A PRODUCTION OF GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S "HEARTBREAK HOUSE" ON A SMALL STAGE AND A WRITTEN ANALYSIS OF THE DIRECTING PROBLEMS INVOLVED

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by

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CHAPTER I

CHOOSING THE PLAY

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The first problem which faced the director in planning his production was that of choosing the play. In the case in point, the director posed five major questions, or tests, for the various scripts under consideration.

1. What type of production would present a worth while challenge to the abilities of the director and be of a type he had not previously attempted?

2. What type of play would be adaptable to the limitations imposed by the small studio stage?[1]

3. What type of production would appeal to the average college audience?

4. What type of production would remain within the abilities of the available college actor?

5. What type of play would hold the interest of the cast over the long rehearsal period planned?

The director had already decided to produce a play from the modern era, Modern, in this case, being taken to mean the period beginning with the writings of Ibsen. The research began with the English writers of the late 1880's. Since George Bernard Shaw had always been a favorite author of the director, his works had an immediate appeal. The director believed that any of Mr. Shaw's better known plays should satisfy the questions posed, providing that the chosen play

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1 The Studio Theatre at Michigan State College has a proscenium opening of seventeen feet and a depth of sixteen feet from the curtain line to the back wall. The maximum height of the stage is ten feet, eleven inches. The off stage space on stage right is one foot, six inches, and on stage left is five feet, six inches.

could be adequately produced on the limited stage.

After a period of intensive reading the choice was narrowed to four of the director's favorites: "Arms and the Man," "Candida," "Getting Married," and "Heartbreak House."

"Arms and the Man" offered a very difficult problem in staging, as the action calls for three sets. "Candida" was rejected because of possible casting difficulties, because the play was too familiar to the audience, and because it had been done too often as a thesis problem. "Getting Married" seemed to imply at least a partial understanding of the English marriage laws. Mr. Shaw's experiment with the lengthened one act did not seem to meet the needs of the director's project.

Before the final decision was made on "Heartbreak House," the director considered carefully the possibilities of the play being accepted as merely another recapitulation of the political events leading up to World War I. After making a careful study of the play, the director decided that with little or no change in the basic idea, "Heartbreak House" would be as acceptable today as when originally produced.[2] The writer felt that the many parallels found in the attitudes of the characters and the attitudes commonly expressed today would be evident to the audience. The basic

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2 "Heartbreak House" was written in 1914 on the eve of the first World War. It was not produced until 1921.

theme of "Heartbreak House," that the average man and woman must take an interest in the world around them or suffer the consequences of desturction, appeared to the director not to have been written some thirty-six years ago but rather to have been taken from yesterday's editorial page of the daily paper.

Manipulating ten actors on the small stage without the benefit of the original set Mr. Shaw had in mind and presenting the sometimes rather vague philosophy of the author and his quick, witty, Shavian humor would certainly challenge the abilities of the director.

A conference was held with the designer. The director and designer agreed that the staging could be accomplished in a simple and effective manner. The change of setting in the third act could be accomplished by using a black cyclorama over the walls of the main set. The garden could be suggested through the use of a low brick wall.

The reaction of the audience was, as always, an unknown factor. However, the writer was of the opinion that the aforementioned parallels would readily be seen and appreciated by the college intellect, and that the humor--sharp, clever, and often pathetic--would keep alive the interest of the audience in the play.

The characters in the play, with the exception of Ellie Dunn, were all middle aged or older. This presented a difficult problem in casting, but the director felt that the characters were within the scope of the available

college actors.

There was no doubt in the writer's mind that the play would hold the interest of the cast. The difficult characterization mentioned would present each of the actors with a challenge that would assure his continued interest.[3]

In the final analysis, "Heartbreak House" had met the tests of play selection. Thus the choice was made.

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3 This was put to the test when the performance was postponed for a three week period.

CHAPTER II

THE SCRIPT

Key to the Abbreviations used in the script:

C.....Center Stage

D.....Down Stage

L.....Left Stage

R.....Right Stage

U.....Up Stage

X.....Cross Stage

The stage directions in parenthesis are those of Mr. Shaw and appear in the original script.

The stage directions underlined are those of the director.

"HEARTBREAK HOUSE"

by

George Bernard Shaw

(A young lady, gloved and hatted, sits in the window seat looking out the window, she holds a volume of Shakespeare. The clock strikes six. With a sigh she comes down to the chair L.; sits and begins to read. Presently, her eyes close and she sleeps. The woman servant comes in from the hall with three unopened bottles of rum on a tray, she disappears into the pantry without noticing the young lady, she returns with the tray full of empty bottles. The young lady lets her book drop awakening herself and startling the woman servant.)

Guinness: From steps. 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? X to C.

Ellie: Rises. Waiting for somebody to show some signs of knowing that I have been invited here. Picks up book and puts on table.

Guinness: Oh, you're invited, are you? And has nobody come? Dear! Dear! Takes tray to desk.

Ellie: 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?

Guinness: 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?

Ellie: I understood her to do so. But really I think I'd better go. Goes to coat on window seat.

Guinness: Following her. 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?

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

Ellie: They are mine, I'm afraid.

Captain: Holds on landing. 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. X D by window seat. 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 its 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. Picks up tray, holds on steps.

Captain: 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?

Ellie: 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 say 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: X U R. He must be greatly changed. Sits at desk chair. Has he attained the seventh degree of concentration?

Ellie: I don't understand.

Captain: But how could he, with a daughter? Swings to Ellie. I, madam, have two 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) X U Table L. 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. Fixing tea at table. 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 should 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, Takes cup to Ellie . have some tea; and don't listen to him. Goes to table.

Captain: (rising wrathfully) Snatches tea from Ellie smells it. 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.) X U R, leaves cup and saucer on desk.

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

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: X C toward table. 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. X to hall with tea things. (calling) Coming, Miss, coming.

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

Lady U: Passing Guinness on steps without stopping. Oh, is that you, Nurse? X to table. How are you? You don't look a day older. Is nobody at home? Where is Hesione? X to window and looks out. Doesn't she expect me? Where are the servants? U of table. 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: From steps. 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 or 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. To Ellie. 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 Houses. 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) X to chair R of table, sits. 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 tea cup)

Captain: Your tea, young lady. Gives it to Ellie. 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 Utterword sits on sofa.

Ellie: (going to her with the cup) Don't be so distressed. X to sofa. Have this cup of tea. Sits upstage on sofa. 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. Goes to Captain. I'm little Paddy Patkins. Won't you kiss me? (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) Pushes Lady Utterword away U C. 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. X to desk, sits. 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.

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

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

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

Captain: (Introducing Ellie) His daughter. Sits at desk

Ellie: (protesting) No---

(Guinness returns with fresh tea)

Captain: Rises, stops her at foot of steps. 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) Sits at desk. 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 any age.

Guinness: You were always for respectability, Miss Addy. Starts to exit.

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 me?

Guinness: 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: Rises, X to steps. What does it matter whether the young lady is expected or not? She is welcome. Holds on platform. 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) She rises, starts up to him, pauses, X to desk and puts cup down. Lady Utterword, I don't know what to do. Your father persists in believing that my father is some sailor who robbed him. X D to sofa.

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 she is uncorseted and dressed anyhow in a rich robe of black pile that shows off her white skin and statuesque contour.)

Mrs. H: Ellie, my darling, my pettikins 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. My poor love! (she deposits Ellie on the sofa) Hesione sits D end of sofa. 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, Rises, X to table, picks up gloves. 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 much 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 into chair R of table. 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: From U of Mrs. Utterword's chair. 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.) X to chair D L. Her father is a very remarkable man, Addy. His name is Mazzini Dunn. Mazzini was a celebrity of some kind who knew Ellie's grand parents. 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: X to Ellie. 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 decently. 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. X to sofa, sits.

Lady U: Oh! you unfeeling----

Captain: (to Ellie) Your room is ready. From platform, holds. The sheets were damp; but I have changed them.

Lady U: OH! What about my sheets?

Captain: X L of C. Take my advice: air them: or take them off and sleep in blankets. X to garden door. 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) From door. 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. Picks up gloves.

(Mazzini Dunn enters from the hall)

Ellie: At last! Captain Shotover, here is my father. X to bring Dunn in.

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. X D L below table. 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 to the door)

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

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: X to C. 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! X D to 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 gentleman----

Mrs. H: Papa. Quite so. Turns, X D L.

Mazzini: Oh, I beg your pardon, of course: Following her 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 is heard: 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.
Moves in to Ellie.

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.
Sits Ellie D on sofa, Hesione sits U on sofa.
Now, pettikins, tell me all about Mr. Mangan.
They call him Boss Mangan, don't they? He is
a Napoleon of indistry 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. Goes U L to table.

Mrs. H: Rises, X D C. My pettikins, you mustn't mind my way of talking. I was quite sensitive and particular as you once; but I have picked up so much slang from the children that I am really hardly presentable. X to D R, sits D on sofa. I suppose your father 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. X to sofa. It seems very unfair to me. Sits. 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, X U C. 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: X to U of table. -----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 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 adventure, 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 looks down at her.)

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

Ellie: Oh, no. Shapespeare 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: Looks up at Hesione. Othello was not telling lies.

Mrs. H: How do you know?

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

Mrs. H: Ah! Sits on sofa. 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 a rather 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 am able to 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: On 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

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 x to window seat, picks up coat.
(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 improbable as I tell it. But I can't stay if you think that way about me.

Mrs. H: Up to Ellie. You shan't go. I couldn't be so mistaken: Turns, takes her things to window seat 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. Takes Ellie to sofa, Ellie sits U., Hesione sits D. But you should have broken it to me by degrees. 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

moustache, wearing a rather dandified curvy 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.

Hector: (with a mixture of confusion and effrontery, depositing his hat and stick on the 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 so. 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 garden door)

Mrs. H: Sits Ellie on sofa. Now, pettikins, he is gone. There's noboby 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! Looking out of window. 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) X to Ellie. Pettikins, none of that, if you please. If you hint the lightest 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 drawerfull 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 adventures, and yet tells likes 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. X D to table. 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: X to Chair L., sits. Not in the least. I am quite cured.

Hesione looks at Ellie, X to sofa.
(Mazzini Dunn and Hector come in from garden)

Hector: (As he opens the door and allows Mazzini to pass in) One more second, 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 desk 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 garden, followed by the Captain)

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

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

Mangan: Very pleased.

Captain: Dunn's lost his muscle, but recovered his nerve. Men seldom do after three attacks of delirium 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 out stretched 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. From platform. 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. X U C.

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

Captain: It's true.

Mangan: She doesn't think so.

Captain: She does. Sits at desk.

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? Rises.

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

Captain: X D L to table. His half brother only. (he turns away from Mangan with his usual abruptness and collects the empty tea cups)

Mangan: (irritated) See here, Captain Shotover, I don't quite understand my position here. I came here on your daughter's inviation. 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. X U C. 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 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 garden)

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. Turns.

(A gentleman, whose first-rate tailoring and frictionless manners proclaim the well bred 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.)

Randall: 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.

Randall: Precisely. So I ventured to come in. X D C.

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

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

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

Mangan: Strange character, Captain Shotover, sir.

Randall: Very.

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

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

Mangan: No. X to chair D L.

Randall: X L C. I am. At least a connection. (Mrs. H. comes back)

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

Randall: 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)

Randall: Thank You. One moment, Captain. (the Captain halts and turns. The gentleman goes to him affably.) Do you happen to remember--but probably you won'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: I don't believe you are Hastings Utterword.

Randall: I am not.

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

Randall: 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 of the wardrobe in my room? My diamonds are in my dressing bag; I must lock it up-----Randall, how dare you?

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. X to Lady U. 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. X to window seat. But he has no right to come bothering you and Papa without being invited.

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) Half up in chair. 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 quarreled 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. They're coming around the other way.

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 hall door. Ellie retires into the chair by desk. Hector comes forward; and Lady U is looking her 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.

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.

Hector: Behave yourself, Hesione. Lady Utterword is

entitled not only to hospitality but to civilization. X to window seat, sits.

Lady U: (gratefully) Thank you, Hector.

Captain: (coming from the pantry addressing Ellie) Taps Ellie on shoulder, motions her from chair. Sits. 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 from hall newly washed and brushed, and stops, smiling benevolently)

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

Mazzini: (takes 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.

Mrs. H: Sorry. X to sofa, sits. I hate it: it's like making people show their tickets.

Mazzini: How little it tells us, after all! Sits with Hesione on sofa, Ellie moves U of sofa. 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 lady like daughter. The language and appearance of a city missionary. 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? X to Randall.

Randall: 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 explosives at the will of a Mahatma.

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

Mrs. H: Do you mean to say that you've had some of my father's tea? Starts toward garden door. 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: Rises. 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? X to steps.

Lady U: (patronizingly) Of course, dear.

Ellie: From steps. 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: X R C. 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: X to Lady U. It will not sound very civil. I was on the point of saying, "I thought you were a plain woman."

Lady U: X L C. For shame, Hector! What right had you to notice whether I am plain or not? Turns to Hector.

Hector: Listen to me, Ariadne. X D to Lady U. Until today I have seen only photographs of you; and no photograph can give the strange fascination of the daughters of that super-natural 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 and 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: Sits in chair R of table, deliberately crosses legs. 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 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. Leans on chair. 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, my self, at that game. Is it quite understood that we are only playing?

Hector: X to bannister, leans on it. 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. X R of Hector.

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

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 pantry)

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 garden 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 pantry)

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

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

Hector: From in front of chair D L. 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. X R C.

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: X to Hesione. 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. X D R.

Mrs. H: Nothing will kill Addy; she is as strong as a horse. Now I am going off to fascinate somebody. X to garden door.

Hector: The Foreign Office toff? 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)

Hector: Listen, O sage. How long dare you concentrate on a feeling without risking having 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 alone, 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 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 extended 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. 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 damndest scoundrel I ever met. Sits at desk.

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

Captain: They are mine also.

Hector: Just so. We are members one of another. 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. X L C U of chair. What are our terrors to theirs? Give me power to kill them; and I'll spare them in sheer-------

Captain: Fellow feeling?

Hector: No. Turns. 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 it already.

Hector: They are too stupid to use their power. X D to table.

Captain: Rises, X U C. 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: May not Hesione be such a demon, brought forth by you lest I should slay you?

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

Hector: Vampire women, demon women. Sits D L.

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. I must think these things out. Rises. (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. Rises, starts X to hall door.

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: X to Hector. 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: X to Captain. 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! X D to chair R of table

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 sits at desk)

Hector: From platform. Shall I turn up the lights for you?

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

SLOW CURTAIN

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 table.)

Mangan: On platform. What a dinner! X D C. 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 macaroni for me.

Mangan: X to desk. Too rich: I can't eat such things. Picks up drawing. 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: X, sits in chair L. 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: X D C. 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) Chair R of table. 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? It's 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 job for 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) X D R. Was mine! It is mine, Miss Ellie, and all the money the other fellows lost too. Turns to Ellie. 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: X to Ellie, leans on table. 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: X R C. 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. D to Ellie. 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. Swings away from her. 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 that I must tell him the truth or burst. What stops me is that I know he wouldn't believe me. He'd think anything rather than the truth, Turns to Ellie. 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 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---Leans forward. 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. Sits back. Why not?

Mangan: Why not!

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

Mangan: Leans toward Ellie. 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 child 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: X D L corner of desk. Oh, no. Not exactly back out of it.

Ellie: Well?

(Mangan utters a long whispered whistle. A cunning look soon comes into his face.) He turns and faces Ellie.

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: I'm not joking.

Ellie: Who told you I was?

Mangan: X D C. 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. X to chair R of table. I'm in love with her. Now the murder's out. Sits.

Ellie: I want to be near your friend Mr. Hushabye. I'm in love with him. (she rises and adds with a frank air) X U to window seat. 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: Rises, X D R. Because I don't choose, see?

Swings and faces Ellie. 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. Turns to window. 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. X to Ellie. 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. Looks out window.

Mangan: You told her!

Ellie: She told me.

Mangan: (clutching at his bursting temples) Oh, this is a crazy house. Supporting himself on back of chair R of table. Or else I'm going clean off my chump. Is she making a swop 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) Draws him back. 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) Holds on platform Mr. Mangan's not here, ducky; 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. X D C. (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 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. X U of 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 holds on steps.

Mazzini: What tempted you to commit such a crime, woman? X U L in back of chair.

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 dar; 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? X R U C.

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: X D C. But why won't he wake?

Mazzini: (speaking very politely 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. X U of chair.

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

Guinness: 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 stroked 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. Starts for steps.

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. X to Nurse D R. 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: X in front of Hesione. 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 may good opinion of myself.

Mrs. H: (rather stolidly) Sorry. X D R to sofa.

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: X to C. 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 halfpenny 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) X to Hesione. Bless you, dear Mrs. Hushabye, what romantic ideas of business you have! Poor dear Mangan isn't a bit like that.

Mrs. H: (scornfully) Poor dear Mangan indeed! X to sofa, sits.

Mazzini: But he doesn't know anything about machinery. He never goes near the men: 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: X to C. 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: X U R of sofa. 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 sentimental about the hard cases among the working people. X U of Mangan. 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. X R C. 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: X D R C. I am afraid all the captains of industry are what you call frauds, Mrs. Hushabye. Sits U R on sofa.

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: Sitting back. 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? X U C. 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!) X to desk U R.

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

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

Mazzini: (wistfully) Turns D R. 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) Sits D R on sofa. 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: X D R. Have I been a beast? Sits on sofa.

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) Holds. Oh! here is Ellie at last.

Ellie: (on the threshold of the garden 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): X C 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. 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) Holds. 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) X U C to Hesione. 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. X D R. 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 nusiance parents are, dear. X U C. I will be good and go. (he goes to the garden door) By the way, do you remember (holds by door) 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: C. Do you suppose you can bully me, you miserable little matrimonial adventurer?

Ellie: Moves in on her. 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! X to chair R of table. 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 am 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. X D R to sofa. Don't you see that unless I can be hard--as hard as nails--I shall go mad? Turns to Hesione. 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! X D C. 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. X D R to

sofa, sits. 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, here is the grindstone.

Ellie: (Sitting down beside her, appeased) That's better: X D R to sofa, sits. 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: Sitting back. 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: Rises, walks few steps U C. 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 ever 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 not reason why I should have poverty. If Mangan has nothing else, he has money.

Mrs. H: Sits up. And there are 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, X D L to Mangan 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: X U L of Mangan to D L. 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. X to R of Mangan. Women are better at that sort of bargaining 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? Turns his head, lets it fall. I think not. X U R to desk I shall not have to spend most of my time wondering how long my gloves will last, anyhow.

Mrs. H: Ellie, X D L. you are a wicked, sordid, little beast! And to think that I actually condescended to fascinate that creature there to save you from him! X U C. 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) Leans on desk, then sits on it. I nailed Mangan by telling him that if he did not marry me he should never see you again.

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. X to Ellie. 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: Rises. 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) X D R to sofa, sits. Oh! Even the hair that ensnared him false!

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

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

Mrs. H: Sits on sofa. 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, don't say anything more: X to Mangan. 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 Hesione) 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) Rises, X U C to Mangan. 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. X D R to sofa. But they go by contraries, don't they?

Mangan: X to Hesione. 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 sigusted you. It isn't my fault if I'm old and haven't a

moustache like a bronze candle stick 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: Serve you right! Do you hear? Serve 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) X R C to Ellie. 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)

Mangan: Rises, X between table and chair. That woman has a pair of hands that go right through you.

Ellie: Rises, puts chair in place. 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: X D R to sofa, sits. 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) X U R C to desk. Am I never to have the last word?

Captain: (appearing at the 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 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: X to chair L, sits. 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: From steps. 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) X U L. 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: Turns to Lady U. Let us all go out into the night and leave everything behind us.

Mangan: You stay where you are, the lot 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.

Hector: Alfred! Hesione and Randall enter from garden. Randall, Mangan's christian name is Alfred.

Randall: Then Hesione wins her bet.

Mrs. H: They wouldn't believe me, Alf. Leads Hector to window seat, they sit.

(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: 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: Rises, holds, X L C. Are you frightened, Alf?

Mangan: X D R, sits on sofa. 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 dueling pistol in his hand, comes from the hall, and makes his way to the table) He lays pistol on table, sits in chair L.

Mazzini: Oh, my dear Mrs. Hushabye, I might have killed him. 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) Sits on arm of chair.

Randall: (entering with a poker) Keep your eye on this door, Mangan. I'll look after the other. (he goes to the garden door and stands on guard there) (Lady U. comes in after Randall) Holds on platform.

Mrs. H: X D R. 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 dueling 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: Sits on sofa. 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: Coming down from steps to sofa, sits U of Hesione. 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: X to desk. 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)

Speaking at once.

