

A STUDY OF THE
PROBLEMS INVOLVED IN
THE RADIO ADAPTATION
AND PRODUCTION OF
THIRTEEN GREAT SHORT STORIES

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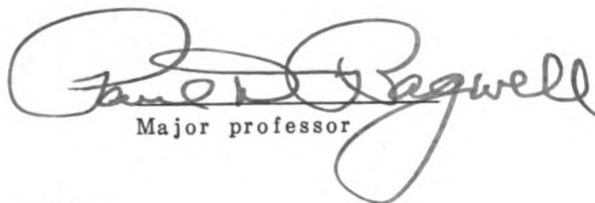
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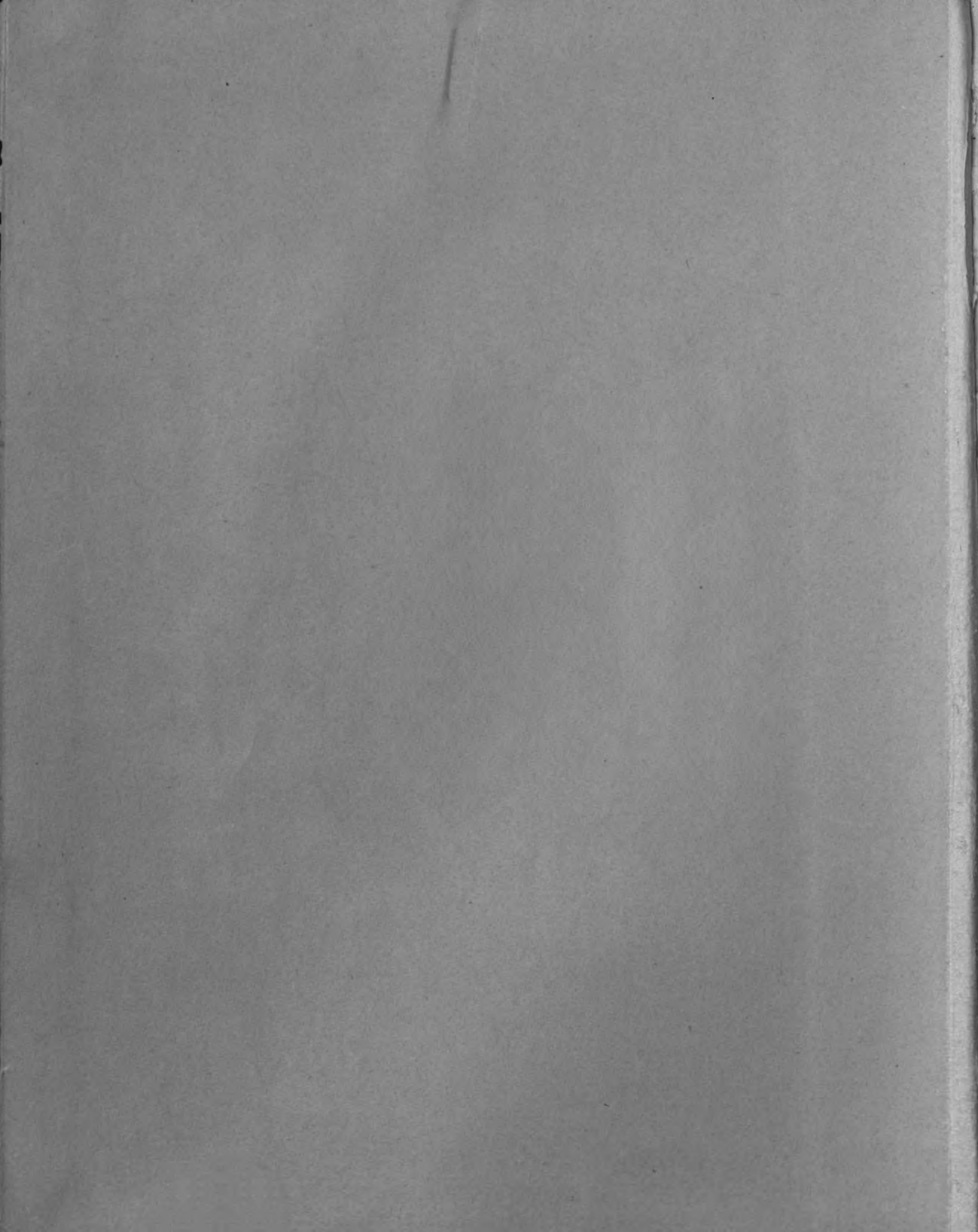
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A STUDY OF THE PROBLEMS INVOLVED IN THE RADIO
ADAPTATION AND PRODUCTION OF THIRTEEN GREAT SHORT STORIES

by

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PREFACE

I wish to acknowledge the kind help given by Mr. Paul D. Bagwell and by Mr. J. A. Callaway, both in the organization and execution of this thesis.

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PART I
INTRODUCTION

THE METHOD
USED IN THE COMPILATION OF THIS THESIS
AND
PROBLEMS OF RADIO WRITING AND PRODUCTION

Radio, though a comparatively new medium, is rapidly developing and improving along both educational and entertainment lines. Its rapid growth has been as amazing as the miracle of radio itself. As radio has been expanded and refined mechanically, so have the services which the medium offers. Music, news and variety shows have attained a high degree of perfection. However, except in a few isolated instances, radio drama has not kept pace with the rising standards of the medium.

Radio drama is different from any other kinds of dramatic literature, due to the variations between this medium and other dramatic media. Thus, we should see emerging a radio genre, a type of literature which has a true artistic value, in addition to an amusement value. Certainly, there have been strides made. Norman Corwin, for instance, has created a kind of literature which is at once distinctively his own and radio's. He has been much imitated and has thus helped immeasurably to improve the literature of radio. Too, shows such as the Cavalcade of America, Columbia Workshop and Lux Radio Theatre, though far from well-written, for the most part, have taken a step in the right direction. Yet, there is still much to be desired when one surveys the field of radio writing.

Although these shows (particularly the Corwin shows) have developed a worth while radio literature, many daytime serials bring little of value to the listener. Yet, day-

time serials reach more people than do such productions as those just mentioned. Thus, it seems eminently suitable that if the standards of radio literature are to be really elevated, the foundation should be laid in these daytime programs. "

Hence, "my desire in writing this thesis was to bring to the average person, listening to daytime dramas, or soap operas, as they are often termed, a better type of radio writing than is now being presented." Much good literature has not been available to the radio audience because it is too seldom translated from another medium to radio and produced in place of the present kind of drama. I hoped that by effecting the transfer, I might present a kind of radio script that would encourage listening to more valuable literature and, at the same time, stimulate the reading of good literature.

" My aim has been to write a series of fifteen minute scripts to be used in place of a daytime serial. I have attempted in this series to overcome the faults inherent in many of the so-called soap operas playing today. I am not condemning all soap operas, but I do believe that many of them treat their subject-matter with such a degree of over-sentimentality as to render the story ridiculous. The heroines and heros are constantly in the throes of some tragedy so exaggerated that one finds it difficult to respect the protagonists. In an attempt to eliminate this

defect, I chose to adapt stories of accepted literary value. Thus, I made certain that the subject-matter was basically well treated in the original. Then, I tried to transfer the spirit of the original to the adaptation for radio.

Another fault of much radio writing is a result of what I consider to be the misconception that the radio audience is too stupid to remember what has happened from day-to-day. This misconception sometimes leads to ten minutes of recapitulation and four and a half minutes of further development of the story. A current daytime serial indulged in this sort of plot-padding, as it might be called, for three weeks, during which time the heroine stood with her hand on the door knob of the doctor's office and thought back over her life-history. Although I believe that, even in a serial, the reestablishment of characters and plot could be accomplished more concisely and effectively, this necessity was eradicated in my series by making each story complete in one episode.

Also, by making the episodes complete unto themselves, the "what is going to happen tomorrow" technique, which is often used undesirably, was avoided.

" While I was careful to choose stories of literary worth, equal care was exercised that the stories contain a universal appeal. Thus, I hoped to ensure audience interest. Too, I attempted to make the series entertaining enough to encourage people to tune in for each broadcast, regardless

of the fact that there is no suspense carry-over from program to program."

However, the elimination of these defects, prevalent in much present day radio writing, was incidental to my primary purpose which was, as I have pointed out, to bring to radio good literature of a kind which is all too seldom presented through this medium, namely great short stories." It has been my aim to show that if a story has literary value, it has radio value and could become a part of a kind of radio literature of high quality.

Having determined the purpose of the thesis and chosen the stories for adaptation, the next step was the actual writing of the scripts. Writing radio drama requires the same knowledge of the basic elements of drama as does writing for stage or screen. Yet, it goes without saying, that there are certain techniques peculiar to radio writing. It must be constantly borne in mind that the radio writer is actually appealing directly to only one sense - that of hearing. It is often said that, in radio, you write for a blind audience. In a sense, this is true. Certainly no radio listener today can actually see the lift of a character's eye-brow or the shrug of his shoulder. But, the writer, director and actor combine their efforts to ensure the listener's seeing it in his mind's eye. The writer provides dialogue that will fit the gesture, the director, perhaps, suggests the voice inflection of the reading that will

indicate the gesture and the actor puts into his voice the tone that implies the gesture. He probably even executes it as he reads "on mike". At home, the listener sees the gesture in a mental image. Or, it may be that the listener sees a similar gesture, instead, one which is even more familiar to him but carries the same meaning. At any rate, he visualizes. He does not just blindly hear.

Nevertheless, the fact that the auditory sense is the only one to which direct appeal is made in radio has certain effects upon radio drama. Mental pictures must be built up in the listener. Action must be talked about as it is being done. Descriptions of people or places must be inserted into dialogue or into narration. Characterization is necessarily created primarily by the voice and dialogue, though occasionally characters may, in the course of conversation, describe another character.

All of these things, which present little difficulty to a writer for stage or screen, are problems for the radio writer, because they must be portrayed in dialogue which actually sounds like conversation. A great danger is that dialogue describing action, appearance or character will sound forced. Of course, a good radio writer soon learns to bring these things in naturally and easily and bit by bit, rather than in one or two speeches. Or, if the radio writer deems it necessary to get the exposition out of the way quickly, in order to get to the action and struggle, he

will do it in a conversational way to avoid unnatural, forced story-telling.

There are, of course, certain mechanical tools of radio which may be used by the writer to aid him in this process of visualization. There are sound effects, for instance, which aid in the creation of atmosphere and the visualization of the action of the play and the movements of the actors. If a writer understands skillfull use of these effects, his problem will be much easier. Other aids to visualization are the fades in and out, which indicate the action and location and perspective of the characters. These obviate the necessity of the writer having his character say, "Here I come", or "Now I am going." Fades are also valuable in indicating movement. Having a character say, "Just a minute I'll get you one," and fade out and then fade back in, saying, "Here it is," is ample evidence to the listener that he has walked across the room. These fades also help the writer to make transitions in time. For example, the writer can have his character fade out as he says, "I remember when I was a little boy---", and then have the little boy fade in, talking, and the listener has made the transition without being told, "Now I'm going to tell you about a scene in my childhood."

Another device which lightens the writer's burden is music, with which he can command atmosphere and mood and by which he can indicate passage of time or change of locale.

With all of these aids, however, the writer still must make his dialogue indicative of action, appearance and character.

Furthermore, the necessity for constantly providing means of visualization for the listening public is not the only problem radio imposes upon a writer. Simplicity is also incumbent upon the radio scribe. The radio listener wants to imagine himself as the character in the story to which he is listening. If the character chances to be a villain, he wants the villain to be like someone whom he, himself, might conceivably encounter. He also wants the character to say things he or his associates might say, or, at least, think, and in the same sort of language in which they might say it or think it. If the speeches are stilted, the entire story loses all probability for the average listener. Furthermore, in a radio show there is seldom time to deal in lengthy explanations of the character's temperament. The listener must understand and know the character without too much explanation. Thus, the need for simplicity of character portrayal is evident.

Again, simplicity is a prerequisite of the good radio plot. In the first place, the plot should consist of the kind of situations in which the listener and his friends could possibly be involved. The dilemma presented should evoke emotions common to most and understandable to all. Secondly, the writer must beware of the fact, in construct-

ing his plot, that he is usually appealing to only one person, or, at the most, a group of three or four. Mass psychology will not work as it does in the theatre. That is why, for instance, war stories are narrowed to the exploits of a single hero, rather than to the daring deeds of a whole squadron. Here, once more, simplification enables the listener to satisfy his desire to imagine himself as the character. Thirdly, the number of characters in a radio play must be limited. It is difficult for the listener to keep in mind more than six leading characters. The use of more, in leading roles, usually results in confusion of identity, though more may be brought in for bit parts. No matter how many or few are used, it is up to the writer to give the leads distinctive characteristics; so that the listener will have a different and clear concept of each.

The problems of visualization and simplification are not the only ones imposed upon the writer by radio. Another very vital demand is that the pace of the play be rapid. The listener has not gone outside of his home and presented himself to be entertained. When the radio drama comes on he is, probably, engaged in some occupation about the house and is often interested almost against his will. His attention must be gained at the outset and held throughout. If the drama does not move he may shut it off and return to whatever he was doing. Stimulation is required to hold attention because the audience can become bored with a radio

play even more quickly than with a stage play, where there are costumes and scenery and personalities to be seen to compensate for dull writing. Consequently, action must be swift. Above all, there must be action. There is need for doing, not just talking. True, there may be talk about actions, but, if it is well-done, that kind of talk presents a picture of action to the listener's mind. However, even that kind of talk must be broken up with direct action, music and sound effects so that the movement is still rapid and interesting. Pace is, at all times, a matter of utmost importance in any drama and particularly so in radio drama.

Another problem involved in radio writing is the matter of good taste. Since radio goes into the home, the subject of the play, the types of characters, the language they use and the situations in which they find themselves must be acceptable to all ages and to all classes and creeds. This, a writer for radio is obliged to consider at every turn. Out of the fact that radio is so much a part of the home, in which there can be no differentiation of audience, has grown the censorship of radio. Radio writing demands impeccable taste.

Another difficulty, under which the radio writer works, is the limitation of playing time. Dramatic shows may run any place from ten minutes to an hour, but there is only one full hour dramatic show on the air and the majority of such programs run from fifteen minutes to a half-hour. Consequent-

ly, plot, atmosphere and characterization must be compressed. Tableaux are presented in place of detailed pictures. Further, seconds are vital in radio and a writer dare not over-run his allotted space on the air. Thus, there is imposed a purely mechanical compression.

Added to all of these exigencies is the fact that the radio writer usually has only one chance to make good. A radio script is only presented once and there are not months of rehearsal in back of it. The script has to be right the first time. It is rare that a writer has the opportunity I have had to hear his work done and then revise it. Ordinarily, such revision would be to no avail because the script would never be done again.

Despite all of these demands which the radio writer must satisfy in his script, radio writing has certain advantages. Every medium has its restrictions and many of those just listed are universal in any kind of writing. However, radio has two great assets which make it a flexible medium and permit the writer a good deal of leeway. One is the rapidity and ease with which a scene may be changed. The listener's mind can change a scene much more quickly than he could be shown a change. An automobile motor sound effect and some music can transport the listener from city to city in thirty seconds, with no attendant sense of incongruity. A listener can be transplanted from manhood to boyhood by a flash-back and feel perfectly natural. Another instance

in which the radio writer has freedom is the matter of format. There is no limitation to the number of scenes in which a drama may be performed. The play may consist of a number of short, fast scenes, or two long ones, or an admixture. Which combination of scenes the writer chooses depends upon the playing time he has for his show, the kind of drama he is portraying and the plot and the mood of the drama. At any rate, in these two instances the absence of rules and the presence of the listener's visual imagination make the radio writer's task an easier one.

I have shown some of the problems to be met in radio writing of any kind and some of the advantages. Now, what are the problems of adaptation of a story?

In a story, background exposition is a matter of simple telling. Description may set the scene and the mood. The situation may be easily described in the first paragraph. In radio, the announcer may, at the beginning, be able to describe the scene in which we first find the characters. He may, too, be able to explain the situation but, usually, this technique is both obvious and dull. A narrator may be incorporated to carry this type of description throughout the play, but, except in cases where the spirit of the story demands it, that often seems the weak and easy way of adapting. In most cases, the background exposition has to be included in the dialogue.

Usually, most of the description of the scene is also inserted in the dialogue, though sound effects and fades help here. The mood can be set by sound effects, music and voice inflection. As I have already pointed out, the descriptions and exposition are incorporated in the dialogue in a subtle and natural way. They should be brought in gradually and in a conversational manner. It is seldom possible to set the scene or describe the situation in one or two speeches. Little bits of description may be brought out in a series of speeches between two or more people. It is not good technique for one person to say, "Ah, what a lovely day it is. See the tiny green leaves on the trees and the babbling brook and the sweet little birds, etc." That is not a natural speech. On the other hand, it might be done like this:

1st Person: Umm--what a nice day it is.

2nd Person: Yes. The leaves are such a pretty sort of green this time of year.

1st Person: Let's sit down here. I like to listen to the brook, don't you?

2nd Person: All right, think it's warm enough to go wading?
Oh--say--look at those birds----over there.

1st Person: Oh, yes. They are pretty!

In a story, of course, this could all be said in a few descriptive phrases and, furthermore, the reactions of the characters to these phenomena could be described. Not so,

in radio. Take into consideration, too, that if the "2nd Person" had said, "Yes--the tiny leaves are like little pale green fairy feathers", the listener would have felt uneasy because of the stilted language, whereas in a story, it might have been considered highly desirable. It is true, of course, that many lines of a rather literary nature, if read naturally, will carry. But, as a general rule, the more colloquial the words, the better. In conversation, the most cultured people use contractions and slang that they would never write. So, whereas in print a, "Yep", might seem incongruous, say, in the mouth of a playwright, in radio it heightens the illusion that the character is really talking. All that I have just said concerning the differences between the handling of description in a radio play and a story holds for the handling of background exposition in both.

So much for background exposition and description. Now, for characterization. The author of a short story has the whole story in which to build character, with the opportunity of describing revealing physical characteristics and actions in exposition and the character's mental reactions by simple phrases and adjectives. Naturally, in radio, these must again be transposed into dialogue, which should be disguised so that it does not sound like exposition or description. Furthermore, this must be done quickly, as a radio script contains action, not description, as its

primary device. A complicated or subtle reaction or psychosis in a character may be carefully explained in a story, whereas, in radio, since there is no chance to explain things in detail, the character and his thoughts and actions must be easy to understand. Furthermore, in a story, much can be accomplished with the words, "he thought to himself," but, in a radio play, it would be quite dull to have a person talking to himself too often or for too long a period. It is true that a stream-of-consciousness technique can sometimes be used very effectively, but not if it is overdone.

Now, for the differences in plot development. Allow me to repeat that in radio, the important thing is the doing. The plot needs rapid development, which does not admit of long descriptive or expository or characterization passages. Such passages, though they enhance a story, only detract from a radio play. Stories are not limited in subject matter by the question of universal acceptability, nor by the obligation for simplicity, as are radio dramas. It is true, too, that radio audiences seem to prefer plots which develop ideas, whereas, a story may be completely without moralization of any kind or may be completely frivolous. Thus, the varied audience which is radio's is, in a sense, a limitation to radio literature. Also, the fact that the radio listener must often be interested in spite of himself, whereas when someone picks up a story to read he is

presenting himself to be entertained, demands of the radio writer that he provide a rapidly moving drama.

Those are the differences between writing the short story, as written for reading, and the radio script, as written for listening. As to the writing in this particular series, the problems of each individual adaptation have been taken up in the notes accompanying each script, but I should like to explain briefly my methods in compiling this thesis.

It is interesting to note that, although stories have been told throughout the history of man, the short story, as a literary form, dates, really, from Edgar Allen Poe. Certainly, there are brief tales, in prose and verse, and anecdotes which have been handed down, but, it was Poe who said the short story was a form and defined it for posterity. Hence, I began my series with him. Showing the origin of the short story in America, France and England, I first presented the story by Edgar Allen Poe whose principle device was suspense. Then, I went on to Guy de Maupassant, who did for France, according to some critics, what Poe did for America. He was a great master of the art of story telling. Though his works were less violent than Poe's, he lacked Poe's sympathy and warmth. Still, he greatly influenced succeeding authors in all countries. A work of his seemed a logical choice for my next adaptation.

Continuing my presentation of the precursors of the modern short story in the three countries, I chose a work of Dickens for the next adaptation. Though he wrote novels, his *Pickwick Papers* are really a compilation of short stories, which greatly influenced his successors.

After showing, through these three men, the origins of the modern short story, I then traced the development of this literary form, in the three countries, by choosing two representative authors from each country. My first choice was two French authors, Zola and Daudet, who reflected the influence of the originators, yet added their own characteristics (in Zola sociological study; in Daudet emotional tenderness) to the form. Further, both of these men wrote about the same things as were being written of in England and America at that time. Thus, they were typical of their times, as well as their country.

The next two scripts are adaptations of H. H. Munro, or Saki, and Leacock, English writers. Saki is, of course, one of our better known short story writers, while Leacock is more famous for his essays. However, the type of humor with which Leacock's essays are endowed has exerted an influence on all forms of the humorous writing of our day and it seemed worthwhile to include one of his works. Both of these writers, by their distinctive styles, initiated formats which have since been widely used. They are both comparatively recent writers. Leacock is, of course, still living

today, yet he, like Saki, has a spirit about his writing which was more of the last century than of present day. They are, in a sense, midway between the authors previously presented and the moderns and, it seemed, to me, that their contributions to the growth of the story should not be overlooked.

For the American development, I chose two authors who are of the same period as Leacock and Saki. These are Gertrude Atherton and Ring Lardner, whose types and handling of plots marked another trend in this kind of literature.

Having shown the developments in the three countries, I turned to the modern short story. It so happens that, included in this section, are two British and two American authors, but it is not intentional. I simply chose stories representative of those we most often read today. Taking first the classic type of short story now popular, I chose Somerset Maugham as the best example. I next dealt with the kind of stories frequently published in "slick magazines". My choice for this category was a story by Katherine Brush, because she is one of the best known and the most accomplished of writers for this kind of publication. Finally, I adapted two works by two men who write a sort of literary short story, Saroyan and Wodehouse. Wodehouse could be called a "slick magazine" writer. Certainly his stories have frequently appeared in such publications. However, his work is most assuredly not

typical of that kind of writing and could not be included in the "slick magazine" category for this reason. Both he and Saroyan have originated kinds of stories that have a value of their own as special types. They are, I should say, short stories of a unique kind and, as such, have had, and will have, their influence.

It is to be hoped that the matter of the writing of this thesis has now been adequately explained here and in the notes accompanying the scripts. But, after the first writing was completed, there was still more to be done. The scripts were produced as a studio project (not actually broadcast), in order that I might hear my writing as it would really sound on the air and make corrections accordingly. The production problems of each script are also a part of the accompanying notes. However, I should like to discuss the general production problems to be met in any drama broadcast and the manner in which they were met in the production of this thesis.

The first step in getting a production on the air is always the preparation for the broadcast. In the first place, in many cases, copyrights have to be cleared. If my scripts had gone on the air, I should have had to clear the copyrights. I should have been required to write to the authors of the stories adapted for permission to broadcast my adaptation. If the show were to be used commercially, there would no doubt be a royalty fee on many of the

scripts. However, the works of many of the earlier writers have become public domain and could be used without consulting anyone.

Again, a show actually aired would have required clearance of the music copyrights, too. In the case of a live orchestra, the director would have to see to it that the orchestra played only music and arrangements for which permission had been granted through ASCAP or BMI or directly from the composer. If records were used the same thing would be true. However, I had no such problems, since the scripts were not actually broadcast, but were done over a public address system.

After the clearance of rights has been accomplished, the director's next step is to arrange for the music. In a series a theme is usually chosen which will be played each time to introduce the program and, so, identify it. In my case, I chose as theme a fanfare passage from Tchaikowsky's Vith Symphony. Once that was done, introductory music needed no further attention. But there was always the task of choosing the music for bridges. Bridges are used to indicate a change of time or place. They must be carefully chosen to convey the mood of the preceding and the succeeding scene. For instance, if the preceding scene is one in which fear is expressed and the succeeding is to bring out a terrifying experience, the bridge might begin softly and sadly and build to a crashing crescendo. With a live

orchestra, such a thing would not be difficult to achieve, since they could improvise. However, to try to find a spot on a record, which contains the desired change of mood and is still only about twenty seconds long, is very often an impossibility. In such a case, it will serve if two records with two different effects are cross faded. If this is done, care should be taken that the recorded orchestras are matched and the passages are not too dissimilar, as they must blend together. Because of these difficulties, many directors do not use this method. However, I found that, while it took longer to find proper bridges of this type, they were more effective. Naturally, many times, the bridge is required to portray only one mood and then the only problem is to choose music that really produces the desired effect.

Music used as background to enhance an emotional scene requires the same kind of careful choice that does a bridge and, in such a case, the passage must be very carefully timed so that the fade out at the end of the scene sounds natural.

When using records, it is necessary to be consistent as to size and types of orchestras. Using a symphony orchestra for one bridge and a string trio or organ for another would sound very unprofessional.

A good music selector is of vital importance to any good production. If the music is to be live, all the

director has to do is to explain to the musicians the type of things he wants, let them work it out themselves and then listen to the results to see if they are satisfactory. If records are being used, the desirable thing is to have an assistant who chooses the music and then submits it for the director's approval and then explains to the engineer how it should be executed as to spotting and fading. In the case of the production of this thesis, the person who chose music also engineered it. For a job like that, it is best to have a music student who is familiar with various compositions and knows where to begin to look for certain effects. It is important that the person who does the engineering be particularly adapted to this sort of work. I had try-outs for this, just as I did for acting, because there is a sort of sixth sense used in the choosing and engineering of recorded bridges. In my particular instance, because students are limited as to time, it usually occurred that my assistant director and I had to pick the music and sometimes to play it, though, when we could get her, we had a very competent music engineer.

After the music has been chosen and approved, it is a good idea, particularly if working with amateurs, to have a rehearsal with the music engineer alone. A spot rehearsal with cast is preferable to rehearsing alone with the music engineer, but it is not always possible.

These things are also true of the sound rehearsal. The director should work with the sound man before the actual rehearsal to see if the sounds being used produce the correct effect. In an amateur situation, where the sound man is comparatively inexperienced and the available effects extremely limited, this often requires a lot of experimentation. For the Poe show, it was necessary to try, for example, several different chains rattling in various places in the studio, to produce the particular sound wanted. This pre-rehearsal of sound decides the things which are going to be used and, as much as possible, without voices, how far from the microphone they will be used.

Having already pretty well set the music and sound, leaves a director more time to work with line interpretations at the actual rehearsal of the entire cast. The more time for line interpretation and direction when working with a comparatively inexperienced cast, the better.

Next, the director decides what studio set-up he will need (the number of microphones, types of microphones, etc.) and communicates that information to the engineer. In my case, I simply set the studio up myself before the rehearsal.

Once all of these things are arranged, the director then plans his rehearsal time as economically as possible, though he must, of course, be sure the time allotted is adequate. In professional radio, economy of time is necessary because time costs money. In a college set-up, the less

time spent, the more apt you are to get a cast, because students are busy people, too. However, there must be imbued in students of radio a knowledge of how important it is to attend rehearsals and to have adequate rehearsals. Never stint on rehearsal time but do plan it carefully.

Many directors cast first and then plan the rehearsal time. Either way is acceptable, depending upon the situation. If the rehearsal time is planned first, then the next step is casting. In casting, a director may know whom he wants for each part and simply cast them, if they're available. However, the chances are, he will have several people in mind and be in doubt as to which one will best suit the part. In that case, whether it's a professional or amateur production, voice tests are made. In an educational set-up, voice-tests are given more often than in professional radio because the idea is to give opportunity to as many people as possible. Still, the most important thing is to get a person whose voice fits the character, who can act, who can take direction, who knows microphone technique and who is available for all rehearsals. If possible, do not cast people who require a great deal of work in interpretation because rehearsal time seldom allows, in amateur radio, and never in professional, for line by line direction. If use is made of someone who has never done any radio before, cast him in a minor role. The bulk of the cast should be familiar with fades and where to stand

or too much time will be used in explaining mechanics and not enough on rehearsal. In addition, inexperienced people tend to forget such mechanics under the stress of actual production. It must be remembered that a radio actor should be able to create a convincing character quickly.

In amateur productions, such as those in college, casting requires particular care to avoid the dangers already mentioned and to be sure that the voice is correct. It is sometimes difficult, for instance, to find a boy who can sound like an old man.

