THE DESIGN AND EXECUTION OF A PRODUCTION OF GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S "HEARTBREAK HOUSE" FOR A SMALL STAGE WITH LIMITED FACILITIES AND AN ANALYSIS OF THE PROBLEMS INVOLVED

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By

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INTRODUCTION

INTRODUCTION

THE DESIGNER APPROACHES THE PROBLEM

The problem of this thesis is three-fold, as the title indicates: "The Design and Execution of a Production of G. B. Shaw's Heartbreak House for a Small Stage with Limited Facilities and an Analysis of the Problems Involved". There are these considerations: a. the general problem of satisfying G. B. Shaw in his demands in the script; b. the plan and design of the whole production as they are effected by a small stage; and c. the working out of the details of the construction and execution of the designs with an analysis of the various problems involved.

Before analyzing the individual problems of Heartbreak House, a discussion of the general procedure followed by the average designer might be in order. Reference will be made from time to time to the designer and his relation to the entire production.

As a guide for the designing of the scenery, the general plan suggested by Mordecai Gorelik, a Broadway designer, was used.[1] Although Mr. Gorelik is designing for the professional theatre, many of his procedures are followed to a large extent in the educational theatre. The business of the designer does not necessarily follow this plan step by step, but rather, it is flexible.

The designer must first of all have a thorough knowledge and understanding of the script. With this study and understanding of the

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[1] Mordecai Gorelik, "Designing the Play", Producing the Play, ed. John Gassner, (New York: Dryden Press, 1941), pp. 310-353.

script, an effort is made to penetrate closer and closer to the deeper meaning of the play.[2] At all times the designer must be aware of what his settings will contribute to the production as a whole. The designer must think beyond architectural detail, and attempt to determine what his setting will do for the action as called for in the script, and how the actors will use his setting. Extensive conferences should be held with the director so that the two are in agreement on the major problems of action, style, and atmosphere or mood. The designer follows a general pattern of interpreting the play, and creating the settings. However, since his role in the theatre is a supporting one, his work must be of a cooperative nature and in agreement with the director at all times.

In fulfilling these obligations, the designer may find himself doing research in order to clearly represent an accurate production of stage. It may be necessary to visit factories, lighthouses, and other existing structures if that type setting is demanded. Also, the designer may be called upon to design historic and geographic settings, for example, a Mexican play of 1860. For this type production, he will need to do library research.[3]

Because properties help to convey particular elements in the design, the designer is responsible for their selection.

Sketches should be made and are important because they can give a concrete visual expression of the ideas which the designer has in

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[2] Ibid., p. 315.
[3] Ibid., p. 320.

mind. The designer prepares models and blueprints of his designs which are drawn to scale. As the designs are planned, he should not overlook the physical nature of the theatre in which the settings are to be used.

After the drawings are complete, the designer is the individual who supervises the construction of the setting through all its stages including the actual setting up on stage. The lighting arrangement is also planned and supervised by the designer.

The preceeding outline, then, was the general guide used in planning the scenery for Heartbreak House.

For the purposes of this study, the specific treatment of this problem has been analyzed in six chapters.

Chapter I, part one, discusses Shaw's demands upon the actor, director, and designer. The material on the actor and director is included to show how Shaw's demands upon these people influences the designer.

Part two discusses the specific scenery requirements of Heartbreak House as outlined by Mr. Shaw.

Part three describes Studio Theatre and shows the limitations imposed by the physical plant.

Chapter II gives a description of how the production was planned, and how the scenery was designed.

Chapter III includes the script as used with all technical cues.

Chapter IV is a record, containing blueprints and pictures, of the execution of the proposed design.

Chapter V offers any conclusions to be drawn from designing and executing the settings for the production.

CHAPTER I

THE ANALYSIS OF THE AUTHOR'S PROBLEM AS IT AFFECTS THIS PRODUCTION

CHAPTER I

PART I: SHAW'S GENERAL DEMANDS UPON HIS PRODUCERS

George Bernard Shaw has been recognized as one of our outstanding present-day playwrights.[1] An effort to discover his attitudes towards the people who produce his plays has not been an easy task, for:

> his influence on the theatre as a social thinker, philosopher, realistic and imaginative writer, and master or even virtual creator of modern comedy of ideas, it is difficult to pigeonhole this versatile master.[2]

In light of this author's research, Shaw has given only scattered indications of what he requires of the scene designer. Mr. Shaw has himself written extensively about his plays, their ideas, their directing and acting problems. Many of his critics have done the same, but both Mr. Shaw and his critics have written relatively little concerning the scene design for these plays. Nevertheless, Shaw realizes the value of the setting and shows this in one instance when a setting was poorly done. In a production of Ibsen's John Gabriel Borkman at the New Century Theatre, London, Shaw became quite upset over the abominable and sloven use of the scenery.[3] Neither does Shaw approve of stage "hokum" or tricks,[4] but constantly desires the scenery to produce a true and accurate representation.

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[1] John Gassner, Masters of the Drama, (New York: Dover Publications, 1945), pp. 598-616.
[2] John Gassner, Philo M. Buck, H. S. Alberson, A Treasury of the Theatre (New York: The Dryden Press, 1940), p. 397.
[3] George Bernard Shaw, Dramatic Opinions and Essays With an Apology by Bernard Shaw (New York: Brentano's, 1907), Vol. II, p. 245.
[4] G. B. Shaw, "Make Them Do It Well", Colliers, June 24, 1922.

Shaw shows his emphasis on the setting by the very complete descriptions which preceed the dialogue to his plays. In the descriptions of his settings that follow, it is evident that they: help to create the nature and atmosphere for the play; describe the traits of the characters who occupy the settings; define to a degree the historical architectural boundaries; and provide that the "faces of the speakers are seen quite distinctly".[5]

This exerpt from Pygmalion, Act II, sets the scene in a male speech clinician's office and illustrates the point that the settings create the nature and atmosphere of the play.

> Higgin's laboratory in Wimple Street.....The double doors are in the middle of the back wall; and the persons entering find in the corner to their right two tall file cabinets at right angles to one another against the walls. In this corner stands a flat writing-table, on which are a phonograph, a laryngoscope, a row of tiny organ pipes with a bellows, a set of lamp chimneys.....several tuning forks of different sizes, a life-size image of a half a human head, showing in section the vocal organs.....Further down the room, on the same side, is a fireplace, with a comfortable leather-covered easy-chair at the side of the hearth nearest the door, and a coal scuttle .....[6]

This passage from Candida illustrates Shaw's description of the character traits of the individual who occupies the setting. It is the home of the Reverend James Mavor Morell.

> In this room, the only sitting room that can be spared from the children, the Reverend James Mavor Morell does his work. He is sitting in a strong round-backed revolving chair at the right hand of a long table, which stands across the window....At the opposite end of the table, adjoining it, is a little table only half the width of the other, with a typewriter on it.....The large table is littered with pamphlets,

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[5] Lee Simonson, Part of A Lifetime (New York: Duell, Sloan, and Pearce, Inc., 1943), p. 51.

[6] Bernard Shaw, Androcles and the Lion, Overruled, Pygmalion (New York; Brentano's, 1923), p. 127.

> journals, letters, nests of drawers, an office diary, postage scales and the like. A spare chair for visitors having business with the parson is in the middle, turned to his end. Within reach of his hand is a stationery case, and a cabinet photograph in a frame.....Opposite him on the left, near the typewriter, is the door, further down the room, opposite the fireplace, a bookcase stands on a cellaret, with a sofa near it. There is a generous fire burning.....[7]

To show how Shaw has defined the historical and geographical boundaries of the setting, a bit from The Doctor's Dilemma will illustrate:

> The consulting-room has two windows looking on Queen Anne Street. Between the two is a marble-topped console, with haunched gilt legs ending in sphinx claws. The huge pier-glass which surmounts it is mostly disabled from reflection by elaborate painting on its surface of palms, ferns, lilies, tulips, and sunflowers. The adjoining wall contains the fireplace, with two arm-chairs before it.....There is a couch in the middle of the room, at right angles to the console, and parallel to the fireplace. The windows have green venetian blinds and red curtains; and there is a gasalier; but it is a convert to electric lighting. The wall paper and carpets are mostly green, coeval with the gasalier and the Venetian blinds. The house, in fact, was so well furnished in the middle of the XIX century that it stands unaltered to this day and is still quite presentable.[8]

Shaw does not describe his setting and then forget it. As his plays progress, he continues to add directions which are related to the designer's problem. In act III of Heartbreak House, Lady Utterword is interrupted in a speech by flute music and after her retort, Shaw directs, "the window is slammed down. She subsides". He is aware of the darkness he calls for at the beginning of the act when he writes as a direction "she drags him away into the darkness". The designer of the production is affected by the air raid which occurs. Some of the directions read: "a dull distant explosion is heard", "the lights go

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[7] Bernard Shaw, Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant (New York: Brentano's, 1912), Vol. II, pp. 84-85.

[8] Bernard Shaw, The Doctor's Dilemma (New York: Brentano's, 1911), pp. 4-5.

out," "running in from the house to the middle of the esplanade," "he dashes into the house," and "the lights go up again." These passages give evidence that Shaw does not describe his scenery and then forget it, rather he is aware of his scenery at all times and uses it to the best advantage.

As an artist-designer Shaw admits he was not a great success,[9] but he suggests that the business of the designer is "the work of making the stage clean, handsome, fashionable, correct, costly, and thoroughly gentlemanly, was an indispensible preliminary to any movement towards beauty, individuality, and imaginative setting."[10] He has great respect for the artist and allows him very much freedom in his designing.[11] The only absolute demanding restriction that Shaw places on the scenery is that the actors may be clearly seen.[12]

Shaw has always been interested in realistic settings, for in some of the earliest interiors of this type Shaw said they were "worlds above flats, wings, sky borders..."[13] He also liked them because "it brought the stage into closer connection to contemporary life".[14] Lee Simonson, an outstanding contemporary designer, feels that Shaw demands a realistic setting, for

> so long as audiences find comedies like Bernard Shaw's stage in clergymen's studies, artists' studios, Salvation Army barracks, and physicians' consulting-rooms, as provocative as

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[9] Simonson, Ibid., p. 51.
[10] George Bernard Shaw, Dramatic Opinions and Essays (New York: Brentano's 1907), Vol. I, p. 278.
[11] Simonson, Ibid., p. 51.
[12] Loc. cit.
[13] Shaw, Dramatic Opinions and Essays, Vol. I, op. cit., p. 277.
[14] Loc. cit.

> they once found Moliere's comedies staged in the drawing room of a marquis or a misanthrope, the designer will be forced to imitate to a greater or less degree, rooms which we habitually inhabit.[15]

Because Shaw has been less specific in treating the designers requirements, a study of his directing and acting instructions was made to indicate the careful attention he gives to these groups. Since the designer is working so closely with both the director and actor, a good many suggestions to him may be indirectly gained and used to advantage.

Shaw has recognized the demands upon the directors of his plays. In a letter to a friend who was undertaking the direction of a long play, Shaw wrote:

> Be prepared for a spell of hard work. The incessant strain on one's attention (the actor's have their exits and rests; but the producer is hard at it all the time), the social effort of keeping up everyone's spirits in view of a great event, the dryness of the previous study of the mechanical details, daunt most authors.[16]

Upon the director then falls the tremendous task of preparing the actor's and the author's words for presentation. The director must have a thorough knowledge of all the stage business, movement, and interpretation before the first rehearsal for Shaw advises:

> If before you begin rehearsing you sit down to the manuscript of your play and work out all the stage business; so that you know where every speech is to be spoken as well as what it is to convey, and where the chairs are to be and where they are to be taken to, and where the actors are to put their hats or anything else they have to take in their hands in the course of the play, and when they are to rise and when they are to sit, and if you arrange all this so as to get the maximum of effect out of every word, and thus make the actors feel that

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[15] Lee Simonson, The Stage Is Set, (New York: Harcourt Brace and Co., 1932), pp. 49-50.

[16] Shaw, "Make Them Do It Well", op. cit.

> they are speaking at the utmost possible advantage--or at worst that they cannot improve on your business, however little they may like it--and if you take care that they never distract attention from one another; that when they call to one another that are at a dire distance; and that, when the audience is looking at one side of the stage and somebody cuts in on the other, some trick (which you must contrive) calls the attention of the audience to the new point of view or hearing, etc., then you will at the first rehearsal get a command of the production that nothing will shake afterwards.[17]

Shaw gives explicit directions to the director which covers essentially all of the stage business. In Act I of Heartbreak House, the director has such descriptive aids as: "the young lady picks up the book and places it on the table", "advancing to the drawing table", "she goes to the door leading to the hall", "he sits down in the big wicker chair", and "he seizes the cup and the tea-pot and empties both into the leathern bucket". Directions and guide-posts as those cited run throughout the play and clearly indicate Shaw's personal requirements for the action.

Particular attention has been given to the actor by Mr. Shaw. He feels that a play is not complete until it has been acted.[18] Shaw maintains that there is no substitute for honest acting, for the actor should be told that:

> mere suggestion is no use here, I don't ask you to suggest anything: I give you the actual things to do and say. I don't want you to look as if you could say wonderful things if you uttered your thoughts. I give you both the thoughts and words; and you must get them across the footlights.[19]

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[17] Shaw, "Make Them Do It Well", op. cit.
[18] William Irvine, The Universe of G. B. S. (New York: Whittlesey House, 1949), p. 202.
[19] G. B. Shaw, "Make Them Do It Well", op. cit.

The foregoing implies that the actor should strive for reality and that he must get the thoughts and words of Shaw to the audience with extreme care and exactness. In addition, the actor should have enough training (which is the minimum amount)[20] so that when he comes to an author he can say:

> Within the limits imposed by my age and sex, I can do all the ordinary work of the stage with perfect certainty. I know my vowels and consonants as a phonetic expert, and I can speak so as to arrest the attention of the audience whenever I open my mouth forcibly, delicately, roughly, smoothly, prettily, harshly, authoritatively, submissively, but always artistically, just as you want it. I can sit, stand, fall, get up, walk, dance, and otherwise use my body with the complete command of it that marks the physical artist.[21]

Shaw demands skilled flawless actors in every respect because:

> unless the lines are spoken by voices of which the ear never tires, with gestures and actions which never lose their fascination, the result can be no better than a disagreeable experience, drawing and holding a crowd and holding it only as a street accident does.[22]

In the light of these findings, it is evident that Mr. Shaw has been quite definite in his views and attitudes towards the director and actor. From the illustrations cited, the importance which Mr. Shaw has placed on his director and actor is seconded by the importance with which he considers the designers contribution. While he seldom goes farther than the description of the used objects in his rooms, he is fully conscious of the importance of a well designed setting.[23]

His requirements for the scenery which the designer must concern himself is adequately summarized by William Irvine:[24]

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[20] Shaw, Dramatic Opinions and Essays Vol. I, op.cit., p. 425.
[21] Loc. cit.
[22] Ibid., Vol. I, p. 197.
[23] Simonson, Part of a Lifetime, Ibid., p. 51.
[24] Irving, Ibid., p. 202.

First, that they be authentic to the time and nature of the play; second, that they be, in so far as possible, pleasing and beautiful in themselves; and third, that they afford every opportunity to the actor.

PART II: THE SCENERY REQUIREMENTS OF HEARTBREAK HOUSE AS ESTABLISHED BY THE AUTHOR

Following the suggestions of Mr. Gorelik, the first step for analyzing the needs for Heartbreak House was to follow the script very carefully. Again Mr. Shaw's directions are as exacting in this script as in his other plays.

There are two settings needed. The general location of the action is Captain Shotover's country home in Sussex, England. For Acts I and II the setting is the living room, and for Act III the setting is the garden immediately outside the same room.

The general description for the interior scene by Mr. Shaw is as follows:

> The hilly country in the middle of the north edge of Sussex, looking very pleasant on a fine evening at the end of September, is seen through the windows of a room which has been built so as to resemble the after part of an old fashioned high-pooped ship with a stern gallery; for the windows are ship built with heavy timbering, and run right across the room as continuously as the stability of the wall allows. A row of lockers under the windows provides an unupholstered window-seat interrupted by twin glass doors, respectively half-way between the stern post and the sides. Another door strains the illusion a little by being apparently in the ship's port side, and yet leading, not to the open sea, but to the entrance hall of the house. Between this door and the stern gallery are bookshelves. There are electric light switches beside the door leading to the hall and the glass doors in the stern gallery. Against the wall is a carpenter's bench. The vice has a board in its jaws; and the floor is littered with shavings, over-flowing from a waste-paper basket. A couple of planes and a center bit are on the bench. In the same wall, between the bench and the windows, is a narrow doorway with a half door, above which a glimpse of the room beyond shows that it is a shelved pantry with bottles and kitchen crockery.
>
> On the starboard side, but close to the middle, is a plain oak drawing-table with drawing-board, T-square, straight-edges, set of squares, mathematical instruments, saucers of pencils, and brushes on it. The drawing-board is set so

that the draughtsman's chair has the window on its left hand. On the floor at the end of the table, on his right is a ship's fire bucket. On the port side of the room, near the bookshelves, is a sofa with its back to the windows, it is a sturdy mahogany article, oddly upholstered in sailcloth, including the bolster, with a couple of blankets hanging over the back. Between the sofa and the drawing-table is a big wicker chair, with broad arms and a low sloping back, with its back to the light. A small but stout table of teak, with a round top and gate legs, stands against the port wall between the door and the bookcase. It is the only article in the room that suggests (not at all convincingly) a woman's hand in the furnishing. The uncarpeted floor of narrow boards is caulked and holystoned like a deck.
The garden to which the glass doors lead dips to the south before the landscape rises again to the hills. Emerging from the hollow is the cupola of an observatory. Between the observatory and the house is a flagstaff on a little esplanade, with a hammock on the east side and a long garden seat on the west.

This is Shaw's outline of Act III:

In the garden, Hector, as he comes out through the glass door of the poop, finds Lady Utterword lying voluptuously in the hammock on the east side of the flagstaff, in the circle of light cast by the electric arc, which is like a moon in its opal globe. Beneath the head of the hammock, is a campstool. On the other side of the flagstaff, on the long garden seat, Captain Shotover is asleep, with Ellie beside him, leaning affectionately against him on his right hand. On his left is a deck chair. Behind them in the gloom, Hesoine is strolling about with Mangan. It is a fine still night, moonless.

Both settings as described by Mr. Shaw have carefully outlined the scenes into the fundamental acting areas grouped around the furniture. To illustrate Shaw's requirements of the setting, several scenes have been selected. Shaw directs the action to the sofa in the two-some scene between Ellie and Mrs. Hushabye while Ellie explains her feeling for Mangan and one "Marcus Darnley." This scene also has Mrs. Hushabye make use of one of the books from the bookcase, and she is directed to fling the book on the draughtsman's table, and walk about the room in an intolerable manner.

This same scene is interrupted by Mrs. Hushabye's husband, and Shaw has him enter from the hall, then place his hat and stick on the teak table.

In the scene after Randall has made his entrance, the Captain has been directed to exit into the pantry. The stage is held by Mrs. Hushabye, Randall, and Mangan. Lady Utterword is directed to the window seat, sits down, and upon cue, remarks, "Who is that gentleman walking in the garden with Miss Dunn?" Whereupon, Mrs. Hushabye and Randall go to the window to discover who the gentleman is.

Near the end of Act I in the Hector and Captain's scene, Shaw has given the direction that the Captain sit and work at the drawing table. The indications are that the Captain should have complete emphasis here because it is a scene in which he expounds very much upon his particular views towards mankind.

In Act II the entire cast must appear on stage during the burglar scene. However, just before everyone has made their final entrance for the scene, the commotion of the Burglar causes Hector, the Captain, Lady Utterword, Randall, and Ellie to make a hurried exit out the hall door. This hurried exit demands that sufficient off stage space be available to accommodate the actors. After the burglar is captured, the entire cast is brought on stage by Shaw. Mazzini Dunn enters first, is directed to the drawing-table where he throws his pistol down, and then he sits in the draughtsman's chair. Hector enters marching the villain to the center of the room. Ellie runs to her father, and so the directions continue until all are on stage.

It may be concluded from these examples that Shaw does not describe his setting and then forget it. Rather, he is always aware of his scenery and gives directions to his director and designer as to the specific use of the setting as he would desire it.

Since Shaw requires that his actors must be seen, he is interested in the visual elements of the play which are reflected in his lighting demands.

The lighting requirements are not fully discussed in the description of the settings, but the script reveals that in the first act, the light should be of a general nature, motivated by the late summer evening sunset. The windows must be backlighted to create this illusion of the sun, and the light must slowly dim down so that by the end of the act the stage is in near darkness.

The second act also requires a general light upon the setting. The act takes place just after dinner and the light source is to be suggestive of illumination by electric lights.

The lighting in the third act is the most difficult to produce. According to Shaw it is a moonless night, and the source of light comes from an electric arc.

It may be noted that although he has not been specific in his method for illumination, he has made provision for the source of light.

Shaw as a playwright has created the inherent problem of determining the style of the production. Style is difficult to isolate and describe because there are many styles and they often overlap. According to Alexander Dean, "style is the degree and kind of likelifeness

that a playwright has used in his writing, the degree of his selectivity in dramatic form and structure.[1]

Using this definition of style as a basis, Heartbreak House was analyzed to determine the extent of "likelifeness" the author had intended to portray. Shaw gives an excellent clue in his preface to Heartbreak House by stating that the play was written to show "cultured, leisured Europe before the war."[2] A study of the characters revealed that although they were unusual, they were to act and react to each other in a manner familiar to all, and that they lived and moved in an environment very much as they would in real life. Consequently, the style Shaw seems to want is a realistic one.

The quality of mood or atmosphere is also established by the author. This is one of the most elusive elements of the scenery requirements to definitely express. The reference to mood and atmosphere implies the emotional tone or feeling of the play that is reflected in the scenery. The seriousness of the theme of Heartbreak House, its light treatment, and the personalities of the characters living there, combine to govern the mood.

The title of Heartbreak House itself tends to suggest that it is an unusual house where hearts are broken. Ellie is affected by the house when she says, "I have a horrible fear that my heart is broken, but that heartbreak is not what I thought it must be. Mangan suffers

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[1] Alexander Dean, Fundamentals of Play Direction (New York: Rinehart and Co. Inc., 1946), p. 354.

[2] Bernard Shaw, Heartbreak House, Great Catherine, and Playlets of the War (New York: Brentano's, 1919), p. ix.

heartbreak in this house when he learns that he has been played for a fool by Ellie and Mrs. Hushabye. Upon the revelation, he breaks into crying like a child and Mrs. Hushabye remarks, "Don't cry: I can't bear it. Have I broken your heart? I didn't know you had one. How could I?" In answer, Mangan replies, "I'm a man, ain't I?"

The atmosphere of the house is described to an extent by Lady Utterword by saying:

> Oh, this house, this house! I come back to it after twenty-three years; and it is just the same: the luggage lying on the steps, the servants spoilt and impossible, nobody at home to receive anybody, no regular meals, nobody ever hungry because they are always gnawing bread and butter or munching apples, and, what is worse, the same disorder in ideas, in talk, in feeling.

The Captain as owner of the house contributes a pertinent remark concerning the atmosphere of Heartbreak House. Gloomily he reflects "youth, beauty! novelty! They are badly wanted in this house."

Perhaps the mood and atmosphere of Heartbreak House can best be summarized by this passage from Act III:

> Ellie: (musically) Yes: this silly house, this strangely happy house, this agonizing house, this house without foundations. I shall call it Heartbreak House.
>
> Mrs. Hushabye: Stop, Ellie: or I shall howl like an animal.
>
> Mangan: (breaks into low snivelling) !!!
>
> Mrs. Hushabye: There! you have set Alfred off.
>
> Ellie: I like him best when he is howling.
>
> Captain Shotover: Silence! (Mangan subsides into silence.) I say, let the heart break in silence.
>
> Hector: Do you accept that name for your house?

Captain Shotover: It is not my house: it is my kennel.

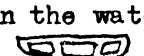
Hector: We have been too long here. We do not live in this house. We haunt it.

In conclusion, the illustrations tend to show that Shaw demands that the mood reflect an unusual house. This should be a house in which discontent with life is the keynote; a house in which all of the characters are trying to find happiness but none of them succeed; a house dominated by the peculiarities of the old seacaptain; a house that serves as the background for the domineering woman who absorbs the personalities of man and destroys them. The exterior setting should be a shaft of light illuminating the little group of people as they watch the world go to its destruction.

Occasionally a designer is fortunate enough to receive specific directions from his author. When Mr. Lee Simonson, prominent New York designer, was going the setting for the American premiere, he wrote Mr. Shaw asking for specific advice. With his typical positiveness, Mr. Shaw replied as follows:

Parknaville, Co. Kerry
(temporary)
10 Adelphi Terrace,
London, W. C. 2
23 Aug., 1920

Dear Mr. Simonson:

The XII century Dutch marine painters show us lovely stern windows in brown woodwork with magnificant gilt framing, tall and handsome, with a balcony or stern gallery, gold in the framing, gold in the water, gold in the brown paint. They set like this mostly  except that they stand much higher above the water line and are very ornamental. Now I know no picture which shows what they are like from the inside; so I have (or rather you have) to imagine what Captain Whatshisname would have imagined about them when he designed his house. As the captain is 150

years old or thereabouts his notions of naval architecture would not be more modern than those of the Flying Dutchman. Unfortunately I cannot draw; so I cannot help you out with a sketch; but I enclose a plan of the stage, and a rough view. The perspective and construction are impossible; but you can adapt them to 3-dimensional space. The mountains are like slate crags instead of Sussex hills; but that is what the inside of my envelopes gives me.

The difficulty of the arc light has bothered me all along. Here we use for street lighting (or used to) a white globe; and my first notion was to make it a very soft moon throwing a circle of light on the stage, so that the characters could, as directed, disappear into the surrounding darkness and emerge into the radience. But, as you say, if you put even a candle in a dark scene the audience can see nothing else. I think you will have to shade the light (it need not be an arc)--drape it ornamentally or put a prosiac green tree [redacted] to conceal the actual glare (these must be something that can be visibly extinguished) and do the real lighting off the stage.

The observatory is a cupola. The top of the dome sticks up behind the first profile, and helps to suggest the ravine supposed to be between it and the back cloth.

The flagstaff is only an excuse for something characteristic to attach the cable which feeds the arc light. All these things are suggestions and makeshifts. So long as you do not alter or mask the positions of my people on the stage, or cut out an essential effect like the cutting off of the light and leaving the group in the dark, you may do your job in your own way. The more of your own you put in, the richer the play will be. You know, I take it, that comedy dialogue is impossible unlessthe faces of the speakers are seen quite distinctly. That is all you have to look out for as far as the author is concerned. For the rest, let yourself rip. Artist and author are co-equal and co-eternal---see the athanasian creed.....[3]

Faithfully,
G. Bernard Shaw

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[3] Ibid., pp. 51-52.

PART III: THE PHYSICAL LIMITATIONS OF STUDIO THEATRE

One of the major factors confronting the designer as he starts to plan his production is the theatre in which the offering will be given. As already indicated, one of the major factors in this study was working "on a small stage with limited facilities". Before progressing further a description of Studio Theatre is in order.

The house is rectangular in shape and it is twenty-one feet, one inch wide, and forty-three feet five and one-half inches long. The seating capacity is one hundred and twenty-five. All rows of seats are parallel to the stage. The first row of seats is only four feet from the stage platform. Beginning at the fourth row of seats, the floor has a slight incline. However, the incline does not provide a great deal of better vision for the audience as it is still difficult to see the floor of the stage when the house is filled.

The stage is at one end of the house and its floor is raised eighteen inches from the floor of the house. The opening is not clearly defined by a proscenium wall or a permanent proscenium arch. The sides of the arch are formed by the act curtains when they are drawn for the performance. The top of the arch is determined by a drapery which is hung on the house side of the act curtain. The drapery is attached by a batten to the ceiling of the house. With the drapery in place, and the act curtains open, the proscenium opening is seventeen feet, six inches in width and eight feet, three inches in height.

The stage floor is not centered behind the proscenium opening. Instead, the stage right wall is a continuation of the house left wall,

and the stage left wall is extended five feet beyond the house right wall. From side to side, the stage floor is twenty-six feet, three inches; and from front to rear, it is sixteen feet. In effect, the house floor and the stage floor form an "L" shape.

Because of the stage floor arrangement, the off-stage space is quite limited. The only space available on stage right is formed by the act curtains when they are drawn. The space created by completely pulling the curtains is about two feet. On stage left, it is possible to have a much larger space. When the act curtains are fully drawn, the space is approximately seven feet, six inches.

The ceiling is not flat over the entire floor area. From the curtain line and extending back four feet three inches, it is eleven feet to the floor. From four feet, three inches to the rear of the stage, the ceiling is lowered to nine feet, five inches above the floor. The only method of attaching scenery to the ceiling for support is by the use of fixed travelers. The chief purpose of the travelers is to hold curtains when designed scenery is not in use. Because of the fixed travelers, only flats of eight feet, three inches in height are practical to use.

Entrances to the stage are definitely limited. There is no outside entrance on stage right. Stage left is provided with double doors which measure six feet in width, and seven feet in height. The only other method of entering the stage is through the act curtain.

The play on stage may be lighted from three positions. Light instruments may be placed in a row immediately behind and above the act

curtain or in the usual teaser position. A row of outlets for lighting equipment is available behind the first border. Beam spots are located in the auditorium approximately seven feet from the curtain line. There are no floor pockets nor wall outlets on the stage. If off stage lighting is desired, it must come by extension cords from outlets in an adjoining room. The light switchboard is located in the wall in the off stage area stage left.

Following are two blueprints of Studio Theatre to give a graphic illustration of the nature of the theatre.

HEARTBREAK HOUSE
FLOOR PLAN OF THEATRE

SCALE: $\frac{1}{4}$" = 1'

PROSCENIUM OPENING
8'3" X 17'7½"

9'8½"

2'½"

5'11"
7' HIGH

3'8"

1'10"

26'3"

43'5½"

5½"

CLEARANCE TO CEILING 9'5"

CLEARANCE TO CEILING 11'½

21'1"

SEATS

EXIT

1'9¾"

10'6½"

8'11"

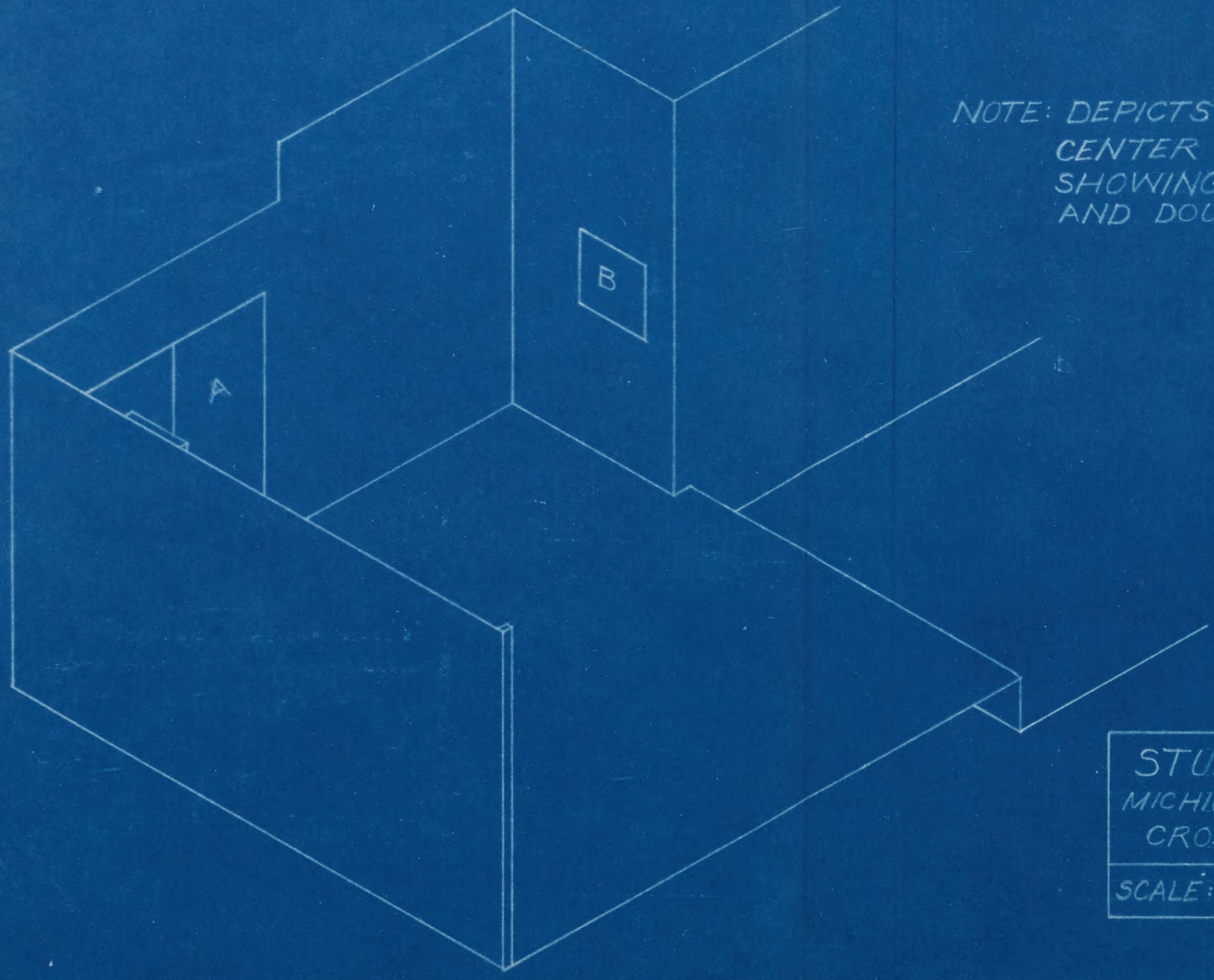
6'4"

6" PIPE

26"

16'1½"

EXIT



NOTE: DEPICTS STAGE LEFT FROM CENTER LINE OF PROSCENIUM SHOWING SWITCHBOARD (B) AND DOUBLE DOOR (A)

STUDIO THEATRE
MICHIGAN STATE COLLEGE
CROSS SECTION VIEW

SCALE: ¼" = 1'

CHAPTER II

THE PLAN OF PRODUCTION AND THE DESIGNING OF THE SETTING

CHAPTER II

PART I: PLANNING THE SCENERY

As suggested by Mordecai Gorelik, the planning of the designer must at all times be in harmony with the director's interpretation of the play.[1] In this particular instance the designer and director were concerned with more than interpretation because both were vitally affected by the small stage of Studio Theatre. Hence, the technical planning of the production was worked out in close cooperation.

The physical nature of Studio Theatre could not accommodate the scenery as outlined by Mr. Shaw. It is evident from his description of the settings that they require a proscenium opening of perhaps thirty-five feet in width and a stage floor of thirty feet in depth. Using his directions verbatum, the production could not have been accomplished in Studio Theatre which had a proscenium of eighteen feet and a stage floor with the depth of sixteen feet. Obviously, both the director and designer had to agree upon the necessary changes.

Of immediate concern was the arrangement of the windows in the first setting which are described to run the length of the back wall. This arrangement needed to be changed for Studio Theatre stage for these reasons: a. there could be no illusion of distance as Shaw described the exterior scene; b. there could be no presentation of a realistic exterior in such a prominent location; c. there could be no

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[1] Mordecai Gorelik, "Designing the Play", Producing the Play, ed. John Gassner (New York: Dryden Press, 1941), p. 313.

shifting of scenery because there is no fly gallery; and, d. there could be no opportunity for the actors to cross from one side of the stage to the other without being seen. With the change of these basic windows, entrances and exits had to be shifted accordingly.

To meet the problem of window placement, which is essentially the garden placement, the upstage left area was selected because the off-left area presented the most off stage space. Since so much action carried out into the garden, this seemed to be the most logical placement for the windows and garden. The door leading into the garden was located in the down left area.

The setting required a door leading into the Captain's pantry and one leading into the hall of the house. Since the director wished to give the Captain all possible emphasis, the door which was used only by the Captain was placed in the center of the upstage wall. To keep the illusion of a spacious house and to keep the down right area clear for the actors, the hall door was planned in the up right wall.

This planning between the director and designer established the physical boundaries of the setting generally as: a door down left, garden windows up left, the Captain's pantry door up center, and the hall entrance up right.