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: 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: X to Burglar. 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 have to have 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: Fumbles for money as he X U L. (giving him a pound) There! Off with you.

Burglar: 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: Rises. All right, lady, all right. I've no wish to be anything but agreeable, Good evening, ladies and gentlemen; and thank you kindly. X U C. He starts out, but is stopped by the Captain's voice from platform.

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.

Guinness enters, follows Captain down steps, holds behind sofa.
(the Captain seizes the burglar by the collar; drags him to his feet; and leads him to the middle of the group)

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: X D L C (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 inquire 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 getcaught 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: X to Burglar. I should think I do, seeing I was married to him, the blackguard!

Hesione:
Lady U: (exclaiming together) Married to him! Guinness!

Burglar: Takes cover behind Captain. 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: Holds on steps. Why didn't you shoot him, sir? If I'd known who he was, I'd have shot him myself. (she goes out)

(Captain goes into the pantry in deep abstraction. They all look after him)
Hector X to Lady U.

Mrs. H: So Billy Dunn was poor nurse's little romance. I knew there had been somebody.

Randall: X U L C. 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 mischievously) (going to him) Would you like a walk on the heath, Alfred? With me?

Ellie: Rises. 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 garden door)

Mangan: (writhing but yielding) How can you have the face--the heart--(he breaks down and is heard sobbing as she takes him out)
Ellie X to window.

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: X D R C. 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: 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)

Lady U: Oh! Hector! Hector! (she runs out after him)

Randall: Only nerves, I assure you. (he follows her waving the poker in his agitation) Ariadne! Ariadne! For God's sake, be careful. You will--- (he is gone)

Mazzini: Rising, X to C. 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.

Mazzini: From steps. Good night love. (he goes out, leaving Ellie alone with the Captain)
(The Captain is intent on his drawing)
Ellie goes to Captain and looks over his shoulder.

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 cheeck: 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: X D to chair R of table. 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: X U to window. 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. Rising, X C. 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. Starts for 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 even save your body.

Ellie: X to window. 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: Moves toward Ellie. 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. Turns to Captain. 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 chair R of table.

Captain: (yielding) Take care: I am in my dotage. Sits. Old men are dangerous: it doesn't matter to them what is going to happen to the world.

Ellie: Sitting on floor R of chair. (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 politican, 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. Rising, x to garden door. I see my daughters and their men living foolish lives of romance and sentiment and snobbery. Turns to Ellie. 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. Leans on chair R of table keeping it between them. 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: X to desk. 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. Starts for pantry.

Ellie: Intercepts him C. 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 of rum.

Ellie: (frightfully disillusioned) Is that it? X D R. How disgusting! Do you like being drunk?

Captain: No: I dread being drunk more than anything in the world. X to chair R of table, his back half turned to Ellie. 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: Turns to Ellie. you are young: you sleep at night only, and sleep soundly. But later on you will sleep in the afternoon. Later still you will sleep even in the morning; and you will awake tired, tired of life. Turns away. 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. X to Captain. Dream. I like you to dream. Leading him to sofa. You must never be in the real world when we talk

together.

Captain: I am too weary to resist, or too weak. Sits. 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: Sits U of Captain. 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)

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: Takes his hand. 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 up the steps and out.

Hector: X to Bannister. That's an extraordinary girl. She has the Ancient Mariner on a string like a like a Pekinese dog.

Randall: X C. Now that they have gone, shall we have a friendly chat?

Hector: Pulling desk chair D R C, sits. You are in what is supposed to be my house. I am at your disposal. Offers Randall a cigarette.

Randall: I take it that we may be quite frank. Lights Hector's cigarette. I mean about Lady Utterword. Lights his own.

Hector: You may. I have nothing to be frank about. I never met her until this afternoon.

Randall: What! Pulls chair R of table U, sits on arm. 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: Rising, X D L to table. Really, Ariadne is the limit. Extinguishes cigarette in ash tray on table.

Hector: (coolly) She is, as I remarked to Hesione, a very enterprising woman.

Randall: (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: Rising, puts one foot on chair. The question would seem to be rather whether your brother has any touch of that sort.

Randall: X to the back of chair C. 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 around her; but how is the world to know that? It's not fair to Hasints. It's not fair to me.

Hector: Puts desk chair back in place, extinguishes cigarette at desk. Her theory is that her conduct is so correct-----

Randall: Correct! X D L. She does nothing, but make scenes from morning till night. You be careful, old chap. She will get you into trouble: that is, Sits on arm of chair L. 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: X C. Do you suffer much from this jealousy?

Randall: Rising. 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, X L C. I think a man may be allowed to be a gentleman without being accused of posing.

Hector: X D to Randall. 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; X, sits on sofa. but I became accustomed to them. At last I learned to play them.

Randall: X, stands over Hector. 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) Turning away in confusion to C. 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 U. with commanding emphasis) Ariadne! Places chair in former position.

Lady U: (at some distance) Yes.

Randall: X R. 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: X D L. 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 imperturable in the face of a burglar. Sits. Imperturbability is almost too strong a point of mind. But 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: X to 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: X to chair D L, sits. Be reasonable, Ariadne. Your fatal gift of beauty forces men to discuss you.

Lady U: Taking C. Oh indeed! what about your fatal gift of beauty?

Hector: How can I help it?

Lady U: 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. Standing over Randall. 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: Starts to rise. This is-------

Lady U: Pushes him back down. 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?

(Speaking together)

Hector: Please don't tell me.
Randall: 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 going to be this time? Sits in chair R of table.

Randall: From R C. (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: X U to desk. but God knows I have paid for it. (he sits down in the chair, weeping)

Lady U: Rising, X U to Randall. Cry-baby!

Hector: Rising. 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: X D C. (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? Pushes her on sofa and stands over her. The cat and mouse game with the other sex is a good game; but I can play your head off at it. 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: And 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? X to chair R of table, sits. 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 rag him till he cries. He will be all right now. Look: he is half asleep already.

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. Rises, X D L. I thought you were a fool.

Lady U: (laughing) Everybody does, at first. But I am not such a fool as I look. X U to Randall. 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. X U C. 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: Pshs! Platonic sense! She makes you her servant; and when pay-day comes round, she bilks you: that is what you mean.

Randall: From platform. 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: Watching Randall go, full back position. Poor wretch! Oh women! women! women! Turns full front. (he lifts his fists in invocation to heaven) Fall. Fall and crush. (he goes out into the garden)

MEDIUM CURTAIN

ACT THREE

As the curtain opens, Lady Utterword is lying on a chaise lounge D R, the Captain is seated in arm chair on terrace D L, and Ellie is seated on small stool by his side. The bench U C, and the stool next to the lounge and the deck chair L C are vacant. Hector enters from the house L. He pauses on edge of terrace U of Captain and lights a cigarette. As he waves out the match, Lady U. speaks.

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 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: Entering with Hesione through gate U R. 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 bench) 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? Sits on R arm of bench.

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: 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! Sits on bench.

Lady U: Rises, X to table U L. 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: From terrace. and what do you always find? That the stables are the real centre of the household; X to R of lounge. 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. Puts drink on table D R.

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: Sitting. Exactly how Hastings explained your being a gentleman. Lies down.

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 has 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 rises L of lounge. 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? Sits. 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. Lies down.

Mangan: Everybody is listening. It isn't right. Sits on bench.

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: Rises, X U to wall. 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 traveling 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: X behind bench D to Lady U. 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: X back to bench. 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: Rises. 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? Sits on bench with Hesione.

Hector: Is this England, or is it a madhouse? X to table, pours drink.

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. X to gate U R.

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 of 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 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: Rises. (wildly) Look here: I'm going to take off all my clothes. (he begins tearing off his coat)

Lady U: Mr. Mangan!

Speaking together.
Lady U: Mr. Mangan! Sits up.
Captain: What's that?
Hector: Ha! Ha! Do. do. From U of lounge.
Ellie: Please don't.

Mrs. H: Rises. (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 as well as moral ones; so please keep your clothes on. Lies down.

Mangan: Starts for house L, holds on terrace. 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: Sits on bench. Good bye, 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: X to deck chair, sits. 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: Coming back to bench. 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. Sits. I'll marry her. I'll do anything for a quiet life. Are you satisfied now?

Ellie: Rises, X to behind the Captain's chair. 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.

Speaking together.

Mrs. H: Rises. Bigamy! Whatever on earth are you talking about, Ellie?

Lady U: Raising herself on one arm. Bigamy! What do you mean, Miss Dunn?

Mangan: Bigamy! Do you mean to say you're married already?

Hector: Bigamy! This is some enigma.

Ellie: (Putting hand on Captain's shoulder) 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.

Mrs. H: Oh, that's very clever of you, pettikins. Very clever. Sits. 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: X between bench and deck chair. 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. sits on stool.

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? X U of bench.

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)

Mrs. H: Sitting on bench. Oh! here comes the only man who ever resisted me. What's the matter, Mr. Dunn? Is the house on fire?

Mazzini: From terrace. 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: X to stool by lounge, sits. I hope you don't mind my being like this, Mrs. Hushabye.

Mrs. H: On the contrary, I could always wish you 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 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 worth tenpence a dozen, and half a dozen tabloids of cyanide of potassium to poison yourself with when you are found out. That's the realith 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 or 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: Taking glass to table U 1 We have been too long here. We do not live in this house: we haunt it.

Lady U: Rises, X around D end of lounge 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 selfcontrol; but to me it is only a very ill-regulated and rather untidy villa without any stables. Sits.

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. Leaning forward.

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: Lies back. 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.

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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: X to deck chair, sits. Yet she breaks hearts, easy as her house is. That poor devil upstairs with his flute howls when she twists his heart, just as Mangan 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 devoting myself to you; and you think of nothing but your ridiculous presentiment. Rises. You bore me. Come and talk poetry to me under the

stars. (she drags him away into the darkness) They exit U R.

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: Rises, X to C. 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: X to Lady U. 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: X L C. Very true, no doubt, at sea. But in politics, I assure you, they only run into jellyfish. Nothing happens. Sits on bench.

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 Rising not worth mentioning.

Ellie: What is that, O Captain, O my Captain?

Captain: (savagely) Turning to Mazzini. 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. Sits.

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: Rising. Something happened. (he blows his whistle) Breakers ahead! (the lights go out)

Hector: (furiously) Rising. Who put that light out? Who dared put that light out?

Guinness: Entering, X to Hector. 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 night.

Captain: X to C. 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. (lights in the house go on) 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. Pushes him toward gate U R, follows him.

(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 judgement.

Burglar: Oh, my Lordy God! (he rushes away frantically)

Mrs. H: (emerging panting from the darkness) X to behind bench. Who was that running away? 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 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) X to Lady U. Ariadne, my soul, my precious, go down to the cellars: I beg and implore you, go down to the cellars!

Lady U: (quite composed) The governor'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 are not afraid, and be good. Play us "Keep the home fires burning." (Randall sits on stool)

Guinness: From the gate. (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 magnificent. (they all turn away from the house

and look up, listening)

Hector: From behind deck chair. (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: Rising. 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)

Hesione falls against Hector. Randall supports himself with one hand on floor. Lady U. supports herself on Randall's shoulder. Mazzini falls to bench. Guinness reels against lounge. Ellie throws herself against the Captain, who stands perfectly firm.

Mazzini: Straightening up. Is anyone hurt?

Hector: Where did it fall?

Guinness: From head of lounge. (in hideous triumph) Right in the gravel pit: I seen it. Serve un right! I seen it. (she runs away towards the gravel pit, laughing harshly) Exits U. R.

Hector: One husband gone.

Captain: Thirty pounds of good dynamite wasted.

Mazzini: Oh, poor Mangan! X to gate U R.

Hector: Are you immortal that you need pity him? Our turn next. (they wait in silence and intense expectation. A distant explosion is heard)

Mrs. H: Oh! They have passed us. All relax.

Lady U: Sits on lounge. The danger is over, Randall. Go to bed.

Captain: Turn in, all hands. The ship is safe. (he sits down and goes to sleep)

Ellie: Safe! (disappointedly) Sits on stool by Captain.

Hector: (disgustedly) Yes, safe. And how damnably dull the world has become again suddenly! (he sits down)

Mazzini: (sitting down) On bench. 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.)

SLOW CURTAIN

CHAPTER III

PRE-REHEARSAL PREPARATION

PRE-REHEARSAL PREPARATION

Once the play has been chosen the director faces the problem of analyzing thoroughly both the plot and the various characters before he is in a position to cast the production with any degree of intelligence. It is the opinion of the director that this analysis, this pre-casting work, should be done as much as is possible from the author's point of view. In accordance with this idea the following analysis is from the structural, rather than the directorial, point of view.

Finding the Premise

Mr. Lajos Egri, in his book The Art of Dramatic Writing, points out that just as everything else in life must have its purpose so the playwright must have his goal, his motive for writing the play in the first place.[1] No doubt the motives of many of the lighter plays are simply entertainment for the audience and financial gain for the writer. However, the motive of George Bernard Shaw seems rather to be to make the audience conscious of some of the weightier problems of life. Egri calls this motive the premise.

> Every good play must have a well-formulated premise. There may be more than one way to phrase the premise, but however it is phrased, the thought must be the same.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> You must have a premise, a premise which will lead

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1 Lajos Egri, The Art of Dramatic Writing. (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1946), p. 1

you unmistakably to the goal your play hopes to reach.[2]

The problem of finding the premise which the author had in mind at the time of writing is not always an easy one. Still, if the meaning of the play is to be clearly presented the premise must be found.

It is quite evident, even at the first reading of "Heartbreak House," that Mr. Shaw intends to speak, for the most part, through the character of Captain Shotover. Also, the self-centered attitude of the inhabitants of Heartbreak House is clearly seen almost from the opening of the curtain. It is not until late in the second act, however, that the writer sees fit to state the premise in unmistakable terms. As is to be expected, it is the Captain who first hints at this premise. In the scene between the Captain and Ellie (p.86), near the end of Act Two, Ellie says, "Do you like being drunk?" The Captain answers, "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." Two speeches later he is made to say,

> 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.

These lines prepare us for the third act. In the quiet of

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2 Ibid., p. 6

the garden, in answer to Mazzini's explanation that trust in providence may very well be the answer to life's riddle, the Captain says (p. 112), "Every drunken skipper trusts to Providence. But one of the ways of Providence with drunken skippers is to run them on the rocks." When Mazzini assures him that it may be true at sea but that in politics they only "run into jelly fish, nothing happens," the Captain answers,

> At sea nothing happens.... Nothing but the smash of the drunken skipper's ship on the rock, the splintering of her rotten timbers, the tearing of her rusty plates, the drowning of the crew like rats in a trap.

Then, in answer to Hector's question (p. 113), "And this ship that we are all in, this soul's prison called England?", Captain Shotover prophesies,

> 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?

The only solution, according to the Captain, is for them all to "Learn your business as an Englishman, navigation. Learn it and live; or leave it and be damned."

It was from the above speeches, as well as the general tone of the entire play, that the director took as the premise, "Drifting Leads to Destruction."

Egri states that "Every good premise is composed of three parts, each of which is essential to the good play."[3]

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3 Ibid., p. 8

The first part of the well formulated premise suggests character, the second suggests conflict or action, and the third suggests the end of the play. "Drifting" suggests the type of characters found in "Heartbreak House." "Leads to" suggests the action and "Destruction" certainly suggests a possible ending. As the analysis proceeds the reader must constantly bear in mind the chosen premise, "Drifting leads to Destruction." It was to this premise that the cast was constantly referred regarding line interpretation.

Adapting the Script

As the director became more familiar with the script it became increasingly apparent that the play as a whole was too lengthy and that some of the speeches seemed much too long to hold the attention of the audience. Now that the premise had been decided upon the director felt safe in omitting certain parts of the dialogue. Some of the more obvious speeches were eliminated before the scripts were prepared. This was done in order that the cast would not become confused by a cutting process during the rehearsal period. During this process the premise was always the important consideration: could the speech be omitted or shortened without interfering with the basic idea?

The first deletion was that of stage directions. Mr. Shaw had given meticulous directions for movement and expression in his script. The cutting was not done with the

idea that the designated movements were "wrong," nor was it a question of the director wanting to have a complete freedom in bringing the script to life. As the thesis title indicates, one of the major problems in staging "Heartbreak House" was the fact that the production was to be performed on a small stage. The dimensions of the bare stage are seventeen feet at the opened curtain line and fifteen feet from the curtain line to the back wall. It was completely out of the question to use the set described by Shaw. Therefore, his directions for movement were not applicable. The director was of the opinion that the cast would be less confused if the unusable directions were omitted.

The aim in the cutting process was to delete short speeches or sentences from the longer speeches and at the same time to preserve all the scenes in the play. The thought was that, if ten or fifteen minutes could be eliminated in this manner, the play would be more effective. Not all the possible cuts were made. Rather, the director attempted to preserve as much as possible. Any dialogue which was found to be in question was left in the script in order to be tested during the rehearsal period. The unrealistic chanting scene which ends the first act was originally omitted but was reinserted during the first week of rehearsal.

During the cutting process, the director was guided by principles laid down in <u>The Art of Dramatic Writing</u> by the aforementioned Lajos Egri. These rules, or principles,

which are listed appear in the section entitled, "Dialogue."

1. Dialogue must reveal character.
2. Dialogue must reveal background.
3. Dialogue must foreshadow coming events.
4. Dialogue must grow from the character and the conflict.[4]

The director was of the opinion that, for the most part, Mr. Shaw was using his characters not to produce an exciting or humorous play but rather to express his own opinions. A paragraph found in The Art of Dramatic Writing expresses the director's main critisism of the dialogue of "Heartbreak House."

> On the other hand, we have the shallow dialogue which results from static conflict. Neither of the opponents is going to win this motionless battle, and their dialogue has no place to go. One witty thrust immediately capped by another throws neither of the combatants over, and the characters--although it is a rare 'witty' play that has living characters--freeze into standard types that never grow. The character and dialogue in high comedy are often of this nature, which is why so few society dramas are lasting plays.[5]

The dialogue in "Heartbreak House" seems to result from the static conflict of the play. Many of the long speeches--for example, Mangan's speech in the beginning of Act Two--are much longer than is necessary to make the audience conscious of the type of man he represents. The same is true of the scene between Ellie and Hesione in Act One.

The few changes in the dialogue are listed. The

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4 Ibid., p. 238

5 Loc. cit.

deleted portion appears in parenthesis.

Act I

Ellie-Hesione scene. (p. 20)

Hesione: I should have pulled hard--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. (I don't mean that he lent it to him, or that he invested it in his business.) He just simply made him a present of it. Wasn't that splendid of him?

The above sentence was omitted because it seemed unnecessary to the director. The meaning of the speech was perfectly clear without the additional information.

Ellie-Hesione scene. (p. 22)

Hesione: 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--(from the official trustee for enough money to enable my father to pay six and eight pence in the pound and get his discharge. Everyone pittied papa so much, and saw so plainly that he was an honorable man, that they let him off at six and eight pence instead of ten shillings) 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.

This portion of the speech was cut in the belief that it would confuse the audience more than it would enlighten them. The idea that Ellie expresses in the line, "and saw so plainly

that he was an honorable man," appears so often in her lines that the director decided the deletion of it in this case would not detract from the play. The audience would not be expected to possess a knowledge of the English monetary system, hence the lines dealing with "six and eight pence in the pound" and "ten shillings" would mean nothing to the vast majority of the audience. The same reasoning holds true for the deletion cited below.

Hesione: 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: (half a guinea for expenses and three songs with three encores.) 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-----.

Ellie-Hesione scene. (p. 27)

Ellie: Just so. That's all really.

Hesione: (It makes the hours go fast, doesn't it? No tedious waiting to go to sleep at nights and wondering whether you will have a bad night. How delightful it makes waking up in the morning! How much better than the happiest dream! All life transfigured! No more wishing one had an interesting book to read, because life is so much happier than any book! No desire but to be alone and not to have to talk to anyone: to be alone and just think about it.)

Ellie: (Hesione, you are a witch. How do you know? Oh, you are the most symphathetic woman in the world!)

Hesione: Pettikins, my pettikins, how I envy you! and how I pity you!

The two speeches were cut because, in the opinion of the director, they were unnecessary and because the scene had already lasted for approximately eighteen minutes. It is true that the speech by Hesione does help to develop her character and to show her understanding but this same quality is shown earlier in the scene, and, in fact, all through the play. The speech was not necessary as far as the premise was concerned nor did its deletion seem to affect either the mood of the play or of that particular scene.

Hector-Hesione scene. (p. 42)

Hesione: She is worse than you, because you had one real go at least, with me.

Hector: That was confounded madness. (I can't believe that such an amazing experience is common. It has left its mark on me. I believe that is why I have never been able to repeat it.)