The importance of listening for balances cannot be overestimated. No two voices should be too similar. This is to avoid confusion of identity by the listener and, also, to enable the actors to build distinctive characterizations.

The problem of casting doubles is always a hard one because, especially in amateur circles, there are few people who have at their command several different voices. However, it is desirable to keep the cast down to as few as possible and avert rehearsal confusion. Doubles should always be in bit parts and, where you do not have very good doubles, space the roles doubled as far apart as possible. This is also done in professional radio where the doubles are usually more capable.

As to the actual rehearsals, I found it best to have an actors' read-through the day before the production was to be recorded. At that time, after I had described each

character and how I wanted it played, we read the script straight through once without stopping. A very rough timing may be obtained here but it will be far from accurate on a first read-through because of the actors' unfamiliarity with the script. Then I made further suggestions, after which we read through again, stopping for interpretations and corrections wherever needed. The next day, we had a read-through on mike, without sound effects or music, during which more suggestions were made, and a read-through with music and sound, again, stopping for instructions as to acting, sound and music. Then, we had a dress rehearsal, which was as near like the actual production was to be as possible. Then, more direction and a few minutes to rest and revise, and, in some cases, a bit more practice on a certain scene or of a certain musical bridge or sound effect. After that, the show was recorded. Naturally, during the second and third read-through on mike, the producer was timing the show and cuts, or needed changes, were made after each read-through.

If I succeeded in getting the show off on time, if the actors had remembered to look up from their scripts to receive cues and directions and had not rattled their scripts, no music or sound cues had been late and no one had lost their place in the script, I felt a good job had been done. As to the acting, I had, of course, already ensured that being as good as possible in casting and in rehearsal.

Those are the problems to be faced in any radio dramatic production and those are the problems I, in particular, met in the production of my thesis scripts. I believe I learned a great deal from this portion of the thesis, though the primary reason for the production was in order that I might smooth off the rough edges of my writing and not that I might learn more production. However, no matter how often one has directed individual scripts, there is a great deal of experience to be gained from having to produce one each week.

After hearing my scripts produced, I made changes, both in rehearsal and after the production was finished, wherever they were needed. In some instances, I rewrote whole scenes. But I have explained the changes made in the notes with each script.

Naturally, the advantage to my script-writing was tremendous. As I have said, few writers have a chance to correct the errors in writing that have gone out over the air. In this case, I was given an opportunity that comes to few radio writers and the benefits were well worth the concomitant difficulties.

PART II

THE SCRIPTS
AND
NOTES ON THE ADAPTATION AND PRODUCTION
OF EACH SCRIPT

DIVISION OF THE SCRIPTS ADAPTED

ORIGINS OF THE SHORT STORY

Poe, E. A. The Cask of Amontillado

de Maupassant, Guy The Confession

Dickens, Charles The Pickwick Papers (a part)

DEVELOPMENT OF THE SHORT STORY

(FRENCH)

Zola, E. The Fight at the Mill

Daudet, A. The Child Spy

(BRITISH)

Saki The Open Window

Leacock, S. My Remarkable Uncle

(AMERICAN)

Atherton, G. Fog Horn

Lardner, R. Haircut

THE MODERN SHORT STORY

(CLASSIC TYPE)

Maugham, S. Jane

(SLICK MAGAZINE TYPE)

Brush, Katherine Night Club

(LITERARY TYPE)

Saroyan, W. My Name is Aram (a part)

Wodehouse, P. G. Uncle Fred Flits By

STOCK OPENING
TO BE USED AT THE BEGINNING
OF EACH SCRIPT

ANN: Portraits in Prose

MUSIC: THEME UP AND UNDER

ANN: The first men sat around their savage campfires
and told stories. Through the ages, man has
recorded his own history in narrative. Nothing so
well reflects the thoughts and ideals of a given
period of man's existence as the tales of that
period. Hence, we bring you a series of radio
adaptations of some of the worlds greatest short
stories. Today, we present a radio adaptation of
-----.

STOCK CLOSING
TO BE USED AT THE END
OF EACH SCRIPT

ANN: You have just heard an adaptation by M. J. Martin
of ----- by -----.
Those in todays cast were:

MUSIC: THEME UP AND OUT

THE CASK OF AMONTILLADO
By Edgar Allen Poe
Adapted by M. J. Martin

ANN: Stock Opening --- Edgar Allen Poe's --- The
Cask of Amontillado----

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

SOUND: OMINOUS GONG

MONT: I hated him. I hated Fortunato with a poisonous hatred that ate into my brain and heart, as acid eats stone. I had borne a thousand injuries, but when he cast his greedy eyes upon my wife-----
I decided to kill him. (PAUSE) Ah -- but I was not a fool. I must punish once and for all, with no danger to myself. A wrong is not avenged when there are unpleasant consequences to the avenger. No, no it must be a careful deed. Ah, but not a quick one. What good if Fortunato does not have time to realize in his suffering that he is being punished? It must be clever and my every thought was of how it could be done. Oh, don't misunderstand me--Fortunato never guessed my thoughts. I kept my hatred well sheathed whenever I met with him, I was pleasant. We were the best of friends.
(FADES OUT)

MONT: Hail, Fortunato. I didn't expect to find you here.

FORT: Well met, Sir. What? Not expect to find me where there's wine? Ah, Montesor, the duke has the best

cellars in the kingdom. He asks my advice.

MONT: Of course, you are skillful in the Italian vintages--- a true connoisseur -- there are few like you. The duke is wise in asking your counsel.

FORT: True, true. I pride myself on that.

MONT: There's none to compare with you, my friend -- unless it could be Luchesi.

FORT: Nonsense, dear fellow, Luchesi is an ass. Oh, but come, the duke has some Amontillado, genuine too, you must taste it. It's the Nectar of the Gods. I know. The duke himself was unsure, but I had only to sniff it and I knew (FADES OUT)

MONT: (FADE ON) I knew then what my revenge would be. Fortunato's weakness was wine. I was not unlike him in this. The wine cellars of the Montesor's were not to be scorned. Down in the catacombs were vintages as aged as the bones of my ancestors that lay there. But --- to my story. I waited until the height of the Carnival week (FADE OUT)

MONT: Gambelli, help me with my dress --- hurry.

GAMB: Ah, Milord, you wear the costume of a common laborer. It is not gay enough --- your regular dress would be more in keeping with the Carnvial than this.

MONT: Never mind that -- just help me finish dressing.

Ah, there -- anyway it suits my mood. Now call the servants together and tell them I shall be gone until dawn but I want no one to leave this house. I won't be bothered with a houseful of drunken serving men tomorrow --- send them all to bed --- go yourself. The Carnival is not for servants. Mind now, I mean what I say.

GAMB: Yes, milord, it shall be as you say. (FADE OUT)

MONT: (FILTER FADE IN LAUGHING) I knew that would ensure their immediate disappearance, one and all, as soon as my back was turned. (FADE IN CROWD NOISES OF GAYETY) And I had plans... My heart was gay, as gay as the drunken revelers that jostled against me as I walked the streets. I hadn't far to go. I saw him standing in a crowd, laughing drunkenly at the antics of some dancer. He was dressed as a court fool in a tight-fitting, party striped dress. As he laughed he threw back his head and the bells on his fools cap jingled. The costume suited him well. ..I went up to him (FADE OUT)

MONT: My dear Fortunado, you are luckily met. How remarkably well you are looking today! But I have received a cask of what passes for Amon-tillado and I have my doubts.

FORT: (DRUNK) Oh, Montesor, I scarcely recognized you

in those dark clothes. Hello, good old fellow-- glad to see --- Did you say Amontillado? A cask? Impossible! And in the middle of the Carnival!

MONT: I have my doubts...and I was silly enough to pay the full Amontillado price without consulting you in the matter. You were not to be found and I was fearful of losing a bargain.

FORT: Amontillado!

MONT: I have my doubts.

FORT: Amontillado!

MONT: And I must satisfy them.

FORT: Amontillado!

MONT: As you are engaged, I am on my way to Luchesi. If anyone has a critical turn, it is he. He will tell me ---

FORT: Luchesi cannot tell Amontillado from Sherry.

MONT: And yet some fools will have it that his taste is a match for your own.

FORT: Come, let us go.

MONT: Where?

SOUND: BELLS JINGLE

FORT: (COUGHS) To your vaults.

MONT: My friend, no, I will not impose upon your good nature. I perceive you have an engagement. Luchesi.----

FORT: I have no engagement, come... (COUGHS)

SOUND: BELLS JINGLE

MONT: My friend, no. It is not the engagement, but the severe cold with which I perceive you are afflicted. The vaults are insufferably damp. They are encrusted with niter.

FORT: Let us go, nevertheless. The cold is really nothing. Amontillado! You have been imposed upon. And as for Luchesi, he cannot distinguish Sherry from Amontillado. Come, come, give me your arm and let's be off --Ah, that's right, put on your mask again and let's hurry. If it is Amontillado--- (FADE)

MUSIC: RATHER RAPID AND LOUD, BUT SINISTER--- UP AND OUT

SOUND: OPEN AND CLOSE DOOR

MONT: (FADE ON) I might have known those blasted attendants of mine would leave the instant I shut the door behind me. Well, no matter. Here, we'll take these torches and go down.

FORT: COUGHS REPEATEDLY.

SOUND: BELLS JINGLE

MONT: This way, good friend, right through here.

FORT: I've always thought your apartments most spacious, Montesor.

MONT: (NOT LISTENING) Ah, and now through here.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

FORT: Ah, here is a suite I've never seen before. Is this where you entertain your ladies, my friend?

MONT: Um, --- just a few steps more.

FORT: This is much too dismal for ladies, eh, Montesor?

MONT: So---here we are. Let's go down (SOUND OF HEAVIER DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING) (ON FILTER)

He came innocently down to his death, chattering inanely. We walked a long time through the catacombs. Fortunato became impatient.

FORT: The cask, Montesor?

MONT: It is farther on, but observe the white net-work which gleams from these cavern walls.

FORT: Um---so there is---so there is---

SOUND: BELLS JINGLE AS HE TURNS HIS HEAD

FORT: (COUGHING) Niter?

MONT: Niter. How long have you had that cough?

SOUND: BELLS JINGLE AS FORT. COUGHS

FORT: (COUGHS) A long time. It is nothing.

MONT: Come we will go back. Your health is precious.

FORT: Enough, the cough is a mere nothing; it will not kill me. I shall not die of a cough.

MONT: True, true. Indeed, you'll not die of a cough. I had no intention of alarming you unnecessarily --- but you should take all proper caution. Here, see these rows of shelves? A draught of

this Medoc will defend us from the damp.

SOUND: GLASS BREAKING AS HE KNOCKS OFF THE NECK OF A
BOTTLE

MONT: Here---drink.

SOUND: BELLS JINGLE

FORT: Ah---(LAUGHS) I drink to the buried that repose
around us. Hmm--good.

MONT: And I drink to your long life. Here--take my
arm and let us go on.

FORT: These vaults are extensive.

MONT: The Montesors were a great and numerous family.

FORT: I forget your arms....

MONT: A huge human foot of gold, in a field of azure
blue, the foot crushes a writhing serpent whose
fangs are embedded in the heel.

FORT: And the motto?

MONT: No one harms me without punishment.

SOUND: BELLS JINGLE

FORT: Good ---good---Ah, the wine warmed me, eh---what
about you?

MONT: It is warm in my veins too.

FORT: It is well. I couldn't endure these great heaps
of bones without something strengthening inside
of me, eh, Montesor? (LAUGHS AND COUGHS)

SOUND: BELLS JINGLE

MONT: Here's my arm again. Here take it. (LAUGHING)

I believe you need it, dear Fortunato. Here bend down. It is necessary to stoop to pass through this low arch. Watch your torch--don't set your robes afire. There, through safely?

FORT: Ugh, the air is so foul in here it almost extinguishes our torches. Hideous place---- bones piled against the walls to the ceiling.

MONT: Yes, taken from the vaults as they were emptied for new occupants.

FORT: What's this? The bones have been moved away from this wall.

MONT: Yes, see the niche in that wall? The Amontillado is at the back of it. Just step over that heap of bones there and go in.

FORT: Hmm--the torches are burning so low I can't see the end of it. Oh, no matter--you say the Amontillado is at the back?

MONT: Proceed. You'll find it at the end there. I'm right behind you. As for Luchesi-----

FORT: He is an ignoramus ---eh --- what's this? I can go no farther--- there's a wall.

SOUND: STRUGGLE AND CLANKING OF CHAINS --- BELLS RING

MONT: True, my friend, you can go no farther --- not now -- not now that I have you chained to this wall. There, you're safe and without too much trouble, eh, Fortunato? Pass your hand over the

wall. You can't help feeling the niter. Indeed, it is very damp. Come -- I implore you -- let us return. No? Then I must positively leave you. But I must first render you all the little attentions in my power.

FORT: But --- the Amontillado.

MONT: True -- the Amontillado. Now let's see ---

SOUND: BONES BEING THROWN ASIDE

MONT: Under this heap of bones you so carefully stepped over, my friend, we have --- building-stone and mortar!! Now, my trowel, which you thought was a jest!

SOUND: PILING BRICKS ON TOP OF ONE ANOTHER AND TROWEL SCRAPING ON TOP OF THESE.

MONT: Ah, my wall is coming nicely. Soon you'll have a little room all to yourself, Fortunato, where no one will ever disturb you. Nice you were drunk, old fellow, didn't even struggle you were so surprised --- very cooperative of you.

FORT: (MOANS)

MONT: Come, come, Fortunato, that's not the moan of a drunken man. Don't tell me the effects of the wine I wasted to get you in a passive state are wearing off? Ah, another tier finished.

SOUND: CHAINS RATTLE FRANTICALLY

MONT: Ah---a pleasant sound--the clanking of chains.

Almost finished now-- (SOUND OF BRICK-SETTING
THROUGHOUT) Yes, two or three more tiers and
you'll have a good solid wall at your back. Just
like the one you're chained to--No one will ever
know the difference.

FORT: SCREAMS PIERCINGLY

SOUND: SCRAPING AND SETTING OF BRICKS ONLY SOUND FOR
SOME SECONDS

FORT: SCREAMS AGAIN

MONT: Go on scream, it's all complete but the last
stone--eh--it's a heavy one. Up it goes now--
almost in--just a little farther.

SOUND: BELLS JINGLING AND CHAINS RATTLING

FORT: (LAUGHS WEAKLY) A very good joke indeed--an
excellent jest. We will have many a rich laugh
about it at the palace over our wine.

MONT: The Amontillado.

FORT: (LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY) Yes, the Amontillado.
But isn't it getting late? Wont they be waiting
for us at the palace, the Lady Fortunato and the
rest? Let us be gone.

MONT: Yes, let us be gone. I'll go ahead. Don't take
too long with the Amontillado.

SOUND: BELLS AND CHAINS.

FORT: (SCREAMS) For the love of God, Montesor....

MONT: Yes, for the love of God. What else have you to

say, Fortunato? Fortunato! Fortunato! Oh, well, here, here's a torch to see by. I'll leave that for you.

SOUND: THUMP OF TORCH DRIPPING TO FLOOR --- BELLS JINGLE
---- THEN BRICK-SETTING AGAIN

MONT: There. Now the last stone. I must hurry-- it grows cold--I must be done (FADE) (FADE IN ON FILTER) My heart grew sick because of the dampness of the catacombs. I forced the last stone into its position. I plastered it up against the new masonry. I replaced the old rampart of bones--For half of a century no mortal has disturbed them. In Peace Rest.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

ANN: STOCK CLOSING -----

Notes on the Adaptation and the
Production of Poe's
The Cask of Amontillado

Reasons for Adaptation

"The Cask" is one of Poe's best known stories and it is distinctly representative of him in plot and style. Further, it has not, so far as I know, been as frequently done on the air as has, The Fall of the House of Usher and The Pit and the Pendulum. Of course, a story by Edgar Allen Poe comes under the heading of necessity in a collection such as this, because he has so long been considered by many to be the father of the modern short story.

Adaptation Problems

The main problem in the adaptation of this story was the need for a tremendous amount of exposition and, at the same time, a constant build to climax, with suspense sustained throughout this exposition. Because all motivation in the original story came from the mind of the main character and because all of the irony was in the diabolical plotting of this man's mind, a narrator in the script was a necessity. Of course, a disinterested narrator could never have sustained suspense, hence, the device of the narrator speaking in the first person. This enabled the flavor of evil to be carried into the script, with little loss, from the story.

Another problem in adaptation arose because the original story had an abundance of action and description, which it

would have been clumsy for the narrator to relate. Thus, the conversation of the men had to build atmosphere. This is particularly noticable in their talk about the foul air and the niter in the cellar.

Casting and Acting

In casting it is particularly important to balance the voices of Fortunato and Montesor. This is vital to the creation of the individual characteristics of each role and to show the contrast in their natures.

In the acting, it is necessary for Montesor to play the part in a restrained manner but avoid building up sympathy, even at the end. On the other hand, Fortunato must command sympathy, though he is not written as an admirable character, by any means. Montesor must never express too much emotion, as his is the cold, calculating type of hatred and cruelty.

Sound

The sound pattern is a simple one. However, the chain rattling must be handled with care or it may overshadow the voices. Thus, it should be off-mike, but not too far off, or it will disturb the perspective, in as much as the person being chained is on mike.

Script Changes

This was done in the scene where Montesor and Fortunato are descending the stairs to the vault. I had originally included more conversation as they walked down in order to

further build the evil intent that was Montesor's and to elucidate on the drunken state of Fortunato. However, when the script ran long it seemed that that conversation was incidental enough not to harm the script if it were omitted.

A few lines throughout the script were also cut in the interests of timing. The lines that were cut were chosen with care, so that neither the plot nor mood suffered from the omission.

Another cut was made of an entire scene. The scene consisted of the two characters breaking and opening a second bottle of wine while in the vaults. Since the scene was included in the story effectively, I had thought it would heighten the suspense element. However, during rehearsal it was found to be tediously repetitious of the preceding scene and so was cut.

Also it was found that the opening speech by Montesor was too long to be effective and it was shortened. To make up for this shortening of a speech that was intended to show the tremendous hatred Montesor felt for his enemy, more intensity of interpretation is demanded. However, I believe that the shorter the speech, the easier it is to sustain a high pitch of emotion and so the dramatic value was actually augmented by the change.

Further, the first rehearsal revealed that having the narration on filter provided a great deal more variety than having the same voice on mike all of the time. Too, the

filter carried better the impression that the narrator was thinking to himself. Luckily, the narration lent itself well to filter miking, though it demands careful speech on the part of the narrator.

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THE CONFESSION
By de Maupassant
Adapted by M. J. Martin

ANN: Stock Opening --- Guy de Maupassant's ---
The Confession.

MUSIC: UP AND FADE TO BG

ANN: Spring has come to the South of France and warm breezes caress the tiny village of Saint Pierre. But the townspeople passing the home of the Therelles sisters feel a cold wind brush past their cheeks. They look at one another fearfully. "It is death," they murmur. Inside Marguerite de Therelles is dying.

MARG: (FADE IN) (BREATHING HEAVILY) Suzanne, Suzanne, are you near?

SUZ: Yes, sister, I am right here. (SOBS)

MARG: Go and fetch the priest -- the time has come.

SUZ: He is coming. Oh, Margot, my poor little one. Don't leave me --- it isn't right -- you're six years younger than I --- it isn't right. (SOBS)

MARG: Be quiet, Suzanne --- is the priest coming soon?

SUZ: He will be here at any moment, Margot.

MARG: When he comes, you must stay and hear my confession.

SUZ: Oh, no, my little one --- that is between you and the Good Lord and Father Simon.

MARG: (WITH GREAT EFFORT) No ---no, you must promise me, Suzanne---

SUZ: Margot, my child, lie down. I'll stay if you want me.

SOUND: (THE DOOR OPENS)

SUZ: The priest, my dear.

MARG: Father Simon --- the time is here --- it's here --- what shall I do --- how can I?

SIM: (FADING IN) I know --- I know --- God forgive you my child... here take my hand --- be brave now. The time has come. Speak.

MARG: Mercy ---oh, mercy, sister, forgive me! Oh, if you only knew how all my life I have dreaded this moment.

SUZ: What have I to forgive you, little thing. (SOBS) You have given me everything, sacrificed everything for me; you are an angel. You never married because of me and---

MARG: Hush ---hush! Let me speak.... do not stop me... it is horrible. Listen...you remember, you remember Henry...

SUZ: Remember Henry----- of course --- but ---

MARG: You must hear it all, if you are to understand. I was twelve, only twelve, you remember that, don't you? And I was spoiled. I did everything that came into my head! Don't you remember how

spoiled I was? Listen... the first time he came he wore shining boots; he dismounted in front of the steps and (FADING OUT) you were not there-- but--I was there ---

HEN: Is this the Chateau of Monsieur de Therelles?

MARG.2: Yes, Monsieur --- did you wish to see my father?

HEN: I apologize for my appearance, but I've travelled a long way. I've brought news from Paris for your father.

MARG.2: Papa is in his study --- will you come in?

HEN: Thank you. Perhaps I can brush some of this dust off my clothes.

SOUND: BEATING CLOTHES WITH HANDS.

MARG.2: It doesn't matter. Papa gets quite dirty when he rides. Come in.

HEN: (LAUGHING) Does he now? But I'll bet you're never dusty. I'll bet you always look as fresh and pretty every moment as you do right now, little one. Tell me, do they starch you from head to foot?

MARG.2: Monsieur, I'll take you to my father.

HEN: Oh, ho --- quite the little grown-up, aren't you? Look here... uh--what's your name?

MARG.2: Marguerite.

HEN: Look here, Marguerite, I didn't mean to offend you. I meant it as a compliment --- honestly I

did. But you're so little you can see how one could make a mistake.

MARG.2: I'm twelve, Monsieur.

HEN: Oh, I see --- I didn't know. Am I forgiven?

MARG.2: I forgive you, Monsieur.

HEN: Good, now where's your father?

MARG.2: In here --- just tap and go in.

HEN: Thank you, Marguerite.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

FATHER: (OFF MIKE) Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

MARG. 2: Oh -- he's handsome --- I must get Suzanne ---
Suzanne --- Suzanne -- She must be up stairs
(FADE OUT) I'll run up ---

MUSIC: LIGHT AND FAST. UP AND SEGUE INTO KNOCKING

SOUND: KNOCKING ON DOOR

MARG.2: Suzanne, Suzanne.

SUZ.2: (OFF MIKE) Come in, Margot.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MARG.2: Suzanne -- there's, there's the most handsome --
honestly --- the most wonderful---

SUZ.2: (FADING IN) Margot, my little one, don't try to
talk now. (LAUGHING) My how pink you are. Rest
a moment, dear--- don't talk now. Sit here on
the foot stool.

MARG.2: Oh, but, Suzanne, you should see him.

SUZ.2: Who, ma petite? You haven't stopped long enough to tell me who HE is.

MARG.2: The man downstairs---the messenger---

SUZ.2: Oh, just a messenger.

MARG.2: Oh, but he's not an ordinary messenger. He's at least a prince.

SUZ.2: (LAUGHING) Oh, what a strange child you are.

MARG.2: Oh, I'm not such a child. I know he's not a prince, but he is a gentleman and he has on shiny high boots, and beautiful breeches and a moustache and ---I love him!

SUZ.2: (LAUGHING) Now, I know you're a child.

MARG.2: All right laugh --- but you won't laugh so much when you see him. Come on --let's go sit on the landing and when he's finished with papa, you shall see him as he goes out--but remember, he's mine.

SUZ.2: (STILL AMUSED) Oh, all right, we'll go and see your hero. Come on ---we'll peak through the bannisters just like we used to. We'll pretend we're spies.

MARG.2: Oh, Suzanne, stop treating me as if I were a baby. I don't play games like that any more and remember, you're not the only one around here who's going to have beaux.

SUZ.2: All right --- don't get upset. Here we can see from here.

MARG.2: Shhh --- here they come.
(VOICES OFF MIKE FADE IN AND OUT)

FATHER: Well, that's good news, Henry, and now you must stay to dinner. I have two charming daughters you know---

HEN: That's kind of you, sir-- Yes, I met one of them.

MARG.2: You see? And he's going to stay. Oh, Suzanne.

SUZ.2: He is handsome, Margot, he's just about the most handsome (FADE OUT) man I ever saw, I can hardly wait to meet him at dinner (FADE) tonight.

MUSIC: LIGHT AND DREAMY. UP AND SEGUE INTO TABLE SOUNDS AND LAUGHER

SOUND KNIVES AND FORKS AND CHINA RATTLING

CROWD LAUGHTER AND TALKING

SUZ.2: Oh, Monsieur Henri, where do you hear all that gossip and such tales?

HEN: Ah --that's my secret, mademoiselle, but how is it, Mademoiselle Suzanne, that we've never met before when I came to see your father?

SUZ.2: (LAUGHING) Oh, Monsieur, I've only just grown up!

HEN: Oh, behold --overnight-- like a lovely flower, eh?

SUZ.2: Monsieur, you flatter me.

HEN: Not at all, but I see we have another flower about to blossom. Mademoiselle Marguerite, how is it you're not eating?

MARG.2: I'm not hungry, Monsieur.

HEN: Oh, come, that's no way to grow beautiful like your sister.

MARG.2: I'm not going to be like her...or like anyone else ...just myself.

HEN: (LAUGHING) That's the way to be and that will make the young men buzz, eh? But 'til you grow up, may I come and call on your sister often?

MARG.2: I don't care.

SUZ.2: Why, Margot, that's no way to act. Of course we ALL want to see you, Monsieur.

HEN: But you perhaps will want to see me a bit more than the rest? Please say "yes"!

SUZ.2: Perhaps --- but, Monsieur, I (FADE OUT) hardly know you.

MARG.1: You remember that, Suzanne? What you can't remember because you didn't know was that every time he came after that I loved him more. I thought of nothing but him. I was big for my age and far more sophisticated than people supposed. I used to repeat very softly, "Henry ...Henry de Sampierre." He used to come every afternoon after lunch, you remember, don't you? Don't speak...listen. You made him cakes, of which he was very fond...with flour and butter and milk. Oh, I knew just how you made them...

I could make them this minute if I had to. He would swallow them in a single mouthful and then he would toss down a glass of wine and say (FADING OUT)

HEN: These are delicious. My dear, you can please me in every way. Tell me, do I please you? Oh, don't look away. May I speak to your father, Suzanne? May I.

SUZ.2: Oh, yes, please do... immediately. Henry (FADE OUT) I have....

MARG.1: You remember--but you don't remember as well as I do. That moment has haunted me day and night for forty years. Oh, you didn't know I was there, but I was outside on the terrace listening and I ran away into the garden for fear you'd hear my sobs. I hid there under the olive trees and (FADE OUT) cried and cried-

MARG.2: (SOBBING) He shall not marry. Suzanne, no, I won't have it. It is I who will marry him, when I am grown up. I shall never find a man I love so much ---- (FADE)

MARG.1: (FADING IN) While I was sitting there, crying, the old gardener came. I saw him putting out meat filled with ground glass to kill the wild dogs. That gave me an idea----I was jealous, jealous...The day of your wedding was drawing

near. Finally, there was only one fortnight left. I was going mad. And-- then-- that evening, ten days before the wedding when you went out with him to walk in the moonlight and--out there--under the pine tree, the big pine tree-- he kissed you--held you in his arms. I saw you; I was there in the copse. I grew wild with rage. If I could have done it, I would have killed you both right then. (FADE OUT) I was mad-----

MARG.2: He shall not marry Suzanne, never! He shall not marry anyone--- (SOBS) I should be too unhappy --- Oh --- I hate him --- I hate him. (PAUSE) I know what I shall do--- (FADE OUT) I shall... kill him.

MARG.1: And...the next day when you were making his favorite cakes... I went up to mother's room (FADE OUT)

SOUND FADE IN SOUND OF HAMMERING ON GLASS.

MARG.2: I hate him ---I hate him -- He shall not do it-- not--ever.. I'll kill him as if he were a wild dog!

SOUND: HAMMERING OUT

MARG.2: Now -- that's done -- I have a nice little sack of ground glass -- and now I'll go down to the kitchen and help Suzanne --- (FADE OUT) Suzanne.

MARG.2: (FADING IN) May I help, sister?

SUZ.2: Oh, Margot, dear, yes --- these are ready to go in the oven. Will you get them in and watch them. It only takes a little while you know and I want to speak to Henry.

MARG.2: Yes, go on --- I'll do it.

SUZ.2: You're a dear (FADE OUT) Don't let them burn.

