

THE PRODUCTION OF PHILIP
BARRY'S HOTEL UNIVERSE FOR A
COLLEGE AUDIENCE AND A
WRITTEN ANALYSIS OF THE
PROBLEMS INVOLVED IN: ADAPTING
THE SCRIPT, CASTING, REHEARSING,
AND DIRECTING THE PLAY

Thesis for the Degree of M. A.
MICHIGAN STATE COLLEGE

Barbara Jane Forbes
1947

This is to certify that the

thesis entitled

"The Production of Phillip Barry's Hotel
Universe for a College Audience and a
Written Analysis of the Problems Involved
in adapting the Script, Casting, Rehearsing,
and Directing the Play",
presented by

Barbara Jane Forbes

has been accepted towards fulfillment
of the requirements for

Master of Arts degree in Speech, Dramatics
and Radio

Donald O. Bull

Major professor

Date August 23, 1947

The Production of Philip Barry's Hotel Universe
for a College Audience and a Written Analysis
of the Problems Involved in: Adapting the
Script; Casting; Rehearsing; and
Directing the Play.

by

Barbara Jane Forbes

A THESIS

Submitted to the Graduate School of Michigan
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1947

THESIS

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I wish to express my sincere thanks to Dean Ralph C. Huston of the School of Graduate Studies, President John A. Hannah, and Secretary Karl McDonel for granting the use of the facilities of Fairchild Theatre to make this thesis production possible. My gratitude is also expressed to Professor Paul D. Bagwell, acting head of the Department of Speech, Dramatics, and Radio, and to C. H. Nickle, advisor for Theta Alpha Phi for their contribution in further backing this production. Thanks is due too, to Samuel French, Inc., of New York, for their courtesy in granting the use of the play royalty free.

In presenting any play there are so many who contribute so much that any director is at a loss to adequately thank his co-workers. However, my special thanks goes to the cast who gave so willingly of their time and talents so that our efforts might be "just right"; to my co-producer Shirley Foresman for her patience, cooperation and understanding; to William Lutzke, stage manager, and his crew, headed by Robert Von Sternberg for their able contribution; to Christian Schram for her efficient service as prompter; to Leslie Scott, manager, and Mrs. Ivarene Button, secretary of the Student Union, for their willingness in finding rehearsal rooms; to Walter Pung, manager of the Auditorium, and James Maher, stage carpenter, for their cooperation

on all phases of production.

Last, but by no means least, is my gratitude to Donald O. Buell, Director of Dramatics, for his sympathetic understanding, perseverance, and guidance in the supervision of both the production and the writing of this thesis. Without his cheerful and faithful confidence in those more difficult moments, this thesis would have been far less stimulating and worthwhile.



TROPICAL LIFE

PAT: and to kiss that lovely mouth that had the rim of
Silk along the top of it. (p. 142)

THE GRADUATE SCHOOL
and
THE DEPARTMENT OF SPEECH, DRAMATICS, AND RADIO
P R E S E N T S

HOTEL UNIVERSE

by PHILIP BARRY

Directed by
BARBARA FORBES

Produced by
SHIRLEY FORESMAN

as a Master's Thesis Production

Fairchild Theatre

8:15 p.m.

August 1, 1947

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Pat Farley	William Devereaux
Tom Ames	Irving Haggart
Hope Ames	Lois Vosburg
Lily Malone	Zoe Carr
Alice Kendall	Alice Luniewski
Ann Field	Marie Posz
Norman Rose	Stanley White
Felix	John Holder
Stephen Field	Anthony Chapp

The action of the play is continuous, and takes place in the course of about two hours, upon the terrace of a house in the south of France, near Toulon. The time is an evening in early July.

PRODUCTION CREW

Production Manager	Robert Von Sternberg
Stage Manager	William Lutzke
Assistant Stage Manager for Cast	John Holder
Assistant Stage Manager for Crew	Clare Alubowicz
Prompter	Christina Schram
Construction, Painting, and Staging	Robert Von Sternberg, Ray Reich, co-chairmen
	William Lutzke, Ray Gilewicz, Al Beck, Loretta Majewski, Don Alderman, Bill Watson, John Chase, Richard Doyle, Patricia Thwing, Bette Fuller
Properties	Bette Williams, Chairman
	Clare Alubowicz, Kenneth Hemmeter, Dick Jarman
Costumes	Doreen Koebel, Chairman
	Stephen Jawarowski, Patricia Harmon
Sound	Bette Fuller
Make-up	Ann Van Sickle, Chairman
	John Swank, Jane McClintock, Kenneth Hemmeter
Publicity	Robert Davis, Ray Reich, Jean Fagan
Lighting	Karl Lamereaux

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We wish to express our sincere thanks to the following for their aid in producing HOTEL UNIVERSE: Samuel French, Inc., of New York for their kindness in deferring the royalty for this production; Paul D. Bagwell, Acting Head of the Department of Speech, Dramatics and Radio, for his advice and assistance; Donald O. Buell, Director of Dramatics, for his encouragement, advice and supervision; C. H. Nickle, technical director, for assistance in the settings, lighting, and the technical phases of this production; James Maher, Stage Carpenter of Fairchild Theater, for his aid backstage; Leslie Scott, Mrs. Ivarene Button, and the Staff of the Student Union Building for their kindness in arranging rehearsal space and for the loan of properties; Mrs. Isabelle Gonon and the Staff of the Counsellor of Women's Office; Theta Alpha Phi, Dramatic Fraternity, co-sponsor; E. G. Pung, for his general assistance, and Joseph Alexanian, Bancroft Flower Shop and Gamma Phi Beta Sorority, for the loan of properties.

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had the rim of milk along the top of it.
(p. 142)

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where would you travel? (p. 110)

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PART ONE

GENERAL PRODUCTION PROBLEMS

A. ADAPTING THE SCRIPT.

Several factors immediately present themselves when a student is looking for a suitable script to present as a graduate thesis production. The play should have an appeal to a college audience, and yet at the same time offer enough of a directing problem to test the ingenuity and abilities of any director.

Among the more popular American playwrights who have held a special appeal for this director was Philip Barry. Many of his comedies have been on the list of favored readings, so when this opportunity presented itself, Barry was among the first authors who were checked. As will be pointed out many times in the pages which follow, Philip Barry is a paradoxical author. He is either highly successful or a positive failure. However among these "failures" in the commercial theatre are many artistic successes. Such, in this director's opinion is Hotel Universe.

There were two tests to be put the play. The drama had definite audience appeal for the younger generation. Although this play was written with an eye to the disillusionment of World War I generation, many of the ideas are as applicable today when World War II veterans are striving to readjust. Mr. Barry asked many

of the same questions that the veterans are asking and his answers seemed to be adequate ones for now. The reception which the play received and the comments aroused by the play proved this first theory and justified the choice.

The second test--a play to test the abilities of the director----was more than met by Hotel Universe. Barry is no innovator of new forms of playwriting. Most of his comedies and dramas follow the three-act pattern very closely. In this play he decided to turn his back on convention and present a full length offering with no breaks. Here was two hours of uninterrupted drama that a director would have to keep on the move if the attention was to be held. Then too, there was an interpretation problem which would tax the talents of both director and cast. The play as will be shown later is an admixture of comedy lines and situations, and philosophic theories and fantasy. A steady directing hand would be necessary to steer this play to a safe harbor.

The adaption problems were few. The play has an honesty and a maturity of expression that college men and women should be able to understand and accept. Since all of the material was in keeping with the spirit of

the play and the characters, none of the lines were changed. From the reaction of the audience during the play, this confidence in their intelligence seemed justified.

There were, however, several references to World War I, which might have been misinterpreted and these lines were not tied in with the major idea of the play the references to the war (only two) were omitted.

One other slight technical difficulty necessitated a minor change. In the script, Mr. Barry has Pat playing and singing a local French song, and the little jingling phrase of "rat-a-plan" appeared several times. The song was not available and consequently the music was omitted. With the choice of leading men limited during the summer session, an actor without musical leanings had to be used, so the musical omission was for the best. The other music required was heard off stage and blended into the mood of the various scenes. A recording of the rooster-crow was also used with telling effects.

B. CASTING THE PLAY.

As every director has discovered, the casting of each play brings up individual problems. The plans and hopes of the director envisioned in the quiet of his own study are quite different from the results obtained on opening night. Consequently this discussion of the casting situation will divide itself into general divisions, the characters as seen by the director, and the characters as played by the cast.

One advantage of Hotel Universe is its small cast. There are only five men and four women needed. All of these people are quite different and in their own way demand balanced abilities among all the actors. While Pat Farley, the leading man, and Ann Field, the leading woman have a major share of the play to carry, still the others all fit into this complex picture and a weak link anywhere would have been very noticeable.

In analyzing the casting problem, the following were the character qualifications desired:

Stephen Field--a mature voice, facial features which could be made up to look like a man of sixty, mature bodily movement.

Ann Field--young, yet mature, good-looking in an expensive, sophisticated way, grace of movement, calm, lower-toned voice, a physical contrast to Pat.

Pat Farley--ability to characterize the difficult

Barry lines, look as if he was wealthy, preferably play the piano, physical contrast to Ann.

Lily Malone--striking looking as an actress would be striking, very much at ease, preferably be able to dance, pick up the timing on the lines.

Tom Ames--in early thirties, "average American" looking, physical contrast to Hope.

Hope Ames--in late twenties, mature, physical contrast to Tom, un-emotional.

Alice Kendall--interpret sleep-walking scene, young, attractive, good figure, physical contrast to Norman.