Hesione: (We were frightfully in love with one another, Hector. It was such an enchanting dream that I have never been able to grudge it to you or anyone else since. I have invited all sorts of pretty women to the house on the chance of giving you another turn. But it has never come off.)

Hector: (I don't know that I want it to come off. It was damned dangerous.) 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.

It is true that some of the above dialogue does reveal character.

However, it seemed to the director that the speeches were merely repeating that which had, and would again, be expressed throughout the play. The director was of the opinion that no integral part of the characters had been destroyed. The speech as cut read:

Hector: That was 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.

Hector-Captain scene. (p. 44)

Captain: They are mine also.

Hector: Just so. We are members one of another. (I tell you I have often thought of this killing of human vermin. Many men have thought of it. Decent men are like Daniel in the lion's den: their survival is a miracle; and they do not always survive.) 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?

The speech was cut because it seemed an over elaboration of an idea which remained perfectly clear without it.

Act II

Ellie-Mangan scene. (p. 51)

Ellie: Only you must explain it to me. I don't understand it.

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: (that is, if they're lucky enough to get anything at all. As likely as not the very same thing happens to the new lot. If it's really a big thing the third lot will have to sell out too, and leave their work and their money behind them.) 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'd 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. Now what do you think of me, Miss Ellie?

This speech has been mentioned before in regards to its length. The director did not feel that much of it could

be eliminated if the audience was to receive a clear impression of the character of Mangan. The deleted portion was cut with the idea that any shortening of the speech which did not detract from its thought content would be an improvement. It seemed to the director that the explanation given in the omitted lines was understood from the rest of the speech.

Character Analysis

The next step was to analyze the characters from the view point of the author. This is no easy matter when the author is not close at hand for consultation. Again the director turned to Egri in an attempt to find the key to the various characters. Egri suggests a "tri-dimensional" analysis of each character; the Physiology factor, the Sociology factor, and the Psychology factor. Egri terms this the "bone structure of a character."[6] Each of the characters in "Heartbreak House" was analyzed following the Egri system. Each character was broken down into the three fundamental factors.

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6 Ibid., p. 36

Physiology

1. Sex
2. Age
3. Height and weight
4. Color of hair, eyes, skin
5. Posture
6. Appearance: good looking, over or underweight, clean
7. Defects: deformities, abnormalities
8. Heredity

Sociology

1. Class: working, ruling, middle
2. Occupation: type of work, hours of work, income
3. Education: amount, kind of schools, marks, aptitudes
4. Home life: parents living, earning power, orphan, character's martial status
5. Religion
6. Race, nationality
7. Place in community: leader among friends, clubs, sports
8. Political affiliations
9. Amusements, hobbies: books, newspapers, magazines.

Psychology

1. Sex life, moral standards
2. Personal premise, ambition
3. Frustrations, chief disappointments
4. Temperament: choleric, easygoing, pessimistic
5. Attitude toward life: resigned, militant, defeatist.
6. Complexes: obsessions, inhibitions
7. Extrover, introvert, ambivert
8. Abilities: languages, talents
9. Qualities: imagination, judgment, taste, poise
10. I. Q.

Ellie

Physiology

1. Sex:
   Female
2. Age:
   19
3. Height: Weight:
   5'5" 110 lbs.
4. Color of hair: Eyes: Skin:
   brown blue fair
5. Posture
   straight
6. Appearance:
   Fresh, good looking, neat and pleasant
7. Defects:
   None
8. Heredity:
   Has inherited from her father a love and belief in romance and unreality. Has the innocent beliefs of the typical melodramatic heroine. Loves adventure stories. Has been brought up to believe that idealism is enough in itself.

Sociology

1. Class:
   Lower middle
2. Occupation:
   Earns some money as an artist and has ideas about becoming a singer. She is not tied down to any job.
3. Education:
   The English board school. Also, a background in good literature from her father.
4. Home life:
   Her life revolves around her father, in whom she believes implicitly. She has suffered the pangs of hunger when her father was out of work and has had to keep him cheered up when the going got tough.
5. Religion:
   Church of England
6. Nationality:
   English
7. Place in community:
   She is not a leader even among her own friends. She is looked upon as "that nice little Dunn girl next door."

8. Political affiliations:
   Would like to be a Socialist because it seems the most romantic to her.
9. Amusements:
   Painting, singing, reading; favorite is Shakespeare.

Psychology

1. Sex life:
   Has had no experience outside of the usual childhood love affairs. Gets her sexual experience vicariously from books. Is capable of great love.
2. Morality:
   Very conventional
3. Temperament:
   Optimistic
4. Attitude toward life:
   Romantic
5. Type:
   Ambivert
6. Personal premise:
   To find "life with a blessing."
7. Qualities:
   Imagination, has good tastes, her judgment is none too good as she is apt to trust anyone.
8. I. Q.:
   120

Nurse Guinness

Physiology

1. Sex:
   Female
2. Age:
   65
3. Height: Weight:
   5'4" 150 lbs.
4. Color of hair: Eyes: Skin:
   gray blue sallow
5. Posture:
   Bent
6. Defects:
   None
7. Appearance:
   Pleasant, but rather untidy
8. Heredity:
   Simple straight forwardness of the lower class.

Sociology

1. Class:
   Working class
2. Occupation:
   Permanent housekeeper, now that her nursing days are over.
3. Education:
   Later elementary
4. Home life:
   Has been at Heartbreak House so long that her original home life has left no traces.
5. Religion:
   Methodist
6. Nationality:
   English
7. Place in community:
   She is not interested in the happenings beyond the effects they have on her brood.
8. Political affiliations:
9. Amusements:
   An occasional movie, cheap magazines

Psychology

1. Sex life:
   Has been married, but sex is no longer one of her interests.
2. Personal premise:
   To serve the Shotovers
3. Temperament:
   Easygoing
4. Attitude toward life:
   Militant when ruffled, otherwise easy and matter of fact.
5. Complexes:
   None.
6. Type:
   Ambivert
7. Qualities:
   Steady, unimaginative, common
8. I. Q.:
   100

Captain Shotover

Physiology

1. Sex:
   Male
2. Age:
   88
3. Height: Weight:
   5'10" 160 lbs.
4. Color of hair: Eyes: Skin:
   White blue weather beaten
5. Posture:
   Straight
6. Appearance:
   A trifle untidy, features are clean cut and strong.
7. Defects:
   None that are noticeable except the tendency to forget or to be confused on unimportant matters.
8. Heredity:
   What he has is the gift of the years at sea, not that of his parents.

Sociology

1. Class:
   The upper middle class but, because of his many years at sea, he appears in his manner to be of the ruling class.
2. Occupation:
   Retired sea captain, now an inventor.
3. Education:
   The public school education of the 1880's. Most of his education is from his sea experience.
4. Home life:
   Until he retired he never had much real home life. He thought of his ship as his home, his house he refers to as a "kennel."
5. Religion:
   Has his own conception of God, quite different from the conventional, thinks of God as the "life force."
6. Nationality:
   English
7. Place in community:
   A leader because he is feared by all the neighborhood. Loved by all, yet feared by all outside of his own family.
8. Political affiliations:
   Not a member of any party, but would be the Shavian idea

of a socialist.

9. Amusements:
   Working out ideas of destruction, drinking to stay sober, and reading scientific and philosophical works.

Psychology

1. Sex life:
   Married a black woman on a south sea island in his youth. Married a middle class woman in his late thirties. His first child was born when he was 44.
2. Personal premise:
   None, unless it is to achieve the seventh degree of concentration.
3. Temperament:
   Impatient, fiery, abrupt.
4. Attitude toward life:
   Militant
5. Type:
   Extrovert
6. Abilities:
   A quick scholar, a very analytical mind with deep understanding.
7. Qualities:
   Great imagination, excellent judgement.
8. I. Q.:
   Bordering on genius.

Lady Utterword

Physiology

1. Sex:
   Female
2. Age:
   42
3. Height: Weight:
   5'8" 140 lbs.
4. Color of hair: Eyes: Skin:
   auburn blue fair
5. Posture:
   Very correct, but not stiff.
6. Appearance:
   Strikingly good looking, excellent features.
7. Defects:
   None.
8. Heredity:
   A sound mind but a lack of desire to use it. Her father's outspokenness has turned her from her rather mildly Bohemian background to respectability.

Sociology

1. Class:
   Ruling class. Her husband is a British Governor.
2. Occupation:
   Being a "Lady."
3. Education:
   Same as Hesione's
4. Home life:
   Same as her sister's, only the result has been very different. She hates Bohemianism because she was exposed to it when young. She lived a life outside of her sister and her father. Left home as soon as she could in order to "get away from it all."
5. Religion:
   Goes to the Church of England but never bothers about her beliefs in God.
6. Nationality:
   English
7. Place in community:
   At her home she is used to being the absolute leader. Takes her position as the Governor's wife very seriously when others are near.

8. Political affiliations:
   Definitely Conservative, although she doesn't really know what is going on in political circles; her interest is merely for show.
9. Amusements:
   Riding, reading (the latest best seller), the arts.

Psychology

1. Sex life:
   Was a virgin at marriage but since that time has never let conventional ideas bother her.
2. Morality:
   That of the upper class that puts up a great front of morality but in reality is very little concerned with it. The only sin is to be found out and a careful woman has no need to worry about that.
3. Personal premise:
   Is quite satisfied with her lot now that she is a Lady.
4. Attitude toward life:
   Militant
5. Complexes:
   Is afraid that she can never really fall in love, therefore spends too much time trying to.
6. Type:
   Extrovert
7. I. Q.:
   115

Hesione

Physiology

1. Sex:
   Female
2. Age:
   44
3. Height: Weight:
   5'7" 130 lbs.
4. Color of hair: Eyes: Skin:
   black blue light
5. Posture:
   Straight but careless
6. Appearance:
   Good looking, much younger than her years.
7. Defects:
   None
8. Heredity:
   Love of life and Bohemian attitude--both from her father.

Sociology

1. Class:
   Upper middle. Lives in comfort.
2. Occupation:
   Mistress of the house
3. Education:
   Finishing school, most of education from father.
4. Home life:
   Has never left home even though she is married. She was a late child, her father being 44 at the time of her birth. Her mother died young and she was put under the care of the Nurse. Her home life might be described as moderately Bohemian.
5. Religion:
   Church of England, but not much interested.
6. Nationality:
   English
7. Place in community:
   One of the leaders in the things she is interested in. Her house is always open for any and all who care to drop in for a visit. Her personality makes her liked by all.
8. Political affiliations:
   Conservative, but not much interested.

9. Amusements:
   Sports, concerts, entertaining, reading.

Psychology

1. Sex life:
   She was considered quite a "fast" girl in her youth and was not a virgin at her marriage. She is in love with her husband and now confines her activities to flirtations. She gives the impression of having led a rather promiscuous life but it is only because of her rather frank way of expressing herself.
2. Personal permise:
   To have her life go along smoothly with a touch of excitement now and then. She has no driving ambition for either herself or for her husband.
3. Temperament:
   Easygoing, but very capable of violent action if she is aroused.
4. Complexes:
   No serious complexes.
5. Type:
   Slightly extrovert
6. Attitude:
   Bored and rather resigned.
7. I. Q.:
   About 120

Mazzini

Physiology

1. Sex:
   Male
2. Age:
   58
3. Height: Weight:
   5'6" 130 lbs.
4. Color of hair: Eyes: Skin:
   gray brown light
5. Posture:
   Bent with age
6. Appearance:
   Kindly and scholarly. Older than his years would lead one to believe.
7. Defects:
   No physical defects.
8. Heredity:
   Gained his ideas of politics from his parents, was christened Mazzini after the great Italian patriot, Mazzini Giuseppe, and thinks of himself as a soldier of freedom. He was brought up on the great philosophers and writers but never prepared for anything of a practical nature. When he is introduced he is still in the same predicament, has a lot of ideals but no idea of what to do about them.

Sociology

1. Class:
   Middle manufacturing
2. Occupation:
   Manager of a plant
3. Education:
   The English public school, received most of his education in the classics from his parents.
4. Home life:
   Born into the home of poets and not very good ones, he has an idealistic view of home life. His own home life since his marriage has not been all that he wanted it to be. As he phrased it, "I think the trouble with me is that I am poor." He feels that he has not sufficiently provided for his wife and children.
5. Religion:
   Brought up not to believe in anything but has a belief

deep within him that maybe there is a God of some sort.

6. Nationality:
   English
7. Place in community:
   Most of his neighbors look on him as a "nice," but thoroughly impractical man. He is a welcome guest but is not the sort of man whose advice they ask.
8. Political affiliations:
   Socialistic without attempting to work out a practical approach.
9. Amusements:
   Reading.

Psychology

1. Sex life:
   Has very high moral standards and is actually quite conventional in his beliefs, although he attempts to give the impression that conventionality does not concern him. He most certainly has been true to his wife, both before and after marriage.
2. Personal premise:
   To see that Ellie has, if not a happy marriage, at least an adequate one.
3. Frustrations:
   Inability to handle money or business.
4. Temperament:
   Optimistic
5. Attitude toward life:
   Philosophical
6. Type:
   Introvert.
7. Abilities:
   No special abilities.
8. Qualities:
   Has good taste in his reading. His imagination is somewhat stinted, especially for a poet.
9. I. Q.:
   130

Hector

Physiology

1. Sex:
   Male
2. Age:
   46
3. Height: Weight:
   6' 165 lbs.
4. Color of hair: Eyes: Skin:
   black blue tanned
5. Posture:
   Straight
6. Appearance:
   Very good looking in a romantic swashbuckling sort of way.
7. Defects:
   None.
8. Heredity:
   Good looks from his mother, romantic notions from his father.

Sociology

1. Class:
   Upper middle
2. Occupation:
   None
3. Education:
   Private school and Oxford.
4. Home life:
   Spends most of his time at home and, for the most part, enjoys it although he gets very bored with the life he leads.
5. Relgion:
   Church of England, but takes no interest in it at all.
6. Nationality:
   English
7. Place in community:
   Looked up to by all as perfect type of man. The women all take a great interest in him and the men can't help liking him.
8. Political affiliations:
   Is a Socialist but does not have a very deep understanding of what his party stands for.
9. Amusements:
   Sports, golf, hunting, and women.

Psychology

1. Sex life:
   Has had many experiences with many different women. Because of his good looks and easy manner he always found it rather easy to gain conquests. He is faithful to his wife in his own way but that does not mean the conventional sort of way. Is not at all averse to having affairs with other women.
2. Personal premise:
   To be a hero in the eyes of all.
3. Frustrations:
   The fact that so little opportunity is given him to be a hero and his inability to break away from his wife's apron strings.
4. Temperament:
   Easygoing and, for the most part, optimistic.
5. Attitude toward life:
   Resigned, except when he is forced to think about his position. Then he becomes quite militant.
6. Type:
   Extrovert
7. Abilities:
   The ease with which he makes new conquests and his way of getting along with almost any type of person.
8. Qualities:
   Very fine imagination which he allows full play. The only real use he makes of his talent to gain friends is that of impressing women with his wild adventure stories.
9. I. Q.:
   135

Mangan

Physiology

1. Sex:
   Male
2. Age:
   58
3. Height: Weight:
   5'8" 200 lbs.
4. Color of hair: Eyes: Skin:
   grayish blue light
5. Posture:
   Straight
6. Appearance:
   Much too fat to be classified as good looking, he has a certain air about him which makes the observer think of the cartoon politician. He is, on closer examination, really quite ridiculous to look at.
7. Defects:
   Overweight.
8. Heredity:
   Came from the slums and worked his way up the ladder. Thinks of himself as a "self made man."

Sociology

1. Class:
   Now of the ruling class--that is, the new ruling class in England; the labor leaders, not the land aristocracy.
2. Occupation:
   The front man for the corporations
3. Education:
   The education of the lower class in Britan, probably corresponding to an eighth grade education over here. His school has been the school of experience.
4. Home life:
   Neglected by his parents when he was a child, forced to earn his own living at an early age. Money was never plentiful and Mangan lives in deadly fear of returning to his former status of being poor.
5. Religion:
   Methodist, but not in the least interested.
6. Nationality:
   English.
7. Place in community:
   He is looked up to because he is feared. His neighbors

know that he wields a great deal of power and they repect him for this reason and this reason alone.

8. Political affiliations:
   Tries to stay on the band wagon. Is a Conservative at heart.
9. Amusements:
   Mangan is too busy keeping up the pretences to have any real amusements.

Psychology

1. Sex life:
   He has never married and the sexual experience he has had has not been satisfactory to him. He wants Ellie primarily because she appeals to his physical hunger.
2. Personal premise:
   To be recognized as a great leader and receive a title.
3. Temperament:
   Choleric
4. Attitude toward life:
   Militant, wants to get what he has coming from life although he is not at all sure just what that is.
5. Complexes:
   Feels out of place with the higher society and tries desperately to overcome the feeling. He is very conscious of his physical appearance and his businesslike manner is more of a cover up process than the true attitude.
6. Type:
   In reality an introvert but tries to act like an extrovert.
7. Abilities:
   Hard work.
8. Qualities:
   He has very few. His imagination is nonexisting. His judgment is poor, except in the manner of saving money. His poise leaves him just when he needs it most.
9. I. Q.:
   115

Randall

Physiology

1. Sex:
   Male
2. Age:
   47
3. Height: Weight:
   5'8" 140 lbs.
4. Color of hair: Eyes: Skin:
   brown blue light
5. Posture:
   Slightly stooped, from lack of exercise.
6. Appearance:
   Good looking, looks much younger than his years would suggest. However, on closer examination, the age can be seen.
7. Defects:
   No physical defects.
8. Heredity:
   The idle life which he has been used to from his childhood.

Sociology

1. Class:
   Ruling.
2. Occupation:
   With the State department, but is primarily a man of leisure.
3. Education:
   The best that money can buy. The schooling of the English gentleman. Has traveled a great deal with the Government.
4. Home life:
   His childhood was spent in rich surroundings with servants to look after every detail. From this background he has learned to be very egocentric and dependent on the help of other people, even to his own dressing.
5. Religion:
   The high Church of England. The church is merely one of his many social functions.
6. Nationality:
   English
7. Place in community:
   Is recognized as one of the rulers but is not looked

up to. He is treated with contemptable respect.

8. Political affiliations:
   Conservative.
9. Amusements:
   Painting, poetry, music, the flute.

Psychology

1. Sex life:
   He has had a few passing affiars but thinks himself madly in love with Lady Utterword, his brother's wife. He has been carrying on an affair with Lady Utterword for several years although it is pretty much one sided. She makes use of him only when there is no one more interesting near.
2. Personal premise:
   To gain the love of Lady Utterword and to be regarded as a man of the world.
3. Temperament:
   Easygoing as long as things go his way. When he can't get his own way he is extremely childish.
4. Attitude toward life:
   Resigned and a trifle pessimistic.
5. Complexes:
   Obsessed with keeping his pose and receiving the love of Lady Utterword.
6. Type:
   Extrovert
7. Abilities:
   All his abilities are on the social side. He is an easy conversationalist and a good man to have at a dinner party. Beyond that he has no abilities.
8. Qualities:
   Excellent tast in clothes and manners. Lacks originality and imagination. His poetry is not good. His style is that of whatever he reads last.
9. I. Q.:
   120

Billy Dunn

Physiology

1. Sex:
   Male
2. Age:
   70
3. Height: Weight:
   5'10" 150 lbs.
4. Color of hair: Eyes: Skin:
   gray brown dark and weather beaten
5. Posture:
   stooped.
6. Appearance:
   Shifty eyes, old fashioned side burns, looks quite powerful for his age.
7. Defects:
   Light limp in right leg.
8. Heredity:
   He is a product of his heredity, born and raised in the slums, went to sea when still a young boy. As he robbed in his youth, so he robbed in his manhood.

Sociology

1. Class:
   Lowest.
2. Occupations:
   Formerly a boatswain but now a sneak thief.
3. Education:
   No formal education. But he has a shrewd mind when he has a chance to gain something.
4. Home life:
   He had none in his childhood and has "been married to no end of women" in his time but has always left them as he grew tired of them or they grew tired of his ways.
5. Religion:
   Catholic
6. Nationality:
   Irish.
7. Amusement:
   Drinking, gambling.

Psychology

1. Sex life:
   His standards are not those of the so called average person. As he tells the Captain, "Any young gal that age might be my daughter, anywhere in the wide world as you might say."
2. Personal Ambition:
   It has never exceeded that of getting enough money to get drunk on. He once started a ships store but would not pay attention to business long enough to make it pay.
3. Temperament:
   Easygoing and, on the whole, optimistic.
4. Attitude toward life:
   Easygoing but wants his own way.
5. Type:
   Extrovert.
6. Abilities:
   Can tell the most outlandish lies with a perfectly straight face.
7. Qualities:
   Great imagination but used in the wrong way.
8. I. Q.:
   90

The description of characters on the preceding pages points to the fact that Mr. Shaw has accomplished, for the most part, the orchestration of his characters.[7] The Captain--blunt, hard, domineering, and old--is well orchestrated with Ellie, who is polite, soft, obedient and young. Hesione, as a careless, mildly Bohemian woman is contrasted with her sister, Lady Utterword, who is proper and extremely respectable. Hector is orchestrated with Mangan and Randall, even as they are contrasted with each other. Mazzini, drawn as the idle thinker who can never act, points up the former active life of the Captain while his inability to act throws him into sharp contrast with Mangan, the "go-getter." The Burglar is shown to be a sneak thief and completely untrustworthy, while Nurse Guinness is outspoken and straight-forward in her manner.