MARG.2: (SARCASTICALLY) Don't worry, pretty, I won't let them burn! Now -- just a slit with the knife and a few pieces of glass...there...there...just a bit more --- all finished and now into the oven --- (FADE OUT) Oh ---they'll be good ---

MARG.1 (FADE IN) He ate three of them and I too ate one... I threw the other six into the pond...then two swans died three days later...Don't speak... listen, listen. I was the only one who did not die...but I have always been ill...listen... He ...died...you...know, listen...that was nothing. It was afterwards, later...you were so unhappy ...You swore you'd never marry...you put on widow's clothes...and see...see...you're still wearing them...it was when I saw your grief... I came to a decision...remember...one morning I came into the room (FADE OUT) I came in and you were crying...

SUZ.2: (FADE IN) (CRYING)

MARG.2: (FADE IN) Sister, sister--- Oh, Suzanne ---

don't cry-- (BEGINS TO CRY) Sister, I don't want you to be unhappy. I don't want you to cry all your life long. I'll never leave you, never, never! I won't marry either. I will stay with you forever and ever.

SUZ.2: Margot, my darling, you're sweet, but you're a child yet. (FADE OUT) Some day---

MARG.1: (FADE IN) You didn't believe me at all...but I kept my word...you begged and papa and mama begged, but I never married any of those young men that used to come and call --- I hated them, too. You've thought... you've thought that I-- was noble -- because I gave up my life to you... but now you know... I stole your real life from you... my life... my whole life... what torture! I said to myself, I will never leave my sister. And I will tell her all, in the hour of my death. There... And since then I have thought of this hour every moment, this hour when I should have to tell you all... now it has come... it is terrible... Oh, sister... It is done... Do not say anything... Now I am afraid... I'm afraid... If I were to see him again, presently, when I am dead... See him before you do... Oh, I'm afraid ... I shall not dare... I must, I'm going to die... I want you to forgive me... I want you

to...without it, I cannot come into his presence.
Oh, tell her to forgive me, Father, tell her...
I beg you. I cannot die without it...

SUZ.1: But -- but -- I thought it was just for me! And
-- and -- I might have loved him so long! Oh,
what a happy life we'd have had. And that kiss
--- the only kiss!! And then nothing more --
nothing more in all my life! Forgive? Forgive
you for all ---

SIM: Mademoiselle Suzanne, your sister is dying!

SUZ.1: Oh, Margot, little one, I forgive you, I forgive
you -- don't be afraid...

MUSIC: TRIUMPHAL MUSIC. HAS SNEAKED IN UNDER AND NOW
CRESCENDOS AND OUT

ANN: STOCK CLOSING -----

Notes on the Adaptation and the
Production of de Maupassant's
The Confession

Reasons for Adaptation

It was logical that the next adaptation should be one of de Maupassant's works because many critics say that de Maupassant was to France what Poe was to America in the realm of short story literature. The Confession is little known to radio, yet, it is typical of de Maupassant's rather morbid style and, so, was my choice.

The story was not difficult to adapt but lent itself admirably to the "flash-back" method, having originally been written in that style anyway. The flash-back is very effective in radio and the irony of the story would really have been lost if this method had been abandoned in the adaptation.

However, the transitions from scene to scene demanded careful working-out to make them seem natural and consistent. Too, it was necessary to make the rather stilted form of conversation seem natural. This, however, depended mostly upon the playing of the script.

Casting and Acting

In the casting, it is important to balance the voices of the children and adults. Particularly in the adults, there is great necessity for contrast because the scenes are so emotional that there is considerable room for confusion

on the part of the listener.

In the acting, Marguerite must be very careful not to be constantly on the verge of death and so tire the listener. She must, instead, weaken and then rally, weaken and rally, etc.

Sound

The sound pattern here offers no difficulty whatsoever.

Script Changes

The changes in the script were of several kinds. First, there were rewordings of some lines. These were small changes and consisted of substituting a word or two in a few sentences to make the construction sound more natural. Actors will often do this to their own lines in a script in order to facilitate their portrayal of meaning. Second, there were additions of phrases here and there to make the transitions clearer. For instance, between the scene in which Margot and Suzanne peer over the stair to see Henry and the scene at the dinner table, I added the sentence, "I can hardly wait to meet him at dinner tonight." This was to make the transition into the dinner scene flow more easily. Third, there were cuts in long, unimportant speeches to facilitate timing and one scene was cut for the same purpose. The scene which was cut was one in which Margot actually helped the gardener to crush glass and put it in meat to kill the wild dogs. However, having her tell about

it was just as effective and enabled the script to confine itself to the time limit. There was, also, one other change and that occurred in the scene in which Margot was crushing the glass to put in the cookies. It wasn't clear what she was doing and so the addition of the reference to the wild dogs and the sack of glass aided in the process of visualization of action.

Part of PICKWICK PAPERS
By Charles Dickens
Adapted by M. J. Martin

ANN: Stock Opening ----- Part of Dicken's
Pickwick Papers.

MUSIC: UP AND FADE OUT

ANN: Mr. Pickwick was a gentleman of varied interests and his friends were just as varied as his interests. Two things these friends of Pickwick had in common: their ability to become entangled in strange events and their membership in the Pickwick Club. This is the story of Mr. Winkle, whom many times Mr. Pickwick had helped out of the frying-pan and whom we're now going to watch walk comfortably and gently into a fire, from which he has no desire to be extricated. We see him headed toward the flames as he walks the streets of Bristol seeking lodging for the night. (FADE OUT)

WINK: Eh, blast it--lost again. Confound these winding streets anyway. Now let me see. I know--- I'll find a decent looking shop and stop there and ask my way to the Royal Crescent Inn. Hmmm ----here we are. Looks like the residence of a medical practitioner, no less. I guess I'll just step in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND BELL JINGLES TO ANNOUNCE HIS

PRESENCE.

WINK: Pfew!! Medicine---smells to high-heaven.

SOUND: COIN TAPPING ON GLASS

WINK: Is anybody here? I say---

SAW: (FADING IN) Yes, sir, and what can I do for you. Pills, powders---

WINK: I'm sorry to trouble you but will you have the goodness to direct me to----

SAW: (LAUGHING) Why, Winkle what brings you here?

WINK: Eh?

SAW: What, don't you know me?

WINK: I believe I have not had the pleasure.

SAW: (LAUGHING UPROARIOUSLY) Why, then there are hopes for me yet. Why-- I may attend half the old women in Bristol if I've decent luck. Get out, you mouldy old villain, get out!

WINK: What? I say, sir, I demand---why Bob Sawyer. Well, you-- imagine.. I didn't recognize you in those green spectacles-- well, I declare.

SAW: (LAUGHING) Fools the customers, old fellow, fools the customers. But I wonder you didn't see the name--see there on the door -- "Sawyer, late Nockenwolf."

WINK: It never caught my eye.

SAW: Lord, if I'd known who you were I'd have rushed out and caught you in my arms--but upon my life,

I thought you were the Kings Taxes.

WINK: No!

SAW: I did, indeed, and I was just about to say that I wasn't at home but if you'd leave a message I'd be sure to give it to myself; because the tax-collector doesn't know me; and no more does the Lighting and Paving. Come along--in here to the back. I think the Church-rates guesses who I am and I know the watch-works does, because I drew a tooth of his when I first came down here. But come in, come in! Say, Ben, look who's here.

WINK: Upon my word, Benjamin Allen. This is certainly a pleasure I didn't expect.

ALLEN: (FADING IN) Oh, Winkle---where did you drop from? Good to see you old fellow. How's Pickwick? Seen him lately?

WINK: Well, thank you, well. Just left him in Bath as a matter of fact. But he'll be in Bristol tomorrow. Well, nice place you have here, Bob.

SAW: Well, it's pretty nice. I passed my exams soon after the last Pickwick Club party in London and came on down here and bought out this doctor's business, put on a black suit and a pair of spectacles so as to look as solemn as I could.

WINK: And very solemn you look in them,... I must say. So solemn I didn't recognize you---Ha! good one on me--but you must have a snug little business here.

SAW: Very --- so snug that at the end of a few years you might put all the profits in a wine glass and cover 'em over with a gooseberry leaf.

WINK: Ah---you surely can't mean that! Why--your stock of medicine. You have whole cabinets full of drawers all labelled with different names of drugs. And the bottles on the counter, what---

SAW: All dummies, my dear boy. Half the drawers have nothing in 'em and the other half don't open.

WINK: Nonsense.

SAW: Fact --- honor! Hardly anything real in the shop except the leeches and they're second-hand.

WINK: I'd never have thought it.

SAW: I hope not -- else what's the use of appearances, eh? But what'll you take, Winkle. Do as we do? Good--- Ben, my fine fellow, put your hand into the cupboard and pull out the patent digester.

ALLEN: Right---don't be afraid, Winkle ---it's really

brandy. Here ya go, sir!

WINK: Ah --- good --- are you drinking with me?

SAW: Drinking with you? I should say. Ben's been with me three weeks now and drunk most of the time --- and, oh my, he becomes so sentimental. First thing ya know, Winkle, he'll be crying on your shoulder. Ah, well, it's good clean fun. Pour out another. (FADE OUT) Let's drink a toast.

MUSIC: DRINKING SONG UP AND OUT

ALLEN: (FADING IN) Winkle, my dear friend, while our dearest friend, Sawyer, is out of the room, I must tell you that I am very miserable.

WINK: I say, old fellow, I'm sorry. Is there anything I can do?

ALLEN: Nothing, my dear boy, nothing --- you recollect Arabella, Winkle? My sister Arabella --- a little girl, Winkle, with black eyes. You met her when we were at Wardles. I don't know whether you happened to notice her, a nice girl, Winkle. Perhaps my features may recall her face to you?

WINK: No, I hardly think so --- but I remember her. Very well, in fact --- charming, charming.

ALLEN: Yes, charming. Our friend Bob is a delightful fellow.

WINK: Very --- but I see no connection.

ALLEN: I designed 'em for each other, they were made for each other, sent into the world for each other, born for each other. There's a special destiny in these things, Winkle, dear sir. There's only five years difference between 'em and both their birthdays are in August.

WINK: Well -- interesting but --

ALLEN: But, it's a sin, it's a sin, I tell you, but Arabella doesn't like him.

WINK: (RELIEVED) Oh, is that so?

ALLEN: And I think -- I think there's a prior attachment.

WINK: (HAPPILY) No! Uh -- have you any idea who the object of the prior attachment might be?

ALLEN: I only wish I could guess. I'd show him what I thought of him. I'd take this poker and I'd --

WINK: Yes, yes, right enough -- and a good thing, too. But -- uh -- your sister is in Kent then?

ALLEN: No, no. I didn't think Wardles was exactly the place for a head-strong girl, so -- as I am her natural protector and guardian, our parents being dead, I have brought her down into this part of the country to spend a few months at an old aunt's, in a nice dull, close place. I think that will cure her, my boy. If it doesn't

I'll take her abroad for a little while and see what that'll do.

WINK: Oh, the aunt's in Bristol, is she?

ALLEN: No, no, not in Bristol --- over that way-- north-- down there -- north.

WINK: (FADING OUT) Oh, I see--- down there--north...

MUSIC: (FAST AND LIGHT) UP AND OUT

WINK: (FADING IN) Over that way -- north -- down there -- could be three miles off -- or thirty -- or three hundred. I have it -- I'll ask Pickwick when he gets here tomorrow -- he knows how to handle such things. I must see her (FADE OUT) I must see her -- soon.

MUSIC: (PASSAGE OF TIME STUFF) UP AND OUT

WINK: (FADING IN) And you see, Pickwick, I love Arabella and I thought, that is, I hoped-- I might be the prior attachment.

PICK: I see and you are quite serious and earnest in respect to this young lady, Winkle?

WINK: Serious, from my heart -- from my soul!

PICK: And he said, "down there." That means on the Downs. HMMMMMM-- that's not too bad. We'll send my man, Sam Weller. He'll find her and make an appointment and you can see her and declare yourself.

WINK: That's it-- I must declare myself -- but

secretly. Her aunt is saving her for Bob Sawyer.

PICK: Yes, secretly-- Sam will arrange it. (CALLING)
Sam--Sam come here.

SAM: (FADING IN) Yes, sir. Coming, Mr. Pickwick.

PICK: Now, Sam, we want you to go over the Downs and get into a conversation with the servants of the houses there and find out which house contains a Miss Arabella Allen (FADE OUT) And then get her to agree to an interview with Mr. Winkle.

MUSIC: FAST AND LIGHT UP AND HOLD UNDER

VOICE 1: (FADE IN) Arabella Allen -- no one in the master's house by that name.

SAM: (FADE OUT) Just thought I'd ask.

MUSIC: UP 2" AND UNDER

VOICE 2: (FADE IN) No one in my house by that name.

SAM: (FADE OUT) Well, I'll try another house.

MUSIC: UP 2" AND UNDER

VOICE 1: (FADE IN) No -- not here.

VOICE 2: (FADE IN) Not Allen -- we have a (FADE OUT)
Daisy Brown.

VOICE 3: (FADE IN) No young ladies here.

VOICE 4: No!

VOICE 2: No!

MUSIC: UP AND DOWN UNDER

VOICE 3: Arabella Allen? --- sure next door.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

SAM: (FADE IN) And she'll be walkin' in the garden alone tomorrow evenin', Mr. Pickwick, -- after dark.

PICK: We must be careful, Winkle -- not for our sakes, but for that of the young lady. We must be very cautious.

WINK: WE?

PICK: WE, sir. I shall accompany you.

WINK: YOU!

PICK: I. In affording you this interview, the young lady has taken a natural, perhaps, but still very imprudent step. If I am present at the meeting, a mutual friend, who is old enough to be the father of both parties, the voice of scandal can never be raised against her hereafter.

WINK: You shall go.

PICK: I shall (FADE OUT) Sam have my shawl-----

MUSIC: (OMINOUS) UP AND OUT

SAM: (FADING IN) Here we are gentlemen -- right down this lane.

PICK: Ah, just a moment, I brought a dark lantern.
Ah -- there -- helps, eh?

WINK: Let's hurry.

PICK: I'd have been the better for a dark lantern my last garden expedition, eh, Sam?

SAM: Very nice things if they're managed properly, sir, but when you don't want to be seen, I think they're more useful after the candle's gone out, than wen it's alight.

PICK: Umm -- perhaps I'd best put it away for a bit.

SAM: Here we are by the wall. There, I hear the young lady, Mr. Winkle. Now, up with you, sir.

PICK: Stop, stop. I must speak to the lady first. Help me up, Sam.

SAM: Gently, Mr. Pickwick. I'll place me head against the wall and you step on that 'ere flower-pot, sir, and now on my back and (STRAINING) up we go.

PICK: I'm afraid I shall hurt you, Sam.

SAM: Never mind me, sir. Can you see now, Sir?

PICK: Yes. My dear, don't be frightened, it's only me.

ARAB: (OFF MIKE) Oh, pray go away, Mr. Pickwick. Tell them all to go away. I'm so dreadfully frightened. Dear, dear, Mr. Pickwick, don't stop there, you'll fall down and kill yourself, I know you will.

PICK: I merely wish you to know, my dear, that I am here and you are properly chaperoned and need have no fear of impropriety.

ARAB: Oh, Mr. Pickwick, I'm very much obliged to you
--- Mr. Pickwick.

SOUND: GRUNTS AND THUDS.

PICK: Oh, (GROANS) where am I now?

SAM: Are you all right, sir? You took a false step
and ----

PICK: Yes, yes, now I'm all right. Where's Winkle?

SAM: Mr. Winkle jumped over the wall -- he was that
anxious, sir!

PICK: Good, good. Now I'll go down to the end of the
lane and watch. Eh-- what's that.

SAM: Someone's coming, sir. It's that lamp. It's
going again, sir. The shutter slipped. Mr.
Winkle -- Mr. Winkle.

WINK: I'm coming --- I'm coming.

SAM: (OFF MIKE) Run, sir. Come on quick, quick
(FADE OUT) this way --- down the lane.

MUSIC: (FAST AND TRIUMPHANT) UP AND OUT

WINK: (FADING IN) And everything is quite all right,
my dear Pickwick, quite all right -- yes, indeed
(FADE OUT) Thank you very much, very much
indeed.

MUSIC: (TRIUMPHANT) UP AND OUT

SAW: (FADE IN) It's wonderful how the poor people
patronize me, Ben. They wake me at all hours of
the night. They take medicine to an extent

which I'd never have thought possible; they make additions to their families right and left. Six of those last named little promissory notes, all due on the same day, Ben, and all entrusted to me.

ALLEN: It's very gratifying, isn't it?

SAW: Oh, very, only not quite so much so, as the confidence of patients with a shilling or two to spare, would be. This business was well described in the advertisement, Ben.

ALLEN: How's that?

SAW: It's a practice, a very extensive practice and that's all.

ALLEN: Bob -- Bob, you must make yourself, with as little delay as possible, master of Arabella's 100 pounds.

SAW: But how?

ALLEN: By making yourself master of her.

SAW: But she doesn't like me.

ALLEN: We'll see to that. I'll exert my influence this very day.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS ... BELLS JINGLE

SAW: Oh--it's Mr. Pickwick-- Well, we're glad to see you, sir, how are you?

ALLEN: Hello, Pickwick----

PICK: (FADING IN) Good day, gentlemen. Glad to see

you, too. Have you heard the news?

ALLEN: News?

PICK: About your sister, Allen.

SAW: We were just talking about her. We have plans.
You see, Mr. Pickwick-----

SOUND: DOOR OPENS HURRIEDLY.....BELLS JINGLE

ALLEN: Aunt----

AUNT: Ben----Ben----the most awful thing has happened--

ALLEN: Sit down, Aunt-- you're all upset.

SAW: I prescribe camphor---julep and water three
times a day.

AUNT: Ben---my niece, your sister, left my house three
days ago on a pretended visit to my sister and---

ALLEN: And she won't come back I suppose---Never mind--
I have plans for her anyway---

AUNT: But you don't understand---this morning---

ALLEN: Oh, she did come back, eh? Well, so much the
better. I want to see her---

AUNT: She did not come back. She wrote and explained--
well---in short----that she was married.

ALLEN: What? Bolted? I'll get my hands on the rascal
who took her---just you wait---where's my hat?

SAW: I shall challenge him to a duel---why the no
good---

PICK: Before you go further, gentlemen, I believe I'd
best explain I had a hand in this and her

husband is a friend of mine and I should hate to hear him called names.

SAW:
ALLEN:

Who is it?

PICK: Mr. Nathaniel Winkle---and I helped them elope--
come, now, you don't hold it against us do you?
In case you don't, I brought along a slight
bottle of spirits--thought we'd drink to their
health--have some?

SAW: What kind is it? Hmmm--good stuff--pour some
out, sir---

PICK: Sure there are no grudges? This is good, you
know--I shouldn't like to drink it, however, if
there were hard feelings.

ALLEN: Well, seeing how it is then, sir---(BRIGHTENING)
I don't mind if we do---Ah---looks fine--

PICK: Don't gulp it so, gentlemen---I propose a toast
to the newlyweds.

SAW:
ALLEN: Oh, yes---to the newlyweds.

MUSIC: TRIUMPHANT UP AND OUT

ANN: Stock Closing.

Notes on the Adaptation and the Production
of part of Dicken's Pickwick Papers

Reasons for Adaptation

Dickens had great influence on short story writers all over the world, though he wrote novels, mainly. His series of short stories incorporated in The Pickwick Papers has influenced the short story style of many of his successors. Because of this, I chose to adapt a part of this famous work.

Adaptation Problems

The writing of this script was difficult because the story told here was woven in and out of three chapters in the book. It was necessary to eliminate much interesting but irrelevant detail, which would have added vastly to the amusement provided by the script, but which would have added nothing to the dramatic action. However, it was important to retain the flavor of the characters and their time and, so, the process of selecting descriptive detail and colorful language to be retained was a difficult one.

Casting and Acting

In casting, it is highly important to avoid British accents which are too thick to be readily understood, as a great deal of the script depends upon rapid pacing. Sam Weller could be played in any British dialect, though Yorkshire is preferable.

In the acting, the important problem was to make the exposition, necessarily included in the conversation, sound natural, rather than like pure exposition. One of the most vital things in the acting of this script, from the technical angle, is the matter of perspective. In the montage scene where Sam is searching for Arabella, proper fades are of the utmost importance to the timing. The timing is, of course, the suspense-mechanism. In this scene, too, the voices must build in pitch, with the musical background, to a climax. The whole scene has to be very rapid.

Another scene where perspective demands great care is that of the clandestine interview between Arabella and Winkle. Here the perspective is very vital to the vizualization of the dramatic action.

Sound

The sound pattern in this script is easy but the music demands very precise timing. This is particularly true in the montage scene where Sam seeks Arabella. This scene depends on the timing of the music fades in and out for all of its effect. Done correctly it is one of the most effective scenes in this series. I discovered that a passage of Victor Herbert's Badinage fits the scene perfectly. It crescendoes in all of the right places, so that the music can be faded up on a crescendo each time and the dialogue ends just before the big crescendo about the middle of the piece. Of course, the lines must be paced exactly the same

in actual production as in rehearsal to fit the music, but, if the timing of the music fades is off, the whole effect is lost.

Script Changes

There were few script changes before the last scene. What there were were for the purpose of making the dialogue more conversational and consisted of a mere addition of a word here and there. The last scene, as it was first written, proved in the playing to be very weak. In it the aunt came in and falteringly told the story of the elopement and then Mr. Pickwick arrived and had, supposedly, to have the whole thing explained to him. The scene lagged and lacked vitality. Consequently, it was rewritten with Mr. Pickwick coming in first and the aunt's explanation being much reduced. The rewritten scene still stands and is dramatically much stronger than the first.

FIGHT AT THE MILL
By Emile Zola
Adapted by M. J. Martin

ANN: Stock Opening ---- Emile Zola's --- Fight At
The Mill ---

MUSIC: UP AND FADE TO BG

ANN: In the year of 1870 the Emperor of France declared war against Prussia. Men marched off to the war leaving their friends smiling happily at home. Why smiles when men march off to war? Because the Prussians were in for a good licking and in short order, it was comfortably remarked on every side. People laughed at the thought that France would ever feel the tread of enemy boots. Even in the province of Lorraine, so close to the enemy territory, men were gay and feasted as pleasantly as always, though their country was at war, convinced that they were safe. The village of Rocreuse, Lorraine was a picturesque little town on the banks of the Morelle River on the edge of the beautiful Gagny woods. Rocreuse was noted for two things -- the loveliness and fertility of the surrounding land and the wisdom of its Mayor, Old Father Merlier. Old Father Merlier was the town's miller. Late in the summer of this year

of which we speak, Rocreuse was particularly joyful because old Father Merlier, was giving a feast under the century old elm trees that stood in the yard of his mill.....(FADE OUT)

SOUND: CROWD NOISES OF LAUGHTER AND EATING FADE IN

MERL: (FADING IN) Friends, friends--- (CROWD NOISES SUBSIDE) you have all wondered why I invited you to my mill this evening to drink and be happy with me... (CROWD NOISES OF MURMURS AND LAUGH) I have the pleasure of announcing to you that my little daughter, Francoise, will be married to this good fellow, Dominique, in a month from today---on the feast of St. Louis.

SOUND: CLINKING OF GLASSES AND CROWD LAUGHTER AND TALK ...HOLD UNDER FOLLOWING

MERL: Dominique, kiss your fiancée! Come, come, must be done!

SOUND: CROWD LAUGHTER AND TALK

VOICE I: Look how red they are.

VOICE II: They act as if they'd never kissed before.

VOICEI: Ah... but they've adored each other for so long ...the whole village knew. They are a good pair.

MERL: Come on friends -- drink and make yourselves happy...we must celebrate.

SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP ANDFADE UNDER

MERL: Well, old friend Gagnol, what do you think of

my little daughter being so grown up as to be engaged?

GAG: It is good, it is good, Monsieur Merlier.
Dominique is a fine lad. But is this a good time? We are at war.

MERL: True, it is sad--but life must go on.

GAG: I know--but what I mean is, all our village boys are gone now. Troops passed by last night and there'll be hard fighting. Won't Dominique have to leave her soon?

MERL: Bah! Dominique is a stranger here. He is from Belgium, you know, he will not have to go. And then if the Prussians come, he will be here to defend his wife.

GAG: (LAUGHING) Ah-- if the Prussians come here! I didn't mean to sound that serious. We shall never see them here. They'll be licked well and in short order. Pah! the Prussians, indeed.

MUSIC: (GAY) UP AND OUT

FRAN: (FADE IN) Well, Dominique, it is over. I thought father would never get around to telling us when we could be married.

DOM: I felt the same way. All these weeks since he brought me here to help him at the mill he has never said he approved of our love.

FRAN: He didn't, at first, of course.

DOM: I know.

FRAN: We had several weeks of sulking at each other before he went and brought you here. He thought you were lazy, lying in the sun so much by your little old hut, instead of tending your garden.

DOM: I tended it.

FRAN: I know you did, but not all the time. Father works all the time. Oh--well--after you came to help you've worked steadily. The whole village marvels at you.

DOM: Do you?

FRAN: (LAUGHING) I always knew you were industrious. You just lived differently from most of our villagers.

DOM: Then you approve of me?

FRAN: Of course, silly, would I be marrying you if I didn't?

DOM: I don't know. Sometimes you look at me with those black eyes of yours, and I don't know what you're thinking. Black eyes are hard to read.

FRAN: Blue eyes aren't. I can read yours right now.

DOM: Oh...ho...a sorcerer, eh? Well, Miss, what am I thinking, if you know so much?

FRAN: You're thinking that it's a long time 'til the feast of St. Louis.

DOM: (LAUGHING) Ah, how right you are--how right.
(FADE OUT)

MUSIC: (GAY) UP AND OUT

ANN: But just a month later, to the day, on the very eve of St. Louis, Rocreuse was terror-stricken. The Prussians had beaten the Emperor and were advancing by forced marches upon the village. For more than a week people passing along the road had been announcing the coming of the Prussians.

VOICE 1: They're at Lormiere!

VOICE 2: They're at Nouvelle!

VOICE 3: They're at Croix!

VOICE 1: They'll be here soon!

ANN: They were coming so fast! Every morning the Rocreuse folks expected to see the Prussians descending from the Gagny Woods. And then on this day a French detachment entered the village.

SOUND: MARCHING MEN UP

ANN: The captain at once asked for the mayor of the village and remained in the mill for a long time with old Merlier. (FADE OUT)

CAPT: (FADING IN) Ah-- Monsieur, this is a regular fortress of yours. We can hold our own well until evening.... Hmmm--the bandits are late. They ought to have been here already.

MERL: You will give battle then?

CAPT: Indeed, yes, I shall station my men behind walls and in the trees and in the edge of the wood. It is an excellent defense, don't you think?

MERL: Yes, yes, of course.

CAPT: I see you are worried about your fine mill, Monsieur. Well, this is a bad business---but it must be done.

MERL: Of course. You ought to have your men hide that little boat behind the mill wheel there by the building. There is a little hole there it fits into. Perhaps, it might be of use later. Some men could hide in it and slip from there down to the river and escape, in case you don't hold the mill.

CAPT: Excellent, excellent, thank you, Monsieur. It will be done. Well, sir, my men are enjoying your yard.

MERL: Yes, it is pleasant here -- with the water so near.

CAPT: An excellent fortress here. Yes, indeed -- good defense. We can put men on the third floor of the mill and they can fire down on the Prussians as they enter the yard.

MERL: Then you are certain of defeat.

CAPT: Yes, I'm afraid so. We're only trying to delay them until our main army is reinforced.

MERL: I see. Well, if you're going to put men upstairs, I can show you a means of letting them escape at the last moment. Come here...around to this side of the building.

CAPT: Yes--by all means.

MERL: You see, this wall is covered with ivy, but if you look closely, you will see among the leaves an iron ladder. It used to lead from the wheel to the granary but now since we have made living quarters of the upstairs it is no longer used. Still, it might be of use to your men.

CAPT: Good, good. It will be of use...

MERL: It now leads to my daughter's room and you perhaps will post men at her window.

CAPT: Yes, and what is the room directly beneath in the second story?

MERL: It is just a store-room...nothing much in it.

CAPT: I see -- thank you, Monsieur Merlier. You are a great help.

MERL: For my country, Captain.

CAPT: Yes, of course. Then that little black haired girl is your daughter?

MERL: Yes.

CAPT: She is lovely--- a bit too small perhaps...but very charming. Who is the tall blonde lad who follows her about so constantly?

MERL: Her fiance. They were to have been married tomorrow.

CAPT: Too bad...too bad... Hmm, here they come. Are they never apart?

MERL: (LAUGHING) Not lately-- Well, my children, why look so sad?

