no tiger, no savage beast for you to tame . . . I am a poor modest domestic puss who begs, gnum, gnum . . . (eating noises) for a saucer, a little saucer of milk.

ZINAIDA

Jackson says you've got a teacher for Consuela -- whatever for?

MANCINI

(M sits on sofa beside Z.) The solicitude of a father, Duchess, the never-ceasing care of a loving father. The terrible misfortunes of our family, when I was a child, have left their mark on her education. Friends! The daughter of Count Mancini, the Countess Veronica, known to thousands as Consuela, is scarcely literate . . . is that

to be? . . . And you, Briquet, you ask me why I need money!

ZINAIDA

Swindler!

BRIQUET

(Crosses to R of sofa.) What's she being taught?

MANCINI

Everything. A student has been giving her lessons, but I had to get rid of him yesterday. He fell in love with her, the cheek of it! He miaowed outside her door like a cat. Everything, Briquet, everything that you don't know . . . literature, history, astronomy, ornithology, philosophy, orthography, mythology . . . I don't wish my daughter . . .

(Enter two young girls in practice dress. They sit on bench US.)

ZINAIDA

Swindler!

BRIQUET

(Sits on stool.) You are a fool, Mancini. (In a didactic tone.) What is the point? What does she need with book-learning? While she's here she needn't know anything about that kind of life . . . ordinary life . . . audience life. What's geography? . . . I would be twice as happy if I didn't know any geography. If I were the government I would forbid artists to read books. Let them read the posters. That's enough. (Polly and Tilly and another actor enter. P and T sit on steps. The actor joins the girls.) Consuela is a fine artist -- now; but as soon as you teach her . . . mythology . . . and she begins to read, she'll be good for nothing, she'll get moody, morbid, it'll make her miserable, and she'll go and poison herself . . . Oh, I know these books. . . . All they teach is immoralities and how to kill yourself.

FIRST GIRL

I love the serials that come out in mags.

BRIQUET

More fool you. And you'll take a wrong turning. Believe me, my friends, we ought to forget entirely what happens in books How can we understand what happens in books. . .

MANCINI

Briquet, you are an obscurantist! An enemy of enlightenment.

BRIQUET

And you are a fool. (Stands, crosses back to desk.) You're one of the public, and what has it taught you? If you'd been born in a circus like me, you'd know something. Education is nonsense. Ask Zinaida -- she's done all that book-learning . . . she knows everything they teach. . . geography, mythology, I don't know what ology Has it made her any happier? Has it made her any happier? Tell them, my darling.

ZINAIDA

Oh, leave me out of this, Louis.

MANCINI

(Crossing to B.) Oh, go to blazes . . . and when I listen to your asinine philosophy I want to fleece you for more than a hundred francs . . . two hundred . . . a thousand! My God, what a manager . . . a stingy old skinflint . . . that's what you are Listen, my honorable vagabonds . . . he pays you starvation wages. I'll make you give Consuela a raise. Tell me, who is it who brings in full houses every night? You? A couple of musical donkeys? Tigers? Lions? Who cares for those starveling cats?

ZINAIDA

Please leave my tigers alone.

MANCINI

(Crossing to Z.) I beg your pardon, Zinaida, on my word of honor I didn't mean to hurt your feelings . . . I'm captivated by your bravery . . . your grace . . . you are

a heroine I kiss your tiny hands. But what do they understand about heroism? (Tango offstage played softly. He continues with enthusiasm.) Listen! (He turns to the others.) Tell me, Messieurs, mesdames, who but Consuela and Bezano bring them in? That Tango on horseback . . . it is divine! God! . . . its magic would seduce even His Holiness the Pope.

POLLY

Yes, it's a wonderful trick! And whose idea was it? Bezano's?

MANCINI

(Crosses U to F and T.) Idea! Idea! The boy Bezano's in love, like a cat. That's the idea! But what's an idea without a woman. You wouldn't get far with just an idea, would you, Papa Briquet? You can't do without Consuela.

BRIQUET

We've got a contract with Consuela.

MANCINI

Such a mercenary mind.

ZINAIDA

Oh, give him the money and let him go!

MANCINI

(Crosses quickly to B.) Ten! Fifteen! Don't be stingy, Papa . . . for the sake of family tradition -- twenty. I swear on my word of honor I can't do with less. (Briquet hands him twenty francs. Nonchalantly.) Merci . . . thank you.

ZINAIDA

Borrow from the Baron.

MANCINI

Baron Regnard?

ZINAIDA

Yes. seen a ghost drunk?

MANCINI

My friend the banker?

ZINAIDA

If he is a banker.

MANCINI

(Crosses slowly to Z.) Such a sordid suggestion from such beautiful lips! One doesn't go to a man like the Baron for a little, squalid, paltry, petty, piffling sum like this. You don't understand, beautiful lady; the Baron is a person who thinks in terms of millions -- no! Billions. Billions.

ZINAIDA

You're up to something. And he's up to something. Men like that don't come hanging round here for nothing, any more than you do.

MANCINI

Love of art, my dear.

ZINAIDA

You're an out and out old swindler.

MANCINI

And you're an out and out old busker. (Sits on L end of sofa. An artiste enters UC -- apparently an athlete.)

ATHLETE

Papa Briquet, there's a gentleman from another world to see you.

ACTRESS

Another world? A ghost?

(He enters UC followed by Athlete, Clown and two other artists. He is middle-aged, plain, but his strange face has a lively expression.)

ATHLETE

Ever seen a ghost drunk?

BRIQUET

(Sowing and sowing.) . . . Are you the
If he's drunk I'm cut. Thomas, does he want to see me
or the Count?

ATHLETE

(Crosses UC to B.) . . . Sit down.
You. (B crosses a little UC.) He's not drunk, Papa.
Perhaps he is a ghost.

MANCINI

(She please don't bother me around.) Your company?
Is he a gentleman? Eh? A person like me?

ATHLETE

Yes. (Crosses UC.) I'll go and fetch him. (He exits.
The whip cracks in the ring. The Tango sounds very low
and distant -- then comes nearer -- louder. Silence.)

BRIQUET

And tell me your name?
(Crosses to Z. Touches her arm.) Tired?

ZINAIDA

I haven't got one yet. . . .
(Drawing back a little.) No.

POLLY

(Crosses down above sofa.) Your big brown lion is nervous
today, Madame Zinaida.

ZINAIDA

Sultan! You've been teasing him.

POLLY

Yes. . . . (She look surprised.) These
two gentlemen are clown. . . .
I played a tune from "Traviata" to him and he howled.
That would make a good turn, wouldn't it, Papa? It's an
idea?

Look here . . . what do you want me to do for you?

(He enters UC followed by Athlete, Clown and two other artists. He is middle-aged and plain, but his strange face has a lively expression.)

HE

(Bowing and smiling.) Excuse me . . . Are you the manager?

BRIQUET

Yes. (Crosses UC to He.) How do you do? Sit down. Polly, a chair.

HE

Oh, please don't bother -- (Looks around.) Your company? Delighted to . . .

MANCINI

(Preening himself he crosses above sofa to He.) Count Mancini.

BRIQUET

And tell me your name?

HE

I haven't got one yet. You usually make up your own names, don't you? I haven't thought of one . . . yet. Perhaps you'll help me. I have thought of something but I'm afraid it may sound a little . . . out of key . . . bookish.

BRIQUET

Bookish?

HE

Yes. Too highbrow. (They all look surprised.) These two gentlemen are clowns? I am so proud to meet them. (Shakes hands with them. They make funny faces.)

BRIQUET

Look here . . . what do you want me to do for you?

HE

Oh, no, I want to do something for you, Papa Briquet.

BRIQUET

Papa! But you aren't like . . . you don't look like . . .

HE

(Reassuringly) I could become "like" . . . Shall I imitate these gentlemen?

BRIQUET

(Involuntarily.) Are you drunk, sir?

HE

I don't drink . . . it's just my personality.

BRIQUET

Where did you work before, my boy? Are you a jongleur?

HE

No, I'm afraid not, but I'm glad, Papa Briquet, that you think of me as one of you.

MANCINI

But you look . . . distingué . . . quite the gentleman.

HE

(Evasively) Good of you to say so.

BRIQUET

Well . . . what d'you want? My company is full up. What do you want?

HE

(Pause) I want to be a clown. (Some of the actors smile.)

BRIQUET

You're asking rather a lot. What can you do?

HE

Nothing. I can't do a thing! That's funny in itself, isn't it?

BRIQUET

Not to me.

HE

(Rather helpless, but looking round smiling.) We must invent something.

BRIQUET

Something . . . bookish?

(Jackson, the clown, enters UC slowly without being noticed by the others. He stands behind He.)

HE

Yes . . . a nice little speech, for instance, on some religious theme . . . some little debate among the clowns.

BRIQUET

Debate! What the hell! This is a circus, not a college.

HE

(Sadly) Oh, I'm sorry . . . something else . . . something funny about the creation of the world and its rulers.

BRIQUET

Wonderful. . . and get my license suspended?

JACKSON

(Crossing to H.) Don't you like the rulers of the world? I don't either. Shake hands.

BRIQUET

Our chief clown. The famous Jackson.

HE

This is a great honor . . . your genius has given me such great pleasure . . .

JACKSON

Very nice of you to say so.

BRIQUET

He wants to be a clown. What about him, Jim?

JACKSON

(Signs to He to take off his coat. Turns him round and examines him critically.) Clown? Hm . . . let's look at you. Take off your hat . . . turn round . . . smile . . . go on, more. Broader . . . hm . . . One could do something with that face. (Sadly) I suppose you can't even turn a somersault?

HE

(Sighing) No.

JACKSON

How old are you?

HE

Thirty-nine. Is that too old to begin? (Jackson whistles.)

BRIQUET

(After a pause.) But I've told you, you know, we don't need you, we're full up. (Z crosses U to B.) We'll let you know.

ZINAIDA

(Aside) Louis, take him on.

BRIQUET

What on earth shall I do with him? He's drunk.

HE

Thank you, Madame. Aren't you Madame Zinaida, the lion tamer? Whose wonderful courage and beauty . . .

ZINAIDA

Yes, but I don't like flattery.

HE

But this isn't flattery.

MANCINI

You're evidently not used to high society, my dear. This gentleman expresses himself with sincerity, beautifully phrased . . . and it is bad manners to . . . well . . . as for me . . . I --

(Consuela and Bezano enter UC.)

CONSUELA

Oh, are you here, Daddy? (Crosses to M.)

MANCINI

Yes, my child. Are you tired, pet? (Kisses her.) May I introduce my daughter, sir . . . the Countess Veronica . . . known on the stage as Consuela, the Bareback Tango Queen. Have you ever seen her?

HE

Yes, she's beautiful.

MANCINI

Of course! (Z exits UC.) Everyone acknowledges it! And how do you like her name? Consuela . . . I took it from a novel by George Sand. It means "consolation."

HE

Quite a reader.

MANCINI

Oh, that's nothing. In spite of your strange wish I can see, sir, that you are a person of one's own class . . . I must explain that only the terrible misfortune of our ancient clan . . . sic transit, gloria mundi, sir . . .

CONSUELA

Shut up, Daddy. Where's my handkerchief, Alfred?

BEZANO

Here you are.

CONSUELA

(Shows it to He.) Real Venetian lace . . . d'you like it?

HE

(Bowing) Beautiful! Papa Briquet -- the more I see the more I want to stay! On the one hand -- a Count, on the other . . . (Makes a face.)

JACKSON

That's not bad . . . listen . . . rack your brains . . . think of something. Everybody here thinks out his own line of business.

HE

(Hand to head, thinking, pause.) Think . . . Think . . . Eureka!

POLLY

That means "got it" . . . well?

HE

I'll be He Who Gets Slapped . . . the Funny Man Who Gets Knocked About. (All laugh) You see . . . I've made you laugh . . . and that's not easy. (All now serious, Polly sighs.)

TILLY

No, it's not easy. Did you laugh, Polly?

POLLY

Like hell. Did you?

TILLY

Yes, I laughed. (Imitating an instrument, he sings a little tune.)

JACKSON

"He Who Gets Slapped." Not bad.

HE

I rather like it myself. It suits my personality . . . and, friends -- I've found a name. How's this -- "HE"?

JACKSON

(Thinking) "HE." Not bad.

CONSUELA

(In a singing voice.) "HE" is so funny! "HE" like a dog!

JACKSON

(Smacks HE, who exclaims. General laughter covers his exclamation.) "He Who Gets Slapped!"

POLLY

(In baby talk.) He says he wants some more!

HE

(Smiles, rubbing his face.) So unexpected! How funny! You didn't hurt me a bit . . . but my face burns!

(Again there is loud laughter. The clowns bleat and cackle and bark. Mancini assumes a bored air and looks at his watch. The two girls exit UC.)

JACKSON

Engage him, Papa Briquet . . . new blood.

MANCINI

(Looking at watch.) Mind you, my dear sir, Papa Briquet is a perfect old miser -- if you think you'll get good money here you've come to the wrong shop. A slap . . . a blow . . . a cuff . . . what are they worth? Three a penny! Go back to the beau monde, you'll make more there. Why! For a slap -- just a tap as one might say -- my friend the Marquis Justi got damages to the tune of fifty thous --

BRIQUET

Don't interfere, Mancini. (Crosses to desk.) Will you look after him, Jackson?

JACKSON

I don't mind.

POLLY

(Crosses to He.) D'you like music? Beethoven on broomsticks? Mozart on bottles?

HE

I'll be everlastingly grateful if you'll teach me. A clown! A funny man! The dream of my childhood! When all my friends at school were thrilled by Plutarch's heroes and the wonders of science . . . I dreamed of clowns, Beethoven on broomsticks, Mozart on bottles -- I have been looking for this all my life! Oh, but listen . . . I must have a costume.

JACKSON

Oh, dear! You don't know much. (Putting finger on his forehead.) You don't think of a costume just like that. I've got a rising sun just here on my costume. (Strikes his posterior.) I took two years to think it out.

HE

Yes, I must think too. (Jackson and He cross L.)

MANCINI

And I must go. Consuela my child, get dressed. (To He.) We're lunching with Baron Regnard, a friend of mine, the banker.

CONSUELA

But Daddy, I can't go. Alfred says I must work.

(All the circus people but Bezano, Polly and Tilly exit UC.)

MANCINI

Work! Indeed! And do you call this equitation work? Mere antics, pour faire passer le temps. Antics! This is serious . . . money.

CONSUELA

Oh, Daddy!

MANCINI

Just think of the position you put one in! One promises the Baron . . . the Baron expects one . . . It's impossible. Oh, I'm getting quite hot.

CONSUELA

But why does the silly old Baron matter?

MANCINI

Ciel! Do you hear that, O Heaven!

BEZANO

She must rehearse. (To Consuela.) If you are rested we'll start.

MANCINI

Rehearse! I mean! Young man, you must be mad! Mad! I allow you -- in the cause of art, solely in the cause of art -- to develop my daughter's physique, and you . . .

CONSUELA

Oh, never mind, Daddy, run along and don't be silly. Of course we must work. Go and have lunch with your Baron. Oh, and Daddy, you forgot your clean handkerchief again. I washed it for you yesterday.

MANCINI

(Ashamed, blushing.) Absurd! My linen is washed by the laundress while you play with your dolls . . . you don't know what you're saying . . . these people might think, heaven knows what. Ridiculous. I'm going.

CONSUELA

Shall I write him a little note?

MANCINI

(Angrily) Little note! Your little notes would make a horse laugh! Good-by. (He exits UR followed by T and P.)

CONSUELA

(Laughing) Oh, and I love writing! Do I really write badly? Did you like my note, Alfred? Or did it make you laugh?

BEZANO

(Blushing) No. I didn't laugh. Come on, Consuela. (They go out, meeting Zinaida entering.)

ZINAIDA

Are you going back to work, Bezano?

BEZANO

(Politely) Yes. There's still a lot of work to be done on the new tango. How are your lions, Madame Zinaida? I expect they're feeling this weather.

CONSUELA

(Calling him from the ring.) Alfred!

ZINAIDA

You're being called. You'd better go. (B exits UC. She crosses to Briquet.) Finished?

BRIQUET

Mm.

JACKSON

Then so long till the show. Go on thinking about a costume, HE, and I'll think too. Be here at ten tomorrow and I'll work with you. Don't be late or I'll catch you an extra clip on the mug.

HE

I'll be here. (Jackson exits UC.) What a kind man! All the people around you are so kind, Papa Briquet. (H crosses to B.) I suppose that good-looking young fellow is in love with Consuela, isn't he? (Laughs)

(Zinaida and Briquet look at one another. Z pushes book aside.)

ZINAIDA

Not your business, Nosy Parker. How much does he want, Papa?

When we can't engage you. We can't get on the wrong side of the police for . . .

BRIQUET

Just a minute. (Turns to H.) Listen, HE. I don't want to make a contract with you.

Why not? You know, she's my wife. She's quite right, you know. You might get kicked by a horse . . . have an accident or something . . . never

HE

Just as you like . . . don't let's talk about money . . . we can trust one another . . . let's wait and see what I'm worth to you and then . . .

That's all right. I don't know . . .

BRIQUET

(Pleased) Now that's very decent of you. Really, Zinaida, the man doesn't know anything.

Really, you know, I don't know . . .

ZINAIDA

All right . . . better take his particulars though. (She sits in chair DS of desk.) Where's the book?

Where's the book?

BRIQUET

Here. (To H.) We have to keep a register of all our artistes you know . . . It's police regulations . . . then if we have trouble or a suicide or that . . . (Tango and calls heard from the ring.)

Another . . . that's all right. (Laughs.)

ZINAIDA

What's your name?

Why don't you just tell me your name . . . so we can also need know.

HE

(Smiling) He Who Gets Slapped! That's what I chose. Or don't you like it?

Honestly?

BRIQUET

Oh, yes, we like it, but we must have your real name. Haven't you got a passport?

Honestly?

HE

(Confused) A passport? No . . . oh, well, yes . . . I mean I have . . . but I had no idea the rules here were so strict. What do you want it for?

(Zinaida and Briquet look at one another. Z pushes book aside.)

ZINAIDA

Then we can't engage you. We can't get on the wrong side of the police just for you.

BRIQUET

Oh, by the way . . . you don't know, she's my wife. She's quite right, you know . . . you might get kicked by a horse . . . have an accident or something . . . never know. I don't care myself . . . but the authorities think different. If anything happens, well, that's that, and I don't want to know any more . . . but they want to know . . . oh, well, I suppose it's necessary . . . I don't know . . . Got a card?

HE

Well, yes, I have . . . but you do understand I don't want my name known?

BRIQUET

Some little? . . . er . . .?

HE

Something like that. Look here, can't we imagine that I've got no name? That I've lost it? Like an umbrella? Or that someone's taken it by mistake? When a stray dog walks in, you don't ask him his name, you just give him another . . . that's all I am, HE the Dog. (Laughs.)

ZINAIDA

Why don't you just tell us your name . . . no one else need know.

HE

Honestly?

ZINAIDA

Honestly.

HE

All right. (Hands Z his card. She looks, hands it to B. Both look at HE.)

BRIQUET

Well, if this is true, sir . . .

HE

Oh, for heaven's sake -- this doesn't exist any more . . . this is something that was lost ages ago . . . it's just a lost umbrella . . . forget it . . . I've forgotten it. I'm the funny man who gets knocked about. That's all.

BRIQUET

Listen . . . forgive me, sir . . . but I ask you . . . are you drunk? I'm sorry to have to ask it, but you look a bit . . .

HE

No. But please don't call me sir.

ZINAIDA

It's his business after all. (Hides the card.) I knew there was something funny about you. You've seen that Bezano is in love with our equestrienne and you see that I love my Briquet?

HE

(Also smiling.) Oh yes. You adore him.

ZINAIDA

I adore him. Now take him, Briquet, and show him the ring and the stables. I must finish these.

HE

The circus . . . the spangles . . . the ring, where I shall get knocked about . . . Come on, Briquet, let's go . . . until I feel the actual sawdust under my feet, I shan't believe it.

BRIQUET

All right. (Kisses Z.) Come on!

ZINAIDA

Half a mo'! HE, you're a clever man . . . perhaps you can explain . . .

HE

What?

ZINAIDA

Well -- I've got a man who looks after the cages . . . just an ordinary, low type sort of man . . . we don't really know anything about him . . . he only cleans the cages. He goes in and out without so much as looking at the lions . . . perfectly at home. Why d'you suppose that is? Nobody knows him . . . everybody knows me and everybody's terrified of my doing it, but . . . and he's quite stupid . . . you'll probably come across him -- but don't you think of going into the cages, my Sultan wouldn't half bash you about.

BRIQUET

(Displeased) Oh, don't go on about that, Zinaida.

ZINAIDA

(Laughing) Oh, all right. Well . . . you go on, oh, and Louis, send Bezano in. I want a word with him.

(H and B exit UC. Zinaida looks again at the card then hides it. She walks quickly up and down the room, stops and listens to the tango which ends abruptly. She stands motionless, staring at the dark door through which Bezano comes.)

BEZANO

(Enters UC.) D'you want me, Madame Zinaida, because I haven't much time. (Z looks at him silently. B flushes and frowns. Turns to go.)

ZINAIDA

Bezano! (He stops.) Bezano! People keep telling me you're in love with Consuela. Are you?

BEZANO

We work together.

ZINAIDA

(Pause) Alfred, tell me the truth. Are you in love with her?

BEZANO

(Looks straight into her eyes. Proudly.) I'm not in love with anybody. How could I be in love with Consuela? She's here today, and gone tomorrow. Her father might take her away. Anyhow, who am I? A jockey? My father was a cobbler in Milan. Consuela! . . . I can't even talk about it any more than my horses can. How could I love Consuela?

ZINAIDA

(Z starts slowly up.) Do you love me?

BEZANO

No. I told you that before.

ZINAIDA

Not even a little bit?

BEZANO

(Pause) I'm afraid of you.

ZINAIDA

(Represses a cry, controls herself and shuts her eyes.) Am I very frightening?

BEZANO

You're very beautiful -- like a queen, sort of. Almost as beautiful as Consuela. But I don't like your eyes. Your eyes order me to love you. And I don't like being ordered about. I'm afraid of you.

ZINAIDA

I'm not ordering you, Bezano. I'm begging.

BEZANO

Then why don't you look at me? I know why. You know yourself that your eyes can't beg. Lion tamer.

ZINAIDA

Sultan loves me. . . . I didn't hear anything.

BEZANO

Then why is he so sad? . . . or not.

ZINAIDA

Yesterday he licked my hand like a dog.

BEZANO

And today he would have torn you to pieces. He stares and stares out of his cage as though you were the only one he saw. He's afraid of you and he hates you. D'you want me to lick your hand like a dog?

(Laughs) I love? . . . I love you, Zinaida . . . I have I got the face of a lion.

ZINAIDA

No. (Passionately) I want to kiss your hand.

One could love a face.

BEZANO

(Severely) I'm ashamed when you say things like that.

That's because I'm happy because I've lost my

ZINAIDA

(Controlling herself.) No one should be so cruel to anyone as you are to me. (Crosses to level with him.) Alfred! I love you. No, I'm not ordering you. Look at me! I love you. (Pause. B starts to go.) Alfred . . . perhaps I shall

feel love . . . level . . . listening to his own heart with pretended . . . I can feel it!

BEZANO

Don't say it again ever. I don't like it. I shall have to pack up. When you say "love" it sounds like cracking a whip. It's disgusting. You know it is. (He turns and goes out. HE comes in.)

HE

Oh, I'm sorry . . . I . . . er . . . beg your pardon.

ZINAIDA

(Turns. Crosses quickly.) Nosy Parkering again . . .
d'you really want a smack?

HE

No. I just forgot my hat. I didn't hear anything.

ZINAIDA

I don't care if you did or not.

HE

May I take my hat? (Gets hat off sofa.)

ZINAIDA

Yes, if it's yours. HE -- could you love me?

HE

(Laughs) I? Love? Now look at me, Zinaida . . . Have
I got the face of a lover?

ZINAIDA

One could love a face like that.

HE

That's because I'm happy . . . because I've lost my
umbrella . . . because I'm drunk . . . because I'm not
drunk . . . Oh, I feel light-headed like a young girl at
her first ball . . . Oh, it's so lovely here. Hit me . . .
beat me . . . knock me about . . . I want to begin my part.
Perhaps it'll do something to my heart . . . perhaps I shall
feel love . . . love! (As if listening to his own heart
with pretended terror.) D'you know? I can feel it!
(In the circus the tango is played again.)

ZINAIDA

(Listening too.) Love for me?

HE

No. I don't know yet. Love for everybody. Listen!

They're dancing . . . Consuela is very beautiful! The boy's very beautiful, too. He looks like a Greek god . . . like a statue. Love! (A pause.)

Same scene. During the music and laughter are audible offstage.

ZINAIDA

HE?

Consuela and the Baron occupy the stage. Consuela is dressed for the performance with a shawl round her shoulders. The Baron stands in front of her, a tall

HE

rose in his buttonhole. Well apart, he gazes at her heavily with spider

What are your orders, Queen?

ZINAIDA

HE -- how can I make my lions love me?

(R of sofa.) Is it true your father has introduced you to Marquis Just? (Curtain)

CONSUELA

(On sofa.) No, he's joking. I've heard him talk about the Marquis, but I've never met him.

BARON

And do you know that your father is a charlatan?

CONSUELA

Oh, you mustn't say that . . . Daddy's such a dear.

BARON

Did you like the jewels?

CONSUELA

Oh, yes, they were lovely! I was very sorry when Daddy said I must send them back. He said it wouldn't be at all the thing to keep them. I cried.