The furniture as set forth by Shaw would have filled the acting area of Studio Theatre to the point that any freedom of movement would have been impossible. A study of the script revealed that no specific reference was made to the carpenter's bench, so the carpenter's bench and draughtsman's table was planned as one. This decision gave

additional acting space that would not have been available had the script demanded the use of two tables. The table and a chair were planned up center to the right of the door leading into the Captain's pantry.

The script called for the use of the bookcase described by Shaw, so it was located to the left of the door in the upstage wall. It was placed in the wall so that the floor space would not be reduced.

The window bench suggested by Shaw presented an excellent means of providing seating space which would not reduce the acting area because it too could be built into a bay window arrangement in the left wall upstage.

The director felt that a chair was necessary in the extreme down left area, so one was planned. A large comfortable chair in the center left area was planned because Shaw demanded that his people sit and talk in many of his scenes. A small table was placed beside this chair to complete this furniture unit, and provide for the uses of the actor's business, such as a place for trays, teacups, and ash trays.

Shaw mentions a sofa in his description of the setting and the designer and director both agreed that it was necessary, with the provision that it would be small in the relative size of sofas. Smallness was indicated because the acting area was limited. This unit was placed downstage right.

The designer suggested that a platform be placed before the hall door in the up right wall. This plan would give the actors an opportunity to use levels, and also it would indicate that this room was on

a different plane than the rest of the house. The director agreed to the suggestion and it was incorporated into the planning.

With the discussion and planning of the scenery at this point, a definite floor plan had taken form. The stage had been divided into six acting areas with the bay window and window bench up left, the Captain's pantry door and work table up center, the stair landing and hall entrance up right, the sofa down right, a chair and table left center, and a chair down left. This arrangement allowed the center area to be quite open and provided for an unrestricted acting area.

Shaw describes the setting as being fashioned after a "high-pooped ship with a stern gallery". Because of the changes the director and designer felt were necessary, this suggestion of the ship was abandoned. Also, the low ceiling in Studio Theatre would not permit the heavy timbering required in this type setting. The director did not place specific requirements upon the design of the changed setting, so long as the design supported his interpretation of the play.

Both the director and designer realized that the lighting system in Studio Theatre would present a problem when other than a general lighting pattern was desired. Therefore the lighting was kept as simple as possible. General illumination was planned for Acts I and II because it would fulfill Shaw's demand and could be worked out with the equipment on hand.

The floor plan for Act III was very largely influenced by the setting for Acts I and II and much of the planning worked from the first set and how the shifting of scenery could be accomplished as easily and quickly as possible. Shaw required that there be two means

of entering and leaving the stage, one going into the house and one leading from the garden to the gravel pit.

The designer pointed out that the first set could be pushed against the wall and masked off by the use of black velour drapes. The bay window unit and garden door could be reversed to suggest an exterior. Since all of the action moved into and out of the house in contrast to the two exits to the gravel pit, the entrance into the house should be stage left, because of the large off stage space in that area. The hall opening (up right) from set one would provide a means of exiting into the gravel pit. The director felt that such an arrangement would suit his requirements.

Although the furniture and set pieces suggested by Mr. Shaw were helpful, changes were necessary to suit the smallness of Studio Theatre. In the beginning of the act, the characters sit and chat. This requires sufficient furniture to accommodate the cast. In planning to meet the situation, the following items were considered essential; a chaise lounge stage right, a bench up center, a chair center left, a large chair stage left and a small stool beside it. The director wished to use after-dinner wine as a motivation for stage business while the characters sat and talked at the opening of the act. To meet this need a small table holding a wine decanter and glasses was added up left center, and a small table for glasses and an ash tray was placed down right. In an effort to add some interest in the design, and aid the actors in entering and exiting, a six inch platform was placed stage left before the house entrance and the chair and stool in that area was placed on the platform.

Because of space limitations the Act I setting could not be cleared, nor could a sky drop or cyclorama be hung so that a realistic garden with trees and shrubs could be staged. Taking the clue from the author's suggestion that these people were sitting in an arc of light on a moonless night, the background was blacked out with black velour drapes and the suggestion of the garden ended with the small brick wall which evidently enclosed the terrace just outside the living room windows. The feeling of the garden had been established in Act I and II, and consequently a slight suggestion could carry the scene. The designer pointed out that by using a wall arrangement, sections could be strengthened, providing a means of seating a character without taking up additional floor space. The director suggested that this idea be incorporated into the up center section.

The lighting for Act III was governed largely by the fact that all feeling of an exterior set would have to come from front lighting. However, the feeling of the exterior was furthered by using blue colors and the cooler pinks to suggest the night. The warm light on stage came from the interior of the house through the windows and provided a sufficient source for visibility purposes.

In conjunction with the planning of the physical nature of the setting, the director disclosed that the premise of the play was "drifting leads to destruction",[2] and that the play was a serious drama with overtones of comedy. The director indicated that to fulfill the premise, the play would be acted and presented in a realistic manner. In harmony with the realistic directing approach, the designer had to plan for

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[2] William Gregory, Masters Thesis, (Michigan State College, 1950), p. 122.

scenery which was true to life and recognizable to the audience as a reproduction of a scene of which all could say, "This is Shotover's living room", and "This is his garden". He also stated that his purpose was to place the action in modern dress and stress the ideas stated with 1950 implications, as though the message was "taken from yesterday's editorial page of the daily paper".[3]

The conclusion and agreements reached, as indicated, by the director and designer provided the planning and basis for the designs of the setting.

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[3] Ibid., p. 4.

PART II: DESIGNING OF THE SETTING

When working on the average theater stage, the director and the designer do not have to concern themselves with the difficulties encountered with small stage space. As has already been pointed out this study offered a primary problem in its limitations of both stage space and facilities. The simple factor of getting adequate pieces of scenery on and off stage was a main determinent in designing the set. The plan, as already outlined, included the setting up of a first setting which could be moved back against the side and rear walls of the stage. The windows and the door units were to be used in both scenes. For the second set, black velour drapes were to be placed over the stored back and side walls, and a garden fence was to be added to give the effect of a terrace. With garden furniture and lighting that would give an outdoor effect, an exterior setting was to be accomplished.

With the cooperative planning completed, and a general plan for shifting the scenery determined, the designer began to work out the details of the settings. The needs for Acts I and II will be discussed first and then the problems for Act III.

The interior scene was designed to be primarily a room occupied by Captain Shotover, and reflect in the main his masculine characteristics. Since Hesoine (Mrs. Hushabye), the Captain's daughter, lived with her father, a feminine influence would also need to be shown. Another objective was to present a background fitting the mood and atmosphere for the play as it was described in Chapter I.

Wood paneling was selected for the wall treatment because of its English quality, masculinity, and particularly because of its impersonality,

since, as was pointed out in Chapter I, this is a house where hearts are broken. The general conception of wood paneling runs into the waxed or varnished surfaces, going from light to dark brown. Therefore, brown was the color chosen for the set. Ordinarily this color tends to be on the subdued side and is more suitable for the serious type play. Since this was a comedy with serious overtones and philosophical discussions, a brown with slight tones of red was chosen. In order to get contrasting notes and support the touches of comedy, green was used at various points on the stage in the upholstery, drapes, and trim.

Important in the design was the treatment of the bay window. It was designed with a curve at the top rather than a straight line. This curved type window was suggested from pictures of the Old Dutch sailing vessels which Shaw had in mind. This window reflected the interest in the sea which Captain Shotover had, and also showed his attitude towards design. The panes were outlined by diagonal muntins instead of the conventional vertical-horizontal bars. By using this diagonal pattern, a note of uneasiness was introduced into the setting.

In harmony with the curved windows which overlooked the garden, a large arch with double doors was used as an entrance into the garden.

The selection of the furniture was left to the taste of the designer. The Captain's table was a square box, handmade type that some workman might have hastily constructed to serve as a work table. This crude, unadorned type of table seemed to fit the Captain's inventive characteristics. A small but heavy wood chair was used as the draughtsman's chair.

The window bench in the bay window was of a portable nature. The front was paneled to match the walls and the top was padded and covered with a dark green material.

A brown leather-covered chair of English design was placed down left. This chair was a type which a man would choose and thus helped to carry out the masculine feeling.

In the center left area, a chair of wing design was used and a small oval table was placed beside it to complete this unit of furniture.

A small sofa of quite severe lines was chosen and used in the down right area. It was covered with dark green material.

The furniture was not selected in keeping with a definite unity as to period or style. The designer felt that since the Captain was a seafaring man, and because of his unusual character, he would have selected furniture which met his fancy during his many voyages to all parts of the world.

The Captain's character was given emphasis, particularly his role as a seaman, by the use of a map and a barometer which were hung on the wall near his work table. A small globe, a strong box, drawing board, and supplies were placed on this table to reflect still more the disposition of the Captain.

To show the influence of Hesoine upon the decor of the room, several items were planned. Two pictures with small frames were hung on the stage right wall. The table center left had a covering instead of a bare top. Green drapes were used in the door leading into the "hall" stage right. Two matching green pillows of the same material were used

on the window seat to produce a greater amount of contrasting color in that area of the room. The bookshelves contained various "what-nots" in the spaces which were not occupied by books. All these items tended to show the feminine influence of the household.

The setting for Act I and II was adequate for the acting demands of the author with the possible exception of the burglar scene in which the cast of ten was onstage at the same time. The essential elements of the setting called for by Shaw were retained. The treatment of these elements were reflective of the individuals who occupied the house. The serious mood of the play as discussed in Chapter I was enhanced and supported without dominating the play.

The third act shifts from the interior of the house into the garden. As mentioned, the mood of this scene was strengthened by the setting of Act I and II. Therefore the scenery for Act III needed to maintain the mood and definitely create the illusion of a garden. Since the scene was a moonless one, the complete blacking out of the outer perimeter of the set was in order. The garden was then defined by showing the exterior of the bay window and adding a garden type brick wall which included a gate in the up right area. A six inch platform was placed stage left before the entrance of the house to suggest a small terrace.

The furniture used in this setting consisted of: a home made chaise longue, a bench that might have been hurriedly made by the Captain to suffice for a more elaborate garden bench, a chair (the same one which was at the Captain's table in the first setting), a foot stool oddly upholstered in a canvas duck material, a wooden high backed garden chair, and two small tables.

The lights were planned to produce a general illumination pattern. Acts I and II needed to be lighted with warm colors. Surprise pink was chosen because it could supply the warm tones and be more complimentary to the skin tones of the actors than any other color. Blue light was selected to supply the light for the moonless garden scene. With very little opportunity to vary the lighting between acts, due to the Studio Theatre arrangement, the same lights used in Act III were also used in Acts I and II.

Off stage lighting was needed to show the sunset in Act I, and to show lights from the interior of the house in Act III.

Although Shaw does not specifically place the garden in his description of the set, this designer felt that there would be a greater unity between the two settings if the architectural features of the windows were repeated in both sets. In Act I the interior of the windows was seen, and in Act III the exterior of the same windows was used. Actually the windows in this second setting did aid in giving the feeling of an exterior as well as providing a definite motivation for action and providing a very useable light source.

The setting for Act III had sufficient space for movement. It carried the mood and atmosphere of destruction, frustration, and triumph which Mr. Shaw was writing about in the air raid scene and the concluding moments of the play.

If there was a weakness in the setting, it was the fact that it did not provide an adequate background for staging the air raid scene. The author has given many opportunities for scenic effect with light

and sound, providing an adequate background could be used. But with the little stage space available and the complete lack of flying facilities in staging, the air raid was unavoidably sacrificed. This however was the only scenic demand of Heartbreak House that the designer was unable to meet.

The designing process was completed with the drawing of the construction plans and their successful execution.

CHAPTER III

THE PLAY SCRIPT
WITH TECHNICAL CUES

HEARTBREAK HOUSE

Script Showing Cues

Legend:

Sound ——————————

Lights ——————————

Properties ——————————

Costume & Make-up ——

HEARTBREAK HOUSE

By

George Bernard Shaw

The hilly country in the middle of the north edge of Susses, looking very pleasant on a fine evening at the end of September, is seen through the windows of a room which has been built so as to resemble the after part of an old fashioned high-pooped ship with a stern gallery; for the windows are ship built with heavy timbering, and run right across the room as continuously as the stability of the wall allows. A row of lockers under the windows provides an unupholstered window-seat interrupted by twin glass doors, respectively half-way between the stern post and the sides. Another door strains the illusion a little by being apparently in the ship's port side, and yet leading, not to the open sea, but to the entrance hall of the house. Between this door and the stern gallery are bookshelves. There are electric light switches beside the door leading to the hall and the glass doors in the stern gallery. Against the wall is a carpenter's bench. The vice has a board in its jaws; and the floor is littered with shavings, over-flowing from a waste-paper basket. A couple of planes and a centrebit are on the bench. In the same wall, between the bench and the windows, is a narrow doorway with a half door, above which a glimpse of the room beyond shows that it is a shelved pantry with bottles and kitchen crockery.

On the starboard side, but close to the middle, is a plain oak drawing-table with drawing-board, T-square, straight-edges, set of squares, mathematical instruments, saucers of pencils, and brushes on it. The drawing-board is set so that the draughtsmen's chair has the window on its left hand. On the floor at the end of the table, on his right is a ship's fire bucket. On the port side of the room, near the bookshelves, is a sofa with its back to the windows, It is a sturdy mahogany article, oddly upholstered in sailcloth, including the bolster, with a couple of blankets hanging over the back. Between the sofa and the drawing-table is a big wicker chair, with broad arms and a low sloping back, with its back to the light. A small but stout table of teak, with a round top and gate legs, stands against the port wall between the door and the bookcase. It is the only article in the room that suggests (not at

all convincingly) a woman's hand in the furnishing. The uncarpeted floor of narrow boards is caulked and holystoned like a deck.
The garden to which the glass doors lead dips to the south before the landscape rises again to the hills. Emerging from the hollow is the cupola of an observatory. Between the observatory and the house is a flagstaff on a little esplanade, with a hammock on the east side and a long garden seat on the west.

Womanservant: God bless us! Sorry to wake you, miss, I'm sure; but you are a stranger to me. What might you be waiting here for now?

Young Lady: Waiting for somebody to show some signs of knowing that I have been invited here.

Womanservant: Oh, you're invited, are you? And has nobody come? Dear! Dear!

Young Lady: A wild-looking old gentleman came and looked in at the window; and I heard him calling out, "Nurse, there is a young and attractive female waiting in the poop. Go and see what she wants." Are you the nurse?

Womanservant: Yes, miss: I'm Nurse Guinness. That was old Captain Shotover, Mrs. Hushabye's father. I heard him roaring; but I thought it was for something else. I suppose it was Mrs. Hushabye that invited you, ducky?

Young Lady: I understood her to do so. But really I think I'd better go.

Guinness: Oh, don't think of such a thing, miss. If Mrs. Hushabye has forgotten all about it, it will be a pleasant surprise for her to see you, won't it?

Young Lady: It has been a very unpleasant surprise to me to find that nobody expects me.

Guinness: You'll get used to it, miss, this house is full of surprises for them that don't know our ways.

Captain Shotover: (looking in from the hall suddenly) Nurse, there is a hold-call and a handbag on the front steps for everybody to fall over. Also a tennis racquet. Who the devil left them there?

Young Lady: They are mine, I'm afraid.

Captain: (coming down) Nurse, who is this misguided and unfortunate young lady?

Guinness: She says Miss Hessy invited her, sir.

Captain: And had she no friend, no parents, to warn her against my daughter's invitations? This is a pretty sort of house, by heavens! A young and attractive lady is invited here. Her luggage is left on the steps for hours; and she herself is deposited in the poop and abandoned, tired and starving. This is our hospitality. These are our manners. No room ready. No hot water. No welcoming hostess. Our visitor is to sleep in the toolshed, and to wash in the duckpond.

Guinness: Now it's all right, Captain: I'll get the lady some tea; and her room shall be ready before she has finished it. (To the young lady) Take off your hat, ducky; and make yourself at home. (she goes to the door leading to hall)

Captain: (as she passes him) Ducky! Do you suppose, woman, that because this young lady has been insulted and neglected you have the right to address her as you address my wretched children, whom you have brought up in ignorance of the commonest decencies of social intercourse?

Guinness: Never mind him, doty. (she goes into the hall)

Captain: Madam, will you favor me with your name?

Young Lady: My name is Ellie Dunn.

Captain: Dunn! I had a boatswain whose name was Dunn. He was originally a pirate in China. He set up as a ship's chandler with stores which I have every reason to believe he stole from me. No doubt he became rich. Are you his daughter?

Ellie: No, certainly not. I am proud to be able to day that though my father has not been a successful man, nobody has ever had one word to say against him. I think my father is the best man I have ever known.

Captain: He must be greatly changed. Has he attained the seventh degree of concentration?

Ellie: I don't understand.

Captain: But how could he, with a daughter? I, madam, have to daughters. One of them is Hesione Hushabye, who invited you here. I keep this house; she upsets it. I desire to attain the seventh degree of concentration: she invites visitors and leaves me to entertain them. (Guinness returns) I have a second daughter who is, thank God, in a remote part of the empire with her numskull of a husband. As a child she thought the figure-head of my ship, the Dauntless, the most beautiful thing on earth. He resembled it. He had the same expression: wooden yet enterprising. She married him, and will never set foot in this house again.

Guinness: Indeed you never were more mistaken. She is in England this very moment. You have been told three times this week that she is coming home for a year for her health. And very glad you would be to see your own daughter again after all these years.

Captain: I am not glad. The natural term of the affection of the human animal for its offspring is six years. My daughter Ariadne was born when I was forty-six. I am now eighty-eight. If she comes, I am not at home. If she wants anything, let her take it. If she asks for me, let her be informed that I am extremely old, and have totally forgotten her.

Guinness: That's no talk to offer to a young lady. Here, ducky, have some tea; and don't listen to him.

Captain: (rising wrathfully) Now before high heaven they have given this innocent child Indian tea; the stuff they tan their own leather insides with. (He seizes the cup and the tea-pot and empties both into the leathern bucket.)

Ellie: (almost in tears) Oh, please! I am so tired. I should have been glad of anything.

Guinness: Oh, what a thing to do! The poor lamb is ready to drop.

Captain: You shall have some of my tea. Do not touch that fly-blown cake: nobody eats it here except the dogs. (he disappears into the pantry)

Guinness: There's a man for you! They say he sold himself to the devil in Zanzibar before he was a captain; and the older he grows the more I believe them.

Woman's Voice: (in the hall) Is anyone at home? Hesione! Nurse! Papa! Do come, somebody; and take in my luggage. (thumping heard, as of an umbrella, on the wainscot)

Guinness: My gracious! It's Miss Addy, Lady Utterword, Mrs. Hushabye's sister: the one I told the captain about. (calling) Coming, Miss, coming.

(She is intercepted by Lady Utterword, who bursts in much flustered.

Lady Utterword: Oh, is that you, Nurse? How are you? You don't look a day older. Is nobody at home? Where is Hesione? Doesn't she expect me? Where are the servants? Whose luggage is that on the steps? Where's papa? Is everybody asleep? (seeing Ellie) Oh! I beg your pardon. I suppose you are one of my nieces. Come and kiss your aunt, darling.

Ellie: I'm only a visitor. It is my luggage on the steps.

Guinness: I'll go get you some fresh tea, ducky.

Ellie: But the old gentleman said he would make some himself.

Guinness: Bless you! He's forgotten what he went for already. His mind wanders from one thing to another.

Lady U: Papa, I suppose?

Guinness: Yes, Miss.

Lady U: Don't be silly, Nurse. Don't call me Miss.

Guinness: No, lovey. (goes out with tea-tray)

Lady U: (sitting down with a flounce on the sofa) I know what you must feel. Oh, this house! I come back to it after twenty-three years; and it is just the same: the luggage lying on the steps, the servants spoilt and impossible, nobody at home to receive anybody, no regular meals, nobody ever hungry because they are always gnawing bread and butter of munching apples, and, what is worse, the same disorder in ideas, in talk, in feeling. When I was a child I was used to it: I had never known anything better, though I was unhappy and longed all the time--oh, how I longed!--to be respectable, to be a lady, to live as others did, not to have to think of everything for myself. I married at nineteen to escape from it. My husband is Sir Hastings Utterword, who has been governor of all the crown colonies in succession. I have always been the mistress of Government House. I have been so happy: I had forgotten that people could live like this. I wanted to see my father, my sister, my nephews and nieces (one ought to, you know), and I was looking forward to it. And now the state of the house! the way I'm received! the casual impudence of that woman Guinness, our old nurse! really Hesione might at least have been here: some preparation might have been made for me. You must excuse my going on in this way; but I am really very much hurt and annoyed and disillusioned and if I had realized it was to be like this, I wouldn't have come. I have a great mind to go away without another word (she is on the point of weeping)

Ellie: (also miserable) Nobody has been here to receive me either. I thought I ought to go away too. But how can I, Lady Utterword? My luggage is on the steps; and the station fly has gone.

(The Captain emerges from the pantry with a tray of Chinese lacquer and a very fine tea-set on it. He rests it provisionally on the end of the table; snatches away the drawing-board, which he stands on the floor against table legs; and puts the tray in the space thus cleared. Ellie pours out a cup greedily.)

Captain: Your tea, young lady. What! another lady! I must fetch another cup (makes for the pantry)

Lady U: (Rising from the sofa, suffused with emotion) Papa! Don't you know me? I'm your daughter.

Captain: Nonsense! My daughter's upstairs asleep. (vanishes thru the half door)

Lady U retires to the window to conceal her tears.

Ellie: (going to her with the cup) Don't be so distressed. Have this cup of tea. He is very old and very strange; he has been just like that to me. I know how dreadful it must be: my own father is all the world to me. Oh, I'm sure he didn't mean it.

(Captain returns with another cup)

Captain: Now we are complete. (places it on the tray)

Lady U: Papa, you can't have forgotten me. I am Ariadne. I'm little Paddy Patkins. Won't you kiss me? (she goes to him and throws her arms round his neck)

Captain: (woodenly enduring her embrace) How can you be Ariadne? You are a middle-aged woman: well preserved, madam, but no longer young.

Lady U: But think of all the years and years I have been away, Papa. I have had to grow old, like other people.

Captain: (disengaging himself) You should grow out of kissing strange men: they may be striving to attain the seventh degree of concentration.

Lady U: But I'm your daughter. You haven't seen me for years.

Captain: So much the worse! When our relatives are at home, we have to think of all their good points or it would be impossible to endure them. But when they are away, we console ourselves for their absence by dwelling on their vices. That is how I have come to think my absent daughter Ariadne a perfect fiend; so do not try to ingratiate yourself here by impersonating her. (he walks firmly away to other side of room)

Lady U: Ingratiating myself indeed! (with dignity) Very well, Papa. (sits down and pours tea for herself)

Captain: I am neglecting my social duties. You remember Dunn? Billy Dunn?

Lady U: Do you mean that villianous sailor who robbed you?

Captain: (Introducing Ellie) His daughter. (he sits on sofa)

Ellie: (protesting) No--- (Guinness returns with fresh tea)

Captain: Take that hogwash away. Do you hear?

Nurse: You've actually remembered about the tea! (To Ellie) Oh, miss, he didn't forget you after all! You have made an impression.

Captain: (gloomily) Youth! beauty! novelty! They are badly wanted in this house. I am excessively old. Hesione is only moderately young. Her children are not youthful.

Lady U: How can children be expected to be youthful in this house? Almost before we could speak we were filled with notions that might have been all very well for pagan philosophers of fifty, but were certainly quite unfit for respectable people of my age.

Nurse: You were always for respectability, Miss Addy.

Lady U: Nurse, will you please remember that I am Lady Utterword, and not Miss Addy, nor lovey, nor darling, nor doty? Do you hear?

Nurse: Yes, ducky: all right. I'll tell them all they must call you My lady. (takes tray out with undisturbed placidity)

Lady U: What comfort? what sense is there in having servants with no manners?

Ellie: Lady Utterword, do you think Mrs. Hushabye really expects me?

Lady U: Oh, don't ask me. You can see for yourself that I've just arrived; her only sister, after twenty three years' absence! and it seems that I am not expected.

Captain: What does it matter whether the young lady is expected or not? She is welcome. There are beds: there is food. I'll find a room for her myself. (he makes for the door)

Ellie: Oh, please--(he goes out) Lady Utterword, I don't know what to do. Your father persists in believing that my father is some sailor who robbed him.

Lady U: You had better pretend not to notice it. My father is a very clever man; but he always forgot things; and now that he is old, of course he is worse. And I must warn you that it is sometimes very hard to feel quite sure that he really forgets.

(Mrs. Hushabye bursts into the room tempestuously and embraces Ellie. Unlike her sister is is uncorseted and dressed anyhow in a rich robe of black pile that shows off her white skin and statuesque contour.

Mrs. Hushabye: Ellie, my darling, my pettikins (kissing her) how long have you been here? I've been at home all the time: I was putting flowers and things in your room; and when I just sat down for a moment to try how comfortable the armchair was I went off to sleep. Papa woke me and told me you were here. Fancy your finding no one, and being neglected and abandoned. (kissing her again) My poor love! (she deposits Ellie on the sofa. Meanwhile Ariadne has left the table and come over to claim her share of attention.) Oh! you've brought someone with you. Introduce me.

Lady U: Hesione, is it possible that you don't know me?

Mrs. H: (conventionally) Of course I remember your face quite well. Where have we met?

Lady U: Didn't Papa tell you I was here? Oh! this is really too much.

Mrs. H: Papa!

Lady U: Yes, Papa. Our papa, you unfeeling wretch! I'll go straight to a hotel.

Mrs. H: (seizing her by the shoulders) My goodness gracious goodness, you don't mean to say that you're Addy!

Lady U: I certainly am Addy; and I don't think I can be so changed that you would not have recognized me if you had any real affection for me. And Papa didn't think me even worth mentioning!

Mrs. H: What a lark! Sit down (she pushes her back into the chair instead of kissing her, and posts herself behind it) You do look a swell. You're much handsomer than you used to be. You've made the acquaintance of Ellie, of course. She is going to marry a perfect hog of a millionaire for the sake of her father, who is as poor as a church mouse; and you must help me to stop her.

Ellie: Oh, please, Hesione!

Mrs. H: My pettikins, the man's coming here today with your father to begin persecuting you; and everybody will see the state of the case in ten minutes; so what's the use of making a secret of it?

Ellie: He is not a hog, Hesione. You don't know how wonderfully good he was to my father, and how deeply grateful I am to him.

Mrs. H: (to Lady U.) Her father is a very remarkable man, Addy. His name is Mazzini Dunn. Mazzini was a celebrity of some kind who knew Ellie's grandparents. They were both poets, like the Brownings; and when her father came into the world Mazzini said, "Another soldier born for freedom!" So they christened him Mazzini; and he has been fighting for freedom in his quiet way ever since. That's why he is so poor.

Ellie: I am proud of his poverty.

Mrs. H: Of course you are, pettikins. Why not leave him in it, and marry someone you love?

Lady U: (rising suddenly) Hesione, are you going to kiss me or are you not?

Mrs. H: What do you want to be kissed for?

Lady U: I don't want to be kissed; but I do want you to behave properly and ecently. We are sisters. We have been separated for twenty-three years. You ought to kiss me.

Mrs. H: Tomorrow morning, dear, before you make up. I hate the smell of powder.

Lady U: Oh! you unfeeling---

Captain: (to Ellie) Your room is ready. (Ellie rises) The sheets were damp; but I have changed them (he makes for the garden door.)

Lady U: Oh! What about my sheets?

Captain: (halting at the door) Take my advice: air them: or take them off and sleep in blankets. You shall sleep in Ariadne's old room.

Lady U: Indeed I shall do nothing of the sort. That little hole! I am entitled to the best spare room.

Captain: (continuing unmoved) She married a numskull. She told me she would marry anyone to get away from home.

Lady U: You are pretending not to know me on purpose. I will leave the house.

(Mazzini Dunn enters from the hall)

Ellie: At last! Captain Shotover, here is my father.

Captain: This! Nonsense! not a bit like him (he goes away through the garden, shutting the door sharply behind him)

Lady U: I will not be ignored and pretended to be somebody else. I will have it out with Papa now, this instant. (To Mazzini) Excuse me. (She follows the captain out, making a hasty bow to Mazzini, who returns it.)

Mrs. H: (hospitably shaking hands) How good of you to come, Mr. Dunn. You don't mind Papa, do you? He is as mad as a hatter, you know, but quite harmless and extremely clever. You will have some delightful talks with him.

Mazzini: I hope so. (to Ellie) So here you are, Ellie, dear. (He draws her arm affectionately through his) I must thank you, Mrs. Hushabye, for your kindness to my daughter. I'm afraid she would have had no holiday if you had not invited her.

Mrs. H: Not at all. Very nice of her to come and attract young people to the house for us.

Mazzini: (smiling) I'm afraid Ellie is not interested in young men, Mrs. Hushabye. Her taste is on the graver, solider side.

Mrs. H: (with a sudden rather hard brightness in her manner) Won't you take off your overcoat, Mr. Dunn? You will find a cupboard for coats and hats and things in the corner of the hall.

Mazzini: (hastily releasing Ellie) Yes--thank you--I had better-- (he goes out)

Mrs. H: The old brute!

Ellie: Who?

Mrs. H: Who! Him. He. It. "Graver, solider tastes," indeed!

Ellie: You don't mean that you were speaking like that of my father!

Mrs. H: I was. You know I was.

Ellie: I will leave your house at once. (she turns to the door)

Mrs. H: If you attempt it, I'll tell your father why.

Ellie: (turning again) Oh! How can you treat a visitor like this, Mrs. Hushabye?

Mrs. H: I thought you were going to call me Hesione.

Ellie: Certainly not now?

Mrs. H: Very well: I'll tell your father.

Ellie: Oh!

Mrs. H: If you turn a hair--if you take his part against me and against your own heart for a moment, I'll give that born soldier of freedom a piece of my mind that will stand him on his selfish old head for a week.

Ellie: Hesione! My father selfish! How little you know--- (She is interrupted by Mazzini, who returns, excited)

Mazzini: Ellie, Mangan has come: I thought you'd like to know. Excuse me, Mrs. Hushabye, the strange old gentlemen---

Mrs. H: Papa. Quite so.

Mazzini: Oh, I beg your pardon, of course: I was a little confused by his manner. He is making Mangan help him with something in the garden; and he wants me too---

(a powerful whistle is heard.)

The Captain's voice: Bosun ahoy! (whistle is repeated)

Mazzini: Oh dear! I believe he is whistling for me. (He hurries out)

Mrs. H: Now my father is a wonderful man, if you like.

Ellie: Hesione, listen to me. You don't understand. My father and Mr. Mangan were boys together. Mr. Ma---

Mrs. H: I don't care what they were: we must sit down if you are going to begin as far back as that. (she snatches at Ellie's waist, and makes her sit down on the sofa beside her) Now, pettikins, tell me all about Mr. Mangan. They call him Boss Mangan, don't they? He is a Napoleon of industry and disgustingly rich, isn't he? Why isn't your father rich?

Ellie: My poor father should never have been in business. His parents were poets; and they gave him the noblest ideas; but they could not afford to give him a profession.

Mrs. H: Fancy your grandparents, with their eyes in fine frenzy rolling! And so your poor father had to go into business. Hasn't he succeeded in it?

Ellie: He always used to say he could succeed if he only had some capital. He fought his way along, to keep a roof over our heads and bring us up well; but it was always a struggle; always the same difficulty of not having capital enough. I don't know how to describe it to you.

Mrs. H: Poor Ellie! I know. Pulling the devil by the tail.

Ellie: (hurt) Oh, no. Not like that. It was at least dignified.

Mrs. H: That made it all the harder, didn't it? I shouldn't have pulled the devil by the tail with dignity. I should have pulled hard (between her teeth) ---hard. Well? Go on.

Ellie: At last it seemed that all our troubles were at an end. Mr. Mangan did an extraordinarily noble thing out of pure friendship for my father and respect for his character. He asked him how much capital he wanted, and gave it to him. He just simply made him a present of it. Wasn't that splendid of him?

Mrs. H: On condition that you married him?

Ellie: Oh, no, no, no! This was when I was a child. He had never even seen me: he never came to our house. It was absolutely disinterested. Pure generosity.

Mrs. H: Oh! I beg the gentleman's pardon. Well, what became of the money?

Ellie: We all got new clothes and moved into another house. And I went to another school for two years.

Mrs. H: Only two years?

Ellie: That was all: for at the end of two years my father was utterly ruined.

Mrs. H: How?

Ellie: I don't know. I never could understand. But it was dreadful. When we were poor my father had never been in debt. But when he launched out into business on a large scale, he had to incur liabilities. When the business went into liquidation he owed more money than Mr. Mangan had given him.

Mrs. H: Bit off more than he could chew, I suppose.

Ellie: I think you are a little unfeeling about it.

Mrs. H: My pettikins, you mustn't mind my way of talking. I was quite as sensitive and particular as you once; but I have picked up so much slang from the children that I am really hardly presentable. I suppose your fahher had no head for business, and made a mess of it.

Ellie: Oh, that just shows how entirely you are mistaken about him. The business turned out a great success. It now pays forty-four percent after deducting the excess profits tax.

Mrs. H: Then why aren't you rolling in money?

Ellie: I don't know. It seems very unfair to me. You see, my father was made bankrupt. It nearly broke his heart, because he had persuaded several of his friends to put money into the business. He was sure it would succeed; and events proved that he was quite right. But they all lost their money. It was dreadful. I don't know what we should have done but for Mr. Mangan.

Mrs. H: What! Did the Boss come to the rescue again, after all his money being thrown away?

Ellie: He did indeed, and never uttered a reproach to my father. He bought what was left of the business --the buildings and the machinery and things---. Then Mr. Mangan started a company to take up the business, and made my father a manager in it to save us from starvation; for I wasn't earning anything then.

Mrs. H: Quite a romance. And when did the Boss develop the tender passion?

Ellie: Oh, that was years after, quite lately. He took the chair one night at a sort of people's concert. I was singing there. As an amateur, you know: He was so pleased with my singing that he asked might he walk home with me. I never saw anyone so taken aback as he was when I took him home and introduced him to my father, his own manager. It was then that my father told me how nobly he had behaved. Of course it was considered a great chance for me, as he is so rich. And--and--we drifted into a sort of understanding--I suppose I should call it an engagement--(she is distressed and cannot go on)

Mrs. H: (rising and marching about) You may have drifted into it; but you will bounce out of it, my pettikins, if I am to have anything to do with it.

Ellie: No: it's no use. I am bound in honor and gratitude. I will go through with it.

Mrs. H: (behind the sofa, scolding down at her) You know, of course, that it's not honorable or grateful to marry a man you don't love. Do you love this Mangan man?

Ellie: Yes. At least---

Mrs. H: I don't want to know about "at least": I want to know the worst. Girls of your age fall in love with all sorts of impossible people, especially old people.

Ellie: I like Mr. Mangan very much; and I shall always be----

Mrs. H: ----grateful to him for his kindness to dear father. I know. Anybody else?

Ellie: What do you mean?

Mrs. H: Anybody else? Are you in love with anybody else?

Ellie: Of course not.

Mrs. H: Humph! (the book on the drawing table catches her eye. She picks it up, and evidently finds the title very unexpected. She looks at Ellie, and asks quaintly) Quite sure you're not in love with an actor?

Ellie: No, no. Why? What put such a thing into your head?

Mrs. H: This is yours, isn't it? Why else should you be reading Othello?

Ellie: My father taught me to love Shakespeare.

Mrs. H: (flinging the book down on the table) Really! your father does seem to be about the limit.

Ellie: (naively) Do you never read Shakespeare, Hesione? That seems to me so extraordinary. I like Othello.

Mrs. H: Do you indeed? He was jealous, wasn't he?

Ellie: Oh, not that. I think all the part about jealousy is horrible. But don't you think it must have been a wonderful experience for Desdemona, brought up so quietly at home, to meet a man who had been out in the world doing all sorts of brave things and having terrible adventures, and yet finding something in her that made him love to sit and talk with her and tell her about them?

Mrs. H: That's your idea of romance, is it?

Ellie: Not romance exactly. It might really happen. (Ellie's eyes show that she is not arguing, but in a day dream. Mrs. H., watching her inquisitively, goes deliberately back to the sofa and resumes her seat beside her.)

Mrs. H: Ellie darling, have you noticed that some of those stories that Othello told Desdemona couldn't have happened?