Throughout the play there is very little character growth. Ellie grows under the influence of the Captain and Hector shows some growth in the second and third acts but the remainder of the characters show little, if any, growth.

Ellie's growth may be described as progressing from the romantic girl, who finds her interest and excitement in books, to the hard headed, practical girl.

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7 The term Orchestration is taken from Lajos Egri's book, The Art of Dramatic Writing. p. 115. "Orchestration demands well-defined and uncompromising characters in opposition, moving from one pole towards another through conflict."

Transitions

One of the director's chief criticisms of the play was the lack of well written transitions.[8] For example, Ellie, who is introduced as a "perfectly nice little girl," changes to a hard headed practical woman of the world in the space of a few seconds.

In Act One, just after Hector has made his first entrance, Ellie makes her transition speech (p. 28): "I don't know what to do. Please, may I speak to papa. Do leave me, I can't bear it." Her next line makes her into the new woman. "Damn," and again, "I am not damning him. I am damning myself for being such a fool. How could I let myself be taken in so." Mr. Shaw's stage directions following this last speech, read: "She begins prowling to and fro, her bloom gone, looking curiously older and harder." It appeared to the director that this transition is much too rapid to be wholly effective.

Hesione faces the same problem in the second act when Ellie has been arguing with her (p. 64).

Ellie: I am poor and respectable------

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8 Egri, op. cit., p. 193: "There are two main poles in every life; birth and death. In between there is transition:

birth-----childhood
childhood-----adolesence
adolesence-----youth
youth-----manhood
manhood-----middle age
middle age-----old age
old age-----death."

Hesione: 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------

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.

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

Just two pages later Hesione has swung back to the other side of her emotion:

> 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.

And some three speeches later (p. 67):

> 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.

Hesione: (mischievously) That wouldn't hurt me, perhaps it comes off at night.

Two speeches later Hesione goads Ellie with the words:

> Pull it and try, other women can snare men in their hair; but I can swing a baby in mine. Aha, you can't do that Goldylocks.

Ellie: No, you have stolen my babies.

At this point Hesione has to completely reverse herself from goading her young friend to a sympathetic answer:

> 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?

Lady Utterword has the same problem in the second act, when she suddenly breaks out at Ellie (p. 80):

Lady U: (commenting on Mangan's exit) What an extraordinary way to behave! What is the matter with the man?

Ellie: 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) 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 around him) Papa, don't say you think I've no heart.

Captain: 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)

Lady U: Oh! Hector, Hector! (she runs out after him)

In the preceding scene Lady Utterword passes from commenting on Mangan's crying to the same state herself in just three speeches. The sudden exclamation, aimed at Ellie, the weeping at her father's knee, and then her heartbroken exit covers only a sixty second interval.

Mangan faces an almost impossible task, for an amateur at least, of making five crying scenes seem realistic. Three exits in a row call for cying. It is true that he goes from anger to tears in the first scene (Act Two) in which he cries but in the next four he cries as a result of some one else's speech. For example, his exit in Act Two, just after the Burglar scene (p. 79):

Hesione: (jumping up mischievously 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.

Hesione: (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 caresses his arm and draws him to the garden door)

Mangan: (writhing but yielding) How can you have the face--the heart--(he breaks down and is heard sobbing as she takes him out)

In the third act, he has much the same problem (p. 108):

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.

Hesione: Stop Ellie; or I shall howl like an animal.

Mangan: (breaks into a low snivelling)

Mr. Shaw's purpose appeared quite clear to the director. He evidently was presenting the big capitalists in as ridiculous a manner as was possible. Nevertheless, the transitions from inactivity to sobbing seemed an extremely quick one.

Randall's crying scene at the end of Act Two followed the then familiar pattern of anger to tears. This did not present as much of a problem as did the repeated sobbing of Mangan.

Hector, who is first presented as the "man about town" who does nothing except "invent stories for women" shows, in the third act, that he does have an interest in the fate of the world.

The few examples sighted above present a clear picture of one of the most involved problems in the production of "Heartbreak House," namely, the problem of finding a cast that would be capable of carrying out the too rapid transitions and still keep them within the realm of plausibility.

Movement

The pre-casting analysis of the movement problems found in the script makes use of the terms suggested by Alexander Dean in his book, Fundamentals of Play Directing.

The story movement, which Dean defines as that which "covers such action as entrances and exits of characters, hiding of objects, going to a window to look out, serving meals, fighting, and dancing,"[9] proved to be a difficult problem from the very beginning. The difficulty for the most part stemmed from the limitations imposed by the small stage. In the set which Mr. Shaw describes, two door are placed along the up stage wall leading into the garden. Due to the lack of back stage space[10] it was found impossible to place the garden door in that desired position. Hence, the two garden doors were changed to one and were moved from the up stage wall to the down left wall. This change in setting created numerous story movement problems. Entrances and exits which seemed to be quite simple and normal suddenly became very complex. The many moves to and from the garden through the down left door would completely cover the important up left area and make it unusable for a great deal of the

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9 Alexander Dean, Fundamentals of Play Directing. (New York: Rinehart and Company, Inc., 1946), p. 250.

10 A distance of one foot and six inches separated the set from the back wall of the stage.

production. This necessitated adding much more technical movement than Mr. Shaw had written into thescript. The technical movement, which Dean describes as "That movement made for the aesthetic reasons of good composition or out of sheer necessity dependent upon clearing the stage for the entrances and exits,"[11] consisted of clearing the up left area in order to avoid covering of characters by the entrances and exits of other characters.

The character movement, which Dean defines as the movement which "portrays the type of character with which we are dealing or the character's state of mind,"[12] was found by consulting the bone structure of the characters in the preceding pages. For example, the Captain would have to show age while at the same time achieving the quick, violent, and abrupt movement that the lines seemed to call for. Ellie, on the other hand, would, in the first act, move with a certain uneasiness. In the second and third acts, after discovering that Hector is Hesione's husband, she would move in a more determined and adult manner. Hesione would need to move quickly, easily, and gracefully. Lady Utterword would have a quick, but rather stiff, formal pattern. Hector would need the romantic, swashbuckling movement. Randall would have to show through his movement the careless but studied grace

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11 Dean, op. cit., p. 251

12 Ibid., p. 250

of the man about town. Mangan would need to appear clumsy and awkward, completely out of his element. Mazzini would use a slower movement, one that would show lack of self confidence. Nurse Guinness's movement would be self assured, slow, and easygoing. Billy Dunn would use a stealthy, sly movement which would change to one of complete self assurance and then, after the Captain's entrance, return to his original movement.

Another anticipated problem of movement in the production of "Heartbreak House," was that of holding the attention of the audience during some of the more static scenes. The obvious solution was the use of arbitrary movement, which Dean defines as that "superimposed by director or actor on a script that is inherently static or talky."[13] However, the director felt there would be a great possibility of distracting from the thought content of the lines if too much movement was interjected. Becasue of the importance of this problem the director decided to look, in the casting process, for people who could move easily and who could also take the director's suggestions and incorporate them into their individual conception of the character.

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13 Ibid., p. 252

CHAPTER IV

CASTING AND REHEARSING THE PLAY

CASTING AND REHEARSING THE PLAY

Before the actual rehearsal process is considered in detail it seems pertinent to give a brief explanation of what the director was attempting to achieve.

The director had three years of experience in directing dramatics in Michigan secondary schools and one season of summer theatre directing prior to undertaking the production now under consideration. The directing problems which faced him in the present production were of a different nature than any previously met. First of all, the play itself was quite unlike any other play which he had directed. The time element was not such a pressing factor as it had always been before. In past productions, both in educational theatre and in the summer theatre, the main problem had been that of staging the play in a comparatively short space of time. Hence, the seven week rehearsal period scheduled for "Heartbreak House" seemed to be a considerable amount of time to spend on any one production. The director had worked with college actors before but only on the summer theatre and only with a group of exceptional actors.

The main purpose in choosing the production type thesis was to give the director an opportunity to put into practice some of the many theories he had studied and also to test a few of his own theories. The rehearsal procedure employed did not follow any given text book form. The

procedure followed was, rather, a combination of many procedures dominated by those principles which the director had found to be successful in the past. The delayed discussion rehearsal, the creating of scenes not written in the script, the walking through of scenes without dialogue, and the listening rehearsal, as are described in this chapter were, for the writer, experiments in untried forms of expression in the field of direction.

For purposes of comparison the writer has divided the theories of play direction into two wide groupings. The first catagory is the absolute theory of direction in which the director interprets every line and gives the actor each movement. The second is that system in which the actor finds his own way and the director acts merely as an advisor. Analyzing previous productions the writer came to the conclusion that his own system was approximately between the two extremes but tending toward allowing the actor to find his own way. Because of the long rehearsal period available for the production of "Heartbreak House," the director decided definitely to favor the second method.

The director had found in the past that his work was truer to life if very little pre-blocking was done. As will be noticed in the discussion which follows, only the difficult group scenes were blocked away from rehearsal. The director did decide the areas in which the important scenes should be played but the more detailed movement was worked out with

the cast at rehearsal.

Casting

Try outs were scheduled for three successive nights and were held in the auditorium of the Home Economics building.

Each person who wished to try out was first handed a short synopsis of the play and a short character sketch of each of the characters. The material used appears in the Appendix. After sufficient time had been allowed to read through the material the candidates were called to the front of the room by twos. The director explained the nature of the production and the time which the rehearsal period would cover. The students were then given the opportunity to ask any questions concerning the production.

Scenes which were used during the casting procedure were: the Guinness-Ellie scene which opens the first act; the Captain-Hector scene near the end of Act One; the Captain-Ellie scene in Act Two; the Hector-Lady Utterword scene in Act Two; the Mangan-Ellie scene in Act Two; the Hector-Randall scene which ends Act Two; the Hesione-Mazzini scene in Act Two; the Burglar scene in Act Two. These scenes were chosen because they are key scenes in the play. They also gave the director the opportunity to read two persons at a time.

Each person was given an opportunity to read each

scene through twice. If the student showed aptitude for the role he was asked to reread the scene and to incorporate certain suggestions of the director.

The director rated each of the students on a chart which was prepared for each character. Items listed on each of the charts were: voice, reading interpretation, ability to incorporate suggestions, accent, and physical appearance. Ratings were from one to five, one being considered excellent and five completely unsuitable for the role. Fifty seven women and forty two men read the various roles. The system described was used because the director was not acquainted with the vast majority of the students who tried out. The charts proved very valuable in recalling the students to mind. Persons who had demonstrated their suitability for the roles were recalled and given a more detailed reading plus a movement exercise.

As had been anticipated, the Captain proved to be the most difficult role to cast. Few of the men could begin to achieve the age mixed with vitality that the director thought necessary for the character. Hesione, Ellie and Mangan also proved beyond the abilities of the vast majority of those who read these roles. More students tried out for Ellie than any other role but even so it was, next to the Captain, the most difficult role to cast. The students seemed to have trouble making the necessary transition from the naive, romantic girl to the Ellie of Acts Two and Three. Physical appearance

and ability to incorporate the director's suggestions were the stumbling blocks in the part of Hesione. Mangan's role at first seemed entirely beyond the reach of the students.

The director felt very fortunate in finding an actor for the role of the Captain who could not only achieve the age and vitality for the role but also evidenced a great understanding of Shavian drama in general.

The final decision was made on the cast and all were notified that the first rehearsal would be held on the evening of Tuesday, February 17, 1950. The director prepared for the first rehearsal, confident that the cast was one which would work diligently.

Pre-Rehearsal Blocking Act I

As has been intimated in the preceding chapter,[1] Mr. Shaw directs as he writes the play, i. e., movements are written in the script. However, with the small stage Shaw's directions were impractical and necessitated complete changing.

The set had been planned by the director and the designer. The garden door which originally appeared on the back wall was moved to the up left wall. It soon became apparent, however, that the door would not be practical in that position because, on the limited stage, it was often necessary to use the entire stage. The door when in the up

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1 Chapter III, Pre-Rehearsal Preparation. p. 122

left area was hidden if the down left area was in use. By moving the door from the up left area to the down left area and placing the garden window where the door had formerly been the problem of entrances and exits was simplified to a great degree, though not entirely solved.

For example, in the first act the dialogue calls for Lady Utterword, Hesione, and Randall to see Hector and Ellie through the window (p. 36). Mangan is sitting down left. This would leave the entire right stage vacant. Hector and Ellie enter through the garden door, cross below the group at the window and above Mangan, without noticing anyone. The director tried many variations on the entrance but none looked to be natural or even believable. The final solution was to add a line. Hesione's speech read:

> I don't know. She quarreled mortally with my husband only ten minutes ago; and I didn't know anyone else had come. It must be a visitor. Oh, it is Hector; they've made it up.

The speech, as originally written, ends here. The added line was, "Oh, they're coming around the other way." This enabled Hector and Ellie to enter from the door up right and to balance the stage while the entrance looked perfectly natural. The line then read:

> I don't know. She quarreled mortally with my husband only ten minutes ago; and I didn't know anyone else had come. It must be a visitor. Oh, it is Hector, they've made it up. Oh, they're coming around the other way.

The areas which were chosen for the important scenes in the first act were selected before the first rehearsal was

held. The selected areas were as follows:

The Ellie-Hesione scene: (p. 20) This scene was played in the down right area on the sofa. The scene is important to the main plot and it was thought necessary to play it close to the audience.

The Mangan-Captain scene: (p. 31) This scene was played in the up center area as it was necessary to enable the Captain to make his quick exit into the pantry. The conflict expressed in the scene seemed to demand the center area treatment.

The Introduction scene: (p. 37) Because of the number of persons involved--eight in all--this scene utilized the entire stage. Ellie and Hector entered at the up right entrance. Hector was introduced to Lady Utterword, who was seated at the window. He then crossed to her, leaving Ellie up stage right. Mangan was down left, Hector and Lady Utterword up left, and Hesione and Randall up left center. Ellie sat in the desk chair and was motioned out by the Captain when he entered. Mazzini entered from up right and took his place beside his daughter. This allowed Hesione to move into stage center for her introductions. After the introductions were completed, she moved down right to the sofa and was joined by Mazzini. This completed the picture and foreshadowed the relationships which were to develop later in the play. Ellie was between the Captain and her father. Lady Utterword was between Hector and Randall. Mazzini

was seated on the sofa with Hesione. Mangan was alone in the down left corner.

The Hector-Lady Utterword scene: (p. 39) This scene started in the up left area, moved to the center stage area, and from there to the down left center area. The actual kiss was moved father up stage because of the proximity of the audience to the down stage area.[2]

The Hector-Captain scene: (p. 43) This scene was played for the most part, with Hector on the sofa and the Captain standing center. This gave the Captain the desired position for his strong, violent speeches, directing them almost straight down stage to Hector and also straight to the audience.

The Captain-Hector-Hesione scene: (p. 45) This scene was played in an off center triangle with the Captain as the apex up center, Hector right, and Hesione up left. The effectiveness of the scene depended a great deal on the correct lighting. A nonrealistic effect was sought.

Rehearsal

"Heartbreak House" went into rehearsal Tuesday, January 17, at seven thirty o'clock in the evening. After the cast had become acquainted, the following procedure was employed. First, the script was read in its entirety. In

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2 The first row of seats in the auditorium of Studio Theatre is approximately five feet from the curtain line.

this initial reading no attempt was made to explain the various characters or to use any sort of an English accent. Upon the completion of the reading, the play was discussed from the view of the premise. Because the director desired that the cast should find the premise themselves, he made a point of not stating it at this time, and the discussion ended without having put the premise into words.

On Wednesday, the 18th, rehearsal was called on stage and the first act was blocked. The blocking was done only in outline, that is, entrances and exits were marked and the general movement sketched. On the third night the first act was rehearsed and the general blocking set. During the first week of rehearsal no attempt was made to motivate the movement. The major problem had shown itself to be that of covering and clearing for the important entrances. In the group scenes the actors were placed in position to make the desired picture. The picture was explained, then the action was picked up at some spot just prior to the picture and the actors were told to get into their positions in the way which would be most natural for them. Some of the scenes worked themselves out in this manner but in many cases it was found necessary to give each actor a definite movement. The cast was instructed that the blocking was not final, although they could consider that the general pattern had been set. No stage business was given during this first week nor was any attempt made to build character. The director wanted the

cast to find the character, if possible, by themselves.

Summing up the first week of rehearsal, the director felt that the cast was satisfactory. He was particularly impressed with the cooperation shown and the spirit with which problems were met. It was evident that many of the actors had the incorrect impression of the role they were playing. Hector, for example, was playing the role much too lightly, thereby offering no contrast with Randall. Ellie was finding the quick transition extremely difficult. Mangan had not yet found his character. Lady Utterword was playing much too sharply. The Captain had made the first inroads of his character and the director felt confident that this important role was in capable hands.

Pre-Rehearsal Blocking Act II

The same preparation was made for Act Two as had been made for Act One. The setting was found to be adequate for the action necessary in the second act and no changes were made.

The various areas to be used were chosen. Detailed diagrams were made of the Burglar scene in anticipation of difficulty. The areas chosen were as follows:

<u>The Ellie-Mangan scene:</u> (p. 49) Because the director wanted to show the difference between Ellie and Mangan during their scene which opened the second act, he thought it wise to play the scene around the down left

furniture grouping. The hypnotism scene was played in the left center area in order that Mangan would be in a prominent position for the forthcoming scene between Hesione and Mazzini. With Mangan sleeping in the chair right of the table it was easier to shift the emphasis from the speaking figures, Mazzini and Hesione, to the object of the conversation, Mangan.

The Mazzini-Hesione scene: (p. 56) This scene started around Mangan left center and worked over to the sofa. The object of the picture formed was to express graphically the distance between the intellectual minds of Hesione and Mazzini and the practical business mind of Mangan. The limited stage did not allow much room between the two groups, however, the space seaparating them was completely empty, which helped to accentuate the separation and suggest the idea the director had in mind.

The Hesione-Ellie scene: (p. 63) This scene began right of center with Ellie turning in anger on Hesione. The action worked up to the desk with Ellie, sitting full front on the desk, defying Hesione. Ellie then moved away from Hesione, showing her shock and distaste for the way Hesione had tricked Hector into "believing" in her hair. This enabled the reconciliation to take place on the sofa. This scene worked directly into the Mangan-Hesione-Ellie scene (p. 67). The conflict was made more vivid by placing Mangan in the center area between the two women. The Ellie-Mangan scene which followed was played in the down left area but worked

up left to the window. (p. 70) In order to clear the left entrance, it was found necessary to work Ellie over to the sofa again. Mangan began his exit but was stopped on the stairs by the Captain's entrance. Thus Mangan, on the raised level, was given the emphasis in the ensuing scene.

The group scene before the Burglar's scene: (p. 71) Mangan was standing on the stairs; Hector was at the window seat with Hesione; Randall was hovering over Lady Utterword down left; Ellie sat on the sofa with her back to Mangan; the Captain was standing at the desk looking directly into Mangan's face. The group, with the exception of Ellie, was told to focus on Mangan. The director's purpose was to have the audience focus on Mangan, thus easily placing the call for help which came from directly above him. When Mazzini called for help, Mangan sprang away from the sound and took shelter behind the sofa. Thus, the stairway was cleared for the parade of characters which followed.

The Burglar scene: (p. 73) This was one of the most difficult scenes in the entire production to block. The trouble stemmed from the fact that the entire cast was on stage and it was necessary that all be seen. The Burglar was pushed into the room by Hector who shoved him down center; Mazzini had taken the chair in the extreme down left; Hesione had moved to her husband's side and drifted from there to the sofa. Ellie held her entrance until the way was clear for her to cross to her father's chair. Lady Utterword did not

make her entrance until just before her line. She then joined Hesione on the sofa. Randall had placed Mangan as a guard at the foot of the stairs while he crossed to the garden door. Nurse Guinness did not make her entrance until the beginning of the next scene. She then followed the Captain into the room. Mangan went to the desk and sat on the edge of it. The Burglar was told to hold until he had uttered his good-bye speech, then to start for the landing. After the Burglar had taken two steps, the Captain appeared on the landing and the Burglar fell to his knees looking up at the Captain. The Captain swung the Burglar around facing Ellie and the remainder of the scene was played from that position.