Norman Rose--older, mature, intellectual interpretation, smooth-looking, at ease, physical contrast to Alice.

Felix--dignified, preferably speak French. The lean well developed man of work who moves quietly and efficiently.

No director, if he is wise, will go to tryouts with too many preconceived ideas. The disappointment in not finding "just what I'm looking for" may be too great. This adaptability of a limited group of actors was the chief problem in selecting the cast for Hotel Universe. Fortunately there was available one of the more experienced character actors (Anthony Chapp) for the role of Stephen. He had the voice qualittites, the

ability to read the complex lines, and the physical qualities of age that made shaping Stephen much less a job than might have been.

Pat offered more difficulties. Physically the young man (William Devereaux) was all that was needed. He was tall, slight of build with an aesthetic face. Vocally he had some habits that had to be broken down, especially in his pitch patterns. By working to keep the voice down and to relieve the strain a degree of maturity and sophistication resulted. He had a fine feeling for the shadings of line and a good sense of character reaction.

Marie Posz, cast as Ann had an etherial quality about her that changed slightly the original conception of the character. She had an intensity and a lightness that made Ann a more high-strung personality than the author intended. Physically she had the carriage, poise and charm needed to give the impression of a daughter of the rich. Ann was, however, not one of the "outdoor set".

Zoe Carr, taking the part of Lily, had the physical appearance of an actress, dark and high featured. Her chief problem was capturing the flip breeziness that Barry wanted in this seemingly blase woman. By stressing the comedy readings in the real-life scenes, she was able to get a decided contrast in her young-girl sequence. Her youthful appearance and quality of voice

made the scene have an added point when as a girl her illusions about a drunken father were shattered. Since she carried so much of the Barry mood and quality, this lack of comedy reading was a disadvantage to the play to some extent.

Both Stanley White and Alice Luniewski, playing Norman and Alice, were veterans of campus dramatic activity and consequently carried their complex roles with ease. Alice caught the vapid "can't be bothered" mood of the character in contrast to the pathetic little person of the dream sequence. Norman was played with a sympathetic understanding of the racial qualities which might have antagonized the audience. His transitions from the fur peddler to the financier were especially convincing.

Irving Haggart, taking the role of Tom, was a little slow in catching the religious import of the character, but once this point was cleared, he developed into the maturity of middle-aged disillusionment. Vocally he too had a problem of presenting age, which with special coaching and rehearsals reached a more than passable point. His work in the "little boy" sequence was especially effective.

Lois Vosberg, as Hope, had the thankless role in the play. Of all the characters, Barry had the least sympathy with this "overly normal" woman. Since this

was Miss Vosburg's first campus appearance, her point of attainment was quite adequate, but not as advanced as the work of some of the others. With the few lines that she had to deal with, all of which were so much on the one-tone level, her characterization was acceptable. An overly sympathetic treatment of this character would have been about all an experienced actress could have done with the role.

John Holder, cast as Felix, had the self-obliterating quality that makes for good butlering. Voice again was a problem and constant pounding on projection had a beneficial effect. He was greeted with rounds of laughter on his every appearance, which was not the fault of the actor, but the fault of the repetition of a character with the same type of lines and the same business to do. This problem will be discussed in a later section---the Play in Production.

C. REHEARSING THE PLAY.

Hotel Universe offered many rehearsal problems which were typical of the average play and some that were of a more specific nature. Since the play had no intermissions, the cast was warned at the very start that the whole drama would have to move steadily forward and that the two-some scenes would have to be especially well played. This need for keeping the play moving was constantly stressed from the early rehearsals right through to final dress rehearsal.

One of the major problems was getting the cast to visualize the setting with the various levels and stairs that would be used. Because of the many previous bookings in Fairchild Theatre, no rehearsals on stage could be arranged until after the twentieth rehearsal. At that time, however, all of the levels were available, and from then on, the actors found the action much easier to do.

Because of the difficulty in reading the Barry lines, and the necessity of deciding on the meaning of lines and characters, more time than usual was spent on just reading the play through. By the end of the third rehearsal period the cast had a clearcut idea as to what both the author and this director had in mind on the purpose of the play and the relationship of character.

The time was well spent, for when the cast started to block in the movement and the action each actor had a more complete understanding of what he was doing.

The blocking in of the major action took another four rehearsals. As has been stated, the visualizing problem was a hard one to solve. About all that could be done was to mark out on the rehearsal floor (of the Union Ballroom) where the steps and levels would be, as well as actually placing the furniture. As the actor moved to a change of level, he or she was reminded "now you are on level one", or "now you are climbing the stairs to level two", or "this is played on level three." While this system was unsatisfactory, at least the actor was getting the idea of change implanted in his memory and was mentally climbing stairs and working with height.

The next six rehearsals were spent in memorizing lines and action. During this time some extra afternoon coaching sessions were held with those actors who had the longer two-some scenes, Pat and Ann, and Stephen and Lily. (These scenes will later be referred to by the names of the two characters with a hyphen between them.) This was done so that the time at the evening rehearsals could be spent working on the group ensemble scenes. As far as possible the scenes were kept in order so that a sense of sequence would be maintained. Since the play is so specifically a "scene" type of production,

breaking down into renearsal units was not too difficult. The divisions worked themselves out to be from the beginning of the play to the first Pat-Ann scene on page 76, then omitting that scene the next session would begin with page 94 and run to the second Pat-Ann scene on page 133. Then omitting again the second Pat-Ann sequence the work went on from page 146 to the end of the play.

From the thirteenth to the eighteenth rehearsal the time was spent (without scripts) in polishing up and sharpening characterization, working on special readings and the beginning of putting the whole play together. The cast found two special problems in learning lines. Many of the comedy scenes were written with short quickly spoken lines, with cues that had to be picked up with lightening speed. These scenes needed more time, since a missed cue would throw the rhythm of the play off. Special line-rehearsals were held and emphasis placed on speed. The second major problem was the long and complex philosophic lines which Stephen had when expounding his theory of life. He found difficulty memorizing the longer speeches, and the cast had difficulty sustaining their characters while the lines were being spoken. Special attention had to be drawn again and again as to the reaction each character would have to this idea.

Three rehearsals after the twentieth were held on stage prior to the two dress rehearsals. These stage

sessions were devoted mainly to smoothing out bad adjustments in movement, projection of voices and characterizations, and getting the actors accustomed to the feel of the stage and theatre. By this time the play was running fairly smoothly except for a few minor difficulties with spot scenes for action and an occasional line break. The problem of keeping the play moving was stressed again and again, and the cast began to feel their responsibility. By dress rehearsal time the play itself was fairly presentable. Lines were moving well, and most of the characters were responding to the stage-auditorium setup satisfactorily. The scenes offering the most trouble was the moody opening sequence when Mr. Barry projects his cast into an immediate state of "nerves" and the play must reach a high pitch almost from the first curtain; the fight sequence and the subsequent breaking away; the Tom-Hope-Stephen scene for right timing and toning of the love making; the timing of the entrance of the butler later in the play.

However these problems worked out in final dress rehearsals. The first dress was largely a technical rehearsal. Since there were so many intricate light cues that had to be timed in, the continuity of the play was broken. Slight readjustments had to be made for furniture arrangements, but there were few changes that needed to be made. In spite of the many breaks, the various scenes blended

well into each other, and both the cast and director felt that the play was ready for its final dress.

Because of a difficulty in booking the theatre this summer, an unusual procedure was used for the final dress. This last session was held the afternoon of performance. There was an advantage to this method--- the play was fresh and vivid in the minds of the actors as they went into an evening performance, but for many of the younger, more inexperienced members of the cast the strain of two performances in one day was a heavy drain and they were showing the results before the evening was over.

Final dress rehearsal went very smoothly with no breaks being allowed. With lights, costumes, make-up and the setting, the cast felt the magic spell of the theatre and responded with more emotional reaction than they had during any of the rehearsals. A few invited guests were favorably impressed with the play, and gave a slight response to the humor of the play by laughing audibly. This gave the cast a little opportunity to try for the holding and timing of laughs.

A total of twenty-seven full-cast and individual rehearsals were held. Five of those rehearsals were held on the stage where the play was given. If more time had been available on stage the cast would have had a little more confidence in itself. A certain amount of blocking

for action, and working on lines may be held in a rehearsal room, but no cast can get the feel of its stage and auditorium without working in that location.

The detailed rehearsal schedule with time, place and material covered follows.

REHEARSAL SCHEDULE

The entire cast is expected to attend all rehearsals, except those on special call.

Monday, June 30, 7:15-9:30PM, Union Tower Room. Tryouts.

Tuesday, July 1, 7:15-9:30PM, Union Tower Room. Tryouts.

Wednesday, July 2, 7:15-9:30PM, Union Ballroom. Final tryouts.

1. Thursday, July 3, 7:15-9:30PM, Union Ballroom. Read-through.
2. Monday, July 7, 7:15-9:30PM, Union Ballroom. Read-through.
3. Tuesday, July 8, 7:15-9:30PM, Union Ballroom. Read-through.
4. Wednesday, July 9, 7:15-10:00PM, Union Ballroom. Blocking, pages 1-40.
5. Thursday, July 10, 7:15-10:00PM, Union Ballroom. Blocking, pages 40-76.
6. Saturday, July 12, 1:00-3:00PM, Union Ballroom. Blocking, pages 76-94, 133-146. (Special call--Pat and Ann)
7. Monday, July 14, 7:15-10:00PM, Union Ballroom. Blocking, pages 94-133, 146-166.
8. Tuesday, July 15, 7:15-10:00PM, Union Ballroom. Pages 1-76.
9. Wednesday, July 16, 7:15-10:00PM, Union Ballroom. Pages

94-133, 146-166.