Ellie: Oh no. Shakespeare thought they could have happened.

Mrs. H: Hm! Desdemona thought they could have happened. But they didn't.

Ellie: Why do you look so enigmatic about it? You are such a sphinx: I never know what you mean.

Mrs. H: Desdemona would have found him out if she had lived, you know. I wonder was that why he strangled her!

Ellie: Othello was not telling lies.

Mrs. H: How do you know?

Ellie: Shakespeare should have said if he was. Hesione, there are men who have done wonderful things: men like Othello, only, of course, white, and very handsom, and------

Mrs. H: Ah! Now we're coming to it. Tell me all about him. I knew there must be somebody, or you'd never have been so miserable about Mangan: You'd have thought it quite a lark to marry him.

Ellie: (blushing vividly) Hesione, you are dreadful. But I don't want to make a secret of it, though of course I don't tell everybody. Besides, I don't know him.

Mrs. H: Don't know him! What does that mean?

Ellie: Well, of course I know him to speak to.

Mrs. H: But you want to know him ever so much more intimately, eh?

Ellie: No, no: I know him quite----almost intimately.

Mrs. H: You don't know him; and you know him almost intimately. How lucid!

Ellie: I mean that he does not call on us. I---I got into conversation with him by chance at a concert.

Mrs. H: You seem to have rather a gay time at your concerts, Ellie.

Ellie: Not at all: we talk to everyone in the green room waiting for our turns. I thought he was one of the artists: he looked so splendid. But he was only one of the committee. I happened to tell him that I was copying a picture at the National Gallery. I make a little money that way. I can't paint much; but as it's always the same picture I can do it pretty quickly and get two or three pounds for it. It happened that he came to the National Gallery one day.

Mrs. H: One students' day. Paid sixpence to stumble about through a crowd of easels, when he might have come in next day for nothing and found the floor clear! Quite by accident?

Ellie: (triumphantly) No. On purpose. He liked talking to me. He knows lots of the most splendid people. Fashionable women who are all in love with him. But he ran away from them to see me at the National Gallery and persuade me to come with him for a drive round Richmond Park in a taxi.

Mrs. H: My pettikins, you have been going it. It's wonderful what you good girls can do without anyone saying a word.

Ellie: I am not in society, Hesione. If I didn't make acquaintances in that way I shouldn't have any at all.

Mrs. H: Well, no harm if you know how to take care of yourself. May I ask his name?

Ellie: (slowly and musically) Marcus Darnley.

Mrs. H: (echoing the music) Marcus Darnley! What a splendid name!

Ellie: Oh, I'm so glad you think so. I think so too; but I was afraid it was only a silly fancy of my own.

Mrs. H: Hm! Is he one of the Aberdeen Darnleys?

Ellie: Nobody knows. Just fancy! He was found in an antique chest----

Mrs. H: A what?

Ellie: An antique chest, one summer morning in a rose garden, after a night of the most terrible thunderstorm.

Mrs. H: What on earth was he doing in the chest? Did he get into it because he was afraid of the lightning?

Ellie: Oh, no, no: He was a baby. The name Marcus Darnley was embroidered on his baby clothes. And five hundred pounds in gold.

Mrs. H: (looking hard at her) Ellie!

Ellie: The garden of the Viscount---

Mrs. H: ---de Rougemont?

Ellie: (innocently) No: de Larochejaquelin. A French family. A vicomte. His life has been one long romance. A tiger----

Mrs. H: Slain by his own hand?

Ellie: Oh, no: nothing vulgar like that. He saved the life of the tiger from a hunting party; one of King Edward's hunting parties in India. The King was furious; that was why he never had his military services properly recognized. But he doesn't care. He is a Socialist and despises rank, and has been in three revolutions fighting on the barricades.

Mrs. H: How can you sit there telling me such lies? You, Ellie, of all people! And I thought you were a perfectly simple, straightforward, good girl.

Ellie: Do you mean to say you don't believe me?

Mrs. H: Of course I don't believe you. You're inventing every word of it. Do you take me for a fool?

(Ellie stares at her. Her candor is so obvious that Mrs. H. is puzzled)

Ellie: Goodbye, Hesione. I'm very sorry. I see now that it sounds very improbably as I tell it. But I can't stay if you think that way about me.

Mrs. H: (catching her dress) You shan't go. I couldn't be so mistaken: I know too well what liars are like. Somebody has really told you all this.

Ellie: (flushing) Hesione, don't say that you don't believe him. I couldn't bear that.

Mrs. H: (soothing her) Of course I believe him dearest. But you should have broken it to me by degrees. (drawing her back to her seat) Now tell me all about him. Are you in love with him?

Ellie: Oh, no. I'm not so foolish. I don't fall in love with people. I'm not so silly as you think.

Mrs. H: I see. Only something to think about---to give some interest and pleasure to life.

Ellie: Just so. That's all, really.

Mrs. H: (caressing her) Pettikins, my pettikins, how I envy you! and how I pity you!

Ellie: Pity me! Oh, why?

(A very handsome man of fifty, with mousquetaire moustaches, wearing a rather dandified curly brimmed hat, and carrying an elaborate walking-stick, comes into the room from the hall, and stops short at sight of the women on the sofa.)

Ellie: (seeing him and rising in glad surprise) Oh! Hesione: this is Mr. Marcus Darnley.

Mrs. H: (rising) What a lark! He is my husband.

Ellie: But now--- (she stops suddenly: then turns pale and sways)

Mrs. H: (catching her and sitting down with her on the sofa) Steady, my pettikins.

The Man: (with a mixture of confusion and effrontery, depositing his hat and stick on the teak table) My real name, Miss Dunn, is Hector Hushabye. I leave you to judge whether that is a name any sensitive man would care to confess to. I never use it when

I can possibly help it. I have been away for nearly a month; and I had no idea you knew my wife, or that you were coming here. I am none the less delighted to find you in our little house.

Ellie: (in great distress) I don't know what to do. Please, may I speak to Papa? Do leave me. I can't bear it.

Mrs. H: Be off, Hector.

Hector: I-----

Mrs. H: Quick, quick. Get out.

Hector: If you think it better---(he goes out, taking his hat with him but leaving the stick on the table.)

Mrs. H: (laying Ellie down at the end of the sofa) Now, pettikins, he is gone. There's nobody but me. You can let yourself go. Don't try to control yourself. Have a good cry.

Ellie: Damn!

Mrs. H: Splendid! Oh, what a relief! I thought you were going to be broken-hearted. Never mind me. Damn him again.

Ellie: I am not damning him. I am damning myself for being such a fool. (rising) How could I let myself be taken in so? (she begins prowling to and fro, her bloom gone, looking curiously older and harder)

Mrs. H: Why not, pettikins? Very few young women can resist Hector. I couldn't when I was your age. He is really rather splendid, you know.

Ellie: Splendid! Yes, splendid looking, of course. But how can you love a liar?

Mrs. H: I don't know. But you can, fortunately. Otherwise there wouldn't be much love in the world.

Ellie: But to lie like that! To be a boaster! a coward!

Mrs. H: (rising) Pettikins, none of that, if you please. If you hint the slightest doubt of Hector's courage, he will go straight off and do the most

horribly dangerous things to convince himself that he isn't a coward. He has a dreadful trick of getting out of one third-floor window and coming in at another, just to test his nerve. He has a whole drawer full of Albert Medals for saving people's lives.

Ellie: He never told me that.

Mrs. H: He never boasts of anything he really did: He can't bear it; and it makes him shy if anyone else does. All his stories are made-up stories.

Ellie: Do you mean that he is really brave, and really has adventured, and yet tells lies about things that he never did and that never happened?

Mrs. H: Yes, pettikins, I do. People don't have their virtues and vices in sets: they have them anyhow: all mixed.

Ellie: There's something odd about this house, Hesione, and even about you. I don't know why I'm talking to you so calmly. I have a horrible fear that my heart is broken, but that heartbreak is not like what I thought it must be.

Mrs. H: (fondling her) It's only life educating you, pettikins. How do you feel about Boss Mangan now?

Ellie: (disengaging herself with an expression of distaste) Oh, how can you remind me of him, Hesione?

Mrs. H: Sorry, dear. I think I hear Hector coming back. You don't mind now, do you, dear?

Ellie: Not in the least. I am quite cured.

(Mazzini Dunn and Hector come in from the hall)

Hector: (as he opens the door and allows Mazzini to pass in) One second more, and she would have been a dead woman!

Mazzini: Dear! dear! what an escape! Ellie, my love, Mr. Hushabye has just been telling me the most extraordinary--

Ellie: Yes, I've heard it (she crosses to the other side of the room)

Hector: (following her) Not this one: I'll tell it to you after dinner. I think you'll like it. The truth is I made it up for you, and was looking forward to the pleasure of telling it to you. But in a moment of impatience at being turned out of the room, I threw it away on your father.

Ellie: (turning at bay with her back to the carpenter's bench scornfully self-possessed) It was not thrown away. He believes it. I should not have believed it.

Mazzini: (benevolently) Ellie is very naughty, Mr. Hushabye. Of course she does not really think that.

(Boss Mangan comes in from the hall, followed by the Captain.)

Captain: (to Mrs. H., introducing the newcomer) Says his name is Mangan. Not able bodied.

Mrs. H: (graciously) How do you do, Mr. Mangan?

Mangan: (shaking hands) Very pleased.

Captain: Dunn's lost his muscle, but recovered his nerve. Men seldom do after three attacks of delirioum tremens. (he goes into the pantry)

Mrs. H: I congratulate you, Mr. Dunn.

Mazzini: (dazed) I am a lifelong teetotaler.

Mrs. H: You will find it far less trouble to let papa have his own way than try to explain.

Mazzini: But three attacks of delirium tremens, really!

Mrs. H: (to Mangan) Do you know my husband, Mr. Mangan (she indicates Hector)

Mangan: (going to Hector, who meets him with outstretched hand) Very pleased. (turning to Ellie) I hope, Miss Ellie, you have not found the journey down too fatiguing. (they shake hands)

Mrs. H: Hector, show Mr. Dunn his room.

Hector: Certainly. Come along, Mr. Dunn. (he takes Mazzini out)

Ellie: You haven't shown me my room yet, Hesione.

Mrs. H: How stupid of me! Come along. Make yourself quite at home, Mr. Mangan. Papa will entertain you. Papa, come and explain the house to Mr. Mangan.

(she goes out with Ellie. The captain comes in from the pantry)

Captain: You're going to marry Dunn's daughter. Don't. You're too old.

Mangan: (staggered) Well! That's fairly blunt, Captain.

Captain: It's true.

Mangan: She doesn't think so.

Captain: She does.

Mangan: Older men than I have----

Captain: made fools of themselves. That, also is true.

Mangan: I don't see that this is any business of yours.

Captain: It is everybody's business. The stars in their courses are shaken when such things happen.

Mangan: I'm going to marry her all the same.

Captain: How do you know?

Mangan: I intend to. I mean to. See? I never made up my mind to do a thing yet that I didn't bring it off. That's the sort of man I am: and there will be a better understanding between us when you make up your mind to that, Captain.

Captain: You frequent picture palaces.

Mangan: Perhaps I do. Who told you?

Captain: Talk like a man, not like a movy. You mean that you make a hundred thousand a year.

Mangan: I don't boast. But when I meet a man that makes a hundred thousand a year, I take off my hat

to that man, stretch out my hand to him and call him brother.

Captain: Then you also make a hundred thousand a year, hey?

Mangan: No. I can't say that. Fifty thousand, perhaps.

Captain: His half brother only. (he turns away from Mangan with his usual abruptness, and collects the empty tea-cups on the Chinese tray.)

Mangan: (irritated) See here, Captain Shotover, I don't quite understand my position here. I came here on your daughter's invitation. Am I in her house or in yours?

Captain: You are beneath the dome of heaven, in the house of God. What is true within these walls is true outside them. Go out on the seas; climb the mountains; wander through the valleys. She is still too young.

Mangan: (weakening) But I'm very little over fifty.

Captain: You are still less under sixty. Boss Mangan, you will not marry the pirate's child. (he carries the tray away into the pantry)

Mangan: (following him to the half door) What pirate's child? What are you talking about?

Captain: (in the pantry) Ellie Dunn. You will not marry her.

Mangan: Who will stop me?

Captain: (emerging) My daughter (he makes for the door leading to the hall)

Mangan: (following him) Mrs. Hushabye! Do you mean to say she brought me down here to break it off?

Captain: (stopping and turning on him) I know nothing more than I have seen in her eye. She will break it off. Take my advice: marry a West Indian negress: they make excellent wives. I was married to one myself for two years.

Mangan: Well, I am damned!

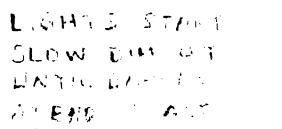
Captain: I thought so. I was, too, for many years. The negress redeemed me.

Mangan: (feebly) This is queer. I ought to walk out of this house.

Captain: Why?

Mangan: Well, many men would be offended by your style of talking.

Captain: Nonsense! It's the other sort of talking that makes quarrels. Nobody ever quarrels with me.



(A gentleman, whose first-rate tailoring and frictionless manners proclaim the wellbred West Ender, comes in from the hall. He has an engaging air of being young and unmarried, but on close inspection is found to be at least over forty.

Gentleman: Excuse my intruding in this fashion, but there is no knocker on the door and the bell does not seem to ring.

Captain: Why should there be a knocker? Why should the bell ring? The door is open.

Gentleman: Precisely. So I ventured to come in.

Captain: Quite right. I will see about a room for you.

Gentleman: But I'm afraid you don't know who I am.

Captain: Do you suppose that at my age I make distinctions between one fellow creature and another? (he goes out. Mangan and the newcomer stare at one another)

Mangan: Strange character, Captain Shotover, sir.

Gentleman: Very.

Captain: (shouting outside) Hesione, another person has arrived and wants a room. Man about town, well dressed, fifty.

Gentleman: Fancy Hesione's feelings! May I ask are you a member of the family?

Mangan: No.

Gentleman: I am. At least a connection. (Mrs. H. comes back)

Mrs. H: How do you do? How good of you to come!

Gentleman: I am very glad indeed to make your acquaintance, Hesione. (Instead of taking her hand he kisses her. At the same moment the captain appears in the doorway) You will excuse my kissing your daughter, Captain, when I tell you that----

Captain: Stuff! Everyone kisses my daughter. Kiss her as much as you like (he makes for the pantry)

Gentleman: Thank you. One moment, Captain. (the captain halts and turns. The gentleman goes to him affably.) Do you happen to remember---but probably you don't, as it occurred many years ago--that your younger daughter married a numskull?

Captain: Yes. She said she'd marry anybody to get away from this house. I should not have recognized you: your head is no longer like a walnut. Your aspect is softened. You have been boiled in bread and milk for years and years, like other married men. Poor devil! (he disappears into the pantry)

Mrs. H: (going past Mangan to the gentleman and scrutinizing him) I don't believe you are Hastings Utterword.

Gentleman: I am not.

Mrs. H: Then what business had you to kiss me?

Gentleman: I thought I would like to. The fact is, I am Randall Utterword, the unworthy younger brother of Hastings. I was abroad diplomatizing when he was married.

Lady U: (dashing in) Hesione, where is the key to the wardrobe in my room? My diamonds are in my dressing-bag; I must lock it up----Randall, how dare you? (she marches at him past Mrs. H., who retreats and joins Mangan near the Sofa)

Randall: How dare I what? I am not doing anything.

Lady U: Who told you I was here?

Randall: Hastings. You had just left when I called on you at Claridge's; so I followed you down here. You are looking extremely well.

Lady U: Don't presume to tell me so.

Mrs. H: What is wrong with Mr. Randall, Addy?

Lady U: (recollecting herself) Oh, nothing. But he has no right to come bothering you and papa without being invited. (she goes to the window seat and sits down, turning away from them ill-humoredly and looking into the garden, where Hector and Ellie are now seen strolling together)

Mrs. H: I think you have not met Mr. Mangan, Addy.

Lady U: (turning her head and nodding coldly to Mangan) I beg your pardon. Randall, you have flustered me so: I make a perfect fool of myself.

Mrs. H: Lady Utterword. My sister. My younger sister.

Mangan: (bowing) Pleased to meet you, Lady Utterword.

Lady U: (with marked interest) Who is that gentleman walking in the garden with Miss Dunn?

Mrs. H: I don't know. She quarrelled mortally with my husband only ten minutes ago; and I didn't know anyone else had come. It must be a visitor. (she goes to the window to look) Oh, it is Hector. They've made it up.

Lady U: Your husband! That handsome man?

Mrs. H: Well, why shouldn't my husband be a handsome man?

Randall: (joining them at the window) One's husband never is, Ariadne.

Mrs. H: One's sister's husband always is, Mr. Randall.

Lady U: Don't be vulgar, Randall. And you, Hesione, are just as bad.

(Ellie and Hector come in from the garden by the starboard door. Randall rises. Ellie retires into

the corner near the pantry. Hector comes forward; and Lady U rises looking her very best)

Mrs. H: Hector, this is Addy.

Hector: (apparently surprised) Not this lady.

Lady U: (smiling) Why not?

Hector: (looking at her with a piercing glance) I thought----I beg your pardon, Lady Utterword. I am extremely glad to welcome you at last under our roof (he offers his hand with grave courtesy)

Mrs. H: She wants to be kissed, Hector.

Lady U: Hesione! (but she still smiles)

Mrs. H: Call her Addy; and kiss her like a good brother-in-law; and have done with it. (she leaves them to themselves).

Hector: Behave yourself, Hesione. Lady Utterword is entitled not only to hospitality but to civilization.

Lady U: (gratefully) Thank you, Hector. (they shake hands cordially)

Captain: (coming from the pantry and addressing Ellie) Your father has washed himself.

Ellie: He often does, Captain Shotover.

Captain: A strange conversion! I saw him through the pantry window.

(Mazzini Dunn enters through the port window door, newly washed and brushed, and stops, smiling benovolently, between Mangan and Mrs. H)

Mrs. H: (introducing) Mr. Mazzini Dunn, Lady Ut--oh, I forgot; you've met. (indicating Ellie) Miss Dunn.

Mazzini: (walking across the room to take Ellie's hand) I have met Miss Dunn also. She is my daughter . (he draws her arm through his caressingly)

Mrs. H: Of course: how stupid! Mr. Utterword, my sister's--er--

Randall: (shaking hands agreeably) Her brother-in-law, Mr. Dunn. How do you do?

Mrs. H: This is my husband.

Hector: We have met, dear. Don't introduce us any more. Won't you sit down, Lady Utterword? (she does so very graciously)

Mrs. H: Sorry. I hate it: it's like making people show their tickets.

Mazzini: How little it tells us, after all! The great question is, not who we are, but what we are.

Captain: Ha! What are you?

Mazzini: What am I?

Captain: A thief, a pirate, and a murderer.

Mazzini: I assure you you are mistaken.

Captain: An adventurous life; but what does it end in? Respectability. A ladylike daughter. The language and appearance of a city mixxionary. Let it be a warning to all of you. (he goes out through the garden)

Dunn: I hope nobody here believes that I am a thief, a pirate, or a murderer. Mrs. Hushabye, will you excuse me for a moment? I must really go and explain. (he follows the captain)

Mrs. H: (as he goes) It's no use. You'd really better----(Dunn has vanished) We had better all go out and look for some tea. We never have regular tea; but you can always get some when you want; the servants keep it stewing all day. The kitchen veranda is the best place to ask. May I show you? (she goes to the starboard door)

Randall: (going with her) Thank you, I don't think I'll take any tea this afternoon. But if you will show me the garden--

Mrs. H: There's nothing to see in the garden except papa's observatory, and a gravel pit with a cave where he keeps dynamite and things of that sort. However, it's pleasanter out of doors; so come along.

Randall: Dynamite! Isn't that rather risky?

Mrs. H: Well, we don't sit in the gravel pit when there's a thunderstorm.

Lady U: That's something new. What is the dynamite for?

Hector: To blow up the human race if it goes too far. He is trying to discover a psychic ray that will explode all the explosive at the will of a Mahatma.

Ellie: The captain's tea is delicious, Mr. Utterword.

Mrs. H: (stopping in the doorway) Do you mean to say that you've had some of my father's tea? that you got around him before you were ten minutes in the house?

Ellie: I did.

Mrs. H: You little devil! (she goes out with Randall)

Mangan: Won't you come, Miss Ellie?

Ellie: I'm too tired. I'll take a book up to my room and rest a little. (she goes to bookshelf)

Mangan: Right. You can't do better. But I'm disappointed. (he follows Randall and Mrs. H)
(Ellie, Hector and Lady Utterword are left. Hector is close to Lady U. They look at Ellie, waiting for her to go)

Ellie: (looking at the title of a book) Do you like stories of adventure, Lady Utterword?

Lady U: (patronizingly) Of course, dear.

Ellie: Then I'll leave you to Mr. Hushabye. (she goes out through the hall)

Hector: That girl is mad about tales of adventure. The lies I have to tell her!

Lady U: When you saw me what did you mean by saying that you thought, and then stopping short? What did you think?

Hector: May I tell you?

Lady U: Of course.

Hector: It will not sound very civil. I was on the point of saying, "I thought you were a plain woman."

Lady U: Oh, for shame, Hector! What right had you to notice whether I am plain or not?

Hector: Listen to me, Ariadne. Until today I have seen only photographs of you; and no photograph can give the strange fascination of the daughters of that supernatural old man. There is some damnable quality in them that destroys men's moral sense, and carries them beyond honor and dishonor. You know that, don't you?

Lady U: Perhaps I do, Hector. But let me warn you once for all that I am a rigidly conventional woman. You may think because I'm a Shotover that I'm Bohemian, because we are all so horribly Bohemian. But I'm not. I hate and loathe Bohemianism. No child brought up in a strict Puritan household ever suffered from Puritanism as I suffered from our Bohemianism.

Hector: Our children are like that. They spend their holidays in the houses of their respectable school fellows.

Lady U: I shall invite them for Christmas.

Hector: Their absence leaves us both without our natural chaperones.

Lady U: Children are certainly very inconvenient sometimes. But intelligent people can always manage, unless they are Bohemians.

Hector: You are no Bohemian; but you are no Puritan either; your attraction is alive and powerful. What sort of woman do you count yourself?

Lady U: I am a woman of the world, Hector; and I can assure you that if you will only take the trouble always to do the perfectly correct thing, and to say the perfectly correct thing, you can do just what you like. An ill-conducted, careless woman gets simply no chance. An ill-conducted, careless man is never allowed within arm's length of any woman worth knowing.

Hector: I see. You are neither a Bohemian woman or a Puritan woman. You are a dangerous woman.

Lady U: On the contrary, I am a safe woman.

Hector: You are a most accursedly attractive woman. Mind, I am not making love to you. I do not like being

attracted. But you had better know how I feel if you are going to stay here.

Lady U: You are an exceedingly clever lady-killer, Hector. And terribly handsome. I am quite a good player, myself, at that game. Is it quite understood that we are only playing?

Hector: Quite. I am deliberately playing the fool, out of sheer worthlessness.

Lady U: (rising brightly) Well, you are my brother-in-law. Hesione asked you to kiss me. (he seizes her in his arms and kisses her strenuously) Oh! that was a little more than play, brother-in-law. (she pushes him suddenly away) You shall not do that again.

Hector: In effect, you got your claws deeper into me than I intended.

CAUTION LIGHTS

Mrs. H: (coming in from the garden) Don't let me disturb you; I only want a cap to put on daddiest. The sun is setting; and he'll catch cold (she makes for the door leading to the hall)

Lady U: Your husband is quite charming, darling. He has actually condescended to kiss me at last. I shall go into the garden: it's cooler now (she goes out by the port door)

Mrs. H: Take care, dear child. I don't believe any man can kiss Addy without falling in love with her. (she goes into hall)

Hector: (striking himself on the chest) Fool! Goat!

(Mrs. H. comes back with the captain's cap.)

Hector: Your sister is an extremely enterprising old girl. Where's Miss Dunn?

Mrs. H: Mangan says she has gone up to her room for a nap. Addy won't let you talk to Ellie: she has marked you for her own.

Hector: She has the diabolical family fascination. I began making love to her automatically. What am I to do? I can't fall in love, and I can't hurt a woman's feelings by telling her so when she falls in love with me. And as women are always falling in love with my moustache I get landed in all sorts of

tedious and terrifying flirtations in which I'm not a bit in earnest.

Mrs. H: Oh, neither is Addy. She has never been in love in her life, though she has always been trying to fall in head over ears. She is worse than you, because you had one real go at least, with me.

Hector: That was a confounded madness. You fascinated me; but I loved you; so it was heaven. This sister of yours fascinates me; but I hate her; so it is hell. I shall kill her if she persists.

Mrs. H: Nothing will kill Addy; she is as strong as a horse. (releasing him) Now I am going off to fascinate somebody.

Hector: The Foreign Office Staff? Randall?

Mrs. H: Goodness gracious, no! Why should I fascinate him?

Hector: I presume you don't mean the bloated capitalist, Mangan?

Mrs. H: HM! I think he had better be fascinated by me than by Ellie. (she is going into the garden when the captain comes in from it with some sticks in his hand) What have you got there, daddiest?

Captain: Dynamite.

Mrs. H: You've been to the gravel pit. Don't drop it about the house, there's a dear. (she goes into the garden, where the evening light is now very red.)

Hector: Listen, O sage. How long dare you concentrate on a feeling without risking have it fixed in your consciousness all the rest of your life?

Captain: Ninety minutes. An hour and a half (he goes into the pantry)

(Hector, left along, contracts his brows, and falls into a day-dream. He does not move for some time. Then he folds his arms. Then, throwing his hands behind him, and gripping one with the other, he strides tragically once to and fro. Suddenly he snatches his walking stick from the teak table, and draws it; for it is a sword stick. He fights a desperate duel with an imaginary antagonist, and after many vicissitudes

runs him through the body up to the hilt. He sheathes his sword and throws it on the sofa, falling into another reverie as he does so. He looks straight into the eyes of an imaginary woman; seizes her by the arms; and says in a deep and thrilling tone, "Do you love me!" The captain comes out of the pantry at this moment; and Hector, caught with his arms stretched out and his fists clenched, has to account for his attitude by going through a series of gymnastic exercises.)

Captain: That sort of strength is no good. You will never be as strong as a gorilla.

Hector: What is the dynamite for?

Captain: To kill fellows like Mangan.

Hector: No use. They will always be able to buy more dynamite than you.

Captain: I will make a dynamite that he cannot explode.

Hector: And that you can, eh?

Captain: Yes: when I have attained the seventh degree of concentration.

Hector: What's the use of that? You never do attain it.

Captain: What then is to be done? Are we to be kept forever in the mud by these hogs to whom the universe is nothing but a machine for greasing their bristles and filling their snouts?

Hector: Are Mangan's bristles worse than Randall's lovelocks?

Captain: We must win powers of life and death over them both. I refuse to die until I have invented the means.

Hector: Who are we that we should judge them?

Captain: What are they that they should judge us? Yet they do, unhesitatingly. There is enmity between our seed and their seed. They know it and act on it, strangling our souls. They believe in themselves. When we believe in ourselves, we shall kill them.

Hector: It is the same seed. You forget that your pirate has a very nice daughter. Mangan's son may be a Plato; Randall's a Shelley. What was my father?

Captain: The dammedst scoundrel I ever met. (he replaces the drawing-board; sits down at the table; and begins to mix a wash of color.)

Hector: Precisely. Well, dare you kill his innocent grandchildren?

Captain: They are mine also.

Hector: Just so. We are members one of another. (he throws himself carelessly on the sofa) We live among the Mangans and Randalls and Billie Dunns as they, poor devils, live among the disease germs and the doctors and the lawyers and the parsons and the restaurant chefs and the tradesmen and the servants and all the rest of the parasites and blackmailers. What are our terrors to theirs:? Give me the power to kill them; and I'll spare them in sheer---

Captain: Fellow feeling?

Hector: No. I should kill myself if I believed that. I must believe that my spark, small as it is, is divine, and that the red light over their door is hell fire. I should spare them in simple magnanimous pity.

Captain: You can't spare them until you have the power to kill them. At present they have the power to kill you. There are millions of blacks over the water for them to train and let loose on us. They're going to do it. They're doing already.

Hector: They are too stupid to use their power.

Captain: (throwing down his brush and coming to the end of the sofa) Do not deceive yourself: they do use it. We kill the better half of ourselves every day to propitiate them. The knowledge that these people are there to render all our aspirations barren prevents us having the aspirations. And when we are tempted to seek their destruction they bring forth demons to delude us, disguised as pretty daughters, and singers and poets and the like, for whose sake we spare them,

Hector: (sitting up) May not Hesione be such a demon, brought forth by you lest I should slay you?

Captain: That is possible. She has used you up, and left you nothing but dreams, as some women do.

Hector: Vampire women, demon women.

Captain: Men think the world well lost for them, and lose it accordingly. Who are the men that do things? The husbands of the shrew and of the drunkard, the men with the thorn in the flesh. (walking distractedly away towards the pantry) I must think these things out. (turning suddenly) But I go on with the dynamite none the less. I will discover a ray mightier than any X-ray; a mind ray that will explode the ammunition in the belt of my adversary before he can point his gun at me. And I must hurry. I am old; I have no time to waste in talk (he is about to go into the pantry)

Mrs. H: Daddiest, you and Hector must come and help me to entertain all these people. What on earth were you shouting about?

Hector: He is madder than usual.

Mrs. H: We all are.

Hector: I must change (starts for hall door)

Mrs. H: Stop, stop. Come back, both of you. Come back. (they return, reluctantly) Money is running short.

Hector: Money! Where are my April dividends?

Mrs. H: Where is the snow that fell last year?

Captain: Where is all the money you had for that patent lifeboat I invented?

Mrs. H: Five hundred pounds; and I have made it last since Easter!

Captain: Since Easter! Barely four months! Monstrous extravagance! I could live for seven years on 500 pounds.

Mrs. H: Not keeping open house as we do here, daddiest.

Captain: Only 500 pounds for that lifeboat! I got twelve thousand for the invention before that.

Mrs. H: Yes, dear; but that was for the ship with the magnetic keel that sucked up submarines. Living at the rate we do, you cannot afford life-saving inventions. Can't you think of something that will murder half Europe at one bang?

Captain: No, I am ageing fast. My mind does not dwell on slaughter as it did when I was a boy. Why doesn't your husband invent something. He does nothing but tell lies to women.

Hector: Well, that is a form of invention, is it not? However, you are right; I ought to support my wife.

Mrs. H: Indeed you shall do nothing of the sort. I should never see you from breakfast to dinner. I want my husband.

Hector: (bitterly) I might as well be your lapdog.

Mrs. H: Do you want to be my breadwinner, like the other poor husbands?

Hector: No, by thunder! What a damned creature a husband is anyhow!

Mrs. H: (to the captain) What about that harpoon cannon?

Captain: No use. It kills whales, not men.

Mrs. H: Why not? You fire the harpoon out of a cannon. It sticks in the enemy's general; you wind him in; and there you are.

Hector: You are your father's daughter, Hesione.

Captain: There is something in it. Not to wind in generals; they are not dangerous. But one could fire a grapnel and wind in a machine gun or even a tank. I will think it out.

Mrs. H: (squeezing the captain's arm affectionately) Saved! You are a darling, daddiest. Now we must go back to these dreadful people and entertain them.

Captain: They have had no dinner. Don't forget that.

Hector: Neither have I. And it is dark: it must be all hours.

Mrs. H: Oh, Guinness will produce some sort of dinner for them. The servants always take jolly good care that there is food in the house.

Captain: (raising a strange wail in the darkness) What a house! What a daughter!

Mrs. H: (raving) What a father!

Hector: What a husband!

Captain: Is there no thunder in heaven?

Hector: Is there no beauty, no bravery, on earth?

Mrs. H: What do men want: They have their food, their firesides, their clothes mended, and our love at the end of the day. Why are they not satisfied? Why do they envy us the pain with which we bring them into the world, and make strange dangers and torments for themselves to be even with us?

Captain: (weirdly chanting) I builded a house for my daughters, and opened the doors thereof,
That men might come for their choosing, and their betters spring from their love;
But one of them married a numskull;

Hector: (taking up the rhythm) The other a liar wed;

Mrs. H: (completing the stanza) And now must she lie beside him, even as she made her bed.

Lady U: (calling from the garden) Hesione! Hesione! Where are you?

Hector: The cat is on the tiles.

Mrs. H: Coming, darling, coming. (she goes quickly into the garden) (The captain goes back to his place at the table)

Hector: (going out into the hall) Shall I turn up the lights for you?

Captain: No. Give me deeper darkness. Money is not made in the light.

ACT TWO

The same room, with the lights turned up and the curtains drawn. Ellie comes in, followed by Mangan. Both are dressed for dinner. She strolls to the drawing table. He comes between the table and the wicker chair.

Mangan: What a dinner! I don't call it a dinner; I call it a meal.

Ellie: I am accustomed to meals, Mr. Mangan, and very lucky to get them. Besides, the captain cooked some maccaroni for me.

Mangan: Too rich: I can't eat such things. I suppose it's because I have to work so much with my brain. That's the worst of being a man of business; you are always thinking, thinking, thinking. By the way, now that we are alone, may I take the opportunity to come to a little understanding with you?

Ellie: (settling into the draughtsman's seat) Certainly. I should like to.

Mangan: (taken aback) Should you? That surprises me; for I thought I noticed this afternoon that you avoided me all you could. Not for the first time either.

Ellie: I was very tired and upset. I wasn't used to the ways of this extraordinary house. Please forgive me.

Mangan: Oh, that's all right; I don't mind. But Captain Shotover has been talking to me about you. You and me, you know.

Ellie: (interested) The captain! What did he say?

Mangan: Well, he noticed the difference between our ages.

Ellie: He notices everything.

Mangan: You don't mind, then?

Ellie: Of course I know quite well that our engagement----

Mangan: Oh! You call it an engagement.

Ellie: Well, isn't it?

Mangan: Oh, yes, yes: no doubt it is if you hold to it. This is the first time you've used the word; and I didn't quite know where we stood; that's all. (he sits) You were saying----?

Ellie: Was I? I forget. Tell me. Do you like this part of the country. I heard you ask Mr. Hushabye at dinner whether there are any nice houses to let down here.

Mangan: I like the place. The air suits me. I shouldn't be surprised if I settled down here.

Ellie: Nothing would please me better. The air suits me too. And I want to be near Hesione.

Mangan: (with growing uneasiness) The air may suit us; but the question is, should we suit one another? Have you thought about that?

Ellie: Mr. Mangan, we must be sensible, mustn't we? It8s no use pretending that we are Romeo and Juliet. But we can get on very well together if we choose to make the best of it. Your kindness of heart will make it easy for me.

Mangan: (leaning forward, with the beginning of something like deliberate unpleasantness in his voice) Kindness of heart, eh? I ruined your father, didn't I?

Ellie: Oh, not intentionally.

Mangan: Yes I did. Ruined him on purpose.

Ellie: On purpose!

Mangan: Not out of ill-nature, you know. And you'll admit that I kept a jobfor him when I had finished with him. But business is business; and I ruined him as a matter of business.

Ellie: I don't understand how that can be. Are you trying to make me feel that I need not be grateful to you, so that I may choose freely?

Mangan: (rising aggressively) No. I mean what I say.

Ellie: But how could it possibly do you any good to ruin my father? The money he lost was yours.

Mangan: (with a sour laugh) Was mine! It is mine, Miss Ellie, and all the money the other fellows lost too. I just smoked them out like a hive of bees. What do you say to that? A bit of shock, eh?

Ellie: It would have been, this morning. Now! You can't think how little it matters. But it's quite interesting. Only you must explain it to me. I don't understand it. (she composes herself to listen with a combination of conscious contempt which provokes him to more and more unpleasantness)

Mangan: Of course you don't understand; what do you know about business? you just listen and learn. Your father's business was a new business; and I don't start new businesses. I let other fellows start them. They put all their money and their friends' money into starting them. They wear out their souls and bodies trying to make a success of them. They're what you call enthusiasts. But the first dead lift of the thing is too much for them; and they haven't enough financial experience. In a year or so they have either to let the whole show go bust, or sell out to a new lot of fellows for a few deferred ordinary shares. And that's where the real business man comes in: where I come in. But I'm cleverer than some: I don't mind dropping a little money to start the process. I took your father's measure. I saw that he had a sound idea, and that he would work himself silly for it if he got the chance. I saw that he was a child in business, and was dead certain to outrun his expenses and be in too great a hurry to wait for his market. I knew that the surest way to ruin a man who doesn't know how to handle money is to give him some. I explained my idea to some friends in the city, and they found the money; for I take no risks in ideas, even when they're my own. Your father and the friends that ventured their money with him were no more to me than a heap of squeezed lemons. You've been wasting your gratitude; my kind heart is all rot. I'm sick of it. When I see your father beaming at me with his moist, grateful eyes, regularly wallowing in gratitude, I sometimes feel I must tell him the truth or burst. What stops me is that I know he wouldn't believe me. He's think it was my modesty, as you did just now. He'd think anything rather than the truth, which is that he's a blamed fool, and I am a man that knows how to take care of himself. (he throws himself back into the big chair with large self-approval) Now what do you think of me, Miss Ellie?