It was not practical to place the characters in this scene in a manner that would show their relationships. The director's thought was to achieve the feeling of the scene by use of the correct compositional form.[3] The form chosen was a combination of the diffused and the shallow. Dean maintains that the shallow form expresses shallowness and excitement, while the diffused form expresses indifference.[4] The interpretation explained to the cast was that the scene was not to be played melodramatically nor was it to be given serious treatment. It seemed to the director that the scene

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3 Alexander Dean, Fundamentals of Play Directing. (New York: Rinehart & Company, Inc. 1946) p. 200

4 Loc. cit.

was broad comedy and certainly the inhabitants of Heartbreak House were quite indifferent to the rather unusual event.

The Captain-Ellie scene: (p. 81) The scene began with Ellie working to and from the Captain who was seated at his work desk. As the emphasis shifted from Ellie to the Captain the scene worked down to the chair right of the table with Ellie kneeling beside the Captain. This area had not been overly used and the placement gave the Captain a chance to work around the table and back to Ellie. As a great deal of the philosophy is presented in this scene it was thought wise to play it down stage where it could completely command the attention of the audience. The scene was ended on the sofa in order to clear left stage for the entrance of Hector and Randall.

The Hector-Randall scene: (p. 88) In order to gain variety in the playing area, the chair at the desk was moved down stage a little and the chair right of the table was pulled around and up center. The effect desired was that of a club room scene with Hector straddling the chair and Randall draped on the arm of the arm chair. As the end of the scene drew near Hector, as the host, re-arranged the furniture in its former position. Randall crossed down right and the stage was set for the following scene.

The Lady Utterword-Randall-Hector scene: (p. 91) This scene was played almost on the curtain line with Lady Utterword playing most of the scene between the two men.

During the course of the two scenes, the preceding scene and this scene, each of the three found himself on the sofa with one of the others standing over him either chastizing or brow beating. Randall, first of all, tried to bully Hector on the sofa. He himself was pushed back on the sofa by Lady Utterword and, finally, Lady Utterword was hurled there by the angry Hector.

Rehearsal

On Monday of the second week, Act Two was read and blocked. The Burglar scene in the middle of Act Two was found to be very troublesome. The problem was to enable the audience to see everyone on stage during the scene. The procedure followed was the same as in Act One. The picture was set, then the actors were asked to try to reach the position as naturally as possible. By slowing down the entrances and spacing them it was found that the desired picture could be achieved.

The scene following the Burglar's exit also proved troublesome. After the exit of Guinness and the Burglar to the kitchen--in this case through the door up right--the Captain, who was standing right center, had to exit up center. There were no lines spoken and, as far as the audience would know at this point, there was no motivation whatsoever. The exit was solved through the skill of the actor. He held his position for a few seconds. Then, shaking his head in

disgust, he turned abruptly and walked out. The picture, after the Captain's exit, which the director desired, proved hard to achieve. Hector, standing left of center, was to cross to Lady Utterword, who was sitting on the sofa. The solution was found by having Hector focus, along with the rest of the people on stage, on the exiting of the Captain and then walk slowly across to the platform up right and gaze after the departing Burglar. He then turned on Hesione's speech and took three steps down stage to the arm of the sofa.

Three nights were spent on Act Two and the movement was fairly well set.

Pre-Rehearsal Blocking Act III

Because all areas of the stage were in use throughout the entire third act the major problems with which to contend were those of manipulating the actors and dialogue so as to obtain the desired audience focus and finding acceptable motivation for the movement that seemed necessary to the script. The latter problem was troublesome all through the play but was particularly so in the last act.

It seemed evident that Shaw wanted very little movement but the director felt that, in order to make the script interesting, some movement would have to be added. The question was how to add this needed movement without destroying the thought content of the dialogue? The small

stage and the amount of furniture necessary made it difficult to move any of the actors without blocking the view of the audience. The situation was eased considerably by re-arranging the furniture. The lounge down right, which had been set on an angle corresponding with the garden wall, was placed at a thirty degree angle to the wall, thus forming a pocket area which Lady Utterword could effectively use. A small table was added up left center against the wall and another in the pocket area down right. By placing a decanter of wine on the up left center table motivation for movement was provided. Because the down right area had been used considerably in the first two acts it seemed necessary to de-emphsize this area as much as possible. For this reason, the Captain and Ellie were placed down left on a six inch platform. Mangan and Hesione were seated on a garden bench up center while Hector was seated in a deck chair left center. A small stool was placed near the head of the lounge in the right center area between the bench and the lounge for Mazzini and later, for Randall. The discussion which dominates most of the third act necessitates the change of emphasis from one group to another. The burden of shifting the emphasis rested with the actors in the center area. Hesione, Mangan, and Hector, by their change of focus, could emphasize either the right or left area. The Captain and Ellie in the down left area and Lady Utterword in the down right area were too far down stage to help much with the change of focus.

In the original script Shaw has called for only the necessary entrances and exits. According to his script the Captain does not rise from his bench until the second bomb is dropped. Lady Utterword spends the entire act lying in a hammock. Ellie doesn't move until the bombs fall. Hector has only one rise, that being his exit to the house. Apparently Hesione and Mangan stand throughout the act as no seat is mentioned in the script. In the opinion of the director, there were many lines in the third act during which movement would be acceptable and would also add to the meaning of the lines rather than distract from them. The wine on the table up left center was used twice, once by Lady Utterword and once by Hector. Both actors could naturally drink wine as a part of the character. The pocket area between the lounge and the wall was used as a barrier between Lady Utterword and the rest of the group on her speech describing her joy in breaking away from the house. The Captain's violent speeches describing the condition of England seemed to demand movement. The same is true of Hector's speech in which he shows his disgust for Mangan. The primary movement pattern had previously been set. The change in setting had solved the movement problems.

Rehearsal

On Thursday of the second week Act Three was blocked and, because of its brevity, it was found possible to run the scene twice. The problems to be met in the third act

proved to be, again, lack of space and the adding of arbitrary movement to keep the scene interesting. It was soon seen that the tempo, i. e., the building to the climax, was the important consideration.

After seven rehearsals, the play was completely blocked, although in rough form. The areas had been chosen and tried and the production seemed to be shaping according to plan.

Interpretation

The next step was to return to Act One to work on the interpretation of the lines and to add more detail to the movement pattern already established. The problem of interpretation had shown itself, even in the first week of rehearsal, to be one which would demand a great deal of attention. The director's purpose in this phase of rehearsal was to acquaint the cast with some of the Shavian philosophy in order that the lines would take on the correct meaning.

Ellie showed rapid advancement and demonstrated her ability to take suggestion. The principal transition was explained in detail and, while she did not understand the role completely, she was at least beginning to think along the correct lines.

Lady Utterword was still much too sharp in her attack. The director explained that it was necessary that the audience be made to see why men were attracted to her. She was told to be more flighty and to remove the hard, cross quality from

her voice.

Mazzini had developed a monotonous voice pattern. This was pointed out to him.

The first disagreement developed during this second week of rehearsal. Mazzini had an entirely different concept of the role than did the director. He explained to the director that he saw Mazzini as a much more practical man than had been presented in the character sketch. The director explained his interpretation in the light of his study of Shaw, namely, that Mazzini was that factor of the Fabian society with which Shaw had been in such violent disagreement. That is to say that Mazzini was the socialist who "writes pamphlets, makes speeches" and does nothing else; the wholly impractical man who looked on himself as a great revolutionist but who was, in reality, much too timid to attempt to change anything. The actor took the suggestions in good spirit and attempted to redraw the character in his own mind.

It was evident that most of the actors did not have a very thorough understanding of the lines they were reading. The director thought that more would be accomplished if a discussion rehearsal was held in the next week. The discussion rehearsal had not been used sooner, with the exception of the first rehearsal, because the director wanted the cast to be thoroughly familiar with the play before any such rehearsal was scheduled. He was particularly

anxious that the cast become interested enough to ask for this type of discussion.

The director decided to let the Captain work out his own problems, with suggestions only when he worked contrary to the designs of the director. When difficulties arose in his movement it was thought wise to let him try his own solution. In almost every case the director agreed entirely with the actor.

It was discovered that Mangan had a tendency to shift his position continuously and this weakness was pointed out to him. Each time that he began to move from the desired position the director called his attention to it. Eventually he was able to detect this himself and thereby to check it.

Both Hector and Mazzini evidenced a tendency to drift toward center and to turn full front, thus losing the effectiveness of ensemble playing. This was pointed out numberous times and at last it began to have an effect on Mazzini. Hector never completely overcame this undesired movement.

Summarizing the second full week of rehearsal, the director felt that the play was progressing according to schedule. The entire production had been given its preliminary blocking and interpretation and lines were well under way for the first act.

The third week of rehearsal began with a session spent on interpretation of the second act. The Monday

night rehearsal was used in an attempt to bring Ellie, Mangan, and Mazzini further along in their character development.

Mangan's problem was one of voice. The actor's natural voice was too smooth and cultured for the character of Mangan. The lines of the script were explained to him in the light of the director's interpretation. For example, in the scene that opens the second act, Mangan and Ellie enter (p. 49). His first line reads, "What a dinner! I don't call it a dinner, I call it a meal." Mangan had been interpreting the line as if he had enjoyed the meal. The director pointed out to him that he was attempting to break into the correct social circles and would be averse to "meals." The "What a dinner" was read in a tone which left no doubt in the mind of the audience that the dinner had been anything but enjoyable for him. The line in response to Ellie's question, "Do you like this part of the country?" was pointed out to him. Mangan had been reading the line with complete sincerity. It was explained to him that Mangan was not thinking so much about the "air suiting" him as he was thinking of the social possibilities and the nearness to Hesione. The line was reinterpreted but was then read with so much insincerity that it was no longer part of the character. The director then asked him merely to think of Hesione and the chance to gain in social prominence, then to read the line as naturally as possible. The results that evening were not very gratifying.

However, it was noticed that during the rest of the rehearsal period Mangan had no difficulty with those particular speeches.

The director found it necessary to read a few key lines for Ellie, his reasoning being that, if she could realize the character for a few lines, the rest would follow naturally.

Both Mazzini and Lady Utterword had as yet failed to find their character. Mazzini's trouble, outside of the obvious voice pattern, seemed to be a failure to see Mazzini as the ridiculous character Shaw had drawn. Lady Utterword was playing the part with a great deal of sincerity, which was completely out of place in the role.

The director decided that the time for a discussion on the play as a whole had come. However, it was thought wise to continue on the pre-arranged schedule until interpretation had been started on all three acts.

Tuesday night of the third week was spent on the interpretation of Act Three. The majority of the time was spent on Ellie and Lady Utterword. Mazzini was becoming more conscious of his voice pattern and was taking steps to correct it. Ellie's main difficulty lay in the fact that she could not conceive the character as being as philosophical as the lines would show. Instead of working for the entire evening on the third act the director rehearsed it only once, then dismissed the cast. The Wednesday night rehearsal was called in a class room rather than on stage and the cast was

told that it would be solely a discussion of the play.

Experimental Rehearsals

It seems timely here to explain why the discussions were not held before the blocking began. As was stated, part of the first night was spent in discussion. However, most of the discussion consisted of the director explaining to the cast just what was expected of them and the setting of rehearsal times. The director has long been of the belief that, to be of value, discussion rehearsals must be postponed until the entire cast is thoroughly acquainted with the entire script. Three weeks had been spent on blocking and interpretation, the play had been read and reread, and the actors were thoroughly familiar with the plot and with a good share of the lines. Therefore, a discussion rehearsal would now be of value to all concerned. Each of the cast had by this time formulated his conception of the play and the director thought that all would have something of value to add to the discussion.

The rehearsal was begun with a discussion of the premise. The director's desire was that the premise should be found by the cast. Each of the cast had formulated his own idea of what goal the playwright had in mind and, after a thorough discussion of the various ideas, it was found that all had fundamentally the same idea of the purpose. However, it was discovered that no one could put the premise into precise wording. The talk then shifted to the characters

themselves.

Mangan was the first character to be discussed. His background was filled in and his personal premise was agreed upon. The cast was in complete agreement on the "bone structure" of the character. At this point the Captain put forth the theory that Mangan and, in fact, that all the characters were in reality symbols used by Shaw to express his point of view. This was the interpretation which the director had desired would be brought out. Some of the more inexperienced members of the cast took issue with this idea. The difficulty lay in their failure to grasp the theory behind the use of symbols. When the Captain pointed out that the symbol did not merely represent the thing but was the thing, the less experienced members failed to see his meaning. "How," he was asked, "could Mangan be the symbol of the machine, or of the corporation?"

In order that the session would not end in complete confusion the director attempted to clarify the matter in terms of the background reading he had done on Shaw's philosophy. The cast was told that from the reading the director had discovered that most of the writers either agreed with the Shavian ideas, almost in toto, or took violent exception to his point of view. Because the director wanted to give the play and the playwright a sympathetic treatment his interpretation was guided by those who agreed with Mr. Shaw. Mangan was explained in terms of Shaw's statements in

his book, The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism, in which he speaks of the manager, who merely runs the work for a disinterested owner, as the "parasite's parasite."

> She may not have earned the money she pays with; but it will buy as good bread and clothes for her employee as the most honestly earned money in the kingdom. The idler is a parasite: and the idler's employee, however industrious, is therefore a parasite on a parasite; but if you leave the parasite destitute you leave the parasite's parasite destitute.[5]

The opinion expressed by Gassner, in his Masters of the Drama, is that Mangan "represents the predatory forces of Mammon."[6]

This symbolic point of view was taken with all the characters involved. Hesione was interpreted as representing Love, thus agreeing with Eric Bentley whose theory is expressed in his book, Bernard Shaw.[7] Captain Shotover represented vitality, Randall--the decayed ruling class, Ellie--demoralized youth, Hector--romance, Lady Utterword--the flighty upper class, and Mazzini--the theoretical politician. Heartbreak House itself was taken as England. It is interesting too that Frank Harris, in his biography, Bernard Shaw, implies that Heartbreak House is really America while England "is only

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5 George Bernard Shaw, The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism. (New York: Brentano's Publishers, 1928). p. 278.

6 John Gassner, Masters of the Drama. (New York: Dover Publications, 1940) p. 610.

7 Eric Bentley, Bernard Shaw. (Norfolk, Conn: New Directions Books, 1947) p. 138

Horseback Hall."[8]

The director recommended that the cast read Gassner's short explanation of "Heartbreak House" in Masters of the Drama, a portion of which follows:

> In 1916, however, he began to apply himself to the problem of describing the vacillations and rapactities that brought the world to the brink of ruin, a subject he had presciently started three years before. The result was the weighty extravaganza "Heartbreak House," a verbose play no doubt but also a magnificent comedy of humors and a powerful symbol wrapped in whimsy.
>
> Captain Shotover's house is a Noah's ark where the characters gather before the flood. They and the classes they represent have been making a hopeless muddle of both society and themselves. The only half-rational Hector Hushabye and his wife display the futility of the upper classes; a British capitalist Mangan represents the predatory force of Mammon. All are equally blind to the wrath of God and to the storm they have been raising unknowingly. The innocents are helpless or they must compromise like the hard-headed poor girl who is willing to marry the capitalist for his money, and the one knowing persome among them, Captain Shotover, has taken refuge in eccentricity. Then the storm breaks loose and death comes raining from the skies in an air raid. The despair in the play is manifest, for Shaw's pity and moral earnestness did not decrease with age; the harlequinade of "Heartbreak House" is a Dance of Death.
>
> Still, Shaw, the Fabian and one-time agitator was loath to renounce all expectation of salvation through a new order. Hope was implicit in the death of the thieves of the play who are blown to pieces by the bombardment; did not many socialists believe that predatory capitalism was finished by the war just as the capitalist Mangan was finished by a bomb! Amid the wreckage Shaw's remaining characters try to pull themselves together. The call for courage is sounded resonantly with Shaw's customary eloquence, as is the call for action when the antagonists of society's malefactors declare

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8 Frank Harris, Bernard Shaw. (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1931) p. 385.

> "We must win powers of life and death over them...They believe in themselves. When we believe in ourselves, we shall kill them." "Heartbreak House" is, therefore, as high-hearted as it is depressed.[9]

The above seemed to the director to give a clear, concise view of "Heartbreak House."

In the preface to "Heartbreak House," Shaw has explained to a certain degree the symbolism he employed:

> Heartbreak House is not merely the name of the play which follows this preface. It is cultured, leisured Europe before the war. When the play was begun not a shot had been fired; and only the professional diplomatists and the very few amateurs whose hobby is foreign policy even knew that the guns were loaded.[10]

During the discussion the director pointed out to the cast the feeling of boredom and uselessness that the inhabitants of Heartbreak House must have. The point of view which Shaw brings out in his preface was explained to them and parts of the preface were read. In the opinion of the director, the playwright had summed up the characters and their attitudes toward life in the preface.

> The same nice people, the same utter futility. The nice people could read; some of them could write; and they were the sole repositories of culture who had social opportunities of contact with our politicians, administrators, and newspaper proprieters, or any chance of sharing or influencing their activities. But they shrank from that contact. They hated politics. They did not wish to realize Utopia for the common people;

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9 Gassner, op. cit., pp. 610-611

10 Bernard Shaw, Heartbreak House, Great Catherine, and Playlets of the War. (New York: Brenatano's, 1919) p. ix

> they wished to realize their favorite fictions and poems in their own lives; and, when they could, they lived without scruple on incomes which they did not earn.... They took the only part of our society in which there was leisure for high culture, and made it an economic, political, and, as far as practicable, a moral vacuum; and as Nature, abhorring the vacuum, immediately filled it up with sex and with all sorts of refined pleasure, it was a very delightful place at its best for moments of relaxation. In other moments it was disatrous.[11]

The director drew the attention of the cast to portions of Mr. Shaw's preface to "Heartbreak House" in the belief that certain passages could be applied to the various characters. Lady Utterword and Randall are the two brought to mind in the following quote:

> The alternative to Heartbreak House was Horseback Hall, consisting of a prison for horses with an annex for the ladies and gentlemen who rode them, hunted them, talked about them, bought them and sold them, and gave nine-tenths of their lives to them, dividing the other tenth between charity, churchgoing (as a substitute for religion), and conservative electioneering (as a substitute for politics).[12]

The explanation for the various types of characters being found in the same social gathering is also found in the preface:

> It is true that the two establishments got mixed at the edges. Exiles from the library, the music room, and the picture gallery would be found languishing among the stables, miserably discontented; and hardy horsewomen who slept at the first chord of Schumann were born, horribly misplaced, into the garden of Lingsor; but sometimes one came upon the horsebreakers and heartbreakes who could make the best of both worlds.[13]

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11 Ibid., pp. x-xi

12 Ibid., p.xi

13 Loc. cit.

The attitudes of Mazzini Dunn are to be found in the passage below:

> Heartbreak House was quite familiar with revolutionary ideas on paper. It aimed at being advanced and free thinking, and hardly ever went to church or kept the Sabbath except by a little extra fun at weekends.[14]

The important phrase in the above, as far as the director was concerned, was the first sentence with particular emphsis on the "revolutionary ideas on paper." This seemed to be the key to Mazzini.

Mangan was classed with the barbarians:

> In short, power and culture were in separate compartments. The barbarians were not only literally in the saddle, but on the front bench in the House of Commons, with nobody to correct their incredible ignorance of modern thought and political science but upstarts from the counting-house, who had spent their lives furnishing their pockets instead of their minds. Both, however, were practiced in dealing with money and with men, as far as acquiring the one and exploiting the other went.[15]

In the opinion of the director, an insight into the characters of Hesione and Hector can be gained from the following lines:

> Heartbreak House was far too lazy and shallow to extricate itself from this palace of evil enchantment. It rhapsodized about love; but it believed in cruelty. It was afraid of the cruel people; and it saw that cruelty was at least effective. Cruelty did things that made money, whereas Love did nothing but prove the soundness of Larochefaucauld's saying that very few people would fall in love if they had never read abou it.[16]

Mr. Shaw seemed to sum up the house and its characters

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14 Ibid., p. xii

15 Ibid., pp. xii-xiii

16 Ibid., p. xix

in the statement following:

> Heartbreak House, in short, did not know how to live, at which point all that was left to it was the boast that at least it knew how to die: a melancholy accomplishment whoih the outbreak of war presently gave it practically unlimited opportunities of displaying.[17]

When the discussion rehearsal was finally brought to an end both the cast and director felt that the decision to wait until the play was thoroughly familiar to all concerned had proven justifiable. The cast now had a much better understanding of the play than they had had previously, and both the cast and the director were now completely united in the playwright's purpose. After the discussion had been completed, the director again asked for the premise. The exact wording was not used but when the director put it into the phrase, "Drifting leads to Destruction," there was complete agreement from all.