10. Thursday, July 17, 4:00-6:00PM, Union Ballroom. Pages 76-94, 133-146. (Special call--Pat and Ann)
11. Thursday, July 17, 7:15-10:00PM, Union Ballroom. Pages 1-76.
12. Friday, July 18, 6:30-8:45PM, Union Ballroom. Pages 94-133-146-166.
13. Saturday, July 19, 10:00-12:00AM, Room 240, Auditorium. Pages 123-132. (Special call--Stephen and Lily)
14. Saturday, July 19, 1:00-3:00PM, Union Ballroom. Pages 76-94, 133-146. (Special call-Pat and Ann)
15. Sunday, July 20, 10:30-1:00AM, Union Ballroom. Pages 1-76.
16. Monday, July 21, 7:00-10:00PM, Union Ballroom. Pages 94-133, 146-166.
17. Tuesday, July 22, 7:00-10:00PM, Union Ballroom. Pages 1-76.
18. Wednesday, July 23, 7:00-10:00PM, Union Ballroom. Pages 94-166.
19. Thursday, July 24, 4:00-6:00PM, Union Ballroom. Pages 77-94. (Special call--Pat and Ann)
20. Thursday, July 24, 7:00-10:00PM, Fairchild Stage. Run-through entire play.
21. Friday, July 25, 6:30-9:00PM, Union Ballroom. Pages 1-76.
22. Saturday, July 26, 1:00-5:00PM, Fairchild Stage. Run-

through entire play.

23. Monday, July 28, 7:00-10:00PM, Fairchild Stage.

Run-through entire play.

24. Tuesday, July 29, 7:00-10:00PM, Union Ballroom.

Pages 94-166.

25. Wednesday, July 30, 7:00-10:00PM, Union Ballroom.

Pages 1-94.

26. Thursday, July 31, 6:30-11:00PM, Fairchild Stage.

First dress rehearsal.

27. Friday, August 1, 1:00-5:00PM, Fairchild Stage.

Final dress rehearsal.

Friday, August 1, 6:30-11:00PM, Fairchild Stage.

Production.

D. THE PLAY IN PRODUCTION

The zero-hour for any director is the moment when the audience settles down in the darkened house and the curtain rises and suddenly he realizes that the work of so many weeks has reached its climax. Sitting in the rear of the auditorium as a member of the audience, he tries to view the play with the calmness of any play-goer seeing the production for the first time. Often this calmness is more outward show than inward peace of mind. Consequently, to give a dispassionate evaluation of the play isn't always possible.

The capacity audience that greeted Hotel Universe was an inspiration to both cast and director. That emotional stimulation that comes with seeing faces in the auditorium put a magnetic spark into the cast and those scenes that had seemed problems in rehearsal were played smoothly in performance.

Since no two audiences are alike and trying to gauge what might happen is risky, the cast was not warned as to expected reactions. Although the play did not drag, the physical strain of sitting and looking at the stage for two hours proved too much for the average playgoer. There was strict attention at all times, and few evidences of disinterest, but after the first ninety minutes an unexpected reaction was set off. Laughter at unexpected

moments kept bursting forth. Every time the Butler appeared to remind the guests that time was passing, he was greeted with laughter even before he could say his lines. Pat's calls for "Mary" and "Ann" off stage also aroused laughs. The repeating of the names in a plaintive voice struck the audience as funny. Had this reaction been anticipated or if the play had been repeated, a change in reading might have avoided the situation.

There seemed to be some confusion just at first when the cast went into the fantasy scenes. Whether the opening of these scenes should have been pointed up more sharply with more obvious changes in character and pantomime is a question that is hard to answer. Possibly the situation might have been aided by using a specific change in color in lighting as these scenes started. Something was needed to tell the audience that a change was about to begin.

Fortunately, the audience reaction did not affect the cast to the point where any one overplayed. Now and then an actor has an inspiration to improve on his interpretation of his role on the spur of the moment. In this cast the play was presented as rehearsed and, if audience reaction in the lobby may be taken as an indication, the drama was enjoyed, although not completely understood. This inability to understand all that Mr. Barry was trying to say was not limited to the Michigan

State College audience, if the critical estimates as published by the gentlemen of the New York Critic's Circle may be taken seriously. Several of these reviews of the play appear in a later section of this thesis.

No director is ever completely satisfied with his production and this is the case of this director with Hotel Universe. Seeing the play in production brought out many points which could have been improved upon, but one learns by doing and improves a technique by testing it. The human equation, which is such an unpredictable factor, in the theatre can only be learned by actually trying out, on an audience, the theories learned from texts. The worth of this type of thesis lies in the opportunity of learning by producing the play and studying the reactions in the theatre itself.

PART TWO

THE SCRIPT

Definitions of Abbreviations

C.....Center stage

D.....Down stage

L.....Left stage

R.....Right stage

U.....Upper stage

X.....Cross stage

HOTEL UNIVERSE

The Terrace is like a spacious, out-door room, irregularly paved with flags of gray stone. The house itself forms one wall on the left, a wall from which two screened doors open—the first from a hall, the second from a sitting-room. Down Left, against this wall a flight of outside stairs, guarded by a slender iron railing, mounts to a balcony.

The other entrance is at Right, down from the garden by stone steps. A three-foot wall follows the back and left sides of the terrace just to where the row of small cypresses, which screens the garden terrace, begins. Over and beyond the wall nothing is visible: sea meets sky without a line to mark the meeting. There, the angle of the terrace is like a wedge into space.

Down Right, a small but ancient fig-tree in full leaf rises from the pavement. There is a large fan-back chair beneath it. Upon the wall at Back, there are two folding-cushions. A small upright piano stands against the wall of the house. Near it, there is a table, upon which stand a carafe of brandy, a bottle of Cointreau, a bottle of champagne, and glasses. A few straw and wicker chairs and a sofa complete the furniture. It is about nine o'clock in the evening, and still quite light.

ANN FIELD sits at a small table at Left, a silver-coffee-service before her. She is about twenty-eight, and lovely. Near her, taking their coffee, sit TOM and HOPE AMES,

LILY MALONE and NORMAN ROSE. *On the other side of the terrace, half asleep upon a cushion with a coffee-cup beside her, ALICE KENDALL reclines. She is twenty-six, very smart and rather pretty. PAT FARLEY is at the piano. He is thirty-two, medium tall, slight, likable looking. NORMAN ROSE is the handsomest of the men, and about thirty-eight. TOM AMES is forty, of amiable good looks. HOPE, his wife, is four years younger, in full bloom. LILY MALONE is small, slight and thirty. Without a feature to remark upon, she is able to impart to her small, impudent face a certain prettiness. All are browned by the sun and wear light summer clothes. The women, except LILY, who is in a linen day-dress, wear simple evening-dresses. The men are in flannels.)*

PAT

—And this is a cheerful number from the heart of Old Provence: “Le Roy a fait battre Tambour.” Yvette Guilbert used to do it.

[He plays and sings the song, with its threatening, repeated refrain—“Rat-a-plan, rat-a-plan, rat-a-plan-plan-plan-plan.”

TOM (*at the conclusion*)

Sad.

HOPE

Oh, isn't it!

LILY

Lovely, though.

ALICE

But Ann said to play something gay.

PAT

Yes? How gay, Ann—very gay? (He looks at ANN. She meets his eyes for a moment, then averts her head sharply.) Well, here's how the monks tried to be gay at Easter. It's Gregorian—eleventh century—rejoice, rejoice— God, how gay. (He begins to intone the chant: "Halleluia! Halleluia!")— Can't you see the lines of them, shuffling along, heads down, hands in sleeves, rejoicing, rejoicing?
[He continues to sing "Halleluia! Halleluia!" Suddenly ANN rises.

ANN

Pat!

[But he goes on singing. ANN mounts the steps to the balcony and goes into the house. HOPE rises and goes to PAT.

Hope sits
up

HOPE

Pat—

PAT

What?

HOPE

Quit it!

PAT

Why?

HOPE

Why must we take our nerves out on Ann?

Rise XUR to
R end of sofa

PAT

"Nerves" did you say?

HOPE

—You heard what I said. And you've been the worst. Knowing what you used to be to her, I suppose the torture's great fun.

PAT

Go away, Hope.

HOPE

—Then why do you suppose she suddenly leaves us this way?

PAT

It's her own house, isn't it?

HOPE

Yes—and a fine time we've been giving her in it! The wonder to me is that she's endured our bad manners as long as she has.

TOM

Oh come now, darling—

HOPE

X to Tom ————— I mean it! All we've done for three mortal days has been to sit around and make bitter cracks about anything we could put our tongues to.—Don't you realize that we're the first Americans she's seen since she's been here? She begged us to come. It meant so much to her to have us. And now, on our very last night with her, we still behave like—oh, I'm so ashamed.
X back to —————
Chair R of piano [She returns to her chair.]

TOM

What do you want us to do, Hope?

NORMAN

Yes, what shall we?

HOPE

I don't know—something—anything but what we have been. It must be horrible for her, living here. She had a right to expect we'd bring some breath of life with us. And what have we given her?

PAT

Say it: the breath of death.

LILY (*to HOPE*)

You know the reason for our so-called "nerves", don't you?

TOM (*quickly*)

Now don't start that, Lily. We agreed when we left Antibes not to speak of that again.