BARON

Your father is a beggar and a charlatan.

CONSUELA

I don't think you ought to say such nasty things about him. He's . . .

ACT I: Scene ii

Same scene. During the show. Music and laughter are audible offstage.

Consuela and the Baron occupy the stage. Consuela is dressed for the performance, with a shawl round her shoulders. The Baron stands in front of her, a tall stout man in evening dress, a rose in his buttonhole. Grasping the ground with feet well apart, he gazes at her heavily with spiderlike eyes.

BARON

(R of sofa.) Is it true that your father has introduced you to Marquis Justi? A very rich man?

CONSUELA

(On sofa.) No, he's joking. I've heard him talk about the Marquis, but I've never met him.

BARON

And do you know that your father is a charlatan?

CONSUELA

Oh, you mustn't say that . . . Daddy's such a dear.

BARON

Did you like the jewels?

CONSUELA

Oh, yes, they were lovely! I was very sorry when Daddy said I must send them back. He said it wouldn't be at all the thing to keep them. I cried.

BARON

Your father is a beggar and a charlatan.

CONSUELA

I don't think you ought to say such nasty things about him. He's . . .

BARON

Let me kiss your hand. (He takes her hand.)

CONSUELA

No, no, it isn't done! When one says how do you do or good-by, yes. Not at any other time.

BARON

Everyone is in love with you. (He slowly crosses above sofa to L.) That's why you and your father think so much of yourselves. Who is this new clown called HE? I don't like him. There's something odd about him. Is he in love with you? I've caught him looking at you as . . .

CONSUELA

Of course not. He makes me die laughing. D'you know he got fifty-two slaps last night . . . we counted. Fifty-two! Daddy said, "Think if they'd been gold louis!"

BARON

(Sits beside C.) And Bezano, Consuela -- d'you like him?

CONSUELA

Oh, yes, very much. He's so handsome! HE says Bezano and me make the most beautiful couple in the whole world. He calls him Adam and me Eve. Adam and Eve, he calls us. But that's not nice actually, is it? But HE does go a bit too far, doesn't he . . . actually?

BARON

D'you have much conversation with HE?

CONSUELA

Oh, quite a lot really. But I don't understand him really. It's like as though he drank.

BARON

Consuela . . . that's Spanish . . . consolation. Your father's an ass. Consuela, I love you.

CONSUELA

Oh . . . well . . . you must talk that over with Daddy.

BARON

Your father's a rogue. He ought to be handed over to the police. I can't marry you.

CONSUELA

Daddy says you can.

BARON

No, I can't. And suppose I shoot myself? Consuela, you silly girl, I love you unbearably. I'm mad, I suppose. I ought to be behind bars. Why do I love you, Consuela?

CONSUELA

You'd better marry me, you know.

BARON

I've had a hundred beautiful women, but I simply didn't notice them. You're the first one I've ever really loved. I can't see any other girl but you. Does God make men fall in love? Or is it the Devil? In my case, obviously the Devil. Let me kiss your hand.

CONSUELA

No. (A pause.)

BARON

What are you thinking about now, Consuela? I suppose you do think?

CONSUELA

(Sighing) I don't know why, I just feel so sorry for Bezano. He's so kind when he teaches me; and his little room is so tiny.

BARON

Have you been to his room?

CONSUELA

No, HE told me about it. (Smiling.) Listen! Hear that noise? HE's getting knocked about. Poor thing! . . . it doesn't hurt, though, it isn't like real. The intermission is due soon.

BARON

(Throws away his cigar and falls to his knees in front of her.) Consuela!

CONSUELA

Please don't! . . . Do get up . . . Please, let go my hand . . .

BARON

Consuela!

CONSUELA

Please get up! It's disgusting. You're so fat! (C crosses UR. B gets up and crosses just above sofa. It is intermission. Applause and voices offstage. Clowns and actors rush in; there is much chatter, noise and movement, and congratulations for HE.)

POLLY

A hundred slaps! Well done, HE! Good for you!

JACKSON

Not bad. Not bad at all! You've made quite a hit.

TILLY

He was the Professor tonight, and we were the Boys. Here goes! (Gives him a clown's slap. Laughter and noise, greetings to the Baron, which he barely acknowledges. Enter Mancini. Crosses UC to Baron.)

MANCINI

Succès fou! . . . Ah, Baron, how are we? Succès fou! How the public does love to see the other chap getting knocked about. That's what they want! A whipping boy --

a scapegoat, eh? (Aside) Your knees are dusty, Baron; brush them, (Aloud) mmm . . . dust everywhere . . . Circus life! Consuela, my dear child, how are you? (General chatter. Drinks are brought in UR.)

CONSUELA

(Searching and calling.) Bezano! Alfred!

HE

Recognize me, Baron? (Crosses to him.)

BARON

Yes, I do.

HE

Oh?

BARON

You're the clown, HE.

HE

Right. He Who Gets Slapped. Forgive me asking, Baron, but you got your jewels back all right? (The Baron is very surprised.) I was asked to return them to you, so naturally I . . .

JACKSON

(Bringing HE a drink.) Have a wet, you've earned it. Believe me, ladies and gents, this young man will go far. I'm an old clown . . . I know my stuff . . . I know what people like . . . but today, my boy, you outshone even me. A cloud has covered my sun. They're sick of back-chat . . . tired of talky-talk. It's knockabout they want . . . slapstick, slapstick every time. They long for someone to get knocked about . . . they yearn for someone to get knocked about . . . they dream about it when they get home. Chin chin, HE. He took as many slaps as . . . oh . . . made his century.

TILLY

Bet you he didn't.

POLLY

Bet you he did.

TILLY

I'll count next time.

VOICE

The front rows weren't laughing.

JACKSON

Of course not. They're too near. They were laughing all right up in the gods. The gods are the right distance away. Skoal, HE!

HE

Skoal! But Jackson, look here, you cut me . . . you didn't let me finish my speech, you butted in just as I was getting going. (Briquet enters UC. Crosses down to H.)

JACKSON

Putting your foot in it, old boy. Politics -- all right -- manners -- all right -- but religion -- never touch it. Take it from me, my boy, I just shut you up in time -- didn't I, Papa Briquet?

BRIQUET

Mais certainement . . . of course. Where do you think you are, HE? This isn't a college.

TILLY

(Defending HE.) But still . . . to cut in on a person's gag . . . I mean . . .

BRIQUET

(Piously) The point is, a person has no business to say the kind of things that need shutting up unless they happen to be drun. . . I'll have a drink.

VOICE

Drink for the boss!

BRIQUET

Not pleased with you tonight, HE. Trying to be clever at the expense of the audience. They don't like it. It's not what they pay for. (Drinks) Bottoms up! No -- what they want is a good clean slap -- biff! bang! crash! They like that, it's nice. It makes them laugh, and then they'll love you. But that clever-clever stuff of yours -- well, it's not nice, it's nasty.

HE

They laughed.

BRIQUET

On the wrong side of their faces.

JACKSON

Just what I tell him. Bit more of that, and you'll get them ugly.

BEZANO

(Enters UC. Calls to C from top of stairs.) Oh, there you are, Consuela -- I've been looking for you. Come on!
(They exit, followed by the Baron.)

HE

But listen . . . times have changed . . . audiences have changed . . .

JACKSON

Here, what's the idea -- teaching me my business?

HE

Oh, no, Jackson -- don't be angry. After all, it's a sort of game isn't it? -- the most wonderful sort of game -- glorious! One goes on -- into the ring -- there's music -- there are the people -- Lord, what a house! And there's me,

in my make-up, feeling fine. It's like a dream. You can hide behind all this -- (indicating costume and mask.) and you can act -- free to do anything, free to say anything . . . like being drunk. Oh, surely you understand? (To Jackson.) Tonight, I was a philosopher, a great man . . . I walked like this -- (Crosses DC, imitating.) I told them how wise I was, how great -- superlatively great -- how God lives in me, how high I stood above the earth, how glory shone about my head and then -- and then -- and then you slapped me in the face, Jim, and there was an enormous laugh, so I said to you, "What are they laughing at?" and you gave me another, and then after you'd hit me a dozen times, I suddenly said, "I do believe the Vice-Chancellor wants me at the College!" (Jackson boxes his ears. Laughter. Holding face.) Here! Why did you do that?

JACKSON

Because you asked for it. Trying it on us. Save that stuff for the customers. (A bell rings. All exit UC chattering, except He and Mancini.)

BRIQUET

Come on, boys . . . Act two, please! Act two beginners, please . . .

MANCINI

You're not on in this, are you?

HE

No. This is my wait.

MANCINI

Want a word with you.

BRIQUET

(Offstage) Beginners, act two . . . all on, please . . . (Music from the direction of the ring.)

MANCINI

HE, you've got something my ancestors never had.

HE

Oh?

MANCINI

Yes. Money. Let's have another on you. (Orders drinks from waiter who is clearing up glasses and debris left by the crowd.)

HE

(Sits on SL sofa.)

You look depressed, Mancini. (Stretches -- tired.) Oh dear -- I'm tired -- a bit old for getting knocked about -- a hundred slaps at my age! Yes, you look down in the mouth. How are things going with that girl of yours -- out by the gasworks?

MANCINI

Terrible . . . difficult . . . complications . . . (Sits on stool.) Parents!

HE

Prison?

MANCINI

Prison! HE, I'm joking, but there's tragedy in my heart. You understand me, but even you can't explain this passion . . . it'll be the end of me. Why can't I like the things that are allowed? Even at the moment of my ecstasy I'm conscious of the law . . . the policeman's always waiting to tap me on the shoulder. Oh, dear!

HE

Can't you settle things somehow?

MANCINI

Can't I get money somehow?

HE

What about the Baron?

MANCINI

Oh, that! Just biding his time, the old bloodsucker. He'll get what he wants too. One of these days you'll see me give him Consuela for ten thousand francs -- or five.

HE

Cheap!

MANCINI

Did I say it wasn't? You know those jewels -- well, when I sent them back -- damn honesty! -- I didn't even tinker with the diamonds.

HE

Why not?

MANCINI

Don't tell me he wouldn't weigh them.

HE

He won't marry her.

MANCINI

Oh, yes, he will. I know him. There've been heaps of women before, but this is the first time he's ever been in love. Devil take him with those big cars! Have you seen that car?

HE

Yes. Let the jockey have Consuela.

MANCINI

Bezano? (Laughs) Nonsense! Oh, I know, it's all that stuff about Adam and Eve. But -- please -- no. Clever, of course, mais pas convenable.

HE

Or let me have her.

MANCINI

Are you a millionaire? I'll thank you not to try to be funny. They say the prisons in this country are frightful -- frightful, and no discrimination of any kind made between people of one's own class -- decent people -- and just riff-raff. Are you laughing at me?

HE

No.

MANCINI

(Angry) One can't tell -- made up like that.

HE

He won't marry her. It's obvious. What is Consuela? She's completely uneducated. She talks like a char. You'd take her for a char -- except on horseback, of course. Don't you think she's very silly? (Nonchalantly)

MANCINI

No. And you are. What does a woman want to be educated for? You amaze me! Consuela is an unpolished jewel. And only a donkey could fail to notice her sparkle. (Confidentially) D'you know what happened? I tried to polish her.

HE

I know . . . you got a tutor. Well?

MANCINI

(Nodding his head.) Alarming! (Crosses, sits on sofa.) Went too fast. Had to sack him. Another month, and she would have kicked me out. Those old diamond merchants in Amsterdam are clever. They keep their precious stones unpolished and fool the thieves. My father taught me that.

HE

The sleep of the diamond. So it is only sleeping. You know a thing or two, Mancini.

MANCINI

The women of Italy! . . . Do you know what blood it is that flows in their veins? The blood of Hannibal . . . of a Medici . . . of a Borgia . . . of a dirty Lombardy peasant . . . of a Moor. In her all forms are possible, as in our marble. Strike here -- out springs a washerwoman! Strike there -- a sloppy street girl with a screeching voice! Strike their -- but gently, gently -- for there rises a queen. A goddess -- the Venus of the capitol, who sings like a Stradivarius to draw tears from the eyes. An Italian woman is . . .

HE

And what will the Baron make of her?

MANCINI

A baroness. But there is a fly in the ointment.

HE

Oh?

MANCINI

Yes. What will become of me? A year after the wedding -- within a year, a little year, I shan't be allowed into their kitchen. (Crosses L.) Think of it! I! Count Mancini -- and she no more than the simplest, vulgarest, little . . . oh!

HE

What? You aren't her father?

MANCINI

Damme, I'm not myself today. Heavens! Not her father? Can't you see the likeness -- the eyes, the mouth -- (Suddenly sighing. Crosses back to sofa and sits.) Oh, my dear sir, how unhappy I am! Here am I -- a nobleman -- almost beaten in my struggle to uphold the honor of my name; and there -- out in the audience -- sits that old beast, that old elephant, that old spider, staring, staring at Consuela . . . But he must, he shall marry her. Nous verrons. All my life I have been preparing for this battle.

HE

And when do you think . . . (Stops and listens. Pause and silence from the ring.) Funny silence! Very quiet out there!

MANCINI

(Indifferently) Is it? It may be quiet out there, but here (touching his head) here there is a storm, a whirlwind. Shall I tell you a funny thing -- a freak of nature? For three centuries the Counts Mancini have had no children.

HE

Then how were you born?

MANCINI

Ssh! That is the secret of our sainted mothers. We are too fastidious to trouble ourselves with a matter that a peasant can manage better. (Thomas enters UR.) Yes? The manager is on the stage.

THOMAS

(Crossing toward M.) I've been sent round from the front with this. It's from the Baron Regnard. (Gives letter.)

MANCINI

(Crosses quickly to T.) Is he waiting for an answer?

THOMAS

No; he's gone.

MANCINI

(Nervously opening note.) Oh, my God! My God!

HE

(To Thomas, who is on his way out.) Where have they got to in the show?

THOMAS

Madame Zinaida and her lions. (He exits.)

HE

What on earth's the matter with you?

MANCINI

What? What? (Dances about gaily.) That's what!

HE

Oh, come on -- tell me!

MANCINI

Give me ten francs, quick -- it's in the bag. Listen, HE, if by the end of the month I've not got a car of my own -- bigger than the Baron's -- you can slap my face! (Briquet enters from UC, crosses to CS.)

HE

What's the matter, Papa? What is it? (Crosses to B.)

BRIQUET

I can't bear it! . . . I can't!

HE

What is it? Are you ill?

BRIQUET

I can't watch it! Why does she do it? Oh, she must give up this act! She's mad! Oh, I couldn't watch it. HE, those lions'll tear her to pieces.

MANCINI

Pull yourself together, Briquet! She does it every night. Don't be a baby. Ought to be ashamed of yourself.

BRIQUET

No. This time she's mad. And what's the matter with the audience? Not a sound -- still as death! I couldn't stand it. Listen! What's that? (All listen. Silence.)

MANCINI

I'll go and see. (Starts UC.)

BRIQUET

(Yelling) No! Don't! You're not to . . . Oh, God, what a profession! You mustn't look at her. You mustn't look at those awful, awful lions! It's wicked to look at things like that. I ran away. HE, they'll tear her to pieces.

HE

That's all right. You keep quiet, Papa Briquet, and you'll be all right in a minute. What a fuss to make! You'll be all right -- have a drink. Mancini, get him a drink.

BRIQUET

No, I don't want one. (Pause) If only it would end! Never in all my born days . . . (Thunderous applause. The men on stage relax.)

MANCINI

There you are, you see. It's all right.

BRIQUET

(Laughing and crying) I'll never let her do it again. . . never . . . never . . . not if I live to be a --

HE

Ssh! Here she is. (Z enters UC. Distraught -- like a mad Victory. All behave as if afraid of her. She crosses to SC. Tilly and Polly follow, later Consuela and Bezano.)

BRIQUET

(Crossing to her.) You've gone mad! You're a madwoman!

ZINAIDA

No. No . . . I'm not mad. Were you watching? Well?

TILLY

Pull yourself together, Zinaida.

ZINAIDA

Were you watching too?

BRIQUET

(To Z.) Come home . . . time you came home . . . (To the others.) You can all carry on here. (To Z.) Come home, Zinaida.

POLLY

You can't go, Papa, you've got to lock up.

ZINAIDA

(Laughing happily.) Oh, Bezano, Bezano . . . Alfred! Did you see? My lions do love me? (Bezano does not answer, exits UR. Z wilts and grows pale. Briquet bends low over her.)

BRIQUET

Fetch a chair, someone! (T gets chair, someone calls for brandy.) What is the matter, my darling? (Old waiter brings brandy.)

MANCINI

(Running about.) She must be kept quiet! Clear out -- all of you . . . clear out! I'll arrange everything, Papa Briquet . . . leave everything to me. Her shawl -- where's her shawl? She's cold.

TILLY

(Talking baby talk.) Would you like some pretty music?

MANCINI

(Giving her brandy.) Drink . . . Duchess . . . drink. (Zinaida drinks it as though it were water. Consuela falls on her knees in front of Zinaida.)

CONSUELA

Oh, my darling . . . you are cold . . . your poor dear little hands . . . oh, my darling . . .

ZINAIDA

(Pushing her away gently.) Home . . . I'll soon be all right . . . it's nothing really . . . I'm very . . . Home . . . You stay here, Briquet . . . you must. I'm all right.

CONSUELA

Have my shawl. Are you cold?

ZINAIDA

No.

BRIQUET

Oh, Zinaida! Why do you do it? Why do you want those awful lions to love you? It's all that terrible reading and that . . . things we aren't meant to know. (To HE.) Do you understand, HE? You read books too -- you try to explain to her, she might listen to you. Tell her wild beasts can't love human beings . . . they don't . . . they can't -- can they? Except in olden times . . . magic . . . gods and goddesses and that. You talk to her.

HE

(Kindly) Well, I think they can only love their own kind. (Gently) And I must say I think the same thing applies to us.

BRIQUET

Yes, yes. Of course . . . stands to reason. Law of nature. Anything else would be . . . well . . . not natural, wouldn't it, HE?

HE

Yes, I think you're right, Briquet.

BRIQUET

(Kindly) There, you see, you dear silly woman . . . we all agree.

MANCINI

Oh, Mon Dieu, Briquet . . . forcing your illiterate point of view on a cultivated woman!

ZINAIDA

(Faint smile.) I'm all right now.

BRIQUET

My darling!

ZINAIDA

Don't fuss, Louis, I'm going home.

BRIQUET

Can you manage alone?

MANCINI

Churl! And shall Count Mancini desert a woman in distress? I, Count Mancini, shall escort her home. Set your boorish heart at rest. I shall escort her. Thomas! -- a conveyance! Madam's cloak, someone! Out of the way, Briquet! You are as clumsy as a hippopotamus! There, there, gently does it! (To Consuela.) I shall return for you, my child. (All exit UR except HE and Consuela. Laughter and shrieks from the ring. Consuela unconsciously strikes an affected pose, sits on sofa.)

HE

Consuela!

CONSUELA

What? . . . dear HE . . .

HE

Where did you learn to look like that? You look like a statue . . . you look like Psyche . . .

CONSUELA

I don't know -- (Sighs) It's a sad night tonight, isn't it, HE?

HE

Mm. (Sits on stool.)

CONSUELA

Are you sorry for Zinaida?

HE

What did she do? *How beautiful you are, Consuela.*

CONSUELA

Oh, I didn't watch. I shut my eyes all the time. Alfred says she is a cruel woman, but she isn't. She has ever such nice eyes and tiny hands . . . but they're always cold, like as though she was dead, actually. What does she do it all for? Alfred says it's all right when she's just brave and doesn't get sort of excited, but that when she's sort of excited it's kind of disgusting. Is that true, HE?

HE

Of course! That's all I and I are waiting for.
Eddy said yesterday he thinks the Marx's as good as
 She's in love with Alfred. *Yes, of course, but I'll be his*
loyal and faithful wife. Eddy wants to teach me to play
the piano.

CONSUELA

(Surprised) Bezano? My Alfred? Does she love the same way as other people?

HE

Yes -- but a bit more, perhaps.

CONSUELA

Of course . . . why ever
 Alfred? No, that's nonsense. (Pause) That's a marvelous costume, HE -- did you think it out yourself?

HE

Jackson helped me.

CONSUELA

(Moves closer to HE.)
Everybody goes on
talking about love. Even Eddy. Eddy Linalda being in
 Jackson is so kind. All clowns are kind. *evening?*

HE

I'm not. I'm horrid.

CONSUELA

(Laughs) Oh, no! You're not! You're the kindest of them all. Oh dear! Alfred and me are on soon. Will you watch me?

I tried a make-up like **HE** once, but I only made over such a mess. I wonder why women can't be shown? You Of course. I always do. How beautiful you are, Consuela.

CONSUELA

Like Eve? happy tonight. Give me your hand, Consuela --

HE

Yes. If the Baron asks you to marry him, will you say yes?

CONSUELA

Of course! That's all Daddy and I are waiting for. Daddy said yesterday he thinks the Baron's as good as in the bag. I don't love him, of course, but I'll be his loyal and faithful wife. Daddy wants to teach me to play the piano.

HE

His loyal and faithful wife. Did you make that up yourself?

CONSUELA

Of course . . . why ever not? Poor thing . . . he loves me ever so much. **HE**, darling --

HE

Mm?

CONSUELA

(Moves closer to **HE**.) **HE**, what is love? Everybody goes on talking about love. Even Zinaida. Fancy Zinaida being in love! Poor Madame! Hasn't this been a sad evening?

HE

Hmm?

CONSUELA

Did you paint that expression on your face yourself? (He nods.) I don't know how you do it, all of you . . .

I tried a make-up like that once, but I only made ever such a mess. I wonder why women can't be clowns? You are quiet, HE. D'you feel sad too?

HE

No, I feel happy tonight. Give me your hand, Consuela -- I want to read it.

CONSUELA

Oh, can you? You clever thing! But don't you just make up a lot of stuff like the gypsies . . . D'you see good luck in it? (They both bend over her hand.)

HE

Yes, there is good luck in it, but . . . Hullo! This is funny! Ah, Consuela! What have we here? (Acting) I tremble! I do not dare foretell! . . .

CONSUELA

Oh, don't be so silly!

HE

. . . foretell the fateful signs . . .

CONSUELA

What do the stars say?

HE

This is what the stars say . . . but their voices are faint and far away, and their light is pale like the ghosts of young girls. They've cast their spell on you, Consuela, beautiful Consuela, and you stand at the threshold of eternity.

CONSUELA

I don't understand. Does it mean I shall live a long time?

HE

Yes . . . look how far this line goes. Consuela, you will live forever.

Oh, HE! (laughs)

CONSUELA

There, you see, you are lying -- you're no better than a gypsy!

HE

But it's written here -- look, silly -- here is eternal life. Love and glory. Listen to Jupiter! He says, "Goddess, thou must not marry anyone born of mankind" -- and Consuela, if you marry the Baron -- you'll be lost . . . and you'll die.

CONSUELA

Will he gobble me up?

HE

No. You'll die before he's had time to gobble you up.

CONSUELA

And what's going to happen to Daddy? Isn't there anything about him? (She laughs and softly sings the waltz that is being played offstage.)

HE

Don't mock the stars, Consuela. Their spell is powerful and dark. Your fate is decreed. Even Alfred whom you love in your heart of hearts cannot save you. He is a god too -- a lost god. He is locked in a deep sleep. He is a lost god who can never find his way to happiness again. Forget Bezano.

CONSUELA

I don't understand a word . . . there aren't gods really, are there? My tutor told me about them, but he said it was all myths or something . . . Fancy my Alfred being a god! (She laughs.)

HE

Forget him, Consuela, I am the only one who can save you.

CONSUELA

Oh, HE! (laughs)

HE

Look, there's my name written on your hand.

CONSUELA

Is He Who Gets Slapped written down too?

HE

Yes. The stars know everything. But look . . . this is about me too. Consuela, welcome me . . . I am an old god in disguise. I have come down to earth to love you, just to love you, silly little Consuela.

CONSUELA

What a funny god! (Laughing, she starts to stand but HE pulls her down.)

HE

No, don't laugh. The gods don't like it. The gods get sad and die when they're not believed in. Oh, Consuela, my love, my joy, welcome this god! Listen! One day -- a man found that his soul was sublime, and he went mad. He trembled with an anguish not of this earth and he realized the immense loneliness of the divine soul.

CONSUELA

I don't even know what language you're talking.

HE

The language that will awaken the sleeping jewel. Consuela, welcome your god who was pitched from the height like a stone . . . who came to earth to live -- to act -- to be everlastingly drunk with happiness. Hail, Goddess! (Kisses her hand.)

CONSUELA

Oh, don't . . . let go my hand. Do stop reading my hand.

HE

Sleep. And when you wake, remember. Remember the time

when you rose from the sea. The blue sea and the foam. Remember the sky and the quiet breeze from the east and the murmur of spray at your marble feet.

CONSUELA

(With her eyes shut.) I seem to remember . . . go on.

HE

(Takes her by both hands and leads her to C.) Don't you see the waves breaking? Don't you remember how the mermaids sang their songs, their happy songs? The mermaids shining blue in the blue waters. Can't you hear the sun singing? Singing like a golden harp? Can't you see the hand of God spreading light and love over the world? Can't you see the mountains in their blue cloud of incense singing their praise? Remember, Consuela . . . remember the mountains . . . remember the sea . . . (Pause, commanding her.) Remember, Consuela.

CONSUELA

(Opening her eyes.) Oh, HE, I was feeling so happy and now I've forgotten it all. No, not quite all . . . go on . . . tell me again . . . it sort of hurts. I can hear sort of talking . . . no sort of singing, saying "Consuela" . . . Go on, HE. (Pause. The tempestuous gallop heard from the ring. Pause.) Oh, HE -- that's Alfred galloping! That's his tune!