Ellie: (dropping her hands) How strange! that my mother, who knew nothing at all about business, should have been quite right about you! She always said--not before papa, of course, but to us children---that you were just that sort of man.

Mangan: (sitting up, much hurt) Oh! did she? And yet she'd have let you marry me.

Ellie: Well, you see, Mr. Mangan, my mother married a very good man----for whatever you may think of my father as a man of business, he is the soul of goodness---and she is not at all keen on my doing the same.

Mangan: Anyhow, you don't want to marry me now, do you?

Ellie: (very calmly) Oh, I think so. Why not?

Mangan: (rising aghast) Why not!

Ellie: I don't see why we shouldn't get on very well together.

Mangan: Well, but look here, you know---(he stops, quite at a loss)

Ellie: (patiently) Well?

Mangan: Well, I thought you were rather particular about people's characters.

Ellie: If we women were particular about men's characters, we should never get married at all, Mr. Mangan.

Mangan: A shild like you talking of "we women"! What next! You're not in earnest?

Ellie: Yes, I am. Aren't you?

Mangan: You mean to hold me to it?

Ellie: Do you wish to back out of it?

Mangan: Oh, no. Not exactly back out of it.

Ellie: Well?

(with a long whispered whistle, he drops into the wicker chair and stares before him like a beggared gambler. But a cunning look soon comes into his face.

He leans over towards her on his right elbow, and speaks in a low steady voice.)

Mangan: Suppose I told you I was in love with another woman!

Ellie: (echoing him) Suppose I told you I was in love with another man!

Mangan: (bouncing angrily out of his chair) I'm not joking.

Ellie: Who told you I was?

Mangan: I tell you I'm serious. You're too young to be serious; but you'll have to believe me. I want to be near your friend Mrs. Hushabye. I'm in love with her. Now the murder's out.

Ellie: I want to be near your friend Mr. Hushabye. I'm in love with him. (she rises and adds with a frank air) Now we are in one another's confidence, we shall be real friends. Thank you for telling me.

Mangan: (almost beside himself) Do you think I'll be made a convenience of like this?

Ellie: Come, Mr. Mangan! You made a business convenience of my father. Well, a woman's business is marriage. Why shouldn't I make a domestic convenience of you?

Mangan: Because I don't choose, see? Because I'm not a silly gull like your father. That's why.

Ellie: (with serene contempt) You are not good enough to clean my father's boots, Mr. Mangan; and I am paying you a great compliment in condescending to make a convenience of you, as you call it. Of course you are free to throw over our engagement if you like; but, if you do, you'll never enter Hesione's house again: I will take care of that.

Mangan: (gasping) You little devil, you've done me. (on point of collapsing into the big chair again he recovers himself) Wait a bit, though: you're not so cute as you think. You can't beat Boss Mangan as easy as that. Suppose I go straight to Mrs. Hushabye and tell her that you're in love with her husband.

Ellie: She knows it.

Mangan: You told her!

Ellie: She told me.

Mangan: (clutching at his bursting temples) Oh, this is a crazy house. Or else I'm going clean off my chump. Is she making a swap with you---she to have your husband and you to have hers?

Ellie: Well, you don't want us both, do you?

Mangan: (throwing himself into the chair distractedly) My brain won't stand it. My head's going to split. Help! Help me to hold it. Quick; hold it; squeeze it. Save me. (Ellie comes behind his chair; clasps his head hard for a moment; then begins to draw her hands from his forehead back to his ears) Thank you. (drowsily) That's very refreshing. (waking a little) Don't you hypnotize me, though. I've seen men made fools of by hypnotism.

Ellie: (steadily) Be quiet. I've seen men made fools of without hypnotism.

Mangan: (humbly) You don't dislike touching me, I hope. You never touched me before, I noticed.

Ellie: Not since you fell in love naturally with a grown-up nice woman, who will never expect you to make love to her. And I will never expect him to make love to me.

Mangan: He may, though.

Ellie: (making her passes rhythmically) Hush. Go to sleep. Do you hear? You are to go to sleep, go to sleep, go to sleep; be quiet, deeply, deeply quiet; sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep.
(he falls asleep. Ellie steals away; turns the light out; and goes into the garden)
Nurse Guinness opens the door and is seen in the light which comes in from the hall.

Guinness: (speaking to someone outside) Mr. Mangan's not here, duckie; there's no one here. It's all dark.

Mrs. H: (without) Try the garden. Mr. Dunn and I will be in my boudoir. Show him the way.

Guinness: Yes ducky. (she makes for the garden door in the dark; stumbles over the sleeping Mangan and screams) Ahoo! O Lord, sir! I beg your pardon, I'm sure: I didn't see you in the dark. Who is it? (she goes back to the door and turns on the light) Oh, Mr. Mangan, sir, I hope I haven't hurt you plumping into your lap like that. (coming to him) I was looking for you, sir. Mrs. Hushabye says will you please---(noticing that he remains quite insensible) Oh, my good Lord, I hope I haven't killed him. Sir! Mr. Mangan! Sir. (she shakes him; and he is rolling inertly off the chair when she holds him up and props him against the cushion) Miss Hessy! Miss Hessy! Quick, doty darling. Miss Hessy! (Mrs. H. comes in from the hall, followed by Mazzini Dunn) Oh, Miss Hessy, I've been and killed him.

(Mazzini runs round the back of the chair to Mangan's right hand, and sees that the nurse's words are apparently only too true)

Mazzini: What tempted you to commit such a crime, woman?

Mrs. H: (trying not to laugh) Do you mean you did it on purpose?

Guinness: Now is it likely I'd kill any man on purpose? I fell over him in the dark; and I'm a pretty tidy weight. He never spoke nor moved until I shook him; and then he would have dropped dead on the floor. Isn't it tiresome?

Mrs. H: (going past the nurse to Mangan's side, and inspecting him less credulously than Mazzini) Nonsense! He is not dead: he is only asleep. I can see him breathing.

Guinness: But why won't he wake?

Mazzini: (speaking very pllitely into Mangan's ear) Mangan! My dear Mangan! (he blows into Mangan's ear)

Mrs. H: That's no good (she shakes him vigorously) Mr. Mangan wake up. Do you hear? (he begins to roll over) Oh! Nurse, nurse: he's falling; help me.

(Guinness rushes to the rescue. With Mazzini's assistance Mangan is propped safely up again.)

Guinness: (behind the chair; bending over to test the case with her nose) Would he be drunk, do you think, pet?

Mrs. H: Had he any of papa's rum?

Mazzini: It can't be that: He is most abstemious. I am afraid he drank too much formerly, and has to drink too little now. You know, Mrs. Hushabye, I really think he has been hypnotized.

Guinness: Hip no what, sir?

Mazzini: One evening at home, after we had seen a hypnotizing performance, the children began playing at it; and Ellie stoked my head. I assure you I went off dead asleep; and they had to send for a professional to wake me up after I had slept eighteen hours. They had to carry me upstairs; and as the poor children were not very strong, they let me slip; and I rolled right down the whole flight and never woke up. (Mrs. H. splutters) Oh, you may laugh, Mrs. Hushabye; but I might have been killed.

Mrs. H: I couldn't have helped laughing even if you had been, Mr. Dunn. So Ellie has hypnotized him. What fun!

Mazzini: Oh no, no, no. It was such a terrible lesson to her: nothing would induce her to try such a thing again.

Mrs. H: Then who did it? I didn't.

Mazzini: I thought perhaps the captain might have done it unintentionally. He is so fearfully magnetic; I feel vibrations whenever he comes close to me.

Guinness: The captain will get him out of it anyhow sir: I'll back him for that. I'll go fetch him (she makes for the pantry)

Mrs. H: Wait a bit. (to Mazzini) You say he is all right for eighteen hours?

Mazzini: Well, I was asleep for eighteen hours.

Mrs. H: Were you any the worse for it?

Mazzini: I don't quite remember. They had poured brandy down my throat you see; and---

Mrs. H: Quite. Anyhow, you survived. Nurse, darling; go and ask Miss Dunn to come to us here. Say I want to speak to her particularly. You will find her with Mr. Hushabye probably.

Guinness: I think not, ducky; Miss Addy is with him. But I'll find her and send her to you. (she goes out into the garden)

Mrs. H: Now, Mr. Dunn, look. Just look. Look hard. Do you still intend to sacrifice your daughter to that thing?

Mazzini: (troubled) You have completely upset me, Mrs. Hushabye, by all you have said to me. That anyone could imagine that I--I, a consecrated soldier of freedom, if I may say so---could sacrifice Ellie to anybody or anyone, or that I should ever have dreamed of forcing her inclinations in any way, is a most painful blow to my---well, I suppose you would say to my good opinion of myself.

Mrs. H: (rather stolidly) Sorry.

Mazzini: (looking forlornly at the body) What is your objection to poor Mangan, Mrs. Hushabye? He looks all right to me. But then I am so accustomed to him.

Mrs. H: Have you no heart? Have you no sense? Look at the brute! Think of poor weak innocent Ellie in the clutches of this slavedriver, who spends his life making thousands of rough violent workmen bend to his will and sweat for him; a man accustomed to have great masses of iron beaten into shape for him by steam-hammers! to fight with women and girls over a half-penny an hour ruthlessly! a captain of industry, I think you call him, don't you? Are you going to fling your delicate, sweet, helpless child into such a beast's claws just because he will keep her in an expensive house and make her wear diamonds to show how rich he is?

Mazzini: (staring at her in wide-eyed amazement) Bless you, dear Mrs. Hushabye, what romantic ideas of business you have! Poor dear Mangan isn't a bit like that.

Mrs. H: (scornfully) Porr dear Mangan indeed!

Mazzini: But he doesn't know anything about machinery. He never goes near the man: he couldn't manage them:

He is afraid of them. I never can get him to take the least interest in the works: he hardly knows more about them than you do. People are cruelly unjust to Mangan: they think he is all rugged strength just because his manners are bad.

Mrs. H: Do you mean to tell me he isn't strong enough to crush poor little Ellie?

Mazzini: Of course it's very hard to say how any marriage will turn out; but speaking for myself, I should say that he won't have a dog's chance against Ellie. You know, Ellie has remarkable strength of character. I think it is because I taught her to like Shakespeare when she was very young.

Mrs. H: Shakespeare! The next thing you will tell me is that you could have made a great deal more money than Mangan.

Mazzini: No; I'm no good at making money, I don't care enough for it, somehow. I'm not ambitious! that must be it. Mangan is wonderful about money: he thinks of nothing else. He is so dreadfully afraid of being poor. I am always thinking of other things: even at the works I think of the things we are doing and not of what they cost. And the worst of it is, poor Mangan doesn't know what to do with his money when he gets it. He is such a baby that he doesn't know even what to eat and drink: He has ruined his liver eating and drinking the wrong things; and now he can hardly eat at all. Ellie will diet him splendidly. You will be surprised when you come to know him better: he is really the most helpless of mortals. You get quite a protective feeling towards him.

Mrs. H: Then who manages his business, pray?

Mazzini: I do. And of course other people like me.

Mrs. H: Footling people, you mean.

Mazzini: I suppose you'd think us so.

Mrs. H: And pray why don't you do without him if you're all so much cleverer?

Mazzini: Oh, we couldn't: we should ruin the business in a year. I've tried; and I know. We should spend too much on everything. We should improve the quality of the goods and make them too dear. We should be

sentimantal about the hard cases among the working people. But Mangan keeps us in order. He is down on us about every extra halfpenny. We could never do without him. You see, he will sit up all night thinking of how to save sixpence. Won't Ellie make him jump, though, when she takes his house in hand!

Mrs. H: Then the creature is a fraud even as a captain of industry!

Mazzini: I am afraid all the captains of industry are what you call frauds, Mrs. Hushabye. Of course there are some manufacturers who really do understand their own works; but they don't make as high a rate of profit as Mangan does. I assure you Mangan is quite a good fellow in his way. He means well.

Mrs. H: He doesn't look well. He is not in his first youth, is he?

Mazzini: After all, no husband is in his first youth for very long, Mrs. Hushabye. And men can't afford to marry in their first youth nowadays.

Mrs. H: Now if I said that, it would sound witty. Why can't you say it wittily? What on earth is the matter with you? Why don't you inspire everybody with confidence? with respect?

Mazzini: (humbly) I think that what is the matter with me is that I am poor. You don't know what that means at home. Mind: I don't say they have ever complained. They've all been wonderful: they've been proud of my poverty. They've even joked about it quite often. But my wife has had a very poor time of it. She has been quite resigned----

Mrs. H: (shuddering involuntarily)!!

Mazzini: There! You see, Mrs. Hushabye. I don't want Ellie to live on resignation.

Mrs. H: Do you want her to have to resign herself to living with a man she doesn't love?

Mazzini: (wistfully) Are you sure that would be worse than living with a man she did love, if he was a footling person?

Mrs. H: (relaxing her contemptuous attitude, quite interested in Mazzini now) You know, I really think

you must love Ellie very much; for you become quite clever when you talk about her.

Mazzini: I didn't know I was so very stupid on other subjects.

Mrs. H: You are, sometimes.

Mazzini: (turning his head away; for his eyes are wet) I have learnt a good deal about myself from you, Mrs. Hushabye; and I'm afraid I shall not be the happier for your plain speaking. But if you thought I needed it to make me think of Ellie's happiness you were very much mistaken.

Mrs. H: Have I been a beast?

Mazzini: (pulling himself together) It doesn't matter about me, Mrs. Hushabye. I think you like Ellie; and that is enough for me.

Mrs. H: I'm beginning to like you a little. I perfectly loathed you at first. I thought you the most odious, self-satisfied, boresome elderly prig I ever met.

Mazzini: (resigned, and now quite cheerful) I daresay I am all that. I never have been a favorite with gorgeous women like you. They always frighten me.

Mrs. H: (pleased) Am I a gorgeous woman, Mazzini? I shall fall in love with you presently.

Mazzini: No, you won't Hesione. But you would be quite safe. Would you believe it that quite a lot of women have flirted with me because I am quite safe? But they get tired of me for the same reason.

Mrs. H: Take care. You may not be so safe as you think.

Mazzini: Oh yes, quite safe. You see, I have been in love really: the sort of love that only happens once. (softly) That's why Ellie is such a lovely girl.

Mrs. H: Well, really, you are coming out. Are you quite sure you won't let me tempt you into a second grand passion?

Mazzini: Quite. It wouldn't be natural. The fact is, you don't strike on my box, Mrs. Hushabye; and I certainly don't strike on yours.

Mrs. H: I see. Your marriage was a safety match.

Mazzini: What a very witty application of the expression I used! I should never have thought of it. (Ellie comes in from the garden, looking anything but happy)

Mrs. H: (rising) Oh! Here is Ellie at last.

Ellie: (on the threshold of the starboard door) Guinness said you wanted me: You and papa.

Mrs. H: You have kept us waiting so long that it almost came to---well, never mind. Your father is a very wonderful man (she ruffles his hair affectionately): the only one I ever met who could resist me when I made myself really agreeable. (she comes to the big chair, on Mangan's left) Come here. I have something to show you. (Ellie strolls listlessly to the other side of the chair) Look.

Ellie: (contemplating Mangan without interest) I know. He is only asleep. We had a talk after dinner; and he fell asleep in the middle of it.

Mrs. H: You did it, Ellie. You put him asleep.

Mazzini: (rising quickly and coming to the back of the chair) Oh, I hope not. Did you, Ellie?

Ellie: (wearily) He asked me to.

Mazzini: But it's dangerous. You know what happened to me.

Ellie: (utterly indifferent) Oh, I daresay I can wake him. If not, somebody else can.

Mrs. H: It doesn't matter, anyhow, because I have at last persuaded your father that you don't want to marry him.

Ellie: (suddenly coming out of her listlessness, much vexed) But why did you do that, Hesione? I do want to marry him. I fully intend to marry him.

Mazzini: Are you quite sure, Ellie? Mrs. Hushabye has made me feel that I may have been thoughtless and selfish about it.

Ellie: Papa. When Mrs. Hushabye takes it on herself to explain to you what I think or don't think; shut your ears tight; and shut your eyes too. Hesione knows nothing about me: she hasn't the least notion of the sort of person I am, and never will. I promise you I won't do anything I don't want to do and mean to do for my own sake.

Mazzini: You are quite, quite sure?

Ellie: Quite, quite sure. Now you must go away and leave me to talk to Mrs. Hushabye.

Mazzini: But I should like to hear. Shall I be in the way?

Ellie: I had rather talk to her alone.

Mazzini: Oh, well, I know what a nuisance parents are, dear. I will be good and go. (he does to the garden door) By the way, do you remember the address of that professional who woke me up? Don't you think I had better telegraph to him?

Mrs. H: It's too late to telegraph tonight.

Mazzini: I suppose so. I do hope he'll wake up in the course of the night. (he goes out into the garden)

Ellie: (turning vigorously on Hesione the moment her father is out of the room) Hesione, what the devil do you mean by making mischief with my father about Mangan?

Mrs. H: Don't you dare speak to me like that, you little minx. Remember that you are in my house.

Ellie: Stuff! Why don't you mind your own business? What is it to you whether I choose to marry Mangan or not?

Mrs. H: Do you suppose you can bully me, you miserable little matrimonial adventurer?

Ellie: Every woman who hasn't any money is a matrimonial adventurer. It's easy for you to talk: you have never known what it is to want money; and you can pick up men as if they were daisies. I am poor and respectable----

Mrs. H: Ho! respectable! How did you pick up Mangan? How did you pick up my husband? You have the audacity to tell me that I am a--a--a-----

Ellie: A siren. So you are. You were born to lead men by the nose: if you weren't, Marcus would have waited for me, perhaps.

Mrs. H: (suddenly melting and half laughing) Oh, my poor Ellie, my pettikins, my unhappy darling! I'm so sorry about Hector. But what can I do? It's not my fault: I'd give him to you if I could.

Ellie: I don't blame you for that.

Mrs. H: What a brute I was to quarrel with you and call you names! Do kiss me and say you're not angry with me.

Ellie: (fiercly) Oh, don't slop and gush and be sentimental. Don't you see that unless I can be hard--- as hard as nails---I shall go mad? I don't care a damn about your calling me names: do you think a woman in my situation can feel a few words?

Mrs. H: Poor little woman! Poor little situation!

Ellie: I suppose you think you're being sympathetic. You are just foolish and stupid and selfish. You see me getting a smasher right in the face that kills a whole part of my life: the best part that can never come again; and you think you can help me over it by a little coaxing and kissing. When I want all the strength I can get to lean on: something iron, something stony, I don't care how cruel it is, you go all mushy and want to slobber over me. I'm not angry; I'm not unfriendly; but for God's sake do pull yourself together; and don't think that because you're on velvet and always have been, women who are in hell can take it as easily as you.

Mrs. H: (shrugging her shoulders) Very well. But I warn you that when I am neither coaxing and kissing nor laughing, I am just wondering how much longer I can stand living in this cruel, damnable world. You object to the siren: well, I drop the siren. You want to rest your wounded bosom against a grindstone. Well (folding her arms) here is the grindstone.

Ellie: (sitting down beside her, appeased) That's better: you really have the trick of falling in with everyone's mood; but you don't understand, because

you are not the sort of woman for whom there is only one man and only one chance.

Mrs. H: I certainly don't understand how your marrying that object (indicating Mangan) will console you for not being able to marry Hector.

Ellie: Perhaps you don't understand why I was quite a nice girl this morning, and am now neither a girl nor particularly nice.

Mrs. H: Oh, yes, I do. It's because you have made up your mind to do something despicable and wicked.

Ellie: I don't think so Hesione. I must make the best of my ruined house.

Mrs. H: Pooh! You'll get over it. Your house isn't ruined.

Ellie: Of course I shall get over it. You don't suppose I'm going to sit down and die of a broken heart, I hope, or be an old maid living on a pittance from the Sick and Indigent Roomkeeper's Association. But my heart is broken, all the same. What I mean by that is that I know that what has happened to me with Marcus will not happen to me over again. In the world for me there is Marcus and a lot of other men of whom one is just the same as another. Well, if I can't have love, that's no reason why I should have poverty. If Mangan has nothing else, he has money.

Mrs. H: And are there no young men with money.

Ellie: Not within my reach. Besides, a young man would have the right to expect love from me and would perhaps leave me when he found I could not give it to him. Rich young men can get rid of their wives, you know, pretty cheaply. But this object, as you call him, can expect nothing more from me than I am prepared to give him.

Mrs. H: He will be your owner, remember. If he buys you, he will make the bargain pay him and not you. As your father.

Ellie: (rising and strolling to the chair to contemplate their subject) You need not trouble on that score, Hesione. I have more to give Boss Mangan than he has to give me; it is I who am buying him, and at a pretty good price, too, I think. Women are better

at that sort of bargain than men. I have taken the Boss's measure; and ten Boss Mangans shall not prevent me doing far more as I please as his wife than I have ever been able to do as a poor girl. (stooping to the recumbent figure) Shall they, Boss? I think not. I shall not have to spend most of my time wondering how long my gloves will last, anyhow.

Mrs. H: Ellie, you are a wicked, sordid, little beast! And to think that I actually condescended to fascinate that creature there to save you from him! Well, let me tell you this: if you make this disgusting match, you will never see Hector again if I can help it.

Ellie: (unmoved) I nailed Mangan by telling him that if he did not marry me he should never see you again (she lifts herself on her wrists and seats herself on the end of the table)

Mrs. H: (recoiling) Oh!

Ellie: So you see I am not unprepared for your playing that trump against me. Well, you just try it; that's all. I should have made a man of Marcus, not a household pet.

Mrs. H: (flaming) You dare!

Ellie: (looking almost dangerous) Set him thinking about me if you dare.

Mrs. H: Well, of all the impudent little fiends I ever met! Hector says there is a certain point at which the only answer you can give to a man who breaks all the rules is to knock him down. What would you say if I were to box your ears?

Ellie: (calmly) I should pull your hair.

Mrs. H: (mischievously) That wouldn't hurt me. Perhaps it comes off at night.

Ellie: Oh, you don't mean to say, Hesione, that your beautiful black hair is false?

Mrs. H: (patting it) Don't tell Hector. He believes in it.

Ellie: (groaning) Oh! Even the hair that ensnared him false! Everything false!

Mrs. H: Pull it and try. Other women can snare men in their hair; but I can swing a baby on mine. Aha! you can't do that Goldylocks.

Ellie: (heartbroken) No. You have stolen my babies.

Mrs. H: Pettikins, don't make me cry. You know what you said about my making a household pet of him is a little true. Perhaps he ought to have waited for you. Would any other woman on earth forgive you?

Ellie: Oh, what right had you to take him all for yourself! (pulling herself together) There! You couldn't help it: neither of us could help it. He couldn't help it. No, dont say anything more: I can't bear it. Let us wake the object. (she begins stroking Mangan's head, reversing the movement with which she put him to sleep) Wake up, do you hear? You are to wake up at once. Wake up, wake up, wake-----

Mangan: (bouncing out of the chair in a fury and turning on them) Wake up! So you think I've been asleep, do you? (he kicks the chair violently back out of his way and gets between them) You throw me into a trance so that I can't move hand or foot--- I might have been buried alive! it's a mercy I wasn't---and then you think I was only asleep. If you'd let me drop the two times you rolled me about, my nose would have been flattened for life against the floor. But I've found you all out, anyhow. I know the sort of people I'm among now. I've heard every word you've said, you and your precious father, and (to Mrs. H.) you too. So I'm an object, am I? I'm a thing, am I, I'm a fool that hasn't sense enough to feed myself properly, am I? I'm afraid of the men that would starve if it weren't for the wages I give them, am I? I'm nothing but a disgusting old skinflint to be made a convenience of by designing women and fool managers of my works, am I? I'm------

Mrs. H: (with the most elegant aplomb) Sh-Sh-sh-sh-sh! Mr. Mangan, you are bound in honor to obliterate from your mind all you heard while you were pretending to be asleep. It was not meant for you to hear.

Mangan: Pretending to be asleep! Do you think if I was only pretending that I'd have sprawled there helpless, and listened to such unfairness, such lies, such injustice and plotting and backbiting and slandering of me, if I could have up and told you what I thought of you! I wonder I didn't burst.

Mrs. H: (sweetly) You dreamt it all, Mr. Mangan. We were only saying how beautifully peaceful you looked in your sleep. That was all, wasn't it, Ellie? Believe me, Mr. Mangan, all those unpleasant things came into your mind in the last half second before you woke. Ellie rubbed your hair the wrong way; and the disagreeable sensation suggested a disagreeable dream.

Mangan: I believe in dreams.

Mrs. H: So do I. But they go by contraries, don't they?

Mangan: I shan't forget, to my dying day, that when you gave me the glad eye that time in the garden, you were making a fool of me. That was a dirty low mean thing to do. You had no right to let me come near you if I disgusted you. It isn't my fault if I'm old and haven't a moustache like a bronze candlestick as your husband has. There are things no decent woman would do to a man----like a man hitting a woman in the breast.

(Hesione, utterly shamed, sits down on the sofa and covers her face with her hands. Mangan sits down also on his chair and begins to cry like a child. Ellie stares at them. Mrs. H., at the distressing sound he makes, takes down her hands and looks at him. She rises and runs to him.)

Mrs. H: Don't cry; I can't bear it. Have I broken your heart? I didn't know you had one. How could I?

Mangan: I'm a man, ain't I?

Mrs. H: (half coaxing, half rallying, altogether tenderly) Oh no: not what I call a man. Only a Boss: just that and nothing else. What business has a Boss with a heart?

Mangan: Then you're not a bit sorry for what you did, nor ashamed?

Mrs. H: I was ashamed for the first time in my life when you said that about hitting a woman in the breast, and I found out what I'd done. My very bones blushed red. You've had your revenge, Boss. Aren't you satisfied?

Mangan: Serves you right! Do you hear? Serves you right! You're just cruel. Cruel!

Mrs. H: Yes: cruelty would be delicious if one could only find some sort of cruelty that didn't really hurt. By the way (sitting down beside him on the arm of the chair) what's your name? It's not really Boss, is it?

Mangan: If you want to know, my name's Alfred.

Mrs. H: (springs up) Alfred! Ellie, he was christened after Tennyson!!

Mangan: I was christened after my uncle, and never had a penny from him, damn him! What of it?

Mrs. H: It comes to me suddenly that you are a real person: that you had a mother, like anyone else. (putting her hands on his shoulders and surveying him) Little Alf!

Mangan: Well, you have a nerve.

Mrs. H: And you have a heart, Alfy, a whimpering little heart, but a real one. (releasing him suddenly) Now run and make it up with Ellie. She has had time to think what to say to you, which is more than I had (she goes out quickly into the garden by the port door).

Mangan: That woman has a pair of hands that go right through you.

Ellie: Still in love with her, in spite of all we said about you?

Mangan: Are all women like you two? Do they never think of anything about a man except what they can get out of him? You weren't even thinking that about me. You were only thinking whether your gloves would last.

Ellie: I shall not have to think about that when we are married.

Mangan: And you think I am going to marry you after what I heard there!

Ellie: You heard nothing from me that I did not tell you before.

Mangan: Perhaps you think I can't do without you.

Ellie: I think you would feel lonely without us all, now, after coming to know us so well.

Mangan: (with something like a yell of despair) Am I never to have the last word?

Captain: (appearing at the starboard garden door) There is a soul in torment here. What is the matter?

Mangan: This girl doesn't want to spend her life wondering how long her gloves will last.

Captain: (passing through) Don't wear any. I never do. (he goes into the pantry)

Lady U: (appearing at the port garden door, in a handsome dinner dress) Is anything the matter?

Ellie: This gentleman wants to know is he never to have the last word?

Lady U: (coming forward) I should let him have it, my dear. The important thing is not to have the last word, but to have your own way.

Mangan: She wants both.

Lady U: She won't get them, Mr. Mangan. Providence always has the last word.

Mangan: (desperately) Now you are going to come religion over me. In this house a man's mind might as well be a football. I'm going. (he makes for the hall, but is stopped by a hail from the Captain, who has just emerged from his pantry)

Captain: Whither away, Boss Mangan?

Mangan: To hell out of this house: let that be enough for you and all here.

Captain: You were welcome to come: you are free to go. The wide earth, the high seas, the spacious skies are waiting for you outside.

Lady U: But your things, Mr. Mangan. Your bag, your comb and brushes, your pyjamas----

Hector: (who has just appeared in the port doorway in a handsome Arab costume.) Why should the escaping slave take his chains with him?

Mangan: That's right, Hushabye. Keep the pyjamas, my lady, and much good may they do you.

Hector: (advancing to Lady U) Let us all go out into the night and leave everything behind us.

Mangan: You stay where you are, the last of you. I want no company, especially female company.

Ellie: Let him go. He is unhappy here. He is angry with us.

Captain: Go, Boss Mangan; and when you have found the land where there is happiness and where there are no women, send me its latitude and longitude; and I will join you there.

Lady U: You will certainly not be comfortable without your luggage, Mr. Mangan.

Ellie: Go, go: why don't you go? It is a heavenly night: you can sleep on the heath. Take my waterproof to lie on: it is hanging up in the hall.

Hector: Breakfast at nine, unless you prefer to breakfast with the captain at six.

Ellie: Good night, Alfred.

WARN SOUND

Hector: Alfred! (he runs back to the door and calls into the garden) Randall, Mangan's christian name is Alfred.

Randall: (appearing in the starboard doorway in evening dress) The Hesione wins her bet.

(Mrs. H. appears in the port doorway. She throws her left arm around Hector's neck: draws him with her to the back of the sofa: and throws her right arm round Lady Utterword's neck.

Mrs. H: They wouldn't believe me, Alf.

(they contemplate him)

Mangan: Is there any more of you coming in to look at me, as if I was the latest thing in a menagerie?

Mrs. H: You are the latest thing in this menagerie.

(before Mangan can retort, a fall of furniture is heard from upstairs: then a pistol shot, and a yell of pain. The staring group breaks up in consternation.)

Mazzini's Voice: (from above) Help! A burglar! Help!

Hector: (his eyes blazing) A burglar!

Mrs. H: No, Hector: you'll be shot. (he has dashed out past Mangan, who hastily moves towards the bookshelves out of his way)

Captain: (blowing his whistle.) All hands aloft! (he strides after Hector)

Lady U: My diamonds! (she follows the Captain)

Randall: (rushing after her) No Ariadne. Let me.

Ellie: Oh, is papa shot? (she runs out.)

Mrs. H: Are you frightened, Alf?

Mangan: No. It ain't my house, thank God.

Mrs. H: If they catch a burglar, shall we have to go into court as witnesses, and be asked all sorts of questions about our private lives?

Mangan: You won't be believed if you tell the truth.

(Mazzini, terribly upset, with a duelling pistol in his hand, comes from the hall, and makes his way to the drawing table.)

Mazzini: Oh, my dear Mrs. Hushabye, I might have killed him. (he throws the pistol on the table and staggers round to the chair) I hope you won't believe I really intended to.

(Hector comes in, marching an old and villainous looking man before him by the collar. He plants him in the middle of the room and releases him. Ellie follows, and immediately runs across to the back of her fathers' chair and pats his shoulders.)

Randall: (entering with a poker) Keep your eye on this door, Mangan. I'll look after the other (he goes to the starboard door and stands on guard there.) (Lady U. comes in after Randall, Nurse Guinness brings up the rear, and waits near the door)

Mrs. H: What has happened?

Mazzini: Your housekeeper told me there was somebody upstairs, and gave me a pistol that Mr. Hushabye had been practicing with. I thought it would frighten him; but it went off at a touch.

Burglar: Yes, and took the skin off my ear. Precious near took the top off my head. Why don't you have a proper revolver instead of a thing like that, that goes off if you as much as blow on it?

Hector: One of my duelling pistols. Sorry.

Mazzini: He put his hands up and said it was a fair cop.

Burglar: So it was. Send for the police.

Hector: No, by thunder! It was not a fair cop. We were four to one.

Mrs. H: What will they do to him?

Burglar: Ten years. Beginning with solitary. Ten years off my life. I shan't serve it all: I'm too old. It will see me out.

Lady U: You should have thought of that before you stole my diamonds.

Burglar: Well, you've got them back, lady, haven't you? Can you give me back the years of my life you are going to take from me?

Mrs. H: Oh, we can't bury a man alive for ten years for a few diamonds.

Burglar: Ten little shining diamonds! Ten long black years!

Lady U: Think of what it is for us to be dragged through the horrors of a criminal court, and have all our family affairs in the papers! If you were a native, and Hastings could order you a good beating and send you away, I shouldn't mind; but here in England there is no real protection for any respectable person.

Burglar: I'm too old to be giv a hiding, lady. Send for the police and have done with it. It's only just and right you should.

Randall: (who has relaxed his vigilance on seeing the burglar so pacifically disposed, and comes forward swinging the poker between his fingers like a well-folded umbrella) It is neither just nor right that we should be put to a lot of inconvenience to gratify your moral enthusiasm, my friend. You had better get out, while you have the chance.

Burglar: No. I must work my sin off my conscience. This has come as a sort of call to me. Let me spend the rest of my life repenting in a cell. I shall have my reward above.

Mangan: The very burglars can't behave naturally in this house.

Hector: My good sir, you must work out your salvation at somebody else's expense. Nobody here is going to charge you.

Burglar: Oh, you won't charge me, won't you?

Hector: No. I'm sorry to be inhospitable; but will you kindly leave the house?

Burglar: Right. I'll go to the police station and give myself up. (he turns resolutely to the door, but Hector stops him)

Hector: Oh no. You mustn't do that.

Randall: No, no. Clear out, man, can't you; and don't be a fool.

Mrs. H: Don't be so silly. Can't you repent at home?

Lady U: You will have to do as you are told.

Burglar: It's compounding a felony, you know.

Mrs. H: This is utterly ridiculous. Are we to be forced to prosecute this man when we don't want to?

Burglar: Am I to be robbed of my salvation to save you the trouble of spending a day at the sessions? Is that justice? Is it right? Is it fair to me?

Mazzini: (rising and leaning across the table persuasively as if it were a pulpit desk or a shop counter) Come, come! Let me show you how you can turn your very crimes to account. Why not set up as a locksmith? You must know more about locks than most honest men?

Burglar: That's true, sir. But I couldn't set up as a locksmith under twenty pounds.

Randall: Well, you can easily steal twenty pounds. You will find it in the nearest bank.

Burglar: Oh, what a thing for a gentleman to put into the head of a poor criminal scrambling out of the bottomless pit as it were! Oh, shame on you, sir! Oh God forgive you! (He throws himself into the big chair and covers his face as if in prayer)

Lady U: Really, Randall!

Hector: It seems to me that we shall have to take up a collection for this inopportunely contrite sinner.

Lady U: But twenty pounds is ridiculous.

Burglar: (looking up quickly) I shall have to buy a lot of tools, lady.

Lady U: Nonsense: you have your burgling kit.

Burglar: What's a jimmy and a centrebit and an acetylene welding plant and a bunch of skeleton keys? I shall want a forge, and a smithy, and a shop and fittings. I can't hardly do it for twenty.

Hector: My worthy friend, we haven't got twenty pounds.

Burglar: (now master of the situation) You can raise it among you, can't you?

Mrs. H: Give him a sovereign, Hector, and get rid of him.

Hector: (giving him a pound) There! Off with you.

Burglar: (rising and taking the money very ungratefully) I won't promise nothing. You have more on you than a quid; all the lot of you, I mean.

Lady U: Oh, let us prosecute him and have done with it. I have a conscience too, I hope; and I do not feel at all sure that we have any right to let him go, especially if he is going to be greedy and impertinent.