FRAN: (FADING IN) Father, the soldiers say there'll be a battle.

MERL: Yes, poor children, and it is not tomorrow that I shall marry you. One must be patient these days, eh, Captain?

CAPT: True. So-- you are not in the army, my lad?

DOM: I am a stranger.

CAPT: Oh -- I see!

DOM: I am a stranger; but I can lodge a ball in an apple at five hundred meters. See, there is my hunting rifle behind you.

CAPT: You can find use for it.

MUSIC: (THUNDEROUS WAR MOOD) UP AND FADE OUT

ANN: And Dominique did. From 10:00 that morning until 6:00 that night when the Captain consented to withdraw with his 10 remaining men. The mill was under constant bombardment. The great elms in the yard were cut down and old Merlier risked his life every instant checking on the damage done to his mill. He wept when the old mill-wheel

was destroyed and Francoise wept over the soldiers wounds and covered those who were killed, but most of all she worried about Dominique who never left his post, though a ball touched his shoulder and another bruised his arm. Long after the French had left he was still firing on the advancing Prussians and when the conquerors entered the mill he was standing with his rifle smoking.... He was seized and taken to the Prussian Commandant. (FADE OUT)

COM: So--- you do not deny that you fired?

DOM: I fired just as much as I could.

COM: You are a native of this country?

DOM: No, I am a Belgian.

DOM: Why did you take up arms? All this ought not to concern you. Why don't you answer? (PAUSE) Oh -- I see -- the girl. Well, you shall be shot in two hours.

FRAN: Oh, no.

COM: Why not? He is no good to us. Wait-- are you well acquainted with the neighboring woods?

DOM: Of course.

COM: What is the name of those woods?

DOM: The Sauval.

COM: And how far do they extend?

DOM: I do not know.

COM: You do not know!! Don't take me for a fool!
Think it over. If you will lead us through
the woods you can come back to your wife here.

DOM: No.

COM: Think it over... I will give you until tomorrow
morning. In the meantime -- Sergeant.

SER: Yes, sir.

COM: Confine this man to that store-room on the
second floor and guard him.

SER: Yes, sir. (FADE OUT) Come along.

MUSIC: (OMINOUS) UP AND OUT

SOUND: PEBBLES BEING THROWN AGAINST WALL

FRAN: (OFF MIKE) (WHISPERING) Dominique, oh, quickly -
-- I shall fall ---

DOM: Francoise, where are you?

FRAN: Here-- take me, quick-- I'm falling.

DOM: Oh -- give me your hand. Hang on with one --
uhhh -- there now up -- here you are -- inside.

FRAN: (CRYING) Oh -- I thought I'd drop into the water
below. I grabbed plaster from the walls and threw
at your window, but you didn't hear.

DOM: How did you get here?

FRAN: By that old ladder that leads from my room to the
store-room --- but, oh, I was so afraid.

DOM: Be quiet, my dear. Here put your head against
me -- there -- now-- Oh, how you frightened me!

You might have been killed. How I love you, Francoise! I had only one fear. I was afraid I should die without being able to see you again. But you're here: and now they can shoot me. When I have passed a quarter of an hour with you I shall be ready. Come, let's sit down on this bench.

FRAN: Are you guarded?

DOM: Yes, but he's asleep. Come here, lean against me. Do you know-- today is our wedding day? Nothing could separate us -- we are here alone -- this is our wedding morning.

FRAN: Yes-- our wedding morning. I love you, Dominique. Oh, but you must go. You must escape...we're wasting time---you must go.

DOM: Francoise, my dear, don't talk of it, there's no way. Besides, I don't want to run away like a coward.

FRAN: Oh -- listen to me. If you die, I'll die. In one more hour it will be day. You must go.... I'm begging you. The iron ladder I came down on, descends to the mill wheel.... Beneath the wheel is that little boat father hid for the French soldiers to use. You can get in and drift into the river and then to the other side and escape into the woods.

DOM: But there must be sentries.

FRAN: Only one, on the opposite bank, at the foot of the first willow... You can see him in the moonlight.

DOM: He may see me, too. If he should and if he should give the alarm--

FRAN: Kill him -- here is a knife...I brought... It is sharp. It is the one Father butchers with.

DOM: What about you and your father? No -- I can't go. Perhaps when I am gone they'll massacre you -- they have to make an example of someone --- they want me as a guide and when they find me gone -- they may do anything.

FRAN: If you love me go--- if you love me don't stay here one moment longer. And when you're gone I'll climb back to my room and they'll never know I helped you.

DOM: Swear to me that your father knows what you're doing and wants me to go.

FRAN: It was my father sent me to you.

DOM: Very well -- I'll do as you please. Remember -- I'll be back if I get through. I love you (FADE OUT) Be careful.

MUSIC: (HEAVY OMINOUS) UP AND OUT

SOUND: CROWD NOISES... MENS VOICES... ANGRY... SHOUTING.

VOICE 1: They killed our sentry.

VOICE 2: Some one from the town sneaked up on him.

VOICE 3: It is a crime... they'll pay.

COM: (FADING IN) Stand away. You see, Monsieur -- here is one of our men murdered by the river-bank. We must make a severe example, and I expect you and your daughter to aid us in discovering the murderer.

MERL: Whatever you wish. Only it will not be easy.

COM: Look at this knife-- perhaps it will aid us in our investigations.

MERL: (PAUSE) Everybody has that kind of knife in this part of the country.

SOLD: (FADING IN) Commandant, Commandant, the prisoner has escaped...

SOUND: CROWD NOISES KEEP UNDER

MERL: Imbecile! He spoils everything. Francoise, now we are in a nice fix. Oh -- everything is spoiled. They'd not have killed him. No one does that sort of thing -- even Prussians.

COM: (FADING IN) Either you or your daughter aided his escape -- you must give him up --- you know where he is.

MERL: How could one find a man in that woods.

DOM: If you don't tell us, I shall shoot you instead. Sergeant get your platoon.

MERL: So -- this is serious? You really would do such

a thing? Well, I'd not have thought it possible --- but I am willing, quite willing. If you must absolutely shoot someone, just as well shoot me as anybody else.

FRAN: Don't kill him--- I helped Dominique escape. I climbed down from my window to his and begged him to escape.

MERL: She's mad -- don't listen to her. She's telling you a lot of stupid lies...

FRAN: No.

COM: I only take your father because I have not the other man. Find him and I will let your father go. Choose -- either he or your father. You could find him.

FRAN: How could I choose -- I'd rather die myself. Kill me, I pray you, I beg you, kill me ...

COM: Enough of this. I'll give you two hours. If in two hours your lover is not here, your father shall pay for him.

FRAN: Oh -- I can't --- I can't -- (FADE OUT)

MUSIC: (SAD) UP AND OUT

SOUND: CANNON IN DISTANCE -- GETS LOUDER AS TIME GOES BY

COM: The two hours are over. Have you found him?

FRAN: I didn't look -- Listen, sir! One hour, one hour more -- you can surely give us one hour!

COM: I know what you're thinking. The French will come

and save you. I hear their cannon, too. They-
're coming alright, but not in time to help you.

SOUND: GUNFIRE NEARER AND LOUDER

VOICE 1: Look -- the man is returning

FRAN: Dominique, coming back?

DOM: (FADING IN) This is bad, Francoise, why didn't
you come and bring me back. You could have found
me in the woods. Father Boutemps finally did---
but it should have been you.

FRAN: I thought they'd give me more time and we'd be
saved.

SOUND: SHOTS NEARER

DOM: Well, I am here.

COM: Call the platoon, Sergeant, quickly -- the French
are nearing.

SOUND: SHOTS CLOSE BY -- CROWD NOISES -- CONFUSION

FRAN: The French -- the French

COM: A detachment slipped up on us. Quickly to your
posts. Sergeant, take this man out in back and
kill him yourself -- to your posts men!

FRAN: No --- no --- don't kill him.

MERL: Francoise, don't look. ---

SOUND: A SINGLE GUN-FIRE FAIRLY CLOSE TO MIKE

FRAN: Oh -- there -- they did it. He's dead. Father
he's ... Father -- Father -- what's happened? You
too -- dead! It can't be! (SOBS)

MUSIC: (CRASHING) UP AND DOWN UNDER

ANN: Standing there a French bullet had killed old Merlier and he fell at his daughter's feet. Hours later when the French had exterminated the Prussians and the mill was burning, the French Captain entered first into the yard. It was his first success since the beginning of the campaign and seeing Francoise standing alone in the middle of the yard (FADE OUT) he approached her.

CAPT: (FADING IN) Ah -- Mademoiselle, it is good to see you again. I salute you with my sword, charming lady. To victory, to victory. It is sweet, isn't it?

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

ANN: Stock Closing.

Notes on the Adaptation and Production of
Zola's The Fight at the Mill

Reasons for Adaptation

Zola was one of the greatest of all French writers. He unsparingly set down the realistic details of his time. This realism produced profound effects upon writers in England and America, as well as France. Furthermore, he was a consummate story-teller and I chose this story because it is not too realistic for radio, yet it is typical of Zola in plot and characterization and, most of all, it is timely.

Adaptation Problems

The adaptation of this story was difficult because the story itself was long and involved and the adaptation had to condense much that had happened before and much of the description of action, which did not immediately concern the characters, but was taking place about them. This condensation was accomplished in part by the use of a narrator but much of it was done through the sacrifice of atmospheric detail.

Casting and Acting

Francoise must be a strong lead ingenue since she has to dominate all the rest of the characters in the last half of the script. Not all ingenues can sound young and womanly and authoritative at the same time, so care must be taken in casting the part.

As for the acting, there are no great difficulties here but it is best to play the French roles straight, since the action is laid in France, and play the Prussian roles with dialect... One thing to stress in directing the acting is emphasis on the description of the means of escape in the scene between Father Merlier and the Captain. In the secret meeting between Francoise and her lover, watch perspective. The action is intricate to portray and perspective helps a great deal.

I should suggest that the microphone be with Dominique and that Francoise be off-mike calling for help and fade in as he pulls her through the window.

Sound

The only sound problems are the battle effects and, there, it is the perspective of the sounds, rather than the production of them that is difficult. The gun-fire must fade in more loudly periodically throughout the scene where Dominique returns and is shot. The listener must be made to realize that the battle is getting nearer, so that when the French actually arrive it will not come as too great a surprise.

Script Changes

Because the story had to be so drastically condensed, the script, upon completion, was so compact that it would have been impossible to delete any lines or scenes without

detracting from the thread of the plot. Thus, the only changes made were in wordings and these were for the purpose of simplification.

OPEN WINDOW
By Saki (H. H. Munro)
Adapted by M. J. Martin

ANN: Stock Opening --- Saki's --- The Open Window

MUSIC: THEME UP AND OUT

ANN: In a fashionable doctor's office in London, we find a rather pale young man waiting rather nervously for his appointment. Soon (FADING) the door opens.

DR: Come in, Mr. Nuttel.

NUT: Thank you, Doctor. Did you find out what's wrong with me, Doctor?

DR: Well, Nuttel, after going over the tests I made on you I find that there's nothing wrong with you except that --- well, your nerves are shot --- overwork I imagine and you'll have to knock off for a bit.

NUT: Knock off? Why that's impossible. I know I'm a sick man but ---

DR: Sorry -- but you must. Go out in the country and get a rest. Do nothing but enjoy yourself. Forget about business altogether.

NUT: Go to the country -- absurd -- I couldn't possibly leave the city. Why, what would I do in the country - with no doctors around?

DR: (FADING) Now, now, Nuttel, it will do you good.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

NUT: (FADING IN) Hello, Sis. (SADLY) How are you?

SIS: Well, Framton, what did you find out?

NUT: Oh, simply that I need a nerve cure.

SIS: HMMMMMM -- I wouldn't doubt it. Well, what are you going to do?

NUT: Do? Why -- go to the country I suppose. Seems work and the city are too strenuous for your little brother. I'm to have complete rest, an absence of mental excitement and an avoidance of anything in the nature of violent physical exercise. So -- I suppose the country is the place.

SIS: Well, I know just the right spot for you.

NUT: No doubt ----

SIS: Now, don't be cross. I think you should go to Danbury. It's a pleasant place--not too bright, not too dull.

NUT: Seems to me a dull place would be just the thing for me.

SIS: Nonsense---the trouble with you is that you don't have enough brightness. You're forever sitting around thinking about yourself instead of being gay.

NUT: I'm sorry my ideas of amusement don't coincide

with yours.

SIS: Oh, Framton, stop sounding like the stuffed shirt that you are. No, really, darling, you're terribly jumpy and you need to get away from things.

NUT: So the doctor says. Says I'll go off the deep end in a nervous break-down if I'm not careful.

SIS: I haven't the slightest doubt of it. Now the thing to do is to go to Danbury.

NUT: I still can't see why it must be Danbury.

SIS: I'm trying to tell you. I lived there some four years ago, you know, and I had quite a few friends.

NUT: So what?

SIS: I know how it will be if you go to some rural retreat of your own choice. You'll just bury yourself and not speak to a living soul and your nerves will be worse than ever from moping. I'll just give you letters of introduction to all the people I know there. Some of them as far as I can remember were quite nice. (FADE OUT) Now the thing for you to do is get yourself a nice room ----

MUSIC: UP INTO SOMETHING PASTORAL AND OUT

NUT: Well, this room seems quite all right----nice view. I'll take it for the next month, at

least. After that--I'll let you know.

WOMAN: Well, I do hope you'll find it comfortable.
Most folks do. My you look tired. Are you ill?

NUT: Yes, you see I must have complete rest, an
absence of mental excitement and an avoidance
of anything in the nature of violent physical
exercise. You see the fact of the matter is
that I've been working much too hard.

WOMAN: Why, you poor boy-- Well, you'll find it quiet
here. No exercise, hmram? I suppose you can
go for walks?

NUT: Oh, yes--of course--but I absolutely must not
run.

WOMAN: Well, if you get lonesome, you can join us in
the parlor any time.

NUT: Thank you -- my sister has friends here (FADING)
And I'm going to call on them after a while if
I'm not too tired.

MUSIC: (TRANSITION STUFF RATHER LIGHT AND FAST --
BADINAGE UNDER THIS WHOLE SEQUENCE, IF POSSIBLE)
UP AND UNDER

NUT: (FADING IN) You know my sister I believe, Mrs.
Haines. You see, I'm here on a nerve-cure. You
see the fact of the matter is---

MRS. H: Why, yes, of course. How is she?

NUT: Oh, she's fine but---I'm not at all well.

MRS. H: No? What's wrong with you?

NUT: You see, I'm here on a nerve cure. I'm to have complete quiet --no excitement -- no exercise. It all came upon me very suddenly. (FADING) You see, I've been working much too hard.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

MRS. T: Oh, you're Louise's brother. My--you do look alike.

NUT: Of course, she's much healthier than I am. You see, I'm not at all well--nerves, ya know--- (FADING) I must have absolute quiet.

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

NUT: (FADING IN) Yes, my sister is well, Mrs. Doolittle, but I must have absolutely no physical exercise (FADING) and furthermore I must----

MUSIC: UP AND FADE UNDER

NUT: (FADING IN) Oh, no, Mrs. Smythe, I can't play tennis---no exercise you know---don't dare run---

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

NUT: (FADING IN) No--I can't play bridge---I'm not supposed to do anything exciting. You see the doctors (FADE OUT) told me that I must have---

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

NUT: (FADING IN) Well, I don't know how much good its done my nerves but I've looked up all the people to whom I had letters of introduction.

Hmmmm---not a very interesting group. Of course there's still the Sappleton's. Well, if I'm not too tired (FADING) I'll call on them today.

MUSIC: TRANSITION STUFF UP AND OUT

GIRL: (FADE IN) My aunt will be down presently, Mr. Nuttel, in the meantime you must try and put up with me.

NUT: I'm sure I shall enjoy that. Uh---you're Mrs. Sappleton's niece?

GIRL: Yes, fifteen years old.

NUT: Oh, you don't say?

GIRL: Yes, but I'm old for my age, of course.

NUT: Of course.

GIRL: I've had much more experience than people give me credit for. Oh, of course, not actual experience but I read a lot.

NUT: You do?

GIRL: Oh, yes---I love stories.

NUT: Oh---well---I used to read a lot but now that I'm to rest---

GIRL: Do you know many of the people around here?

NUT: Not many. My sister was staying here at the rectory, you know, some four years ago and she gave me letters of introduction to some of the people here.

GIRL: Then you know practically nothing about my aunt?

NUT: Only her name and address.

GIRL: Hmmmmmm--I see.

NUT: Is your aunt a widow?

GIRL: My aunt? Oh---her great tragedy happened just three years ago. That would be since your sister's time.

NUT: Her tragedy?

GIRL: You may wonder why we keep that French window open on an October afternoon.

NUT: It's quite warm for the time of year. But--has the window got anything to do with the tragedy?

GIRL: Out through that window, three years ago to a day, her husband and her two young brothers went off for their day's shooting. They never came back.

NUT: I say, what happened?

GIRL: In crossing the moor to their favorite snipe-shooting ground they were all three engulfed in a treacherous piece of bog. It had been that dreadful wet summer, you know, and places that were safe in other years gave way suddenly without warning. Their bodies were never recovered. That was the dreadful part of it.

NUT: That is dreadful.

GIRL: Yes, poor aunt. She always thinks they will come back some day, they and the little brown spaniel

that was lost with them and walk in at that window just as they used to.

NUT: Does she still think that?

GIRL: Oh, yes, you'll see when she comes down. She'll hardly pay any attention to you. She'll keep looking out of the window just as if she were expecting some one. It's horrible.

NUT: It must be. Dear me, this isn't likely to do my nerves much good. I'm not supposed to have any mental excitement at all, you know.

GIRL: Well, that's why the window is kept open every evening until it becomes quite dusk. Poor dear aunt, she has often told me how they went out.

MUSIC: SNEAK UNDER

GIRL: It was a chilly morning--just like this morning was. It wasn't even light yet but they were preparing to leave. (FADING) Uncle was raising all sorts of fuss.

MUSIC: OUT

MR. S: (FADING IN) Dear, where's that white waterproof coat of mine?

MRS. S: Right here. You'd better put it on, dear.

MR. S: No, I'll just carry it over my arm.

RON: (FADING ON) (SINGING) Sing a song of six-pence,
a pocket full of rye....

MRS. S: Are you sure you'll be warm enough? Ronnie, I

do wish you'd stop singing that awful song. It gets on my nerves.

RON: No---does it?

MRS. S: You know perfectly well it does.

JACK: Of course, he knows. He's just singing it to tease you.

RON: (CONTINUES SINGING)

JACK: Oh, shut up, Ron, and let's go. We'll never get any birds at this rate.

MRS. S: Yes, go now and be sure and keep warm and don't get too muddy and be careful.

MR. S: (FADE) Yes, yes, dear---we'll be back tonight.

JACK: (FADING OUT) Goodbye, Sis, wish us luck.

RON: 'Bye--Bye, Sis---- (SINGING) Sing a song of six-pence (AS FADE OUT)

GIRL: (FADING IN) So---off they went, her husband with his white waterproof coat over his arm and Ronnie, her youngest brother singing "Sing a Song of Six-pence," as he always did to tease her, because she said it always got on her nerves. Do you know, sometimes on still, quiet evenings like this---I almost get a creepy feeling that they will walk in through that window.

NUT: I declare---my nerves are jumping already. Bad for me---bad.

MRS. S: (FADING IN) Oh, there you are, Mr. Nuttel. I'm

so sorry to be so late.

NUT: Think nothing of it, Mrs. Sappleton. And how are you feeling?

MRS. S: Oh, fine, fine--and you?

NUT: Well, as a matter of fact---

MRS. S: Good--I'm so glad. I hope Vera has been amusing you?

NUT: Oh, yes, yes indeed. She has been very interesting.

MRS. S: I hope you don't mind the open window. My husband and brothers are out shooting and I imagine they'll be back directly. They always come in this way.

NUT: Uh---yes---well, the weather is remarkable, isn't it?

MRS. S: The weather? Oh, yes, yes. They've been out for snipe in the marshes today so they'll make a fine mess over my poor carpets. So like you men-folk, isn't it?

NUT: Well, I don't know, I never do any thing like that. You see I'm taking a nerve-cure.

MRS. S: Yes---oh, I see. Well, that's too bad. Of course you don't mind too much because hunting is bad this year---so few birds.

NUT: You don't say. Well, I'm to have a complete rest, absence of mental excitement---

- MRS. S: Oh, well, snipe shooting would never do for you. It's much too exciting. Well, maybe by winter you can shoot duck with my husband. He hunts all year around--crazy about it.
- NUT: Yes, so I've heard. Well, I'm not to have any violent physical exercise whatsoever. The doctors all agree on that. On the matter of the diet they're not so much in agreement. Uh---uh-- Mrs. Sappleton, did you hear me? Are you expecting company.
- MRS. S: Dear me, no. Why?
- NUT: You keep looking out of the window.
- MRS. S: Oh, I told you---I'm expecting my husband and my two brothers.
- NUT: Uh---yes, of course. Well, as I was saying, they aren't in agreement on my diet. (PAUSE) Mrs. Sappleton, what's the trouble. Mrs. Sappleton, do you see something?
- MRS. S: Why, yes, I think I see my husband coming. I can just see a white blur. Still has that coat over his arm. I'll bet he hasn't put it on all day. Well, I'm glad they're back in time for tea and don't they look as if they were muddy up to their eyes?
- NUT: Mrs. Sappleton, you'd better lie down---uh--I say, Vera, what are you staring at---don't tell

me-----

GIRL: Look---look out the window. See, there---there three figures with guns under their arms and there's the brown spaniel too. Oh, they're coming nearer.

RON: (FADING IN) Sing a song of six-pence, etc.

NUT: I say---I must--my hat, my gloves---I say, this is too much---my nerves---good day---I mean good night----

SOUND: DOOR SLAMMING

MRS. S: For heaven's sake---what's wrong with him--he actually ran out----

MR. S: Here we are, my dear, fairly muddy but most of it's dry---Hope you don't mind too much.

MRS. S: No---that's all right.

SOUND: STAMPING OF FEET

MR. S: Say, who was that bolted as we came up?

JACK: Yes, he almost ran across our paths and then ran in the other direction.

RON: (LAUGHING) He tripped and fell on the drive and almost ran into the gate-post.

MRS. S: Dear me, and he said he wasn't supposed to exercise violently. I do hope it isn't too bad for him.

GIRL: He wasn't supposed to have any mental excitement either but I'm afraid he was terribly

excited about something.

MRS. S: Well, I wonder what. A most extraordinary man, Mr. Nuttel.

MR. S: Hmmm--what kind of a chap was he--what was extraordinary about him?

MRS. S: Why, he couldn't talk about anything except his illnesses and he dashed off without a word of apology or good-bye or anything. Just ran off when you arrived. One would think he'd seen a ghost.

RON: (LAUGHING) He looked frightened enough.

GIRL: I expect it was the spaniel. He told me he had a horror of dogs. He was once hunted into a cemetery somewhere on the banks of the Ganges by a pack of parish dogs and had to spend the night in a newly dug grave with the creatures snarling and grinning and foaming just above him. Enough to make anyone lose their nerve.

MRS. S: Vera, if you don't stop making up those tall stories of yours, I shall have to make you stop reading so much. The idea---telling such a tale, about a perfectly harmless young man, too. No telling what you say about your own family.

MUSIC: THEME UP AND UNDER

ANN: Stock Closing.

Notes on the Adaptation and Production of
Saki's The Open Window

Reasons for Adaptation

In the development of the British short story, the stories of Saki (H. H. Munro) stand out because of their uniquely droll humor. He was versatile in his depiction and satirization of Englishmen and I chose this story because it displays one of his favorite and most imitated types of writing.

Adaptation Problems

There was no great adaptation problem. The story lent itself rather well to the process, being simple in its original format. The important thing was the characterization of this semi-hypochondriac so that the humor of the denouement would be apparent.

Casting and Acting

The main character, Nuttel, should have a rather nasal voice. Outside of that, the casting is a matter of getting good straights.

Nuttel should be played as a rather dull neurotic. Under no circumstances should much sympathy for him be aroused, but rather, his illness should seem ludicrous.

Sound

There are nothing but standard sound problems in this script, though they should be handled carefully because of their importance.

Script Changes

There were no cuts made in this script, whatsoever. The only changes made were additions because the script ran short and because I found that Nuttel's characterization was not quite clear. He was not established clearly in the first scene as an egocentric neurotic until I added the lines, "Did you find out what's wrong with me, Doctor," and "I know I'm a sick man," and, "Why what would I do in the country -- with no doctors around?"

Too, I inserted further conversation with the woman from whom he rented the room and with all of his sister's friends to show what a bore he is on the subject of health. These inserts lengthened the script and built up Nuttel's characterization.

MY REMARKABLE UNCLE
By Stephen Leacock
Adapted by M. J. Martin

ANN: Stock Opening ---- Stephen Leacock's ---- My
Remarkable Uncle

MUSIC: THEME UP AND OUT

NARR: I once had a fabulous uncle
Whose actions were really sublime
He was different, amazing---unusual and dazing
And, what's more---all of the time!
My father was quiet and austere
And lived on a Canada farm
With stillness unending and manner unbending
A life that was far from alarm.
But not for long, this rural song
Played on uninterrupted
For into our peace with splutter and flutter
Beginning an era of chaos quite utter
My fabulous uncle erupted.

SOUND: LOUD KNOCKING AND STAMPING OF FEET

UNCLE: Halloo---halloo--ooh!-----Is anybody home?

SOUND: DOOR OPENING

BOY: Hello, sir---- Can I help you, sir?

UNCLE: Ah! You must be Stephen. Well, well---how you've
grown.

BOY: Yes, I'm Stephen---but---

UNCLE: (LAUGHING) Don't know me, do you? Ah--but you

will. I'm your Uncle Edward. Just call me E.
P. Well---let me in, boy---don't look so afraid.
(FADING) I've just gotten in from the
Mediterranean.

MUSIC: EXOTIC AND LIGHT UP AND UNDER

NARR: His talk was of glittering travel.
He spoke of the blue Mediterranean
Of Nubian slaves--Algerian knaves
And castles long subterranean.
He talked of pyramids, sphinxes and gold
In a most casual, off-handed way
Of rubies and pearls--of princes and earls,
He talked all night and all day.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

UNCLE: (FADING IN) It was a bright, starry night---
like all Egyptian nights are---and the Earl of
Fosdic and I-----

BOY: Uncle, do you know the Prince of Wales?

UNCLE: Quite intimately----

NARR: It was a trick he had
When someone put a query
Casual and gay--off-handedly he'd say:

UNCLE: Quite intimately----

NARR: Or----

UNCLE: Oh, definitely---

NARR: Or yet----

UNCLE: Close friends---

NARR: Again---

UNCLE: Our correspondence never ends.

NARR: No further explanation--no long involved narration.

Just terse and calm and very cheery.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

NARR: In 1878 there was a Canadian general election
And Uncle took an active part
His views political were slightly hypocritical
His knowledge historical, phantasmagorical
But he spoke at every meeting
Patting heads and greeting
Taking all unto his heart.

UNCLE: Why, let me see, surely if your name is Framley,
you must be a relation of my dear old friend,
General Sir Charles Framley of the Horse Artillery?

HICK: Mebbe. (FLATTERED LAUGHTER) I guess, mebbe. I
ain't kept track very good of my folks in the old
country.

UNCLE: Dear me! I must tell Sir Charles I've seen you.
He'll be so pleased.

NARR: In this way he conferred honors on the peasantry
And won votes for his side,
Which was, of course, aristocratic

Oh---far from democratic
But sisterly and brotherly---fatherly and
motherly
And based upon nobility and pride.
How else could plain folk vote,
Since, now, they're aristocracy
Than for conservative democracy?
Dewey, please take note!

UNCLE: That's the kind of politics to play. Be con-
servative but love everybody---even the humblest.
You know, a democrat can't condescend. He's
down already. Ah--but when a conservative stoops,
he conquers.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

NARR: But soon Ontario began to pall
It seemed the possibilities were small
But Winnipeg was new and fortunes really grew.
And, thence, my uncle led us one and all.

UNCLE: The Star of the Empire glitters in the west---
let's go---

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

NARR: In Winnipeg it wasn't long
Before E. P. was going strong
He soon knew everyone in town
From the highest of officials to the baker and
on down

And he kept on with assurance
In his flattering conferrance
Of titles slightly spurious
Upon the poor and curious.
He cut a fancy caper
Made millions upon paper
Built a house gargantual
Got a wife substantial
And started on a round of gayety
Hospitality and spontaneity
That was really most extensive
To say nothing of expensive,
But it mattered not a whit,
'Cause my uncle lived by wit.