HE

(Furiously) Forget Alfred! I love you, Consuela. You are the inspiration of my heart . . . I love you! (She hits him.) What -- !

CONSUELA

(Angry) You've forgotten who you are . . . You're He Who Gets Slapped . . . (HE turns away, head lowered.) a god who gets slapped . . . perhaps they slapped you out of heaven.

HE

(Turns back quickly.) Stop! I haven't finished acting.

CONSUELA

Oh, then you were acting! You did it so well you quite took me in.

HE

I'm the funny man who gets slapped in the face.

CONSUELA

You're not cross with me for hitting you? I didn't want to -- not really -- but you were so ridiculous ... but now you're all right again. You're very clever -- or are you drunk?

HE

Hit me again.

CONSUELA

No.

HE

I can't act unless you do.

CONSUELA

(Touches him gently.) There!

HE

Don't you know that you're a queen and I'm a jester? And don't you know that all queens have fools, and that their fools always love them and always get beaten for it?

CONSUELA

Do they?

HE

Of course. Beauty has a fool. So has Wisdom -- her court is full of fools, and the sound of whipping never stops all through the night. But no fool was ever given so sweet a slap as you've just given me. He Who Gets Slapped has no rival . . . (Someone appears at the door. HE notices and acts more exaggeratedly. Crying loudly, he falls on his knees.) Have pity on me! I am only a poor jester!

(Enter UC an Athlete and a Gentleman from the audience. The Gentleman is very comme il faut and carries a hat.)

CONSUELA

(Embarrassed) That's enough, HE . . . people are listening!

HE

(Getting up.) Who dares to enter the palace of my queen?

CONSUELA

You've made me feel better. I'm not so sad. Good-by! I'll write you a little note! (Exits UC.)

ATHLETE

(Laughing) This is a knockabout man, sir . . . oh, he is a one! HE, this gentleman wants to see you.

HE

At your service, sir. (The Athlete exits UC. The two men approach each other.)

GENTLEMAN

So here you are.

HE

Yes, here I am.

GENTLEMAN

I can hardly recognize you, my dear . . . (About to speak his name.)

HE

(Fiercely cutting in.) HE. That's my name. I haven't any other name. He Who Gets Slapped. And while you're here, don't forget it.

GENTLEMAN

(Expressing surprise at his manner.) Your manner has certainly changed!

(Curtain)

HE

It's how we all behave here. Take it or leave it. (Cross L)

GENTLEMAN

(Humbly) Have you forgiven me?

HE

(After a pause, turns to G.) Have you brought my wife here, too?

GENTLEMAN

Oh, no, I'm alone.

HE

Have you parted already?

GENTLEMAN

No. We have a son. After you disappeared so suddenly, leaving that insulting letter . . .

HE

(Crossing toward G.) Insulting? Can you still feel insulted? What brought you here? Were you looking for me, or is it just chance?

GENTLEMAN

I've been searching for you -- for six months -- all over the place -- and tonight, just by chance, I happened to come to the circus. We must talk it over . . . don't you think perhaps . . . we must.

HE

(Pause) Der Doppelganger -- the specter that can't be laid. (Pause) Talk things over! Very well. Leave your address at the stage door, and I'll let you know when I can see you. Now you must go. (Proudly) I'm busy. (The Gentleman bows and goes out. He does not return the bow but stands with outstretched hand in the pose of a great man who shows a boring visitor to the door.

(Curtain)

ACT II: Scene 1

Same scene. Morning, before rehearsal. HE is walking thoughtfully up and down the room. The Gentleman enters UC. HE does not see him.

GENTLEMAN

(Stepping forward.) Good morning.

HE

(Turning round absent-mindedly.) Oh it's you.

GENTLEMAN

Am I early? I don't seem to be expected . . . (Comes down the stairs.) Am I disturbing you? . . . You made this appointment yourself so . . .

HE

Let's get down to business.

GENTLEMAN

(Looking round with distress.) I would have thought you would have asked me somewhere else . . . your home . . .

HE

This is my home.

GENTLEMAN

But we will be disturbed.

HE

All the more reason for getting it over. Well?

GENTLEMAN

(After a pause.) May I sit down?

HE

Of course . . . mind! That one's broken.

GENTLEMAN

(Afraid, pushes the chair away and looks helplessly round. Everything seems to him dangerous and strange. HE watches him indifferently. G sits on bench UC.) You look even more extraordinary dressed like that. Yesterday it was a dream . . . but today . . .

HE

I told you my name, my name is HE.

GENTLEMAN

Must you be offensive?

HE

Yes. Well?

GENTLEMAN

(Looking round.) I hardly know . . . everything here is so . . . these glaring lights . . . all those animals, I saw them when I was looking for you . . . this smell . . . this junk . . . and you! A clown! You in a circus . . . it's scarcely credible. Yet, when all our friends said you were dead, I was the only one that didn't agree, something told me you were alive . . . Still in these surroundings it is scarcely credible.

HE

(Crossing to LC.) You said you had a son. Is he like me?

GENTLEMAN

Like you?

HE

Yes. Women often have children by a new husband who look like the old one. Has that happened to you? (Laughs)
And your book is a great success I hear?

GENTLEMAN

I don't know what you mean.

HE

(Ironically) Don't you? Never mind. Why did you try to find me?

GENTLEMAN

My conscience . . .

HE

(Crosses a little to G.) Surely you haven't a conscience. Or did you think you hadn't taken quite everything I had? I've nothing left now . . . except my clown's get-up . . . not quite your style. Get out.

GENTLEMAN

(Stands, crosses to H.) You can't forgive me, that your wife. . .

HE

To hell with my wife.

GENTLEMAN

Really! (Sound of whip cracking and puppy crying.) What's that.

HE

A dog being taught new tricks. (G winces.) Yes, the process of learning is sometimes painful.

GENTLEMAN

(Crosses DL by stool.) It's so difficult for me . . . it's so difficult to talk here . . . in these surroundings. If you cared so little for your wife, who loved you and thought you a saint, why did you take such a drastic step? Running away and hiding here? (Hypocritically) I know it's not entirely deserved. I suppose you want to take your revenge by embarrassing us with your degradation. But why are you jealous of my success? You were always so indifferent to applause . . . or was your indifference just an act? And when I, a more successful rival . . .

HE

(Laughs) Rival? . . . you!

GENTLEMAN

But my book!

HE

(Crosses to G.) Are you still talking to me about your book?

GENTLEMAN

I'm so unhappy.

HE

Why?

GENTLEMAN

(Sits on sofa.) Please, will you forgive me? I am incurably . . . irrevocably unhappy.

HE

Why? . . . Your book is an immense success . . . you are famous . . . every dirty rag of a newspaper is full of you and your notions. And who knows me? Who can cope with my highfalutin philosophies? You take my ideas and make them popular by making them vulgar. And then, as Jackson says, you knock them cold. I feel as though I was walking down a long corridor lined with distorting mirrors . . . all reflecting an image of myself. You are a distorted image of me, your ideas are a distortion of mine. Your son -- he's like me, isn't he? My image distorted. How ugly my son must be if he's like me. Why are you unhappy? You haven't been found out yet . . . but how can you be found out? You're always within the law . . . The only reason you're tormenting yourself about my wife is that you're not legally married to her . . . Marry her, I'm dead. Or isn't my wife enough? D'you want my ideas? D'you want my fame? Keep them! I bequeath them to you, my lawful heir . . . I am dead . . . and dying I forgave you. (Makes a stupidly pious face and then bursts out laughing. The G raises his head, stands, and bending forward looks straight into HE's eyes.)

you try to smother your **GENTLEMAN** and you follow in my foot-
 steps, but in the wrong direction. . . . (Crosses R.) Yes,
 What about my pride?

HE

Pride! . . . don't come so near me . . . And to think
 that once I was really fond of you and thought a lot of
 you . . . my shadow!

GENTLEMAN

I am your shadow.

HE

(Mocking him.) Oh, you're wonderful! Listen . . . tell
 me . . . truthfully . . . do you hate me?

GENTLEMAN

Yes. With all the hatred there is in the world. Sit
 down.

HE

Are those your orders? (He sits on stool.) Don't you

GENTLEMAN

Yes. Thank you. I hate you. I am respected and famous.
 I have a wife and son. (Laughs bitterly.) But my wife
 loves you. Your genius is our favorite topic. We talk
 about you even in bed. We love you even in bed. (He
 grimaces.) It is for me to wince. Yes, my son will be
 like you . . . When I want to rest from my ordinary work
 and go to my desk to my own books and my own pen, I find
 you there . . . I can never get away from you. Even at
 night, when I'm left to my own thoughts . . . in my wretch-
 ed brain I'm haunted by your image.

HE

(Speaking slowly.) This is rich. The robber turns out to
 be the victim. The robber weeps and wails because he
 can't enjoy the fruits of the crime. (Stands, faces G.)
 You are not my shadow -- I'll tell you what you are -- you
 are the mob. You live on my ideas and you hate me. My
 breath is stifling you . . . you're choking with hatred and

you try to smother your pride, but you follow in my foot-
 steps, but in the wrong direction . . . (Crosses R.) yes,
 this is rich. (Walking about, smiling.) Tell me, would
 it be easier for you if I were to die?

GENTLEMAN

Yes. But you don't look like a man who . . . otherwise,
 would you? She's a good girl.

HE

Yes . . . death . . . of course . . .

You'd talk like an elephant, you're an ant. (They exit
 DR. playing.)

GENTLEMAN

Do sit down.

Are these your colleagues? HE by extraordinary.

HE

All right. (Gets chair by desk and sits to L of it.)
 Well?

Nothing here is ordinary.

GENTLEMAN

Of course I daren't ask you to die, but you won't ever
 come back, will you? Don't laugh. (Approaches He and
 tries to take his hands, with abasement.) Won't you
 forgive me?

HE

(Stands) Don't touch me . . . get out. (Enter Tilly and
 Polly UR, playing as in first act. For a long time they
 do not see the two men.)

TILLY

Oh! Good morning, HE. (T crosses to HE and G crosses
 DR.) We're rehearsing . . . March of the Ants. Polly's
 got no ear . . .

(Listening to strains of music heard offstage.) What
 question?

HE

For the benefit?

Please tell me . . . will POLLY ever come back?

POLLY

Yes. I bet you've got something new up your sleeve?
 (Crosses to T.) You are a dark horse . . . Consuela told us
 you were rehearsing something. She's going soon.

HE

Really?

TILLY

Zinaida told us. She wouldn't get a benefit otherwise, would she? She's a good girl.

POLLY

Don't walk like an elephant, you're an ant. (They exit UC, playing.)

GENTLEMAN

Are these your colleagues? Very extraordinary.

HE

Nothing here is ordinary.

GENTLEMAN

You used to be so well turned out, (Indicates his clothing.) and look at you!

HE

(Looking at himself.) Why, it's pretty! There's the rehearsal beginning . . . (starts UC.) You must go now . . . you're in the way.

GENTLEMAN

But you haven't answered my question. (Crosses to H.)

HE

(Listening to strains of Tango heard offstage.) What question?

GENTLEMAN

Please tell me . . . will you ever come back?

HE

(Listening to music.) Never. Never. Never.

GENTLEMAN

Thank you. (Gets up, starts to go but stops.) I'm going.

HE

Never. Never. Never. Yes, go and don't come back, you have your uses there . . . but not here.

GENTLEMAN

But supposing something happens to you . . . you're quite a strong man, but in these surroundings . . . accidents might happen . . . how shall I find out? Do they know your name here?

HE

No. But you will find out . . . anything else?

GENTLEMAN

Can I be sure? Are you speaking the truth?

HE

Yes, yes. Never. (Takes G to UR door.)

GENTLEMAN

May I come to the circus sometimes?

HE

Of course. You're the public . . . but don't ask for free seats. Why do you want to come? Are you fond of the circus?

GENTLEMAN

I want to watch you. Perhaps I shall understand. I know you well enough to think you must be here for a reason. . . but what? (Looks short-sightedly at HE. HE grimaces and thumbs his nose.) What?!! (Offended) What's that?

HE

My reason . . . Good-by, Marquis, my regards to your esteemed consort and charming son. (Mancini enters UC.)

MANCINI

(Descends stairs and crosses to H and G.) You revel in your part, HE! Whenever I turn up you're acting away . . . a glutton for work!

HE

(Introducing.) The Marquis of Chateau Nowhere -- Count Mancini.

MANCINI

(Preening) Delighted! D'you know this eccentric, Marquis? (Touching HE patronizingly with his cane.) Hasn't he got an attractive little phiz?

GENTLEMAN

(Embarrassed) Yes, I have had the pleasure. (Going) Delighted to have . . .

MANCINI

(Crossing to sofa.) Delighted . . .

HE

(Showing him out.) Take care, Marquis . . . it's dark in the passage . . . there are some steps . . . unfortunately it's not possible for me to see you out.

GENTLEMAN

(Quietly) Won't you shake hands? We shan't ever meet again.

HE

There's no need . . . I hope to meet you -- in the Kingdom of Heaven . . . You'll be there, won't you?

GENTLEMAN

(Disdainfully) How you have changed . . . You are a clown!

HE

I am He Who Gets Slapped. Good-by, Marquis.

GENTLEMAN

Good-by. (Looking HE in the eyes. Very quietly.) Are you mad?

HE

(Just as quietly. His eyes wide open.) I'm afraid you were never so right in your life. I am mad. (He shows him out, with a big, affected gesture, a sweep of his hand and arm from his head to the floor. Laughs.) Marquis, au revoir! (The Gentleman goes out. HE comes skipping back and takes a pose next to M.) Mancini! Let us dance the Tango! Mancini! I adore you!

MANCINI

(Sits on sofa, plays with cane.) You forget yourself! You are a dark horse, old boy, but I always guessed you were a person of one's own class . . . you're so easy to talk to. Is this Marquis the genuine article?

HE

Absolutely hallmarked, like you.

MANCINI

A pleasant face! But at first I took him for an undertaker. Oh, HE! When shall I say farewell to these dirty walls and Papa Briquet and these silly posters and these common jockeys?

HE

Soon now.

MANCINI

Oh, HE! I wilt in this milieu . . . I'm turning into a horse myself . . . you know what high society means . . . one is adequately dressed . . . one goes to receptions . . . one indulges in witty exchanges . . . one plays occasional baccarat -- without cheating! (Laughs)

HE

And in the evening one slinks out to the suburbs where one is considered a man of honorable intentions.

MANCINI

And picks someone up? (Laughs) I'll wear a black silk mask and footmen shall follow me to guard me from hoi polloi . . . look, HE! Look at my stiletto! D'you think it ever had blood on it?

HE

(Acting sham fright.) Oh!

MANCINI

Ass!

HE

What about that girl out by the gas works?

MANCINI

The parents are completely satisfied . . . but completely. They bless my name. (Laughs.) Apropos . . . what make of car d'you think the best? Money no object! (Briquet enters UC, crosses to desk. M crosses to B, they shake hands. HE sits on SL.) Ah, Papa Briquet!

BRIQUET

Well, Mancini, you've got your farewell benefit for Consuela at last. But only because Zinaida . . .

MANCINI

It's done you a good turn too . . . the Baron's bought up all the grand circle -- every reservable seat. What more do you want?

BRIQUET

I've got very fond of Consuela . . . very sorry to part with her. Don't know why she's leaving . . . she's got honest work . . . good friends . . . the atmosphere . . . what more does she want?

MANCINI

She doesn't. But I do. (Laughs) I asked you to give her a raise, Stingy! And now, Director, will you change me a thousand-franc note?

BRIQUET

(Sighing, turns to desk.) All right. Give it me.

MANCINI

(Nonchalantly) Tomorrow . . . I left it at home. (All laugh.) We're going to motor out to the Baron's villa today -- they say it's tout à fait the thing.

HE

(Sits up.) What for? CONSUELA

MANCINI

Oh, the whim of a billionaire! He wants to show Consuela his hothouse roses and he wants to show me his cellar. He's calling for us here. (Consuela enters UC, almost crying, crosses to M. H stands.) What's the matter, my little Consuela?

CONSUELA

Oh, Daddy! It's Alfred! He mustn't . . . he's no business to shout at me . . . he nearly hit me with the whip . . .

MANCINI

(Blazing) Briquet! I call on you as Director . . . what are these? Stable manners? . . . To strike my daughter with a horse whip? Some jockey! I am outraged!

CONSUELA

Oh, Daddy. Don't create . . . ! (M starts UC.)

BRIQUET

I'll speak to him.

CONSUELA

(Stops M.) Oh, please don't . . . Alfred didn't mean to . . . it was silly of me to tell you . . . he's sorry himself.

BRIQUET

I'll have a word with him all the same.

CONSUELA

Oh, don't go at him, he didn't mean it.

MANCINI

He must be forced to apologize . . . the brute!

CONSUELA

But he has apologized . . . How silly you are . . . I couldn't do the act. I was nervy . . . it's all nothing. Oh, HE dear, good morning. How that tie suits you. (B starts US.) Where are you going, Briquet? To Alfred?

BRIQUET

No, home, Zinaida sent you here love . . . she's still resting. (Exits UR.)

CONSUELA

Zinaida's so sweet. Daddy, why is everybody so kind to me now? Because I'm going away? (HE moves a little toward C.) Have you heard the march Tilly and Polly are going to play? For the benefit? It's ever so novelty!

MANCINI

Yes, we're getting a wonderful benefit.

CONSUELA

Yes, aren't we? Daddy, I'm so hungry . . . let's have some sandwiches.

HE

I'll fetch some, my Princess. (Exits UR.)

CONSUELA

Oh do, please! (Calling after him.) Not cheese! I hate it!

(Mancini and Consuela are left alone. He scrutinizes her with a searching eye.)

MANCINI

You look . . . peculiar, my child . . . I don't know whether it's an improvement or not . . . have you been crying?

CONSUELA

Well, a tiny bit . . . I'm so hungry.

MANCINI

Didn't you eat any breakfast?

CONSUELA

No, that's why I'm so hungry . . . you forgot to leave me any money.

MANCINI

Oh, mon Dieu! How forgetful . . . but we shall get a very good dinner today, so don't eat many sandwiches. Yes, I like it . . . you must cry often . . . it washes off that naïveté . . . you look more . . . feminine.

CONSUELA

Am I very naive, Daddy?

MANCINI

Very. Too much so. All very well in some types. But not you. Besides, the Baron . . .

CONSUELA

Nonsense! The Baron . . . I'm not all that naive. But you know Alfred was so horrid to me . . . even you would have cried. God knows . . .

MANCINI

Tut! Tut! Never say "God knows" . . . it isn't done.

CONSUELA

Well, I only say it to you. (Circus noises and music heard offstage.) Oh, listen, Daddy! That's Alfred's new number . . . That's the new trick. Jackson says he's bound to break his neck . . . poor thing!

MANCINI

(Indifferently crosses and sits on sofa.) Or his legs . . . or his spine . . . they all break something in the end. (Laughs) Brittle toys!

CONSUELA

(Listening to the music.) Oh, how I shall miss it all! Daddy, (crosses to him.) the Baron promised to make a ring for me to gallop in whenever I want. D'you think he's just showing off?

MANCINI

No, he's not showing off. And don't say that about a Baron.

CONSUELA

Doesn't matter. Oh, it must be lovely to be rich! You could do anything.

MANCINI

(Enthusiastically) Everything. Oh . . . our fate will be decided today, my child. It's touch and go with the Baron.

CONSUELA

(Indifferently) Is it?

MANCINI

Touch and go! I'm almost certain he'll propose today. (Laughs) Hothouse roses! And among the roses a spider's web to catch our dear little fly!

CONSUELA

(Indifferently) Horrid old spider! Daddy? Oughtn't I to let him kiss my hand?

MANCINI

Of course not! You don't know, pet, what these men are like!

CONSUELA

Alfred never kisses my hand.

MANCINI

Alfred? Alfred is a young puppy . . . he mustn't dare. One can't be too careful with men like the Baron . . . nice men . . . today he would kiss your little finger . . . tomorrow your wrist and the day after . . . oh, I don't know what.

CONSUELA

Really, Daddy! . . . I mean! . . .

MANCINI

Oh, I know . . .

CONSUELA

I don't want to hear nasty talk. I shan't half give the Baron a slap . . . better one than HE gets, if he only as much as tries.

MANCINI

(Deprecatingly) All men are like that.

CONSUELA

They aren't. Alfred isn't. (Starts UR.) Where's HE with the sandwiches?

MANCINI

The bar won't be open at this hour, he's gone round to that little Greek place. Consuela, I must warn you . . . a father's duty . . . don't trust HE. Something about him . . . snake in the grass . . . snake in the grass . . . (Gestures, twirling his finger close to his forehead.)

CONSUELA

(Crosses to stool and sits.) Oh, you say that about everyone. I know HE. He's such a kind man and ever so fond of me.

MANCINI

(Darkly) Something behind it.

CONSUELA

Oh, Daddy! I'm sick of your advice.

HE

(Enters UR, puffing, with sandwiches. Crosses to C. She stands, then sits again and eats.) Here Consuela.

CONSUELA

Oh, lovely fresh ones! . . . You are puffy! . . . oh, thanks ever so. (Eats.) HE, do you love me?

HE

Yes, my Princess. I'm your jester.

CONSUELA

And when I go, will you find a new princess?

HE

(Making a ceremonious bow.) I shall follow you, my peerless one, I shall carry the white train of your dress and use it to wipe away my tears. (Pretends to cry.)

MANCINI

(Laughing) Idiot! But what a pity those beautiful old days are gone . . . when in the courts of Mancini dozens of motley jesters received their kicks and half-pence. And now . . . the last of the Mancinis, to see a jester, must go to a circus! And is he my jester? No . . . he is anybody's who can pay. Democracy is stifling us! Democracy needs jesters! Just think of it, dear sir . . . the check! . . . Well, when I'm rich I'll employ you. That's that.

CONSUELA

Oh yes, Daddy, do!

HE

And when the Count is tired of me and kicks me with his noble foot, then I'll come to my Princess and . . .

CONSUELA

(Laughing) . . . get another kick! (Stops eating.) There. I'm done. . . hanky, Daddy . . . sticky fingers. You've got another. Oh dear, work again . . . what a life.

MANCINI

(Anxiously) Don't forget.

CONSUELA

No, I won't forget.

MANCINI

(Looking at watch, stands.) Yes . . . time . . . he wants me to call for him when you are ready . . . make your toilette before I come back. (Laughing and bowing, he exits UC.) Signori, miei complimenti.

CONSUELA

(Sits on sofa and covers herself with her shawl.) HE, come and talk to me. You know, when you've got your make-up on you're very handsome, but you look nice now, too. (Pats sofa.)

HE

(Sits) Consuela, are you going to marry the Baron?

CONSUELA

(Indifferently) I believe so. The Baron is touch and go. Here's half . . . you eat it. (Gives him sandwich.)

HE

Thanks. (Eats) Do you remember my prophecy?

CONSUELA

Which one? How funnily you swallow! Like it?

HE

MMMM. That if you marry the Baron . . .

CONSUELA

Oh, that! But that was only joking!

HE

Who knows . . . sometimes a joke is true. The stars never prophesy in vain. If it's difficult for humans to talk . . . think how difficult it is for a star.

CONSUELA

(Laughing) Yes, indeed.

HE

So, my dear, if I were you I should think twice. Suppose you should die. Consuela . . . don't marry the Baron.

CONSUELA

(Thinking) What is death?

HE

No one knows -- like love -- no one knows. But your dear little eyes will be closed and you won't be here. The music will play alone and mad Bezano will gallop alone and Tilly and Polly will play their tunes without you . . . Tilly Polly. Tilly Polly . . . tilly polly polly polly . . . (Hums)

CONSUELA

Don't, HE darling. I'm sad enough as it is. (Pause)

HE

Have you been crying?

CONSUELA

Yes.

HE

Why?

CONSUELA

Alfred upset me a bit. Nothing really. (With her hand to her heart.) I feel something here. HE, I must be ill.

HE

You're not ill. It's the spell of the stars. Consuela, it's your fate.

CONSUELA

Rubbish. Why should the stars bother with me? Tell me a fairy story about the blue sea and the beautiful gods. Are they all dead?

HE

They're alive, but they're sleeping.

CONSUELA

In the woods? Or in the mountains? Could I ever meet one? Just think, supposing I met a god and he took a look at me. I'd run away. (Laughing) When I had no breakfast this morning I got so bored and I thought ... think if a god appeared with some food and as I thought it I heard someone calling "Consuela." (Crossly) Don't laugh.

HE

I didn't laugh.

CONSUELA

It's true. But he didn't come, he only called and went away. It's sad, isn't it? Oh, why did you remind me . . . I'd forgotten . . . the sea . . . (closing her eyes.) . . . and there was something else . . .

HE

Remember, Consuela.

CONSUELA

No. (Opening her eyes.) I've forgotten. Seen my benefit poster? It's Daddy's idea. The Baron likes it.

HE

(Slowly) Consuela, my Princess, don't go to the Baron today.

CONSUELA

Why? (Pause.)

HE

(Lowering his head slowly.) I don't wish it.

CONSUELA

What cheek!

HE

(His head still lower.) I don't wish you to marry the Baron . . . I shan't allow it . . . I implore you.

CONSUELA

(Angry laugh.) Oh! Then who can I marry, if you please? You're out of your mind . . . "I shan't allow it" . . . well! Who'd you think you are? You're a funny man, they could kick you out any minute. I'm tired of you . . . your silly old stories are all right, but when you start interfering . . . then you deserve a slap . . . is that why you do it? (She stands.)