NORMAN

Yes—Ann's got enough to depress her, without adding the sad story of a person she never knew or heard of.

LILY

Nobody's going to burden Ann with it. The point is, what it did to us. Every time I close my eyes I see him: a bright, sweet, utterly unimaginative boy of twenty-six—

HOPE

Don't—

LILY

—Standing up there, brown as a berry in a pair of

blue swimming-pants on the highest rock over the sea, and— Pat, did you really hear him say that?

PAT

Rise — Of course I did. He said: "Look, Farley, I'm off for Africa!"

TOM

It was the most beautiful dive I've ever seen.

ALICE

He couldn't have meant it. I'm sure it was an accident.

PAT

Accident nothing. It was suicide.

LILY

Just five minutes before, I was rubbing his back with oil. He asked me to. He couldn't reach between the shoulders.

PAT

Little mother—

LILY

Shut up.

HOPE

He had a daisy behind his ear, the way a grocer-boy wears a pencil—

TOM

And didn't look silly, either.

LILY

Not he!

NORMAN

Of course there must have been some reason for what he did.

HOPE

Please, let's not talk about it any more. It isn't safe to dwell on things like that. It makes you morbid.

TOM

There was something grand about the way he did it.

LILY

He laughed up at me—the way his teeth gleamed from the water! —Did he have unusually white teeth?

PAT

—Brushed them night and morning. Promised nurse he would.

HOPE

Pat—

PAT

Oh, what the hell—you all make me sick. None of us gave a hang for him. We scarcely knew him.

TOM

We do now.

PAT

A neat job, I call it—no body to dispose of. You know, it's the devil getting a body out of France. The export duty's enormous. And I think there's a luxury-tax. —Do I offend you? Sorry.

LILY

Why did he do it? Why did he *do* it?

*Others turn
away*

PAT

He'd just had enough, that's all. Eleven o'clock in the morning, up on a rock in the blazing sun— (*He looks away, his eyes narrowing.*) "I'm off for Africa" and that's all. Lord, it's magnificent. It's scored for drums, that. (*He sings again.*) ~~"Rat a plan, rat a plan, rat a plan, plan, plan."~~

*Strikes Chord
on piano*

TOM

Look here, if we don't get that boy off our minds—

LILY

I know. There's something contagious about it. It's like having been in a room with a person with—

HOPE

Lily—

LILY

All right.

TOM

No one is to mention it again. We're here on this visit to dispense cheer to Ann, aren't we? Isn't that why we came? Well, then—

LILY

Hopeless, hopeless, hopeless.—As cheer-makers I'd sell the lot of us at a nickel a pound, on the hoof.

TOM

We can keep the ball in the air until we go, at any rate.

HOPE

We've simply got to. Think of her—buried down

here for three years in this fake, rootless country,
dying of homesickness with a half-mad father—

ALICE

I saw him, you know. _____ *Sits up*

HOPE

You did!

NORMAN

When?

TOM

Where, Alice?

ALICE

It must have been him. Last night I woke up and couldn't get back to sleep again. I thought I heard someone down here, so I came out on the balcony. It was a funny light. Everything was—I don't know—awfully pale. For instance, that fig-tree didn't seem to have any color.

TOM.

But where was he? Here?

ALICE

Yes. At least there was a man— quite a nice-looking man, with gray hair. He was all in white. He was standing here at the wall, looking out over. The light-house was lit, and every now and then it would light him all up.

*Points to corner
of wall*

PAT (*unimpressed*)

Was there a very bright star in the sky?

ALICE

I didn't notice.

LILY

You ought to look out for those things, Alice, you really ought.

ALICE

I can see it all so distinctly, even to the way a button on his coat caught the light and a lace on his shoe that was untied and dragged along after him.

PAT

Then what did he do—ride off on a unicorn?

ALICE

*Gestures
toward garden*

No, he just went up there into the garden, the rooster after him.

HOPE

The what?

ALICE

Didn't I tell you? He had a white rooster with him.
—After awhile I heard it crow, quite far away.

HOPE

It must have been dawn then—

ALICE

No—it was nowhere near it.

LILY

Well, it must have been dawn somewhere—

PAT

It usually is—

TOM

You dreamed all that, Alice.

ALICE

I saw it.

PAT

—While we're here he's staying down at the what-do-you-call-it—the little house—the bastide. I imagine he's sicker than he thinks. A fine end for one of the foremost electrical experts in the country, eh? A swell finish for the only first-rate physicist we've ever had.

——— XU to liquor
table - 1st level

ALICE

But hasn't he always been a little—you-know?

PAT

He never seemed so to me.—Who'll have a drink?———

[He refills his glass.]

Norman indicates
he would like a
drink

NORMAN

But when was it he began to crack?

PAT

Only about five or six years ago.—This is a noble brandy.

TOM

I heard something about his haranguing a crowd in Central Park once—

PAT

He can't take people casually—that was part of his trouble. He's supposed to have some kind of power over them. Somebody said it's because he always seems so close to death.—It tastes like cucumbers.

——— J, 73

LILY

I've never known anyone to seem further from ~~it~~^{death} than that boy standing there on that rock, and—

HOPE

Lily!

LILY

Oh, all right.—Only I never have—not anyone.

PAT

Finally Ann had to bring him here, where he doesn't see anyone but her, and seems to be all right. It's a swell deal for Ann. (*His tone changes.*) So we thought we'd come and put on a show for her, did we? We thought we'd remind her of what a big, gay, exciting life exists outside these walls—rub a little salt in, just so she'd be really content to stay on here—is that it?

TOM

Lord, you can be a louse.

PAT

You bet I can.—If Ann has any illusions about what goes on in the great big wonderful world back home, I haven't.

*I to C wall-
standing.
looking out*

~~[He goes to the wall and sits there, looking out.]~~

HOPE

Just the same, Pat—

PAT

—Oh, go ahead. Do as you like. Be bright, be merry.

[A silence. LILY looks about her.]

LILY

I'm not happy in this old place. It's too violent, it's too dramatic. I know I'm an actress but hang it, I'm on a holiday. You get a sense of things being born all the time. They come bursting out of the ground. There's too much raw life about.

TOM

The house used to be a small hotel—the Hotel de l'Univers, it was called. I heard a tale or two about it down at the port to-day. It had been deserted for quite awhile before Ann and her father took it.

HOPE

Deserted? Why?

TOM

The boatman said things began to happen.

[PAT laughs.]

PAT

The man in 608 had a nightmare, and the lady in 609 rang for ice-water.

ALICE

Things! What things?

TOM

The idea seemed to be that people began to resemble other people and the place itself other places. And time went sort of funny. Their pasts kept cropping up.

LILY

—Excuse me, friends, but *I'm* taking the night-boat for Albany.

TOM

I'm only telling you what I heard at the port.

NORMAN

Rise —————

There may be something in it.— When *I* stepped out on this terrace the other night, it was for all the world like the Grand Central the first time I saw it, when I was fifteen. I don't mean just the way it looked. I mean—

LILY

Norman
XU to 13th/wid —————

I know—and now it's a hill-top in New Hampshire. We played Concord once. I used to climb out my window at night when Father had drunk enough to sleep—and up it, and lie on my back there.
[She closes her eyes.]

TOM

Maybe what you call the “raw life” here makes people children again.—Lord, I remember the way Under the Piano became as many places in as many moments: a boat to London, and then London. An airship, and a grocery-store. A circus-tent, and 'way down cellar.—And it was—for the moment it really was.

[A silence. Then:]

HOPE

Tom, I wonder how the children are? I'm worried. I think I'll cable.

[Another silence. Then:]

LILY

Dear, dear Father—how I miss him.

ALICE

Oh, she's got her father on the brain. Every theatre we went to in Paris, she did nothing but talk about how he used to play—

LILY

That's enough, Alice.

ALICE

Of course we're sorry he's dead, but why we should be bored with endless accounts of his—

LILY

I say it's enough!

TOM

This is pleasant.

HOPE

I tell you, you're all in a state.

PAT

I don't doubt that the people who used to come here were, too. Lord knows it's on the edge of the world.

[HOPE glances toward the house.]

HOPE

Here she is. Now for Heaven's sake—

[ANN comes in from the house. (balcony door)]

ANN

—That was foolish of me. Please don't mind. (*She goes to the coffee-table.*) More coffee, anyone?

TOM

I will.

HOPE

Me too. It's so delicious.

ANN

It took me two years to discover why French coffee was so vile.

HOPE

I could have told you. They load it full of chickory.

ANN

But the real trouble is in the roasting. They roast it black, till it looks like shoe-buttons.

NORMAN

~~That was the spirit that won the War.~~

TOM (*reflectively*)

—When I was a child, I used to have a pair of button-shoes that I wore Sundays.

~~LILY (to NORMAN) Has there been a war? I've been
away—~~

TOM

I don't think they make them anymore.

ANN

—So what did I do, but buy a roasting-machine of my own. It makes a very fine smell of a morning. More, Pat?

[PAT turns.

PAT

X to liquor
table

————— Thanks, I'll take another brandy.

TOM

So will Tom. I like my good things together.

[PAT fills two glasses for them, and returns to the wall with his.]

*Gives one
to Tom*

HOPE

It stays light so late, doesn't it?

ANN

Wasn't the beach a glory to-day? Wasn't it? Oh, I love that beach! It's my mother. ~~Why do you go?~~
Why don't you all stay on with me? I'll be good to you—

Sits up

LILY

If we could—

ANN

You're really splendid, you know. You are so splendid!

LILY

Don't make me cry, Ann.