The discussion rehearsal had proved to be so successful that the director felt that the cast would also be receptive to other experiments. The technique of creating scenes which do not appear in the script was briefly explained to the cast by the director. He also pointed out the value of the application of this "unbroken line" theory as is stated by Stankslavski:

> The playwright gives us only a few minutes out of the whole life of his characters. He omits much of what happens off the stage. He often says nothing at all about what has happened to his characters while they

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17 Ibid., p. xix

> have been in the wings, and what makes them act as they do when they return to the stage. We have to fill out what he leaves unsaid. Otherwise, we would have only scraps and bits to offer out of the life of the persons we portray. You cannot live that way so we must create for our parts comparatively unbroken lines.[18]

Most of the cast was at least slightly acquainted with the so-called Stanislavski method and all were enthusiastic when the director announced that the following rehearsal period would be devoted to this type of rehearsal. The director designated some of the off stage scenes which might make the play seem more alive and suggested that the cast spend some time during the following day thinking of the proposed scenes. The scenes chosen were as follows:

1. Mangan and Ellie: The first meeting at the concert and Mangan's meeting with Mazzini upon taking Ellie home, which Ellie describes to Hesione in Act One.

2. Ellie-Hector scene: The meeting at the concert, the meeting at the art gallery, and the drive in the park.

3. The Captain's return: The Captain returns to his home after a two years absence. The girls in this scene were to be 16 and 14 years of age. Nurse Guinness was to be played some 26 years younger, as was the Captain.

4. Ellie and Hector garden scene: Hector and Ellie making up in the garden after Ellie has discovered that he is married.

The rehearsal on the following night proved extremely interesting to all concerned. The director stressed the necessity for seriousness and explained to the cast that,

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18 Constantin Stankslavski, An Actor Prepares. (New York: Theatre Arts Books, Robert M. Macgregor, 1948) p. 242.

if they were to act with any illusion of truth in telling of these events during a performance they must recreate the events which are merely told about in the script.

The director set the stage for the first scene. The concert had just ended. Ellie was the last singer to appear on the program. Mangan was acting as chairman of the meeting. The stage was then taken by Ellie and Mangan. Ellie took her seat and Mangan came forward and dismissed the crowd after inviting them back for next week's performance. He then turned to Ellie and complimented her on her singing, and asked if he might see her home. Ellie was properly thrilled over the offer and accepted graciously. During the walk home Mangan did most of the talking, as was proper. He explained how he happened to be acting as chairman that night. His friend, the regular chairman, had been called away on important business and had asked him to take over the chair. Upon the reaching the home of the Dunns he was introduced to Mazzini and both showed the natural surprise at meeting again. Mangan refused tea and took a rather hurried leave. Mazzini then explained his former relationship with Mangan and told Ellie what a suitable husband he would make for her. The scene was played through twice and ran very smoothly the second time.

The next scene was the Ellie-Hector scene. Hector showed great powers of improvising in his story telling and made the scene very vivid. He threw off the retraint which

had been holding him back in the regular rehearsals and became the dashing man of Ellie's dreams. The director was very pleased with the handling of the scene.

The third scene proved to be the most interesting of the evening and also showed the most thought and imagination. This was the Captain's return after a long absence. The scene opened with Hesione completely relaxed on a chair and Addy sitting primly on the window seat, waiting for their father's return. Nurse Guinness left no doubt in the mind of the audience that it was she who ran the household. The most striking bit of invention of the evening was the Captain's gift which he had brought to his daughters from the "South Sea Islands." The gift proved to be quite appropriate to the Captain's character--two shrunken human heads. The reaction of interest on the part of Hesione and the horror on the part of Addy seemed to be completely in character. In answer to the girls' questions to tell them about their mother, the Captain gave an abrupt reply that he did not wish to talk of the matter. After the scene was completed and the cast was discussing the evenings work, the Captain explained that, because there is no mention of the mother in the script, he surmised that the marriage had not been a very happy one. This conception was in accordance with the director's theory. Shaw's women, with the exception of Candida, Lady Cicely (in "Captain Brassbounds Conversion"), and, possibly, Hesione, are far from the lovable type.

The director explained the early part of Shaw's life to the cast and attempted to show them the rather unnatural relationship that existed between his own mother and himself. Shaw speaks of his mother as being born without the "comedic impulses." She came from a wealthy family and had been taught to live a life of leisure as a member of the upper class. It is not extraordinary, then, that when, at the age of thirty, she found herself married to a drunkard and the mother of three children with little or nothing of that to which she had been accustomed, that this "comedic impulse," if indeed she ever possessed one, had long ago disappeared. In so far as she was able, she completely ignored both her husband and her children. In his later years, Shaw was to wonder how she ever became the mother of three children.

Shaw's late marriage left him without the experience of young love which is generally accepted as the natural course of events. He himself speaks of his lack of understanding of love in his Sixteen Self Sketches.[19] Harris seems to be almost brutal in his comment on the Shavian women,

> I do not think that Shaw himself 'believes' in his women. At least there is no evidence of it in his own life. He married a woman who could disagree with him about his friends, a woman so old fashioned that she never seems to have been even photographed with her prince of publicity.[20]

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19 Bernard Shaw, Sixteen Self Sketches. (New York: Dodd, Mead & Company, 1949) p. 89

20 Frank Harris, Bernard Shaw. (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1931) p. 189

Of Shaw's love life Harris says,

> Shaw's relations with women have always been gallant, coy, even. The number he has surrendered to physically have been few--perhaps not half a dozen in all--the first man to have cut a path through the theatre and left it strewn with virgins. If the virgins were anything like most of the women Shaw has portrayed in his plays, I can well understand why they remained so.[21]

While the director does not go all the way with Mr. Harris's ideas on Shaw's women, it cannot be denied that they are far from the conventional stage heroine. In "Heartbreak House" itself, as has already been pointed out, of four women, only one is under forty.

The fourth scene of the evening was the scene between Ellie and Hector in the garden. It was explained to the cast that this scene was taking place during Randall's entrance scene on stage. In the scene, Hector attempted to use his charm on Ellie in order that she would forgive him for having deceived her. At first, Ellie was cold and distant. However, as Hector forced her to listen to his explanation she became more friendly toward him. The scene was carried through to their entrance into the house. In order that Ellie's exit speech to Lady Utterword would be true to life, Hector was not allowed to complete his explanation. At the moment of their entrance, Ellie was listening but had not completely forgiven him. The value of this improvised scene was apparent in subsequent rehearsals. Hector and Ellie, who

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21 Ibid., p. 190

had been having trouble making the entrance seem real, now walked in very naturally, merely continuing the garden conversation until interrupted by Hesione.

On Friday of the third week the various scenes were rehearsed again with the action following much the same pattern. Also, those portions of the script pertaining to these created scenes were rehearsed. The added interest and truthfulness evidenced by the interpretation of lines seemed to prove that the creating of scenes had been extremely beneficial to the entire cast. This was particularly noticeable in those scenes in which Ellie described the events to Hesione. She obviously was remembering the events as actual experiences rather than as lines which had no life.

The experiment was, in the writer's opinion, a very successful one and well worth the time spent on it.

General Directing Problems

The general interpretation of the play and the characters was now completed. Next, the director began work on the smaller details in the blocking and dialogue. These general directing problems followed no set pattern and are dealt with here as they arose during the fourth and fifth weeks of rehearsal.

In the opening scene of Act One, Ellie leaves her coat on the window seat thus giving her motivation to start to cross left, as if to get the coat prior to leaving. (p.8)

The problem was to have Ellie start to leave but still keep right stage clear for the Captain's entrance. Nurse Guinness followed Ellie and at the same time cleared for the Captain.

Guinness' cross in the middle of the Captain's speech (p. 10), when she returns with the tea, caused an awkward situation because it was necessary that she pass directly in front of both the Captain and Ellie. The technique used was that of having Guinness make a noisy entrance. The Captain, stopped in the middle of his speech, glared at her until she had made the cross to the table, and then proceded with the rest of the line.

Nurse Guinness' line (p. 11), "There's a man for you," was not being given the meaning the director wanted. Guinness was reading the line with disgust in her voice, while the director wanted the audience to know immediately that although the Captain was certainly eccentric, he was still loved and respected by the members of the family. The line was explained and was thereafter read with a note of pride in her voice.

Lady Utterword was having trouble with her long speech (p. 12). The aim of the director was to have her read the lines as rapidly as she was capable and still project the meaning. The thought was that the impression created should be one of flightiness and pseudosophistication.

Lady Utterword's cross toward the up right door on the line (p. 16), "I'll go straight to a hotel" needed to be

checked by Hesione before Lady Utterword was in center stage. In order to slow down the fast movement, Lady Utterword started the cross, then stopped to pick up her gloves from the table. This enabled Hesione to express the proper surprise and also to place herself in her sister's path, thus checking the exit.

From previous experience, the director had learned that in order to be effective on the small stage, movement must be held until the last possible moment. The general movement must be restricted. For example, often merely indicating the direction of the movement is more effective than a cross which may cover other actors or throw the stage out of balance. The cast had difficulty in recognizing this fact and adjusting to it.

Hesione's line (p. 20), "I shouldn't have pulled the devil by the tail with dignity. I should have pulled hard (between her teeth)----hard. Well? Go on" was her most troublesome speech in the first act. After working on the line for several rehearsals, the director suggested she merely drop her voice on the second "hard," then use a long pause before she finished the speech. After following the suggestion she found that the line gave her no more difficulty. Hesione's principal problem throughout the play was to realize that she was playing comedy. In fact, the entire cast was thinking in terms of serious drama more than they were in terms of comedy. The director soon discovered that Hesione was

afraid of "mugging." From that time on he used the term asking her to do just that. For example, on her line to Ellie (p. 20), "Fancy your grandparents with their eyes in fine frenzy rolling!" she was told to "mug" it. She then turned full front and exaggerated the line, as the director wanted. In the scene where Ellie is explaining about her secret romance and retelling the stories which Hector had told her, Hesione was told to make fun of Ellie's naiveness. This accomplished the director's aim in the scene.

Ellie was having great difficulty with her transition scene, particularly on the speech (p 29),

> There's something odd about this house, Hesione, and 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 what I thought it must be.

A special rehearsal was held with Hesione and Ellie and the entire scene was explained in detail. Ellie was told that in that speech she must grow up all at once. That she was thinking out loud, and that the speech could not be read in a school girl manner. Ellie first accomplished the transition by purely technical means. She lowered her voice and made it almost expressionless. She was then told to think about the speech in the light of the director's interpretation. By the end of the week the director was satisfied that the transition had been made mentally as well as physically.

Randall's problem was one of movement. Vocally, he fulfilled the part, but was unable to control his body

movements sufficiently. This fault was pointed out to him and he tried hard to overcome it. Although he made great improvement, he never completely lost the nervous mannerism in the use of his arms and hands.

Hector's characterization was not moving as fast as the director wished. The basic trouble lay in his conception of the role, in that he failed to see the contrast between Hector and Randall. It was surprising to the director that the actor had been so successful in creating Hector in the improvised scenes, but that when rehearsing the script he returned to his rather stiff interpretation.

The characterization and interpretation of both Mangan and Mazzini were proceding satisfactorily.

The Captain was working for shortness and abruptness in both his movement and his reading, which the director desired. The underlying philosophy of the Captain's lines in his scene with Hector had been explained at the discussion rehearsal and gave no trouble after that.

Hector, Captain, and Hesione were having difficulty with the closing scene of Act One (p. 47). The director desired that the Captain set the rhythm of the scene with the line, "What a house, what a daughter." Although there is a definite interrelation of the lines the director thought it wise to play the scene as if the characters were thinking out loud to themselves. This technique, when explained to the cast, produced the desired effect.

The troublesome scenes in the second act proved to be the Mangan-Ellie scene which opens the act (p. 49), the entrance of Hesione and Mazzini after the hypnotism scene (p. 55), the Mangan-Hesione-Ellie scene just after Mangan is aroused (p. 68), the Burglar scene (p. 73), and the Captain-Ellie scene just prior to the last scene of the act (p. 81).

Mangan was having difficulty in making himself unpleasant enough in his scene with Ellie. Also, the movement in his long speech was awkward. The speech was eventually broken with four movements, each movement coinciding with a change of thought. The director was striving for contrast in attitudes of the two characters. Ellie's problem was that of being calm and collected as she played the "cat and mouse game" with Mangan. Mangan needed to start the scene very much the master of himself and finally work up to a frenzy over Ellie's remarks. His attempt to extricate himself from the engagement was pictured by his movement on the line (p. 53), "No, not exactly back out of it." The mechanism employed was to have him rise before he started the line, then use a diagonal up right cross away from Ellie. The actor handled the transition very well without further suggestions from the director.

The Mazzini-Hesione entrance after the hypnotism scene was accomplished by having Hesione enter first and cross Mangan. Mazzini held his entrance until Hesione had

cleared the right stage area and then held on the top step for his first line. The grouping around the chair placed Hesione up stage of the chair, Mazzini left, and Guinness right, thus forming a triangle with Mangan in the center. The ad libbing in the scene was rehearsed until the actors came to think of it as part of the original script.

Mangan's waking up scene proved difficult to block because it was necessary to place Ellie behind his chair as she rubbed his temples. The director decided that, upon waking, Mangan would jump to his feet and kick the chair back up stage. The intention was to rearrange the picture for the crying scene which followed. In order to allow Mangan to kick the chair up center Ellie was forced to stand up left of the chair. When Mangan rose, Ellie moved quickly two steps left. The force of the kick carried Mangan up center and placed him as the apex of the triangle, between the two women. This action put him in a position to sit in the chair for the crying scene and also established a new playing area. The chair was replaced by Ellie after Hesione had made her exit.

The picturization used in the Burglar scene has already been described. The director had difficulty in keeping the tempo of this scene at a rapid rate. The slower tempo was traceable to the time required for the entrance of the characters. In order to keep the scene moving, each of the characters was given a line to ad lib. The director was

desirous of creating the impression of great confusion. The entrance was handled satisfactorily, but the cast never achieved the state of confusion desired. The director wanted the ad lib to carry on under the script lines and then fade out completely. Each time, however, the ad lib came to an abrupt end, there was a slight pause, and then the scene recommenced. Many hours were spent on this entrance yet it did not achieve the smoothness diesired because the cast did not feel the emotion of the scene. After repeating the scene numerous times, the director saw that it was becoming mechanical. Therefore, it was dropped and the cast given a rest from it.

The Captain-Ellie scene near the end of the second act was originally blocked primarily around the sofa. However, the director was of the opinion that the down right area had been overworked and that the scene would prove more effective if it was played in another area. The up left area was tried, but in that position too much of the scene was covered by the table and chair down left. Because of the importance of the thought presented in the dialogue, the director thought it advisable to play the scene in down stage area. The solution was found to be the center area. Ellie led the Captain to the chair right of the table, then knelt on the floor at his knee. The Captain rose on the line," and I see my daughters and their men living foolish lives of romance and sentiment and snobbery," and crossed to the garden door, pointing the

lines at the group in the garden (p. 85). This placed him on the far side of the table from Ellie and helped to picture the barrier between their different lines of thought. As has already been discussed, the scene ended on the sofa in order that the left stage area would be clear for Hector and Randall's entrance. Ellie expressed concern over her lack of understanding of the idea expressed in the scene. Because an understanding of the philosophy expressed in the scene is necessary to Ellie's lines in the third act, the director thought it wise to explain the thought thoroughly.

The similarity of the thought expressed in the later scene and that expressed in the third act of "Candida" was brought to the attention of the cast. In both plays Shaw seems to present "heartbreak" as that state which lifts the individual above the wants of the average person. In "Heartbreak House" the idea is expressed in Ellie's line (p. 87), "It seems so; for I feel now as if there was nothing I could not do, because I want nothing." The Captain expresses it in his reply, "That's the only real strength. That's genius. That's better than rum." The same thought that conventional happiness in reality is empty, is expressed again in the Captain's line in the third act (p. 106):

> 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.

This same idea ends the third act of "Candida." Marchbanks,

the young poet, is heartbroken by Candida's refusal to go away with him. Candida says that Marchbanks will not do anything rash because "He has learned to live without happiness." The poet replies, "I no longer desire happiness: life is nobler than that."[22] The director explained to the cast that Mr. Shaw believes whole-heartedly in the idea that everyone must work for his share of the world's wealth.[23] If man was content merely to be happy, then the world would not advance. The lines were interpreted by the director to mean that to be comfortably happy leads to lazyiness and slothfulness. Man needs the satisfaction of struggle. The Captain states this thought in the second act (p. 87):

> 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.

This theory was, in the opinion of the director, one of the main themes of the entire play. It offered the alternative to the premise that "drifting leads to destruction."

The third act was treated for the most part as a single continuing scene. Once the problem of motivating the movement had been solved, the principal remaining problems

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22 George Bernard Shaw, Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant, Vol. II, (New York: Brentano's, 1905) p. 158

23 George Bernard Shaw, The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism. (New York: Brentano's Publishers, 1928) p. 98.

in this final act were those of rhythm and tempo. The scene opened on the quiet, peaceful garden and the conversation flowed easily until the Captain's line (p. 112), "Every drunken skipper trusts to Providence." From this point on, the tempo increased in speed and intensity until the falling of the last bomb. It was the responsibility of the Captain to set the tempo at the correct speed. The actor handled the scene extremely well, building gradually until he took the rise on the line, "except something not worth mentioning." The cast had difficulty in realizing the tenseness that was necessary to the meaning of the scene. The analogy to events of the present was pointed out to them and the interpretation suggested by Eric Bentley, in his book Bernard Shaw, was cited. Mr. Bentley suggests that the ending is almost a prophecy of the atomic bomb.

> The first act ends with a request for 'deeper darkness,' the last with the threat that if we do not learn naviagation the ship will flounder. It is the threat of the atom bomb.[24]

The closing lines of the third act also needed a great deal of explanation. Hesione's line reads (p. 117), "But what a glorious experience! I hope they'll come again tomorrow night." To this Ellie replies, "Oh, I hope so." The director again found himself in agreement with Bentley's interpretation. Bentley states that Ellie has now completed

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24 Eric Bentley, Bernard Shaw. (Norfolk, Conn: New Directions Books, 1947) p. 141.

the cycle of her education and is at the end of the play at approximately the same point as she was at the beginning.

> She has been thrice disillusioned--once in each act, by Hector, by Mangan, by Shotover--and is, in a sense, back at the beginning again, in love with romance. Only the romance which now brings color into her life is that of a kind of warfare that threatens civilization.[25]

This interpretation was accepted by the cast and made clear the meaning of the lines.

Before the discussion of the last week of rehearsal is begun it seems expedient to summarize the progress thus far. During the first two weeks of rehearsal the director had concentrated on the problem of blocking the fundamental movements, while familiarizing the cast with the script. The work then turned to interpretation of lines and the three acts were rehearsed with this problem being given the foremost consideration. The last half of the third week was spent in discussion and experimental rehearsals in an attempt to bring out the meaning of the play and the characters to the cast. The fourth and fifth week of rehearsal were devoted to the small details of movement, business, and minor problems of interpretations. The final step in the rehearsal schedule was that of achieving continuity by playing the performance through in its entirety and smoothing out the awkward minor details.

During the last full week of rehearsal the director attempted to disassociate himself from the production and to

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25 Ibid., p. 137

view the rehearsals from an objective point of view. In the past, one of the director's outstanding weaknesses had been the preoccupation with the interpretation of the play at the expense of the movement. In order to compensate for this recognized weakness the director intended to view the rehearsal only for the movement pattern. As it was found that the misinterpretation of lines detracted from the consideration on the movement pattern the director decided to rehearse the more difficult scenes without dialogue. The Introduction scene in the first act, the awaking scene, and the Captain-Ellie scene in Act Two were rehearsed in this manner. This made it possible to find the weak portions of the scenes and to rework them until they were satisfactory. The actors were instructed to think the dialogue without speaking it in order that the rhythm would not be totally destroyed. Both the cast and the director were pleased with the results of this experiment.

The listening rehearsal took place the following night. During this session the director sat in the rear of the auditorium with his back to the stage and concentrated solely on the lines. The entire third act was rehearsed in this manner. The director took notes and then called the attention of the cast to the weak scenes. The inner tension was not great enough during the bombing scene and the voices lacked excitement. The director attempted to draw a realistic word picture of the horror of a night bombing. Newsreel film of

the London bombing were recalled and discussed. The director attempted to impress upon the younger members of the cast the frightfulness and ugliness of war. This technique seemed to achieve the desired results and again the cast and director were well satisfied with the outcome of the experiment.

The last two days of the week were spent in uninterrupted running of each act. The cast was instructed to keep the play moving at all costs. They were to ad lib lines if they could not recall them and to improvize in any emergency which might arise.