UNCLE: Let's see now--I'm president of the bank.

NARR: The bank was never open
But his creditors kept hopin'

UNCLE: I'm head of a brewery

NARR: The brewery never brewed
And his creditors just stewed.

UNCLE: I'm also secretary-treasurer of the Winnipeg
Hudson Bay and Arctic Ocean Railway and we have
a charter authorizing us to build a road to the
Arctic Ocean when we get ready.

NARR: They never got ready
But the benefits were steady.

They hadn't any track

But you can't hold uncle back.

UNCLE: Well, I've printed **stationary** and passes for our railroad company and sent the passes to railroad men all over North America. If anyone from another railway wants to ride on my trains, they can do it for nothing--when we get the thing completed, of course. In the meantime, all these railroads have sent me passes. Nice of them, isn't it? I can travel all over the continent for nothing. (FADING) Very nice of them---

NARR: But naturally his main hold was politics.
As a legislator he was something sinister
He made laws, corrected flaws,
Codified and modified
Changed and rearranged
Until everyone was stupefied
Even the Prime Minister.
His views were still conservative,
Reactionary, preservative
Our ancestors were insufficient
But we remained not long deficient.
My uncle by some strange, happy fluke
Invented a wonderful Portuguese Duke
And made me the twice-removed heir
To a Portuguese castle surpassingly fair.

Pointing to me with a quiet sort of pride
He'd say in a confidential aside:

UNCLE: Strange to think that two deaths would make
that boy a Portuguese Duke.

NARR: My only sorrow was that still
I never knew which Portuguese to kill.

MUSIC SINISTER AND MEASURED UP AND UNDER

NARR: But then came the crash of the Manitoba boom!

SOUND: BOOM

NARR: Simple people like my father were wiped out in
a day.

But E. P. didn't feel the crash
He had no dollars and no cents
But it made no difference
He used credit, since he had no cash
And went his merry way.
His hospitality still roared
His many bills still soared
He laughed and ate and played
And the tradesmen paid and paid.
If they called for reparation
My uncle said with indignation:

UNCLE: I can't be bothered right now with such details.
I'm waiting daily for a cable.

CRED: Well, but will you be in Winnipeg all winter, Mr.
Leacock?

UNCLE: It will depend a good deal on what happens in
West Africa.

NARR: Just that---a faint suggestion
But all feared to further question
This being ministerial
Who awaited summonses imperial.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

NARR: It was now my uncle took countless trips.
If he felt worried in the least
He simply travelled to the east
This was for the very best
His creditors in the west
Were no end impressed.
He travelled on a railroad pass
And always in the highest class.
He never paid at any hotel
And his system worked remarkably well.

UNCLE: May I have my bill, please, clerk?

CLERK: Yes, sir---here it is, sir--seventy-six dollars.

UNCLE: What---only seventy-six dollars? My word, (ASIDE)
Stephen, compare this with the Hotel Crillon in
Paris.

CLERK: Is it so expensive, sir?

UNCLE: Indeed, yes--- and offers very little more than
you do. (ASIDE) Stephen, do remind me to mention
to Sir John how admirably we've been treated; he's

coming here next week.

CLERK: You mean Sir John, The Prime Minister, sir?

UNCLE: Yes, of course, but now, let's see---seventy-six
dollars---seventy-six--- You give me twenty-
four dollars----

CLERK: Why--uh--we can't----

UNCLE: You give me twenty-four dollars and then I can
remember to send an even hundred when I send you
the money for my bill.

NARR: The poor clerk trembled
But he was brave---he gave.
He didn't know my uncle's name
But he gave him money just the same
And waited for Sir John, who never came.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

NARR: But of course it couldn't last
The day of grandeur soon was past
Creditors grew cruel---acquaintances turned cool.
Uncle shuffled shabbily along the street
Looking eagerly for friends to greet
But hotels refused to take him
And the bar-rooms wouldn't stake him.

UNCLE: Bartender, five, please, for my friends, here.

BART: Listen, Mr. Leacock, you ain't gettin' served,
see? You never paid a cent in here in your life
and you've drunk gallons. Now---get out and stay

out.

UNCLE: Come away, Stephen, I'm afraid the poor fellow's
crazy! But I hate to report him.

NARR: The railways found at last
That he had no company
And when he tried to travel, insisted on a fee.
But hard times weren't for Uncle,
The Lord provides for such as he.
We sent him back to England and--a most amazing
thing!
No sooner did he get there, than he was living
like a king.
He found an ancient monastery
Where the 'brothers' were unwary
And descended on them sans delay.
But for the first time in his life
So full of mad, gay strife
My uncle really paid his way.
He delved into finance
And discovered quite by chance
That the government unluckily
Owed the 'brothers' currency.
Without brooking interference
He put in his appearance
At Westminster and made his stand.
British officials aren't, after all, unique

And uncle used his usual technique
And very soon they were eating from his hand.
He hinted at his vast investments overseas
And remembering how they missed Johannesburg or
were just late on Persian oil,
The officials were most anxious, sir, to please.

UNCLE: When you come out to Canada, I must take you over
our railway. I really think that as soon as
we reach the Coppermine River we must put the
shares on here; it's too big for New York----

NARR: So E. P., nothing daunted
Got exactly what he wanted
And the 'brothers' profited much
Bought more prayer books and such
And full of sweet beatitude
Augmented by their gratitude
They asked E. P. to manage their affairs,
Which quite released E. P. from any sort of cares.
And I can tell you here and now,
It's good they asked, 'cause he'd have lived
there anyhow.

MUSIC: PASTORAL UP AND UNDER

NARR: In sleepy gardens, 'neath shady trees
E. P. completed his life of ease.
And if there's a Paradise, I'm sure he got in.
Imagination is not a sin.

Besides he no doubt said as he neared the gate,

UNCLE: Peter?---Oh, a relation of Sir Peter Frothingdate?

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

ANN: Stock Closing -----

Notes on the Adaptation and Production of
Leacock's My Remarkable Uncle

Reasons for Adaptation

In choosing this selection for adaptation, I chose the story, rather than the author. Stephen Leacock, though Canadian, rather than British, employs a type of humor as typically British as any of our day and, although this piece is not strictly a story, it is, nevertheless, typical of his work and of a good deal of British and American writing. In displaying British literature, one thinks first of humor. Tragedy is universal but styles in humor are distinctive, regardless of the wholesale borrowing that goes on between writers of different nations.

Adaptation Problems

This was the problem of making a plotless story as amusing in radio drama as it is to read. Because there was little dialogue and little action in the piece itself, there had to be a way to transfer Leacock's very gay style from the printed page to oral drama. Verse seemed the best way to do it. I believe the verse accomplished the purpose, allowing many of Leacock's "bon mots" to remain intact. Straight monologue by a narrator would have been too long and would not have held the listener. This is the best example of good adaptation in the series. It is also the best example of bringing to radio a type of literature which is not always successfully transferred from one medium to another,

namely the story in which the humor is in the telling as much, if not more than, in the story. Once verse was decided upon, however, there were no further adaptation problems to surmount.

Casting and Acting

Naturally, the narrator is the great problem here. He must be young, yet authoritative. Certainly, he must have a very flexible voice because there is a lot of verse to be read and a lot of voice variety is demanded. In casting this part, a director should hold careful auditions and choose someone who is good at reading verse. Many a good actor can not read verse, particularly rhymed verse, but will sing-song the instant he gets the rhythm. If the actor demands much coaching in verse-reading, all of the director's time will be used in gaining variety in the narration and the much-needed dramatic timing of the flash-backs will be neglected. The narrator must, of course, be able to read with his tongue in his cheek and yet express sympathy and sincerity. Too, he must not laugh too much but must read in a fairly straight manner.

The uncle should not be underestimated. He is bluff, hearty, lovable, but shrewd and not a dunce. If he is played as a complete four-flusher, W. C. Fields' style, the play will lose a lot of its characterization value. He is not just a stock character and must not be played as one. Once those two characters are cast, the other casting and acting

problems are standard. The rest of the cast should be very matter-of-fact to make the thing credible. The whole cast should be expert at pacing and timing or the mood will be destroyed. The verse should be read as slowly as possible, without losing any vitality. The emphasis in each line is very important or the audience may lose the meaning.

When producing this script substitute the name of some prominent local or national politician in the line, "Dewey, please take note!" The script was written at the time of the 1945 Presidential campaign but the line as it stands is now dated. However, it can be changed to fit the time by changing the name.

Sound

Quite standard but the music must be chosen very carefully and perfectly timed. One mistake in timing, sound or drama, can ruin the unity of the script, even more than in ordinary prose scripts. Such is the nature of poetry!

Script Changes

Most of the changes made in this script were for the sake of better scansion, hence, better reading. For example, the lines:

"In Winnipeg it wasn't long
Before E. P. was going strong
He soon knew everyone in town
From the highest of officials to the baker and on down.

And he kept on with assurance
With his flattering conferrance
Of titles slightly spurious
Upon the poor and curious,"

originally read:

"Here E. P. really hit his stride
In less than no time he knew everything.
He continued his flattering conferring
Of titles..."

That was rather awkward phraseology and the change to the present wording improved the script. There were three other changes to improve the scansion but they were only rewordings of one line.

In addition, one scene, dealing with the uncle's method of buying a carriage on credit, was omitted. This was for the sake of timing and did not really detract from the story because there are sufficient other examples of his methods in the script.

FOG HORN
By Gertrude Atherton
Adapted by M. J. Martin

ANN: Stock Opening ---- Gertrude Atherton's ----
Fog Horn----

MUSIC: UP AND OUT AND SEGUE INTO FOG HORN SOUND

DOCTOR: (FADING IN) Nurse, she's coming to. Be careful.
We don't know how she'll react.

NINA: (FADING IN) Ummm--ummmm----where-----where---
oh----a hospital----Why? What happened? Oh--
yes. Doctor, how's Leslie, is he all right?

DOCTOR: My dear--Leslie?

NINA: Yes, yes, Leslie---the man they brought in with
me last night. How is he? His head---oh---I
remember it was cut open---awful---oh---please
is he going to live?

DOCTOR: My dear, Leslie is dead.

NINA: Dead? Oh----I----loved him so---and now----my
life is worth nothing---all the years ahead
worthless---

DOCTOR: Try to get a little rest.

NINA: Oh---yes. (PAUSE) Where's Uncle Ben? Where's
my family---didn't they come?

DOCTOR: Yes, they came.

NINA: Then why did they leave before I came to? Why
did they go away when I need them so? Oh---I
know---they're ashamed of me. They couldn't under-

stand. I suppose the papers are out and all the little smug people are saying, "Like father, like daughter." I suppose you know, too, don't you? Oh---well---you could never understand how it was with us----(SOBS) And---now---I'll never see him again---I'll have to live my whole life through just remembering and I'll have to remember last night and that red fog---have you ever seen red fog---red from blood? Oh---

DOCTOR: Please lie down and be quiet. Nurse, the needle, please. (PAUSE) There, you'll feel better now.

NINA: (FADING) Fog---Leslie---I remember the first night I met him.

SOUND: DANCE MUSIC FADING IN IN BACKGROUND...OCCASIONAL SOUND OF WATER LAPPING

LESLIE: (FADING IN) I thought I saw you leave the dance, Miss Nina.

NINA: Yes, I came out to see the fog---I love it.

LESLIE: How did you manage to evade all your young men?

NINA: (LAUGHING) Mr. Allen---that sounded a bit sarcastic.

LESLIE: (LAUGHING) I didn't mean it to---really. Only watching you, I wondered if you didn't get just a little tired of being torn from your partner every two steps.

NINA: (LAUGHING) Let's just say I thought I'd like to

see the fog rolling in and that's why I ran out.

SOUND: FOG-HORNS IN DISTANCE

NINA: That's a sound that always pleases me.

LESLIE: (AFTER A PAUSE) The fog! I think it's the loveliest thing about San Francisco.

NINA: Don't you have fog in Boston, Mr. Allen?

LESLIE: Not this kind.

SOUND: FOG HORNS

LESLIE: Aren't you getting cool?

NINA: Yes---I am. Shall we go in?

LESLIE: If we do, I'll have to give you up.

NINA: I'm sure you won't mind--at least not if you can snatch your pretty wife back from the stag-line.

LESLIE: (LAUGHS) Yes--but I'm curious about you. What do you do besides dance?

NINA: (LAUGHING) Oh, the truth about me is so horrible I never tell anyone--least of all a man!

LESLIE: Why do you say that?

NINA: Oh--it's all right for a girl to "simply adore" music and painting--but if she's "intellectual" that's bad---scares a man every time.

LESLIE: And are you intellectual?

NINA: Not really---but I do attend morning classes at the University and I do read Latin and Greek classics in the original text. (LAUGHS) Isn't that awful?

LESLIE: (LAUGHS) Matter of fact, I think it's rather wonderful--- It must take a lot of time to do that. Do you commute every day?

NINA: Yes, I do, but--I love the ferry-boat ride.
(FADING) Have you ever taken the ferry?

MUSIC: LIGHT UP AND UNDER

SOUND: WATER SLOSHING PAST BOAT INTERMITTENTLY

NINA: (FADING IN) Oh---Mr. Allen, what on earth are you doing on the ferry?

LESLIE: Hello, Miss Nina---just riding--- You said it was nice, so I thought I'd try it. --- Lovely morning, isn't it?

NINA: Yes---it is.

LESLIE: Are you going to your classes at the University?

NINA: Yes, I am.

LESLIE: Good. I'll ride on the train to the campus with you.

NINA: (FADING) Oh, that will be splendid.

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

LESLIE: (FADING IN) Nina, I'll come to the lecture with you today and then we'll have lunch.

NINA: (FADING) Leslie, that will be fun.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

SOUND: FADE IN CROWD AND TABLE NOISES IN BACKGROUND

NINA: (FADING IN) Hmmm---it's nice to be in here out of the rain. This is a charming place. Why

haven't we come here more often, Leslie?

LESLIE: Oh, I don't know---I've tried to find different places to take you.

NINA: You have. It's been grand.

LESLIE: I'm sorry, Nina, that our activities have to be so---uh---limited.

NINA: Oh---this has been fun. Please don't feel sorry.

LESLIE: Aren't you ever afraid we'll be seen?

NINA: No---why should I be? We've done or said nothing wrong. (LAUGHING) Why, Leslie, you've never even held my hand.

LESLIE: (LAUGHING) Haven't I? You have beautiful hands. Remind me to do that, will you?

NINA: Besides---it's funny---I don't care. Strange because I've always been so very conservative. You see, my father left my mother and ran off with some woman and---oh---Uncle Ben says that there've been queer twists in dad's family since way back. So---I've really been more conventional than I wanted to be---just to show everyone.

LESLIE: And now you don't care any more?

NINA: Well, mother's dead and my sisters are all married and scandal would only amuse them. Of course, Uncle Ben and my brothers would be furious if people talked about me, but, for myself, I don't care what the world says.

LESLIE: That's good! I've worried for fear you've worried.

NINA: (LAUGHING) Well, I don't know why we got so serious all of a sudden. After all---you haven't made love to me or anything.

LESLIE: (LAUGHING FADING) No---after all I haven't.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

SOUND: GENERAL CONVERSATION IN BACKGROUND...LAUGHTER...
SOUND OF ICE IN GLASSES

LESLIE: Nina, let's go for a walk.

NINA: All right---we won't be missed, I fear.

LESLIE: Let's climb these steps up the mountain-side.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON STONE STEPS

NINA: (AFTER A PAUSE...BREATHING A LITTLE HEAVILY)
Hmmm---pretty steep.

LESLIE: (CLIMBING) Straight up, in fact.

NINA: Oh---how good the night smells. I like spring!

LESLIE: You like everything, Nina. The first thing you said to me when we met last fall was that you like the fog.

NINA: Whew! We've made it!

SOUND: STEPS STOP

LESLIE: (CONTINUING) During the winter, you like the rain and now that spring is here---you love that too.

NINA: (LAUGHING) Ah---but I haven't forgotten my other

loves. Guess I like life.

LESLIE: I know---that's what makes you so perfect to be with. Too tired from the climb to walk through the forest?

NINA: No---let's. (PAUSE) Redwood trees---in a way they're unfriendly---so big and so old---but they are protective, too. Oh---can't you imagine the gods walking down these long tall aisles?

MUSIC: SNEAKS IN UNDER FOLLOWING

LESLIE: They must have walked here. Nina---I feel like a god myself, walking here beside you.

NINA: Must be the moonlight.

LESLIE: No---I feel that way at high-noon, walking with you. Nina, it's because I love you. I love you so much.

NINA: Leslie, I love you, too.

MUSIC: CRESCENDO...UP AND OUT

SOUND: FADE IN CROWD AND TABLE NOISES IN BACKGROUND

LESLIE: (FADING IN) Nina,---you're not eating.

NINA: Oh, the spaghetti has liver in it but it doesn't matter. Oh, Leslie. I do love you but--I'd rather never see you again than to have to carry on a secret intrigue--meeting you in some shady corner of the town where they don't ask questions ---in some awful rooms where thousands of "furtive" lovers have met before.

LESLIE: Dear, I don't want you to. But, you know the alternative. I've asked my wife for a divorce. I told her I loved some one else but she's taking her one chance for revenge.

NINA: I don't really blame her.

LESLIE: No---neither do I. But---our only other alternative is to elope---elope in the good old fashioned style. Would you run away with me? I've plenty of money. We can have all Europe for a perpetual honeymoon until my wife's family persuades her to get a divorce. Then we'll come back to the states and I'll work at something. (LAUGHING) I'm not a born idler.

NINA: Of course I'll go, Leslie.

LESLIE: Are you sure, Nina? Can you stand the gaff?

NINA: Leslie, I could "love" many times---but only once can I find the completion I find with you. Darling, I'd be a fool to give it up. Of course I'll go!

LESLIE: Darling, I'll make you happy. We'll leave tomorrow. I can get reservations. But---now--let's go rowing on the bay just one last time.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

SOUND: WATER LAPPING ON SHORE

LESLIE: (FADING IN) Come on, Nina, get in. I'll hold the boat steady. All set?

NINA: All set.

LESLIE: Here we go--

SOUND: OARS BEING SET IN OARLOCKS AND THEN SOUND OF ROW-
ING INTERMITTENTLY

NINA: (LAUGHING) You row magnificently, darling, such
long, easy strokes.

LESLIE: Stop flattering me, minx. Take a good look at
the lights of your home-town, darling. Tomorrow
night we'll be on our way and you may not see them
soon again.

NINA: Pretty lights, aren't they? Ummm---nice night.

LESLIE: No moon.

NINA: Ah--but lots of stars.

SOUND: ROWING SOUNDS FOR SEVERAL SECONDS THEN INTERMIT-
TENTLY AGAIN

LESLIE: Here we go---out between the Golden Gates.

NINA: Daring, aren't we? Dare you to row straight
across to China!

LESLIE: (LAUGHS) China, we'll go there too. We'll go
everywhere. Europe first, we'll do all the
things people always want to do but never have
time for on European tours. And after that---
the Orient---and---

NINA: Leslie---look fog coming in.

LESLIE: Yes, and fast. Gotta get out of here.

SOUND: FAST ROWING UNDER ALL OF THIS

NINA: I think we can make the beach below Sutro Heights.

LESLIE: (STRAINING) Yes, I'll try.

SOUND: ROWING SOUNDS

LESLIE: How are we doing?

NINA: Oh, Leslie, it's coming so fast. It's just like it's chasing us. There are wisps of it right behind you.

LESLIE: Uh---yes---

NINA: Darling, swerve right a little---maybe we can get out of it.

LESLIE: (GRUNTS) All right.

SOUND: ROWING INCREASES

NINA: Oh, it's getting thicker here--just go straight.

SOUND: ROWING

NINA: It's just as thick here.

LESLIE: Nina--it's too late--we're caught!

SOUND: FOG HORN SOUNDS

NINA: Oh, that's the horn on Point Bonito. I know it.

SOUND: FOG HORN AGAIN

NINA: Oh, but Leslie, I can't tell where it is. I'm all mixed up.

SOUND: DIFFERENT FOG HORN SOUNDS

NINA: And that's off Alcatraz but---I can't tell the direction. Oh, I don't know where we are!

LESLIE: Neither do I. Oh, Nina, this is awful and---

SOUND: SHIP HORN BLASTS AND IS ANSWERED BY ANOTHER'S

COUNTERBLAST

LESLIE: Ships---where are they?

SOUND: FURIOUS ROWING

LESLIE: I can't see them in this fog but they're close.

SOUND: ANOTHER BLAST LOUDER AND SOUND OF WATER SWIRLING
FURIOUSLY

NINA: (SCREAMS) Leslie, turn----

SOUND: CRASH AND SHOUTS AND SCREAMS. BLAST VERY LOUD

NINA: (SCREAMING AND SOBBING) Leslie---oh---look out--
oh (SCREAMS)

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

NINA: (FADE IN) (SCREAMING) His head---(SCREAMS
PIERCINGLY)

NINA: (FADING ON) Oh---I screamed. I must have been
screaming a long time. Funny no one heard me.
Where's that doctor? Why did he leave me alone?
I want to get out of here. I want to go home.

SOUND: BED CREAKS

NINA: Oh---I'm weak. I must have been in bed a long
time. Uncle Ben and the family will be coming
soon----the doctor said they came. Oh----I'll
be glad to get home. I feel awful. If I could
just comb my hair---(PAUSE) My hair---good
heavens, they cut my hair! I must have had brain
fever then. How awful. I wonder if the fever
left marks on me? If I could just get to that

mirror over the basin. It's not so far. Maybe
if I hold on to the bed. (GROANS) (BED CREAKS)
One hand on the foot of the bed and the other
hand--- (SCREAMS) My hands---look at my hands---
all withered----and the veins---

SOUND: FEET STUMBLING UNDER

NINA: (CONTINUING) Oh---I must see myself (SOBS) what
has it done to me---I must see the mirror (SCREAMS
PIERCINGLY)

SOUND: BODY THUDS TO THE FLOOR. DOOR OPENS. FOOTSTEPS
RUNNING FADE IN

DOCTOR: (FADING IN) Nurse, help me, she's fainted. Take
her feet. (GRUNTS) There----

SOUND: BED CREAKS

DOCTOR: Now---cover her up. That's right.

NURSE: Doctor, she must have seen herself in the mirror
and realized----

DOCTOR: Yes, I'm afraid so. Strange how sometimes they
regain reason just before death. Too bad---it
would have been so much kinder if she'd never
known. Well---I've given her an injection---she'll
be quiet now. Come on---we'll leave her to die
in peace. (FADING) Look in later, will you?

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

NINA: Leave me to die in peace---in peace? (SOBS) I'm
an old woman---old---my whole life's gone and
I've never lived at all! I've been crazy---crazy

my whole life. (SCREAMING AND SOBBING AND LAUGH-
ING) And now--- I'm supposed to die in peace.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT ----- SNEAK THEME IN UNDER FOLLOWING

ANN: Stock Closing -----

Notes on the Adaptation and Production of
Atherton's Fog Horn

Reasons for Adaptation

This story is an excellent example of the type of story so very popular, especially among women, in the latter part of the last century and the first part of this. The style of plot, characters and writing are very representative of the great bulk of popular literature of that time.

Adaptation Problems

The main problem here was dramatization of stream-of-consciousness, which was the main device in the story. The question was, whether or not it could be best done by having her think aloud to herself or carry on a conversation with others. Production proved the superiority of the latter method. Visualization and characterization were the next problems. In the story it was, of course, easily done by description. In the script, it was accomplished with conversation but the problem was to keep it from sounding forced.

Another problem was to show passage of time, without wasting time doing it and without using montage, which should not be overworked. The accident scene was a difficult one to visualize, without the aid of description. The description had to be put in to the conversation, naturally, and with care that it sound like what a person might actually say in time of great stress. The sound effects written in here are of great descriptive value but they are too repetitious

to be used much. Consequently, the burden lay on the writing.

Casting and Acting

Nina must be able to sound older and younger at will and still be recognizable as the same person. In the playing, too sharp a differentiation between her voice at the beginning and end and in the flash-backs should be avoided. Let the difference be in manner of delivery, more than in voice, though, of course, there must be some voice-change. Nina is sophisticated for her day but she is, nonetheless, a pure and idealistic person. She should be played as a cultured, intelligent, strong girl, who has purposely held herself aloof, so that she still has naivete. Avoid playing her with an extreme of sophistication or naivete. The writing could lend itself to either but the spirit of the story would be distorted if it were done either way.

In the accident scene, let the players exercise restraint. Let the panic grow but remain controlled until the crash.

The doctor must be played very matter-of-factly, though he is not without sympathy.

Sound

The important thing in the sound pattern is, obviously, the water. The lapping of waves should not be overdone. Space the sounds far apart so that they are not annoying to the listener. It is acceptable to establish this sound and

then fade it down. However, maintaining the same perspective and diminishing the frequency of the sound is preferable. In the rowing, the important thing is to space the sounds widely at first and then, when the crisis comes, work carefully with the actors for timing. The fog-horns are a problem of perspective, primarily, which can be tested. One thing to remember is that the different fog-horns should sound really different. The fog-horn at the climax should be very loud and frantic.

Script Changes

In the original script, the opening scene was one in which Nina thought aloud and so supplied the needed exposition. It was not a very effective method of getting the story told. In the first place, it is always a weak device, because listening to a person's thoughts, for any length of time, strains the credulity of the listener. Secondly, long monologues are not very desirable in radio because the audience cannot see motivating movement. Consequently, a monologue is difficult to portray naturally. For this reason, the opening scene was changed from stream-of-consciousness on Nina's part to dialogue with the doctor and the whole play was stronger and more convincing.

The same change was made in the final scene. Dialogue with the doctor was substituted for a stream-of-consciousness scene, where she discovers her state all alone. However, the dialogue would weaken the climax. To effect a compromise

between the two methods, the amount of Nina's thinking aloud was reduced (and more movement was added) and the amount of dialogue was also reduced. As it stands, half of the denouement occurs through Nina's thoughts and half through the doctor's and nurse's conversation. The dramatic impact was greater than it would have been if the dialogue had been used exclusively as a means of revelation. At the same time, the revelation is more natural than it would have been if the scene had been all stream-of-consciousness.

The only other change was lengthening the accident scene to allow more time for building to a climax. In the first script, the scene was over too soon and much of the horror was lost. So, more dialogue and more movement was added to give time for suspense.

HAIRCUT
By Ring Lardner
Adapted by M. J. Martin

MUSIC: THEME UP AND UNDER

ANN: Stock Opening ---- Ring Lardner's ---- Haircut----

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES AND BELL RINGS

BARBER: (FADING IN) Come right in, sir. Shave and hair-
cut? Sit right in this chair. There that's fine--
now the towel---just lean back---good! (PAUSE)
You're a newcomer, ain't you? I know I ain't seen
you around before. I hope you like it good enough
to stay. We ain't no New York City or Chicago,
but we have pretty good times. Not as good,
though, since Jim Kendall got killed. When he was
alive, him and Hod Meyers used to keep this town
in an uproar. I bet there was more laughin' done
here than any town its size in America. Jim was
comical and Hod was pretty near a match for him.
Since Jim's gone, Hod tries to hold his end up
just the same as ever, but it's tough goin' when
you ain't got nobody to kind of work with. They
used to be plenty fun in here Saturdays. This
place is jam-packed Saturdays, from four o'clock
on. Jim and Hod would show up right after their
supper, round six o'clock. Jim would set himself
down in that big chair, near the blue spitton.

Whoever had been settin' in that chair, why they'd get up when Jim come in and give it to him. You'd of thought it was a reserved seat like they have sometimes in a theayter. Hod would generally always stand or walk up and down, or some Saturdays of course, he'd be settin' in this chair part of the time, gettin' a haircut. Well, Jim would set there a wile without openin' his mouth only to spit and then finally he'd say to me,

JIM: (FADE IN) Barber Whitey, your nose looks like a rosebud tonight. You must of been drinkin' some of your aw de cologne.

BARBER: No, Jim, but you look like you'd been drinkin' somethin' of that kind or somethin' worse.

JIM: (LAUGHING RAUCOUSLY) No, I ain't had nothin' to drink but that ain't sayin' I wouldn't like some-thin'. I wouldn't even mind if it was wood alcohol.

HOD: Neither would your wife.

CROWD: MUCH LAUGHTER AND AD LIB --- "THAT'S A GOOD 'UN -- YOU TELL 'EM, HOD, AND ETC."

JIM: I guess that's right, Hod. (LAUGHING) You said it that time. She'd like to get rid of me all right. Only there ain't no chance. If she divorced me I wouldn't give her no alimony and she don't have no way of takin' care of herself

and the kids. Ah---well, she should be satisfied.