ANN

You? (She laughs.) Imagine! (And turns to PAT.)
What *are* you doing there, Pat?

PAT

Me? Oh, just looking—

ANN

But I thought you didn't like views.

PAT

This isn't a view. For a view you've got to have a horizon. There's not a sign of one out there. The sea

meets the sky without a line to mark the meeting. The dome begins under your feet. The arc's perfect.

ANN

But I want to see your face. I'm fond of your lean, brown face— (*He turns to her.*) That's better!— Pat, you're older. (*He turns away again.*)—But I like you better older!

LILY (*after a slight pause*)

It's fantastic, this terrace. It just hangs here. Someday it'll float off in space—and anchor there, like an island in time.—I'm full of whimsies to-night. I need a good dose at bed-time.

Stretch

ANN

Lily, why do you spoil everything you say?

LILY

Do I?

ANN

Yes. What are you afraid of?

LILY

Oh—these people's gibes.

ANN

I don't understand it.

LILY

Ah, Ann—come on home with us! We do need you so.

HOPE

Yes, Ann! To Paris to-night—sail with us Wednesday. Just as a farewell-present. Oh, do!

ANN

What a grand idea!—Tied up in a box—ribbons!
Lovely!

HOPE

Isn't it even possible?

[ANN *laughs*.]

ANN

No dear, it's not—not possibly possible.

[LILY *picks up a book and begins to read it*.]

*from liquor
table*

HOPE

But surely you could leave your father for a month,
say. You could get a good nurse in Marseilles or
Toulon, and—

ANN

Father doesn't need a nurse.

HOPE

I'm sorry. I'm stupid.

ANN

No you're not. You're sweet. You're all sweet. But
I'm like that theoule tree—um, smell it!—I live here.

NORMAN

Three years is quite a while in one place—

ANN

Not here. Ever since we came my sense of time's been
confined to music.

[PAT *lights a cigarette*.]

PAT

—Look, everyone: there's nothing travels so fast as

light—thirty million miles a minute. But by the time they see this match on Orion we'll all have been dead fifty years, maybe more.

*Enters lower
door*

[FELIX, a French butler of about fifty, in a white summer uniform, comes in from the house.]

ANN (*laughing*)

There's a modest man!—He thinks they're hanging out of windows on Orion, to see him light a little match! (*She turns to FELIX.*)—Oui, Felix?

FELIX (*to PAT*)

Pardon, Monsieur—

PAT

Oui?

FELIX

Il est neuf heure juste, Monsieur.

PAT

Bon. Merci.

[FELIX traverses the terrace and goes out into the garden.]

ALICE

—And why was that, may I ask?

PAT

We've got to leave before eleven. I told him to let me know every half-hour from nine until then.

ANN

That was perfectly dear of you, Pat. That will help. (*A moment. Then impulsively:*) Oh, I don't see why you at least can't stay on! I want you to. Pat—stay—

PAT

I wish I could, but I've got dates with mountains.

~~[Tom pours himself a glass of champagne]~~

TOM

If you had any sense at all you'd know you ought to train for mountain-climbing.

X to liquor table

PAT

I feel pretty good, thanks.—Oh, by the way, would you mail some letters for me in New York?

takes letters from book on wall. X to Tom. gives them to him

TOM

Sure.

~~[PAT, from a book on the wall takes several small envelopes and one large one and gives them to Tom.]~~

TOM

—The big one's got no address.

PAT

There are four or five others inside it. I thought they'd be easier to carry.

[Tom puts the envelopes in his pocket, the large one with difficulty.]

TOM

You were wrong.

[Lily slams her book shut and tosses it upon the sofa.]

Onto table

LILY

—Another blonde heroine who won't take her milk, and Mama will throw up.

[There is a silence, which Alice finally breaks.]

ALICE

—Did I tell you?—I saw the most amusing boat this

afternoon: all white, with sienna sails, and a thin white prow—

[Another silence.]

TOM

—Gondolas are built in a rather curious way. You know how they seem to pivot—well—

[But he relapses into silence.]

HOPE

The air's so heavy—^{bring} ~~give~~ me a glass of water, ~~some-~~
~~one~~ please, Tom.

*Tom X from liquor
table to Hope*

[TOM gives her his glass of champagne. HOPE takes a swallow, and chokes.]

HOPE

This isn't water.

TOM

*X and sit
L end of sofa*

The water in France isn't safe. It's full of Frenchmen.

PAT

—And sometimes an American, who swims out too far.

[LILY turns on him, angrily.]

LILY

Oh damn you, Pat! Shut your trap, will you?

NORMAN (quickly)

How long is the drive to Toulon?

TOM

Fifty minutes, Mr. Rose.

HOPE (reflectively)

—Bags to be packed.

ANN

No, no—please—there's all the time in the world!

[Another brief silence. Then PAT speaks.]

PAT

It was funny motoring over here. We passed the old Hotel Beau-Site in Cannes. Lord, how it took me back. I had an English tutor there, named Briggs, when I was twelve. He fell in love with my mother.

ALICE

What did she do? Fire him?

PAT

Heavens, no.—Mother?

[NORMAN starts a record on a portable gramophone which stands upon the wall—it is the "Nailla" of Delibes.]

Phonograph on wall by garden steps

LILY

Dear God, not that again. If you knew what that tune does to me.

[NORMAN promptly turns it off and returns to his chair. Silence is again about to descend upon them, but HOPE will not have it.]

HOPE

Seriously, Ann—how did you know we were at Antibes?

ANN

I told you: I had a hunch.

[TOM's elbow catches on the bulky envelope protruding from his coat pocket. Unnoticed by PAT, he takes it out, opens it and extracts four smaller envelopes from it.]

HOPE

I know you said that. But seriously—

ANN

I have them, I tell you!—It's not my first one about Pat, is it Pat?—Do you remember my cable to London once, years ago?

PAT

What? Oh yes—yes, sure.

ANN

I got a feeling that he was in some kind of trouble, so I cabled.—But what the trouble was, I never knew.

[TOM is distributing the letters in his inside pockets and his wallet.]

LILY (to PAT.)

Don't tell me anything's ever gone against *you*, darling. I couldn't bear it.

ANN

—I asked you about it once before, didn't I?

PAT

Did you?

ANN

Yes. Don't you know what you said?

PAT

What?

[Now TOM has but one letter without a place for it. He reads the address upon it, starts slightly, frowns, and looks from it to PAT, and back again.]

ANN

You said: "I'll tell you that the day before I die."

PAT

All right. That still goes.

NORMAN

It sounds ominous.

ANN

Doesn't it!

[TOM taps the letter reflectively. Then:

TOM (*suddenly*)

Pat—this letter—

[PAT turns swiftly, goes to him, and takes it from his hand.

*Pat X from wall
to back of sofa*

PAT

Oh—oh, that—I'll tell you about that later.

TOM

I think you'd better.

[LILY is watching ANN.

LILY

—I wish I was like Ann.—Ann, I do wish I was like you. I feel so inadequate near you.

[ANN laughs and blows her a kiss.

ANN

Darling! You're famous—I'm nobody. I do nothing but read of your triumphs.

LILY

—The triumph of trash. You can have my public, if you'll give me your heart.

ANN

But you have it already!

LILY

I'd like to think that.

TOM

You may.

LILY

I want to play Cordelia in King Lear.

NORMAN

Cordelia?! You?]

*laughs and
turns away*

LILY

—And Booth turns a handspring in his grave. All right, but somehow that part fascinates me. Whenever I think of it I go absolutely cold. And still I know that if ever I have the guts to do Cordelia, my life will be a different thing.

PAT

Then why not try it? I'll back you, Lily.

LILY (*in fright*)

No! No! I wouldn't dare. (*Then she laughs.*)—No. I start my farewell tour any day now. I'm going to play the Styx instead.—That's a joke, the river Styx.

NORMAN

Everybody laugh.

[LILY springs up.]

LILY

Norman, there are times when I can't stand this

damned Jewish superiority of yours, and this is one of them.

NORMAN

Really? I'm so sorry.

LILY

—The way you look down from your eminence of three thousand years—honestly, who do you think you are, some Disraeli?

Lily X D to stand by DC chair

NORMAN

He was later, wasn't he?

LILY (*to the others*)

You see?

NR to piano chair and sit

NORMAN

Besides, I've always considered him enormously over-rated.

LILY

I wouldn't mind so much if it made you happy. But you're one of the most wretched men I know.

TOM

Go on—bankers are always happy.

ALICE

Norman's more than a banker. He's a financial genius. My uncle says so.

(*ANN laughs*)

ANN

There, Norman! Now are you happy?

[A moment. Then:]

NORMAN

X to L of sofa ——— No. —I'll tell you, Ann: here's how I see my life—

LILY

Tune in on Norman Rose Hour.

NORMAN

—There are several angles to it: When a man decides he wants to accumulate a fortune—

TOM

It's going to be a speech.

*XD to floor level
L of sofa* ———

PAT

—I can't speak to Mr. Morgan just now. Tell him I'll call him back.

*Norman X UC
to sit on 2nd level* ———

TOM

—Nine-thirty A. M. The great Norman Rose enters his office—

*X to liquor
table* ———

[He goes to the table.]

LILY (*in three tones of voice*)

Good morning, Mr. Rose. Good morning, Mr. Rose!
Good morning, Mr. Rose!

[TOM grunts, seats himself at the table and contemplates the bottles and glasses.]

*X behind him to
stand R of liquor
table*

TOM

I see my desk is piled with work again.