HE

(Stands up.) Forgive me, Consuela.

CONSUELA

(Crossing UC a little.) You like it when they slap you and laugh at you . . . I shan't forgive you. I know. (Imitates Mancini's gesture with her hand.) "Something in it" . . . ever so nice for a bit and then . . . "obey me"! . . . well . . . I'm not that sort of girl. You can just go on carrying my train, that's all you're good for. See?

HE

I see everything, my Princess, and I see how low your jester's lying at your feet. (Crosses slowly to her and kneels.) Away down there his little bells are jingling . . . he kneels and prays . . . he was impertinent and lost his tiny reason. Forgive him! (They start to go.)

CONSUELA

(Laughing) Oh, all right . . . (Helps him up.) I forgive you. Now can I marry the Baron?

HE

No . . . but what does a princess care for the opinion of a dotting slave?

CONSUELA

D'you know why you're forgiven? . . . not because of all that talk, but because of the sandwiches. Poor old HE. You'll be at my feet again and I'll whistle and . . .

HE

(Kneels again.) And I'll come to heel! (Bezano enters UC.)

BEZANO

Oh! (HE stands.)

CONSUELA

Is it time to rehearse again?

BEZANO

Yes, shall we start, Consuela?

CONSUELA

You aren't cross any more?

BEZANO

Don't be offended because I shouted at you . . . you know when you are teaching . . .

CONSUELA

Goodness! Of course I know . . . you're much too good to have to teach a silly like me.

BEZANO

(Going up the stairs.) Come on then. (They start to go.)

HE

Here! Wait a minute, both of you . . . stand side by side . . . (They stand side by side, ill at ease.)

BEZANO

What's the game, HE?

CONSUELA

(Laughing) Like Adam and Eve? You are an idiot! I'm going to change my shoes, Alfred. (Starts to exit.)

HE

(Calling after her.) How about your father and the Baron? They're coming for you any minute.

CONSUELA

Oh, let them. Doesn't matter. (Exits. B starts to follow.)

HE

Don't go, Bezano.

BEZANO

(Stops and turns.) Well, what d'you want? I've not got much time.

HE

Bezano, do you love Consuela? (Pause)

BEZANO

That's not your business. You want to know too much. I don't know you. You're not one of us. How do I know I can trust you?

HE

Do you know the Baron? (Jumps up on UC bench.) Listen . . . it's difficult to say this . . . she loves you. Save her from that old spider. Can't you see the web he's weaving round her? Get out of the vicious circle. Kidnap her . . . kill her . . . take her to heaven . . . take her to hell . . . but don't let her marry the Baron. That sort of man profanes love. And if you're afraid to kill Consuela -- kill the Baron.

BEZANO

(With a smile.) And who'll kill all the other men?

HE

She loves you.

BEZANO

Did she tell you that?

HE

What human pride! And you're a god! Don't you want to believe me? Do you mind my not being one of you? Look at me . . . I'm not lying, am I? Oh, I know I'm ugly, I make idiotic faces and they laugh at me, but can't you see I'm a god? Behind all this -- a god like you. (Bezano laughs.) What are you laughing at?

BEZANO

You were talking like you did that night when you said the Vice-Chancellor sent for you from the college.

HE

(Sees that B cannot understand him so he returns to the "acting vein".) So I am . . . (Jumps off bench.) "And I do believe the Vice-Chancellor wants me at the college."

BEZANO

(Angry) Now look here, you can get yourself knocked about if you like, but don't let me in for it. (Starts to go.)

HE

Bezano!

HE

Bezano!

BEZANO

And never talk to me about Consuela. And never tell me I'm a god. I don't like it. (Bezano exits UC. He crosses DR a little. Stops, throws back his head in noiseless laughter. The Baron and Mancini find him in this position when they enter.)

MANCINI

(Laughing) What spirit! Laughing and alone! (UR to HE.) Shut up . . . you'll break something.

HE

(Bowing exaggeratedly.) How do you do, Baron. Greetings, Count. You must forgive me . . . the funny man was amused at his own joke . . . busman's holiday, Baron!

MANCINI

You've got your head screwed on . . . shall I ask Papa Briquet to give you a benefit?

HE

(More exaggerated bow.) If you will be so kind, Count.

MANCINI

Oh, now you're overacting. Think of the slap you'll get at your benefit, when on ordinary nights they strike you like a gong! A strange profession, Baron.

BARON

Very strange. Where's the Countess?

MANCINI

She shall be fetched . . . the dear child . . . heart and soul in her work. They call these antics work, Baron.

BARON

I can wait. (Sits in chair, his silk hat on his head.)

MANCINI

No need, I will hurry her up. (To HE.) Entertain the Baron! (Exits UC. HE strides about the stage, smiling and glancing from time to time at the Baron. The Baron sits with his legs spread apart and his chin on the top of his cane. Silk hat on his head. He is silent.)

HE

Shall I entertain you, Baron?

BARON

No, I don't like clowns.

HE

And I don't like barons. (Pause. HE puts on his bowler, takes chair by desk. Places it opposite the Baron. Looks him in the eyes. Pause.) Chatty aren't you?

BARON

No.

HE

(Tapping floor with foot.) Can you wait a long time?

BARON

A long time.

HE

Until you get it?

BARON

Until I get it. Can you?

HE

Yes, I can. (Both look at each other silently, their heads close together. From the ring one hears the strains of the Tango.)

(Curtain)

ACT II: Scene 11

The farewell performance. Briquet sits on sofa having his shoes shined by one of the artistes; Jackson, by the bench, is blowing up colored balloons; two jockeys, SL, are dressing and making up.

JACKSON

Farewell performance! (Spits.)

BRIQUET

We're sold out, you know.

JACKSON

If you call it sold out.

BRIQUET

The Baron's bought up every reservable seat -- every reservable seat. And paid good money -- it's not just paper, you know.

JACKSON

It's all one. Barons in the stalls and Egyptian mummies in the circle. I know their sort -- not a laugh out of them -- I get bellyache from fright.

BRIQUET

Oh, well; so do I. So does everyone -- all the artistes, all the animals. The animals seem to know something's up.

JACKSON

I hope HE gives them a bit of their own back.

2ND JOCKEY

Have you seen the Baron's roses, Papa?

BRIQUET

Yes.

2ND JOCKEY

Have you, Jackson?

JACKSON

Yes.

BRIQUET

Shut up. No one's talking to you. Get on. You'll be late.

1ST JOCKEY

They must have cost thousands.

2ND JOCKEY

The Baron's got his own hothouses -- they won't cost him a penny.

1ST JOCKEY

But there's a whole truck full. You can smell them a mile off. The whole ring's to be covered.

2ND JOCKEY

Oh? Only the ring? What else?

1ST JOCKEY

It's taken thousands of roses and rosebuds to cover the ring. It's like a carpet. A carpet -- if you please --

2ND JOCKEY

I must say it's an idea. The Tango on a blood-red carpet of blood-red roses in the middle of winter. Nice.

ARTISTE

A beautiful carpet of beautiful roses for a beautiful young lady on a beautiful . . .

BRIQUET

Shut up! (Bezano's music heard offstage.) That's Bezano on.

LST JOCKEY

Consuela will gallop on roses. What about Bezano?

2ND JOCKEY

Bezano will gallop on thorns.

JACKSON

One of these days that young man will break his neck. He tries to fly -- like a god. It's not nice watching him. It's not like honest work.

BRIQUET

To tell you the truth, it's not been like honest work since these Barons started coming about. What do they want -- coming about? It gets my goat. . . . If I were the government, d'you know what I'd do? I'd set up iron bars between those sort of people and us.

JACKSON

And who'd be in the cage -- them or us?

BRIQUET

Us of course. We're the decent people -- we're the animals.

JACKSON

Poor little Consuela.

1ST JOCKEY

Yes, I wish she weren't leaving.

JACKSON

I'm very sorry for poor little Consuela.

1ST JOCKEY

So am I.

2ND JOCKEY

So am I.

BRIQUET

It's her lookout. It's her funeral. (Pause. Enter 3rd Jockey UR. Crosses breathless and running to clothing rack SL, gets costume, then crosses up to UC door. The pace of the whole scene now quickens.) Where the hell have you been? You'll be late. Hurry up.

3RD JOCKEY

Looking through the peep-hole.

1ST JOCKEY

(Low) Hope Madame didn't catch you at it.

3RD JOCKEY

To see the house. You should see . . . give me my boots, quick . . . have you seen the Baron's roses?

ALL

(Shouting) Yes.

3RD JOCKEY

They smell like . . .

JACKSON

Get on and don't talk.

3RD JOCKEY

You should see the audience -- it's a real gala. And hear them. You can hear the hum . . . It's a wonderful night, Papa, isn't it?

BRIQUET

Sold out -- not an empty seat. Nearly your call, boys. (Dismisses the boot-cleaner.) Thanks, Marco. (Marco exits UC.)

3RD JOCKEY

Give me my coat. And I saw Madame Zinaida . . .

BRIQUET

Oh? Where?

3RD JOCKEY

Down by the cages.

BRIQUET

(Displeased) Oh, what was she doing?

3RD JOCKEY

Looking at the lions. And I saw HE -- looking all worked up.

JACKSON

It's all this damn gala.

3RD JOCKEY

Madame doesn't half look blazing. She was taking the mike out of old . . . (Other jockeys nudge him as Zinaida appears. HE comes with her, entering UC.)

ZINAIDA

What the devil are you boys hanging about for? You ought to be standing by. (Crosses DC to Briquet. HE crosses to Jackson.)

1ST and 2ND JOCKEYS

Yes, Madame . . . we're ready . . . just going, Madame.

3RD JOCKEY

It's a wonderful gala, Madame, it's one up for Papa Briquet. You don't often get Barons and people like . . .

ZINAIDA

(Shouting) Shut up! Shut up and get down to the ring!

BRIQUET

You'd better go. (Boys exit UC.) Tais-toi, maman.

ZINAIDA

(Striding about.) My God, what a night! What a night.
(Artiste enters UC, in a panic.)

ARTISTE

Papa, papa, can you come a minute . . .

BRIQUET

(Stands) What is it?

ARTISTE

It's that Madam O'Malley Romanoff.

BRIQUET

What about her?

ARTISTE

She won't go on.

BRIQUET

(Crossing UC.) Drunk again?

ARTISTE

Hysterics.

BRIQUET

Well, I don't care. (Turns away.)

ARTISTE

But when she sets up all the animals . . .

BRIQUET

The animals! My God! (Exits quickly UC followed by
the artiste.)

JACKSON

Gala performance! (Exits UC.)

ZINAIDA

HE, what were you doing so near my lions? You gave me a fright.

HE

(Crosses down to her.) Oh, my queen, I only wanted to hear what they were saying about the benefit . . . (paces back and forth.) they're walking round and round in their cages growling.

ZINAIDA

All this excitement makes them restless. For heaven's sake, HE, stop pacing round and round. I'm thankful Consuel's going. Have you heard about the Baron's roses?

HE

I've heard of nothing else. Bridal bouquets!

ZINAIDA

(Pushing bouquet aside, crosses to sofa.) More here too! . . . Roses, roses all the bloody way. Yes, it's a good thing she's going . . . she's out of place here and she disturbs our work . . . she's too pretty to be in a company like this and too . . . accessible.

HE

But her marriage is perfectly legal.

ZINAIDA

As if I care.

HE

(Ironically) Nice to have everything legal, isn't it? Spiders need new blood sometimes. Think, Zinaida, what attractive little spiders they'll have . . . with faces like their mother and stomachs like their father . . . What could be better for any circus?

ZINAIDA

Rather sarcastic aren't we, tonight?

Won't I be out of place?

HE

I was having a good laugh.

ZINAIDA

Were you?

HE

Yes. (Pause) How's Bezano feeling about tonight?

ZINAIDA

I haven't spoken to him. D'you know what I think, my dear? I think you're out of place here too.

HE

(Pause) What d'you mean by that? (Crosses to Z)

ZINAIDA

Just what I said. As a matter of fact Consuela's got a rotten bargain . . . what'll she make of the Baron in spite of all that money? Did you guess that Consuela's not Mancini's daughter?

HE

(Startled) Does she know she isn't?

ZINAIDA

No, why should she? She's a little nobody he picked up in Corsica and he's using her for business instead of pleasure. But he adopted her legally.

HE

(Ironically) Nice to have everything legal, isn't it?

ZINAIDA

(Crossing L of sofa.) Yes, you are sarcastic tonight! . . . I've changed my mind, HE, you'd better stay with us after all.

HE

Won't I be out of place?

ZINAIDA

Not when she's gone. (Crosses above sofa to Center.) You haven't been here long enough yet to know how lovely it really is! How good for body and soul! Oh, I know how you feel . . . I used to be the same, for ages I longed for security . . . I wanted to cage myself up . . . to chain myself to something.

HE

To Bezano?

ZINAIDA

Not only Bezano . . . anything to feel safe. I was dreadful about Sultan . . . (Crosses to desk to get cigarettes. HE sits on sofa.) Oh, but it's all nonsense this longing for security. But it's sort of painful . . . getting rid of it. Like getting rid of old employees who pinch things. Leave Consuela alone . . . let her go her own way.

HE

Cars and jewels?

ZINAIDA

Well, of course. If the Baron doesn't buy her, someone will . . . everything pretty gets bought up. I know how it'll be . . . (Crosses to stool and sits.) she'll be a raging beauty for the first ten years, people will look round at her in the street, then she'll begin to rouge a little round the eyes and smile a bit too much and then . . .

HE

She'll take her chauffeur or her butler as her lover? You're a good guesser, Zinaida.

ZINAIDA

Aren't I right? Listen, it's no business of mine, but I'm sorry for you, it's no good struggling against fate. I like you, only don't mind what I'm going to say -- you are ugly, you're not young any more and you're poor and . . .

HE

And my place is in the sawdust, looking up at the raging beauties. (Laughs) Suppose that's not what I want?

ZINAIDA

What does it matter -- what you "want"? I'm sorry for you but you're a strong man and there's only one thing to do -- forget her.

HE

And you call that being strong? That comes funnily from you, Zinaida, when you want to be loved by a lion! When you are ready to risk your life for a moment's illusion of power . . . illusion of love, if you like . . . and you tell me to forget! (Enter Briquet and Mancini, UC. The latter is in exaggerated evening dress.)

ZINAIDA

(Whispering to He.) So you will stay with us after all?

HE

Yes. (B and M cross DC. H and Z meet them.)

MANCINI

And how are we, my dear lady? You are radiant, my dear lady. I vow you are magnificent! Your lion would be an ass (laughs) if he did not kiss your hand, as I do. (Kisses her hand. Seriously.) My friends! My daughter Consuela -- the Countess -- and the Baron have expressed their wish to bid farewell to the whole company.

HE

Hhmm. The Baron?

MANCINI

Of course, Auguste, as well. They want to meet here during the intermission, so, I ask you to assemble here and fetch the others, the more presentable ones, that is -- but please, not too noisy . . . not too crowded. HE, will you be so kind, my dear sir, as to run to the bar. Tell them to bring drinks . . . champagne . . . glasses . . .

HE

At your service, Count. (Starts off UR.)

MANCINI

Wait a moment! You're in a new costume . . . black! Rather funereal for a funny man.

HE

I'm not a funny man. Only a poor sinner . . . Doing penance. (Bows like a clown, exits UR.)

MANCINI

Clever chap . . . but no good!

BRIQUET

Oh, it's for the new finale in honor of Consuela . . .

MANCINI

Oh . . . by the way . . . what do you think of my new suit, Zinaida? Your taste is infallible! (Spreads out his lace tie and lace cuffs.)

ZINAIDA

Perfect. Quite the gentleman.

MANCINI

Do you think it's a tiny bit too far-fetched? Who wears silks and satins now? This drab democracy will dress us all in sackcloth . . . or whatever it's called. (Sighing) Auguste tells me this jabot's not quite the thing. I'm afraid he's right. I've got a bit circusy. (HE and a waiter return UR carrying champagne and glasses. They prepare everything on the desk.) Merci! . . . But please . . . no popping corks! No chinking glasses! Nothing rowdy. All must be refined -- discreet. Oh! the bill? Send that to Baron Regnard. (Zinaida takes a bottle of cognac from the table and moves away with it toward sofa.)

BRIQUET

(Trying to take bottle from her.) Mama, Mama, Mama, please, not tonight.

ZINAIDA

Oh, Louis, leave me alone.

BRIQUET

But, Mamouchka . . .

ZINAIDA

Leave me alone. (Crosses to left end of sofa. Artists and company enter UC. B and M cross to desk.)

ANGELICA

Is this where they're going to have the . . . Ooo! Champagne!

BRIQUET

I'll trouble you to behave yourself and who asked you to come anyway?

ANGELICA

I met the Count in the passage, he told me to come.

BRIQUET

(Angrily) Oh all right, if he said so, but there's nothing to carry on about . . . don't have too much, Angelica, or you'll come to grief. How is she shaping in the new routine, Thomas?

THOMAS

O. K.

ANGELICA

How cross Papa Briquet is tonight! (Enter Tilly, Polly, HE and all the actors in their costumes.)

TILLY

(Longing for it.) Do you really want champagne?

POLLY

(Longing for it.) I don't want it a bit, do you, Tilly?

TILLY

And I awfully don't want it. HE, do you know how the Count walks? (Imitates Mancini. Laughter.)

POLLY

Oh, let me be the Baron . . . take my arm . . . Oh take care, ass, you trod on my best family tree!

ANGELICA

The act's nearly over . . . Consuela's doing her waltz now. (All listen to waltz being played offstage. Tilly and Polly sing it softly.) For the last time! (Sees the bouquet.) Oh, are those her flowers?

(All listen . . . suddenly there is a crash of applause, shouting, screaming. Much movement . . . the actors pour champagne. More come in talking and laughing. When they notice the Director and champagne they are shy.)

VOICES

They're coming . . . what a night . . . no wonder with all the circle . . . think when they see the Tango . . . don't be jealous . . .

BRIQUET

(Crossing to Zinaida.) Silence! Quiet! Don't push!
(Aside to Zinaida.) Cheer up, Zinaida . . . high society!

(Baron and Consuela enter UC. Baron is stiff and correct. Mancini is serious and happy. Consuela is happy. The Baron has a blood-red rose in his buttonhole. All applaud and cry "Bravo! Bravo!")

CONSUELA

(Crossing to M, center.) Oh, my friends . . . oh, my dears . . . Daddy, I can't . . . (Baron crosses to left of C.) (Consuela throws herself into Mancini's arms and hides her face. Mancini smiles over her head at the Baron. Baron smiles slightly but remains earnest and immobile. A new burst of applause.)

BRIQUET

That'll do . . . children . . . that'll do . . .

MANCINI

Well, well calm yourself, child. How they all love you. (Steps forward.) Ladies and gentlemen . . . the Baron Regnard has done me the honor of asking for the hand of my daughter in marriage . . . my daughter, the Countess Veronica, who you know as Consuela. Please fill your glasses!

CONSUELA

No. Tonight I'm Consuela . . . I always will be Consuela. (Crosses to Z, falls on her neck.) Darling Madame. (Fresh applause. Baron crosses to her.)

BRIQUET

Sh! Silence! Fill your glasses! What are you all standing about for? . . . As you've come, you may as well drink!

TILLY

(Baby talk and trembling.) They're very shy . . . you take your glass first, and then we all will . . . (They take their glasses. Waiter brings glasses to Consuela and Baron. She holds his sleeve with left hand, in her right she has the champagne which spills over.)

BARON

You're spilling your wine, Consuela!

CONSUELA

Oh, never mind. I'm shy, Are you shy, Daddy?

MANCINI

Silly child! (An awkward silence.)

ALL

Speech! Speech!

BRIQUET

(Attempting flowery speech.) Countess! (Baron crosses to Center.) As manager of the circus . . . who was so happy . . . to have . . . as manager . . . (kissing her.) Oh, Consuela . . . (Shaking his head sadly.) It's all that awful, awful book reading! (Weeps and kisses her. Laughter and applause. Clowns cluck and bark, bleat and express their emotions in many other ways. The Baron is motionless, isolated. People clink glasses with him in an immense hurry and step aside. With Consuela they clink willingly and cheerfully. She kisses the women.)

JACKSON

(Crossing UC.) Pray softly for a speech! Consuela, I put out my sun. After you've gone it will be night . . . You've been a good girl and a steady worker. We've all loved you . . . and now . . . all we'll have left of you will be your little tune. (All hum the Tango.)

CONSUELA

Oh, Alfred, there you are . . . I've been looking for you!

BEZANO

Congratulations, Baroness!

CONSUELA

Oh, Alfred . . . I'm Consuela . . .

BEZANO

Yes, in the ring, but now you're going to be a baroness. (Crosses from SR to C, clinks her glass. Crosses on to UL of sofa. Mancini smiles at the Baron. The Baron is still motionless.)

BRIQUET

Shut up, Alfred . . . you're upsetting her . . . she's a good girl.

CONSUELA

No, I'm all right --

ANGELICA

You must call her Consuela if you're going to do the Tango with her tonight.

TILLY

May I congratulate you, Consuela? (Crosses to her.) May I drink your health? Polly's already dead of grief and I shall die soon -- I've no stomach for fat. (Laughter. The Baron shows displeasure. General movement.)

MANCINI

Assez! Enough! Taisez-vous! Friends . . . the intermission is over!

CONSUELA

(Disappointed.) Oh, and this is so lovely!

BRIQUET

Oh, we can have a minute or two more . . . Thomas, tell them to hold up the intermission . . . (Thomas exits UC.) The band can play something . . . (Raising his glass, speaking spontaneously.) Consuela . . . be happy . . . like you were with us . . . (Sincerely) We will always remember you and love you . . . I can't say any more. (Applause, compliments. Consuela is almost crying.)

MANCINI

(Crossing to C.) Don't be so upset, my child . . . it's going too far . . . restrain yourself. I had no idea you'd take this little comedy to heart. Auguste . . . look at this little heart!

BARON

There, there.

CONSUELA

I'm all right, really . . . (Tango heard offstage, exclamations.) Oh, listen, Daddy!

BRIQUET

Your tune. It's for you!

CONSUELA

Isn't that sweet of them? My Tango! Who'll dance my Tango with me? (Looks for Bezano who turns away sadly.)

BARON

Very well . . . I can't dance . . . but I can hold tight . . . (Takes Consuela's arm and stands in the center of a circle which has formed.) Dance Consuela . . . (He stands, pulling Consuela to him suggestively.)

MANCINI

(Applauding) Bravo! . . . Bravo!

ZINAIDA

Disgusting!

CONSUELA

No, I can't dance like that . . . let go! (She goes to Z and embraces her as if hiding herself. Music goes on playing. The Baron crosses behind stool. There is a hostile silence among the company.)

MANCINI

(Alone) Bravo! Bravo! Perfect! Perfect!

JACKSON

Not quite perfect, Count. (Tilly and Polly imitate C and B without moving from their places.)

TILLY

(Squeaking in a girl's voice.) Let me go!

POLLY

No . . . I won't . . . go on . . . dance! (The music stops abruptly. General too loud laughter. The clowns bark and roar. Papa Briquet gesticulates to re-establish silence. The Baron apparently as indifferent as before.)

MANCINI

Really, these vagabonds forget themselves! It reeks of the stable! What can one do, Auguste?

BARON

Don't get excited, Count.

HE

(Approaching the Baron, holding his glass.) May I be allowed to propose a toast?

BARON

Certainly.

HE

Let us drink to your dance. (Sniggering laughter from the crowd.)

BARON

I don't dance.

HE

Then how's this? . . . let us drink to those who can wait until they get it.

BARON

I don't drink toasts I cannot understand. (A woman's voice calls out, "Bravo, HE!" Sniggering laughter again. Jackson takes HE by the arm.)

JACKSON

Leave him alone, HE . . . the Baron's not in the mood for jokes.

HE

But I want to drink with the Baron . . . what else can one say? Baron! . . . let's drink to the slip 'twixt cup and lip! (Spills his wine. The Baron turns his back on him indifferently. Music plays in the ring. The bell rings.)

BRIQUET

(Relieved) All on . . . m'sieurs, dames . . . to the ring . . . All on for the finale. (The crowd becomes smaller as artists begin to exit UC. C follows group UL, Baron and Mancini cross to desk. Tilly and Polly

lean against ladder UL. Angelica sits UR.)

MANCINI

(Excitedly whispering to Baron.) Auguste . . . Auguste, don't take any notice . . . it's . . .

BRIQUET

(Aside to Zinaida.) Thank heavens that's over. (Sighs with relief, he must blame someone and turns angrily on Z.) Well, Maman, you always enjoy a scene . . . but this time . . . really . . . it was . . .

ZINAIDA

Oh, Louis, shut up.

HE

(Approaching Consuela.) I was only waiting my turn, Princess . . . there was such a crowd round you.

CONSUELA

Was there? I'm alone now. Come and tell me, HE, what you said when they all laughed? I couldn't hear . . . what was it all about?

HE

I was being funny.

CONSUELA

Oh, please don't get him worked up! He's so horrid when he's cross. Did you see how he squeezed my arm? I nearly cried . . . (With tears in her eyes.) He hurt me.

HE

Don't marry him . . . it's not too late.

CONSUELA

Don't go on about it. It is too late.

HE

Shall I take you away?

CONSUELA

Where to. (Laughs) How could you? (He starts to speak. Gently.) Don't say any more. Oh, you do look . . . Do you love me too? Oh HE, don't love me . . . please don't . . . why do they all love me?

HE

You're so beautiful.