I give her a couple a bucks a week anyways.

What does she need with more?

HOD: I dunno---but ain't she takin' in dress makin'?

JIM: Sure---but this ain't no New York City and no one is goin' ta git rich sewin' around here. (LAUGHS)
Naw she ain't got a chance.

JAKE: I thought she was goin' to them cannin' people you sells for over in Cartersville and ask them to give her your wages?

JIM: She did! (LAUGHING) Yeah, but I outwitted her.
I borrow most of my pay in advance. She can't put nothin' over on me nohow.

CROWD: GENERAL LAUGHTER

HOD: You're a card, Jim. Ain't no one around here like you.

JIM: Aw---that ain't nothin'. I'll learn her to try foxin' me. Just you wait---they's a circus comin' to town (FADING OUT) and I'm gonna tell my wife what's what---

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

MRS: Come on children, hurry up. Your father said he'd take us to the Evans Circus today.

BOY: Gee, that's swell. When's he comin' home after us?

MRS: He said he'd buy the tickets and meet us at the

gate. Isn't it gonna be a treat?

GIRL: Mom, have you ever seen a circus?

MRS: No, but I've heard about 'em. They have all sorts of animals and people swingin' on swings way up in the air and all sorts o' things you'll like. Now hurry and get dressed in your best clothes. (FADING OUT) Now don't take too long. We have to meet----

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

BARBER: (FADE IN) Well, they got theirselves over ta the circus gate. But Jim didn't have no intentions of bein' there or buyin' tickets or nothin'. He got full of gin and laid round Wright's pool-room all day. (FADING) He was havin' a big time----

HOD: (FADE IN) Hey, Jim, what you doin' not workin' today?

JIM: (LAUGHING) This is the day I'm s'posed to take the wife and kids to the circus....but I ain't workin' no more anyways--- Gentlemen, I got an important announcement to make. I been fired from my job. I been sellin' canned goods and now I'm canned goods myself.

CROWD: MUCH LAUGHTER ---- FADES OUT

BARBER: (FADES IN) That was just like Jim. Most fellas would of said they resigned ---- but not Jim. He

wuz a card. He just come right out and said he wuz fired and made a big joke outen it. He was a caution. But---like I was tellin' you--his wife and kids waited and waited and of course he didn't show up. His wife didn't have a dime with her, or no where else, I guess. So she finally had to tell the kids it was all off and they cried like they wasn't never goin' to stop. Well, it seems, w'ile they was cryin' Doc Stair came along (FADING OUT) and he asked them---

STAIR: (FADING IN) Why---Mrs. Kendall, what's the matter with the children? Are they sick?

MRS: I don't know, Doctor. Children, stop your cryin' and let's go home. C'mon now--it won't do no good to cry----

STAIR: What's wrong, here, little fellow, did you eat too much candy at the circus?

BOY: (CRYING) We didn't see the circus---pop said he'd take us but he ain't come--and mom says we cain't wait no longer--- we been here all day now---

STAIR: Why---he probably forgot all about it---but I'll tell you what, young fella, I'll take you and your little sister here and your mother to the circus---and what's more we'll have peanuts and popcorn and ice-cream and everything else you want.

How about it?

BOY: Gosh----that would be swell.

GIRL: Gee----that's better than pop would have done
anyway----

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

BARBER: (FADE IN) That's how come Jim always had it in for Doc Stair. This Doc Stair come here about a year and a half ago---mighty handsome young fella and his clothes always look like he has them made to order. Well---for a wile everybody was wonderin' why a young doctor like Doc Stair should come to a town like this where we already got old Doc Gamble and Doc Foote that's both been here for years and all the practice in town was always divided between the two of them. Then they was a story got around about he'd come here to hide away and forget about a gal who throwed him over. He said, himself, there wasn't nothing like a general practice in a place like ours to fit a man for all around doctorin'. Anyways---it wasn't long before he was makin' enough to live on, tho they told me he never dunned nobody for what they owed him, and when our coroner died, they picked Doc Stair to take his place. He didn't want the job nohow---there ain't no money in it but he's the kind that can't say no to

nothin' if you keep after him long enough. But--
I was goin' to tell about what a good time Jim
used to have with Paul Dickson. This Paul
Dickson, he fell out of a tree when he was about
ten years old. Lit on his head and it done some-
thin' to him and he ain't never been right. No
harm in him, but just silly. (FADING OUT) You
can imagine what fun Jim used to have with him---

JIM: (FADE IN) Hey, cuckoo, come on over here. Now
listen---if you'll go down to the Whitefront
Garage and fetch me a left-handed monkey wrench,
I'll give you a quarter.

PAUL: (FADING OUT) All right, Mr. Kendall, but it'll
take quite a while---it's about half a mile
there.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

JIM: (FADE IN) Hey---cuckoo, we're gonna have a
baseball game between the fats and the leans.
Don't you think that would be fun?

PAUL: Yes, sir, I'd like to see it.

JIM: Well, I'll tell you what to do. You go back
into town to Schraders and get the key to the
pitcher's box. (FADING OUT) Now---you hurry
'cause we want to start.

BARBER: (FADING IN) They wasn't nothing in the way of
gags that Jim couldn't think up when he put his

mind to it. Poor Paul was always kind of suspicious of people, maybe on account of how Jim had kept foolin' him. Paul wouldn't have much to do with anybody only his own mother and Doc Stair and a girl here in town named Julie Gregg. Paul used to spend all his time in Doc's office but when he looked out the Doc's window (FADING OUT) and seen Julie goin' by to town he'd start

PAUL: (FADING IN) Miss Julie, Miss Julie, are you goin' shoppin'?

JULIE: (LAUGHING) Why, yes, I am, Paul, would you like to go along? I'd like it if you could. And we could stop and get a soda. (FADING OUT) It's just nice weather for walking don't you think?

BARBER: (FADING IN) Doc done all that he could to improve Paul's mind and he told me once that he really thought the boy was better, that they was times that he really thought the boy was gettin' as bright and sensible as anybody. But I was goin' to tell you about Julie Gregg---she's pretty near thirty or over--and used to be rich ----went away to school in Chicago and New York and all and they ain't no subject she can't talk on. But her old man got to drinkin' and lost all of his money and when he died he left her and her invalid mother just enough to skimp along

on and their house. Julie wanted to sell the house and move away to a city but her mother said she'd been born here and she'd die here. It's kinda hard on Julie 'cause she's too good for the young folks in this town. But when she seen Doc Stair it was love at first sight, I guess. (FADING OUT) I was in his office the day Julie met the Doc for the first time----

SOUND: DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING AND BELL JINGLING

JULIE: Hello, Mr. Green, how's business these days?

BARBER: Fine, Miss Julie, how's your mother?

JULIE: That's what I came to see this new doctor about. I thought maybe he could help her since the other doctors in town don't seem-----

STAIR: (FADING IN) How do you do, can I help you, Miss?

JULIE: Uh---why, yes, that is---it's not for myself--- But (FADING OUT) my mother just isn't getting any better.

BARBER: (FADING IN) I guess it was love at first sight. It was wrote all over her face that first time she seen him. Now, Jim Kendall, besides bein' a joke-smith and a pretty good drinker, well, Jim was quite a lady-killer. They wuz lotsa girls in town liked him----even if he wuz married. But he wanted what he couldn't get. He wanted Julie Gregg and he didn't have no more chance than a

rabbit, as his jokes and all didn't appeal to her and he was married and all. She wouldn't even speak to him on the street but he made no bones about how he felt. (FADING OUT) Right in here in front of the whole crowd more than once he said-----

JIM: (FADING IN) Yes, sireee, I'm stuck on that there Julie Gregg and (LAUGHING) anybody that can get her for me is welcome to my house, my wife and kids included. (FADING) That Julie is a beaut---

BARBER: (FADING IN) He finally seen he wasn't gettin' no wheres with his usual line so he decided to try the rough stuff. (FADING) He went right up to her house one evenin' and knocked-----

SOUND: KNOCKING ON DOOR AND DOOR OPENING

JULIE: Why---why---Jim Kendall, what are you doing here----

JIM: I came to see you, mam. I've been looking at you a long time and----

JULIE: You take your hands off me----don't touch me.

SOUND: STRUGGLE AND SLAPS THROUGHOUT

JIM: Mighty strong for a little----thing---aren't you, but I'll hang on---- Ouch---why you little --- Hey, come back here-----

SOUND: RUNNING AND DOOR SLAMMING SHUT

BARBER: (FADING IN) She broke loose and before he could

stop her, she run into the next room and locked the door and phoned to Joe Barnes, the marshal. Jim could hear who she was phonin' to and he beat it before Joe got there. Joe went to Jim the next day and told him what would happen if he ever done it again. I don't know how it leaked out -- but Hod Meyers had the nerve to kid him about it (FADING OUT) one day right there in this shop----

HOD: (FADE IN) Well--if it ain't cave-man Jim Kendall ---and how's Julie Gregg---got any scratches left on ya?

CROWD: LAUGHTER

JIM: (LAUGHING A LITTLE) Well, just you wait. There's lots a people that has tried makin' a monkey out o' me but I always get even. (FADING OUT) Just wait a bit---I'll think up a way to fix her.

BARBER: (FADING IN) Meanwhile everybody in town was wise to Julie's bein' wild mad about the Doc. I felt sorry for her and so did most other people. Now-- Jim had a trick of changing his voice. He could imitate anybody with a mite a practice. He waited till he had Doc Stair's voice down pat; he waited till he knew the Doc was over in Cartersville (FADING) and that night he called Julie up--

JIM: (ON FILTER) Miss Julie, I must see you tonight.

JULIE: Why, Doctor, of course, come right over if you like.

JIM: Well, I know this is sort of strange. But I'm expecting an important long distance call and I wonder if you wouldn't forget your manners just this once and come to my office. No one will see you and you needn't be afraid and I just must talk to you a little while.

JULIE: (FADING OUT) Why, of course, I'll be right over.

BARBER: (FADING IN) Doc always keeps a night light in his office so it looked to Julie like they was somebody there. Meanwhile, Jim Kendall had went to the poolroom and gathered up everybody who was sober enough to walk and they went over and hid underneath the stairs in front of the Doc's office. (FADING OUT) And pretty soon Julie came walkin' up to the front door.

SOUND: KNOCKING ON DOOR

JULIE: I wonder why he doesn't hear me----hmmmm----

SOUND: MORE KNOCKING

JULIE: Well, I guess he's not in---perhaps he had to leave suddenly..

JIM: COUGHS

JULIE: Oh....is that you, Ralph? (KNOCKS) Ralph, is that you?

CROWD: LAUGHTER AND YELLS OF "IS THAT YOU RALPH?"

RALPHIE, DEAR IS THAT YOU"

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

BARBER: (FADING IN) Poor Julie, she didn't show up here on Main Street for a long, long time afterward. Of course, Jim told everybody in town---except the Doc---He was scared to tell him---but Paul Dickson, that poor cuckoo---he heard Jim talkin' about it and he ran and tole the Doc. The Doc was out to get revenge for Julie but it was kind of a delicate thing because if it got out that he'd beat Jim up, Julie was bound to hear of it and then she'd know that Doc knew and it would make it worse for her than ever. Well, it was a couple days later when Jim come in (FADING) to get somebody to go duck-shootin' with him.

JIM: (FADING IN) Seen Hod Meyers---I'm goin' duck-shootin' tomorrow and I want him to go with me.

BARBER: Hod's went to Carterville and won't be back for a couple days.

JIM: Well, I reckon I won't go then---

PAUL: I'd like to go with you, Mr. Kendall.

JIM: (LAUGHING) Ya would, eh? Well, I guess a half-wit's better than nothin'---Ok, you can go---have you ever shot a duck?

PAUL: I ain't never had a gun in my hands.

JIM: Well, you can go along and set in the boat and

watch and if you're good I might lend you a couple o' shots. (FADING OUT) Well, I'll meet you on the corner at six tomorrow morning.

BARBER: (FADE IN) Well, I hadn't been open more than ten minutes the next morning when Doc Stair come in--- (FADE OUT)

STAIR: (FADE ON) Have you seen Paul Dickson?

BARBER: No, but I know he's out shootin' with Jim Kendall.

STAIR: That's what I heard but I can't understand it... He said he wasn't ever going to have anything to do with Jim Kendall. He told me about the joke on Miss Julie and asked me what I thought of it and I told him that anybody that would do a thing like that ought not to be let live. Paul shouldn't go off with that kind of man. (FADING OUT) I must find him.

BARBER: (FADING IN) At noon the doc got a call from old John Scott. Paul had come runnin' up to his place and said they'd been a accident.

(PAUL) (FADING IN) I----I---was watchin' Mr. Kendall shoot and he asked me if I wanted to try---and-- and I hadn't never handled a gun and I was so scared---that I was shakin' and----I fired and (CRIES) Mr. Kendall fell down in the bottom of the boat---- (FADE OUT) I didn't mean it.

BARBER: 'Course, the Doc, bein' the coroner, went right out and (FADING) when he seen it he said----

STAIR: (FADE IN) Well, we might as well take the body back to town. There's no use leaving it here or calling a jury. It's a plain case of accidental shooting. (FADING) Well, let's get the body back to town----

BARBER: (FADING IN) Well, that's the way it wuz. Personally, I wouldn't never leave a person shoot a gun in the same boat I wuz in unless I wuz sure they knew somethin' about guns. Jim was a sucker to leave a new beginner have his gun, let alone a half-wit. It probably served Jim right, what he got. But we miss him 'round here. Comb it wet or dry?

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

ANN: Stock Closing----

Notes on the Adaptation and Production of
Lardner's Haircut

Reasons for Adaptation

Any discussion of the modern American short story should have something of Ring Lardner's in it, since he is one of our best known and most widely imitated writers. One of his most famous stories is Haircut and it is typical of him. It is an excellent representation of small-town life and attitude, which was another reason that I chose to include it.

Adaptation Problems

There were no very serious problems as the story lent itself readily to dramatization. The narrative device was inherent in the original story. If it had been omitted in the adaptation, there would have been no reason for using the story at all. Thus, the script format was no problem. Dramatization of the flash-backs was no more of a problem than dramatization of any type of exposition and description. In other words, the problems were usual and not difficult to solve.

Casting and Acting

In casting, the barber must be ignorant but kindly. His ignorance is his excuse for his somewhat perverted sense of humor. He means to be kind but hasn't the intelligence or sensitivity to comprehend cruelty of the sort that Jim

Kendall handed out. He must not be played coldly or the irony of the story will be lost, as will the wonderful characterization. Jim, on the other hand, is also ignorant, but his ignorance is no excuse for his behavior. He is a bully and he knows it. He is not just a "smart aleck" but is a truly cruel person and, to him, cruelty is funny. Avoid, however, casting him as a straight heavy. Remember he is not ignorantly cruel for the sake of humor but is cruel because cruelty is humorous.

Sound

The sound throughout is perfectly standard.

Script Changes

There were only a few line-cuts for the sake of timing. No other changes were needed. Perhaps one reason for this could be that more than the usual amount of the author's wording and sequence was maintained and so the script was unusually compact and offered no acting or action problems.

JANE
By Somerset Maugham
Adapted by M. J. Martin

ANN: Stock Opening --- Somerset Maugham's ---
Jane ---

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

MAID: (OFF MIKE) Mr. Frame, madame.

MRS. T: Oh---Jerry, how nice of you to come. Come in---
come in. Sit down, you dear boy. My you have
been away too long this time, you know.

JER: Indeed---it's good to be back. You're looking
wonderful, Mrs. Tower, not a day older.

MRS. T: Ah--ah---Jerry. After two years you can say
that to an old woman of forty?

JER: (LAUGHING) Forty hardly seems such a formidable
age to me.

MRS. T: Of course, all women take five years off, you
know.

JER: Really---I didn't know but even so---

MRS. T: And then, of course, I dye my hair. -- Oh, I
make no secret of it. One has to keep up and
hair graying is so drab. When mine turns quite
white I shall stop dying. But---now that you're
back, Jerry, you must come to dinner. How about
a week from Thursday?

JER: No one shuns a dinner of yours, Marion.

MRS. T: Hmm--good--now whom would you like to meet?

JER: Still the same, aren't you? London's elite still troops to your welcome mat.

MRS. T: Well, not exactly but I like well assorted gatherings. Now, let's see--- Oh, there's only one thing I must tell you. If Jane Fowler is still here, I shall have to put it off.

JER: Who is Jane Fowler?

MRS. T: She's my Cross. Do you remember a photograph that I used to have on the piano---before I had my room done over --- of a woman in a tight dress with tight sleeves and a gold locket, with her hair drawn back from a broad forehead and her ears showing and spectacles on a rather blunt nose? Well, that was Jane Fowler.

JER: You don't make her sound very appetizing.

MRS. T: She isn't. She's worthy, she's dowdy, she's provincial. She looks twenty years older than I do and she's quite capable of telling everyone she meets that we were at school together. She always stays with me when she comes to London... and it's deadly. I'm ashamed to take her any place with me. But she's so very kind, I haven't the heart to be rude to her. She's tremendously rich and she's always buying things for me --- things I'd never use because, of course, she has no taste, but you see what I mean. She bores me

to death but I wouldn't for anything let her suspect it.

JER: And when does she arrive?

MRS. T: Tomorrow. I hope for not too long a visit.

SOUND: DOOR BELL RINGING

MAID: (OFF MIKE) Come in, madame---we weren't expect-
you today.

JANE: (OFF MIKE) Oh, weren't you?

MAID: Mrs. Fowler, madame.

MRS. T: Jane! I wasn't expecting you today.

JANE: So your maid was just telling me. I certainly
said today in my letter.

MRS. T: Well, it doesn't matter. I'm very glad to see
you whenever you come. Fortunately, I'm doing
nothing this evening.

JANE: You mustn't let me give you any trouble. If I
can have a boiled egg for my dinner that's all
I shall want.

MRS. T: (ANNOYED) A boiled egg! Oh---I think we can
do a little better than that. But---now---won't
you have a cup of tea?

JANE: If it isn't too much trouble.

MRS. T: Of course not, the tea things are right here.
here. (FADING) Oh, Jane, I forgot to introduce
Mr. Frame---he's just back from a long trip---

MUSIC: LIGHT...UP FAST AND OUT

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGING

JER: Hello.

MRS. T: (ON FILTER) Jerry, I have the most marvelous news for you---Jane is going to be married. Her fiance is coming for dinner tonight and I want you to come, too. You'll be a god-send because, can you imagine the sort of man Jane would marry? My dear, I think it's too rare. Well---(FADING) I'll expect you for dinner then---around eight o'clock.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

MRS. T: (FADING ON) I'm glad you came, Jerry. Jane is putting the finishing touches to her appearance. I'm longing for you to see her. She's all in a flutter. She says he's an architect and that he adores her. His name is Gilbert and when she speaks of him her voice gets all funny and tremulous. It makes me want to laugh.

JER: I wonder what he's like?

MRS. T: Oh, I'm sure I know. Very big and massive, with a bald head and an immense tummy. A large, fat, clean-shaven, red face and a booming voice.

JER: Oh, here is Mrs. Fowler now.

MRS. T: Yes, how nice you look, Jane---only why didn't you have that dress cut a little lower?

JANE: Hello, Mr. Frame. Oh, I don't like that sort of

thing---and my dressmaker in Liverpool has---

MRS. T: (INTERRUPTING) But you really have quite a pretty neck, Jane.

JANE: Thank you. Has Marion told you my news, Mr. Frame?

JER: I must congratulate you.

JANE: Wait to do that till you've seen my young man.

MRS. T: I think it's too sweet to hear you talk of your "young man".

JANE: Don't expect anyone too old. You wouldn't want me to marry a decrepit old gentleman with one foot in the grave would you?

MAID: Mr. Gilbert Napier.

GIL: (FADING IN) Good evening, everyone.

JANE: This is my young man, Marion and Mr. Frame.

MRS. T: (VERY MUCH ASTONISHED) How do you do---but---

JANE: I know you'll like him, Marion. There's no one enjoys good food more than he does. Marion's dinners are famous, Gilbert.

GIL: I know.

MAID: (OFF MIKE) Dinner is served.

MRS. T: Shall we go in?

MUSIC: UP FAST AND SEGUE INTO TABLE NOISES

JANE: (FADING IN) You've got a very high color, Marion, aren't you well?

MRS. T: I dressed in a hurry. I daresay I put on too

much rouge.

JANE: Ohhh--is it rouge. I thought it was natural. Otherwise I shouldn't have mentioned it. You know, Gilbert, Marion and I were at school together. You'd never think it to look at us now, would you? But, of course, I've lived a very quiet life.

MRS. T: (ANGRY) Well, we shall neither of us ever see fifty again, Jane.

JANE: Gilbert says I mustn't acknowledge to more than forty-nine for his sake.

MRS. T: There is, of course, a disparity of age between you.

JANE: Twenty-seven years. Do you think that's too much? Gilbert says I'm young for my age. I told you I shouldn't like to marry a man with one foot in the grave.

JER: I suppose you're very busy buying your trousseau?

JANE: No, I wanted to get my things from my dressmaker in Liverpool but Gilbert won't let me. He's very masterful and, of course, he has wonderful taste. We're going to Paris on our honeymoon and we'll get my clothes there.

JER: Do you expect to be away long?

JANE: Gilbert has arranged with his office to stay away for six months. It's wonderful--you see he's

never had more than a fortnight's holiday before.

MRS. T: Why not?

JANE: He's never been able to afford it, poor dear.

MRS. T: Ah!

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

MRS. T: (FADING IN) Now that your "young man" is gone, Jane, I want to talk to you.

JANE: What about. Don't you like him?

MRS. T: Have you gone crazy, Jane?

JANE: Not more than most people who don't habitually live in a lunatic asylum, I trust.

MRS. T: May I ask why you're going to marry this young man?

JANE: Partly because he won't take no for an answer. He's asked me five times and I grew positively tired of refusing him.

MRS. T: And why do you think he's so anxious to marry you?

JANE: I amuse him.

MRS. T: The fact that you're rich and he's penniless couldn't have anything to do with it, could it? Jane, don't act like a besotted fool.

JANE: I don't think money has anything to do with it. I think he's very fond of me, you know.

MRS. T: You're an old woman, Jane.

JANE: I'm the same age as you are, Marion.

MRS. T: I've never let myself go. I'm very young for my age. No one would think me over forty. But even I wouldn't dream of marrying a boy twenty years younger than myself.

JANE: Twenty-seven.

MRS. T: Oh! Really, Jane, you're the last person I should ever have thought likely to fall in love with a boy young enough to be your son.

JANE: But I'm not in love with him. I've told him that. Of course I like him very much or I wouldn't think of marrying him. I thought it only fair to tell him quite plainly what my feelings toward him are.

MRS. T: Oh---oh---well, if you're not in love with him why do you want to marry him?

JANE: I've been a widow a long time and I've had a very quiet life. I thought I'd like a change.

MRS. T: If you just want to get married, why don't you marry a man your own age?

JANE: (LAUGHING) No man my own age has asked me five times. In fact, no man my own age has asked me at all. And--we've decided that if either of us wants his liberty, the other will place no obstacles in his way.

MRS. T: How much has he persuaded you to settle on him?

JANE: I wanted to settle a thousand a year on him, but

he wouldn't hear of it. He was quite upset when I made the suggestion. He says he can earn quite enough for his own needs.

MRS. T: He's more cunning than I thought.

JANE: You see, my dear, it's different for you. You've never been so very much a widow, have you?

MRS. T: What? Why---why---really, Jane. How dare you--- well! I'm much too upset to talk about it now. I really must go to bed. We'll resume the conversation tomorrow morning.

JANE: I'm afraid that won't be very convenient. Gilbert and I are going to get the license tomorrow morning.

MRS. T: Ohhhh!

MUSIC: WEDDING MARCH UP AND OUT

MRS. T: (FADING IN) Come in, Jerry, and have some tea. We need it after that wedding. How long do you give it? Six months?

JER: Let's hope for the best.

MRS. T: Don't be absurd. Of course it can't last. She's old and dowdy and dull.

JER: Are you sure she's dull? What she says is really pretty much to the point.

MRS. T: I've never heard her make a joke in all my life. (TEASING) By the time I see you again, I'll wager they will have separated long since. After

all, you neglected me for two years before---

(FADING) You'll probably do it again.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

SOUND: CROWD AND TABLE NOISES KEPT UNDER THROUGHOUT

JER: (FADING IN) Marion, imagine finding myself seated next to you. I've been so dazed by all the celebrities here that I hadn't looked about much.

MRS. T: Jerry, dear boy, how good to see you. And after two years, too. How have you been?

JER: Excellent. Just got back a week ago. How is London these days? Oh---and how is Jane?

MRS. T: She's very well.

JER: How has the marriage turned out?

MRS. T: It appears to be quite a success.

JER: You were wrong, then?

MRS. T: I said it wouldn't last and I still say it won't. It's contrary to human nature.

JER: Is she happy?

MRS. T: They're both happy.

JER: I suppose you don't see very much of them?

MRS. T: At first I saw quite a lot of them... But now-- Jane is becoming very grand.

JER: What do you mean?

MRS. T: I think I should tell you that she's here tonight.

JER: Here? Among all these celebrities?

MRS. T: Look---there between Admiral Frobisher and Lord Frontan.

JER: You mean that woman there with the very short curly grey hair?

MRS. T: Gilbert got her to cut it.

JER: I can't believe it. In that outrageous dress-- that's your friend, Jane... in a gown cut that low?

MRS. T: Gilbert designs her clothes. He makes them so different that no one else could copy them. They only suit her. He had to. All of London was copying her clothes.

JER: She is stunning--no doubt about it. And the monocle. What an improvement over those gold rimmed spectacles.

MRS. T: Gilbert said so, too.

CROWD: OFF MIKE ---- MUCH LAUGHTER

VOICE: Mrs. Napier has made another joke, Mrs. Tower.

MRS. T: Jane is priceless, isn't she?

JER: I don't understand it. Granted she looks extremely striking but that isn't enough to explain why Jane is here tonight amid this crowd of duchesses, cabinet ministers and such. Nor why she's sitting between our host and the Admiral of the Fleet.

MRS. T: Jane is a humorist. Don't you hear them all laughing at what she said. I am here tonight, not

because I've known our hostess for twenty years and have asked her to dinner a hundred times, but because I'm Jane's friend.

JER: (CONSOLINGLY) People can never resist those who make them laugh.

MRS. T: She never makes me laugh.

JER: Do you mean to say that you're the only person who doesn't think she's funny?

MRS. T: Had it struck you that she was a humorist?

JER: I'm bound to say it hadn't.

MRS. T: She says just the same things she's said for the last thirty-five years. I laugh when I see everyone else does because I don't want to seem a perfect fool, but I am not amused.

JER: I'm eager to renew my acquaintance.

MRS. T: I'll get her to ask you to her Tuesdays. They're the best parties in London. You'll meet everyone you ever heard of there. She's done in one year what I failed to do in twenty. The admiral is always there and he's just the least.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

SOUND: DOOR BELL RINGING

MRS. T: (FADING IN) Jerry, Jerry, I'm so glad you could come.

JER: Is anything wrong?

MRS. T: Wrong? I should say. Gilbert is leaving Jane.

JER: How do you know?

MRS. T: He just rang me up and said he was coming right over.

JER: Well, that doesn't necessarily mean---

MRS. T: It's just as I always knew it would be.

JER: Why I've never seen a more devoted couple and I've seen a good deal of them these past few months.

MRS. T: Nonsense. Gilbert is twenty-seven now. It's just time for a pretty girl to come along. Did you notice the other evening at Jane's that pretty little niece of Admiral Reginald Frobisher's? I thought Jane was looking at them with a good deal of attention and I wondered myself.

JER: I don't believe Jane fears the rivalry of any girl under the sun.

MRS. T: You'll see. Ah--here he comes now.

SOUND: DOOR BELL RINGS AND DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

GIL: (OFF MIKE) Thank you---I'm expected. (FADING IN) Marion, Jane has left me.

MRS. T: Ah---I knew you'd behave like a gentleman. It would have been dreadful for her for people to think that you had left her.

GIL: I've come to you because I knew I could count on you for sympathy.

MRS. T: Oh, I don't blame you, Gilbert, it was bound to

happen.

GIL: I suppose so. I couldn't hope to keep her always. She was too wonderful and I'm a perfectly common-place fellow.

MRS. T: How sweet of you to act like this. But you needn't with me. And what is going to happen now?

GIL: Well, she's going to divorce me.

MRS. T: Jane always said she'd put no obstacle in your way if ever you wanted to marry a girl.