LILY

You must learn to depute the smaller duties to underlings, Mr. Rose.

TOM

I have to think of my stock-holders. (LILY knocks three times upon ~~her book~~ TOM turns.) Who's there?
table

LILY

It's me, Mr. Rose. Little Lily Malone. You know *me*.

TOM (*wearily*)

Come in, come in!

[LILY enters the great man's office.

steps up to table

LILY

—A gentleman to see you, sir.

TOM

I don't like gentlemen. It's ladies I like.—Come closer, Miss Malone.

[LILY stiffens.

grabs for Lily - she steps back out of reach

LILY

—A Mr. Patrick Farley. Morgan and Company. Sleighs and Violins Mended.

TOM

Show him in.

LILY

—Mr. Rose will see you now, Mr. Farley. (PAT comes in, LILY announces him.) Mr. Farley, Mr. Rose.—I know you'll like each other.

Pat steps toward table

[LILY retires. TOM indicates a chair. PAT seats himself.

Lily XR to sit L end of sofa

TOM

Well, Farley, what is it?

Pat in chair L of table

PAT

It's—just about everything, Doctor. I feel awful.

TOM

Your Chemistry is down. C-minus.

PAT

Yes, sir.

TOM

Your Physics is down. D.

PAT

Yes, sir.

TOM

Your English is down.

PAT

Yes, sir. I can keep everything down now, sir.

TOM

You were not so good at that last night, Farley.

PAT

I think you are forgetting your place, Rose. Please remember that my grandfather kept slaves, and your grandfather was one of them.

TOM

Yes, and a good one!

PAT (*sneering*)

—Pride of race, eh?

TOM

If you like.

PAT

And if I don't?

TOM

Farley, I am a busy man.

PAT

—Just so. And that is why I want to ask you a question:—That shipment of ear-marked gold for Sweden—

TOM

My God.

PAT

Don't temporize, Mr. Rose. He is my God as well as yours.

TOM

But I must have a moment to myself, to think. (*Suddenly.*) I know what! I'll telephone about it!

[He takes a long spoon from the table and holds the handle to his ear.]

PAT

—That was the old Norman Rose speaking. That was the Norman Rose we once knew, and loved.

[TOM speaks into the other end of the spoon.]

TOM

Get me Equitable Trust. (*Then to PAT:*) What ever became of your Aunt Jessie Sprague?

PAT

None of that now! Don't try to get me off on sex.

TOM (*to the telephone*)

Hello?

PAT

Say this to him first: Say "what *is* ear-marked gold?"

[TOM nods and waits a moment. Then:]

TOM

Hello, is that you, Trust? Yes. This is Norman Rose speaking—the old Norman Rose. Listen now, Eq—about that gold for Sweden—Sweden, yes.—Look here, old man, maybe you can tell me: what *is* ear-marked gold? (PAT nods approvingly. There is a silence. TOM holds his hand over the end of the spoon and turns to PAT.)—He's bluffing. (Another moment, then again to the spoon:) Oh it *is*, is it? That's what it is, is it? Well, let me tell *you* something: you're not a big enough man to bluff Norman Rose. No sir!—Well, it's your *business* to know! (To PAT.)—Still bluffing. (To the telephone.) All right, all right—that's all right with me! But if you think you can—hello! Hello, are you there? Hello—hello—(He puts down the spoon and turns to PAT.) He's gone. He's hung up, the big bluffer.

[PAT fixes him with his eye.]

PAT

It's you who are bluffing, Rose. (He points his finger at him.) What *is* ear-marked gold?

TOM (*confused*)

I—why, it's—I'm not sure, but I *think* it's—

PAT

We have no place here for men who are not sure.

TOM

Don't be hard on me, boy.

PAT

I'll give you two alternatives.

TOM

Make it three.

PAT

I'll give you three alternatives.

TOM

Four.

PAT

Four and a half.

TOM

Five. Five twenty-five!

[PAT's fist descends upon the table.]

PAT

Sold!—To the gentleman in the straw hat, for five twenty-five!

TOM

But who—who are you?

[PAT rises, opens his coat, and points to his badge.]

PAT

The Chairman of your Board of Directors. (TOM covers his face. PAT speaks quietly.) Good afternoon, Mr. Rose. (TOM rises, and makes one mute gesture of appeal.) Good afternoon, Mr. Rose.

[TOM hulks out of his office, a broken man. PAT seats himself at the table and pours a drink.]

X R to piano chair

NORMAN (*laughing*)

All right! I'll resign!

in chair L of
liquor table

Rise - X to chair
R of liquor
table

HOPE

Silly—they are so silly.

ANN

It was lovely! Do another—

HOPE

No, they mustn't. I'm always afraid they'll slip over the line and turn into the people they're pretending to be.

LILY

It would be grand just to let yourself go sometime. I wonder what would happen?

HOPE

I hate to think.

LILY

It couldn't be any worse than it is (She closes her eyes.) Hopeless, hopeless—

NORMAN

What?

LILY

Hopeless.

~~PAT (humming)~~

~~Rat a plan, rat a plan, rat a plan plan plan plan.~~

NORMAN (to LILY)

But while there's life, my dear—

LILY

—There's the rent to pay.

PAT

—And what's the big premium on life, I'd like to know?

NORMAN

Well, it does look like all we've got.

~~PAT~~

~~There was a great big war, Pat, and we survived it.
We're living on borrowed time.~~

~~TOM~~

~~Lost one battalion.~~

PAT *We're different than we used to be, you know.*
~~We're not lost. Our schedule is different, that's all.~~

—What I mean is, we'll have had the works at forty instead of eighty.

NORMAN

I've got a theory people expect too much from life.

ANN

But you can't! That's one thing that's not possible!

LILY

Then why is everyone so disappointed in it?

ANN

Because all they concern themselves with are its probabilities. Think of the things that might happen, can happen, do happen! The possibilities!

LILY

There might be a ray of hope in that. Who, for instance, would ever have thought that the little backstage rat I was, would spend a week-end with the King of Spain?—Not that I enjoyed it.

ALICE

—Snob.

ANN (*laughing*)

You might spend a week-end with yourself some-time, Lily. You just might have a lovely time.

LILY

I'd bore myself stiff. I'd get to showing myself card-tricks.

TOM

A person's got to look for disillusionment all the way along. It's the price paid by everyone who uses his head for anything but a hat-rack.

ANN

But Tom! What do you want with illusions in the first place?

LILY

Oh—just to make himself feel important. That's why he quit his business with such a great big gesture.

TOM

I quit publishing because it seemed ridiculous to devote my life to bringing out books about life.

LILY

Exactly—and how important the gesture made you feel. Sure. That's what we're all after—and that's all we're after.

ANN

You know, Lily, you're so completely de-bunked, there's very little of you left.

LILY

I tell you, to beat this game you've got to be born rich and healthy, and preferably a Farley—with Pat's private slant that nothing matters a damn anyway.

PAT

Is that my slant?

LILY

Isn't it?

ANN

It wasn't when I knew him.

PAT

People change, they say.

ANN

It breaks my heart to have you change, Pat.

[PAT glances at her, then looks away. ALICE stretches upon her cushion.]

ALICE

Oh, you all think too much. Why don't you be like me?

LILY

Need you ask, dear?

ALICE

I know that when I die, I die. But in the meantime I hope to keep my days and nights fairly full.

LILY

Of what?

ALICE

I may not be as clever as you, Lily, but I'm a whole lot happier.

[She yawns luxuriously.]

LILY

I have a cat that is, too.

ALICE

I love cats. Cats have the right idea.

PAT

They also have kittens.

[NORMAN clears his throat.]

NORMAN

It all resolves itself into the fundamental problem
of the location of Man in the Universe.

PAT

Really? Is that all?

TOM

Oh Lord, how can anyone believe he matters any,
when he knows that in a few years he'll be dead and
done with?

ANN

You honestly think that *this* is all there is, then?

TOM

This what?

ANN

This life.

TOM

Why, of course. Don't you?

[ANN laughs.]

ANN

Oh no, no, *no*! Of course not! Not possibly.

[They all look at her in astonishment. Even ALICE raises herself upon her elbow on the cushion. LILY murmurs.]

LILY

—She's marvellous. She's really marvellous.

TOM

Chemistry is chemistry, Ann.

ANN (*still laughing*)

Heavens, Tom, is that as far as you've got?

LILY

There's always the next step. Look: you see that nice little white scar there?

[She holds one hand out for her to see, wrist upward.]

ANN is serious in a moment.

ANN

Lily—what do you mean!

HOPE

Lily! You didn't!

LILY

—Didn't I, though.—At last a real use for old razor-blades.

HOPE

But when?

LILY

Oh—about a year ago. I forget, exactly.

HOPE

But my dear—*why?*

LILY

I just got sick of myself. (*She apologizes.*)—It wasn't very successful. I know too much. I made the tourniquet myself.

PAT

That's right, Actress, do your stuff. God's out front to-night.

LILY

—Will you tell the Kind Gentleman I enjoyed his little piece, but found no part in it for me?

TOM

Don't talk that way, Lily.

LILY

Why not?

TOM

It's blasphemy. I was born a Catholic, and I don't like it.

[LILY stares at him, finds him quite serious.]

LILY

"Blasph—"? I haven't heard that word in years. Say another.

NORMAN

I thought you'd given up your religion?

TOM

So I have. But all the same, the only real dope on life

I ever got was from an old priest at school. I'd like to see that old fellow again. He was a nice old fellow. Father Francis, his name was.

ANN

There's been a great space left in you, Tom. It will take some filling.