CONSUELA

(Crosses UC.) No, no . . . I'm not . . . they mustn't love me. I was still a tiny bit happy but when they said all those nice things about my going away as if I was dying -- I thought I should cry . . . Don't let's talk . . . Let's drink to my happiness! What are you doing?

HE

(Throwing down her glass.) I'm throwing away the glass you drank out of before. I shall give you a new one . . . (Crosses to desk.) for another toast . . . to drink with me this time . . .

MANCINI

(Coming to Consuela.) It's getting awkward, Veronica! Auguste is too patient, waiting for you while you stay here gossiping with this clown . . . stupid secrets . . . Everybody's looking at you . . . it's getting quite noticeable! You must break yourself of these habits.

CONSUELA

(Loudly) Leave me alone, Daddy. I'll do as I please. Do leave me alone.

BARON

Don't bother her, Count. Consuela! (Crosses to M.) Talk to anyone you like as much as you like. Cigar, Count? (Mancini and Baron move back to desk.)

HE

(Giving glass to Consuela.) Here you are! To your happiness and to your freedom!

CONSUELA

(Taking glass.) Where's yours? We must clink glasses.

HE

Leave me half of yours?

CONSUELA

Must I drink such a lot? HE, darling, I shall get drunk . . . I've still got the finale.

HE

You won't get drunk. (Lovingly) Have you forgotten that I'm an old god in disguise? (As to a child.) Drink . . . I've charmed the wine . . . it's got magic in it.

CONSUELA

(Hesitating and looking at him.) You have got kind eyes! You look so . . .

HE

Because I love you. Look in my eyes and drink . . . give yourself up to the magic . . . sleep . . . and wake . . . and remember. Remember your own country . . . your own sea . . . your own sky.

CONSUELA

(Putting the glass to her lips.) Shall I see it? Is that true?

HE

Yes, awake, Goddess, and remember the time when you rose from the sea . . . remember the sky and the quiet breeze from the east and the murmur of foam at your marble feet.

CONSUELA

(Drinks. Pauses.) There! (Passes him the glass. He drinks.) What's the matter? Are you laughing or crying?

HE

I'm laughing and crying.

MANCINI

(Pushing HE away.) Now come on. Countess, I've had enough. I can't put up with it even if Auguste can. Come along. (To HE.) Be off with you, sir!

CONSUELA

I'm tired.

MANCINI

Not too tired for gossip, not too tired for drink, not too tired for clowns. Briquet, isn't it time for this child's number?

CONSUELA

I'm tired, Daddy.

ZINAIDA

Look here, Count, don't be hard on the girl . . . Get some black coffee . . . can't you see she's not well?

BARON

What's the matter, Consuela?

CONSUELA

Nothing . . . just . . . (HE crosses and sits on steps.)

ZINAIDA

(Crosses to Consuela and Mancini and leads C to sofa.)
Let her rest . . . she's been on her feet all day . . .
all this excitement . . . sit down, ducky, and rest.
(Wraps her up.)

CONSUELA

But there's still the finale. (Shuts her eyes.) Are the roses ready?

ZINAIDA

Yes, ducky, they are . . . (As to a child.) You'll have such a wonderful carpet . . . you'll just fly over it!

POLLY

(Polly and Tilly cross just above sofa and Angelica crosses to right of sofa.) Would you like some pretty music? Shall we play you a pretty little tune?

CONSUELA

Oh, yes, do. (She smiles and shuts her eyes. The clowns sing a soft little song . . . "Tilly-Polly, Tilly-Polly" . . . general silence. HE sits on steps with his face turned away. Jackson watches him out of the corner of his eye and drinks lazily. The Baron in his usual pose, wide and heavily spread legs, stares at Consuela. She gives a sudden cry.)

ZINAIDA

What's the matter? (Really alarmed for the first time.)

MANCINI

My child! Are you ill? Keep quite quiet.

BARON

She's overexcited.

CONSUELA

It hurts . . . here. (Hand to heart.) Daddy? I'm frightened . . . what is it? (Starts to stand.) I can't stand up . . . (Falls on divan, her eyes wide open.)

MANCINI

(Running about, fussing.) Fetch a doctor . . . God! This is appalling . . . Auguste . . . Baron, it has never happened before . . . nerves! nerves! nothing but nerves!

BRIQUET

Fetch a doctor! (Angelica exits UR.)

JACKSON

(Suddenly very frightened.) HE? What's wrong with you? HE? (Crosses to HE.)

HE

(Crosses to Consuela.) This is death, my little Princess. I've killed you. You're dying. (All are in terrible agitation. The Baron is motionless and sees only Consuela.)

MANCINI

(Hissing) It's a lie! Villain! You damned clown . . . you've poisoned her . . . fetch a doctor!

HE

A doctor can't help. You're dying my little love. Consuela! Consuela! (Bezano enters UC, crosses above sofa.)

BEZANO

Where's Consuela! We're on next. That's our . . . (He sees Consuela.)

CONSUELA

(In a far-away voice.) Is it true, HE? Don't frighten me. I'm so frightened. Is this death? I don't want . . . HE, my darling HE, say it's all a joke . . . my darling, precious HE.

HE

(Pushing the Baron away, he stands in his place in front of Consuela.) Yes, it is a joke. Can't you hear me laughing? Everybody's laughing, silly. Don't laugh, Jackson. She's tired. She wants to go to sleep . . . how can you laugh, Jackson? Sleep my darling, sleep . . . sleep, my little heart . . . sleep, my dear love!

CONSUELA

All the pain's gone. Why did you pretend? You frightened me. You said I would live forever, didn't you?

HE

(Lifting his arms as if trying with all his strength to lift her soul higher.) Yes, Consuela, forever. Sleep . . . rest . . . how lovely it is now! How bright it is!

CONSUELA

Yes, isn't it? All those lights, is that the ring?

HE

No, it's the sea and the sun. Such wonderful sunshine! You are the spray . . . flying to the sun! You're so light . . . you haven't any body . . . fly higher, my love! Higher! (She dies. HE moves away.)

BRIQUET

(To Zinaida, slowly.) Is she asleep, Mama?

ZINAIDA

(Letting fall the dead hand.) I'm afraid not, Louis, she's dead. (The clowns and Briquet weep. Mancini is overwhelmed. Zinaida crosses to Bezano. The Baron and HE are motionless. Mancini falls on his knees in front of Consuela.)

JACKSON

(Draws out a large, bright handkerchief and cries.) What have you done, HE? Why did you come here? (He sits on Bench UC. Music heard from the ring.)

BRIQUET

(Fussing) Stop the music! They're mad . . . what a tragedy. (Tilly exits UC. Zinaida strokes the top of Bezano's head. When he notices her he takes her hand and presses it to his eyes. The Baron tears the rose from his buttonhole.)

ZINAIDA

(Still stroking Bezano's head.) Louis, call the police.

MANCINI

(Waking from stupor.) The police . . . yes, call the police! I am the Count Mancini . . . Count Mancini . . . it's murder! . . . (Starts up to HE.) You'll hang for it . . . you damned fool . . . (Briquet stops him.) You murderer! You thief! I'll kill you myself!

BRIQUET

(Trying to shut up Mancini.) I will fetch the police . . . keep quiet, I am going . . . I pull yourself together.

BARON

(Starts off UR slowly, then quickly. Yelling.) I am a witness, I saw . . . I am a witness . . . I saw him put the poison into . . . I . . . (Exits)

JACKSON

(Wringing his hands.) Poison . . . so it is true . . . Oh, HE, now you've asked for it, you've asked for it this time.

ZINAIDA

(To Jackson.) Leave his soul in peace, Jim. After all he loved her . . . happy Consuela!

THOMAS

(Entering quickly UR, pointing to his head.) Quick! The Baron . . . He's dead . . . he's shot himself!

BRIQUET

(Throwing his arms up.) God! The Baron! What a terrible thing for the box office!

MANCINI

(Incoherent) The Baron . . . No . . . but why . . . the Baron's . . . do something . . .

BRIQUET

Be quiet, Mancini. Who'd have thought it? . . . such an important gentleman . . .

HE

(With difficulty.) The Baron? (Laughs) Then the Baron went off, pop!

JACKSON

(Shocked, crosses up to HE.) Sh! That's a shocking thing to say . . . a man's just killed himself and you go on fooling . . . (Alarmed) What's the matter, HE?

HE

(Standing up, using all his strength, speaking powerfully.)
 Killed himself? So you really loved her, Baron. You loved
 my Consuela. And you wanted to get there first. No . . .
 I'm coming, Consuela, don't listen to him. (Starts toward
 the sofa.) I'm coming, I'm coming. (He catches at his
 throat and falls. Other actors run to him.)

In order to develop a complete design concept it
 is imperative that the designer be completely familiar
 with each of the characters. Thus an analysis of each
 of the main characters is essential.

Consuela is a very pretty girl of nineteen or
 twenty whose innocence is the dominant factor of her perso-
 nality. She has been kept as innocent as possible so
 that she might be exploited. Her unresponsiveness to HE
 and to FUCHS is primarily because she does not understand
 that they truly love her. She has never been given the
 chance to experience any profound emotional feelings and,
 as a result, is not able to involve herself deeply enough
 to discover what love is. Her life is a shallow and unful-
 filled one, but this is completely without her knowledge.
 Since her innocence not only inhibits but protects. Her
 marriage to the Baron is entirely one of convenience. She
 could agree to marry only because she could not refuse it.
 She is totally unable to combat guile and deception be-
 cause she is completely without deceit herself and cannot

see this characteristic in others.

Count Hussini, Consuela's guardian, is a greedy, materialistic man.

CHAPTER V

Consuela when she was very young had played the part of her father so that he may exploit her as a financial investment. For this

CHARACTER ANALYSIS

In order to develop an accurate design concept it is imperative that the designer be completely familiar with each of the characters. Thus an analysis of each of the main characters is essential.

Consuela is a very pretty girl of nineteen or twenty whose innocence is the dominant facet of her personality. She has been kept as innocent as possible so that she might be exploited. Her unresponsiveness to He and to Bezano is primarily because she does not understand that they truly love her. She has never been given the chance to experience any profound emotional feelings and, as a result, is not able to involve herself deeply enough to discover what love is. Her life is a shallow and unfulfilled one, but this is completely without her knowledge. Thus her innocence not only inhibits but protects. Her marriage to the Baron is merely one of convenience. Consuela agrees to marry only because the Count requests it. She is totally unable to combat guile and deception because she is completely without deceit herself and cannot

see this characteristic in others.

Count Mancini, Consuela's guardian, is a greedy, materialistic man. He found Consuela when she was very young and has played the part of her father so that he may exploit her as a financial investment. For this reason the Count permits Consuela to perform in the circus, taking a large percentage of her wages. Because his only interest is keeping himself financially stable, he uses Consuela to get what he cannot obtain through his family name. He feels that money will reinstate his former aristocratic status. As black as the Count may seem, he is not a complete blackguard. His frantic struggle to be an aristocrat often makes him more pathetic than villainous. The man's continual grasping for wealth and position is quite obviously a battle he cannot win. The Count only manages to enmesh himself deeper in the pettiness from which he is trying to escape.

Briquet is the Manager of the circus. All the members of the troupe call him "papa" and indeed he treats them as children. As he says in the play: "All they want is looking after". He is Circus personified and rejects the outside world because of his mistrust of it. Briquet feels that the world is of no concern to the artists, that it only depresses them to the point where they are unable to function as they should -- as artists. His affair with

Zinaida is a lasting emotional involvement for him, not merely an infatuation.

Zinaida, the lion tamer of the circus, is hard and aggressive in both professional and personal matters. She is not, however, entirely cold or unfeeling. This aggressiveness and hardness often cause her to present a face to the world which disclaims any sensitivity, a quality which she does possess. By mistaking her sensitivity for weakness she hides not only that facet of her life but also her need to be loved. The strength and courage she has when working with her lions disappears when she comes in contact with other people. This is her true weakness, a weakness she does not realize. She is Briquet's mistress not because she is deeply in love with him, but because she has the need for a type of love which she finds with him -- a love which asks nothing in return. Her infatuation with Bezano is merely that -- an infatuation. She pursues him because he is young and good looking and, more importantly, because he is a challenge much like the taming of a young lion.

He is a man of sensitivity and intelligence. He has completely withdrawn from the world due to the injustice of having his wife stolen and his ideas plagiarized and bastardized. He enters into the world of the circus to escape

reality by losing himself in the theatricality of this new world. In his role as the clown, He can laugh at the world outside the circus while it mocks him. He is able to get his revenge on those people of the world from which he has disassociated himself because the ridiculous costume and actions of his character make the truths he utters incomprehensible to his audience. But even when He is acting his gayest, a sense of tragedy hangs about him, reinforcing his sense of futility. He was made a fool of in the outside world and in his new world he is not just a fool but "the fool". His feeling of futility is heightened because he is also aware that he can achieve no full satisfaction because his goal is to be listened to and understood by the world and not to mock that world. His love for Consuela is very deep; but when he sees there is no chance of her reciprocating, he chooses to lose her willingly to Bezano rather than have her taken by the Baron. He feels that Bezano can give her love, a kind of love which she needs and of which the Baron is incapable. A combination of his feelings -- love and protection -- prompt his killing of Consuela when he realizes that the Baron wants her only for personal desires and self elevation. Thus her death is not destructive but constructive since it saves her from the realities of the world she has been too innocent to see.

Alfred Bezano, Consuela's partner, is a handsome young man of twenty-three whose physical attractiveness feeds his youthfulness and pride -- qualities which greatly contrast him with the older and more experienced members of the troupe. He is acutely aware of Zinaida's desire for him but treats her with disdain -- a disdain prompted by his love for Consuela and, in a larger part, by his honest admiration for Briquet. Since Consuela is unaware of his feelings for her, she does not respond to him; therefore, Bezano's pride will not permit him to risk telling her of his love.

Baron Regnard is an aristocratic hypocrite who scorns those beneath him in social position. He is contemptuous of all the circus people with the exception of Consuela whom he accepts because of her beauty and because he can make her over as he pleases. The Baron is much more a villain than Mancini since his acquisitiveness, which is the dominant element of his personality, has grown far beyond the relatively petty avarice of the Count.

The Gentleman, who is responsible for He's position as we know it, is the personification of the inhumanity and materialistic qualities of the world which the clown has left. After stealing He's material wealth and intellectual achievements, the Gentleman finds that he is much unhappier than ever before -- a consequence he cannot under-

stand. In a direct confrontation scene He reflects a new-found confidence which the Gentleman apparently had before but has now lost. Again the Gentleman cannot understand the situation. Logically he should be happier and more self-assured than the clown. The Gentleman's bewilderment at his state grows even to the point of becoming defeat; but since he does not realize the reason for his predicament, the defeat is even more cruel and lasting than that of the clown.

There are other minor characters and extras in the play whose only purpose is to lend atmosphere and mood to the script. Those characters within this group who are named are: Polly, Tilly, Thomas, Angelica and Jim Jackson.

First of all, there are two groups of people in the script -- the artists of the circus and those people outside the circus world. As the writer interprets the script, it is the artists who are real, leaving the "outsiders" as mere figures. This fact enters greatly into the style of the production because the audience must see the group as the truth and the other as sham. To heighten the feeling of contrast, the acting style of the circus people should be broad and uninhibited with a great deal of emotion while the other group is restricted to the

CHAPTER VI

STYLE OF PRODUCTION

Due to the highly romantic and theatrical dialogue and situations in He Who Gets Slapped, the writer feels that the entire production requires a broadening and emphasis which is impossible to obtain in standard theatrical realism. The audience must be aware that this is no ordinary location with ordinary people. These are characters whose lives are built around non-reality, a non-reality which the spectators must feel shapes the entire play.

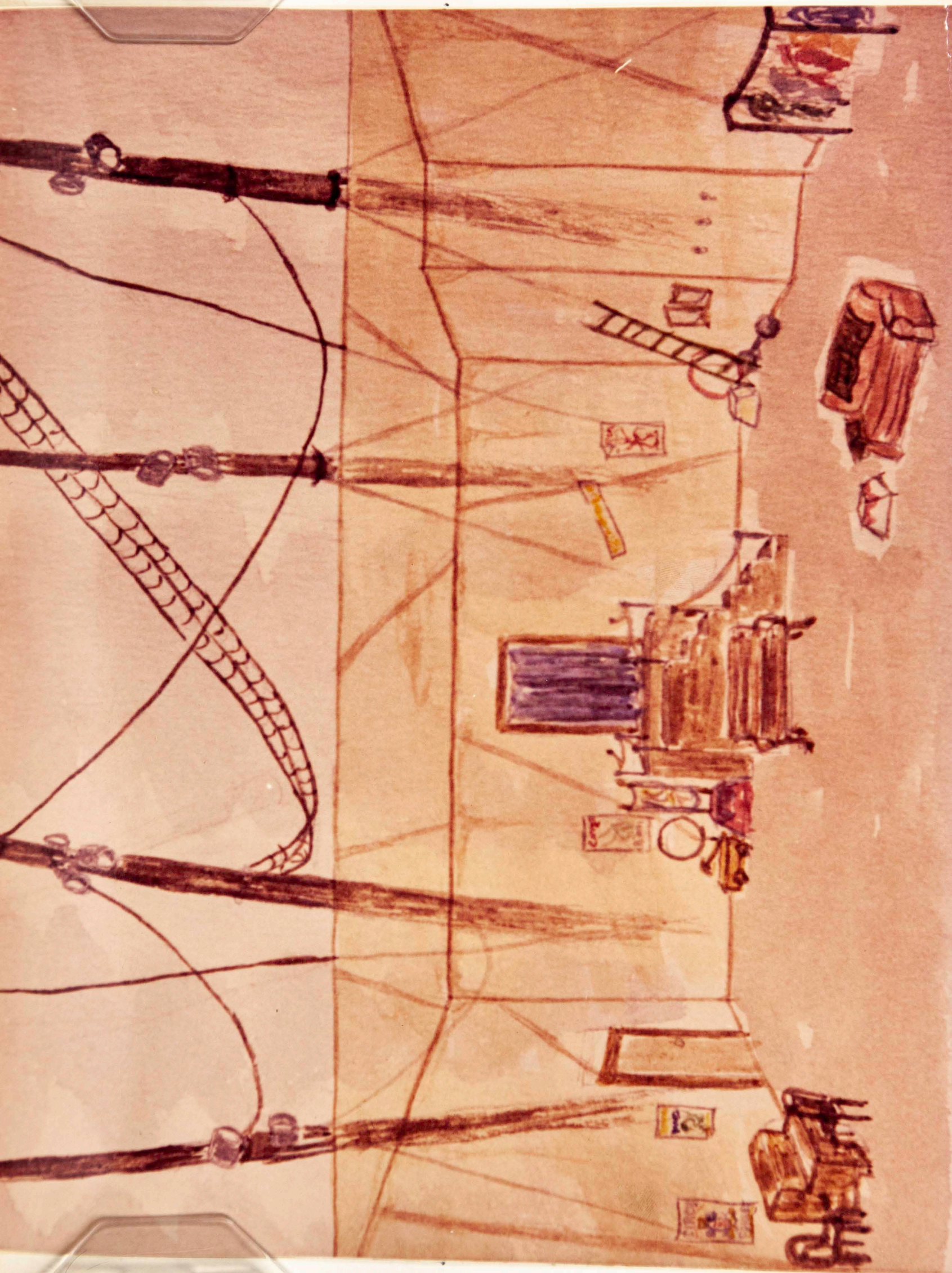
First of all, there are two groups of people in the script -- the artists of the circus and those people outside the circus world. As the writer interprets the script, it is the artists who are real, leaving the "outsiders" as mere façades. This fact enters greatly into the style of the production because the audience must see one group as the truth and the other as sham. To heighten the feeling of contrast, the acting style of the circus people should be broad and romanticized with a great deal of emotion while the other group is restrained to the

point of seeming mechanical.

With these two opposing styles of acting introduced, the entire production must then necessarily be in accordance with the group which is to be most real. Thus the play as a whole is quite theatrical to make that group not in the circus very much out of place.

The set, though a fairly realistic room at first glance, seems to dissolve into an arena where the lives of the circus people are enacted as though they were still in performance. Thus the non-reality of the characters is seen literally. The artists carry their performances into private life, making the distinction between "onstage" and "offstage" almost nonexistent to them.. So when a scene of dialogue is ended, the fading of the lights on that area and the change of focus to another area through this same method help to carry out the idea of perpetual performance. These people have, in a sense, played another scene, even though it has been real.

By using these obviously theatrical techniques in dealing with reality a depth is given to the artists which otherwise would be lacking. By the same token the people outside the circus are seen as shallow and two-dimensional. The writer feels that that was Andreyev's aim in writing the play. The non-realistic often contains more truth than the realistic.



PROPERTY PLOT

Set Props

- Ladder
- Hoop
- Barbells
- Elephant Stool
- Banner
- Hoop On Stand
- Wagon
- Elephant Stool
- Desk
- Two Chairs
- Ledger and Pen (in desk)
- Sofa
- Elephant Stool
- Bench
- Clothes Rack

Upstage Left

Upstage Right

Downstage Right

Downstage Left-Center

Upstage Center

Downstage Left

Personal Props

Act I. Scene 1

- Polly - Hoop
- Mancini - Cane (stiletto in handle)
- Briquet - Paper Money
- Bezanc - Handkerchief (for Consuela)
- He - Calling Card

Act I. Scene 11

- Baron - Cigar
- Waiter - Sixteen glasses, Two Trays
- Waiter - Brandy (for Mancini)

Act II. Scene 1

- He - Two Sandwiches

TABLE 1: Personal Props - continued.

Act II. Scene 11

Jackson - Balloons
Artiste - Shoe Polish, Rag
Waiters - Twenty Champagne Glasses, Two Trays, Three
Bottles of Champagne, One Bottle of Cognac
Bouquet of Roses on Sofa (for Consuela)

MUSIC FOR PRODUCTION

Throughout the Act, the author calls for various musical numbers to be used as background for the scenes. However, he does not specify anything particular other than the type, such as waltz, tango, or gallop. In choosing the individual pieces for this production I have tried to use music that is European in flavor and fairly unknown in America.

The tango used at Consuela's theme is "Johnny", a song written by the German composer, Friedrich Hillander, and her waltz is "Perlan di me" by Eino Peta, an Italian composer. Consuela's gallop is "The regret rich" - one of Edith Piaf's songs written by Maurice and Muriel, and the music for the clown song "Tilly-Pilly" is "The Laughing General" from Kurt Weill's Johnny Johnson. Another French song, "Grave pour le clown" by Louigny and Guitet is used as the overture. The other incidental music consists of: "Il te dirò de stare" by Peta, "High Allied Command" by Weill, and the traditional "Entrata del Sultani".

COSTUME GRAB

Character

Consuela: Act I, Scene 11; Act II, Scene 1

CHAPTER VII

Body - Black, Hat - Black

Accessories

MUSIC FOR PRODUCTION

Consuela: Act I, Scene 11 and Act II, Scene 11

Throughout He Who Gets Slapped, the author calls for various musical numbers to be used as background for the circus. However, he does not specify anything particular other than the type, such as waltz, tango, or gallop. In choosing the individual pieces for this production I have tried to use music that is European in flavor and fairly unknown in America.

The tango used as Consuela's theme is "Johnny", a song written by the German composer, Friedrich Höllander, and her waltz is "Parlami di me" by Nino Rota, an Italian composer. Bezano's gallop is "Non regret rien" - one of Edith Piaf's songs written by Vaucaire and Dumont, and the music for the clown song "Tilly-Polly" is "The Laughing Generals" from Kurt Weil's Johnny Johnson. Another French song, "Bravo pour le clown" by Louiguy and Contet is used as the Overture. The other incidental music consists of: "Il teatro de soure" by Rota, "High Allied Command" by Weil, and the traditional "Entrata dei gladitori".

He: Act II, Scene 11

Head - Hat

Body - Shirt and Coat

Foot - Black Boots, Socks

Accessories - Black Tie

TABLE 2

COSTUME CHART

Character

Consuela: Act I, Scene i and Act II, Scene i
 Body - Blouse, Wrap-Around Skirt, Tights
 Feet - Ballet Shoes
 Accessories - Shawl

Consuela: Act II, Scene ii and Act II, Scene ii
 Body - Leotard, Tights
 Feet - Ballet shoes
 Accessories - Shawl

Mancini: Act I, Scene i, Act I, Scene ii and Act II, Scene i
 Body - Coat, Pants, Shirt, Tie, Suspenders
 Feet - Shoes, Socks and Spats
 Accessories - Studs, Cuff-links, Stick Pin, Gloves
 and handkerchief

Mancini: Act II, Scene ii
 Body - Jabot, Coat, Pants, Shirt, Cummerbund,
 Suspenders
 Feet - Shoes, socks and Spats
 Accessories - Studs and Gloves

He: Act I, Scene i
 Head - Hat
 Body - Overcoat, Coat, Vest, Shirt, Pants, Tie
 Suspenders
 Feet - Shoes and Socks
 Accessories - Studs, Cuff-links, Gloves

He: Act I, Scene ii
 Head - Hat
 Body - Shirt and Overalls
 Feet - Socks and Spats
 Accessories - Tie

He: Act II, Scene i
 Body - Coat, Pants, Sweater
 Feet - Shoes, Socks
 Accessories - Belt

He: Act II, Scene ii
 Head - Hat
 Body - Shirt and Overalls
 Feet - Black Socks, Spats
 Accessories - Black Tie

COSTUME CHART: Continued.