Burglar: All right, lady, all right. I've no wish to be anything but agreeable. Good evening, ladies and gentlemen; and thank you kindly.
(he is hurrying out when he is confronted in the doorway by Captain Shotover)

Captain: (fixing the burglar with a piercing regard) What's this? are there two of you?

Burglar: (falling on his knees before the captain in abject terror) Oh, my good Lord, what have I done? Don't tell me it's your house I've broken into, Captain Shotover.

(The captain seizes him by the collar; drags him to his feet; and leads him to the middle of the group, Hector falling back beside his wife to make way for them)

Captain: (turning him towards Ellie) Is that your daughter? (he releases him)

Burglar: Well, how do I know, Captain? You know the sort of life you and me has led. Any young lady of that age might be my daughter anywhere in the wide, world, as you might say.

Captain: (to Mazzini) You are not Billy Dunn. This is Billy Dunn. Why have you imposed on me?

Burglar: Have you been giving yourself out to be me? You, that nigh blew my head off! Shooting yourself, in a manner of speaking!

Mazzini: My dear Captain Shotover, ever since I came into this house I have done hardly anything else but assure you that I am not Mr. William Dunn, but Mazzini Dunn, a very different person.

Burglar: He don't belong to my branch, Captain. There's two sets in the family: the thinking Dunns and the Drinking Dunns, each going their own ways. I'm a drinking Dunn: He's a thinking Dunn. But that didn't give him any right to shoot me.

Captain: So you've turned burglar, have you?

Burglar: No, Captain: I wouldn't disgrace our old sea calling by such a thing. I am no burglar.

Lady U: What were you doing with my diamonds?

Guinness: What did you break into the house for if you're no burglar?

Randall: Mistook the house for your own and came in by the wrong window, eh?

Burglar: Well, it's no use my telling you a lie: I can take in most Captains, but not Captain Shotover,

because he sold himself to the devil in Zanzibar, and can divine water, spot gold, explode a cartridge in your pocket with a glance of his eye, and see the truth hidden in the heart of man. But I'm no burglar.

Captain: Are you an honest man?

Burglar: I don't set up to be better than my fellow-creatures, and never did, as you well know, Captain. But what I do is innocent and pious. I enquire about for houses where the right sort of people live. I work it on them same as I worked it here. I break into the house; put a few spoons or diamonds in my pocket; make a noise; get caught; and take up a collection. And you wouldn't believe how hard it is to get caught when you're actually trying to. I have knocked over all the chairs in a room without a soul paying any attention to me. In the end I have had to walk out and leave the job.

Randall: When that happens, do you put back the spoons and diamonds?

Burglar: Well, I don't fly in the face of Providence, if that's what you want to know.

Captain: Guinness, you remember this man?

Guinness: I should think I do, seeing I was married to him, the blackguard!

Hesione: (exclaiming together) Married to him!
Lady U: Quinness!

Burglar: It wasn't legal. I've been married to no end of women. No use coming that over me.

Captain: Take him to the forecastle. (he flings him to the door with a strength beyond his years)

Guinness: I suppose you mean the kitchen. They won't have him there. Do you expect the servants to keep company with thieves and all sorts?

Captain: Land-thieves and water-thieves are the same flesh and blood. I'll have no boatswain on my quarter-deck. Off with you both.

Burglar: Yes, Captain. (he goes out humbly)

Mazzini: Will it be safe to have him in the house like that?

Guinness: Why didn't you shoot him, sir? If I'd known who he was, I'd have shot him myself. (she goes out)

Mrs. H: Do sit down, everybody. (she sits down on the sofa) (Captain goes into the pantry in deep abstraction. They all look after him: and Lady U. coughs consciously)

Mrs. H: So Billy Dunn was poor nurse's little romance. I knew there had been somebody.

Randall: They will fight their battles over again and enjoy themselves immensely.

Lady U: You are not married; and you know nothing about it, Randall. Hold your tongue.

Randall: Tyrant!

Mrs. H: Well, we have had a very exciting evening. Everything will be an anticlimax after it. We'd better all go to bed.

Randall: Another burglar may turn up.

Mazzini: Oh, impossible! I hope not.

Randall: Why not? There is more than one burglar in England.

Mrs. H: What do you say, Alf?

Mangan: Oh, I don't matter. I'm forgotten. The burglar has put my nose out of joint. Shove me into a corner and have done with me.

Mrs. H: (jumping up mischieviously, and going to him) Would you like a walk on the heath, Alfred? With me?

Ellie: Go, Mr. Mangan. It will do you good. Hesione will soothe you.

Mrs. H: (slipping her arm under his and pulling him upright) Come, Alfred. There is a moon: it's like the night in Tristan and Isolde. (she carresses his arm and draws him to the port garden door.)

Mangan: (writhing but yielding) How you can have the face---the heart---(he breaks down and is heard sobbing as she takes him out)

Lady U: What an extraordinary way to behave! What is the matter with the man?

Ellie: (staring into an imaginary distance) His heart is breaking: that is all. (the captain appears at the pantry door, listening) It is a curious sensation: the sort of pain that goes mercifully beyond our powers of feeling. When your heart is broken, your boats are burned: nothing matters any more. It is the end of happiness and the beginning of peace.

Lady U: (suddenly rising in a rage, to the astonishment of the rest) How dare you?

Hector: Good heavens! What's the matter?

Randall: Tch--tch--tch-- Steady.

Ellie: I was not addressing you particularly, Lady Utterword. And I am not accustomed to being asked how dare I.

Lady U: Of course not. Anyone can see how badly you have been brought up.

Mazzini: Oh, I hope not, Lady Utterword. Really!

Lady U: I know very well what you meant. The impudence!

Ellie: What on earth do you mean?

Captain: She means that her heart will not break. She has been longing all her life for someone to break it. At last she has become afraid she has none to break.

Lady U: (flinging herself on her knees and throwing her arms round him) Papa, don't say you think I've no heart.

Captain: (raising her with grim tenderness) If you had no heart how could you want to have it broken, child?

Hector: (rising with a bound) Lady Utterword, you are not to be trusted. You have made a scene. (he runs out into the garden through the starboard door)

Lady U: Oh! Hector, Hector! (she runs out after him)

Randall: Only nerves, I assure you. (he rises and follows her, waving the poker in his agitation) Ariadne!

Ariadne! For God's sake, be careful. You will----
(he is gone)

Mazzini: How distressing! Can I do anything, I wonder?

Captain: (promptly taking his chair and setting to work at the drawing board) No. Go to bed. Good night.

Mazzini: Oh! Perhaps you are right.

Ellie: Good-night, dearest. (she kisses him)

Mazzini: Good-night, love. (he makes for the door, but turns aside to the bookshelves.) I'll just take a book (he takes one) Good-night. (he goes out, leaving Ellie alone with the Captain)
(The captain is intent on his drawing. Ellie, standing sentry over his chair, contemplates him for a moment.)

Ellie: Does nothing ever disturb you, Captain Shotover?

Captain: I've stood on the bridge for eighteen hours in a typhoon. Life here is stormier; but I can stand it.

Ellie: Do you think I ought to marry Mr. Mangan?

Captain: (never looking up) One rock is as good as another to be wrecked on.

Ellie: I am not in love with him.

Captain: Who said you were?

Ellie: You are not surprised?

Captain: Surprised! At my age!

Ellie: It seems to me quite fair. He wants me for one thing: I want him for another.

Captain: Money?

Ellie: Yes.

Captain: Well, one turns the cheek: the other kisses it. One provides the cash: the other spends it.

Ellie: Who will have the best of the bargain, I wonder?

Captain: You. These fellows live in an office all day. You will have to put up with him from dinner to

breakfast; but you will both be asleep most of that time. All day you will be quit of him; and you will be shopping with his money. If that is too much for you, marry a seafaring man: you will be bothered with him only three weeks in the year, perhaps.

Ellie: That would be best of all, I suppose.

Captain: It's a dangerous thing to be married right up to the hilt, like my daughter's husband. The man is at home all day, like a damned soul in hell.

Ellie: I never thought of that before.

Captain: If you're marrying for business, you can't be too business like.

Ellie: Why do women always want other women's husbands?

Captain: Why do horse-thieves prefer a horse that is broken-in to one that is wild?

Ellie: (with a short laugh) I suppose so. What a vile world it is!

Captain: It doesn't concern me. I'm nearly out of it.

Ellie: And I'm only just beginning.

Captain: Yes; so look ahead.

Ellie: Well, I think I am being very prudent.

Captain: I didn't say prudent. I said look ahead.

Ellie: What's the difference?

Captain: It's prudent to gain the whole world and lose your own soul. But don't forget that your soul sticks to you if you stick to it; but the world has a way of slipping through your fingers.

Ellie: (wearily, leaving him and beginning to wander restlessly about the room.) I'm sorry, Captain Shotover; but it's no use talking like that to me. Old fashioned people are no use to me. Old-fashioned people think you can have a soul without money. They think the less money you have the more soul you have. Young people nowadays know better. A soul is a very expensive thing to keep: much more so than a motor car.

Captain: Is it? How much does your soul eat?

Ellie: Oh, a lot. It eats music and pictures and books and mountains and lakes and beautiful things to wear and nice people to be with. In this country you can't have them without lots of money: that is why our souls are so horribly starved.

Captain: Mangan's soul lives on pig's food.

Ellie: Yes: money is thrown away on him. I suppose his soul was starved when he was young. But it will not be thrown away on me. It is just because I want to save my soul that I am marrying for money. All the women who are not fools do.

Captain: There are other ways of getting money. Why don't you steal it?

Ellie: Because I don't want to go to prison.

Captain: Is that the only reason? Are you quite sure honesty has nothing to do with it?

Ellie: Oh, you are very very old-fashioned, Captain. Does any modern girl believe that the legal and illegal ways of getting money are the honest and dishonest ways? Mangan robbed my father and my father's friends. I should rob all the money back from Mangan if the police would let me. As they won't I must get it back by marrying him.

Captain: I can't argue: I'm too old: my mind is made up and finished. All I can tell you is that, old-fashioned or new-fashioned, if you sell yourself, you deal your soul a blow that all the books and pictures and concerts and scenery in the world won't heal. (he gets up suddenly and makes for the pantry)

Ellie: (running after him and seizing him by the sleeve) Then why did you sell yourself to the devil in Zanzibar?

Captain: (stopping, startled) What?

Ellie: You shall not run away before you answer. I have found out that trick of yours. If you sold yourself, why shouldn't I?

Captain: I had to deal with men so degraded that they wouldn't obey me unless I swore at them and kicked them and beat them with my fists. Foolish people

took young thieves off the streets; flung them into a training ship where they were taught to fear the cane instead of fearing God; and thought they'd made men and sailors of them by private subscription. I tricked these thieves into believing I'd sold myself to the devil. It saved my soul from kicking and swearing that was damning me by inches.

Ellie: (releasing him) I shall pretend to sell myself to Boss Mangan to save my soul from the poverty that is damning me by inches.

Captain: Riches will damn you ten times deeper. Riches won't save even your body.

Ellie: Old-fashioned again. We know now that the soul is the body, and the body the soul. They tell us they are different because they want to persuade us that we can keep our souls if we let them make slaves of our bodies. I am afraid you are no use to me, Captain.

Captain: What did you expect? A Savior, eh? Are you old-fashioned enough to believe in that?

Ellie: No. But I thought you were very wise, and might help me. Now I have found you out. You pretend to be busy, and think of fine things to say, and run in and out to surprise people by saying them, and get away before they can answer you.

Captain: It confuses me to be answered. It discourages me. I cannot bear men and women. I have to run away. I must run away now. (he tries to)

Ellie: (again seizing his arm.) You shall not run away from me. I can hypnotize you. You are the only person in the house I can say what I like to. I know you are fond of me. Sit down. (she draws him to the sofa)

Captain: (yielding) Take care: I am in my dotage. Old men are dangerous: it doesn't matter to them what is going to happen to the world.
(they sit side by side on the sofa. She leans affectionately against him with her head on his shoulder and her eyes half closed.)

Ellie: (dreamily) I should have thought nothing else mattered to old men. They can't be very interested in what is going to happen to themselves.

Captain: A man's interest in the world is only the overflow from his interest in himself. When you are a child your vessel is not yet full; so you care for nothing but your own affairs. When you grow up, your vessel overflows; and you are a politician, a philosopher, or an explorer and adventurer. In old age the vessel dries up: there is no overflow: you are a child again. I can give you the memories of my ancient wisdom: mere scraps and leavings; but I no longer really care for anything but my own little wants and hobbies. I sit here working out my old ideas as a means of destroying my fellow-creatures. I see my daughters and their men living foolish lives of romance and sentiment and snobbery. I see you, the younger generation, turning from their romance and sentiment and snobbery to money and comfort and hard common sense. I was ten times happier on the bridge in the typhoon, or frozen into Arctic ice for months in darkness, than you or they have ever been. You are looking for a rich husband. At your age I looked for hardship, danger, horror, and death that I might feel the life in me more intensely. I did not let the fear of death govern my life; and my reward was, I had my life. You are going to let the fear of poverty govern your life; and your reward will be that you will eat, but you will not live.

Ellie: (sitting up impatiently) But what can I do? I am not a sea captain: I can't stand on bridges in typhoons or go slaughtering seals and whales in Greenland's icy mountains. They won't let women be Captains. Do you want me to be a stewardess?

Captain: There are worse lives. The stewardesses could come ashore if they liked; but they sail and sail and sail.

Ellie: What could they do ashore but marry for money? I don't want to be a stewardess: I am too bad a sailor. Think of something else for me.

Captain: I can't think so long and continuously. I am too old. I must go in and out. (he tries to rise)

Ellie: (pulling him back) You shall not. You are happy here, aren't you?

Captain: I tell you it's dangerous to keep me. I can't keep awake and alert.

Ellie: What do you run away for? To sleep?

Captain: No. To get a glass or rum.

Ellie: (frightfully disillusioned) Is that it? How disgusting! Do you like being drunk?

Captain: No: I dread being drunk more than anything in the world. To be drunk means to have dreams; to go soft; to be easily pleased and deceived; to fall into the clutches of women. Drink does that for you when you are young. But when you are old: very very old, like me, the dreams come by themselves. You don't know how terrible that is: you are young: you sleep at night only, and sleep soundly. But later on you will lseep in the afternoon. Later still you will sleep even in the morning; and you will awake tired, tired of life. You will never be free from dozing and dreams; the dreams will steal upon your work every ten minutes unless you can awaken yourself with rum. I drink now to keep sober; but the dreams are conquering; rum is not what it was: I have had ten glasses since you came; and it might be so much water. Go get me another: Guinness knows where it is. You had better see for yourself the horror of an old man drinking.

Ellie: You shall not drink. Dream. I like you to dream. You must never be in the real world when we talk together.

Captain: I am too weary to resist, or too weak. I am in my second childhood. I do not see you as you really are. I can't remember what I really am. I feel nothing but the accursed happiness I have dreaded all my life long: the happiness that comes as life goes, the happiness of yielding and dreaming instead of resisting and doing, the sweetness of the fruit that is going rotten.

Ellie: You dread it almost as much as I used to dread losing my dreams and having to fight and do things. But this is all over for me: my dreams are dashed to pieces. I should like to marry a very old, very rich man. I should like to marry you. I had much rather marry you than marry Mangan. Are you very rich?

Captain: No. Living from hand to mouth. And I have a wife somewhere in Jamaica: a black one. My first wife. Unless she's dead.

Ellie: What a pity! I feel so happy with you. (she takes his hand, almost unconsciously, and pats it) I thought I should never feel happy again.

Captain: Why?

Ellie: Don't you know?

Captain: No.

Ellie: Heartbreak. I fell in love with Hector, and didn't know he was married.

Captain: Heartbreak? Are you one of those who are so sufficient to themselves that they are only happy when they are stripped of everything, even of hope?

Ellie: (gripping the hand) It seems so; for I feel now as if there was nothing I could not do, because I want nothing.

Captain: That's the only real strength. That's genius. That's better than rum.

Ellie: (throwing away his hand) Rum! Why did you spoil it?

(Hector and Randall come in from the garden through the starboard door.)

Hector: I beg your pardon. We did not know there was anyone here.

Ellie: (rising) That means that you want to tell Mr. Randall the story about the tiger. Come, Captain: I want to talk to my father; and you had better come with me.

Captain: Nonsense! the man is in bed.

Ellie: Aha! I've caught you. My real father has gone to bed; but the father you gave me is in the kitchen. You knew quite well all along. Come. (she draws him out into the garden with her through the port door)

Hector: That's an extraordinary girl. She has the Ancient Mariner on a string like aPekinese dog.

Randall: Now that they have gone, shall we have a friendly chat?

Hector: You are in what is supposed to be my house. I am at your disposal.
(Hector sits down in the draughtsman's chair, turning it to face Randall, who remains standing, leaning at his ease against the carpenter's bench.

Randall: I take it that we may be quite frank. I mean about Lady Utterword.

Hector: You may. I have nothing to be frank about. I never met her until this afternoon.

Randall: What! But you are her sister's husband.

Hector: Well, if you come to that, you are her husband's brother.

Randall: But you seem to be on intimate terms with her.

Hector: So do you.

Randall: Yes: but I am on intimate terms with her. I have known her for years.

Hector: It took her years to get to the same point with you that she got to with me in five minutes, it seems.

Randall: Really, Ariadne is the limit. (he moves away)

Hector: (cooly) She is, as I remarked to Hesione, a very enterprising woman.

Randall: (returning, much troubled) You see, Hushabye, you are what women consider a good looking man.

Hector: I cultivated that appearance in the days of my vanity; and Hesione insists on my keeping it up. She makes me wear these ridiculous things (indicating his Arab costume) because she thinks me absurd in evening dress.

Randall: Still, you do keep it up, old chap. Now, I assure you I have not an atom of jealousy in my disposition-----

Hector: The question would seem to be rather whether your brother has any touch of that sort.

Randall: What! Hastings! Oh, don't trouble about Hastings. He has the gift of being able to work sixteen hours a day at the dullest detail, and actually likes it. That gets him to the top wherever he goes. As long as Ariadne takes care that he is fed regularly, he is only too thankful to anyone who will keep her in good humor for him.

Hector: And as she has all the Shotover fascination, there is plenty of competition for the job, eh?

Randall: (angrily) She encourages them. Her conduct is perfectly scandalous. I assure you, my dear fellow, I haven't an atom of jealousy in my composition; but she makes herself the talk of every place she goes to by her thoughtlessness. It's nothing more: she doesn't really care for the men she keeps hanging about her; but how is the world to know that? It's not fair to Hastings. It's not fair to me.

Hector: Her theory is that her conduct is so correct----

Randall: Correct! She does nothing but make scenes from morning till night. You be careful, old chap. She will get you into trouble: that is, she would if she really cared for you.

Hector: Doesn't she?

Randall: Not a scrap. She may want your scalp to add to her collection; but her true affection has been engaged years ago. You had really better be careful.

Hector: Do you suffer much from this jealousy?

Randall: Jealousy! I jealous! My dear fellow, haven't I told you that there is not an atom of------

Hector: Yes. and Lady Utterword told me she never made scenes. Well, don't waste your jealousy on my moustache. Never waste jealousy on a real man: it is the imaginary hero that supplants us all in the long run. Besides, jealousy does not belong to your easy man-of-the-world pose, which you carry so well in other respects.

Randall: Really, Hushabye, I think a man may be allowed to be a gentleman without being accused of posing.

Hector: It is a pose like any other. In this house we know all the poses: our game is to find out the man under the pose. The man under your pose is apparently Ellie's favorite, Othello.

Randall: Some of your games in this house are damned annoying, let me tell you

Hector: Yes: I have been their victim for many years. I used to writhe under them at first; but I became accustomed to them. At last I learned to play them.

Randall: If it's all the same to you I had rather you didn't play them on me. You evidently don't quite understand my character, or my notions of good form.

Hector: Is it your notion of good form to give away Lady Utterword?

Randall: (a childishly plaintive note breaking into his huff) I have not said a word against Lady Utterword. This is just the conspiracy over again.

Hector: What conspiracy?

Randall: You know very well, sir. A conspiracy to make me out to be pettish and jealous and childish and everything I am not. Everyone knows I am just the opposite.

Hector: (rising) Something in the air of the house has upset you. It often does have that effect. (he goes to the garden door and calls Lady Utterword with commanding emphasis) Ariadne!

Lady U: (at some distance) Yes.

Randall: What are you calling her for? I want to speak----

Lady U: (arriving breathless) Yes. You really are a terribly commanding person. What's the matter?

Hector: I do not know how to manage your friend Randall. No doubt you do.

Lady U: Randall: have you been making yourself ridiculous, as usual? I can see it in your face. Really, you are the most pettish creature.

Randall: You know quite well, Ariadne, that I have not an ounce of pettishness in my disposition. I have made myself perfectly pleasant here. I have remained absolutely cool and imperturbable in the face of a burglar. Imperturbability is almost too strong a point of mine. But (putting his foot down with a stamp, and walking angrily up and down the room) I insist on being treated with a certain consideration. I will not allow Hushabye to take liberties with me. I will not stand your encouraging people as you do.

Hector: The man has a rooted delusion that he is your husband.

Lady U: I know. He is jealous. As if he had any right to be! He compromises me everywhere. He makes scenes all over the place. Randall: I will not allow it. I simply will not allow it. You had no right to discuss me with Hector. I will not be discussed by men.

Hector: Be reasonable, Ariadne. Your fatal gift of beauty forces men to discuss you.

Lady U: Oh indeed! What about your fatal gift of beauty?

Hector: How can I help it?

LadyU: You could cut off your moustache; i can't cut off my nose. I get my whole life messed up with people falling in love with me. And then Randall says I run after men.

Randall: I----

Lady U: Yes you do: you said it just now. Why can't you think of something else than women? Napoleon was quite right when he said that women are the occupation of the idle man. Well, if ever there was an idle man on earth, his name is Randall Utterword.

Randall: Ariad----

Lady U: Oh yes you are: it's no use denying it. What have you ever done? What good are you? You are as much trouble in the house as a child of three. You couldn't live without your valet.

Randall: This is-----

Lady U: Laziness! You are laziness incarnate. You are selfishness itself. You are the most uninteresting man on earth. You can't even gossip about anything but yourself and your grievances and your ailments and the people who have offended you. Do you know what they call him, Hector?

Hector: Please don't tell me.
Randall: speaking together I'll not stand it---

Lady U: Randall the Rotter: that is his name in good society.

Randall: (shouting) I'll not bear it, I tell you. Will you listen to me, you infernal--------(he chokes)

Lady U: Well; go on. What were you going to call me? An infernal what? Which unpleasant animal is it to be this time?

Randall: (foaming) There is no animal in the world so hateful as a woman can be. You are a maddening devil. Hushabye, you will not believe me when I tell you that I have loved this demon all my life; but God knows I have paid for it (he sits down in the draughtsman's chair, weeping)

Lady U: (standing over him with truimphant contempt) Cry-baby!

Hector: (gravely, coming to him) My friend, the Shotover sisters have two strange powers over men. They can make them love; and they can make them cry. Thank your stars that you are not married to one of them.

Lady U: (haughtily) And pray, Hector---

Hector: (suddenly catching her round the shoulders: swinging her right round him and away from Randall; and gripping her throat with the other hand) Ariadne, if you attempt to start on me, I'll choke you: do you hear? The cat and mouse game with the other sex is a good game; but I can play your head off at it. (he throws her, not at all gently into the big chair, and proceeds, less fiercely but firmly) It is true that Napoleon said that woman is the occupation of the idle man. But he added that she is the relaxation of the warrior. Well, I am the warrior. So take care.

Lady U: (not in the least put out, and rather pleased by his violence) My dear Hector, I have only done what you asked me to do.

Hector: How do you make that out, pray?

Lady U: You called me in to manage Randall, didn't you? You said you couldn't manage him yourself.

Hector: Well, what if I did? I did not ask you to drive the man mad.

Lady U: He isn't mad. That's the way to manage him. If you were a mother, you'd understand.

Hector: Mother! What are you up to now?

Lady U: It's quite simple. When the children got nerves and were naughty, I smacked them just enough to give them

a good cry and a healthy nervous shock. They went to sleep and were quite good afterwards. Well, I can't smack Randall; he is too big; so when he gets nerves and is naughty, I just nag him till he cries. He will be all right now. Look; he is half asleep already (which is quite true)

Randall: (waking up indignantly) I'm not. You are most cruel, Ariadne. (sentimentally) But I suppose I must forgive you, as usual. (he checks himself in the act of yawning)

Lady U: Is the explanation satisfactory, dread warrior?

Hector: Some day I shall kill you, if you go too far. I thought you were a fool.

Lady U: (laughing) Everybody does, at first. But I am not such a fool as I look. (she rises complacently) Now Randall, go to bed. You will be a good boy in the morning.

Randall: (only faintly rebellious) I'll go to bed when I like. It isn't ten yet.

Lady U: It is long past ten. See that he goes to bed at once, Hector. (she goes into the garden)

Hector: Is there any slavery on earth viler than this slavery of men to women?

Randall: (rising resolutely) I'll not speak to her tomorrow. I'll not speak to her for another week. I'll give her such a lesson. I'll go straight to bed without bidding her good-night. (he makes for the door leading to the hall)

Hector: You are under a spell, man. Old Shotover sold himself to the devil in Zanzibar. The devil gave him a black witch for a wife; and these two demon daughters are their mystical progeny. I am tied to Hesione's apron-strings; but I'm her husband; and if I did go stark staring mad about her, at least we became man and wife. But why should you let yourself be dragged about and beaten by Ariadne as a toy donkey is dragged about and beaten by a child? What do you get by it? Are you her lover?

Randall: You must not misunderstand me. In a higher sense---in a Platonic sense---

Hector: Psha! Platonic sense! She makes you her servant; and when pay-day comes round, she bilks you; that is what you mean.

Randall: Well, if I don't mind, I don't see what business it is of yours. Besides, I tell you I am going to punish her. You shall see: I know how to deal with women. I'm really very sleepy. Say good-night to Mrs. Hushabye for me, will you, like a good chap. Good-night. (he hurries out)

Hector: Poor wretch! Oh women! women! women! (he lifts his fists in invocation to heaven) Fall. Fall and crush. (he goes out into the garden)

ACT III

In the garden, Hector, as he comes out through the glass door of the poop, finds Lady Utterword lying voluptuously in the hammock on the east side of the flagstaff, in the circle of light cast by the electric arc, which is like a moon in its opal globe. Beneath the head of the hammock, a campstool. On the other side of the flagstaff, on the long garden seat, Captain Shotover is asleep, with Ellie beside him, leaning affectionately against him on his right hand. On his left is a deck chair. Behind them in the gloom, Hesione is strolling about with Mangan. It is a fine still night, moonless.

Lady U: What a lovely night! It seems made for us.

Hector: The night takes no interest in us. What are we to the night? (he sits down moodily in the deck chair)

Ellie: (dreamily, nestling against the captain) Its beauty soaks into my nerves. In the night there is peace for the old and hope for the young.

Hector: Is that remark your own?

Ellie: No. Only the last thing the captain said before he went to sleep.

Captain: I'm not asleep.

Hector: Randall is. Also Mr. Mazzini Dunn. Mangan too, probably.

Mangan: No.

Hector: Oh, you are there. I thought Hesione would have sent you to bed by this time.

Mrs. H: (coming to the back of the garden seat, into the light, with Mangan) I think I shall. He keeps telling me he has a presentiment that he is going to die. I never met a man so greedy for sympathy.

Mangan: But I have a presentiment. I really have. And you wouldn't listen.

Mrs. H: I was listening for something else. There was a sort of splendid drumming in the sky. Did none of you hear it? It came from a distance and then died away.

Mangan: I tell you it was a train.

Mrs. H: And I tell you, Alf, there is no train at this hour. The last is nine forty-five.

Mangan: But a goods train.

Mrs. H: Not on our little line. They tack a truck on to the passenger train. What can it have been, Hector?

Hector: Heaven's threatening growl of disgust at us useless futile creatures. (fiercely) I tell you, one of two things must happen. Either out of that darkness some new creation will come to supplant us as we have supplanted the animals, or the heavens will fall in thunder and destroy us.

Lady U: (in a cool instructive manner, wallowing comfortably in her hammock) We have not supplanted the animals, Hector. Why do you ask heaven to destroy this house, which could be made quite comfortable if Hesione had any notion of how to live? Don't you know what is wrong with it?

Hector: We are wrong with it. There is no sense in us. We are useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished.

Lady U: Nonsense! Hastings told me the very first day he came here, nearly twenty-four years ago, what is wrong with the house.

Captain: What! The numskull said there was something wrong with my house!

Lady U: I said Hastings said it; and he is not in the least a numskull.

Captain: What's wrong with my house?

Lady U: Just what is wrong with a ship, papa. Wasn't it clever of Hastings to see that?

Captain: The man's a fool. There's nothing wrong with a ship.

Lady U: Yes, there is.

Mrs. H: But what is it? Don't be aggravating, Addy.

Lady U: Guess.

Hector: Demons. Daughters of the witch of Zanzibar. Demons.

Lady U: Not a bit. I assure you, all this house needs to make it a sensible, healthy, pleasant house, with good appetites and sound sleep in it, is horses.

Mrs. H: Horses! What rubbish!

Lady U: Yes: horses. Why have we never been able to let this house? Because there are no proper stables. Go anywhere in England where there are natural, wholesome, contented, and really nice English people; and what do you always find? That the stables are the real centre of the household; and that if any visitor wants to play the piano the whole room has to be upset before it can be opened, there are so many things piled on it. I never lived until I learned to ride; and I shall never ride really well because I didn't begin as a child. There are only two classes in good society in England: the equestrian classes and the neurotic classes. It isn't mere convention: everybody can see that the people who hunt are the right people and the people who don't are the wrong ones.

Captain: There is some truth in this. My ship made a man of me; and a ship is the horse of the sea.

Lady U: Exactly how Hastings explained your being a gentleman.

Captain: Not bad for a numskull. Bring the man here with you next time. I must talk to him.

Lady U: Why is Randall such an obvious rotter? He is well bred; he has been at a public school and a university; he has been in the Foreign Office; he knows the best people and had lived all his life among them. Why is he so unsatisfactory, so contemptible? Why can't he get a valet to stay with him longer than a few months? Just because he is too lazy and pleasure-loving to hunt and shoot. He strums the piano, and sketches, and runs after married women, and reads literary books and poems. He actually plays the flute; but I never let him bring it into my house. If he would only----(she is interrupted by the melancholy strains of a flute coming from an open window above. She raises herself indignantly in the hammock) Randall, you have not gone to bed. Have you been listening? (the flute replies pertly) How vulgar! Go to bed instantly, Randall: how dare you? (the window is slammed down. She subsides) How can anyone care for such a creature!

Mrs. H: Addy: do you think Ellie ought to marry poor Alfred merely for his money?

Mangan: What's that? Mrs. Hushabye, are my affairs to be discussed like this before everybody?

Lady U: I don't think Randall is listening now.

Mangan: Everybody is listening. It isn't right.

Mrs. H: But in the dark, what does it matter? Ellie doesn't mind. Do you, Ellie?

Ellie: Not in the least. What is your opinion, Lady Utterword? You have so much good sense.

Mangan: But it isn't right. It---(Mrs. H. puts her hand on his mouth) Oh, very well.

Lady U: How much money have you, Mr. Mangan?

Mangan: Really---No: I can't stand this.

Lady U: Nonsense, Mr. Mangan! It all turns on your income, doesn't it?

Mangan: Well, if you come to that, how much money has she?

Ellie: None.

Lady U: You are answered, Mr. Mangan. And now, as you have made Miss Dunn throw her cards on the table, you cannot refuse to show your own.

Mrs. H: Come, Alf! out with it! How much?

Mangan: (bailed out of all prudence) Well, if you want to know, I have no money and never had any.

Mrs. H: Alfred, you mustn't tell naughty stories.

Mangan: I'm not telling you stories. I'm telling you the raw truth.

Lady U: Then what do you live on, Mr. Mangan?

Mangan: Traveling expenses. And a trifle of commission.

Captain: What more have any of us but travelling expenses for our life's journey?

Mrs. H: But you have factories and capital and things?

Mangan: People think I have. People think I'm an industrial Napoleon. That's why Miss Ellie wants to marry me. But I tell you I have nothing.

Ellie: Do you mean that the factories are like Marcus's tigers? That they don't exist?

Mangan: They exist all right enough. But they're not mine. They belong to syndicates and shareholders and all sorts of lazy good-for-nothing capitalists. I get money from such people to start the factories. I find people like Miss Dunn's father to work them, and keep a tight hand so as to make them pay. Of course I make them keep me going pretty well; but it's a dog's life; and I don't own anything.

Mrs. H: Alfred, Alfred, you are making a poor mouth of it to get out of marrying Ellie.

Mangan: I'm telling the truth about my money for the first time in my life; and it's the first time my word has ever been doubted.

Lady U: How sad! Why don't you go in for politics, Mr. Mangan?

Mangan: Go in for politics! Where have you been living? I am in politics.

Lady U: I'm sure I beg your pardon. I never heard of you.

Mangan: Let me tell you, Lady Utterword, that the Prime Minister of this country asked me to join the Government without even going through the nonsense of an election, as the dictator of a great public department.

Lady U: As a Conservative or a Liberal?

Mangan: No such nonsense. As a practical business man. (they all burst out laughing) What are you all laughing at?

Mrs. H: Oh, Alfred, Alfred!

Ellie: You! who have to get my father to do everything for you!

Mrs. H: You! who are afraid of your own workmen!

Hector: You! with whom three women have been playing cat and mouse all the evening!

Lady U: You must have given an immense sum to the party funds, Mr. Mangan.

Mangan: Not a penny out of my own pocket. The syndicate found the money: they knew how useful I should be to them in the Government.

Lady U: This is most interesting and unexpected, Mr. Mangan. And what have your administrative achievements been so far?

Mangan: Achievements? Well, I don't know what you call achievements; but I've jolly well put a stop to the games of the other fellows in the other departments. Every man of them thought he was going to save the country all by himself, and do me out of the credit and out of my chance of a title. I took good care that if they wouldn't let me do it they shouldn't do it themselves either. I may not know anything about my own machinery; but I know how to stick a ramrod into the other fellow's. And now they all look the biggest fools going.

Hector: And in heaven's name, what do you look like?

Mangan: I look like the fellow that was too clever for all the others, don't I? If that isn't triumph of practical business, what is?

Hector: Is this England, or is it a madhouse?

Lady U: Do you expect to save the country, Mr. Mangan?

Mangan: Well, who else will? Will your Mr. Randall save it?

Lady U: Randall the rotter! Certainly not.

Mangan: Will your brother-in-law save it with his moustache and his fine talk?

Hector: Yes, if they will let me.

Mangan: (sneering) Ah! Will they let you?

Hector: No. They prefer you.

Mangan: Very well then, as you're in a world where I'm appreciated and you're not, you'd best be civil to me, hadn't you? Who else is there but me?

Lady U: There is Hastings. Get rid of your ridiculous sham democracy; and give Hastings the necessary powers, and a good supply of bamboo to bring the British native to his senses: he will save the country with the greatest ease.

Captain: It had better be lost. Any fool can govern with a stick in his hand. I could govern that way. It is not God's way. The man is a numskull.

Lady U: The man is worth all of you rolled into one. What do you say, Miss Dunn?

Ellie: I think my father would do very well if people did not put upon him and cheat him and despise him because he is so good.

Mangan: (contemptuously) I think I see Mazzini Dunn getting into parliament or pushing his way into the Government. We've not come to that yet, thank God! What do you say, Mrs. Hushabye?

Mrs. H: Oh, I say it matters very little which of you governs the country so long as we govern you.

Hector: We? Who is we, pray?

Mrs. H: The devil's granddaughters, dear. The lovely women.

Hector: (raising his hands as before) Fall, I say, and deliver us from the lures of Satan!

Ellie: There seems to be nothing real in the world except my father and Shakespeare. Marcus's tigers are false; Mr. Mangan's millions are false; there is nothing really strong and true about Hesione but her beautiful black hair; and Lady Utterword's is too pretty to be real. The one thing that was left to me was that Captain's seventh degree of concentration; and that turns out to be ---

Captain: Rum.

Lady U: (placidly) A good deal of my hair is quite genuine. The Duchess of Dithering offered me fifty guineas for this (touching her forehead) under the impression that it was a transformation; but it is all natural except the color.

Mangan: (wildly) Look here: I'm going to take off all my clothes (he begins tearing off his coat)

Lady U: Mr. Mangan!