TOM

And with what?

LILY

They say cyanide is quite satisfactory.

HOPE

Don't, Lily—

LILY

Why? Don't tell me *you've* never thought of it.

(*HOPE is about to reply, but does not.*) Ha-ha!

Caught you—

turns away

TOM

Darling—you haven't really—

HOPE

Well, haven't you?

TOM

I know, but—

HOPE

Is it anyone's special privilege? Am I not worthy?

[LILY laughs, and turns to ALICE.]

LILY

Alice?

[ALICE sits up.]

ALICE

Yes, dear?

LILY

No, there'd be no point in it for you—it would be too little change.—But what about you, Norman? Do you ever yearn out windows?

[NORMAN smiles.]

NORMAN

I can't say I've ever seriously contemplated it, no.

LILY

Then go on and contemplate it.

[A brief pause. Then:]

NORMAN

Well, I wouldn't do anything positive—but if I knew I could save my life by changing from this chair to that one, I doubt if I'd move.

[Again LILY laughs. ANN is gazing at them in amazement.]

~~LILY~~

~~This is grand! (To ANN.) I suppose we can count you out, though.~~

~~ANN (briefly)~~

~~Yes. I'm out.~~

LILY

—And as for you, Patrick? How long since *your* last confession?

PAT

I'm sorry to disappoint you, but it's never crossed my mind.

LILY

And if I were you, I'd take precious good care it never did.

PAT

Thanks. You're kind. I'll remember.

LILY

—Because I don't think it would cross yours. I think it would stick there. *(She looks about her. Then, to Ann.)* Four out of six. Not a bad average, is it?

*Lily "This is grand! (To Ann) I suppose we can count you out, though."
Ann: "yes. I'm out."*

TOM

Pat, why was that letter addressed to me?

[PAT smiles.]

PAT

Suppose my foot should slip on an Alp?

TOM

Do you expect it to?

PAT

Not particularly, but there's always the hope.

TOM

You're not usually so foresighted.

PAT

But this time I am.

TOM

—I don't like it. May I read it now?

PAT

It would make me feel a little foolish. It's signed "oceans of love, Patrick."

ANN

What letter are you talking about?

PAT

One that he—

ALICE (*suddenly*)

Oh, good Lord—

HOPE

What's the matter?

ALICE

Suddenly I had the most abominable chill.

LILY

On a night like this?

ALICE

What a fool I am, really.

[NORMAN wraps ~~a thin beach blanket~~ about her.LILY (*sweetly*)on ~~evening~~ jacks?Please dear, let *me* say that.

NORMAN

I wouldn't give two francs for any of our nervous systems.

HOPE

It's probably too much sun and too little sleep for a week.

[PAT pours himself another brandy.

PAT

—And the grape—the grape and the grain.

[And drains the glass. Again silence descends upon them. HOPE finally breaks it.

HOPE

Is it always so heavenly here, Ann?

ANN

—Except for some overcast nights in the Autumn with no moon, no stars. Then there's such blackness as you wouldn't believe.—Only the light from the lighthouse on the Ile de Port-Cros, crossing the terrace here—like the finger of God, Father says.

[It has got darker, but the atmosphere possesses a luminous quality that imparts a strange definiteness of outline to the objects and the people upon the terrace. Again, silence. Then:]

LILY

I'm sad.—I could cry.—I am crying.—Oh, behave yourself.

[Suddenly ANN stands bolt upright, rigid.]

HOPE

What is it?!

ANN

Wait a minute.

HOPE

Honestly, Ann, I do wish—

ANN

Wait! (For a moment they wait, silent, tense. Then from the distance is heard one muffled report.)

—There. It's all right. Don't worry.

— sits

HOPE

But what on earth *was* it?

ANN

It's Father. He's at the bastide. Sometimes he fires a sunset-gun. I get to expect it.

ALICE (*awed*)

He won't do it again to-night, will he?

ANN

I said a sunset-gun. It sets only once a day as a rule. (*There is a silence. She rises, abruptly.*) Well, why shouldn't he, if he likes? I think it's splendid of him! (*A moment. Then she laughs shortly.*) Sorry! (*Waits another moment, and continues.*)—I imagine he'd seem a trifle strange to you, but to me it's a pretty grand sort of strangeness. I believe he is a very wise man.

*Others turn
away embarrassed*

TOM

I don't doubt it.

ANN

I don't always understand him, but that's my fault. I understand better than I used to, and sometime I hope to understand all. So I just try to follow him wherever his mind leads. I've been beautiful places there with him.

TOM (*after a pause*)

I unearthed a marble tablet in the lower garden to-day. It was in Latin and said: "To Semptronus who, at age 12, danced here, and pleased."

ANN

But how charming that is!—Can't you see him?—Semptronus—

[*TOM rises. All at once he is as excited as a child.*]



Ann: Why shouldn't he give the sunset gun if
he likes? I think it's splendid of him!

(L. 10)

TOM

I'd like to dance here, too. (To PAT.) Will you play? _____ *XU to 2nd level
behind sofa*
And would anyone mind?

HOPE

—Now that's what I mean! Really, we're not acting
at all sensibly, don't you realize it?

[TOM looks at her, and returns to the wall.]

TOM

—Ten years ago I wouldn't even have asked. It's a _____ *XU to 3rd level
facing out L*
rotten feeling, knowing your youth's gone—knowing
that all the brave things you once dreamed of doing,
somehow just won't get done.

PAT (as a small boy would say it:)

I wanna go out to the South Seas like Father Damien!

TOM (soberly)

I did, at that.

ALICE

Who is Father Damien?

TOM (reciting)

Father Damien was a noble priest who went to the
South Seas to help the lepers and got it himself.

HOPE

Sometimes I don't know his voice from little Tommy's.

[Suddenly TOM stands up upon the wall.] _____ *URC on section
of wall next to
house*

TOM

Look, Mummy! Look where I am!

HOPE

Get down, Tom, you'll fall. _____ *XU to steps
R of sofa*

TOM

Don't punish me, Mummy.—Reason with me.

HOPE

—Acting like that! I don't know where you think you are.

[TOM descends from the wall.]

TOM

—Under the piano. (He moves away from them, toward the table.)—Under the apple tree— (He seats himself cross-legged beside the table, whistling a tune softly through his teeth and trying to wrench the top from a wooden champagne stick. A moment, then he calls, as a small boy would.) Hey, Pat! Pat! C'mon over!

[PAT comes forward to him.]

PAT

Hello, Tom.

TOM

Hello, yourself.

PAT

Where're the other fellows?

TOM

How should I know? I got better things to do than follow *them* all over everywhere.

[He examines his stick with interest. PAT seats himself on the ground beside him.]

HOPE

Don't, Tom.—Make them stop, Ann. They go too far with it.

LC area below
1st level

Pat R
Tom L

[But ANN is silent, watching them intently.]

PAT

—Gosh, I feel good, don't you?

TOM

I feel all right.

PAT

—But don't you ever feel—gosh, I don't know—
good?

TOM

You don't feel very good when you've got things the
matter with you, like I have.

PAT

What have you got? (No answer.) Aw, come on, Tom
—is it really bad?

[TOM's head bends lower over his stick.]

TOM

It's awful.

PAT

Aw gosh, I'm sorry—tell me, Tom—

[A moment, then:]

TOM

Will you promise never so long as you live— (PAT
nods eagerly.)—I think I've got something, Pat.

PAT

What?

TOM

I think I got the leprosy.

PAT (*appalled*)

You've—? Gosh, Tom, why do you think that?

TOM

I read a book last night about Father Damien in the South Seas and he got the leprosy and I think I've got it.

PAT

How—how do you suppose you ever—

TOM

I gave a old woman a dime the other day, and she went and kissed my hand, and I think it must of been her that gave it to me.

PAT

But didn't you wash or anything?

TOM

I couldn't till I got home. And it takes awful fast. Look at that—

[He shows his wrist.]

PAT

Where?

[He almost touches TOM's wrist—but draws his hand back, fearfully.]

TOM

Doesn't it look sort of—white to you?

PAT

It does, sort of.

TOM

—And scaly. That's the way it starts. My foot's

the same way. I could tell for sure by putting it in hot water.

PAT

Hot water!

TOM

If you've got it, you don't feel anything, not even the water, even. Father Damien didn't. That's the way he knew.

[NORMAN is drawn over to them. He too, has begun whistling softly. His tune is "Pony Boy."]

*Straight D
goes to L of
boys*

PAT

Oh, he was prob'ly just a crazy ole priest.—H'lo, Norman.

[TOM scowls. NORMAN gestures "Hello." and goes on whistling, hands in pockets.]

TOM

—A *what*, did you say?

PAT

Well, there *are* crazy priests. Anyways, I bet there have been, sometime.

TOM

Never. Never one. God wouldn't let there be.

NORMAN

What about Theo-philus?

TOM

Who?

NORMAN

Theo-philus. _____

Squats

TOM

What did he do that was so crazy?

NORMAN

Just burnt the library at Alexandria, that's all.

TOM

I never even heard of it.

PAT

I did. Alexander the Great built it, quite a long time ago, to please his vanity.

NORMAN (*reciting*)

—And Theo-philus was a crazy Christian monk that burnt up the library which was the greatest in the whole world and which history tells us contained over seventy thousand volumes.

TOM

Well, if he did, I bet he had some good reason. I bet they were impure books, or something.

NORMAN

He was crazy.

TOM

I bet he knew they were good and lavishious and he just burnt 'em to the honor and glory of God.

NORMAN

He was crazy.