GIL: You don't think it's likely I should ever be willing to marry anyone else after being Jane's husband?

MRS. T: Of course, you mean that you've left Jane.

GIL: I? That's the last thing I should ever do.

MRS. T: Then why is she divorcing you?

GIL: She's going to marry the Admiral, Sir Reginald Frobisher, as soon as the decree is made absolute.

JER: I say, after all you've done for her?

GIL: I've done nothing for her.

MRS. T: Do you mean to say you're going to allow yourself to be made use of like that?

GIL: We arranged before we were married that if either of us wanted his liberty, the other would put no hindrance in the way.

MRS. T: But that was done on your account because you're twenty-seven years younger.

GIL: Well, it's come in very useful for her. Well,
I must go. Goodbye, both of you, and thank you.
(FADING) I'll see you when I feel better.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

MRS. T: (GASPING) Goodbye, Gilbert, well I never.

JER: There, there, Marion, pull yourself together.
(FADING) I'll get you a drink--- Oh, I say,
here comes Jane now. Oh---I've never seen her
look so amazing. I'll get the door.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

JER: (OFF MIKE) Hello, Jane.

JANE: (OFF MIKE) Why, Jerry. How nice that you're
here. (FADING ON) Why, Marion, what on earth
is the matter with you?

MRS. T: Gilbert was here.

JANE: Yes, I know. I told him to come and see you.
I'm going to Paris tonight and I want you to be
very kind to him while I'm away--- I'm afraid,
just at first, he'll be rather lonely and I shall
feel more comfortable if you'll take care of him.

MRS. T: Gilbert has just told me something that I can
hardly bring myself to believe. He tells me
that you're going to divorce him to marry Reginald
Frobisher.

JANE: You always said I should marry a man my own age.
The Admiral is fifty-three.

MRS. T: But, Jane, you owe everything to Gilbert. You wouldn't exist without him. Without him to design your clothes, you'll be nothing.

JANE: Oh, he's promised to go on designing my clothes.

MRS. T: How can you be so heartless?

JANE: But I never loved Gilbert. I always told him that. I'm beginning to feel the need of companionship of a man my own age. I think I've probably been married to Gilbert long enough. The young have no conversation. Of course, I shan't lose sight of Gilbert. I've arranged that with Reginald. He has a niece that would just suit Gilbert and as soon as we're married we'll arrange for the youngsters to fall in love.

MRS. T: Hummamph! And have you arranged with the admiral that if you should want your liberty neither should put any hindrance in the way of the other.

JANE: I suggested it but the admiral says he knows a good thing when he sees it and he won't want to marry anyone else and if anyone wants to marry me---he has eight twelve-inch guns on his flagship and he'll discuss the matter at close range. I think the admiral's a very passionate man.

JER: (LAUGHS)

Mrs. T: Don't laugh, Jerry. I never thought you funny, Jane. I never understood why people laughed at

things you said.

JANE: I never thought I was funny myself, Marion. I'm glad to leave London before too many people come around to our opinion.

JER: I wish you'd tell me the secret of your astonishing success.

JANE: You know, when I married Gilbert and settled in London and people began to laugh at what I said, no one was more surprised than I. I'd said the same things for thirty years and no one ever laughed. I thought it must be my clothes or my bobbed hair or my eye glass. Then I discovered it was because I spoke the truth. It was so unusual that people thought it humorous. One of these days some one else will discover the secret and when people habitually tell the truth, of course, there'll be nothing funny in it.

MRS. T: And why am I the only person not to think it funny?

JANE: Perhaps, Marion, you don't know the truth when you see it.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

ANN: Stock Closing ----

Notes on the Adaptation and Production of
Maugham's Jane

Reasons for Adaptation

Maugham is considered by many to be one of the very greatest of our modern writers. He is vastly copied everywhere and his works are perhaps the best examples of the modern classic type of literature. Jane is one of his best characterizations. In addition, it displays well Maugham's particular kind of subtle humor, which is one of the outstanding attributes of much of his work. Also, its characters are representatives of the so-called upper class about whom he most often writes.

Problems of Adaptation

The problem was to shorten the story so it could fit into a short script without losing the atmosphere. Thus, it was necessary to include much conversation that was not directly relevant to the action, but was really the essence of the story. Too, much time had to be spent in characterization which again, does not bear directly on the action but is preparing for the action. The script could be cut down to seven minutes and the story still be told. But, the spirit of Maugham would be gone and it was that that made it worth doing. The problem was to get an equitable distribution of detail for atmosphere and character and still tell the story completely. Thus, it was a problem of selection and not an easy one.

Casting and Acting

In casting, it is well to bear in mind that Mrs. Towers should not be played as an out-and-out villain. That would make her too simple. She's jealous but she's a nice person, though not a very perceptive one. She is seldom really unkind, nasty or sarcastic but is often bewildered and this bewilderment leads her to sarcasm.

Jane should have a soft, pleasant voice. She must be consistent throughout the script. Don't cast a colorless voice. On the other hand, she is not a sarcastic person and she is not confused. She is simply patient and kindly throughout and, even in the beginning, understands her friend much better than she, herself, is understood. However, that should not be too apparent in the playing of the very first part of the script. If Jane is not correctly played in the beginning, the change to her new self will be an abrupt one and, actually, it was not. Her husband didn't change her, he just brought her out. If this isn't made clear, much of the point of the story will be lost.

Jerry Frame should be played impartially. In casting, get a strong, attractive voice, with a touch of humor, but don't let him sound too interested as he plays it. He is not, at any time, active in the affair, nor does he, at any time, care too greatly about it. He is interested, but that is all.

In casting, be sure to get a good contrast in the women's voices.

Sound

Very standard.

Script Changes

All script changes were made for the sake of cutting down on the playing time of the show and they were simply omissions of bits of conversation throughout.

NIGHT CLUB
By Katherine Brush
Adapted by M. J. Martin

ANN: Stock Opening ---- Katherine Brush's --- Night Club ----

MUSIC: THEME UP AND OUT

SOUND: FADE IN TRAFFIC AND STREET SOUNDS IN BACKGROUND
.....DOORMAN WHISTLING ON MIKE

MRS. B: (FADING IN) Well, Mr. O'Brien, aren't you gonna open the door for me?

MR. O: (STOPS WHISTLING) Oh---Mrs. Brady, I didn't see ya.

MRS. B: Good thing it was me, Mr. O'Brien, and not one of the customers---you'd get no tip at all.

MR. O: (LAUGHING) That's right but it's a little early for the people to start comin' after the theatre. Besides, they don't walk here.

MRS. B: Doesn't look like there'll be much of a crowd in the club tonight. Paper says it'll rain.

MR. O: I believe it will at that, Mrs. Brady. But there'll be enough here. What I don't like is gettin' all wet helpin' em out o' the taxis. Well--in ya go, Mrs. Brady (FADING) Hope ya have a good night of it.

SOUND: STREET NOISES FADE OUT UNDER NEXT SENTENCE

MRS. B: (CALLING) Good night? I never have one of those

in this place. (TO HERSELF - PANTING) Oh---
these stairs. Wear me out every time.

LENA: (OFF MIKE) Late again, Mrs. Brady.

MRS. B: (STILL CLIMBING) Go wan, it's only ten to ten.
Whew! Them stairs. Ugh---leave me rest here a
minute, Lena. Them stairs with my bad heart will
be the death of me. Feel my heart.

LENA: Yeah.---It is goin' some.

MRS. B: Yep, they'll kill me. Whew! Well, dearie, what's
the news?

LENA: You got a paper.

MRS. B: Yeah! I got a paper (SOUND OF PAPER SLAPPING ON
COUNTER) An' a lot of time I'll get to read my
paper, won't I, now? On a Saturday night. Other
nights is bad enough, dear knows---but Saturday
nights! How I dread 'em! Every Saturday night
I say to my daughter, I say, "Geraldine, I can't,"
I say, "I can't go through it again, an' that's
all there is to it," I say, "I'll quit," I say.
An' I will too --- sometime.

LENA: Well, ya gotta admit, Mrs. Brady, that the tips
are good on Saturday.

MRS. B: Tips! I just wish you had to spend one Saturday
night, just one, in that wash room! Bein' pushed
an' stepped on and near knocked down by that
gang of hussies, an' them orderin' and bossin'

you around --- like you was dirt, an usin' your things an' then sayin' they're sorry, they got no change, they'll be back. Yeah, they never come back. You got all the best of it takin' the hats--the men tip good---but the women---bah!

LENA: (WHISPERING) There's Mr. Costello.

MRS. B: (CHEERFULLY) Well, as I was sayin', I got to leave you. Ten to ten---time I was on the job. (CALLING) See ya later. (CALLING) Good evenin', Mr. Costello, hope business is good tonight. (TO SELF) The old slave-driver--- Ah here we are---

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MRS. B: (CONTINUING) Just because he's manager.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

MRS. B: Now let's see---got to get things in order. Hmmm--the cupboard.

SOUND: KEYS RATTLING

MRS. B: Hmm, where's the key? Ah, guess this is it.

SOUND: KEY BEING TURNED IN LOCK AND METAL DOOR OPENING

MRS. B: Now, my aparn. Hmmm---better lock that again or somebody'll steal my coat. Snoopy females wouldn't even stay outa my cupboard.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSED AND LOCKED.

MRS. B: Now--fer the makeup---

SOUND: KEY TURNS AND DRAWER OPENS....THEN SOUND OF JARS AND BOXES BEING SET OUT

MRS. B: (COUNTING OVER) Here's the powder and rouge, lipstick---need some more orange, I guess, eye shadow, mascara, nail polish--- The way they paint these days--- Ha! a bottle missin' somebody swiped that last bottle of polish---oh---here it is. Hairpins, sewin' kit, bromo seltzer, sodium bicarb, ammonia---somebody's sure to get sick, always do---the hussies---and now the tip tray. Ha! Lotta good it'll do! Here---I'll put some money in it--

SOUND: MONEY CLINKING ON CHINA

MRS. B: Couple quarters, couple dimes --- not that any of 'em'll leave quarters!

SOUND: MUSIC BEGINS IN BACKGROUND.... YOU'LL NEVER KNOW, ETC.

MRS. B: Well, I guess I'm ready for 'em now.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS --- MUSIC GROWS LOUDER...DOOR CLOSES...
MUSIC FADES UNDER

BRUN: (FADES IN SINGING) You'll never know just how much I love you --- you'll never know just how much I care---

SOUND: CHAIR BEING PULLED OUT

BRUN: Miss, will you take my wrap?

MRS. B: Yes, ma'm, here, I'll put it on the divan.

BRUN: Thanks.

MRS. B: Is there anything I can get you, mam?

BRUN: No thanks, you seem to have everything here.
(GOES ON HUMMING A FEW SECONDS) There, guess
that's all right. Oh--is my back powdered?

MRS. B: Here, I'll touch it up for you.

BRUN: Thanks.

SOUND: SILVER CLINKING ON CHINA...CHAIR SCRAPING

BRUN: Oh, I forgot something. Darn...I can't get
this ring off.

MRS. B: (FADING OUT) Just a minute. (FADING IN)
Here put a little soap on your finger.

BRUN: There! That does it. Now I'll tie it in
this hankie and slip it in here --- and --
it'll never show.

SOUND: ANOTHER COIN DROPPED

BRUN: (FADING) There you are...

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...MUSIC SWELLS...DOOR CLOSES..
MUSIC FADES

MRS. B: Ah! Fifty cents...not so bad.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...MUSIC SWELLS

VERA: (FADING IN) Come on, Amy, you look awful.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES...MUSIC FADES

AMY: (FADING IN) I know it, Vera, I feel awful.

VERA: Amy, what under the sun happened?

AMY: Nothing. I just don't feel good.

VERA: That's nonsense. Here, sit down and tell me.
Was it something she said? She's so tactless---

always was.

AMY: No, not anything she said. It was... All right I'll tell you. Before we left your apartment I just happened to notice that Tom had disappeared, so, I went to look for him---I wanted to ask him if he'd remembered to tell the maid where we were going --- Skippy's subject to croup, you know, and we always leave word. Well, so I went into the kitchen, thinking Tom might be there mixing cocktails---and there he was---and there she was!

VERA: Well?

AMY: He was kissing her.

VERA: Well, you're surely not going to let that spoil your whole evening? Amy, dear! Kissing may once have been serious and significant -- but it isn't nowadays. Nowadays, it's like shaking hands. It means nothing.

AMY: I hate her---red headed thing! Calling me, "darling", and, "honey", and s-sending me handkerchiefs for C-Christmas--and then sneaking off behind closed doors and k-kissing my h-h-husband. (SOBS) I'd like to slap her!

VERA: Oh, oh, oh, I wouldn't do that!

AMY: Well, what would you do, Vera? If you were I?

VERA: I'd forget it and have a good time. I'd kiss somebody myself. You've no idea how much better

you'd feel!

AMY: I don't do---

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES..MUSIC SWELLS AND FADES

AMY: (CONTINUING) Oh, hello. We were wondering what had become of you.

SYLVIA: (FADING IN) Tom and I were talking to Fiddle Baer. He's going to play Smoke Gets In Your Eyes next, because it's my favorite. Lend me a comb, will you?

VERA: Use the maid's comb there.

SYLVIA: Use that? Nothing doing! Amy, darling, haven't you one?

AMY: Yes, but don't forget to bring it when you come (FADING) I'm going on out. I want to tell Tom something.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES...MUSIC SWELLS AND FADES

VERA: Now that Amy's gone I want to talk to you, Sylvia. There is one thing that I want understood and that is, "HANDS OFF". Do you hear me?

SYLVIA: I don't know what you mean.

VERA: You do know what I mean!

SYLVIA: Amy told you she saw us, I suppose.

VERA: Precisely. And (FADING) as I said before, you're to keep away. (OFF MIKE) Because, Tom's Amy's husband, but, as you very well know---he belongs to me!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS --- MUSIC SWELLS...DOOR CLOSES...
MUSIC FADES UNDER

SYLVIA: Well, we'll see about that!

SOUND: MONEY CLANKS...DOOR OPENS...MUSIC SWELLS AND
FADES UNDER AS DOOR CLOSES

MRS. B: Well, at least one of them left a tip, not
much though.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND MUSIC UP AND DOWN WHEN DOOR
CLOSES

CROWD: GIRLS FADE IN BABBLING...CONVERSATION IN BACK-
GROUND UNDER FOLLOWING

GIRL 1: (FADING IN) Maid, please fix me a bromor--- ✓

GIRL 2: (FAST FADE IN) Maid, have you any more lipstick?

GIRL 3: (FAST FADE IN) Maid, sew this seam, will you?

GIRL 1: Where's that bromo?

ALMOST
GIRL 2:IN Maid, this isn't the lipstick I want.

UNISON
GIRL 3: Are you finished with that seam?

SOUND: BROAD FADE DOWN AND OUT FOR A FEW SECONDS...FADE
INTO MUSIC UP AND FULL

MRS. B: (CALLING) Thank you, mam.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES...MUSIC FADES

MRS. B: Phew! A little let-up. The last two hours was
a terror. Them women!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...MUSIC SWELLS...DOOR CLOSES...MUSIC
FADES

JEAN: (OFF MIKE) Maid!

MRS. B: Yes, miss.

JEAN: (STILL OFF MIKE) Please come here.

MRS. B: I'm coming.

JEAN: (FADING IN) Listen! Is there any way I can get out of here except through this door I came in?

MRS. B: No, miss, there ain't.

JEAN: Any window? What about that window?

MRS. B: That's all the farther it opens.

JEAN: Oh, and it's the only one, isn't it?

MRS. B: It is.

JEAN: Then--there's no way out?

MRS. B: No way but the door.

JEAN: Peek out that door, will you and see if there's anyone still standing there.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES...MUSIC SWELLS AND FADES

MRS. B: Yes, a man with a black moustache.

JEAN: Oh, well, I can't stay here all night, that's one sure thing. Well (FADING) I'll put some makeup on, anyway.

MRS. B: That's a good idea. Just use anything you want. Here's a new shade of lipstick.

JEAN: Thanks

SOUND: SOUND OF BOXES BEING PICKED UP (ONE OR TWO) AND SET DOWN

JEAN: There---ok---(FADING) Thanks a lot.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...MUSIC SWELLS...DOOR CLOSES...MUSIC

FADES UNDER

MRS. B: Two dollars! Say---she's all right. Oh, but she took---now what for did she want to walk off with them scissors?

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...MUSIC SWELLS...

CROWD: BABBLING GIRLS FADE IN KEEPING EXCLAMATIONS IN BACKGROUND

HELEN: (FADING IN) But, Babe, you can't get married in this state unless----

IRENE: (FADING IN) Well, you can in Maryland, Jimmy says.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES...MUSIC FADES UNDER...BABBLE CONTINUES

HELEN: Oh, there must be some place nearer than that---

KAY: Isn't this marvelous? When did it happen, Babe? When did you decide?

BABE: Just now---when we were dancing.

JOAN: But listen, Babe, what'll your mother and father..

KAY: Oh, never mind, let's hurry.

IRENE: Shall we be warm enough with just these thin wraps, do you think? Babe, will you be warm enough? Sure?

BABE: My pearls are old. And my dress and my slippers are new. Now, let's see---what can I borrow.

KAY: Here's my hanky---

IRENE: Take these earrings---

JOAN: Take my diamond bar-pin.

BABE: Oh--that pin would look lovely on my wrap.

HELEN: I've got blue garters.

BABE: Give me one, then. There! That fixes that.

KAY: Hurry! Hurry up! Listen are you sure we'll be warm enough? Because we can stop at my house, there's nobody home.

HELEN: Oh, we're all right. Give me that puff, Babe. I'll powder your back.

JOAN: Just think, a week ago you'd never even met each other! Oh, hurry up, let's get started. I'm ready.

HELEN: So 'm I. Ready, Babe? (FADING) C'mon everybody.

JOAN: (FADING) You look adorable, Babe.

CROWD: FADES OUT AD LIBBING...DOOR OPENS...MUSIC SWELLS
...BABBLE CUT WHEN DOOR CLOSES AND MUSIC FADES

MRS. B: Well, they certainly made a mess out of things in here.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...MUSIC UP

DEE: (FADING IN) C'mon, Marilee, I want to talk to you.

MARILEE: (FADING IN) I'm right behind you.

DEE: Well? How do you like him?

MARILEE: Oh-h-h, all right.

DEE: Meaning, "Not any", hmmm? I suspected as much! See here, Marilee, are you going to be a darned

fool all your life? You've got to get married sometime, anyway, you might as well be smart about it. If you play your cards right, he'll ask you, I know it.

MARILEE: He's fat. Fat, and---greasy, sort of. I mean, greasy in his mind. Don't you know what I mean?

DEE: I know one thing. I know Who He Is! And if I were you that's all I'd need to know---under the circumstances.

MARILEE: I know---she's worse.

DEE: Worse?

MARILEE: Yes.

DEE: Well, there you are. It's the climate. She'll never be anything but worse, if she doesn't get away. Out West, Arizona or somewhere.

MARILEE: I know.

DEE: Of course, suit yourself. She's not my sister.

MARILEE: No, of course she isn't---you're right---only
(CHANGING TONE) Oh, well, I guess it doesn't matter. Well, come on. It's almost one o'clock. We don't want to miss Vane and Moreno. After all, that's what we came for, isn't it. Besides Mr.--uh--I mean Jim, told us to hurry back.

DEE: That's the girl. I'll say we don't wanta miss Vane and Moreno and it's a rule that you can't come back to your table or leave while they're dancing. (FADING) Let's hurry, they're wonderful.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES AND TANGO MUSIC STARTS IN
BACKGROUND...

MRS. B: Ah--a whole half-hour of rest. Eh----

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...MUSIC SWELLS...DOOR CLOSES...MUSIC
FADES

LENA: (FADING IN) Whew! Thought I'd rest while the
floor show's on. How are things?

MRS. B: Dull. Say, do ya wanta read one of my magazines?
I got a couple of old issues.

LENA: Sure.

MRS. B: This is a good one. It has true stories, taken
right from life, they say. You know, I get so
interested in these stories that I can hardly
wait all evenin' 'til I get a chance to read 'em.
It's the only interesting thing that I see all
night.

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

ANN: Stock Closing ----

Notes on the Adaptation and Production of
Brush's Night Club

Reasons for Adaptation

Katherine Brush is one of the better writers for slick magazines. Night Club is a very good story of the type based on a Grand Hotel format that has been so very popular for the past fifteen years. Unlike many stories published in this type of magazine it is, from a literary standpoint, worth bringing to the public again, witness its constant inclusion in anthologies.

Adaptation Problems

Visualization was the main problem here. To make the story coherent, the entrances and exits had to be made clear to the listener. Thus, fades and sounds were very important and dialogue had to be arranged to accomodate sufficient time for the action. Also, the scene of the action had to be clearly painted for the listener without resorting to plain description. This is accomplished by Mrs. Brady's talking to herself and by the sound effects.

Another problem was to build the atmosphere and the character of Mrs. Brady quickly in the first scene so that the rest of the time could be devoted to the individual stories. Another problem was to make the dialogue of each character completely descriptive of that person. This was not easy because there was not a whole script in which to do it, as there usually is. It is even more difficult to do

thumb-nail sketches in radio than to do thumb-nail sketches in straight writing. In radio there is no opportunity for straight description, unless a narrator were used and that would have been the weak way out in this script. Thus, the dialogue had to be carefully fitted to each character.

Casting and Acting

All casting in this script should be for type and not character because there is only time for tableaux. Also, it is advisable to get a number of people who are very good at doubling. They can be used in crowd scenes and as supporting players in several scenes.

Sound

The sound effects here are very simple but the pattern is intricate. Much of the value of the script depends upon the correct timing of the sound effects. For instance, in the constant door opening and shutting there must be a sufficient time lapse between the opening and shutting for a person to get in. Too, the rise in music must be perfectly timed or the whole thing will sound very false. A sound man with a good sense of dramatic timing should, however, find the pattern extremely simple.

Script Changes

Here, again, there were no script changes in production. All changes necessary were immediately obvious upon rereading the first draft and to have waited to do it during rehearsal would have been rather foolish. The changes made in rewriting

the first draft had to do with increasing the potential visualization of the listener. For instance, in the first draft, the street-noise background was neglected in the first scene. Too, Mrs. Brady did not immediately speak of the door and customers so that it was not until sometime later that a listener could have realized that the scene was in a night-club. Also, in the first draft, the scene where Mr. Costello came in sight was very obscure. It was not clear whether he walked past, or stood looking, or exactly what he did. By adding the business of Mrs. Brady calling to him and then talking to herself, the correct perspective was obtained. Then, there were additional bits of unimportant dialogue added to give more time between door openings and closings to augment the illusion of people actually entering. The changes were all minor but they aided the script a great deal.

Part of MY NAME IS ARAM
By William Saroyan
Adapted by M. J. Martin

ANN: Stock Opening ---- William Saroyan's ----
Aram and Locomotive 38, Ojibway ---

MUSIC: THEME UP AND OUT

ARAM: My name is Aram Garoghlanian and many people have thought I was crazy. In fact, they have thought my whole poverty-stricken tribe was crazy. We did, as I recall, live rather irregularly. I recall that all of us loved adventure and sought it, which I suppose isn't normal. Nearly everyone likes adventure but won't do anything active to attain it. I was different. For instance, one day (FADE OUT) I saw a crowd standing in the middle of the street.

SOUND: CROWD NOISES FADE IN

COP: Stand back, stand back. It's just a donkey.
Don't crowd.

ARAM: (FADE IN) What's the matter. Somebody killed?
What's going on?

BOY: Oh, nothing much--just that crazy Indian's donkey. Hit by a trolley.

ARAM: You mean that Indian who just came to town last week?

BOY: Yeah, that's the one. He's nuts.

ARAM: Where's he now?

BOY: Just walked off and left him here. Went to the drug store, I think.

ARAM: That was my chance. I'd seen that Indian riding around on his donkey and I'd wanted to talk to him but just never had the chance. I went right over.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

CLERK: Hello, Aram, what can I do for you?

ARAM: Where's the Indian?

CLERK: In the telephone booth telephoning Oklahoma.

ARAM: Why?

CLERK: How should I know. He does it often. Just part of being crazy I guess.

ARAM: Did he escape from an asylum?

CLERK: Sure acts like it.

ARAM: Hmmm---well, I don't think he's crazy.

CLERK: You wouldn't.

ARAM: Well, I'll have a Royal Banana Special with crushed walnuts.

CLERK: Ok. Oh---oh, here he comes.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

LOCO: (FADING IN) Hello, Willie---what are you eating?

ARAM: Hello, my name's not Willie.

LOCO: Oh, isn't it? What are you eating, anyway? It looks good.

ARAM: This is what they call a Royal Banana Special.

LOCO: I'll have one, too, and three packages of gum.

CLERK: Ok.

ARAM: What's your name.

LOCO: Locomotive, 38. I'm an Ojibway.

ARAM: That's too bad about your animal.

LOCO: There's no place for an animal in this world.
What kind of an automobile should I buy?

ARAM: Are you going to buy an automobile?

LOCL: I've been thinking about it for several minutes
now.

ARAM: I didn't think you had money. I thought you
were poor.

LOCO: That's the impression people get. Another
impression they get is that I am crazy.

ARAM: I didn't get the impression that you were crazy
but I didn't get the impression that you were
rich either.

LOCO: Well, I am.

ARAM: I wish I was rich.

LOCO: What for?

ARAM: Well, I've been wanting to go fishing at Mendota
for three years in a row now. I need some equip-
ment and some kind of an automobile to get out
there in.

LOCO: Can you drive an automobile?

ARAM: I can drive anything.

LOCO: Have you ever driven an automobile?

ARAM: Not yet. So far I haven't had any automobile to drive and it's against my family religion to steal an automobile.

LOCO: Do you mean to tell me that you believe you could get into an automobile and start driving?

ARAM: That's right.

LOCO: Well, maybe you're right. Indians are born with an instinct for riding, rowing, hunting, fishing and swimming. Americans are born with an instinct for fooling around with machines.

ARAM: I'm no American. I'm an Armenian.

LOCO: You were born in America weren't you?

ARAM: Yes, but---

LOCO: You're an Armenian born in America. You're fourteen years old and already you know you'll be able to drive an automobile the minute you get into one. You're a typical American, although your complexion, like my own, is dark.

ARAM: Driving a car is no trick. There's nothing to it. It's easier than riding a donkey.

LOCO: All right---just as you say. If I go up the street and buy an automobile will you drive for me?

ARAM: Of course.

LOCO: How much in wages would you want?

ARAM: You mean you want to give me wages for driving an automobile?

LOCO: Of course.

ARAM: Well, that's very nice of you but I don't want any money for driving an automobile.

LOCO: Some of the journeys may be long ones.

ARAM: The longer the better.

LOCO: Are you restless?

ARAM: I was born in this little old town.

LOCO: Don't you like it?

ARAM: I like mountains and streams and mountain lakes.

LOCO: Have you ever been in the mountains?

ARAM: Not yet but I'm going to reach them some day.

LOCO: I see. What kind of an automobile do you think I ought to buy.

ARAM: How about a Ford roadster?

LOCO: Is that the best automobile?

ARAM: Do you want the best?

LOCO: Shouldn't I have the best?

ARAM: I don't know. The best costs a lot of money.

LOCO: What is the best?

ARAM: Well, some people think the Cadillac is the best. Others like the Packard. They're both pretty good. I wouldn't know which is best. The Packard is beautiful to see going down the highway, but

so is the Cadillac. I've watched a lot of those fine cars going down the highway.

LOCO: How much is a Packard?

ARAM: Around three thousand dollars---maybe a little more.

LOCO: Can we get one right away?

ARAM: Listen, Mr. Locomotive, do you really want to buy a Packard right away?

LOCO: You know my animal passed away a few minutes ago.

ARAM: I saw it happen. They'll probably be arresting you any minute now for leaving the animal in the street.

LOCO: They won't arrest me.

ARAM: They will if there's a law against leaving a dead donkey in the street.

LOCO: No they won't -- not after I show them a few papers I carry around with me all the time. The people of this country have a lot of respect for money and I've got a lot of money.

ARAM: Where'd you get all this money?

LOCO: I own some land in Oklahoma---about fifty thousand acres.

ARAM: Is it worth money?

LOCO: No, all but about twenty acres of it is worthless. I've got some oil wells on those twenty acres. My brother and I.

ARAM: How did you Ojibways ever get down to Oklahoma?
I always thought the Ojibways lived up north,
up around the Great Lakes.

LOCO: That's right. We used to live up around the
Great Lakes but my grandfather was a pioneer. He
moved west when everybody else did.