Briquet: All scenes

Body - Coat, Shirt, Pants, Suspenders

Feet - Shoes, Socks

Accessories - Studs, Cuff-links, Tie

Zinaida: Act I, Scene i and Act II, Scene i

Body - Blouse, Sash, Pants

Feet - Boots

Accessories - Bracelet, Earrings

Zinaida: Act I, Scene ii and Act II, Scene ii

Body - Blouse, Pants

Feet - Boots

Accessories - Gloves, Belt

Bezano: Act I, Scene i and Act II, Scene i

Body - Pants, Shirt

Feet - Ballet Shoes

Accessories - Belt

Bezano: Act I, Scene ii and Act II, Scene ii

Body - Tights, Shirt, Cummerbund

Feet - Ballet Shoes

Gentleman: Act I, Scene ii

Head - Hat

Body - Overcoat, Coat, Pants, Shirt, Suspenders

Feet - Shoes, Socks

Accessories - Studs, Cuff-links

Gentleman: Act II, Scene i

Head - Hat

Body - Pants, Shirt, Coat, Suspenders

Feet - Shoes, Socks

Accessories - Studs, Cuff-links, Tie

Baron: Act I, Scene ii and Act II, Scene i

Head - Hat

Body - Overcoat, Coat, Pants, Shirt, Suspenders

Feet - Shoes, Socks, Spats

Accessories - Studs, Cuff-links, Tie, Gloves

COSTUME CHART: Continued.

Baron: Act II, Scene ii
 Head - Hat
 Body - Tailcoat, Pants, Shirt, Vest, Suspenders
 Feet - Shoes, Socks, Spats
 Accessories - Studs, Cuff-links, Tie, Gloves

Polly: Act I, Scene i and Act II, Scene i
 Body - Jump Suit
 Feet - Shoes, Socks

Polly: Act I, Scene ii and Act II, Scene ii
 Head - Hat
 Body - Doublet, Trunks, Tights
 Feet - Shoes
 Accessories - Ruff, Garter

Tilly: Act I, Scene i and Act II, Scene i
 Body - Jump Suit
 Feet - Shoes, Socks
 Accessories - Scarf

Tilly: Act I, Scene ii and Act II, Scene ii
 Head - Hat
 Body - Doublet, Trunks, Tights
 Feet - Shoes
 Accessories - Collar

Thomas: Act I, Scene i and Act II, Scene i
 Body - Shirt, Tights
 Feet - Ballet Shoes, Socks
 Accessories - Belt

Thomas: Act I, Scene ii and Act II, Scene ii
 Body - Shirt, Tights
 Feet - Boots, Socks
 Accessories - Belt

Jim Jackson: Act I, Scene i and Act II, Scene i
 Body - Shirt, Sweater, Pants
 Feet - Shoes, Socks
 Accessories - Belt, Ascot

COSTUME CHART: Continued.

Jim Jackson: Act I, Scene ii and Act II, Scene ii

Head - Hat
 Body - Clown Suit
 Feet - Shoes
 Accessories - Ruff, Gloves

Angelica: Act I, Scene i and Act II, Scene i

Body - Blouse, Pants
 Feet - Ballet Shoes

Angelica: Act I, Scene ii and Act II, Scene ii

Head - Feather
 Body - Leotard, Mesh Hose
 Shoes - Heels
 Accessories - Earrings, Gloves

Artiste: Act I, Scene i and Act II, Scene i

Body - Pants
 Feet - Ballet Shoes, Socks
 Accessories - Belt, Towel, Wristbands, Necklace

Artiste: Act I, Scene ii and Act II, Scene ii

Body - Trunks, Tights, Vest, Cape
 Feet - Ballet Shoes
 Accessories - Wristbands

Assistant: Act I, Scene i and Act II, Scene i

Body - Blouse, Wrap-Around Skirt
 Feet - Sandals

Assistant: Act I, Scene ii and Act II, Scene ii

Head - Feather
 Body - Leotard, Mesh Hose, Cape
 Feet - Heels
 Accessories - Earrings, Gloves

Dancer: Act I, Scene i and Act II, Scene i

Body - Shirt, Tights, Mesh Hose
 Feet - Heels
 Accessories - Scarf

COSTUME CHART: Continued.

Dancer: Act I, Scene ii and Act II, Scene ii
 Head - Jewelry
 Body - Halter, Harem Pants, Veils
 Accessories - Two Rings, Five Bracelets, Earrings

Athlete: Act I, Scene i and Act II, Scene i
 Head - Beret
 Body - Sweater, Pants
 Feet - Shoes, Socks

Athlete: Act I, Scene ii and Act II, Scene ii
 Head - Turban
 Body - Harem Pants, Cummerbund

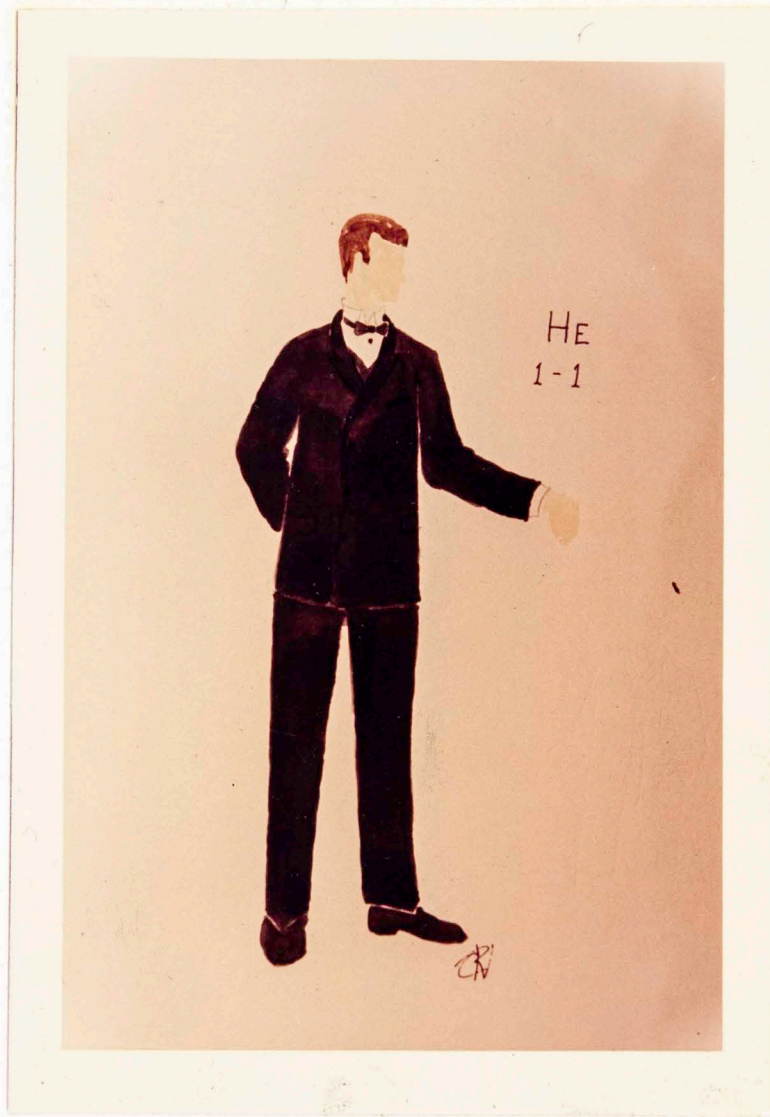
Clown: Act I, Scene i and Act II, Scene i
 Body - Smoking Jacket, Tee Shirt, Pants
 Feet - Shoes, Socks

Clown: Act I, Scene ii, and Act II, Scene ii
 Head - Hat
 Body - Clown Suit
 Feet - Shoes, Socks
 Accessories - Ruff, Gloves

Waiter #1: Act I, Scene ii and Act II, Scene ii
 Body - Coat, Shirt, Pants
 Feet - Shoes, Socks
 Accessories - Studs, Tie

WAITER #2: Act I, Scene ii and Act II, Scene ii
 Body - Shirt, Pants
 Feet - Shoes, Socks
 Accessories - Studs, Tie, Apron

PLATE 2



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PLATE 3



PLATE 4

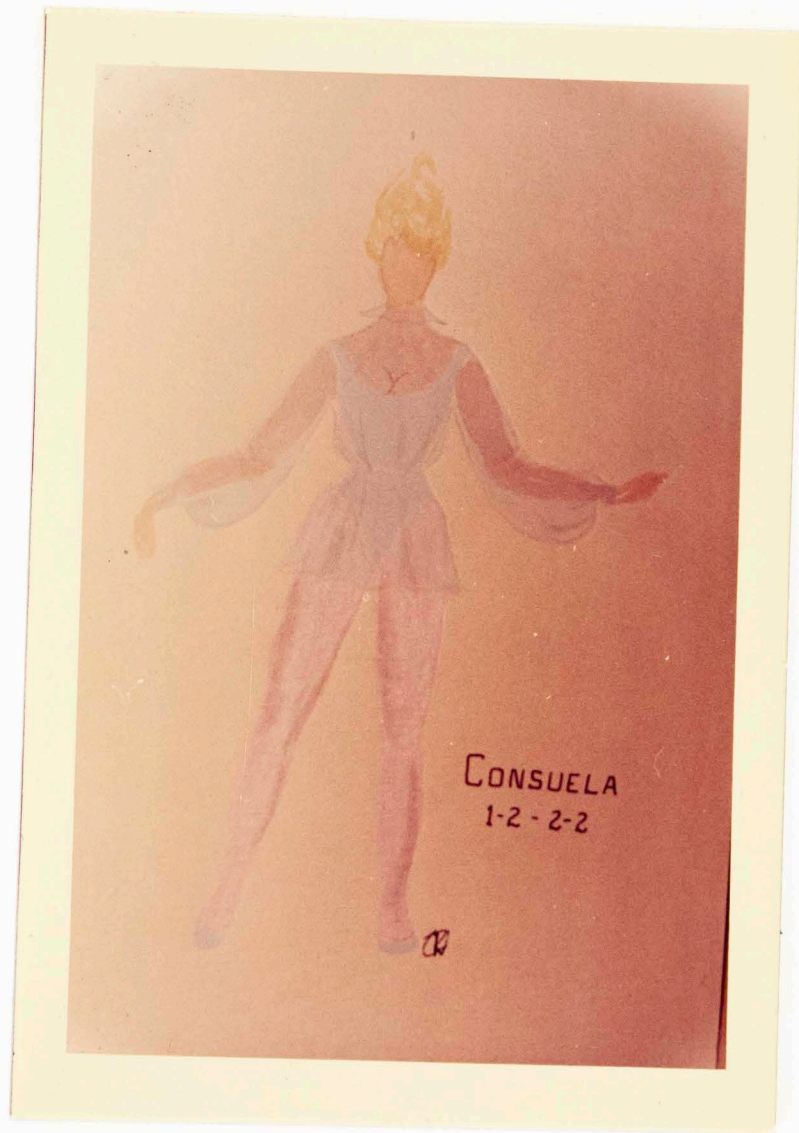


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PLATE 5



PLATE 6



130

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PLATE 7



PLATE 8



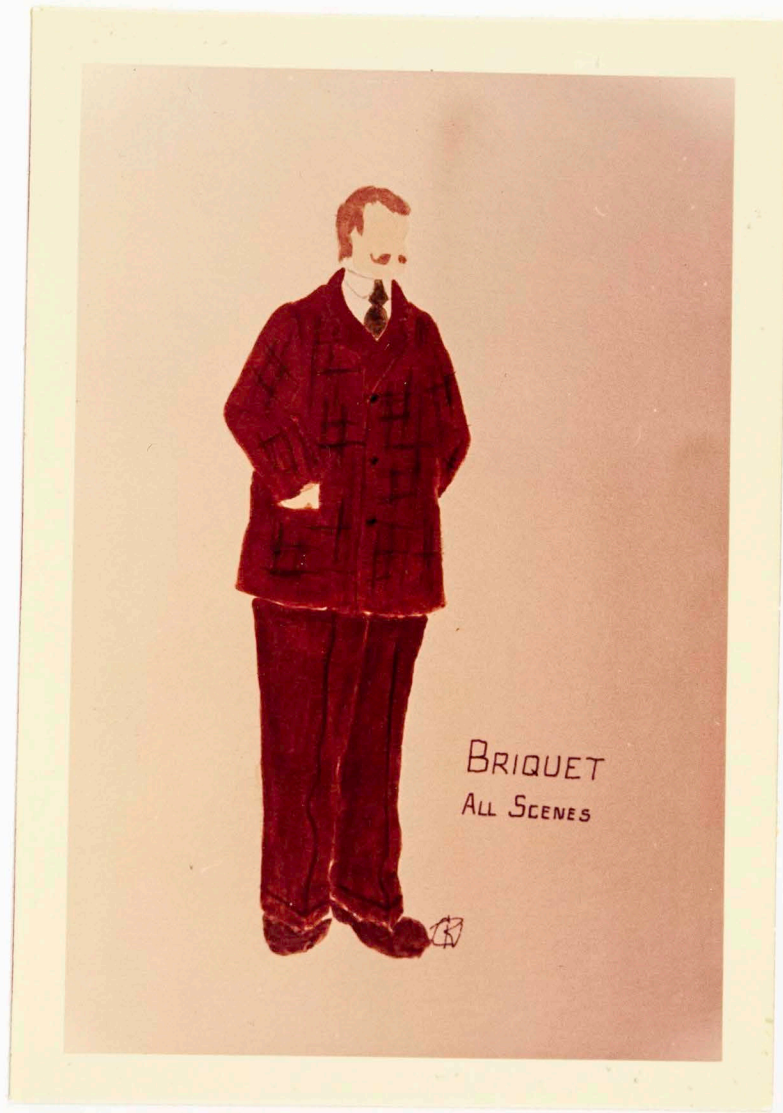


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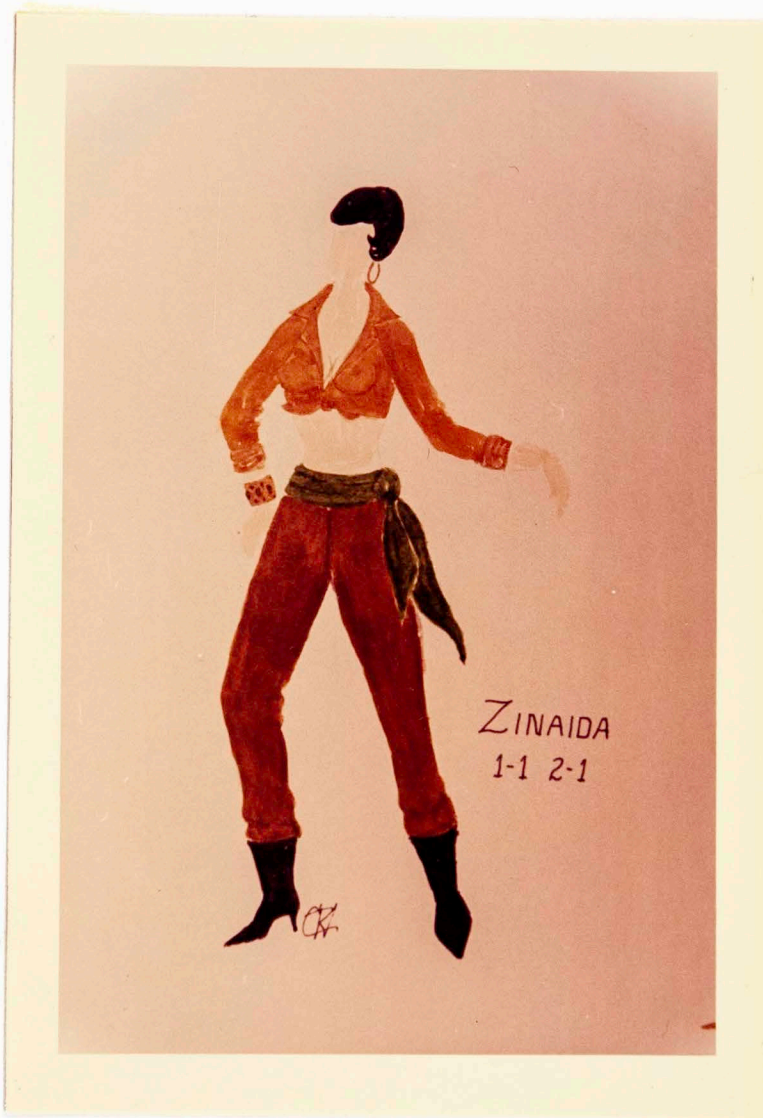


PLATE 11



PLATE 12



PLATE 13

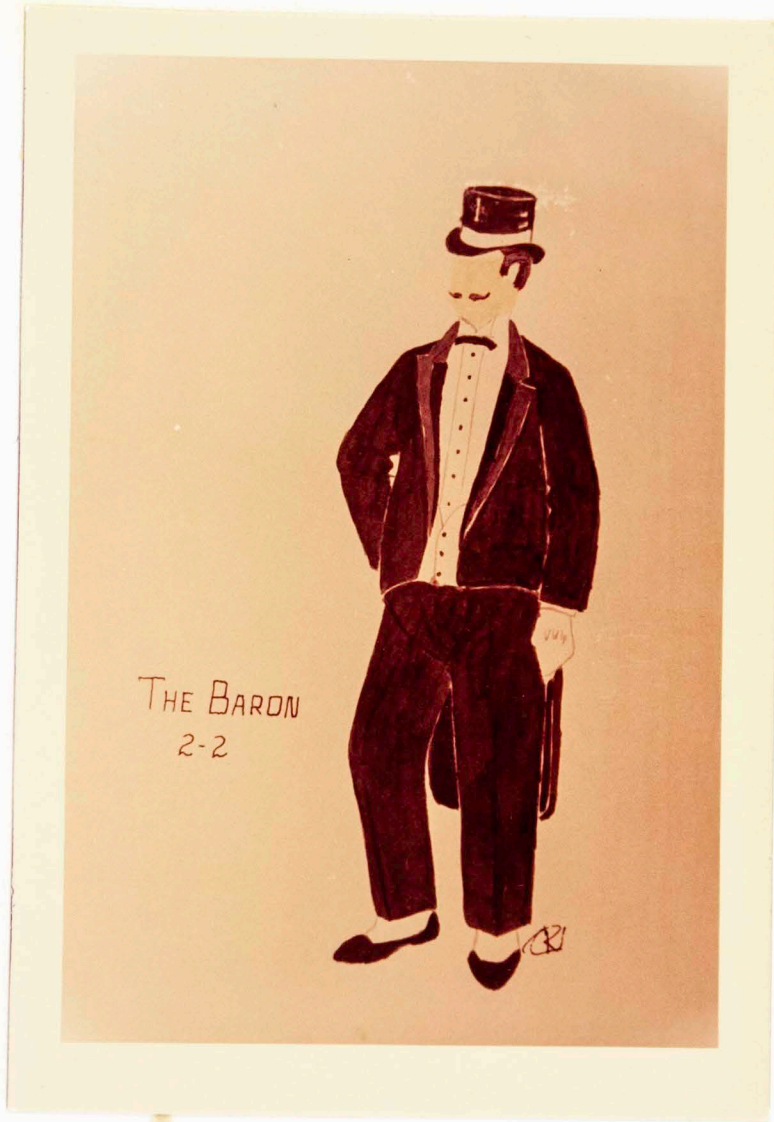
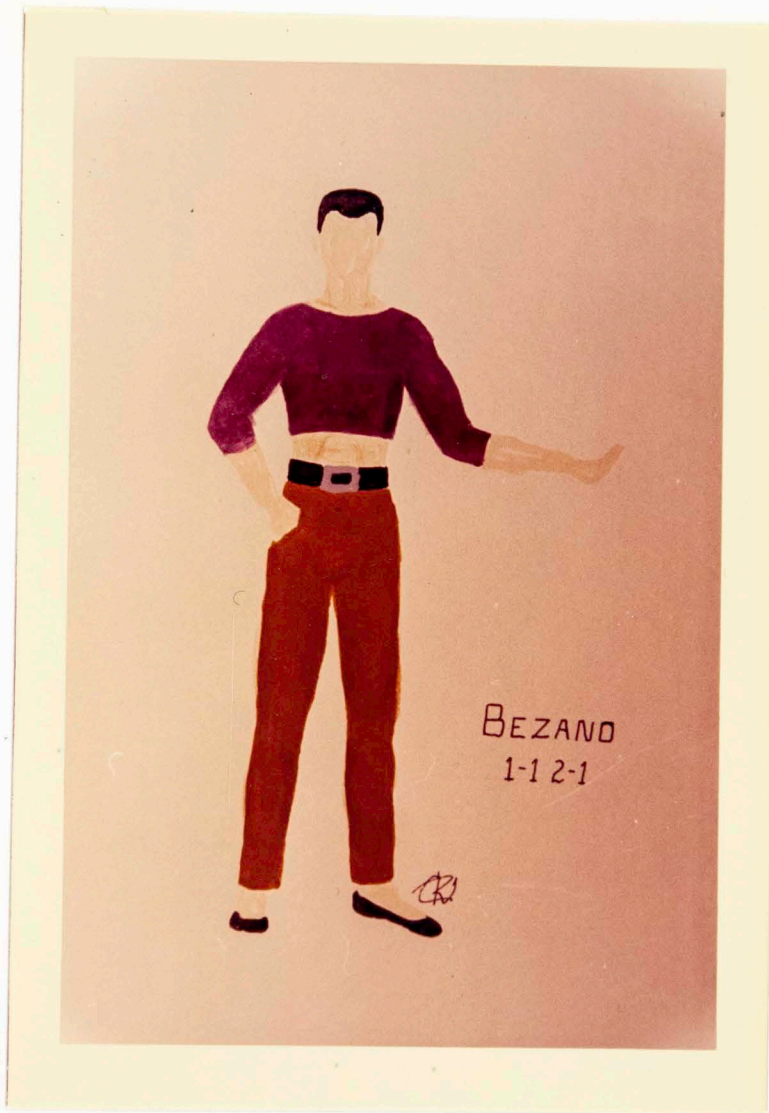