Dress Rehearsal

The first performance was scheduled for the evening of Wednesday, March 1st. A technical rehearsal was scheduled for Monday night and a full dress rehearsal for Tuesday night. On Monday night, the director was informed that, because of the coal strike then in progress, the college administration had ordered all evening activities cancelled. However, the department had been granted the privilege of presenting the performance for an invited audience on Tuesday night. This meant that only one dress rehearsal was possible. The cast was considerably upset by the new developments and the rehearsal that night showed obvious signs of nervousness. The greatest obstacle to be overcome was that the cast had only one night to become familiar with

the completed set and the use of the sound effects. After the rehearsal had ended, the director thought it expedient to build the confidence in the cast rather than critize the rehearsal. The attempt was to calm the cast and belittle the importance of the cancelled full dress rehearsal.

Since the director had been pointing his rehearsal schedule toward a Wednesday night opening and had attempted to have the show at its peak for that evening, he was somewhat concerned about the effect the change in plans would have. However, he felt confident that the cast was ready for a public performance. No changes were suggested in the interpretation, the movement, or the stage business after this final dress rehearsal. The cast was warned that, because of the pre-scheduled showing, they must be prepared for back stage difficulties. The sound crew had not had sufficient time to insure proper timing nor had the light crew had the necessary time to rehearse the light cues. The importance of not being taken by surprise by the lack of sound on cue or slowness in light cues was stressed. It should be stated that the technical problems mentioned were in no way the result of inefficiency on the part of the technical director but were a direct result of unforseen change in plans.

The scheduled final dress rehearsal took place before an audience of some sixty faculty representatives and interested students. The performance was marked by a nervous

tension in the cast during the first act. This took the form of the lowering of voices in most of the female roles. Otherwise, the actors played the show as it had been rehearsed and all concerned seemed satisfied with the production. The lighting of the third act seemed to be too dim. The bomb explosions were not loud enough, and the reaction of the characters to the bombs not quite vivid enough for the impact that the scene required. The audience was extremely responsive to the Shavian humor and the cast had difficulty in timing the laugh lines. The second and third acts ran more smoothly but, in the director's opinion, the second act was marked by a definite slowing down.

Additional Rehearsals

The public performances of "Heartbreak House" were scheduled for the following term, some four weeks hence. The tentative dates set, depending on the settlement of the coal strike were, March 30th, 31st and April 1st.

The director now was faced with the problem of keeping the production fresh and alive over a four week period. The greatest danger lay in the play going "stale." In order to combat this only three rehearsals were scheduled, one on the 9th of March, one on the 14th and one on the 15th. Final term examinations and spring vacation filled up the week of the 20th. Consequently, no more rehearsals were practical until the week of the production. The director

reasoned that the surest way to keep the play on a high level was to discover a method which would assure the continued interest of the cast. At the last rehearsal before spring vacation the director pointed out to the cast that the public performance must be better than the dress rehearsal had been. There was no doubt that the audience had helped considerably in making the cast conscious that they were playing a very humorous comedy. They were warned that one of the greatest dangers was the possibility of bad timing the comedy lines. The director had prepared a list of criticisms and suggestions from the dress rehearsal. The cast was told that the pace must be established by the laugh lines and that the production would not be effective if they either hurried over the humorous lines or if they waited too long for the laughs. The timing of the play had not been what it should have been. The entire production had lagged, cues were slow, and the whole play needed to be speeded up.

Each character was given suggestion as to how his characterization might be improved. The Captain needed more charm in his characterization, he needed to smile more, and to mix more humor in with the abruptness. Hector needed to convince the audience that women would fall in love with him. There was still not enough contrast between Hector and Randall. The director pointed out to Hector that perhaps he needed to see through the character to a

greater extent. He needed to realize that Hector was really humorous. Mazzini was working too hard to achieve age and thereby was losing the character he had established. He was asked to think in terms of being older and to let the gestures take care of themselves. Mangan needed to sympathize more with himself in order that he might look as ridiculous as the playwright had intended. The Burglar needed more character movement and more age in the body as well as in the voice. Randall still had not overcome the mannerism mentioned earlier. He needed more poise and more of the drawing room charm. He did not show enough contrast in his breakdown scene at the end of the second act. Lady Utterword had not realized the absurdity of the character. The character was explained to her as having a great deal of charm and beauty. She must give the impression of being altogether delightful, otherwise she would not be "getting her whole life messed up with people falling in love with me." Hesione needed more sensuality. She too needed to show the audience why men like Mangan would fall in love with her. Ellie was told that she must "believe" more in the character. Technically she was playing the character but the fact she did not fully believe such a character possible evidenced itself in her performance.

At the three rehearsals prior to the performance, the complete play was run through. Monday night the director merely tried to get the cast reacquainted with the

roles. Tuesday night was a complete technical rehearsal. Wednesday night was a full dress rehearsal. The cast felt fully confident of bettering the original dress rehearsal and the morale seemed to be high. The anticipated let down had been overcome through the hard work of the cast. They were now ready for public performance.

In summarizing the rehearsal period the director felt that the aim had been achieved. Various experiments had been attempted and the results in all cases were considered satisfactory. The cast had been extremely cooperative and had worked hard and long on the play. The director was confident of a good performance and felt that the benefits gained from the rehearsal techniques employed were worthy of the effort expended.

CHAPTER V

PRODUCTION ANALYSIS

PRODUCTION ANALYSIS

The first performance of "Heartbreak House" at Michigan State College was presented on the evening of Thursday, March 30, 1950. The performance was well attended and the small auditorium was filled.[1]

At each performance the opening of the first act, Nurse Guinness' entrance with the full rum bottles and exit with the four empty bottles, was greeted with laughter. From this time on, the laughs and chuckles came, for the most part, on lines which had been anticipated as laugh lines. The actor portraying the Captain seemed to be accepted immediately by the audience and his humorous lines and abrupt manner were met with the desired laughter. Because the cast had had the advantage of an audience at the first dress rehearsal they were prepared for the reaction of an audience and time the laughter very well. The director was gratified to see that the cast did not overplay the various roles as a result of the reaction of the audience. The integrity of the performance was preserved as rehearsed.

The review which appeared in the Michigan State News on the following morning is quoted here:

> Typical George Bernard Shaw humor was displayed last night in Studio Theatre 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.

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[1] The seating capacity of the auditorium of the Studio Theatre at Michigan State College is 125.

> 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.[2]

The director agreed with the reviewer in his statement that the play faltered in the second act. However, the reason for the faltering was not, in the director's opinion, the reason stated in the review. The second act gives the impression

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2 Theatre review, Michigan State News, (East Lansing) March 31, 1950.

of slowing down primarily because it does not follow the form used by the majority of the comtemporary playwrights. In many modern plays the acts shorten as the play progresses. This is not the case in "Heartbreak House." The first act lasts for approximately fifty minutes while the second act requires over sixty minutes to perform. The third act is approximately thirty minutes in length. This added length of the second act, combined with the overall structure of the act, tends to slow down the pace of the last half of the act. The director was of the opinion that a greater portion of the play could have been omitted and that the best place for further cutting was the long second act. The Randall-Hector scene and the Randall-Hector-Lady Utterword scene which ends the act could have been deleted. It seemed to the writer that the two scenes are not vital to the plot of the play and, while they do further develop the character of Randall, no extensive use is made of this development in the remainder of the play. The suggested change would have shortened the play approximately twelve minutes, and would have closed the curtain after the Captain-Ellie scene (p. 88). The opinion regarding the length of the play is shared by the reviewer for the New York Times.

In a review of "Heartbreak House" presented by the On Stage Productions at the Bleecker Street Playhouse in New York City, on March 22, 1950, much the same thought is expressed:

> It is no reflection upon the production to remark that the excitement was not sustained. Shaw must bear the blame for the torpid passages. For, even though there is a school of thought holding that the sage of Ayot St. Lawrence can do no wrong, there would seem to be one obvious fault with "Heartbreak House." There is too much of it. Not just a little too much, but considerably too too much and the sparkling wit and incisive wisdom that is contained within its three extended acts are not enough to justify the extraordinary length of the play. . . . .
> . . . . . .
> On Stage is entitled to be proud of its "Heartbreak House." If there are complaints from patrons, they will probably be the result of too much of a thing that, for the most part, is exceptionally good.[3]

The director differed from the review printed in the Michigan State News in the matter of the reference to Mangans' crying scenes. The director believed that Mangan was intended to represent the faction of society, the non-productive manager, which Shaw has fought against throughout his literary life. For this reason, the director and the cast were of the opinion that the crying scenes were written as ridiculing the Mangan type of person. The director was of the opinion that the very incongruity of the "captain of industry" being reduced to tears, because he could not cope with the situation at hand, was comedy in itself. The repeated crying scenes of Mangan had been directed with the intention of making the character appear as ridiculous as possible. The director felt that Mr. Shaw did not desire the character to arouse sympathy in the audience. As has been discussed in the previous chapter, Mangan was representative of the

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3 Theatre review, The New York Times, March 23, 1950.

"parasite's parasite." (p. 187)

The performance held the attention of the audience to a greater degree than the director had anticipated. Because of the many long speeches and the relatively small amount of action the director had expected a certain amount of uneasiness to be evidenced by the audience. But, judging from the reaction of the audience, interest was maintained at a high level throughout the performance.

In the final evaluation of the production, the director returned to the five questions originally used in choosing the play. (p. 2)

The first question posed was, what type of production would present a worth while challenge to the abilities of the director and be of a type he had not previously attempted? "Heartbreak House" was the director's first attempt at a problem play and proved a challenge from several different considerations. The two outstanding problems were (1) interpreting the lines and (2) imposing arbitrary movement on the static script without distracting from the thought content.

The difficulties in interpretation resulted, for the most part, from the actors' lack of understanding of the Shavian philosophy. This necessitated a thorough explanation of Shavian philosophy as expressed in "Heartbreak House." The director was of the opinion that if the audience was to grasp the ideas expressed in "Heartbreak House," the cast

must have complete understanding of thos ideas. This explanation was difficult to present because of the variety of subjects mentioned and the briefness of the treatment accorded them. Eric Bentley expresses the same thought in his book, Bernard Shaw:

> "Heartbreak House" might be called the Nightmare of a Fabian. All Shaw's themes are in it. You might learn from it his teachings on love, religion, education, politics. But you are unlikely to do so, not only because the treatment is so brief and illusive but because the play is not an argument in their favor. It is a demonstration that they are all being disregarded or defeated.[4]

The discussion rehearsal and the experimental rehearsals proved invaluable in helping to clarify the philosophy presented. The director explained the philosophy in the light of other writings by, and concerning, Shaw. If the actor failed to achieve the desired interpretation after extensive explanation the director resorted to the mechanical method of reading the line to the actor with exaggerated expression.

The arbitrary movement was added only after careful examination of the thought expressed in the line. It was the director's desire that movement should be added only when it would not detract the attention of the audience from the thought content of the line. In many instances added movement was limited to a change in body position, as with Lady

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4 Eric Bentley, Bernard Shaw. (Norfolk, Conn: New Directions Books, 1947) p. 140.

Utterword in the third act. Her long speeches were broken up by body movements which were used to indicate restlessness, renewed interest in the conversation, or relationship to the rest of the group. In order to compensate for the static script and the limits imposed by the small stage, the director attempted to achieve the feeling of movement through emphasizing vocal action, i. e., the rate, pitch, quality, and intensity, rather than through body movement.[5]

The second question was, what type of play would be adaptable to the limitations imposed by the small studio stage? The performance of "Heartbreak House" proved that the play could be successfully adapted to the acting areas of a small stage. As the director watched the performances he was conscious of the limited acting space in only one scene, the Burglar scene in Act Two (p. 73). In this scene the hurried exits and entrances and the presence of the entire cast on stage tended to make the stage appear overcrowded. The six specific acting areas used in the production of "Heartbreak House," the sofa, the furniture group down left, the window seat, the platform, the desk, and the stage center area, . . proved to be satisfactory for the requirements of the various

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5 Samuel Selden, First Steps in Acting. (New York: F. S. Crofts and Co., 1947) p. 23. "Vocal action serves as a substitute for the pantomimic.... When the actor pantomines, the audience demands to feel speech, when he speaks, it wants to sense movement--for both are parts of the selfsame expression."

scenes. The space most often utilized for scenes was the sofa area. The director was of the opinion that perhaps the play would have been more interesting to the audience if this area had been used less frequently. Adapting to the limited off stage facilities, however, had proved awkward. The pantry door up center could open only twenty three inches. This small opening made the quick entrances and exits of the Captain very inconvenient. The space of one foot, six inches which separated the right wall from the permanent stage wall complicated the hurried exits and entrances on the Burglar scene.

The lack of height limited the use of levels.[6] Because the flats used in constructing the set were only eight feet, three inches high, the designer and director thought it inadvisable to use levels more than one foot high. The platform used in the first two acts was one foot high while that used in the third act was six inches in height. The platform used in acts one and two proved satisfactory. However, the six inch rise used in the third act did not offer the desired contrast in levels. The proximity of the audience, mentioned earlier in regard to the kissing scene in Act One (p. 169), affected the entire production. The fact

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6 The height of the stage in Studio Theatre at Michigan State College is ten feet, eleven inches directly behind the first border. The height at the back of the stage is nine feet, four inches. The first border hangs eight feet, two inches from the floor.

that the actors could see the first rows of the audience quite distinctly bothered some of them. The advantage of having an audience at the first dress rehearsal, however, prepared them for this difficulty and during the public performances the cast did not seem to be troubled. The lack of off stage space between the set and the back wall necessitated the moving of the garden door to the down left wall. The complications which arose as a result of this change in the setting have been discussed in the previous chapter (p. 166).

The third question was, what type of production would appeal to the average college audience? The review printed in the Michigan State News had been, for the most part, favorable and the choice of "Heartbreak House" as a college production was given special mention. From the comments which the director heard from both students and faculty the reception of the play had been most favorable. The response to the humorous lines was greater than had been anticipated. The director had instructed his assistant to note the line on which the laugh was received. The reaction of the audience was rated one, two, three, or four. One was used to designate chuckling and four to designate loud, hearty laughter. The average number of lines which received laughts were; Act One--103, Act Two--77, Act Three--41. This does not indicate that the audience became less interested but, rather, that the script becomes less humorous and more philosophical.

The totals deviated only slightly for the three performances. The director was interested to note that the most laughs were received on the opening night while the loudest laughs came during the second performance. During the serious scenes the audience was very quiet and seemed to be intent on following the thought expressed. This interest was especially apparent during the climactic scene in the third act. The tension increased noticeably with the Captain's rise (p. 112), and held through the final curtain. All three audiences showed a keen appreciation of the Shavian brand of humor.

The fourth question was, what type of production would remain within the abilities of the available college actors? Each of the actors held the attention of the audience and each created, to a varying degree, the illusion of age in his role. The director was particularly pleased with the performances of the actors portraying the roles of the Captain, Hesone, and Mangan. The Captain maintained his character throughout the performance and showed an excellent understanding of the Shavian humor. Hesione portrayed her role with such a degree of warmth and charm that the audience seemed completely captivated by the character created. Mangan achieved the maturity and the understanding necessary to the role and also presented the impression of the uneducated man attempting to associate on equal terms with the upper class.

Ellie, for the most part, appeared to gain the

sympathy of the audience. However, the director was never completely satisfied with her handling of the difficult transition from the naive girl to the woman of the world in the first act. Hector worked diligently to achieve the desired character but could not seem to portray the role with the dash and romantic flair which the director thought was required. The Burglar did not achieve a well defined characterization. For this reason, he appeared out of harmony with the rest of the cast and, consequently, the second act scene (p. 73) never reached the degree of smoothness necessary. Nurse Guinness was very satisfactory and amused the audience with her cockney dialect and off hand manner. The director was of the opinion that Randall was the least effective and least accepted by the audience. This was apparently due to his lack of experience and inability to overcome the nervous mannerism which he had evidenced from the beginning rehearsal. Mazzini captured the character admirably and seemed to create the illusion of truth in his portrayal of the role. The creating of middle aged characters by young college students had been a most difficult task--one which the director did not feel had been accomplished as fully as might have been hoped. It is the director's opinion that the average college actor has not had the experience necessary to portray middle aged characters realistically. The reaction of the audience, as noted by the director, seemed to indicate that the various roles had been, taking into consideration the aforementioned

youth of the actors involved, within the abilities of the actors chosen.

The final question was, what type of play would hold the interest of the cast over the long rehearsal period planned? The postponement of the scheduled performance necessitated many changes in the plans of the cast. Two of the cast were leaving school at the end of the winter term. The fact that both of these actors chose to return to the campus for the extra rehearsals and the public performances proved their continued interest in the production. The director did not detect any slackening of interest on the part of the cast as a result of the elongated rehearsal period. The fact that "Heartbreak House" did hold the interest well over the scheduled rehearsal time proved that the final question had been answered in the affirmative.

In retrospect, the production of "Heartbreak House" had met the questions posed. It had admirably served the director's purpose by presenting an opportunity for applying untried methods and theories of direction. The reception accorded "Heartbreak House" reaffirmed the director's agreement with the statement inscribed in the copy of "Heartbreak House" owned by Mr. Frank Harris; "Rightly spotted by the infallible eye of Frank Harris as My Best Play. G. Bernard Shaw."[7]

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7 Frank Harris, Bernard Shaw. (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1931) p. 170.

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APPENDIX

"HEARTBREAK HOUSE"

by

George Bernard Shaw

Heartbreak House is the home of 88 year old Captain Shotover, a retired sea captain. He has two daughters, Hesione Hushabye and Lady Utterword. Hesione and her husband live with the Captain in Heartbreak House. The other daughter, Addy, or Lady Utterword, has left home some twenty-three years earlier to marry a governor of one of the crown colonies. She married to escape from the house.

Hesione invites Ellie Dunn to the house in order to break up her forthcoming marriage with Boss Mangan, a big business man. Hesione thinks the marriage would be a great mistake. Ellie has fallen in love with Hector, Hesione's husband, without knowing who he is. Boss Mangan falls in love with Hesione, who has set out to make him forget about Ellie. Randall has followed Addy to the house in order to be near her even though she can't abide him. A burglar is introduced, who always makes a lot of noise in order that he may be caught; he then tells a sad story and passes the hat around.

Captain Shotover passes in and out, making his remarks and giving no time for an answer; for, as he says, "Answers confuse me." Finally, Ellie decides to stay in Heartbreak House in order to be near the Captain. The bombs fall from

the sky, announcing the beginning of the war. Mangan and the burglar are killed while the others escape.

The house is, then, as Gassner has said, in his Masters of the Drama, "a Noah's ark where the characters gather before the flood. They and the classes they represent have been making a hopless muddle of both society and themselves."

Hope for the world is held out when the two thieves of the play, the burglar and Mangan, are killed by the bomb and the rest of the characters try to pull themselves together to take up the fight.

Heartbreak House was, to Shaw, the Europe before the first World War and, with few modifications, it is the Europe, or perhaps the world, of today.

Captain Shotover

The Captain represents, with certain qualifications, Shaw's ideas. It is through him, with comedy tossed in, that the author seems to speak. He is the person who sees through the muddle and turmoil the world is in and he believes, as Shaw must have, that war will sweep away the sins of a capitalistic world. He, then, is the voice crying in the wilderness, the unheeded prophet.

He is an old man of around eighty-eight years, a long beard, dressed as a sea captain of the early ninteen hundreds. He is a very active man and in his prime was a man of great strength and cunning. The strength has all but left him, but

the cunning and insight is still there. He drinks rum continually, although it never has any effect on him; as he says, "It might as well be so much water." He drinks not to escape reality but rather to find it. His memory is not reliable yet the things he remembers, or at least seems to remember, are often closer to the truth than the things that really happened. His time now is spent in inventing weapons of desturction because, as is pointed out, there is more money in weapons than in life-saving inventions. His one dread is that of finding complete happiness, the happiness that turns into contentment and lethargy. He wants to be doing things as well as thinking about them. His ambition is to find a method to destroy the parasites of the human race, the politicians and the war mongers. The Captain knows the wastefulness of the life the members of Heartbreak House live, he knows its waste but is helpless in trying to overcome it, so he finds his escape in his eccentricity.

Lady Utterword

She represents that class of English society that has no use for the lower classes and lives for her stables and parties; the class that believes that they alone are capable of ruling and are justified in ruling with a club if necessary.

She is the social light of Heartbreak House. At first

she should strike the audience as being nothing but the light-headed society lady. Later we find that she is really quite an intelligent woman who is looking for love and is afraid that some day she may find it. She is married to a politician, the governor of various crown colonies. She is a flirt and a real heartbreaker. She is very good looking and has that something that men cannot resist. Her hobby seems to be making men fall in love with her and then watching them suffer. Her philosophy is that you can get away with anything providing you "always do the perfectly correct thing and say the perfectly correct thing."