Captain: What's that?

Hector: Ha! ha! Do. Do.

Ellie: Please don't.

Mrs. H: (catching his arm and stopping him.) Alfred, for shame! Are you mad?

Mangan: Shame! What shame is there in this house? Let's all strip stark naked. We may as well do the thing thoroughly when we're about it. We've stripped ourselves morally naked: well, let us strip ourselves physically naked as well and see how we like it. I tell you I can't bear this. I was brought up to be respectable. I don't mind the women dyeing their hair and the men drinking: it's human nature. But it's not human nature to tell everybody about it. Every time one of you opens your mouth I go like this (he cowers as if to avoid a missile) afraid of what will come next. How are we to have any self-respect if we don't keep it up that we're better than we really are?

Lady U: I quite sympathize with you, Mr. Mangan. I have been through it all; and I know by experience that men and women are delicate plants and must be cultivated under glass. Our family habit of throwing stones in all directions and letting the air in is not only unbearably rude, but positively dangerous. Still, there is no use catching physical colds we well as moral ones; so please keep your clothes on.

Mangan: I'll do as I like: not what you tell me. Am I a child or a grown man? I won't stand this mothering tyranny. I'll go back to the city, where I'm respected and made much of.

Mrs. H: Goodbye, Alf. Think of us sometimes in the city. Think of Ellie's youth!

Ellie: Think of Hesione's eyes and hair!

Captain: Think of this garden in which you are not a dog barking to keep the truth out!

Hector: Think of Lady Utterword's beauty! her good sense! her style!

Lady U: Flatterer. Think, Mr. Mangan, whether you can really do any better for yourself elsewhere: that is the essential point, isn't it?

Mangan: All right: all right. I'm done. Have it your own way. Only let me alone. I don't know whether I'm on my head or my heels when you all start on me like this. I'll stay. I'll marry her. I'll do anything for a quiet life. Are you satisfied now?

Ellie: No. I never really intended to make you marry me, Mr. Mangan. Never in the depths of my soul. I only wanted to feel my strength: to know that you could not escape if I chose to take you.

Mangan: (indignantly) What! Do you mean to say you are going to throw me over after my acting so handsome?

Lady U: I should not be too hasty, Miss Dunn. You can throw Mr. Mangan over at any time up to the last moment. Very few men in his position go bankrupt. You can live comfortably on his reputation for immense wealth.

Ellie: I cannot commit bigamy, Lady Utterword.

Mrs. H: Bigamy! Whatever on earth are you talking about Ellie?

Lady U: Bigamy! What do you mean, MissDunn?

Mangan: Bigamy! Do you mean to say you're married already?

Hector: Bigamy! This is some enigma.

Ellie: Only half an hour ago I became Captain Shotover's white wife.

Mrs. H: Ellie!! What nonsense! Where?

Ellie: In heaven, where all true marriages are made.

Lady U: Really, Miss Dunn! Really, Papa!

Mangan: He told me I was too old! And him a mummy!

Hector: (quoting Shelley)
"Their altar the grassy earth outspread
And their priest the muttering wind."

Ellie: Yes: I, Ellie Dunn, give my broken heart and my strong sound soul to its natural captain, my spiritual husband and second father.
(she draws the captain's arm through hers, and pats his hand. The captain remains asleep)

Mrs. H: Oh, that's very clever of you, pettikins. Very clever. Alfred, you could never have lived up to Ellie. You must be content with a little share of me.

Mangan: (sniffing and wiping his eyes) It isn't kind (his emotion chokes him)

Lady U: You are well out of it, Mr. Mangan. Miss Dunn is the most conceited young woman I have met since I came back to England.

Mrs. H: Oh, Ellie isn't conceited. Are you, pettikins?

Ellie: I know my strength now, Hesione.

Mangan: Brazen, I call you. Brazen.

Mrs. H: Tut, tut, Alfred: Don't be rude. Don't you feel how lovely this marriage night is, made in heaven? Aren't you happy, you and Hector? Open your eyes: Addy and Ellie look beautiful enough to please the most fastidious man: we live and love and have not a care in the world. We women have managed all that for you. Why in the name of common sense do you go on as if you were two miserable wretches?

Captain: I tell you happiness is no good. You can be happy when you are only half alive. I am happier now I am half dead than ever I was in my prime. But there is no blessing on my happiness.

Ellie: Life with a blessing! that is what I want. Now I know the real reason why I couldn't marry Mr. Mangan: there would be no blessing on our marriage. There is a blessing on my broken heart. There is a blessing on your beauty, Hesione. There is a blessing on your father's spirit. Even on the lies of Marcus there is a blessing; but on Mr. Mangan's money there is none.

Mangan: I don't understand a word of that.

Ellie: Neither do I. But I know it means something.

Mangan: Don't say there was any difficulty about the blessing. I was ready to get a bishop to marry us.

Mrs. H: Isn't he a fool, pettikins?

Hector: (fiercly) Do not scorn the man. We are all fools.

(Mazzini, in pyjamas and a richly colored silk dressing-gown, comes from the house, on Lady Utterword's side.)

Mrs. H: Oh! here comes the only man who ever resisted me. What's the matter, Mr. Dunn? Is the house on fire?

Mazzini: Oh, no: nothing's the matter: but really it's impossible to go to sleep with such an interesting conversation going on under one's window, and on such a beautiful night too. I just had to come down and join you all. What has it all been about?

Mrs. H: Oh, wonderful things, soldier of freedom.

Hector: For example, Mangan, as a practical business man, has tried to undress himself and has failed ignominiously; whilst you, as an idealist, have succeeded brilliantly.

Mazzini: I hope you don't mind my being like this, Mrs. Hushabye. (he sits down on the campstool)

Mrs. H: On the contrary, I could wish you always like that.

Lady U: Your daughter's match is off, Mr. Dunn. It seems that Mr. Mangan, whom we all supposed to be a man of property, owns absolutely nothing.

Mazzini: Well, of course I knew that, Lady Utterword. But if people believe in him and are always giving him money, whereas they don't believe in me and never give me any, how can I ask poor Ellie to depend on what I can do for her?

Mangan: Don't you run away with this idea that I have nothing. I----

Hector: Oh, don't explain. We understand. You have a couple of thousand pounds in exchequer bills, 50,000 shares woth tenpence a dozen, and half a dozen tabloids of cyanide of potassium to poison yourself with when you are found out. That's the reality of your millions.

Mazzini: Oh no, no, no. He is quite honest? the businesses are genuine and perfectly legal.

Hector: (disgusted) Yah! Not even a great swindler.

Mangan: So you think. But I've been too many for some honest men, for all that.

Lady U: There is no pleasing you, Mr. Mangan. You are determined to be neither rich nor poor, honest nor dishonest.

Mangan: There you go again. Ever since I came into this silly house I have been made to look like a fool, though I'm as good a man in this house as in the city.

Ellie: (musically) Yes: this silly house, this strangely happy house, this agonizing house, this house without foundations. I shall call it Heartbreak House.

Mrs. H: Stop, Ellie; or I shall howl like an animal.

Mangan: (breaks into a low snivelling)!!

Mrs. H: There! you have set Alfred off.

Ellie: I like him best when he is howling.

Captain: Silence (Mangan subsides into silence) I say, let the heart break in silence.

Hector: Do you accept that name for your house?

Captain: It is not my house: it is only my kennel.

Hector: We have been too long here. We do not live in this house: we haunt it.

Lady U: (heart torn) It is dreadful to think how you have been here all these years while I have gone round the world. I escaped young; but it has drawn me back. It wants to break my heart too. But it shan't. I have left you and it behind. It was silly of me to come back. I felt sentimental about papa and Hesione and the old place. I felt them calling to me.

Mazzini: But what a very natural and kindly and charming human feeling, Lady Utterword!

Lady U: So I thought, Mr. Dunn. But I know now that it was only the last of my influenza. I found that I was not remembered and not wanted.

Captain: You left because you did not want us. Was there no heartbreak in that for your father? you tore

yourself up by the roots; and the ground healed up and brought forth fresh plants and forgot you. What right had you to come back and probe old wounds?

Mrs. H: You were a complete stranger to me at first, Addy; but now I feel as if you had never been away.

Lady U: Thank you, Hesione; but the influenza is quite cured. The place may be Heartbreak House to you, Miss Dunn, and to this gentleman from the city who seems to have so little self-control; but to me it is only a very ill-regulated and rather untidy villa without any stables.

Hector: Inhabited by---?

Ellie: A crazy old sea captain and a young singer who adores him.

Mrs. H: A sluttish female, trying to stave off a double chin and an elderly spread, vainly wooing a born soldier of freedom.

Mazzini: Oh, really, Mrs. Hushabye-----

Mangan: A member of His Majesty's Government that everybody sets down as a nincompoop: don't forget him, Lady Utterword.

Lady U: And a very fascinating gentleman whose chief occupation is to be married to my sister.

Hector: All heartbroken imbeciles.

Mazzini: Oh no. Surely if I may say so, rather a favorable speciman of what is best in our English culture. You are very charming people, most advanced, unprejudiced, frank, humane, unconventional, democratic, free-thinking, and everything that is delightful to thoughtful people.

Mrs. H: You do us proud, Mazzini.

Mazzini: I am not flattering, really. Where else could I feel perfectly at ease in my pyjamas? I sometimes dream that I am in very distinguished society, and suddenly I have nothing on but my pyjamas! Sometimes I haven't even pyjamas. And I always feel overwhelmed with confusion. But here, I don't mind in the least: it seems quite natural.

Lady U: An infallible sign that you are now not in really distinguished society, Mr. Dunn. If you were in my house, you would feel embarrassed.

Mazzini: I shall take particular care to keep out of your house, Lady Utterword.

Lady U: You will be quite wrong, Mr. Dunn. I should make you very comfortable; and you would not have the trouble and anxiety of wondering whether you should wear your purple and gold or your green and crimson dressing gown at dinner. You complicate life instead of simplifying it by doing these ridiculous things.

Ellie: Your house is not Heartbreak House; is it, Lady Utterword?

Hector: Yet she breaks hearts, easy as her house is. That poor devil upstairs with his flute howls when she twists his heart, just as Mangon howls when my wife twists his.

Lady U: That is because Randall has nothing to do but have his heart broken. It is a change from having his head shampooed. Catch anyone breaking Hasting's heart!

Captain: The numskull wins, after all.

Lady U: I shall go back to my numskull with the greatest satisfaction when I am tired of you all, clever as you are.

Mangan: (huffily) I never set up to be clever.

Lady U: I forgot you, Mr. Mangan.

Mangan: Well, I don't see that quite, either.

Lady U: You may not be clever, Mr. Mangan; but you are successful.

Mangan: But I don't want to be regarded merely as a successful man. I have an imagination like anyone else. I have a presentiment-----

Mrs. H: Oh, you are impossible, Alfred. Here I am devouting myself to you; and you think of nothing but your ridiculous presentiment. You bore me. Come and talk poetry to me under the stars. (she drags him away into the darkness)

Mangan: (tearfully, as he disappears) Yes: it's all very well to make fun of me; but if you only knew-----

Hector: (impatiently) How is all this going to end?

Mazzini: It won't end, Mr. Hushabye. Life doesn't end: it goes on.

Ellie: Oh, it can't go on forever. I'm always expecting something. I don't know what it is; but life must come to a point sometime.

Lady U: The point for a young woman of your age is a baby.

Hector: Yes, but, damn it, I have the same feeling; and I can't have a baby.

Lady U: By deputy, Hector.

Hector: But I have children. All that is over and done with for me: and yet I too feel that this can't last. We sit here talking, and leave everything to Mangan and to chance and to the devil. Think of the powers of destruction that Mangan and his mutual admiration gang wield! It's madness: it's like giving a torpedo to a badly brought-up child to play at earthquakes with.

Mazzini: I know. I used often to think about that when I was young.

Hector: Think! What's the good of thinking about it? Why didn't you do something?

Mazzini: But I did. I joined societies and made speeches and wrote pamphlets. That was all I could do. But, you know, though the people in the societies thought they knew more than Mangan, most of them wouldn't have joined if they had known as much. You see they had never had any money to handle or any men to manage. Every year I expected a revolution, or some frightful smash-up: it seemed impossible that we could blunder and muddle on any longer. But nothing happened, except, of course, the usual poverty and crime and drink that we are used to. Nothing ever does happen. It's amazing how well we get along, all things considered.

Lady U: Perhaps somebody cleverer than you and Mr. Mangan was at work all the time.

Mazzini: Perhaps so. Though I was brought up not to believe in anything, I often feel that there is a great deal to be said for the theory of an over-ruling Providence, after all.

Lady U: Providence! I meant Hastings.

Mazzini: Oh, I beg your pardon, Lady Utterword.

Captain: Every drunken skipper trusts to Providence. But one of the ways of Providence with drunken skippers is to run them on the rocks.

Mazzini: Very true, no doubt, at sea. But in politics I assure you, they only run into jellyfish. Nothing happens.

Captain: At sea nothing happens to the sea. Nothing happens to the sky. The sun comes up from the east and goes down to the west. The moon grows from a sickle to an arc lamp, and comes later and later until she is lost in the light as other things are lost in the darkness. After the typhoon, the flying fish glitter in the sunshine like birds. It's amazing how they get along, all things considered. Nothing happens, except something not worth mentioning.

Ellie: What is that, O Captain, O my captain?

Captain: (savagely) Nothing but the smash of the drunken skipper's ship on the rocks, the splintering of her rotten timbers, the tearing of her rusty plates, the drowning of the crew like rats in a trap.

Ellie: Moral: don't take rum.

Captain: (vehemently) That is a lie, child. Let a man drink ten barrels of rum a day, he is not a drunken skipper until he is a drifting skipper. Whilst he can lay his course and stand on his bridge and steer it, he is no drunkard. It is the man who lies drinking in his bunk and trusts to Providence that I call the drunken skipper, though he drank nothing but the waters of the River Jordan.

Ellie: Splendid! And you haven't had a drop for an hour. You see you don't need it: Your own spirit is not dead.

Captain: Echoes: nothing but echoes. The last shot was fired years ago.

Hector: And this ship that we are all in? This soul's prison we call England?

Captain: The captain is in his bunk, drinking bottled ditch-water; and the crew is gambling in the forecastle. She will strike and sink and split. Do you think the laws of God will be suspended in favor of England because you were born in it?

Hector: Well, I don't mean to be drowned like a rat in a trap. I still have the will to live. What am I to do?

Captain: Do? Nothing simpler. Learn your business as an Englishman.

Hector: And what may my business as an Englishman be, pray?

Captain: Navigation. Learn it and live; or leave it and be damned.

Ellie: Quiet, quiet: you'll tire yourself.

Mazzini: I thought all that once, Captain; but I assure you nothing will happen.
(a dull distant explosion is heard)

Hector: (starting up) What was that?

Captain: Something happening. (he blows his whistle) Breakers ahead!
(the lights go out)

Hector: (furiously) Who put that light out? Who dared put that light out?

Guinness: (running in from the house to the middle of the esplanade) I did, sir. The police have telephoned to say we'll be summoned if we don't put that light out: it can be seen for miles.

Hector: It shall be seen for a hundred miles (he dashes into the house)

Guinness: The rectory is nothing but a heap of bricks, they say. Unless we can give the rector a bed he has nowhere to lay his head this might.

Captain: The Church is on the rocks, breaking up. I told him it would unless it headed for God's open sea.

Guinness: And you are all to go down to the cellars.

Captain: Go there yourself, you and all the crew. Batten down the hatches.

Guinness: And hide beside the coward I married! I'll go on the roof first. (the lamp lights up again) There! Mr. Hushabye's turned it on again.

Burglar: (hurrying in and appealing to Guinness) Here: where's the way to the gravel pit? The boot-boy says there's a cave in the gravel pit. Them cellars is no use. Where's the gravel pit, Captain?

Guinness: Go straight on past the flagstaff until you fall into it and break your dirty neck. (she pushes him contemptuously towards the flagstaff, and herself goes to the foot of the hammock and waits there, as it were by Ariadne's cradle)

Another and louder explosion is heard. The burglar stops and stands trembling.

Ellie: (rising) That was nearer.

Captain: The next one will get us. (he rises) Stand by, all hands, for judgment.

Burglar: Oh my Lordy God! (he rushed away frantically past the flagstaff into the gloom)

Mrs. H: (emerging panting from the darkness) Who was that running away? (she comes to Ellie) Did you hear the explosions? And the sound in the sky: it's splendid: it's like an orchestra: it's like Beethoven.

Ellie: By thunder, Hesione: it is Beethoven.
(the light increases)

Guinness: (looking up at the house) It's Mr. Hushabye turning on all the lights in the house and tearing down the curtains.

Randall: (rushing in in his pyjamas, distractedly waving a flute) Ariadne, my soul, my precious, go down to the cellars: I beg and implore you, go down to the cellars!

Lady U: (quite composed in her hammock) The governer's wife in the cellar with the servants! Really, Randall!

Randall: But what shall I do if you are killed?

Lady U: You will probably be killed, too, Randall. Now play your flute to show that you aren't afraid; and be good. Play us "Keep the home fires burning".

Guinness: (grimly) They'll keep the home fires burning for us: them up there.

Randall: (having tried to play) My lips are trembling. I can't get a sound.

Mazzini: I hope poor Mangan is safe.

Mrs. H: He is hiding in the cave in the gravel pit.

Captain: My dynamite drew him there. It is the hand of God.

Hector: (returning from the house and striding across to his former place) There is not half light enough. We should be blazing to the skies.

Ellie: (tense with excitement) Set fire to the house, Marcus.

Mrs. H: My house! No.

Hector: I thought of that; but it would not be ready in time.

Captain: The judgement has come. Courage will not save you; but it will show that your souls are still alive.

Mrs. H: Sh-sh! Listen: do you hear it now? It's magnificant. (they all turn away from the house and look up, listening)

Hector: (gravely) Miss Dunn, you can do no good here. We of this house are only moths flying into the candle. You had better go down to the cellar.

Ellie: (scornfully) I don't think.

Mazzini: Ellie, dear, there is no disgrace in going to the cellar. An officer would order his soldiers to take cover. Mr. Hushabye is behaving like an amateur. Mangan and the burglar are acting very sensibly; and it is they who will survive.

Ellie: Let them. I shall behave like an amateur. But why should you run any risk?

Mazzini: Think of the risk those poor fellows up there are running!

Guinness: Think of them, indeed, the murdering blackguards! What next?

(a terrific explosion shakes the earth. They reel back in their seats, or clutch the nearest support. They hear the falling of the shattered glass from the windows.)

Mazzini: Is anyone hurt?

Hector: Where did it fall?

Guinness: (in hideous triumph) Right in the gravel pit: I seen it. Serve em right! I seen it. (she runs away towards the gravel pit, laughing harshly)

Hector: One husband gone.

Captain: Thirty pounds of good dynamite wasted.

Mazzini: Oh, poor Mangan!

Hector: Are you immortal that you need pity him? Our turn next. (they wait in silence and intense expectation. Hesione and Ellie hold each other's hand tight. A distant explosion is heard.)

Mrs. H: (relaxing her grip) Oh! they have passed us.

Lady U: The danger is over, Randall. Go to bed.

Captain: Turn in, all hands. The ship is safe. (he sits down and goes to sleep)

MUTTERS Ellie: Safe! (disappointedly)

FADE OUT Hector: (disgustedly) Yes, safe. And how damnably dull the world has become again suddenly! (he sits down)

Mazzini: (sitting down) I was quite wrong, after all. It is we who have survived; and Mangan and the burglar----

Hector: ----the two burglars----

Lady U: ---the two practical men of business---

Mazzini: ---both gone. And the poor clergyman will have to get a new house.

Mrs. H: But what a glorious experience! I hope they'll come again tomorrow night.

Ellie: (radiant at the prospect) Oh, I hope so.

Randall at last succeeds in keeping the home fires burning on his flute.

THE END

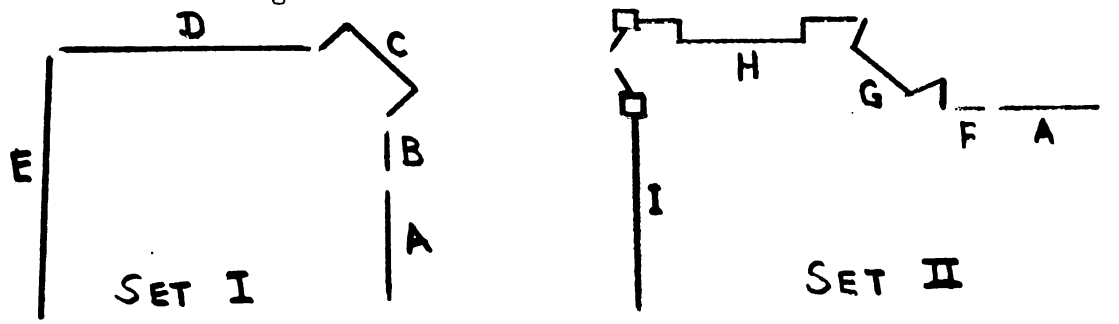
CHAPTER IV

AN ANALYSIS OF THE PROBLEMS OF EXECUTING THE DESIGNS, AND THE NECESSARY DRAWINGS, CHARTS, PLOTS, ETC.

CHAPTER IV

PART I: AN ANALYSIS OF THE PROBLEMS OF EXECUTING THE DESIGNS

As mentioned in chapter II, the problems imposed by shifting of the scenery was a major consideration in the execution of the planning. Since the first set could not be removed from the stage in a reasonable time, it had to remain on stage while set two was being used. Because of this, the scenery was assembled into large units. The diagram below will indicate the general nature of these units.



In Set I, unit A was the arch with the double doors which opened into the garden. By making B a small unit, it could be unhinged and unit A could be used in Set II.

The bay windows (C) were a separate unit because they had to be changed to show an exterior treatment for Act III.

The upstage wall (D) was a large piece comprised of the bookcase flat, the door flat, and one large solid flat. By making this into one section, it could be pushed against the back wall of the stage, thereby requiring a minimum of space.

The stage right wall was also made into one large unit so that it could be moved as a section and placed next to the right wall of the

stage. This wall was composed of one door flat and two solid flats.

After units D and E were against the wall, the black velour drapes were hung to mask the two sections. Black velour was chosen because of a peculiar characteristic which suggests the darkness and softness of a moonless night.

In Set II, unit A from Set I was used without change because the unit was in the shadows. Therefore, its actual detailed appearance was not detectable.

A two foot flat (F) was needed to give porportion to the setting.

The bay window (G) was constructed as a separate unit. Originally the window had been planned as one unit to be used in both scenes, but when actual execution was made, the designer discovered that floor space could be conserved by shortening the center flat and increasing the angle of the two side flats to about 130 degrees instead of the 90 as was the case in Set I. Consequently, two separate window units were used.

Since section H was the garden wall, three feet high, the flats were used on their sides. To the right end was added one-half of the garden gate. A jog in the center made the wall self-supporting and therefore the problem of bracing was eliminated. The jog also made easy the construction of a section which would support the weight of a character who might sit on the edge of the wall. Variety for the setting was also added by this break in the wall.

Section "I" completed the garden wall, and followed the same construction plan as H. The remaining half of the garden gate was attached

to "I" on the upstage end. By assembling one-half of the gate to section H and one-half to "I", the gate was automatically in position with the placement of H and "I".

The construction proceeded from working drawings which were prepared by the designer. Whenever possible, old flats were reconditioned to suit the plans of the designer. By the use of materials already available, the cost of the scenery was kept to a minimum. The scenery was designed to be of simple construction and no complex units were planned. The building was done in the Scenery Construction Laboratory by members of the scenery construction class. Standard building techniques for flats, doors, and windows as outlined by Selden and Sellman were used.[1]

The two base colors used in the painting (brown tending to red in the color wheel for Act I and II, and a brick red for Act III) were mixed according to the theories of Harold Burris-Meyer and E. C. Cole.[2] A tablespoon of Lysol was added to each pail of paint to prevent any possibility of spoilage.

The flats were painted first with the size coat and then the proper base color was applied. The panel effect was achieved in Set I by using a chalk line to indicate the panels. After they had been defined, they were painted in and given appropriate highlight with a light tan and lowlight with a dark brown. The grain effect of the wood was brought

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[1] Samuel Selden and Hunton Sellman, Stage Scenery and Lighting (New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc., 1936) Chap. V.

[2] Harold Burris-Meyer and E. C. Cole, Scenery for the Theatre (Boston: Little, Brown and Co., 1946), p. 267.

out by dry brushing the outlined panels with the dark brown color.

The bricks in the second set were indicated by the use of a chalk line. Then they were given character by laying in highlights of light pink and buff, and lowlights of black, dark red, and dark brown.

The flats were hinged on the face and dutchmened to form units as indicated in the diagram at the beginning of the chapter. The procedure for shifting followed the following plan. In Set I, units A, B, and C were unpinned. Unit A was swung against the left stage house wall. Unit B was removed to storage. Unit C was pushed against the back stage house wall. Units D and E were pushed as one unit as far upstage as possible. During this procedure all stage properties were removed and black velours attached to a batten were fastened to the ceiling to mask off units D and E. At this point, all properties of Act III were put on stage. The platform riser was then placed before the door stage left.

To reset Set II, units H and "I" were put into position, then unit G was set, unit F, and then unit A (which was the same unit as used in Set I).

Since the scene shifting had to be accomplished manually without the use of stage machinery and devices, the time for the complete shift was nine and one-half minutes. A complete shifting plan is included in the blueprints that follow.

The lighting for the play came from the beam position where two baby spots were placed, the bridge which held seven R-40 reflector spots, and the first border position where two baby spots and two R-40 reflector spots were hung.

The off stage lighting, indicating the sunset in Act I and the house light in Act III, was accomplished by placing a baby spot on a light standard up left, off stage.

Choosing the colors of lights for the effect of a room at sundown, and a terrace on a moonless night was a problem because the lights in Studio Theater were so inflexible. Since the lights could not be moved nor changed during the play one set of colors had to do for all variations needed on the settings. Because the play was an intellectual rather than an emotional comedy, the director and the designer agreed that there should be a coolness at all times on the set. They found, by study and experimenting, that the color mediums of "Surprise Pink" and"Medium Blue" were the most suitable colors to use. They also found that these two colors were complimentary to the skin tones of the actors, and did not affect the shade of brown used in the wood paneling of Set I.

PART II: SCENE DESIGNER'S DRAWINGS

The following section of this chapter contains the color sketches, blueprints, charts, plots, diagrams, and pictures which are necessary to the successful execution of any designer's plans for the setting of the play.

Section A. Color Plates of Settings

Section B. Technical Workings for Settings

- Sheet 1, Ground Plan Act I and II
- Sheet 2, Furniture Plot Act I and II
- Sheet 3, Ground Plan Act III
- Sheet 4, Furniture Plot Act III
- Sheet 5, Working Drawings Act I and II, Flats stage left
- Sheet 6, Working Drawings Act I and II, Door stage left
- Sheet 7, Working Drawings Act I and II, Bay window unit
- Sheet 8, Working Drawings Act I and II, Upstage wall
- Sheet 9, Working Drawings Act I and II, Stage Right wall
- Sheet 10, Working Drawings Act III, Garden walls
- Sheet 11, Working Drawings Act III, Bay window unit
- Sheet 12, Working Drawings Act III, Garden gate

Section C. Light Plot

Section D. Shift Plan

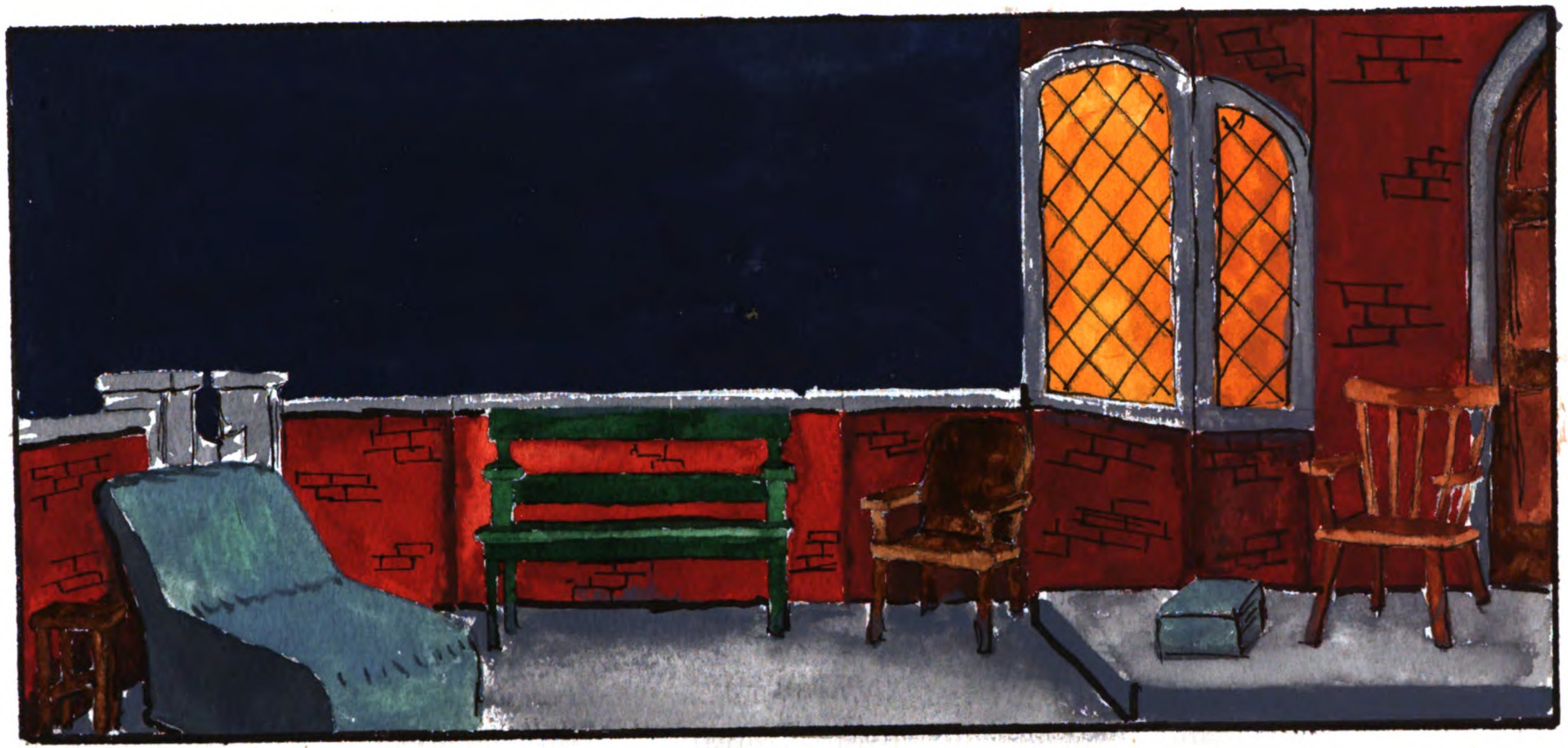
Section E. Make-up Charts and Instructions

Section F. The Costume Plot

Section G. Pictures of the Production

COLOR PLATE, ACTS I AND II

COLOR PLATE, ACT III



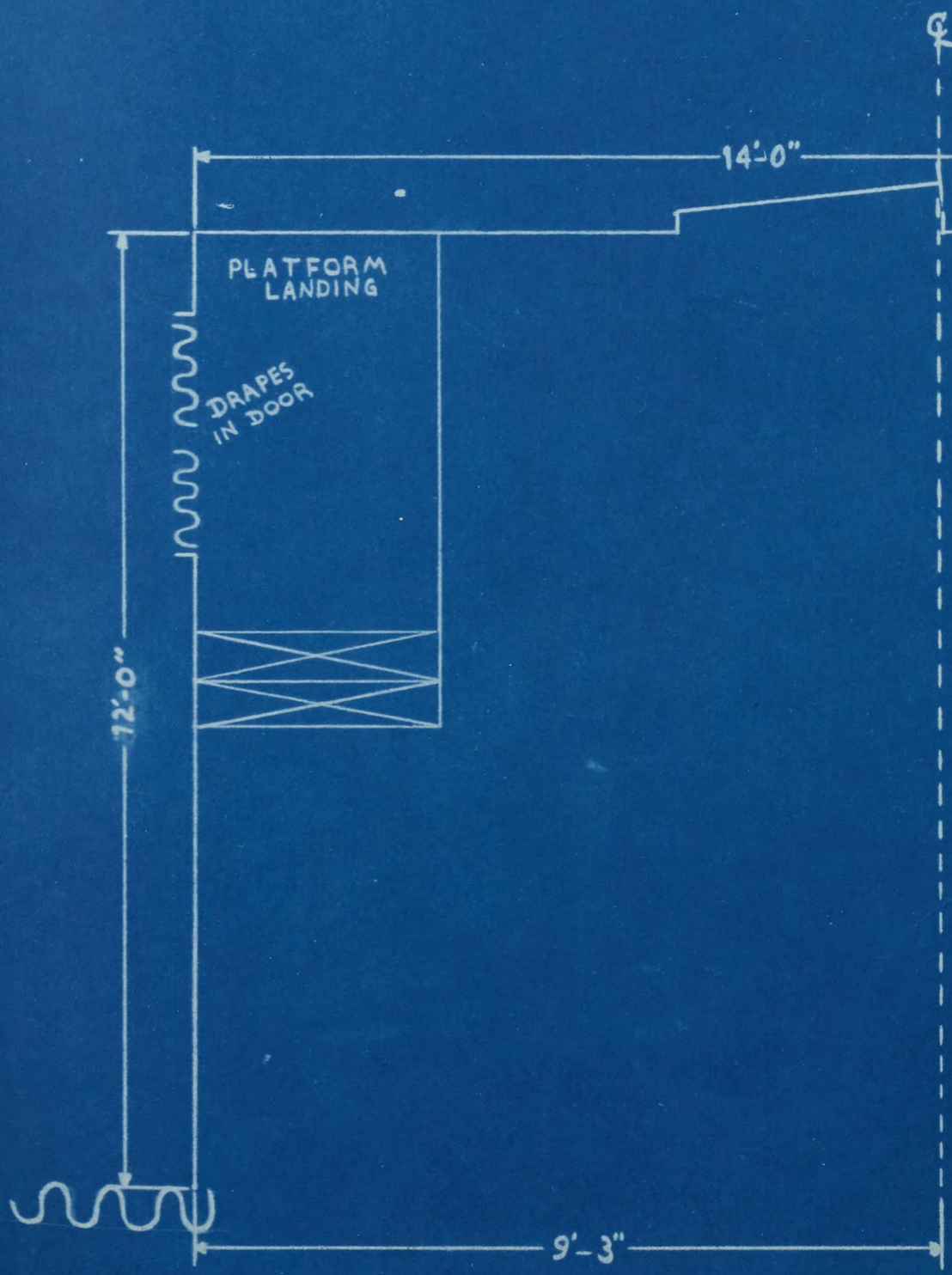
GROUND PLAN, ACTS I AND II

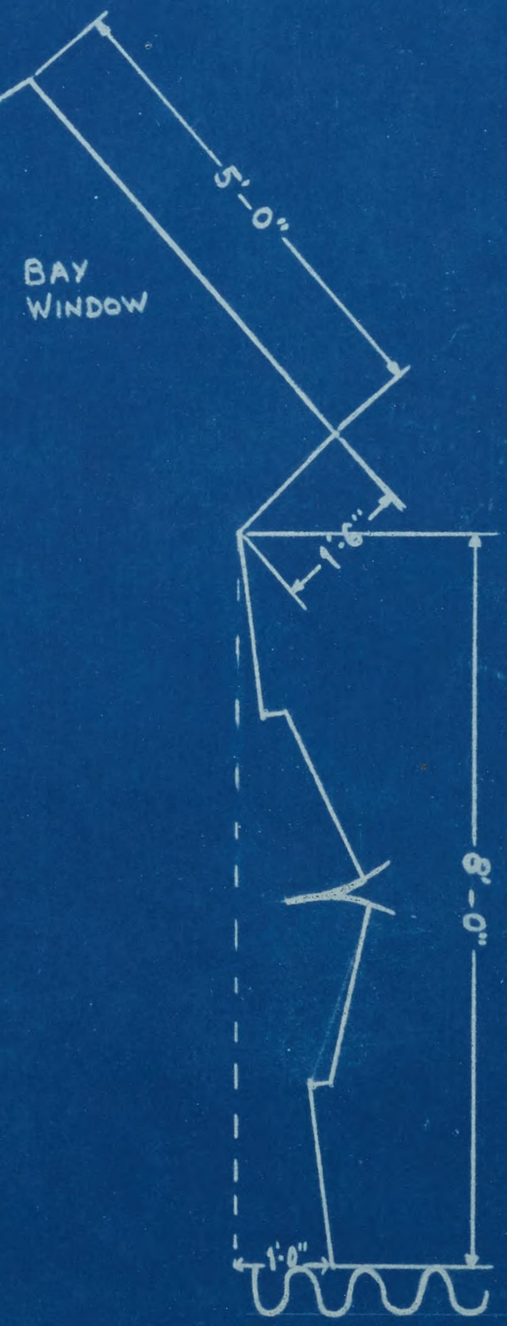
"HEARTBREAK HOUSE"
STUDIO THEATRE MICH. STATE
MARCH 1950 SHEET 1

GROUND PLAN

ACT. I, II SCALE ½" = 1'