ARAM: Oh---well, I guess they won't bother you about
the dead donkey at that.

LOCO: They won't bother me about anything. It won't
be because of the money. It'll be because they
think I'm crazy. Nobody in this town but you
knows I've got money. It'll be all right. Do
you know where we can get one of those auto-
mobiles right away?

ARAM: The Packard agency is up on Broadway, two blocks
beyond the public library.

LOCO: All right. If you're sure you won't mind driving
for me let's go get one of them. Something bright
in color--red if they've got red. Where would
you like to drive to first?

ARAM: Would you care to go fishing at Mendota?

LOCO: I'll take the ride. I'll watch you fish. Where
can we get some equipment for you?

ARAM: (FADE) Right around the corner at Homans.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

ARAM: We went around the corner to Homans and the Indian

bought twenty-seven dollars worth of fishing equipment for me. Then we went up to the Packard agency on Broadway. They didn't have a red Packard but there was a beautiful green one. It was light green, the color of new grass. This was back there in 1922. The car was a (FADING OUT) beautiful sports touring model.

LOCO: (FADING IN) Do you think you could drive this great big car?

ARAM: I know I can drive it.

ARAM: The police found us in the Packard agency and wanted to arrest the Indian for leaving the dead donkey in the street. He showed them the papers he had told me about and the police apologized and (FADING) went away.

COP: We'll remove the animal, sir, and we're sorry we troubled you about it.

LOCO: It's no trouble at all.

ARAM: Locomotive, 38 turned to the manager of the Packard agency, Jim Lewis, who used to run for Mayor every time election time came around.

LOCO: I'll take this car.

JIM: I'll draw up the papers immediately.

LOCO: What papers? I'm going to pay for it now.

JIM: You mean you want to pay three thousand two hundred seventeen dollars and sixty-five cents

cash?

LOCO: Yes, it's ready to drive, isn't it?

JIM: Of course. I'll have the boys go over it with a cloth to take off any dust on it. I'll have them check the motor too and fill the gasoline tank. It won't take more than ten minutes. If you'll step into the office I'll close the transaction immediately.

ARAM: Jim and the Indian stepped into Jim's office. About three minutes later Jim came over to me, a man shaken to the roots.

JIM: Aram, who is this guy? I thought he was a nut. I had Johnny telephone the Pacific-Southwest and they said his bank account is being transferred from somewhere in Oklahoma. They said his account is something over a million dollars. I thought he was a nut. Do you know him?

ARAM: Well, I've seen him on that donkey that died this morning but I never thought he had money.

JIM: He says you're going to drive for him. Are you sure you're the man to drive a great big car like this, son?

ARAM: Wait a minute, now, Mr. Lewis, don't try to push me out of this chance of a lifetime. I can drive this big Packard as well as anybody else in town.

JIM: I'm not trying to push you out of anything. I just don't want you to drive out of here and run over six or seven innocent people and maybe smash the car. Get into the car and I'll give you a few pointers. Do you know anything about the gear shift?

ARAM: I don't know anything about anything, yet, but I'll soon find out.

JIM: All right. Just let me help you. Get into the car with me and we'll see what we can teach you. From now on, son, I want you to regard me as a friend who will give you the shirt off his back. I want to thank you for bringing me this fine Indian gentleman.

ARAM: He told me he wanted the best car on the market. You know I've always been crazy about driving a Packard. Now how do I do it?

JIM: Well, let's see, we'll get to the driving. Good heavens, your feet don't reach the pedals.

ARAM: Never mind that, you just explain the gear shift.

ARAM: Jim explained everything while the boys wiped the dust off the car and went over the motor and filled the gasoline tank. When the Indian came out and got into the car, in back, where I insisted he should sit, I had the motor going.

SOUND: BRING SOUND OF MOTOR IN UNDER LAST SENTENCE

LOCO: (FADING IN) He says he knows how to drive. By instinct, he said. I believe him, too.

JIM: You needn't worry about Aram here, he can drive all right. Clear the way there, boys, let him have all the room necessary.

SOUND: BRING SOUND OF CAR STARTING AND DRIVING OFF UP UNDER THE FOLLOWING

ARAM: I turned the big car around slowly, shifted, and shot out of the agency at about fifty miles an hour, with Jim Lewis running after the car and shouting..

JIM: Take it easy, son. Don't open up until you get out on the highway. The speed limit in town is twenty-five miles an hour.

ARAM: The Indian wasn't at all excited even though I was throwing him around a good deal. I wasn't doing it on purpose, though. It was simply that I wasn't very familiar with the manner in which the automobile worked.

LOCO: You're an excellent driver, Willie. It's like I said. You're an American and you were born with an instinct for mechanical contraptions like this.

ARAM: We'll be in Mendota in an hour. You'll see some great fishing out there.

LOCO: How far is Mendota?

ARAM: About ninety miles.

LOCO: Ninety miles is too far to go in an hour. Take two hours. We're passing a lot of interesting scenery I'd like to look at a little more closely.

ARAM: All right, but I sure am anxious to get out there and fish.

LOCO: Well, all right then, go as fast as you like this time but some time I'll expect you to drive a little more slowly so I can see some of the scenery. I'm missing everything. I don't even get a chance to read the signs.

ARAM: I'll travel slowly now if you want me to.

LOCO: No, let her go. Let her go as fast as she'll go.

MUSIC: UP VERY FAST AND OUT

ARAM: Well, we got out to Mendota in an hour and seventeen minutes. I would have made better time except for the long stretch of dirt road. I drove the car right up to the river bank. The Indian asked if I knew how to get the top down so he could sit in the open and watch me fish. I didn't know how to get the top down, but I got it down. It took me twenty minutes to do it. I fished for about three hours, fell into the river twice and finally landed a small one.

LOCO: You don't know the first thing about fishing.

ARAM: What am I doing wrong?

LOCO: Everything. Have you ever fished before?

ARAM: No.

LOCO: I didn't think so.

ARAM: What am I doing wrong?

LOCO: Well, nothing in particular, only you're fishing at about the same rate of speed that you drive an automobile.

ARAM: Is that wrong?

LOCO: It's not exactly wrong, except that it'll keep you from getting anything to speak of and you'll go on falling into the river.

ARAM: I'm not falling, they're pulling me in. They've got an awful pull. This grass is mighty slippery too. There ain't nothing around here to grab hold of.

ARAM: I reeled in one more little one and then I asked if he'd like to go home. He said he would if I wanted to, too, so I put away the fishing equipment and the two fish and got in the car and started driving back to town. I drove that big Packard for this Ojibway Indian, Locomotive 38, as long as he stayed in town, which was all summer. He stayed at the hotel all the time. I tried to get him to learn to drive but he said

it was out of the question. I drove that Packard all over the San Joaquin Valley that summer, with the Indian in the back chewing eight or nine sticks of gum. He told me to drive anywhere I cared to go, so it was either to some place where I could fish or some place where I could hunt.

LOCO: Willie, you don't know the first thing about fishing or hunting but I'm glad to see you trying.

ARAM: Yes, he liked to see me try. As long as I knew him he never laughed except once. That was the time I shot at a jack-rabbit with a twelve-guage shotgun that had a terrible kick and drilled a crow. He tried to tell me all the time that that was my average.

LOCO: (LAUGHING) That's your average, Willie, to shoot at a jack-rabbit and kill a crow. You're an American. Look at the way you took to this big automobile.

ARAM: One day in November that year his brother came to town from Oklahoma and the next day when I went down to the hotel to get him, they told me he'd gone back to Oklahoma with his brother.

ARAM: Where's the Packard?

CLERK They took the Packard.

ARAM: Who drove?

CLERK: The Indian.

ARAM: They're both Indians. Which of the brothers drove the car?

CLERK: The one who lived at this hotel.

ARAM: Are you sure.

CLERK: Well, I only saw him get into the car out front and drive away, that's all.

ARAM: Do you mean to tell me he knew how to shift gears?

CLERK: He looked as if he did. He looked like an expert driver to me.

ARAM: Thanks.

ARAM: On the way home I figured he'd just wanted me to believe he couldn't drive, so I could drive all the time and feel good. He was just a young man who'd come to town on a donkey, bored to death or something, who'd taken advantage of a chance to be entertained by a small town kid who was bored to death, too. That's the only way I could figure it out without accepting the general theory that he was crazy.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

ANN: Stock Closing ---

Notes on the Adaptation and Production of
Saroyan's Aram and Locomotive 38, Ojibway -
part of My Name Is Aram

Reasons for Adaptation

Saroyan is thought by many to be one of our most unique moderns. He is well known, but few of his things have been adapted for radio. However, he is a good example of the trend toward a kind of simplified humor that characterizes much of our present-day writing. Because so few of his things have been adapted and because he is so widely read and talked of, it seemed desirable to include one of his stories in this series. The selection chosen was more readily adapted than most of the stories in his various collections, yet it is fairly typical of him. Hence, the choice of Aram and Locomotive 38, Ojibway.

Adaptation Problems

Needless to say if anyone is at all familiar with Saroyan's works, the biggest adaptation problem was to find a story to adapt. Once that was accomplished, however, the rest was simple. To make the adaptation of any value as an example of Saroyan it was necessary to keep much of the original wording of the conversation. This is not always true of the stories of other authors where the plot development and characterization play a dominant part. In Saroyan, however, it is true. Saroyan expresses simple actions and thoughts in a simple and amusing way. It is the fact that

everything is so simply done that makes the story amusing. If the wording were lost, so would the charm be.

The use of the narrator was an expediency. Without the narrator, the script would have been too long and too burdened with short dramatized scenes. Besides, the first-person narrator, Aram, also aids in preserving the original spirit of the story.

Casting and Acting

There is little difficult about the script in the matter of casting or acting. In casting, get a very young boy who has a simple delivery and who can convey a sort of shrewd wisdom beyond his years. Much of the humor of the script comes through picturing this rather unsmiling, oldish boy performing odd antics with a Packard and a fishing pole. He must, in the acting, take himself completely seriously. There is nothing outlandish to Aram in the simple statement that he can drive a car by instinct and without reaching the pedals. He's not just putting one over on the Indian. He sees nothing strange about it and he must be played that way to be a Saroyan character. The Indian must be played as an intelligent and whimsical person but don't make him at all superior or paternal. He, too, accepts the unexpected, as if he had expected it all the time. His conversation with Aram must be completely sincere, no tongue-in-cheek attitude, and the two must treat one another as equals, since both feel that way in the actual story.

Sound

There are no sound effects that are unusual or difficult. A normal degree of awareness is all that is required of a sound man in this script.

Script Changes

Because of the previously explained necessity for maintaining Saroyan's style, there were no changes made during production. Those made in rewriting the first draft were minor rewordings for the sake of easier and more natural speeches. The timing was on the nose, so there was no need for padding or deletion.

UNCLE FRED FLITS BY
By P. G. Wodehouse
Adapted by M. J. Martin

ANN: Stock Opening --- P. G. Wodehouse's --- Uncle
Fred Flits By ----

MUSIC: THEME UP AND OUT

ANN: To begin our story, we look in first on one of
the better London Clubs where we find a group
of gentlemen in one of the club smoking rooms
having an after-dinner cigar. (FADE) They are
discussing a gentleman who has just come in.

CRUM: I say, Hilary, did you see Pongo pass the door
just then?

HIL: (LAUGHING) Yes, poor chap. Looks terrible
doesn't he?

CRUM: Been ill?

HIL: Good lord, no. Haven't you heard? He's all
broken up about his Uncle Fred.

CRUM: Dead?

HIL: No such luck. Coming up to London again tomorrow.
Pongo had a wire this morning.

CRUM: And that upsets him?

HIL: Naturally, after what happened last time.

CRUM: What was that?

HIL: Ah!

CRUM: What happened last time?

HIL: You may well ask.

CRUM: I do ask.

HIL: Ah--poor old Pongo. You see his Uncle Fred, the Earl of Ickenham, Hants, lives in the country most of the year, but from time to time he has a nasty habit of slipping his collar and getting loose and descending upon Pongo.

CRUM: Well, what's wrong with that?

HIL: Well, you see, every time he does so, the unhappy young blighter is subjected to some soul-testing experience.

CRUM: I begin to see.

HIL: Yes, the trouble with this uncle is that, though sixty if a day, he becomes, on arriving in the metropolis as young as he feels--which is, apparently, a youngish twenty-two. He will insist on lugging Pongo out in the open and there right in the public eye, step high, wide and plentiful.

CRUM: Well, why doesn't Pongo avoid him?

HIL: Ah---Pongo isn't in a position to use the iron hand with the old buster because occasionally he has to get into his aged relative's ribs and shake him down for a much-needed tenner, or what-not.

CRUM: Ah--clear, clear, quite clear. But---what about this "last time"?

CRUM: Well, on the occasion to which I refer, he stood pink and genial on Pongo's hearth-rug, bulging

with Pongo's lunch and wreathed in the smoke of one of Pongo's cigars (FADE) and said without a hint of embarrassment---

FRED: (FADING IN) And, now, my boy, for a pleasant and instructive afternoon.

PONG: A what?

FRED: A pleasant and instructive afternoon. I propose that you place yourself in my hands and leave the program entirely up to me.

PONG: Oh, no, you aren't going to get me to the dog-races again.

FRED: No, no. Of course not. Nothing of the kind at all. What I propose to do this afternoon is to take you to visit the home of your ancestors.

PONG: I thought Ickenham was the home of my ancestors.

FRED: It is one of the homes of your ancestors. They also resided rather nearer the heart of things, at a place called Mitching Hill.

PONG: Down in the suburbs do you mean?

FRED: The neighborhood is now suburban, true. It is many years since the meadows where I sported as a child were sold and cut up into building lots. But when I was a boy, Mitching Hill was open country. It was a vast, rolling estate belonging to your great-uncle, Marmaduke, a man with whiskers of a nature which you, with your pure

mind would scarcely credit, and I have long felt a sentimental urge to see what the devil the old place looks like now. Perfectly foul, I expect. Still---I think we should make a pious pilgrimage.

PONG: Oh, absolutely. Fine. Splendid. Topping. Not much can happen there. Ah---fine.

FRED: Then put on your hat and rompers and let us be off. I fancy one gets there by omnibuses and things. (FADE) Hurry now, my boy, we must---

MUSIC: FAST AND LIGHT --- UP AND OUT

SOUND: BUS MOTOR FADING OUT

FRED: Ah---here we are.

PONG: Yes. Well, not much mental uplift here. All these rows and rows of semi-detached villas. Rather monotonous. But harmless---absolutely harmless.

FRED: Ah---right here is a spot I well remember. I plugged the gardner in the seat with my trusty bow and arrow. (LAUGHING) Never liked him anyway----the old grouch.

PONG: Looks like rain, eh? Just like this season of the year. The day starts out spring and all of a sudden switches to mid-winter. And me with no overcoat and no umbrella.

FRED: Aha! It must have been just here that I was

sick after my first cigar.

PONGO: Uncle, did you say that you had to be back at the Hall by tomorrow noon?

FRED: Yep---Pongo---your dear Aunt Jane threatened to scalp me with a blunt knife if I weren't.

PONG: Well, looks like I'm getting off without your perpetrating a single major outrage on the public welfare.

FRED: What's that, my boy?

PONGO: Nothing, Uncle.

FRED: Ah, look at that villa there.

PONG: Which one? They're all exactly alike.

FRED: The one called the Cedars.

SOUND: RAIN SNEAKS IN UNDER FADING UP

PONG: Oh, yes. Wonder why they call it that? I don't see any cedars about.

FRED: On this very spot, fifty years ago come Lamma's Eve I ---oh blast it--- it's raining.

PONG: Let loose all of a sudden.

FRED: (FADING OUT) Come on---up on the porch here.

PONG: Buzzing down like a shower bath, eh?

FRED: (FADING IN) Not much of a shelter here--blows in on us. I say, look at that parrot in the window there.

PONG: Yes, funny looking thing. Doesn't like our standing here from the look of him.

FRED: Don't lean on the door, my boy, or you'll fall in. I just rang the bell and someone's bound to open it---

SOUND: DOOR OPENS....SCUFFLING, STUMBLING AND EXCLAMATIONS ENSUE

FRED: See---I told you! Good afternoon, madam.

MAID: Good afternoon.

FRED: The Cedars?

MAID: Yes, this is the Cedars.

FRED: Are the old folks at home?

MAID: There's nobody at home.

FRED: Ah, well, never mind. I've come to clip the parrot's claws. My assistant, Mr. Wilkinshaw, who applies the anaesthetic.

MAID: Are you from the bird store?

FRED: A very happy guess.

MAID: Nobody told me you were coming.

FRED: They keep things from you, do they? Tsk--tsk--too bad. Come along in, Pongo, don't stand out there by yourself.

PONG: (FADING IN) Uh---oh---well---yes.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

MAID: Well, I suppose it's all right. I was just going out. It's my afternoon.

FRED: Go out. By all means---go out. We'll leave everything in order.

MAID: Well, if you're sure---

FRED: Certainly, certainly. Now let's see, Mr. Wilkinshaw, what do you think of the parrot?

MAID: (FADING) Well, I'll be leaving then.

FRED: Good-bye, good-bye. Now the parrot looks---

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING

FRED: Ah---she's gone. Now let's just light this little gas fire and be cozy.

PONG: But we can't---

FRED: So here we are---a little tact, a little address and here we are, snug and cozy and not catching our deaths of cold. You'll never go far wrong if you leave things to me. Pull up a chair.

PONG: But, dash it, we can't stop here.

FRED: Not stop here? Are you suggesting that we go out into that rain?

PONG: Well----

FRED: My dear lad, you are not aware of the issues involved. This morning as I was leaving home, I had a rather painful disagreement with your aunt. She said the weather was treacherous and wished me to take my wooley muffler. I replied that the weather was not treacherous and I'd be dashed if I took my wooley muffler. Eventually by the exercise of an iron-will, I had my way, and I ask you, my dear boy, to envisage what will

happen if I return with a cold in my head. I shall sink to the level of a fifth-class power. No! I shall remain here toasting my toes at this really excellent little fire. I had no idea that a gas fire radiated such warmth. I feel all in a glow. You're prespiring yourself, Pongo, warm, eh?

PONG: Look, Uncle, I'm reading for the Bar and while I'd be the first to admit that I haven't a complete toe-hold on the Law of Great Britain, oiling into a perfect stranger's semi-detached villa on the pretext of pruning the parrot is a misdemeanor or something. Besides, it would be blamed embarrassing if the blighter who owns this ghastly house should return. Talking of envisaging things, try that one over on your pianola.

SOUND: DOOR BELL RINGS

PONG: There!

FRED: Don't say, "there", my boy. It's the sort of thing your aunt says. I see no reason for alarm. Obviously, this is some casual caller. The owner would have his own latch-key. Glance cautiously out of the window and see if you can see anybody.

PONG: Well, naturally, I'll see somebody, somebody rang, didn't they. Hmmmm--ah---yes--it's a pink chap.

FRED: How pink?

PONG: Pretty pink!

FRED: Well, there you are then. I told you so. The sort of fellows who own houses like this are always pale and sallow from working in offices all day. Go and see what he wants.

PONG: You go and see what he wants.

FRED: We'll both go and see what he wants.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

CHAP: Pardon me, is Mr. Roddie in?

PONG: No.

FRED: Yes! Don't be silly, Douglas, of course I'm in. I am Mr. Roddie. This, such as he is, is my son, Douglas. And you?

CHAP: Name of Robinson.

FRED: What about the name of Ronbinson?

CHAP: It's mine.

FRED: Oh, why didn't you say so in the first place. Delighted to see you. Mr. Robinson, now that we've got it straight, come right in and take your boots off.

CHAP: Uh---thank you--uh---is Julia here?

FRED: Douglas, is she?

PONG: No.

FRED: No.

CHAP: She wired me she was coming here today.

FRED: Ah, then we'll have a fourth for bridge.

CHAP: I don't suppose you've ever met Julia. Bit of trouble in the family, she said.

FRED: It's often the way.

CHAP: The Julia I mean is your niece, Julia Parker. Or rather your wife's niece, Julia Parker.

FRED: Any niece of my wife is a niece of mine. We share and share alike.

CHAP: Julia and I want to get married.

FRED: Well, go ahead.

CHAP: But they won't let us---her mother and father, I mean and Uncle Charlie and Uncle Henry Parker and the rest of them. They---they don't think I'm good enough.

FRED: The morality of the modern young man is notoriously lax.

CHAP: Oh, I don't mean morally not good. I mean class. They're a haughty lot.

FRED: What makes them haughty? Are they earls?

CHAP: No, they aren't earls.

FRED: Then why the devil are they haughty? Only earls have a right to be haughty. Earls are hot-stuff. When you get an earl, you've got something.

CHAP: Besides, we've had words. Me and her father. One thing led to another and in the end I called him a perishing old----

SOUND: DOOR BELL RINGS

CHAP: That must be Julia. (FADING) I'll see (OFF MIKE) No, that's her whole family---mother and father. (FADING BACK IN) I didn't know they were coming.

FRED: You don't wish to meet them?

CHAP: No, I don't.

FRED: Then duck behind the settee, Mr. Robinson. There---now I'll let them in.

PONG: You aren't going to let those bounders in, are you?

FRED: Certainly, we Roddies keep open-house. And as they are presumably aware that Mr. Roddie has no son, I think we'd better return to the old lay-out. You are the local vet, my boy, come to minister to my parrot.

PONG: No.

FRED: When I return, I should like to find you by the cage, staring at the parrot in a very scientific manner. Tap your teeth from time to time with a pencil and try to smell of ether. It will help to add conviction. (FADING OUT) Now I shan't be but a moment.

PONG: I'll have to say one thing. That girl's a pippin. Face like a rose-bud. Hmmm---wonder how she ever got mixed up with that pink chap. Well, hello, Polly, you dirty old---oh, oh here they come.

CONN: (FADING IN) Well, you don't know who I am,
I'll be bound. I'm Laura's sister, Connie.
This is Claude, my husband. And this is Julia,
my daughter. Is Laura in?

FRED: I regret to say, no.

CONN: I thought you were younger.

FRED: Younger than what?

CONN: Younger than you are.

FRED: You can't be younger than you are, worse luck.
Still, one does one's best and I'm bound to
say that of recent years, I have made a pretty
good go of it.

CONN: Who's that?

FRED: Where---oh---there---oh, that's the local vet,
clustering around my parrot.

CONN: I can't talk in front of him.

FRED: It's quite all right. The poor fellow is stone-
deaf.

CONN: Well, he should look at the parrot then, instead
of at Julia.

FRED: Yes, I'll just signal him. There----now then?

CONN: Although Laura never did me the honor to invite
me to her wedding, for which reason I have not
communicated with her in five years, necessity
compels me to cross her threshold today. I want
you and Laura to take Julia into your home for

a week or so, until I can make other arrangements for her. Julia is studying the piano and she sits for her examination in two week's time, so until then she must remain in London. The trouble is, she has fallen in love---or thinks she has.

JUL: I know I have.

CONN: Yesterday Claude and I arrived in London to give Julia a surprise. We stayed, naturally, in the boarding house where she has been living for the past six weeks. And what do you think we discovered?

FRED: Insects?

CONN: Not insects. A letter from a young man we don't even know, who's planning to marry our daughter. I sent for him immediately and found him to be quite impossible. He jellies eels.

FRED: Does what?

CONN: He is an assistant at a jellied eel shop.

FRED: But surely, that speaks well for him. It isn't everyone who can jelly an eel, by any means. I know if someone came to me and said, "Jelly this eel," I should be non-plussed and so would Winston Churchill and Ramsay McDonald, I'll bet.

CONN: Oh, for heavens sake, what do you suppose Charlie Parker would say if I allowed his niece

to marry a man who jellies eels. Or Henry Parker?

CLAU: Or Cousin Alf Robbins, for that matter?

CONN: That's right, Claude. Cousin Alfred would die of shame.

JUL: I've told you a hundred times, mother, that Wilberforce is only jellying eels 'til he finds something better.

FRED: What is better than an eel---for jellying purposes, I mean?

JUL: He is ambitious. It won't be long before Wilberforce suddenly rises in the world.

FRED: No, it won't---in fact he's rising right now--from behind that divan.

CHAP: (FADING IN) Julia---

JUL: Wilby!

CONN: Julia---stop---that. --- I'm ashamed of you.

CLAU: So am I.

CONN: I blush for you.

CLAU: Me too.

CONN: Hugging and kissing a man who called your father a perishing old bottle-nosed Gawd-help-us.

FRED: I think that before proceeding we ought to go into that point. Maybe he's right. Frankly, in my opinion----

JUL: Wilby will apologize.

CHAP: Of course---

CONN: That doesn't matter. You must understand---

CHAP: Yes, I know. Uncle Charlie Parker and Uncle Henry Parker and Cousin Alf Robbins and all that, that---pack of snobs. Think they're somebody just 'cause they have money. I'd like to know how they got it.

CONN: If you're insinuating---

FRED: Well, of course he's right, Connie, you can't get away from that.

CONN: What?

FRED: Have you forgotten how Charlie made his pile. You must admit that lending money at 25% interest isn't done in the best circles--or so the judge said at the trial.

JUL: I never knew that.

FRED: And when Henry Parker had all that fuss with the bank it was touch and go they didn't send him to prison--stealing money from the till to bet on the races---that's bad. And as for Cousin Alf----

CONN: There's not a word of truth in it.

FRED: Well, have it your way. But I think myself we're lucky to marry even into eel-jellying circles.

JUL: So do I.

CONN: You don't believe what this man is saying?

JUL: I believe every word.

CHAP: So do I.

CONN: Well, I never liked Laura---but I never wished her a husband like you.

FRED: Husband? What gives you the impression Laura and I are married?

JUL: You'll have to let me marry Wilberforce now--- he knows too much about us. That is, if he doesn't mind marrying into our family.

CHAP: Of course not, darling. Let's go into the garden. (FADING) My dear, we'll soon be married and---

FRED: Well, there they go---hand in hand. And are you joining the hikers?

CONN: No---I shall remain and have a cup of tea. You won't grudge us a cup of tea, I hope?

FRED: No, not at all---just make yourselves at home. But I must go out for an errand -- just stay here and perhaps Laura will be back. (FADING) I'll just take the vet here with me-----

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING

FRED: Well, that's that. Now let's be off. Pleasant after the rain, isn't it? Come along, my boy. So that is that. On these visits of mine to the metropolis, Pongo, I always make it my aim, if possible, to spread sweetness and light. I look about me, even in a foul hole like Mitching Hill

and I ask myself--How can I leave this foul hole a better and happier foul hole than I found it? And if I see a chance, I grab it. Now let's sketch our rough plans for the evening as we go home. If the King's Crown Pub is still open I think we might drop in. I haven't been thrown out of there for thirty years. Yes, I think that's the thing to do. (FADE) Come along, Pongo.

MUSIC: UP FAST AND OUT

HIL: And that is Pongo's Uncle Fred!

CRUM: And that is why Pongo looks like the central figure in a Greek tragedy!

ANN: And that is our story for this afternoon.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

ANN: Stock Closing ---

Notes on the Adaptation and Production of
Wodehouse's Uncle Fred Flits By

Reasons for Adaptation

It seemed desirable in the modern section of this thesis to include another example of a type of humor which has exerted a great deal of influence on modern stories. Wodehouse has in his story, Uncle Fred Flits By, portrayed a type of humorous character of which most readers are fond. This story is one of Wodehouse's best, and most representative and most amusing.

Adaptation Problems

The greatest problem here was to select the parts of the conversation and plot which were the most amusing and necessary. The original had such a wealth of material that is entertaining that any omission was made very reluctantly. Hence, the choice of what to keep and what to omit required consideration and care. Outside of that, there were few problems because there was so much with which to work. Another problem came in the decisions concerning pointing the wit down so that it could be more readily understandable. However, the author's wording in such cases usually held, as it should in a good adaptation of such a piece.

Casting and Acting

All of the roles are self-explanatory and should present no problem. One word of caution is, don't allow Pongo to be played as an overly precise, stuffy young man.

The listener must sympathize with him, at the same time that he loves Uncle Fred. Otherwise, much of the point of the humor will be lost. Pongo must be a normal person, in order that the listener will be able to feel, in Pongo's reactions, his own possible reactions. Again, don't play Uncle Fred too broadly. The value of his humor is that he says and does everything with a cheerful but noncommittal smile. He doesn't laugh at his own jokes.

Sound

Completely standard.

Script Changes

The changes in this script were very few. In rehearsal, I added the rain sound effect, which I had not originally included, and several fades to increase the listener's visualization. Outside of that, the only changes were deletions of a few lines for the purpose of shortening the script. However, the script plays so rapidly that not many deletions were needed.



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