PLATE 14



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PLATE 15

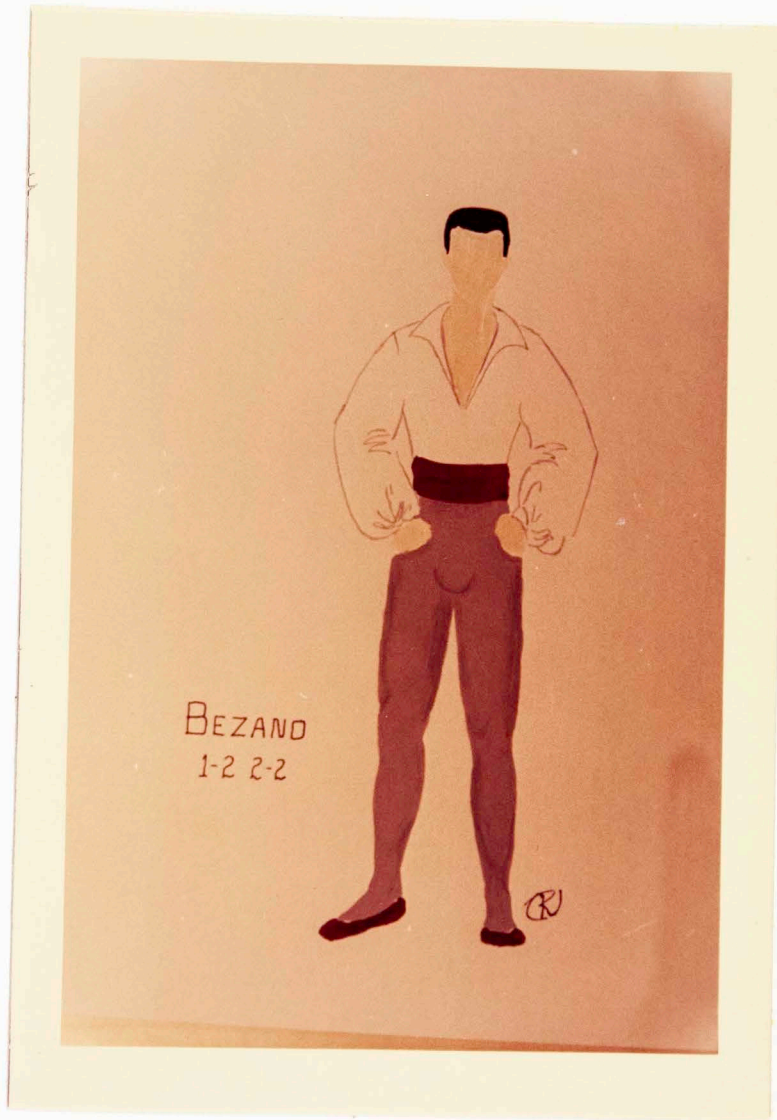


PLATE 16



PLATE 17



PLATE 18



PLATE 19





PLATE 21



PLATE 22

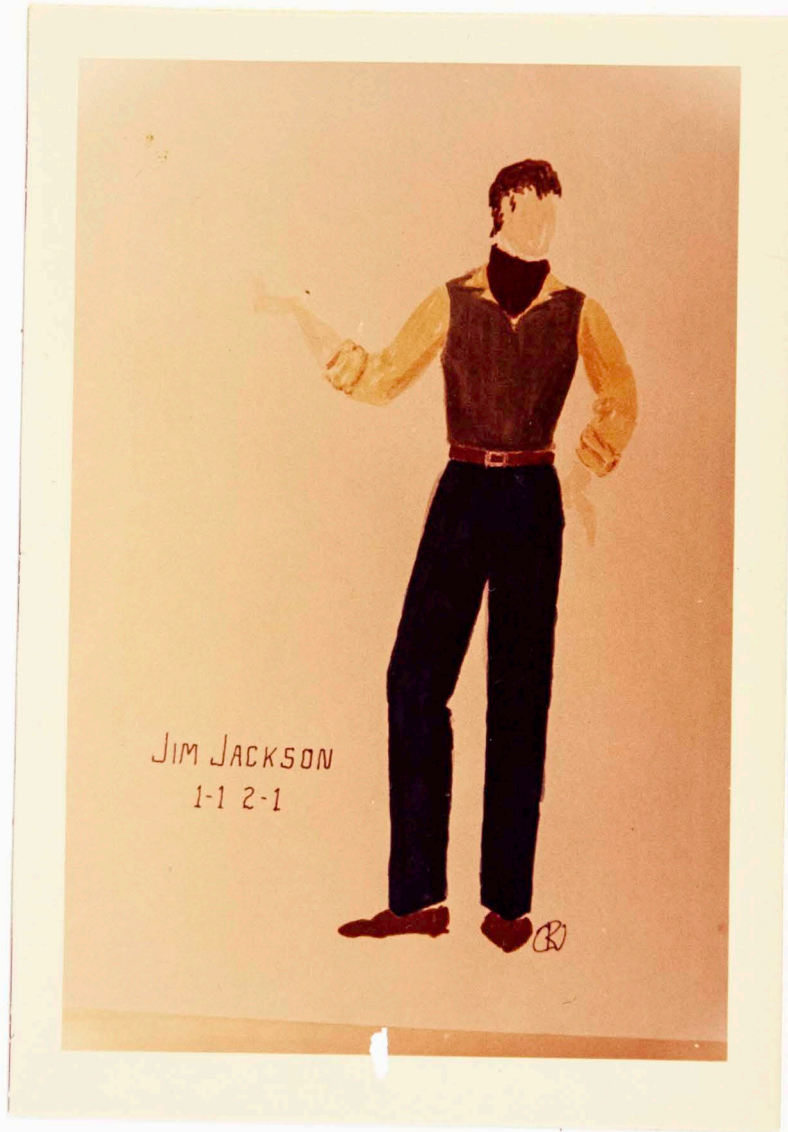




PLATE 24



PLATE 25

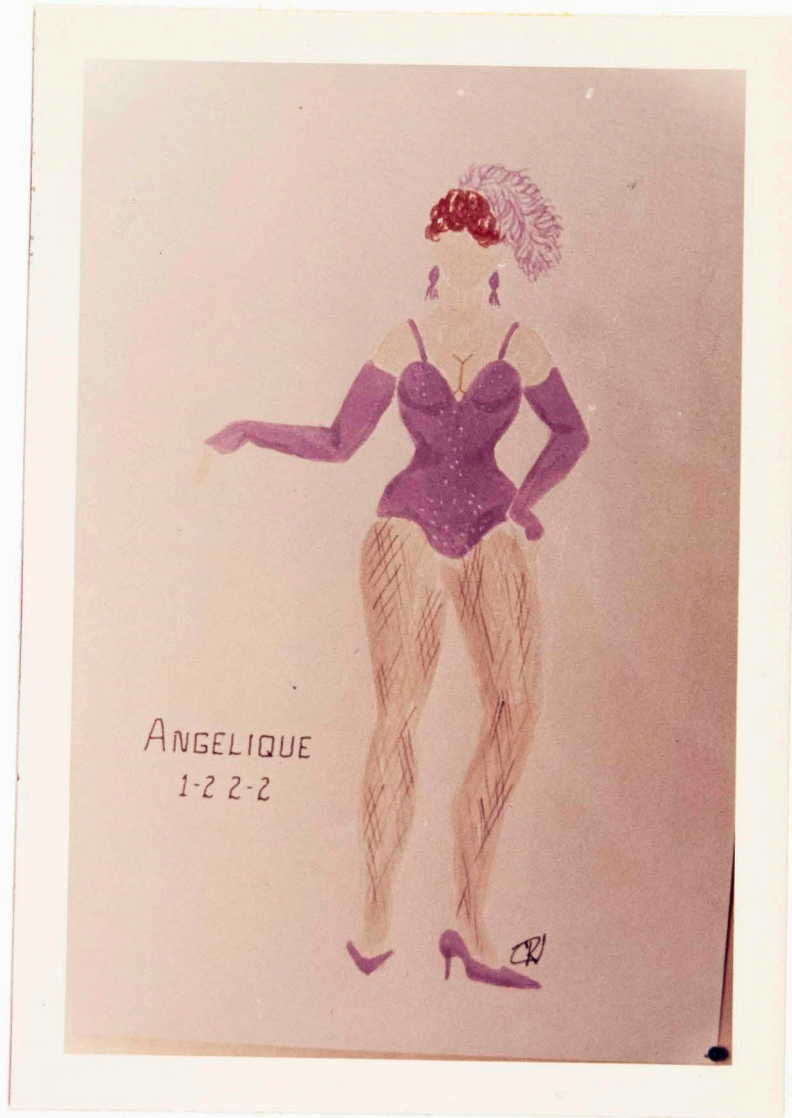
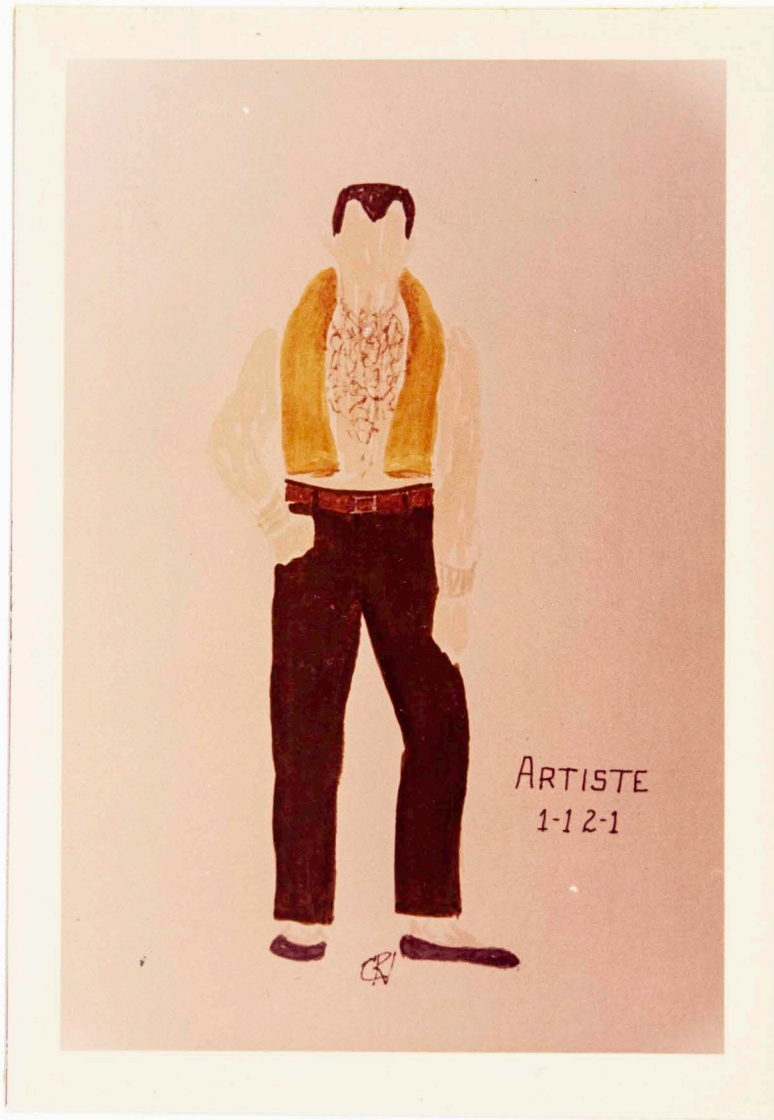


PLATE 26

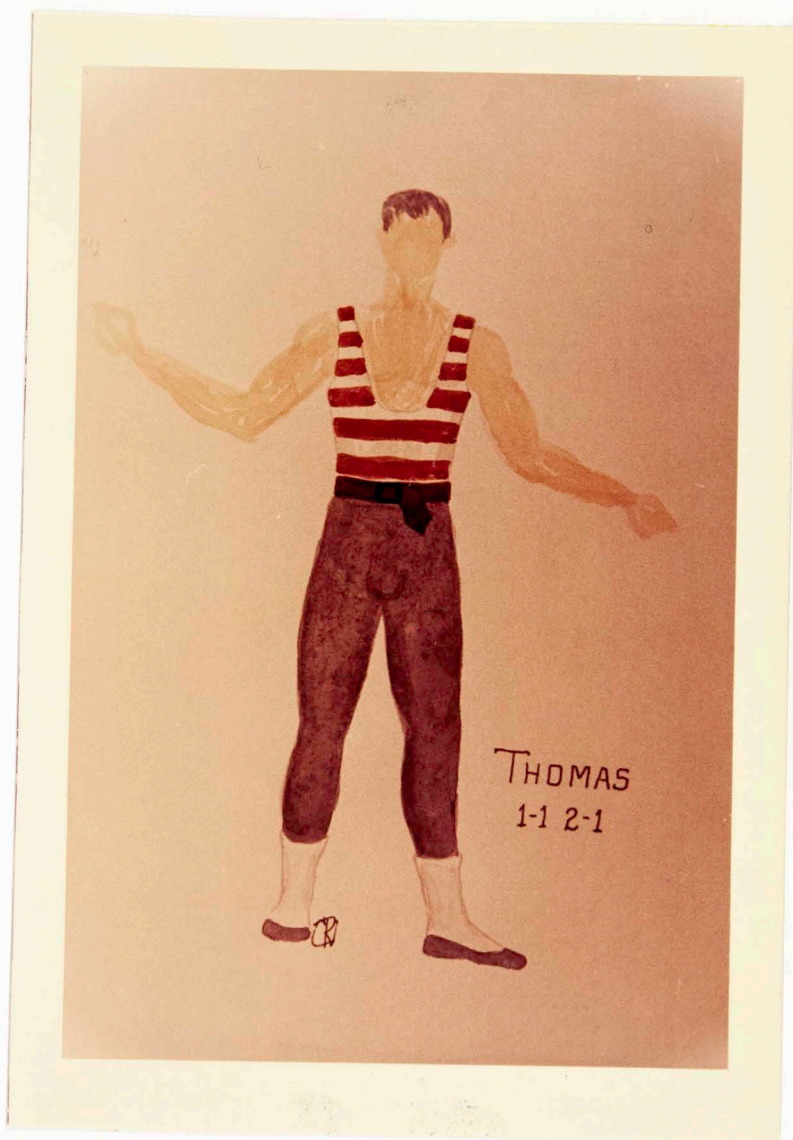


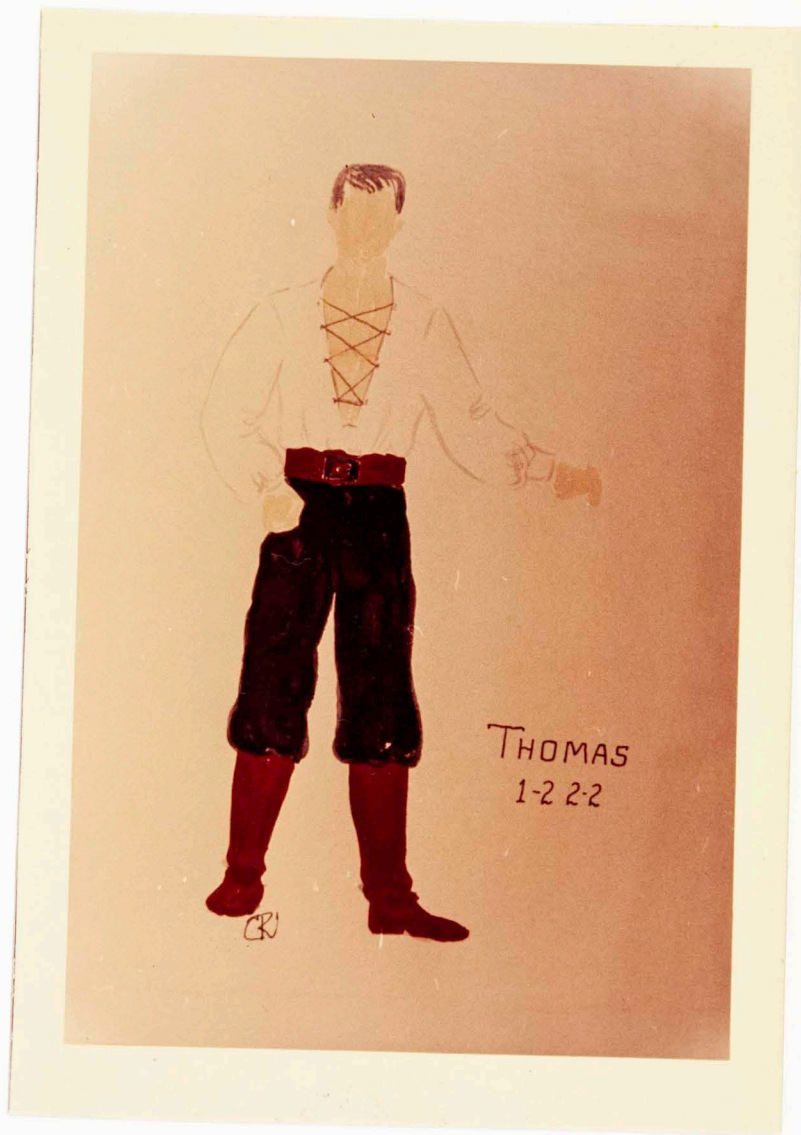
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PLATE 27



PLATE 28





THOMAS
1-2 2-2

CK

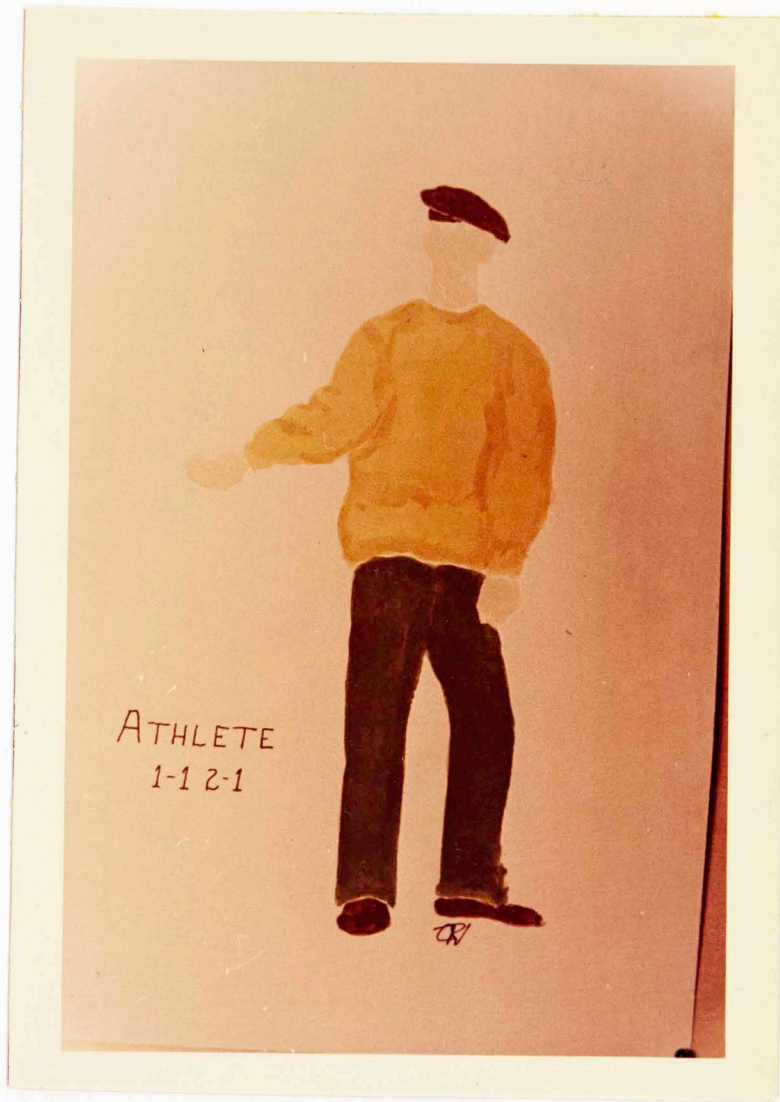


ASSISTANT
1-1 2-1

PLATE 31



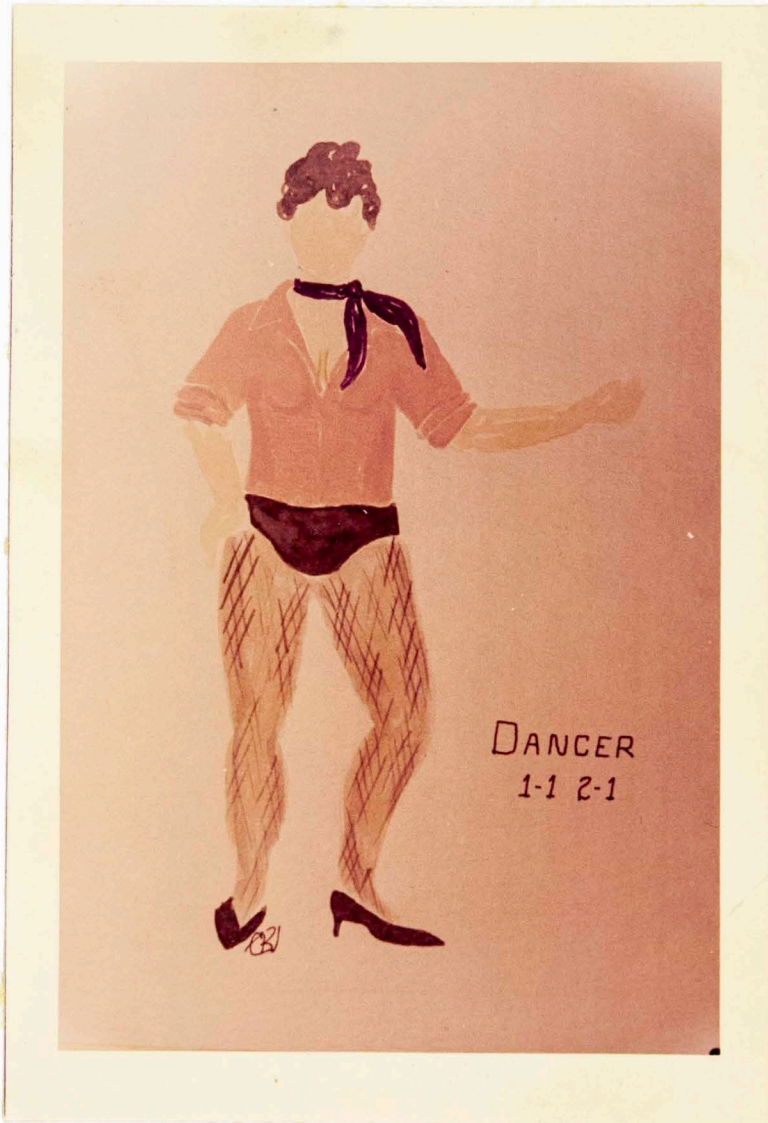
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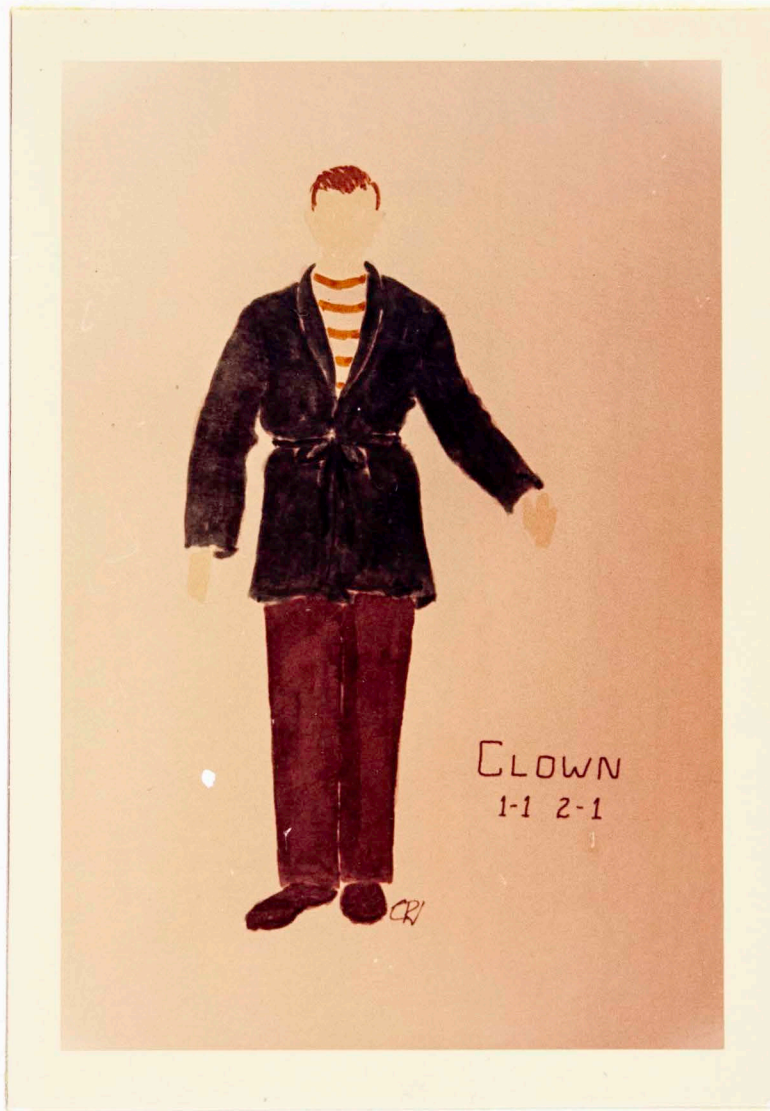
175



PLATE 34







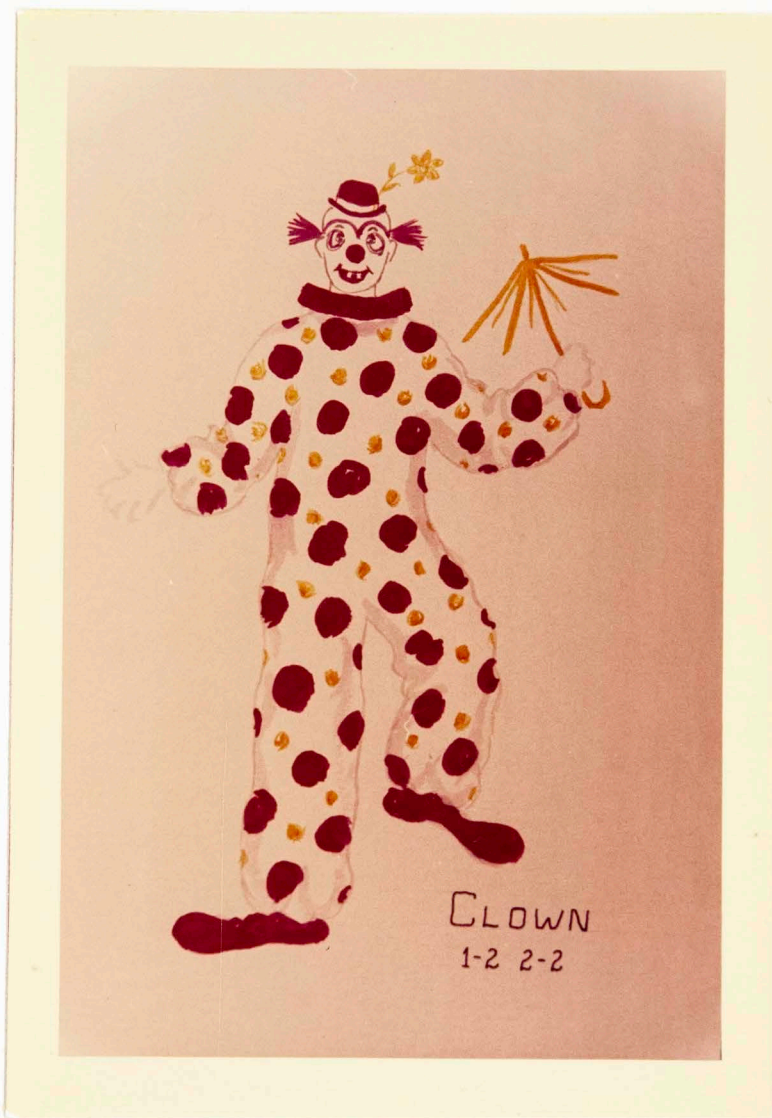
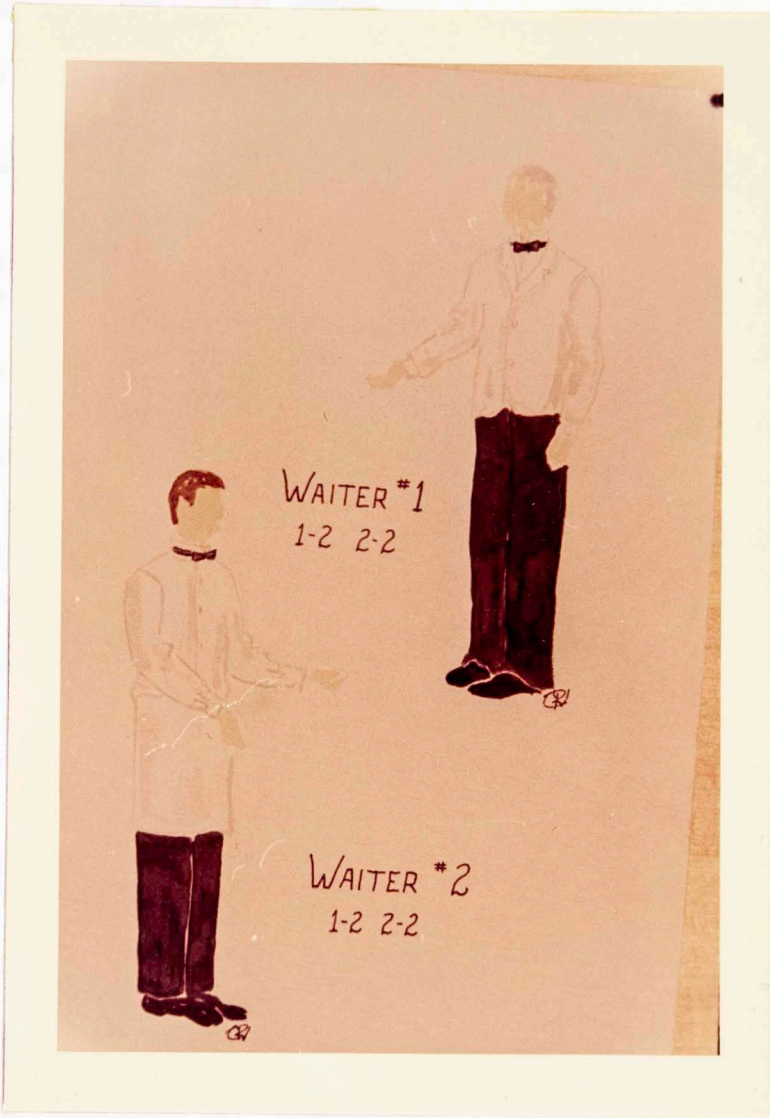