DESIGN BY: John Tolch





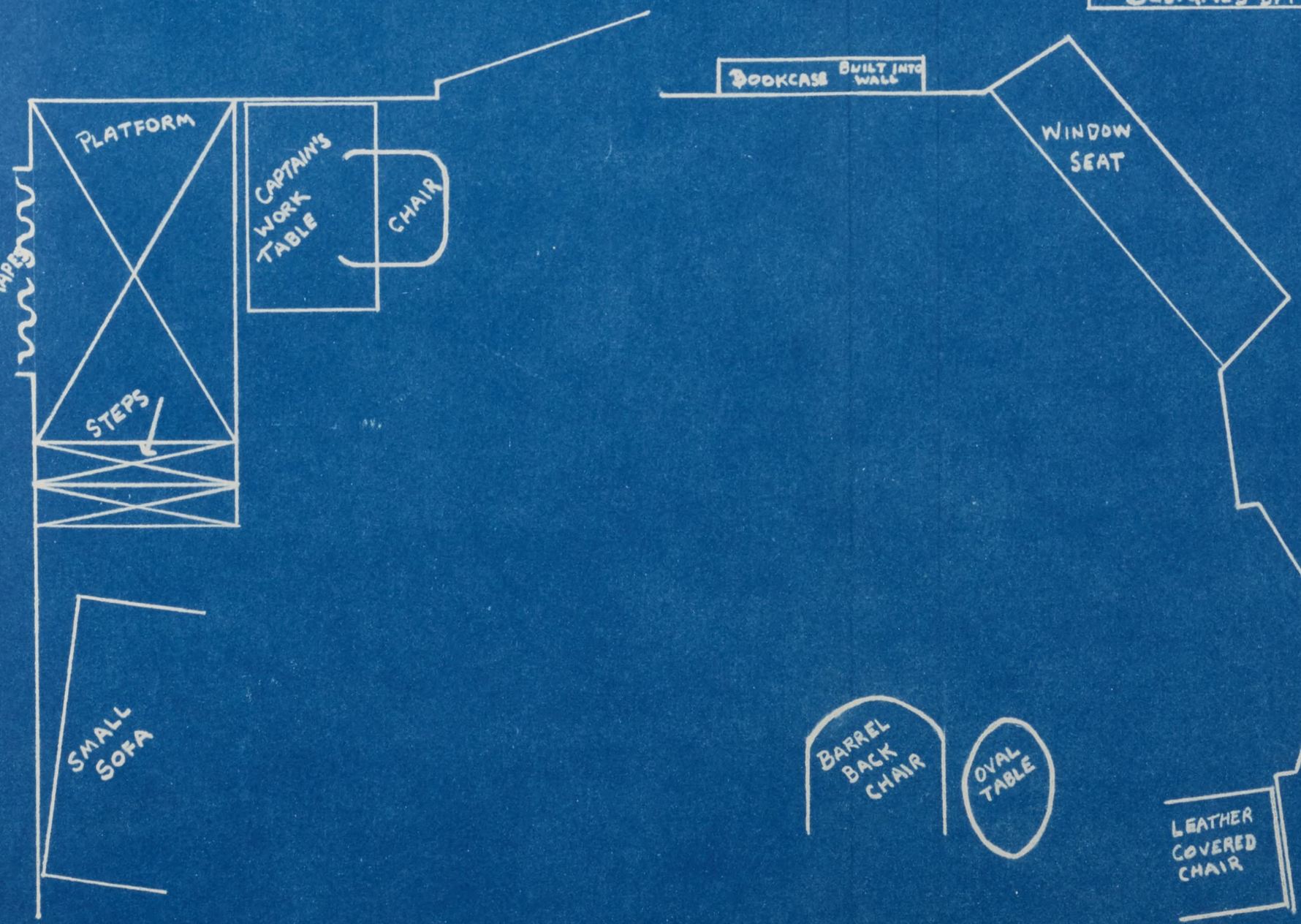
GROUND PLAN, ACT III

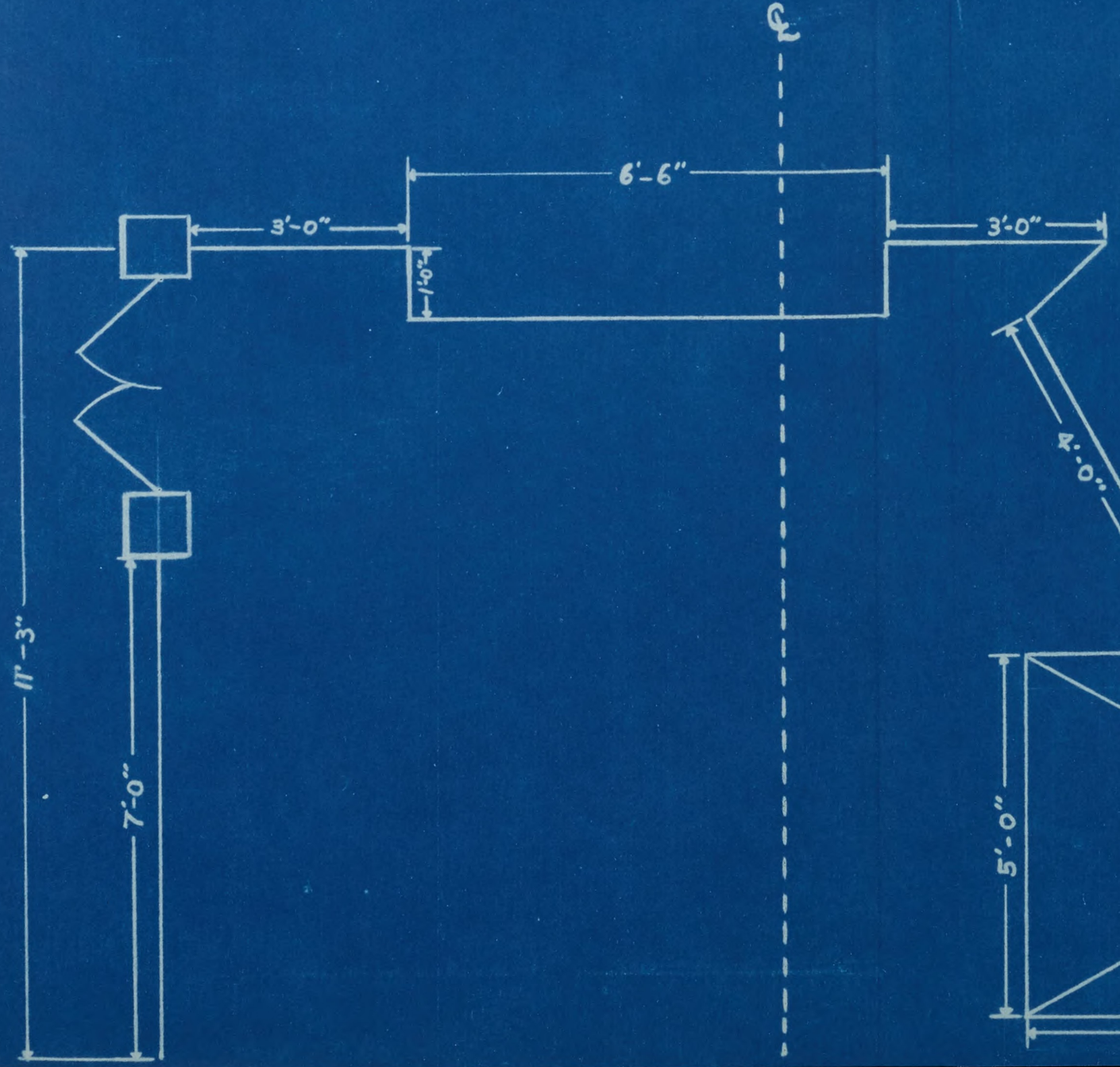
"HEARTBREAK HOUSE"
STUDIO THEATRE MICH. STATE
MARCH 1950 SHEET 2

FURNITURE PLAN

ACT I, II SCALE ½" = 1'

DESIGNED BY: John Tolch





"HEARTBREAK HOUSE"

STUDIO THEATRE MICH. STATE

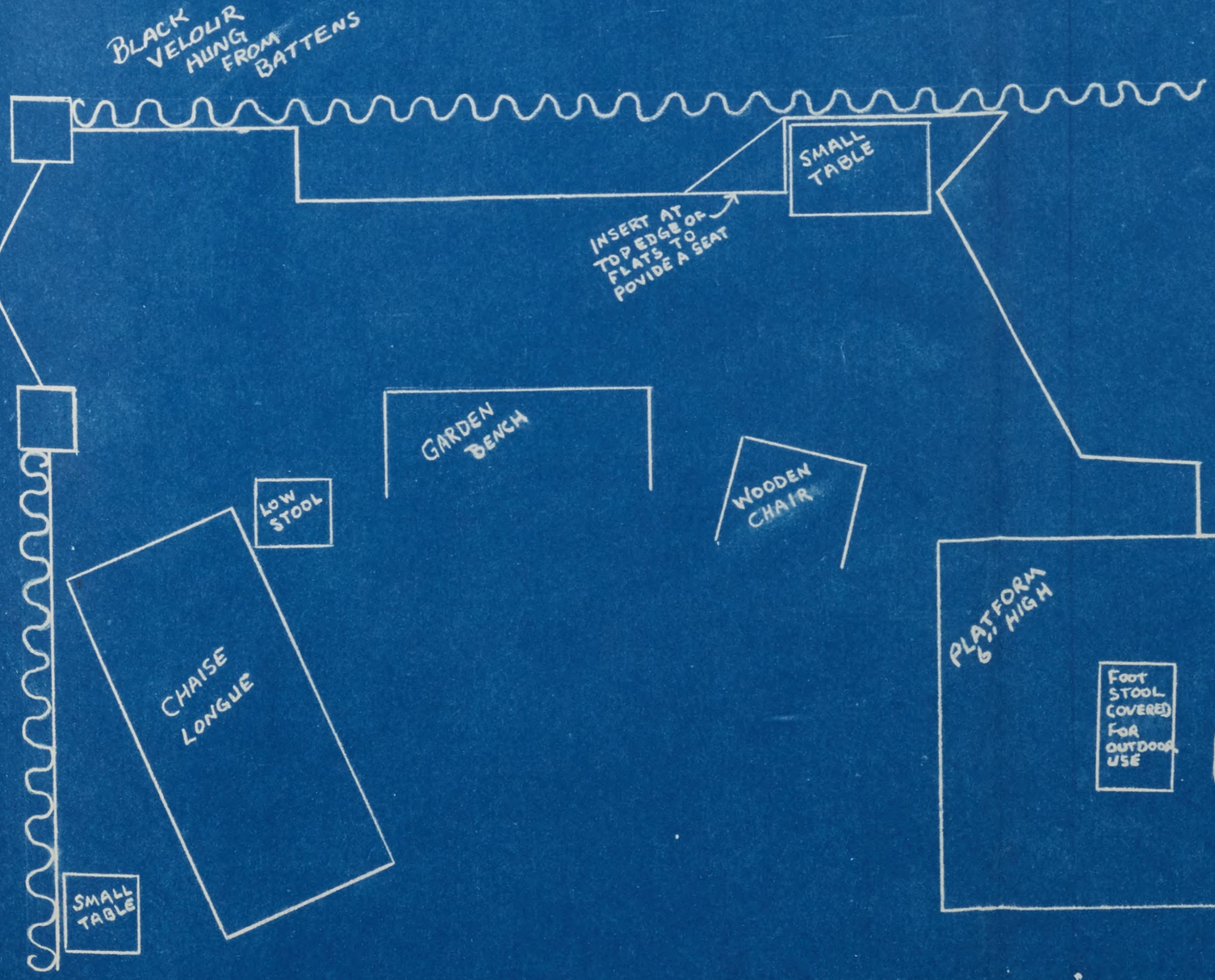
MARCH 1950 SHEET 3

GROUND PLAN

ACT III SCALE ½" = 1'

DESIGNED BY: John Tolch

FURNITURE PLOT, ACT III

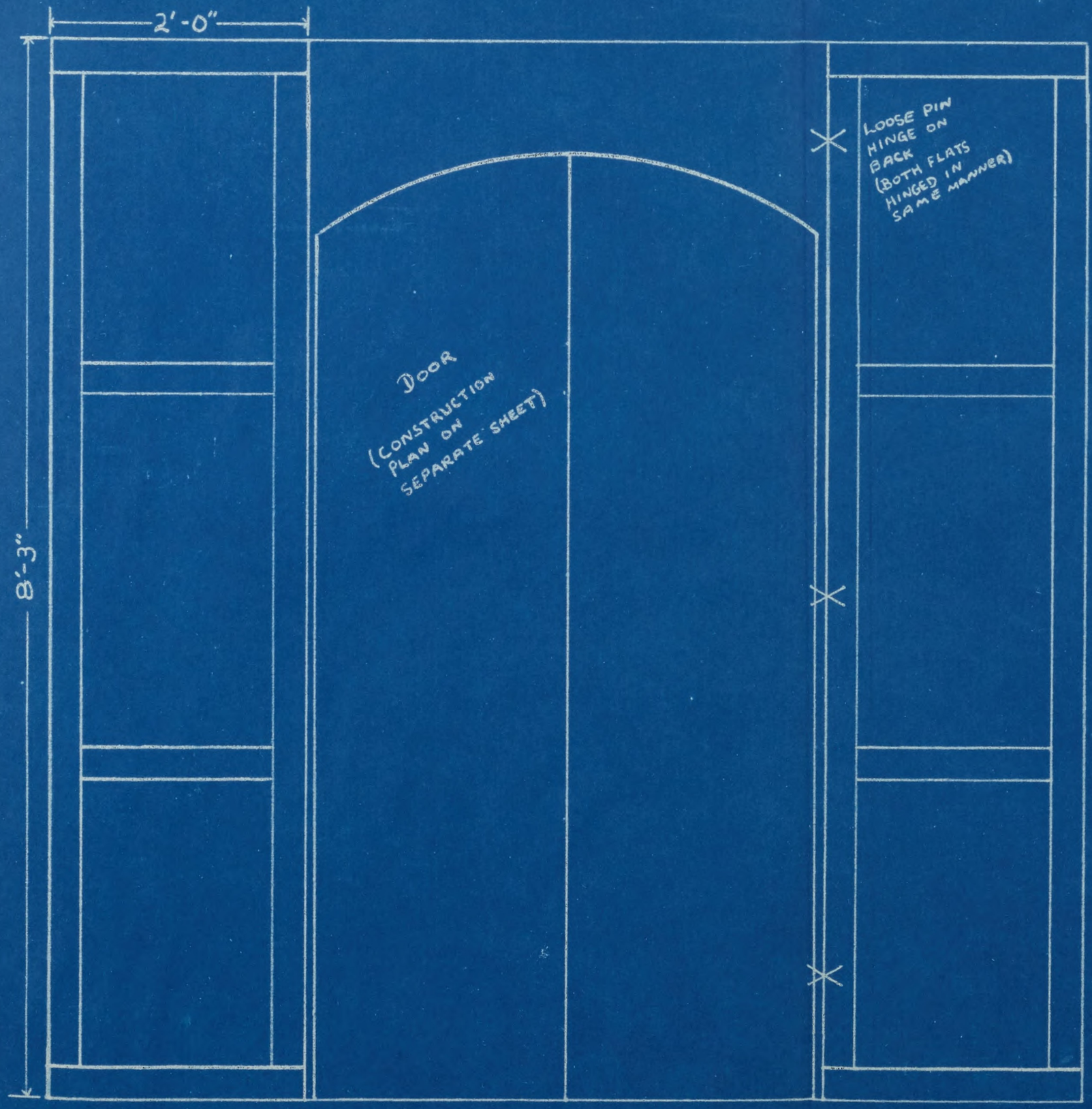


"HEARTBREAK HOUSE"
STUDIO THEATRE MICH. STATE
MARCH 1950 SHEET 4

FURNITURE PLAN
ACT III SCALE ½" = 1'
DESIGNED BY: John Tolch

WORKING DRAWINGS ACTS I AND II

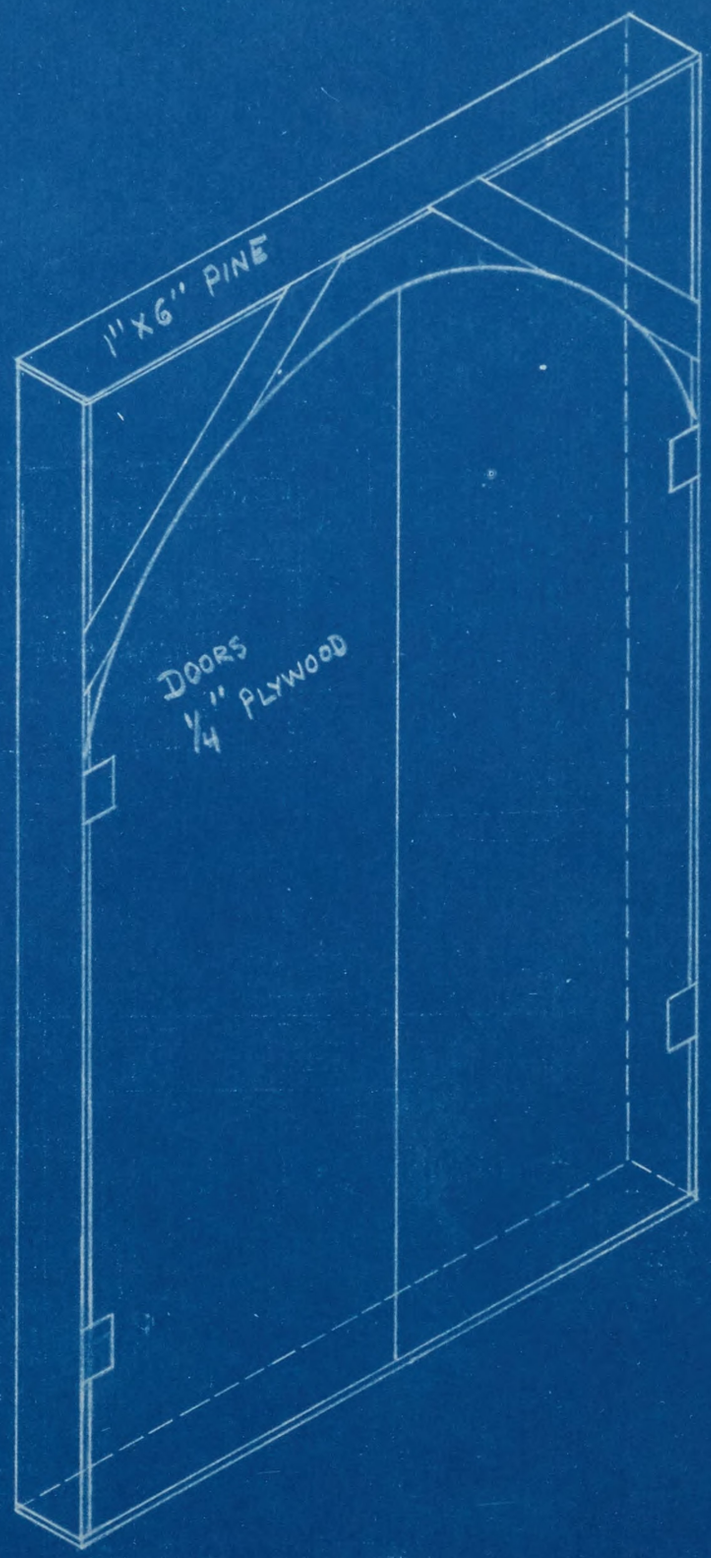
FLATS STAGE LEFT



"HEARTBREAK HOUSE"
STUDIO THEATRE MICH. STATE
MARCH 1950 SHEET 5
WORKING DRAWINGS
STAGE LEFT WALL SCALE 1" = 1'
DESIGN BY: John Tolch

WORKING DRAWINGS ACTS I AND II

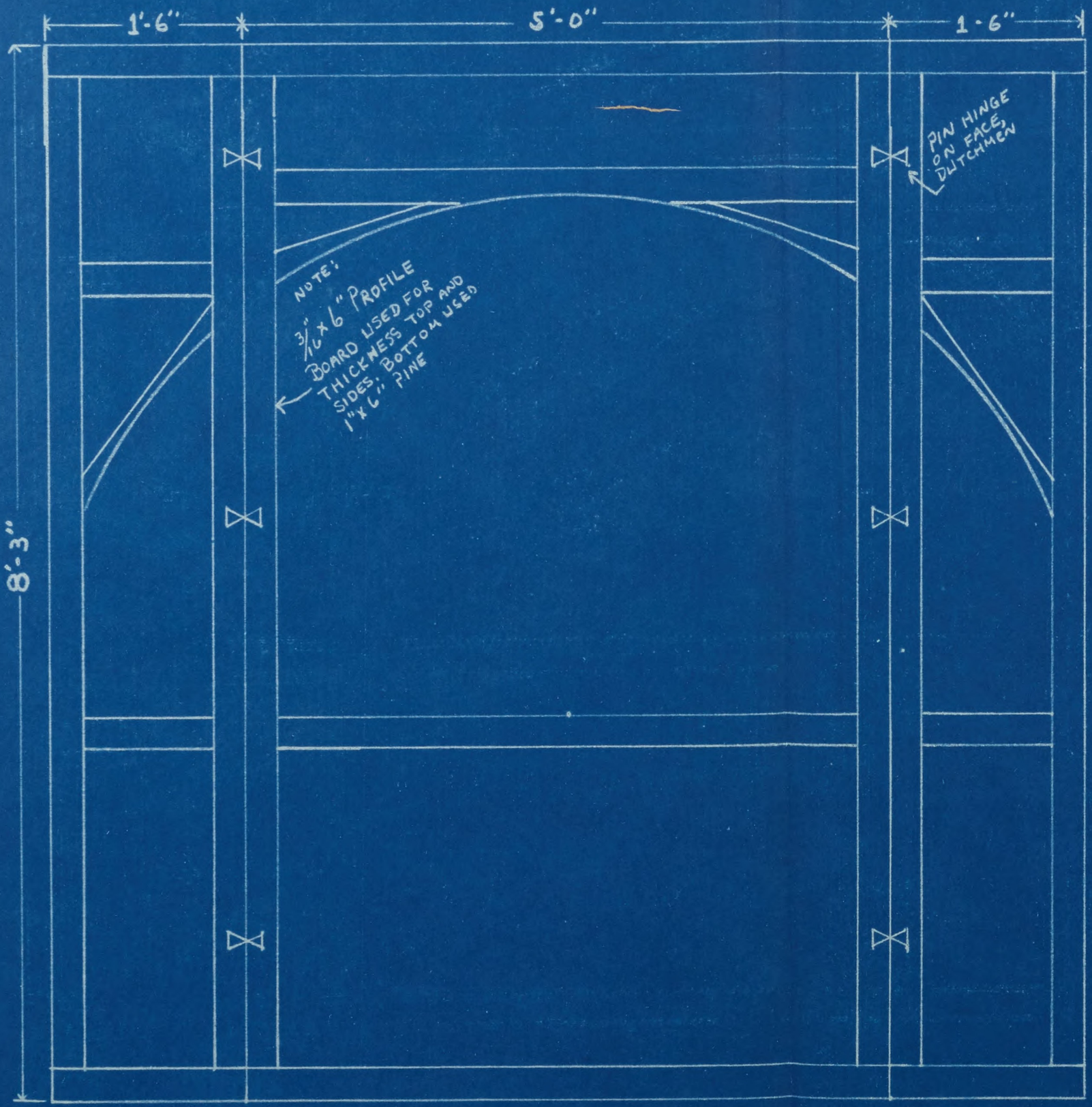
DOOR STAGE LEFT



"(H)EARTBREAK (H)OUSE"
STUDIO THEATRE MICH. STATE
MARCH 1950 SHEET 6
WORKING DRAWINGS
GARDEN DOOR S.L. SCALE 3/4" = 1'
DESIGN BY : John Tolch

WORKING DRAWINGS ACT I AND II

BAY WINDOW UNIT



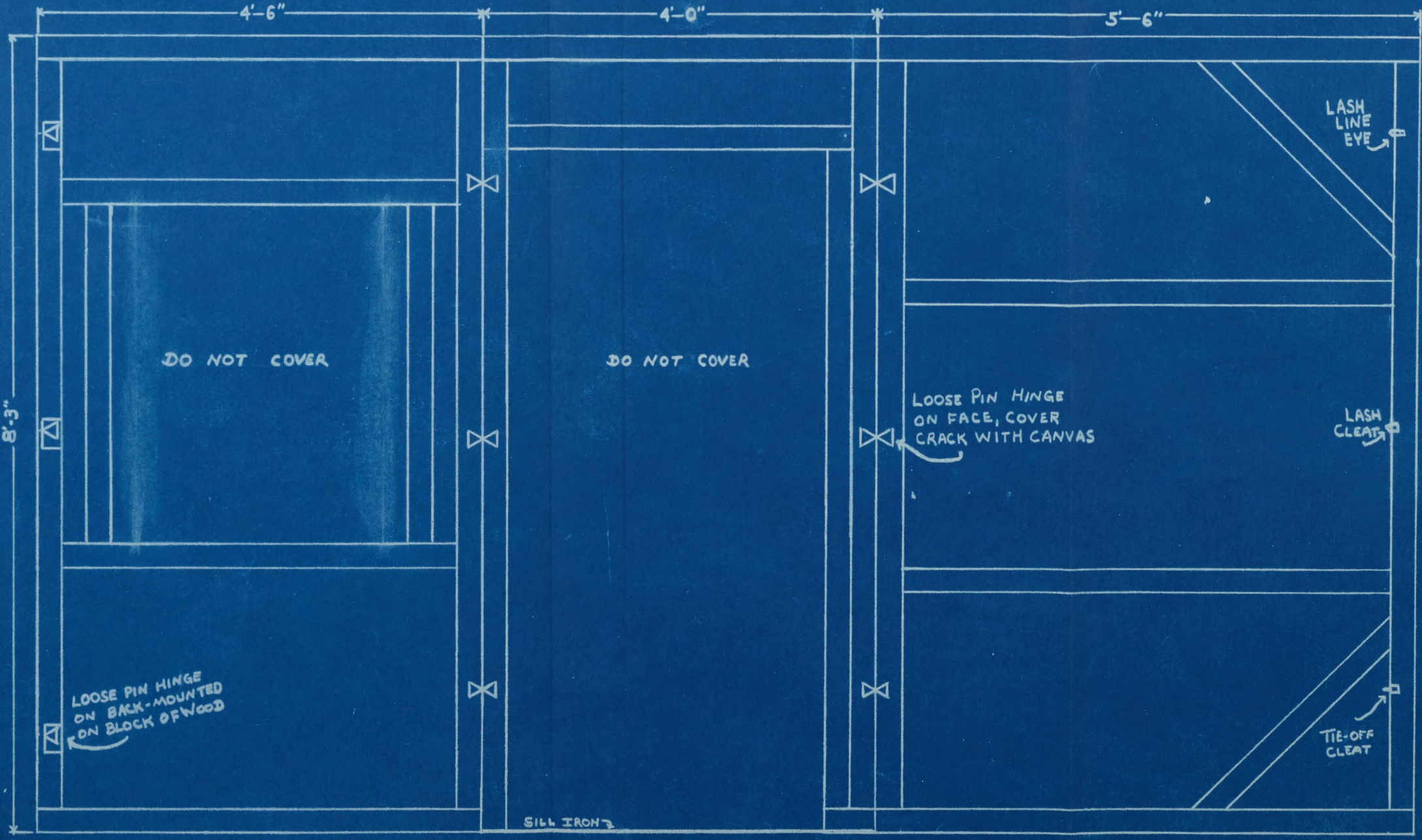
"HEARTBREAK HOUSE"
STUDIO THEATRE MICH. STATE
MARCH 1950 SHEET 2

WORKING DRAWINGS
UPLEFT BAY WINDOW SCALE 1"=1'
DESIGN BY: John Tolch

WORKING DRAWINGS ACTS I AND II

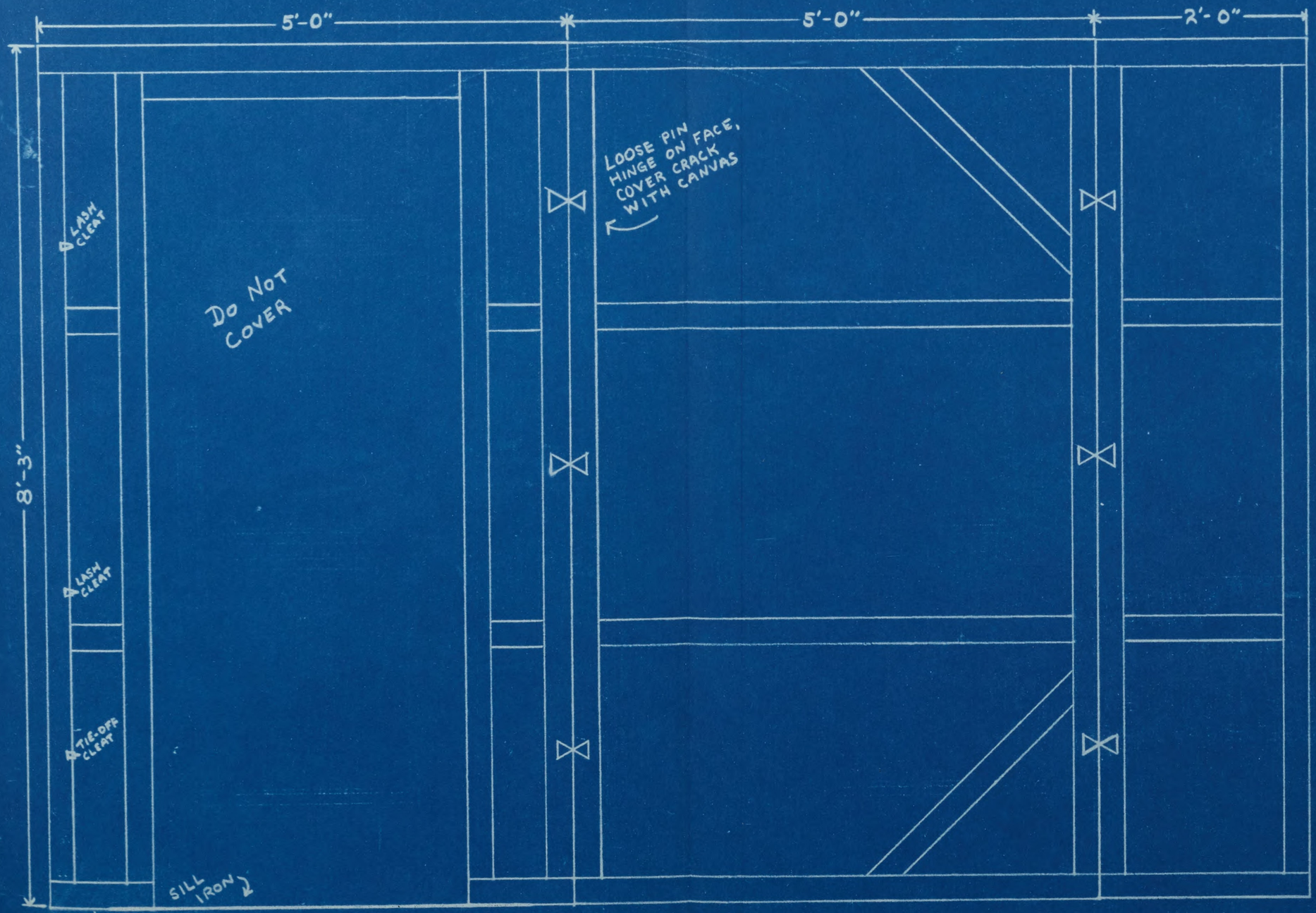
UPSTAGE WALL

"HEARTBREAK HOUSE"
STUDIO THEATRE MICH. STATE
MARCH 1950 SHEET 8
WORKING DRAWINGS
BACK WALL SCALE 1" = 1'
DESIGN BY: John Tolch



WORKING DRAWINGS ACTS I AND II

STAGE RIGHT WALL



"HEARTBREAK HOUSE"
STUDIO THEATRE MICH. STATE
MARCH 1950 SHEET 9

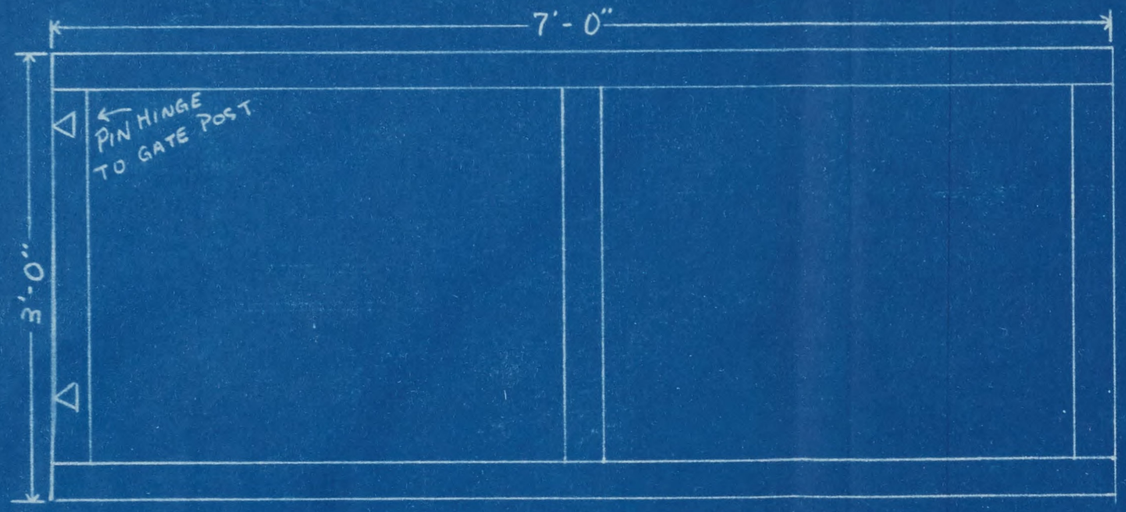
WORKING DRAWINGS

STAGE RIGHT WALL, SCALE 1": 1'