She does not love her husband, yet she is satisfied with her marriage because it lets her do what she wants to do and gives her the protection of a husband to fall back on if the water gets too deep.

Mrs. Hushabye

Hesione represents the futility of the upper classes; their uselessness both to themselves and to society.

She is Lady Utterword's sister and daughter of the Captain. She is a beautiful woman of middle age, although she looks much younger. She has the same power over men that her sister has. In reality they are quite a bit alike. Hesione, however, seems to be the opposite. She does not try, nor care to try, to do the "correct" thing. She enjoys being "different." She loves her husband, or at least, has

loved him. She pretends to enjoy life, while actually she is bored to tears whenever she lets down her front. She has made a "household pet" of her husband. At first we think that she is a completely rational being but, as the play progresses, we find that she, too, is lost in the muddle that was and (for our purpose) is Europe.

Mazzini Dunn

He represents the highly educated class; he has no knowledge of how to use his education for his own good or anyone elses.

He is Ellie's father. The impractical, idealistic man who has struggled in vain so long that his ideals are all but gone, yet he has nothing to put in their place. He thinks of himself as a "fighter for freedom" but he never learned to fight for anything, not even his own or his family's happiness. He is a kind man and vitally interested in his daughter's happiness, but again he has no real idea of how to help her find that happiness. He is the kind of man that people take advantage of; they use him for their own ends and he never finds it out. He is very cultured.

Mangan

He represents the typical big business man; out for what he can get, in any way that he can get it. He is engaged to Ellie and wants to back out if he can do it

gracefully. He is a politician in the derogatory sense of the word. He is all bluff, he has really no money, he owns nothing except a reputation for being a rich man. He is the kind of man that capitalizes on the misfortunes of others. He has not the education that the others have and is at a disadvantage most of the time. He is the type that runs the world without knowing or caring how or why. He has an exaggerated idea of his own importance and can't stand to look below the surface of himself or anyone else.

Mr. Hushabye

Hector, along with his wife, represents the upper class. Hector, however, shows us more of the boredom and uselessness of the class which, as Shaw says in his preface, "took the only part of our society in which there was leisure for high culture, and made it an economic, political, and, as far as practicable, a moral vacuum; and as Nature, abhorring the vacuum, immediately filled it up with sex."

He is Hesione's husband, close to middle age although he, like his wife, will pass for much younger. He is only half rational and is bored with himself and with life. He is a good looking man and has no difficulty in making women like him. He seems to see into the meaning of life but, like all the rest, it is only a pose. He is cultured and in his day must have been quite a man about town. He doesn't work and doesn't want to. He gives nothing to society, only takes

from it. He is misplaced and reminds us of Miniver Cheevy. He should have been born in the days of Arthur, when knights were bold. He should not seem artificial to the audience. He is a brave and dashing man. The war will be a welcome relief to him.

Randall

He represents the typical young Englishman of noble birth; he is good for nothing.

Randall is Lady Utterword's brother-in-law. He is in love with her and follows her everywhere. His manners are perfect and he seems to be at ease at all times, except when Lady Utterword makes him suffer and he doesn't have the strength to leave her. In fact he doesn't want to leav her, he enjoys having her break his heart. As Lady Utterword says, "It is a change from having his head shampooed." He has plenty of money to live an idle life and that is just what he does. He is lazy and selfish, still there is a hint that he may turn into something. He represents the young, thoughtless rich class.

Billy Dunn

Billy represents the lowest class, the class which has never had a chance and very probably wouldn't know how to take advantage of a chance if it occurred.

He is the burglar and will be played with an Irish

dialect. He has never been any good and never will be. He is clever in the way that the sneak thief is clever. He whines when he doesn't get what he wants. He is deathly afraid of the Captain, from whom he once stole. He is a seafaring man and sailed with the Captain. He believes the Captain sold his soul to the devil and for that reason is afraid to lie to him. Lying to anyone else is more natural than telling the truth for Billy.

Ellie Dunn

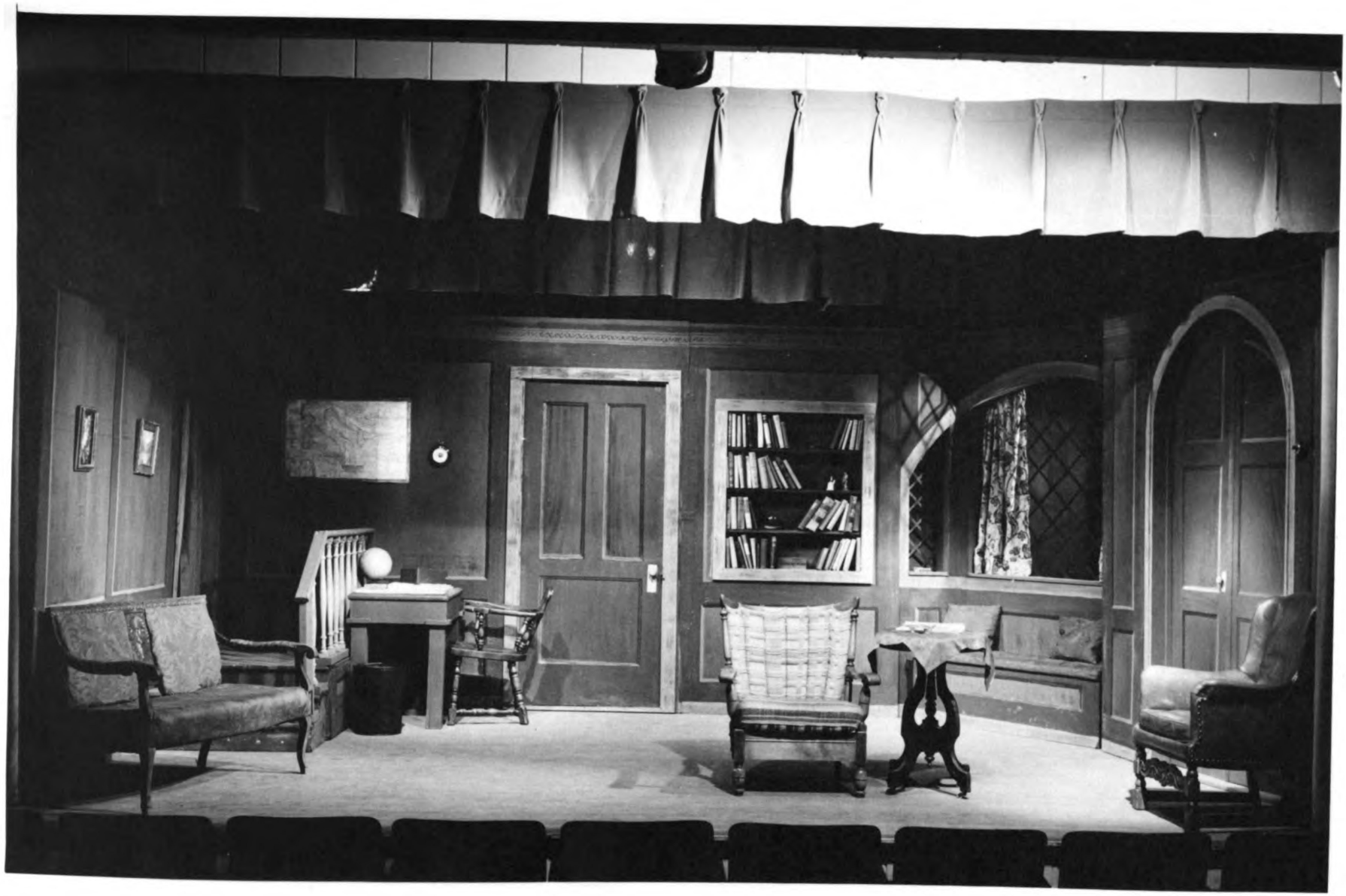
Ellie is Shaw's idea of the young generation, hunting desperately for they know not what.

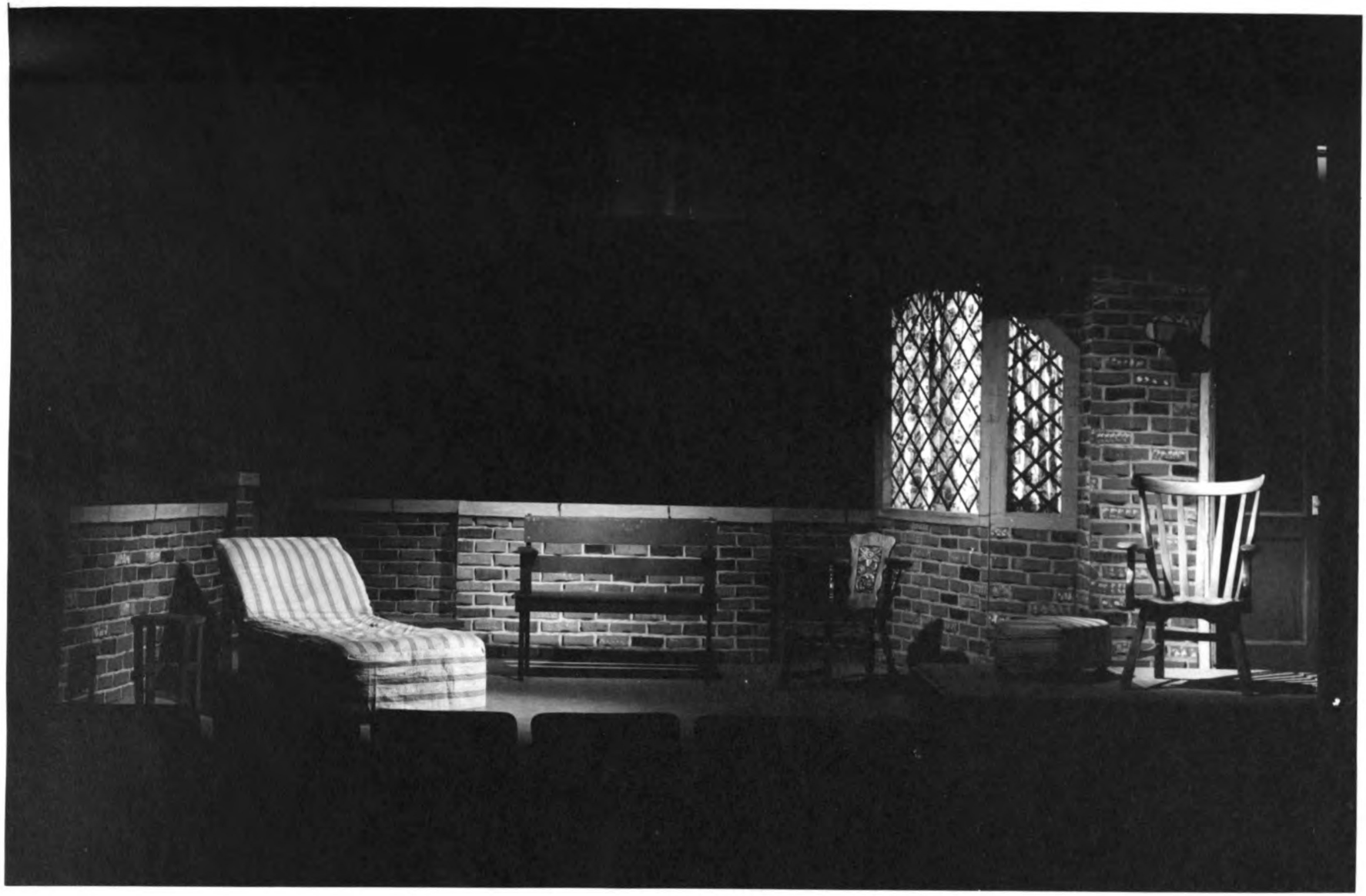
She is a young girl of nineteen. Her background is that of a poor but well-educated family. She is pretty, youthful and quite charming when she wants to be yet quite cruel when the mood is on her. She dresses well and is a lover of the classics, a love which she inherited from her father. In the first part of the show she is very naive and romantic. However, after a few hours at Heartbreak House, she loses her young idealistic ideas and becomes a hard headed young woman of the world, out to get what can be had to make her own life easier. She represents the modern approach to life; that is, a hard, practical front. However, she finds that she can't live up to that type either. She claims to want only peace and quiet, yet ends hoping wildly for excitement.

Nurse Guinness

She represents the good hearted, strong, easygoing English common person; the working class whose life on the surface seem dull and uncomplicated.

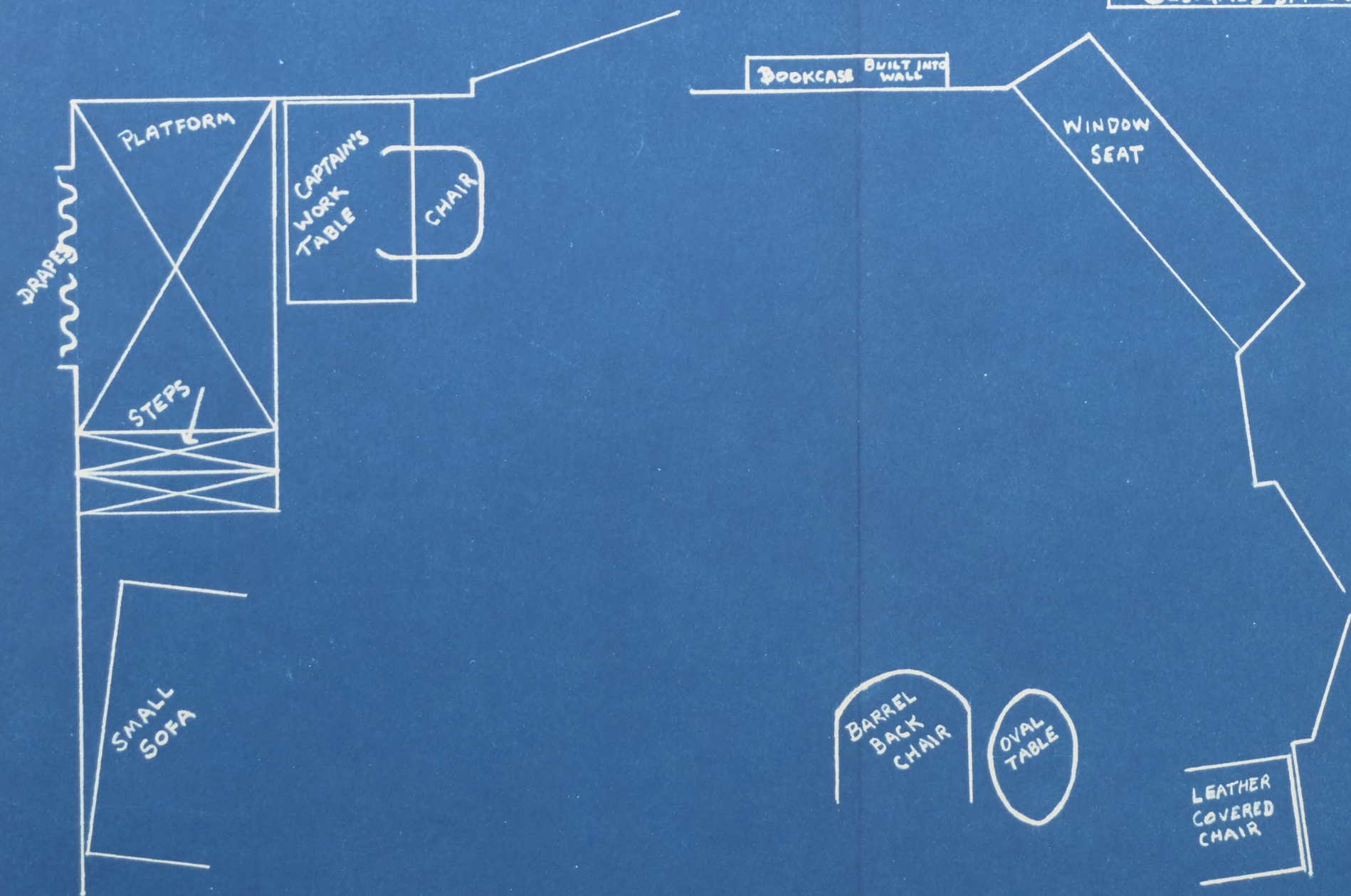
Guinness would have been a fine typical servant if she had not lived so long in Heartbreak House. When we find her she is the one who really keeps the house running. She is more like a member of the family than a servant. She goes her own way without much thought of others, yet she really loves them deeply. Guinness, too, has suffered the sickness of Heartbreak House and is sadistically happy when her long lost husband is blown to bits at the end of the play.

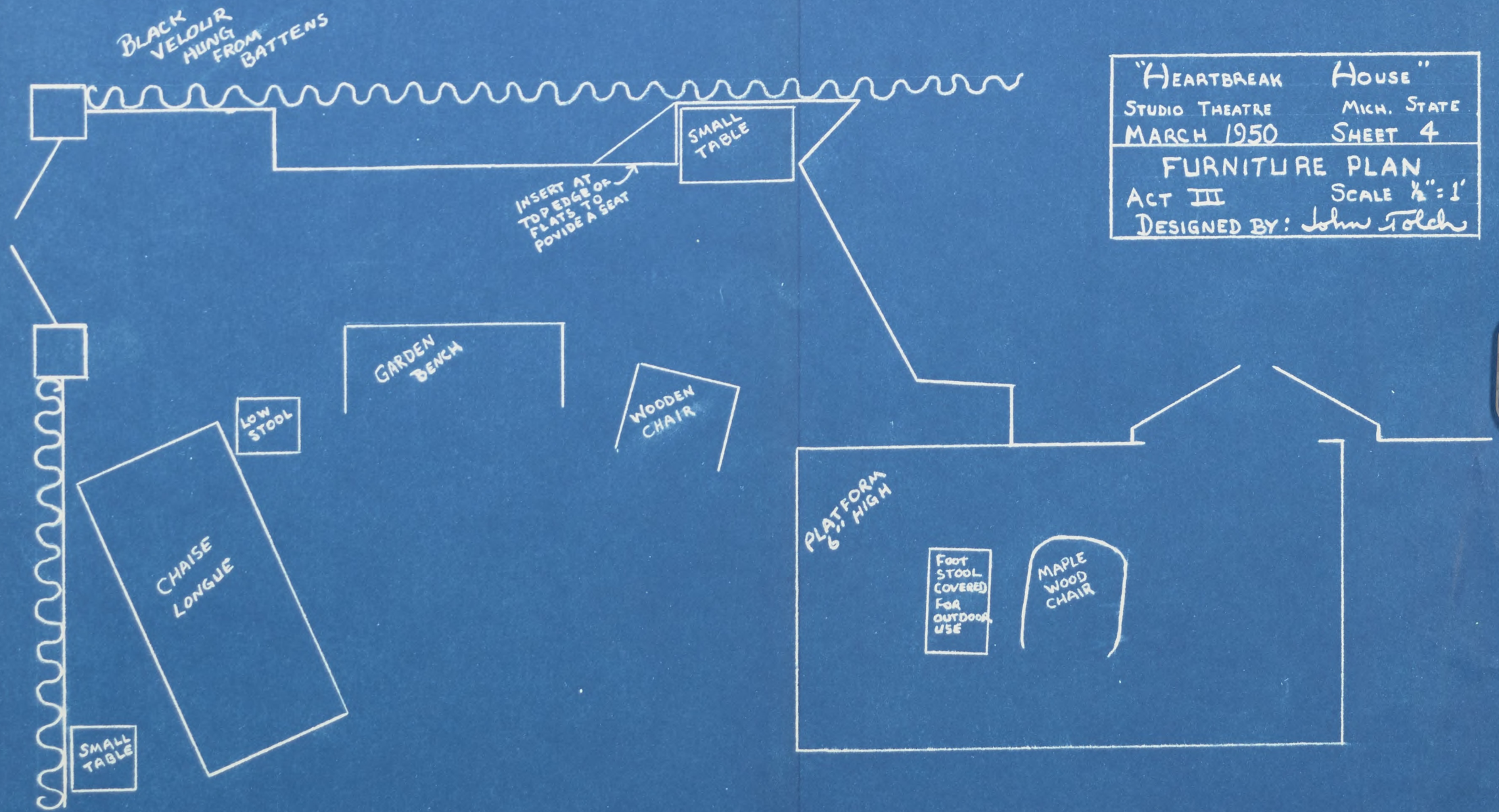




"HEARTBREAK HOUSE"
STUDIO THEATRE MICH. STATE
MARCH 1950 SHEET 2

FURNITURE PLAN
ACT I, II SCALE ½" = 1'
DESIGNED BY: John Tolch





"HEARTBREAK HOUSE"
STUDIO THEATRE — MICH. STATE
MARCH 1950 — SHEET 4

FURNITURE PLAN
ACT III — SCALE ¼" = 1'
DESIGNED BY: John Tolch