PLATE 38

LIGHTING SCHEDULE

Instrument No. 1

Type - 6-inch reflector
Location - 2nd beam
Purpose - Up Right
Lens -
Focus -



Instrument No. 2

Type -
Location -
Purpose -
Lens -
Focus -

Instrument No. 3

Type -
Location -
Purpose -
Lens -
Focus -

Instrument No. 4

Type -
Location -
Purpose -
Lens -
Focus -

Instrument No. 5

Type -
Location - 2nd beam
Purpose - Up Right
Lens - 7 1/2
Focus - All

Instrument No. 6

Type - 6-inch reflector
Location - 2nd beam
Purpose - Up Right
Lens - 500 T 12
Focus - All

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TABLE 3

LIGHTING SCHEDULE

Instrument No. 1

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - 2nd Beam
Purpose - Up Left Area
Lamp - 750 T 12
Scene - All

Instrument No. 2

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - 2nd Beam
Purpose - Up Left Filler
Lamp - 500 T. 12
Scene - All

Instrument No. 3

Type 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - 2nd Beam
Purpose - Up Center Area
Lamp - 750 T 12
Scene - All

Instrument No. 4

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - 2nd Beam
Purpose - Up Left Center Filler
Lamp - 500 T 12
Scene - All

Instrument No. 5

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - 2nd Beam
Purpose - Up Right Area
Lamp - 750 T 12
Scene - All

Instrument No. 6

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - 2nd Beam
Purpose - Up Right Filler
Lamp - 500 T 12
Scene - All

TABLE 3: Continued

Instrument No. 7

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - 2nd Beam
Purpose - Up Right Center Filler
Lamp - 500 T 12
Scene - All

Instrument No. 8

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - 2nd Beam
Purpose - Up Left Area
Lamp - 750 T 12
Scene - All

Instrument No. 9

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - 2nd Beam
Purpose - Up Left Filler
Lamp - 500 T 12
Scene - All

Instrument No. 10

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - 2nd Beam
Purpose - Up Center Area
Lamp - 750 T 12
Scene - All

Instrument No. 11

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - 2nd Beam
Purpose - Up Left Center Filler
Lamp - 500 T 12
Scene - All

Instrument No. 12

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - 2nd Beam
Purpose - Up Right Area
Lamp - 750 T 12
Scene - All

TABLE 3: Continued

Instrument No. 13

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - 2nd Beam
Purpose - Up Right Filler
Lamp - 500 T 12
Scene All

Instrument No. 14

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - 2nd Beam
Purpose - Up Right Center Filler
Lamp - 500 T 12
Scene - All

Instrument No. 15

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - 1st Beam
Purpose - Down Left Filler
Lamp - 500 T 12
Scene - All

Instrument No. 16

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - 1st Beam
Purpose - Sofa Special
Lamp - 750 T 12
Scene - Act I, Scene 1; Act II, Scene 1; Act II, Scene 11

Instrument No. 17

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - 1st Beam
Purpose - Down Left Area Filler
Lamp - 750 T 12
Scene - All

Instrument No. 18

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - 1st Beam
Purpose - Stair Special
Lamp - 750 T 12
Scene - Act II, Scene 11

TABLE 3: Continued

Instrument No. 19

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - 1st Beam
Purpose - Down Left Center Filler
Lamp - 500 T 12
Scene - All

Instrument No. 20

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - 1st Beam
Purpose - Down Center Area
Lamp - 750 T 12
Scene - All

Instrument No. 21

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - 1st Beam
Purpose - Up Left Special
Lamp - 750 T 12
Scene - Act II, Scene ii

Instrument No. 22

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - 1st Beam
Purpose - Desk Special
Lamp - 750 T 12
Scene - Act I, Scene ii; Act II, Scene ii

Instrument No. 23

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - 1st Beam
Purpose - Down Right Center Filler
Lamp - 500 T 12
Scene - All

Instrument No. 24

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - 1st Beam
Purpose - Down Left Filler
Lamp - 500 T 12
Scene - All

TABLE 3: Continued

Instrument No. 25

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - 1st Beam
Purpose - Down Right Area
Lamp - 750 T 12
Scene - All

Instrument No. 26

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - 1st Beam
Purpose - Down Left Area
Lamp - 750 T 12
Scene - All

Instrument No. 27

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - 1st Beam
Purpose - Sofa Special
Lamp - 750 T 12
Scene - Act I, Scene 1; Act II, Scene 1; Act II, Scene 11

Instrument No. 28

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - 1st Beam
Purpose - Down Left Center Filler
Lamp - 500 T 12
Scene All

Instrument No. 29

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - 1st Beam
Purpose - Down Center Area
Lamp - 750 T 12
Scene - All

Instrument No. 30

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - 1st Beam
Purpose - Down Right Filler
Lamp - 500 T 12
Scene - All

TABLE 3: Continued

Instrument No. 31

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - 1st Beam
Purpose - Down Right Center Filler
Lamp - 500 T 12
Scene - All

Instrument No. 32

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - 1st Beam
Purpose - Up Left Special
Lamp - 750 T 12
Scene - Act II, Scene 11

Instrument No. 33

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - 1st Beam
Purpose - Desk Special
Lamp - 750 T 12
Scene - Act I, Scene 11; Act II, Scene 11

Instrument No. 34

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - 1st Beam
Purpose - Down Right Area
Lamp - 750 T 12
Scene - All

Instrument No. 35

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - 1st Beam
Purpose - Stair Special
Lamp - 750 T 12
Scene - Act II, Scene 11

Instrument No. 36

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - 1st Beam
Purpose - Down Right Filler
Lamp - 500 T 12
Scene - All

TABLE 3: Continued

Instrument No. 37

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - Stage Left Slot #1
Purpose - Up Right Center Wall
Lamp - 500 T 12
Scene - All

Instrument No. 38

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - Stage Left Slot #1
Purpose - Up Center Wall
Lamp - 500 T 12
Scene - All

Instrument No. 39

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - Stage Left Slot #1
Purpose - Up Right Wall
Lamp - 500 T 12
Scene - All

Instrument No. 40

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - Stage Left Slot #2
Purpose - Up Center Door
Lamp - 750 T 12
Scene - All

Instrument No. 41

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - Stage Right Slot #1
Purpose - Up Left Wall
Lamp - 500 T 12
Scene - All

Instrument No. 42

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - Stage Right Slot #1
Purpose - Up Left Center Wall
Lamp - 500 T 12
Scene - All

TABLE 3: Continued

Instrument No. 43

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - Stage Right Slot #2
Purpose - Up Center Wall
Lamp - 500 T 12
Scene - All

Instrument No. 44

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - Stage Right Slot #2
Purpose - Up Center Door
Lamp - 750 T 12
Scene - All

Instrument No. 45

Type - 8-inch Fresnel
Location - Stage Left Pole
Purpose - Set Decoration
Lamp - 750 T 20
Scene - Act I, Scene 11; Act II, Scene 11

Instrument No. 46

Type - 8-inch Fresnel
Location - Stage Left Pole
Purpose - Set Decoration
Lamp - 750 T 20
Scene - Act I, Scene 11; Act II, Scene 11

Instrument No. 47

Type - 8-inch Fresnel
Location - Up Left Center Pole
Purpose - Set Decoration
Lamp - 750 T 20
Scene - Act I, Scene 11; Act II, Scene 11

Instrument No. 48

Type - 8-inch Fresnel
Location - Up Left Center Pole
Purpose - Set Decoration
Lamp - 750 T 20
Scene - Act I, Scene 11; Act II, Scene 11

TABLE 3: Continued

Instrument No. 49

Type - 8-inch Fresnel
Location - Up Right Center Pole
Purpose - Set Decoration
Lamp - 750 T 20
Scene - Act I, Scene 11; Act II, Scene 11

Instrument No. 50

Type - 8-inch Fresnel
Location - Up Right Center Pole
Purpose - Set Decoration
Lamp - 750 T 20
Scene - Act I, Scene 11; Act II, Scene 11

Instrument No. 51

Type - 8-inch Fresnel
Location - Up Right Center Pole
Purpose - Set Decoration
Lamp - 750 T 20
Scene - Act I, Scene 11; Act II, Scene 11

Instrument No. 52

Type - 8-inch Fresnel
Location - Stage Right Pole
Purpose - Set Decoration
Lamp - 750 T 20
Scene - Act I, Scene 11; Act II, Scene 11

Instrument No. 53

Type - 8-inch Fresnel
Location - Stage Right Pole
Purpose - Set Decoration
Lamp - 750 T 20
Scene - Act I, Scene 11; Act II, Scene 11

Instrument No. 54

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - Batton
Purpose - Cyclorama Spots
Lamp - 750 T 12
Scene - Act I, Scene 11; Act II, Scene 11

TABLE 3: Continued

Instrument No. 55

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - Batton
Purpose - Cyclorama Spots
Lamp - 750 T 12
Scene - Act I, Scene ii; Act II, Scene ii

Instrument No. 56

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - Batton
Purpose - Cyclorama Spot
Lamp - 750 T 12
Scene - Act I, Scene ii; Act II, Scene ii

Instrument No. 57

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - Batton
Purpose - Cyclorama Spot
Lamp - 750 T 12
Scene - Act I, Scene ii; Act II, Scene ii

Instrument No. 58

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - Batton
Purpose - Cyclorama Spot
Lamp - 750 T 12
Scene - Act I, Scene ii; Act II, Scene ii

Instrument No. 59

Type - 8-inch Ellipsoidal
Location - Batton
Purpose - Cyclorama Spot
Lamp - 750 T 12
Scene - Act I, Scene ii; Act II, Scene ii

Instrument No. 60

Type - 6-feet, 0-inch Cyclorama Foot
Location - Base of Cyclorama
Purpose - Light Cyclorama
Lamp - 500 PAR 40
Scene - All

TABLE 3: Continued

Instrument No. 61

Type - 6-foot, 0-inches Cyclorama Foot
 Location - Base of Cyclorama
 Purpose - Light Cyclorama
 Lamp - 500 PAR 40
 Scene - All

Instrument No. 62-75

Same as above

GEL COLOR

Special Lavender

Bastard Amber

1	19	8	29	45
2	20	9	31	46
3	21	10	32	47
4	22	11	33	48
5	23	12	34	49
6	25	13	35	50
7	30	14	36	51
15	37	24	41	52
16	38	26	42	53
17	39	27	43	
18	40	28	44	

Instruments No. 54, 56 and 57 have no gels

Instruments No. 55 and 59 have red gels

Instrument No. 58 has blue gel

All of the Cyclorama Foot Lights have red, green, amber and blue rondells

TABLE 4

MASTER CUE SHEET

Cue No. 1

Dept. Cue - Lighting-1
Cue - House to Half
Method - Stage Manager

Cue No. 2

Dept. Cue - Sound-1
Cue - Start Overture
Method - Stage Manager

Cue No. 3

Dept. Cue - Lighting-2
Cue - Stage Up
Method - Stage Manager

Cue No. 4

Dept. Cue - Lighting-3
Cue - House Out
Method - Stage Manager

Cue No. 5

Dept. Cue - Stage Manager
Cue - Curtain
Method - Stage Manager

Cue No. 6

Dept. Cue - Lighting-4
Cue - Cyclorama Lights Up
Method - Visual

Cue No. 7

Dept. Cue - Sound-2
Cue - Whip Cracks and Shouts
Method - Visual

Dept. Cue - Stage 193

Cue - Curtain

Method - Visual

MASTER CUE SHEET: Continued

Cue No. 8

Dept. Cue - Lighting-4
Cue - Lights Up In Room
Method - Man: "Good morning"

Cue No. 9

Dept. Cue - Sound-3
Cue - Tango
Method - Man: "When I kiss your hands"

Cue No. 10

Dept. Cue - Sound-4
Cue - Whip Crack. Tango stop
Method - Visual: Exit of Athlete

Cue No. 11

Dept. Cue - Sound-5
Cue - Tango and Calls From Ring
Method - Briquet: "A suicide or that. . ."

Cue No. 12

Dept. Cue - Sound-6
Cue - Tango Stop
Method - Visual: Zinaida's Cross

Cue No. 13

Dept. Cue - Sound-7
Cue - Tango
Method - He: "I can feel it"

Cue No. 14

Dept. Cue - Lighting-5
Cue - Cyclorama Up, Spot On He and Zinaida
Method - He: "Like a statue."

Cue No. 15

Dept. Cue - Stage Manager
Cue - Curtain
Method - Zinaida: ". . . lions love me?"

MASTER CUE SHEET: Continued

Cue No. 16

Dept. Cue - Lighting-6
Cue - Curtain Lights Up
Method - Stage Manager

Cue No. 17

Dept. Cue - Sound-8
Cue - Tango
Method - Twenty Second Count

Cue No. 18

Dept. Cue - Sound-9
Cue - Fade Tango. Up Circus Noise
Method - Ten Second Count

Cue No. 19

Dept. Cue - Lighting-7
Cue - Cyclorama Up. Room Up
Method - Stage Manager

Cue No. 20

Dept. Cue - Stage Manager
Cue - Curtain
Method - Visual

Cue No. 21

Dept. Cue - Sound-10
Cue - Applause
Method - Consuela: "You're so fat."

Cue No. 22

Dept. Cue - Lighting-8
Cue - Cyclorama Change
Method - Consuela: "You're so fat."

Cue No. 23

Dept. Cue - Sound-11
Cue - Bell Ring
Method - Jack: ". . . for the customers."

MASTER CUE SHEET: Continued

Cue No. 24

Dept. Cue - Sound-12
 Cue - Music
 Method - Briquet: ". . . all on please."

Cue No. 25

Dept. Cue - Sound-13
 Cue - Fade Music. Up Noise
 Method - He: "... settle things somehow."

Cue No. 26

Dept. Cue - Lighting-9
 Cue - Cyclorama Change
 Method:- Man: "... vulgarest, little . . . oh!"

Cue No. 27

Dept. Cue - Sound-14
 Cue - Fade Noise
 Method - Man: "... he shall marry her."

Cue No. 28

Dept. Cue - Sound-15
 Cue - Loud Applause
 Method - Briquet: "... all my born days."

Cue No. 29

Dept. Cue - Lighting-10
 Cue - Change Cyclorama
 Method - Man: "... it's all right."

Cue No. 30

Dept. Cue - Sound-16
 Cue - Fade Applause
 Method - Briquet: "You're a madwoman."

Cue No. 31

Dept. Cue - Sound-17
 Cue - Laughter
 Method - Mancini: "... return for you my child."

MASTER CUE SHEET: Continued

Cue No. 32

Dept. Cue - Sound-18
Cue - Fade Laughter
Method - He: ". . . will you say yes?"

Cue No. 33

Dept. Cue - Lighting-11
Cue - Change Cyclorama
Method - Consuela: ". . . what is love."

Cue No. 34

Dept. Cue - Sound-19
Cue - Waltz
Method - He: ". . . what the stars say."

Cue No. 35

Dept. Cue - Sound 20
Cue - Fade Waltz
Method - He: ". . . remember the sea."

Cue No. 36

Dept. Cue - Sound 21
Cue - Gallop
Method - Consuela: "Go on He."

Cue No. 37

Dept. Cue - Lighting-12
Cue - Change Cyclorama
Method - "Go on He."

Cue No. 38

Dept. Cue - Sound-22
Cue - Thirty Second Fade - Gallop
Method - He: "Have pity on me."

Cue No. 39

Dept. Cue - Lighting-13
Cue - Room Fade - Spot on He
Method - He: "I'm busy."

MASTER CUE SHEET: Continued

Cue No. 40

Dept. Cue - Sound-23
Cue - Music
Method - Visual, From Lights

Cue No. 41

Dept. Cue - Stage Manager
Cue - Curtain
Method - Visual

Cue No. 42

Dept. Cue - Lighting-14
Cue - House UP
Method - Stage Manager

Cue No. 43

Dept. Cue - Sound-24
Cue - Fade Music
Method - Stage Manager (Intermission)

Cue No. 44

Dept. Cue - Sound-25
Cue - Entre Act
Method - Stage Manager

Cue No. 45

Dept. Cue - Lighting-15
Cue - House To Half
Method - Stage Manager

Cue No. 46

Dept. Cue - Lighting-16
Cue - Stage Up
Method - Stage Manager

Cue No. 47

Dept. Cue - Lighting-17
Cue - House Out
Method - Stage Manager

MASTER CUE SHEET: Continued

Cue No. 48

Dept. Cue - Stage Manager
 Cue - Curtain
 Method - Stage Manager

Cue No. 49

Dept. Cue - Sound-26
 Cue - Fade Music
 Method - Gentleman: "Good morning."

Cue No. 50

Dept. Cue - Sound-27
 Cue - Whip Crack. Puppy Yelp
 Method - Gentleman: "Really."

Cue No. 51

Dept. Cue - Sound-28
 Cue - Tango
 Method - Gentleman: ". . . answered my question."

Cue No. 52

Dept. Cue - Sound 29
 Cue - End Tango
 Method - Man: "I left it at home."

Cue No. 53

Dept. Cue - Sound-30
 Cue - Music and Shouts
 Method - Consuela: "I only say it to you."

Cue No. 54

Dept. Cue - Sound-31
 Cue - Twenty Second Fade - Music
 Method - Man: ". . . our dear little fly."

Cue No. 55

Dept. Cue - Lighting-18
 Cue - Cyclorama Up. Room Down. Spots on He and Baron.
 Method - He: "Shall I entertain you?"

MASTER CUE SHEET: Continued

Cue No. 56

Dept. Cue - Sound-32
 Cue - Tango
 Method - He: "Yes I can."

Cue No. 57

Dept. Cue - Stage Manager
 Cue - Curtain
 Method - Visual

Cue No. 58

Dept. Cue - Lighting-19
 Cue - Curtain Lights Up
 Method - Stage Manager

Cue No. 59

Dept. Cue - Sound-33
 Cue - Cross Fade Tango and Circus Noise and Music
 Method - Five Second Count

Cue No. 60

Dept. Cue - Lighting-20
 Cue - Cyclorama Up. Room Up
 Method - Stage Manager

Cue No. 61

Dept. Cue - Stage Manager
 Cue - Curtain
 Method - Stage Manager

Cue No. 62

Dept. Cue - Sound-34
 Cue - Music
 Method - Artist: ". . . lady on a beautiful"

Cue No. 63

Dept. Cue - Sound-35
 Cue - Twenty Second Fade - Music
 Method - Jack: ". . . this damned gala."

MASTER CUE SHEET: Continued

Cue No. 64

Dept. Cue - Sound-36
 Cue - Fade Up - New Music - 10 Seconds
 Method - He: ". . . gave me a fright."

Cue No. 65

Dept. Cue - Sound-37
 Cue - End Music
 Method - Briquet: "Please not tonight."

Cue No. 66

Dept. Cue - Sound-38
 Cue - Fade Up Waltz
 Method - Tilly: ". . . how the Count walks?"

Cue No. 67

Dept. Cue - Sound-39
 Cue - End Music. Applause
 Method - Angelica: ". . . those her flowers?"

Cue No. 68

Dept. Cue - Lighting-21
 Cue - Change Cyclorama
 Method - Briquet: ". . . quiet don't push."

Cue No. 69

Dept. Cue - Sound-40
 Cue - Fade Up Tango
 Method - Man: "Look at this little heart."

Cue No. 70

Dept. Cue - Sound-41
 Cue - Stop Tango
 Method - Polly: "Go on, dance."

Cue No. 71

Dept. Cue - Sound-42
 Cue - Music and Bell
 Method - He: ". . . twixt cup and lip."

MASTER CUE SHEET: Continued

Cue No. 72

Dept. Cue - Lighting-22
Cue - Cyclorama Change
Method - Briquet: "All on for the finale."

Cue No. 73

Dept. Cue - Lighting-23
Cue - Twenty Second Fade On Room. Spot on He and
Consuela.
Method - He: "Waiting my turn, Princess."

Cue No. 74

Dept. Cue - Sound-43
Cue - Twenty Second Music Fade
Method - He: "Waiting my turn, Princess."

Cue No. 75

Dept. Cue - Lighting-24
Cue - Cyclorama Change
Method - Polly: "Play you a pretty tune?"

Cue No. 76

Dept. Cue - Sound-44
Cue - Tango
Method - Jack: "Why did you come here?"

Cue No. 77

Dept. Cue - Sound-45
Cue - Tango Louder
Method - He: "I'm coming."

Cue No. 78

Dept. Cue - Lighting-25
Cue - Cyclorama Up Full. Room Out
Method - He: "I'm coming."

Cue No. 79

Dept. Cue - Stage Manager
Cue - Curtain
Method - Stage Manager

MASTER CUE SHEET: Continued

Cue No. 80

Dept. Cue - Sound-46
 Cue - End Music Abruptly
 Method - Visual

Cue No. 81

Dept. Cue - Lighting-26
 Cue - House Up
 Method - Stage Manager

premature death in 1919,
 Andrejov was a popular dramatist in Russia,
 but his plays proved to be short-lived and did not remain
 in the national repertory. His fame was as fleeting as
 it was striking and halcyon. In the years preceding
 the First World War much play by Andrejov was an event,
 followed by heated controversy among critics and specta-
 tors, but his plays were forgotten before his death, never
 to be revived under the Soviets. As a fierce opponent of
 Communism, Andrejov was banned from the Russian press for
 a long time and it was not until 1950 that the reprint of
 his collapsed plays and stories was finally authorized. His
 works, however, had not been oblivion not only because of their
 political overtones but also because "they were dated and
 could hardly appeal to the modern reader".

Between 1903-1917, Andrejov wrote twenty-seven plays
 of varying quality. Of these, however, half a dozen may
 be considered great. The subject matter which he chose

more classic, Russian Theatre from the Empire to the
 Soviet. (Cleveland: World Publ. Co., 1961) p. 150.

CHAPTER VIII

CONCLUSION: EVALUATION OF STYLE AND WORKS

After 1906 and until his premature death in 1919, Andreyev was perhaps the most popular dramatist in Russia, but his plays proved to be short-lived and did not remain in the national repertory. His fame was as fleeting as it was striking and boisterous. In the years preceding the First World War each play by Andreyev was an event followed by heated controversy among critics and spectators, but his plays were forgotten before his death, never to be revived under the Soviets. As a fierce opponent of Communism, Andreyev was banned from the Russian press for a long time and it was not until 1960 that the reprint of his selected plays and stories was finally authorized. His works, however, sank into oblivion not only because of their political overtones but also because "they were dated and could hardly appeal to the modern reader".¹

Between 1905-1917, Andreyev wrote twenty-seven plays of varying quality. Of these, however, half a dozen may be considered great. The subject matter which he chose

¹Marc Slonim, Russian Theatre from the Empire to the Soviets. (Cleveland: World Publishing Co., 1961) p. 150.

was quite varied, but much was undoubtedly suggested by the events and conditions of his time. The early 1900's in Russia, indeed in all of Europe, was a time of wars, assassinations, misery for the lower classes and unrest and pessimism in the world of thought. Much of his material, however, was derived from his own mind, one which perhaps viewed the world through slightly faulty lenses and, as a result, distorted its product.

Andreyev's treatment of his material covers the gamut of styles from wildest fantasy in The Black Maskers through allegorical abstraction in The Life Of Man to convincing realism in Katherine Ivanivna; but whatever the method, symbolism is always present in a greater or lesser degree. "Andreyev's true field is symbolism, the portrayal of the inner life of man by some outer spectacle."²

It is in He Who Gets Slapped that Andreyev has most perfectly arranged his combination of symbolism and spectacle. The spectacle of a circus with its stir of action and excitement juxtaposed with the search of a man to find a world he has already lost, has been acclaimed by more audiences than any of his other works. Whenever this play was produced abroad, it was highly received by the audiences; and the resumption of its production by educational theatres after World War Two showed that it had not lost its stage appeal.

² Ibid., p. 125.

The bombastic, rhetorical, and artificial character of Andreyev's highly romanticized style remains, however, the main defect in his plays. In the same way as Gorky's realistic dramas, the symbolic plays of Andreyev are essentially a closed chapter in the history of theatre.

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