DESIGN BY: John Tolch

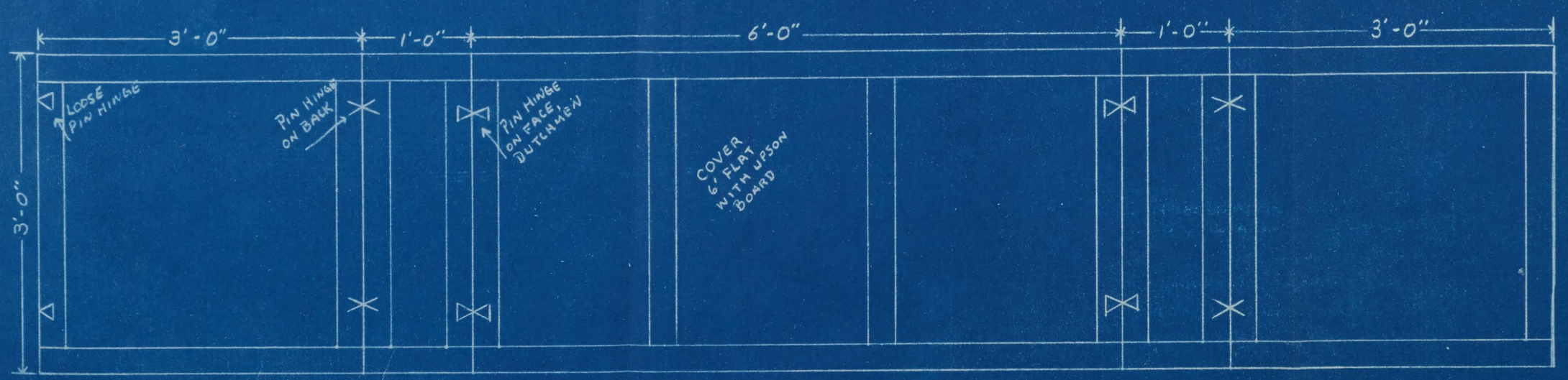
WORKING DRAWINGS ACT III

GARDEN WALLS



STAGE RIGHT GARDEN WALL

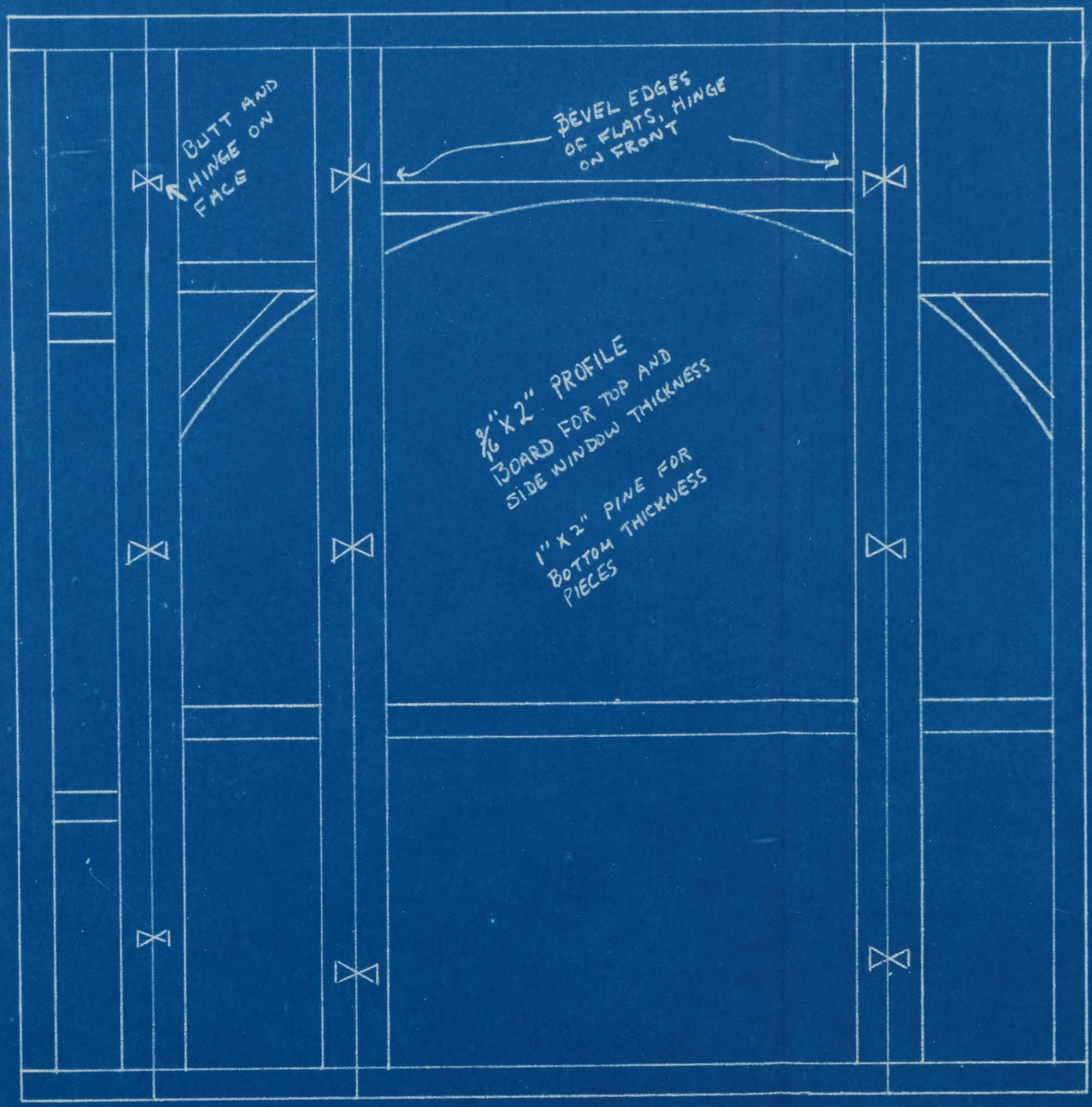
"HEARTBREAK HOUSE"
STUDIO THEATRE MICH STATE
MARCH 1950 SHEET 10
WORKING DRAWINGS
ACT III SCALE 1" = 1'
DESIGN BY: John Tolch



UPSTAGE GARDEN WALL

WORKING DRAWINGS ACT III

BAY WINDOW UNIT



"HEARTBREAK HOUSE"
STUDIO THEATRE MICH. STATE
MARCH 1950 SHEET II

WORKING DRAWINGS
BAY WINDOW ACT III SCALE 1" = 1'
DESIGN BY: John Tolch

WORKING DRAWINGS ACT III

GARDEN GATE

"HEARTBREAK HOUSE"

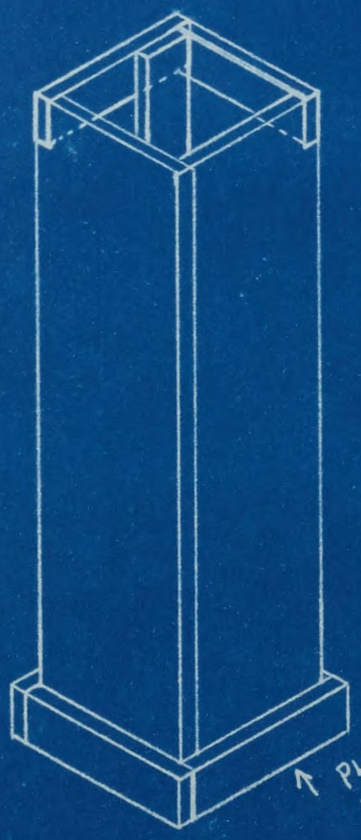
STUDIO THEATRE MICH. STATE

MARCH 1950 SHEET 12

WORKING DRAWINGS

GATE AND POST A.III SCALE 1": 1'

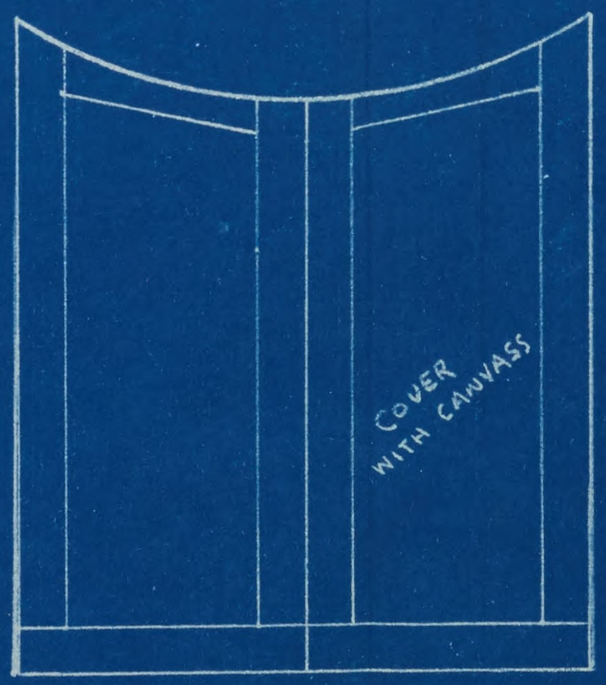
DESIGN BY: John Tolch



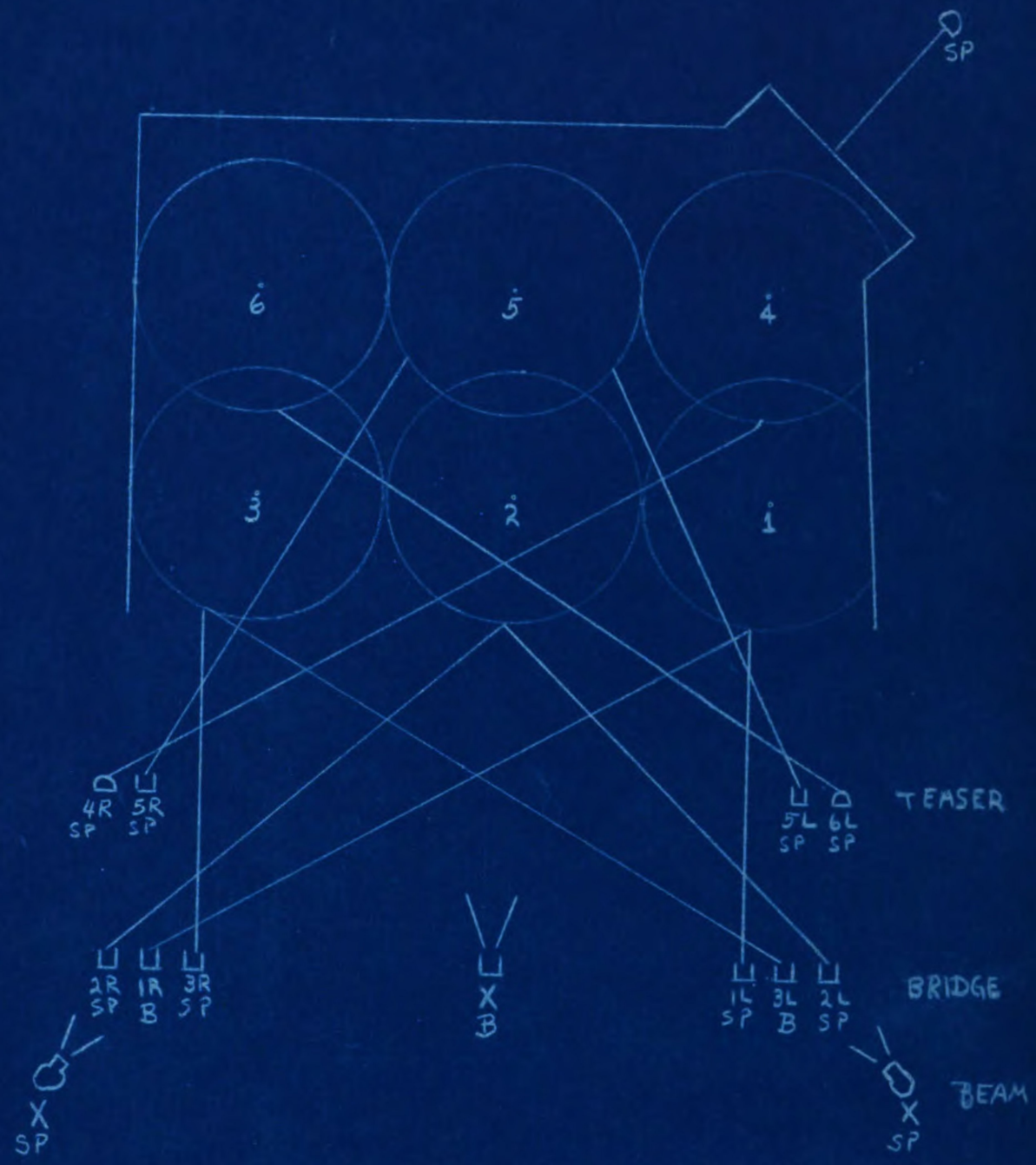
NOTE: TWO BACK SIDES ARE OPEN.

NOTE; MAKE TWO POSTS

NOTE; PLACE 1" X 3" MOULDING AT TOP IN SAME FASHION

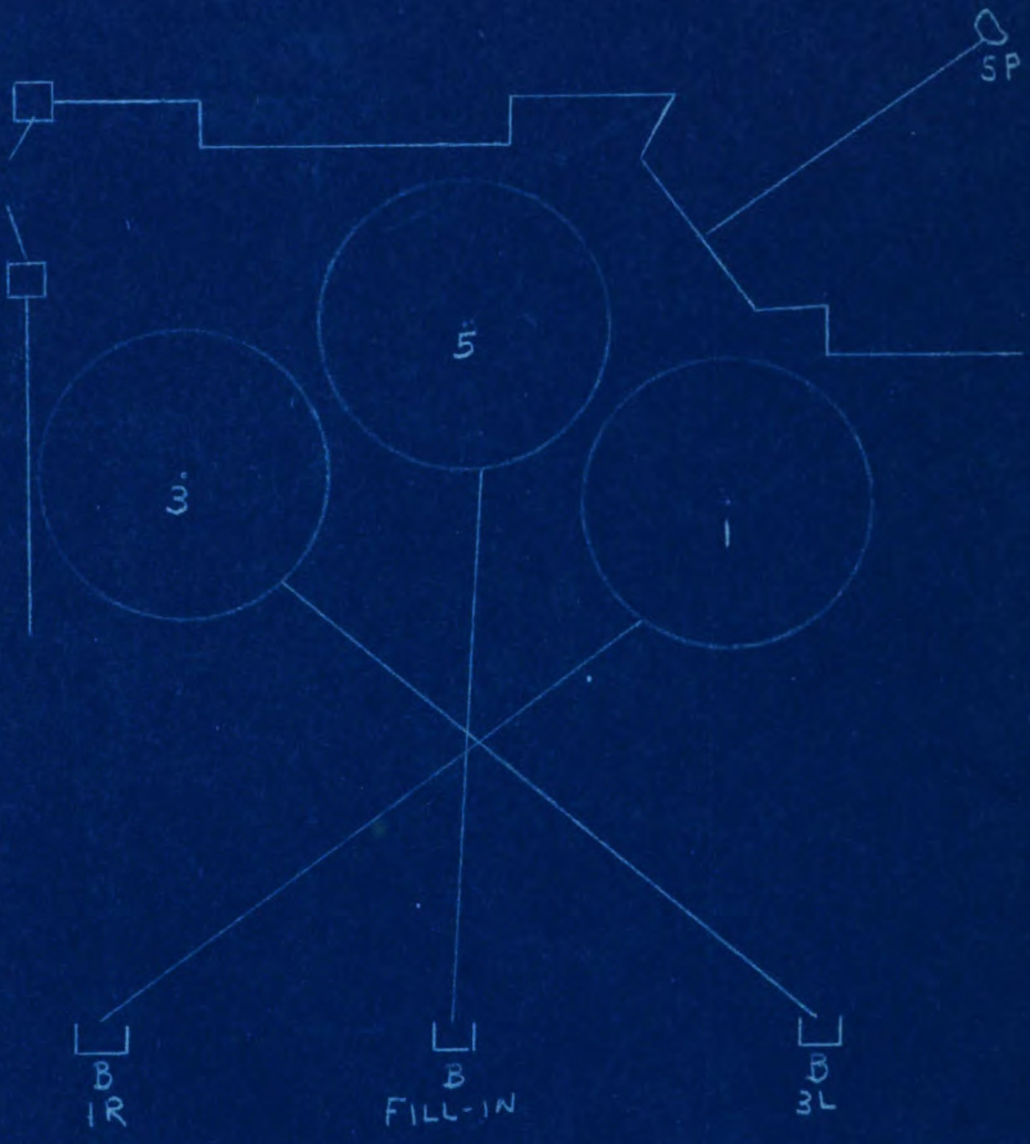


LIGHT PLOT



LIGHTING PLOT SET I

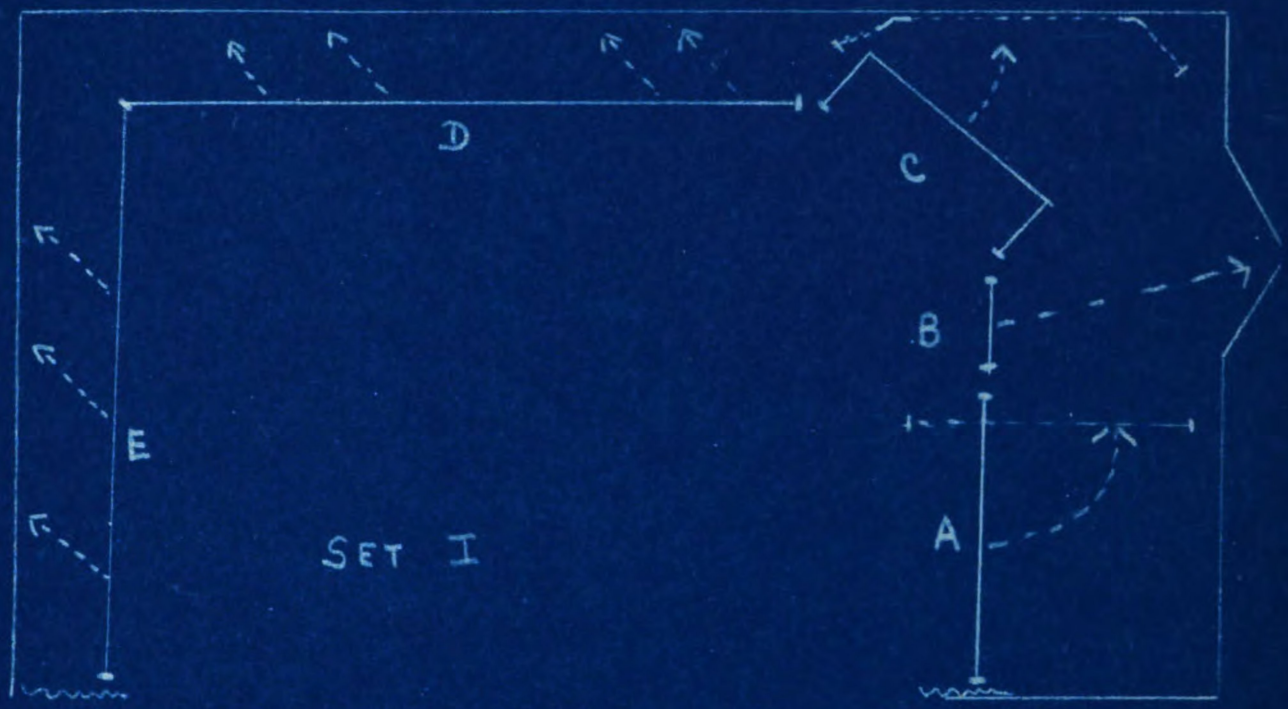
- ⊔ - R-40 REFLECTOR SPOT
- ⊓ - BABY SPOT
- ⏢ - BEAM SPOT
- SP - SURPRISE PINK
- B - BLUE
- X - INDICATES FILLIN FOCUS

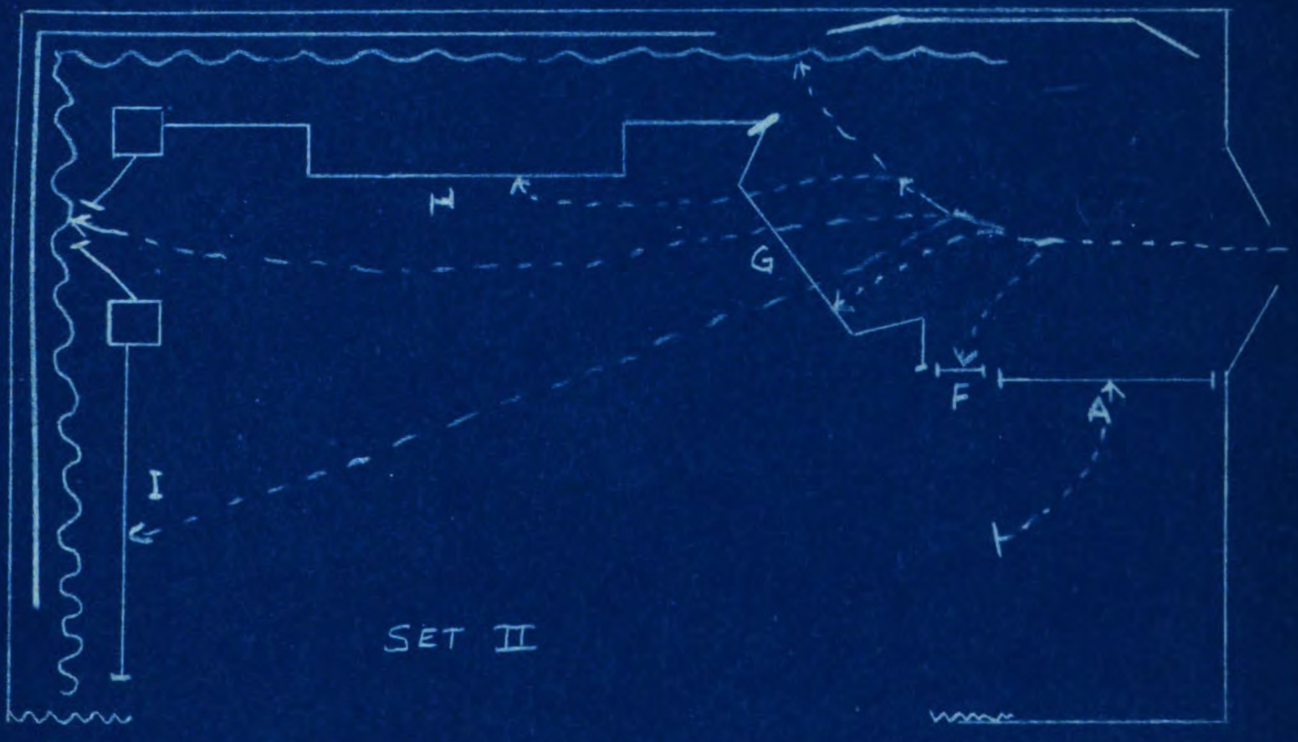


LIGHTING PLOT SET II

⊔ - REFLECTOR SPOTS
⊃ - BABY SPOT
B - BLUE

SHIFT PLAN





SHIFTING PLAN

MAKE-UP CHARTS AND INSTRUCTIONS

Name: Lady Utterword

Base: Pale with touch of pink

Eyes: Thin brows, definite appearance of being made-up

Lines: Eye bags, frown lines, nose lines, touch on forehead

Hair: Very exotic, dyed red, pulled to one side in a tight role

Additional: Heavy rouge to make it look as though it were made up; the appearance is of one who is elderly, but tries to look younger, a definite "beauty parlor" look

Name: Captain Shotover

Base: Ruddy color

Eyes: Definite age, heavy lines around them, show age in dropping upper lid

Lines: Very heavy all over face, lighter at skull bones

Hair: Whitened; add white beard (full) and mustache

Additional: He should appear as one with age but a ruddy aliveness because of life on the sea

Name: Hector Hushabye

Base: Colorful, but some touch of sallow

Eyes: Not too heavy, slight suggestions of age

Lines: Suggest age with light brown lines, nose lines, but no bags under the eyes

Hair: A fair mustache, touch of grey temples, a handsome hair style

Additional: Red on cheeks, nose, temples and forehead to give color and freshness to face, the effect should be one of a dashing "man of the world"

Name: Hesione Hushabye

Base: Light natural coloring

Eyes: Some lines and bags to denote middle age, but a definite naturalness

Lines: Slight lines on forehead, frown lines, nose lines to suggest middle age

Hair: Attractive with touches of gray, nothing to be overdone to cover up age

Additional: Cheeks should be somewhat hollowed but the general effect is one of naturalness. She is middle aged and looks it, but an attractive woman with natural beauty

Name: Mangan

Base: Pale, no color, sallow overcoat

Eyes: A post middle age look, heavy shadowed sockets and bags

Lines: Heavy frown lines on forehead, sunken cheeks, highlighted skull bones

Hair: Thick and very gray all over, thin gray mustache

Additional: The attempt here is an impression of a pale executive, the "indoor" look

Name: Mazzini Dunn

Base: Pale, no color, some sallow

Eyes: Severe circles around eyes, hard lines under eyes

Lines: Hard forehead, frown and nose lines, sunken cheeks, highlighted bones

Hair: Whitened heavily, very gray, white preferred

Additional: An appearance of a man who uses his eyes for close work, jovial face but haggard

Name: Ellie

Base: Colorful pinks

Eyes: Green shadow, lines to bring out lashes, mascara on lashes

Lines: None, rouge carefully applied to cheeks, lips perfect

Hair: Youthful style, down and flowing but neat

Additional: A young and very attractive woman who is conscious of her personal appearance

Name: Guinness

Base: Very pale, some sallow

Eyes: Brown sockets, bags, drooped upper lids

Lines: Frown, nose, forehead lines heavy, sunken cheeks, temples, etc., highlighted skull bones

Hair: Very white, in a knot on top, scraggly on sides

Additional: A grave serious look, the children's nurse, experienced mental strain for years

Name: Billie

Race: Caucasoid (Slavic

Eyes: Green shades, lighter flecks, heavy

eye shadow

Lips: Wide, heavy upper lip, thin lower, pale

Hair: Long, straight, platinum blond

Additional: Wears a heavy gold chain around her

neck, gold hoop earrings

Name: Quinnon

Race: Mix Celtic, some Native

Eyes: Green contacts, wears, layered green lids

Lips: Pouty, full, Cupid bow, sunken

cheeks, hamsters, etc., lightly-tinted wet look

Hair: Very white, in a bowl cut top, accents on

sides

Additional: A pretty perfume lover, has multiple

burns, occasional mental stents for years

Name: Burglar

Base: Ruddy but slightly off color because of age

Eyes: Heavy bags, sunken eyes, drooped upper lids

Lines: Heavy lines for frown, nose, forehead; sunken cheeks, temples; highlighted skull bones

Hair: Grayed considerably, gray "mutton chop" whiskers

Additional: A sly roguish fellow who has seen better days

Name: Randall

Base: Pale, no color, some sallow

Eyes: Prominate bags and heavy shadows, wrinkles heavy

Lines: Heavy frown, nose, forehead lines, sunken cheeks and highlighted skull bones

Hair: Slightly grayed

Additional: Should be some color in cheeks and on nose, a very sad and dissipated person

THE COSTUME PLOT

COSTUME PLOT

ACT I

Captain: Sea captain's uniform

Hector: Grey tweed suit, bowler, gloves, walking stick

Mazzini: Black business suit

Mangan: Grey business suit

Randall: Brown tweed suit, umbrella

Guinness: Cotton dress, apron, bandana on head

Ellie: Light cotton dress-suit

Lady Utterword: Blue suit, fur trim

Mrs. Hushabye: Green rayon dress

ACT II

Captain: Same as Act I

Hector: Short coat tuxedo, Arab's headdress

Mazzini: Light dress suit

Mangan: Short coat tuxedo

Burgler: Sailor dungarees, pea-jacket, knit cap

Guinness: Same as Act I

Ellie: Light blue evening gown

Lady Utterword: Cream colored dinner dress

Mrs. Hushabye: Blue dinner dress

ACT III

No changes except:

Hector: Remove headdress

Mazzini: Pyjamas, dressing gown

Randall: Pyjamas

PICTURE ACT I

CAPTAIN SHOTOVER'S ROOM

PICTURE ACT I

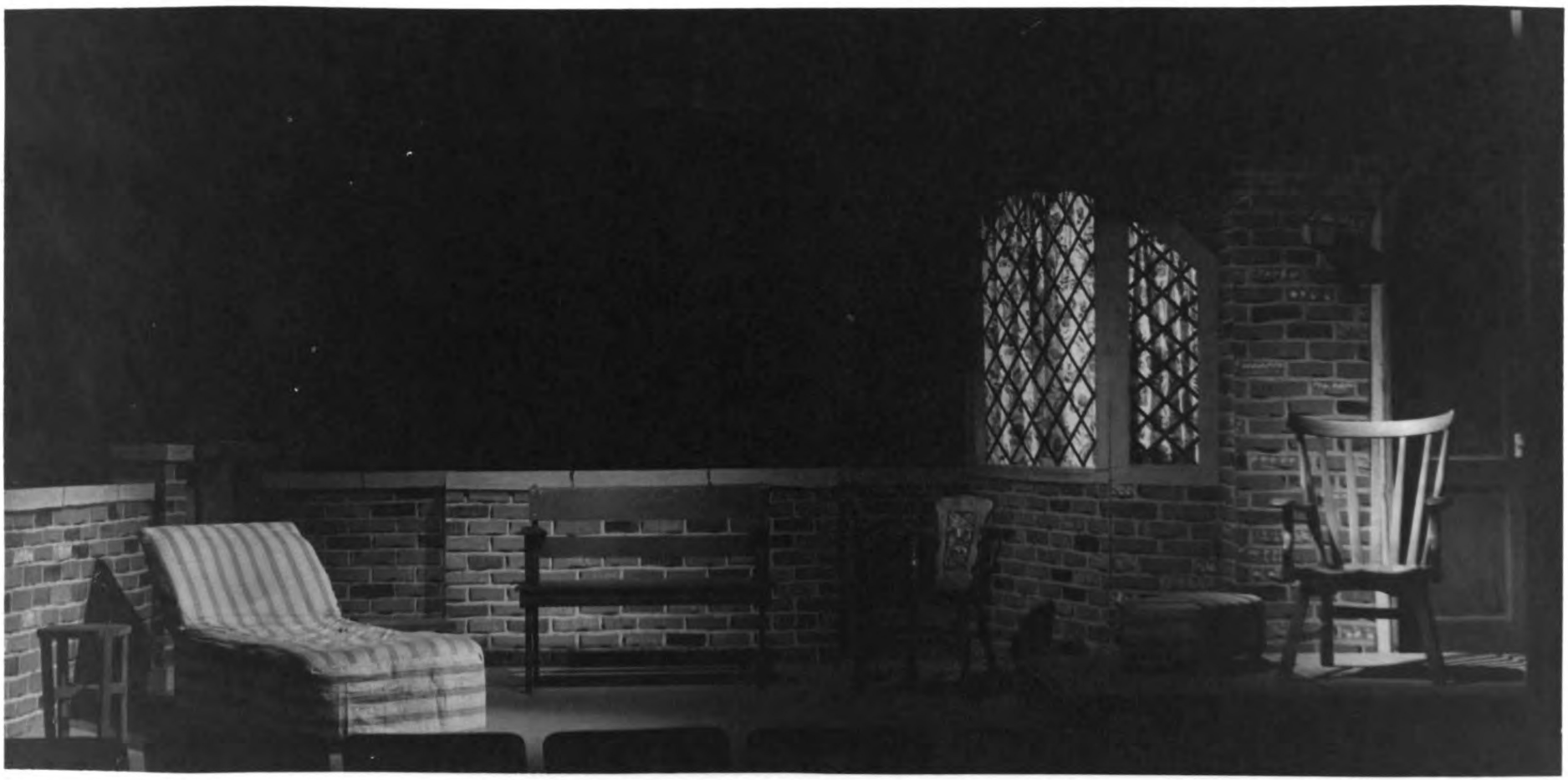
"YOU OUGHT TO KISS ME."

PICTURE ACT II

"I REALLY THINK HE'S BEEN HYPNOTIZED."

PICTURE ACT III

THE GARDEN



PICTURE ACT III

"HORSES! WHAT RUBBISH!"

CHAPTER V

CONCLUSIONS

CHAPTER V

CONCLUSIONS

As noted in the introduction to this thesis, the problems encountered in this production of Heartbreak House was three fold in nature: a. supplying the setting for a play by George Bernard Shaw; b. adapting the setting to the provisions of a small stage with limited facilities; and c. the planning and execution of the plans for the actual production.

As a playwright Shaw is inclined to give specific orders to his directors and actors in his dialogue and stage directions. The designer in looking for the same instructions must often be content with a few scattered references to the setting. However, Shaw does put an obligation on the designer by asking him to supply the physical background for his dialogue and directors. The designer finds himself working back thru the script in solving his problem rather than going forward on the specific details written by the author.

In the theatre, interpretation may be given to a production by the playwright, the director, and designer. Since Shaw is so specific on many points, the designer and director must carefully work together to insure the coordination of a unified interpretation. Although Shaw may encourage some personal interpretation of his plays by those producing them, he is apt to be autocratic in that he clearly states his wants in the script itself, his prefaces, or letters to those who are producing his plays.

One other factor that the designer is forced to recognize is the fact that there has been a great deal of tradition that has grown up over

the years in the production of the Shaw plays. Hardly a season goes by that does not find Shaw listed as one of the contributing playwrights.[1,2] Revivals in recent years of his Candida, Pygmalion, Man and Superman, The Devil's Disciple, Getting Married, You Never Can Tell, and Caesar and Cleopatra are proof that although most of these plays were written many years ago there is an appeal in these plays to modern audiences. Even though Mr. Shaw is still writing, his work is held in such high esteem by the theatre people that many of the methods of production have become set by the manner in which the plays have been done, and the work of the Theatre Guild, Katherine Cornell, and Maurice Evans have set a high standard for any future Shaw production. Although the reference material was available on the Theatre Guild production of Heartbreak House in 1920, few of the specific details could be adapted for this present production. However, many of the ideas were helpful in working out the adaption.

In adapting the setting to the limitations of a small stage, the designer found that it was possible to simplify the settings and staging from a "high-pooped ship", as described by Shaw, to that of an English interior inhabited by a seafaring gentleman and still retain the essential message of the play and provide for the action needed.

Because of the type of scenery described by Shaw could not be shifted successfully on the small stage, the designer had to select the

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[1] Danial Blum, Editor, Theatre World, (New York: Stuyvesant Press Corp.), Vols. IV, V, and VI.

[2] Burns Mantle, "The Season in New York and "Plays Produced in New York", The Burns Mantle Best Plays(New York: Dodd Mead, and Co., 1947, 1948, 1949 editions)

essential details of the scenery in a simplified form. The wood paneling suggested an English home; the curved windows, doors, maps, and barometer suggested the influence of the sea; and the garden wall with shafts of blue light suggested the essential features of the garden.

The planning and execution of the plans for a production on a small stage have been done many times; however, this study has indicated that exacting scenery demands of a playwright may be adapted to a small stage and still support the play. In working out the detail, constant sight had to be turned to the shifting problems. The method of leaving Set I on stage and masking it off was quite adequate because the black masking material was essential to the moonless garden scene.

The general opinion among members of the audience was that the garden scene was more striking than the interior scene. This may be explained by the fact that audiences see interior sets frequently, and the audience, which was familiar with Studio Theatre, was surprised that such an exterior could be created on that stage with the methods of shifting available.

Once again, the fact must be emphasized that this study was not the first one which dealt with staging a difficult play in limited space with few facilities. The interesting result of the work done was that Shaw's plays would stand simplification and that with intelligent use of a few units of equipment by both the director and designer, the audience was satisfied and even pleased with what they saw. Once again, this designer demonstrated to his own satisfaction that an elaborate production layout, although convenient, wasn't absolutely essential. This

project was also of benefit to the designer because it was illustrative to him of what can be done with stages which are often found in the educational theatre, a field in which he hopes to enter.

Studio Theater Actors Delight Small Audience

By ED ACKLEY

Typical George Bernard Shaw humor was displayed last night in Studio Theater and the cast of ten MSC students portrayed "Heartbreak House" with such zest and reality that the small audience was kept in constant humor despite the great length of the play.

The two actors who displayed an exceptional amount of theatrical talent were Gloria Gluski, who played Hesione, and Robert Henderson, who took the part of the old retired sea captain.

The acting of the former, as the captain's oldest daughter, was extremely good. She put across the Shavian humor with perfectness. Her manner and speech were perfectly cast by Director William Gregory.

Henderson, as the old captain, was the mouthpiece of the author himself. The dialogue was loaded with humorous dynamite and Henderson portrayed it with great aptness.

The story concerns a captain's daughter, Hesione, who invites her friend, Ellie Dunn, to visit at the captain's home. She wants to show Ellie the bad points about her future marriage to Boss Mangan.

Last night's presentation started out on a very high plane and faltered a little in the second act but the final act was lifted above the highly entertaining initial act.

One reason for the second act faltering was a scene between Miss Gluski and Sherwood Bader, as Boss Mangan. Up to this point, the play was kept on an entertaining level, with touches of flaring tempers, but at this point Hesione drives Mangan to tears and Bader's attempt at a crying scene was sheer corn. It was not at all realistic and he received anything but sympathy from the audience.

Bader's second attempt at emotion in the final act was greeted with loud laughter from the audience as he left the stage in a flood of tears.

"Heartbreak House" was a very good play selection for the college stage as it combined humor, philosophy and a social standard which delight a college audience.

MICHIGAN STATE NEWS

Friday, March 31, 1950

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ROOM USE ONLY