PAT (*pointedly*)

Of course you'd say so, anyway. I guess you'd say any Christian holy man of God was crazy.

NORMAN

I wouldn't either. (A moment.) Why would I?

PAT

I suppose you think we didn't notice you didn't eat that ham-sandwich the other day and asked for a sardine.

NORMAN

I wanted a sardine. I like sardines better. I like their taste better.

PAT

Yes, you do!

TOM (to PAT)

—Anyone says sardines taste better'n ham says so for some good alterior reason, you bet.

NORMAN

You know what *you* are, don't you?

TOM

What?

NORMAN

Cath'lic! Cath'lic!

Points at Tom

TOM (soberly)

I am a Catholic. Yes. I am proud to be a Catholic.

NORMAN

Yes—well, before *I'd* go to confession and things—

TOM

You know why?—You wouldn't get the chance. They wouldn't let you in. See, Mr. Jew?

PAT

You are a Jew, aren't you?

[NORMAN raises his head proudly.]

NORMAN

Of course I am. What about it?

TOM

You crucified our Lord, that's what about it.

NORMAN

Oh, no I didn't.

PAT

Who did, then?

NORMAN

—The Roman soldiers. See?

PAT

Oh, you think you know everything. All you do is sit around and read books, little Ikey.

NORMAN

I'm not an Ikey! Don't you call me that!

TOM (to PAT)—You're just as bad as he is. A heretic's what *you* are— Protestant-dog-sit-on-a-log-and-eat-meat-on-Friday!

PAT

I'll eat anything I like any day I like—see? *And* ham.

TOM

It's all right now, only wait'll you die. Just wait'll then.

PAT (*to NORMAN*)

Pooh, "when I die." That's what the priest tells him—

TOM

Well, just let me tell *you*: when I grow up maybe I'm going to be a priest. See? Maybe I've got a vacation right this minute. See?

PAT

A what?

TOM

A vacation—a call.

[PAT looks at him in wonder.]

PAT

Gosh.

TOM (*closer to him*)

Just think that over, Mr. Fresh.—And when you hear of me going out to the South Seas and places like Father Dami—

[Awestruck, he remembers his malady. In fear he peers at his wrist again.]

PAT

Is it any worse?

TOM

I—I think it's spread a little.

PAT

Listen—

TOM

What—

PAT

I know a fellow's got a doctor-book. Only he won't lend it. You got to look at it at his house. Shall we—?

TOM

All right. (*A moment. Then.*) Pat—

PAT

What?

TOM

What would you do if *you* had the—the you-know?

PAT (*after thought*)

I'd kill myself.

TOM

You couldn't. You'd go straight to hell. And the tortures of the you-know are as nothing to the tortures of hell.

PAT

Just the same I'd do it, though. I certainly wouldn't go around with the lepr— (*TOM claps his hand over his mouth.*) Let go!

TOM

—You promised! (*To NORMAN.*)—You get out. Get out, now!—If you know what's good for you—

[*NORMAN leaves them. PAT struggles.*]

*Norman returns
to 1st/entr*

PAT

Let go! I'm—I can't breathe. Let go—!

[*Still TOM holds him. PAT struggles harder. He begins to beat at him with his fists. Finally freeing*]

himself, he goes at him more violently. TOM retaliates. They go up and down the terrace, advancing, retreating, clinching, separating, raining blows upon each other in dead earnest. HOPE suddenly realizes that they are no longer playing, and cries:

Lily X to R of
Piano

Fight LC floor
area

HOPE

Stop it! (But they go on. She begins to strike at PAT.) Stop! Stop it, do you hear me? (She turns imploringly to NORMAN.) Norman!
[NORMAN goes to TOM.]

X's to them

NORMAN

Come on, now—that's enough! (He holds his arms from behind.) What's got into you two?
[HOPE stands between PAT and TOM, protecting TOM. They are gasping for breath, glaring at each other. TOM lurches forward once more.]

Ann X's to Pat

HOPE

Stop, Tom!—How often must I tell you— (Then she takes him in her arms.) Oh, didn't I beg you not to!
[ANN goes to PAT.]

Ann takes
Pat to chair C
and seats him

ANN

Pat—Pat, dear—
[PAT stares at her blankly for a moment, then suddenly slumps down into a chair.]

PAT

I'm—I don't know—
[NORMAN releases TOM, who stares first at HOPE, then at PAT, amazement growing in his eyes.]

ALICE

Well, of all the—

ANN

Wait!—Are you all right, Pat?

PAT (*weakly*)

Sure.

~~[HOPE covers her face]~~

HOPE

Holds Tom in arms ——— Oh, I'm scared—I'm so scared.

ANN

Of what, Hope—of seeing life burst the walls of the little room we try to keep it in?

[Suddenly TOM turns upon her.]

TOM

Well, Ann—if you know so much, what's the answer to the whole works?

ANN

*Standing R of
a chair* ——— If I could tell you—

HOPE (*gently*)

Tom—listen—

TOM (*suddenly savage*)

*Hope pulls Tom O
to sit on 1st level* ——— I say, what's the answer? I want to know! (*He averts his head, sharply.*) God help me, I've got to know!

ANN

X to LC ——— —But I can't tell you!—I don't know how.—Oh my dears—what is to become of you? How can I let

you go to rove the world like ghosts this way? ————— *X back to RC*

You're so pitiful, and I love you so!

[FELIX comes in from the garden.]

*Pats hand on
Pat's shoulder*

FELIX (*to ANN*)

Pardon, Mademoiselle—

ANN

Oui? Qu'est-ce-que c'est?

FELIX

C'est le père de Mademoiselle qui fait demander si
elle a besoin de lui.

ANN

Ou est-il?

FELIX

À la bastide, Mademoiselle.

[A moment. ANN looks about her, at the others.]

Then:

ANN

I'll go to him.

[She turns and goes out, up the garden steps.]

FELIX turns to PAT.

X's

FELIX

Pardon, Monsieur—il est neuf heures-et-demi, Mon-
sieur.

PAT

Merci.

[FELIX bows and goes out, into the house, taking the
coffee-service with him. There is a long silence, then

LILY collects herself and speaks.]

lower door

LILY

What did he say to Ann?

ALICE

Her father sent to ask if she needed him. She's gone to him.

HOPE

Needed him!—For what, I wonder.

[Another pause. LILY ventures hopefully:

LILY

X out to RC

It is not generally known that polo was invented by Chinese women.—An interesting fact, is it not? (*No*

X back to R

one replies.)—Nope.]

NORMAN (*reflectively*)

—I'd like to go all alone to Andora.

ALICE

Where's that?

NORMAN

I don't know.

ALICE

Then what do you want to go for?

NORMAN

No Federal Reserve—no “giant mergers.”—Time to think—Lord, time to think!

LILY

About what?

*Xing R toward
Lily*

NORMAN

Lily, I'm sorrier for you than for anyone I know.

LILY

I don't want your pity, Mr. Rose. I just want your money.

NORMAN (*pondering*)

When I was working in that fur shop on Twenty-third street, I was a free man. (*A moment. Then he rises abruptly.*) I think I'll go in and pack.

[And goes out into the house.]

Lower door

TOM

Of course I think the trouble with Norman is, he's caught and he knows it. He'd like to retire now, but he can't. Too much depends on him.

[PAT laughs shortly.]

PAT

—All looking for the answer, when there isn't any answer. (*A moment.*)—Unless maybe it's "Off for Africa."

HOPE

—That will do, Pat. Don't even start it.

ALICE

I still don't see why men like you three can't enjoy life.

LILY

Promise me something, dear—

ALICE

What?

LILY

—When you die, leave your head to the Rockefeller Institute. It's a little gem.

[ALICE rises and moves toward the house.]

ALICE

Oh, you're always so bright—

LILY

X to L end of ——— I know. Isn't it the devil?
Sofa

ALICE

If you weren't, *an fond*, such a common little piece—

LILY

—*N'est ce pas? (To the others.)*—She thinks in French.

On stairs to ——— ~~[At the door]~~ ALICE turns and contemplates them.
balcony

ALICE

Honestly, it's all so boring—

[And goes out.]

LILY

The trouble with that girl is complete lack of vitamins A to Z.

HOPE

Do you suppose Norman is really in love with her?

LILY

Sits on sofa ——— I don't know. Anyhow, there's a chink in that fine Semitic pride of his. It would never risk a refusal.

HOPE

But surely if she cared for him—

LILY

She doesn't—too much effort.

[A pause. TOM rises.]

X DL

TOM

Oh Lord, if only I'd died at fifteen.

PAT

Maybe you did.

HOPE

It's been a ghastly week all around. No wonder we're depressed.

Rise

[TOM looks at her.]

TOM

Hope, sometimes I feel I don't know you at all. (~~He mounts the steps to the house.~~)—And we're supposed to be the lucky ones! We're the ones who've got the world by the top of the head. I'll let you know when I'm packed, Hope.

X to R

[And goes out.]

turns back to Hope

Upstairs

HOPE

I'm coming now. (To PAT and LILY.)—He came abroad this time to study the origins of Ecclesiastical Precedence in Rome. He got as far as Antibes. He gets vaguer all the time. I'm so worried about him I can't see straight.

Starts after him
Stops L of Pat

X to foot of stairs

PAT

Of course I think Tom's trouble is having too much time on his hands.

X to liquor table
to get drink and
brings one to Lily

HOPE

But it's his time to himself he always said he wanted! That would solve everything. And now that he's got

it, *it's* not enough. I wish to heaven we were home with the children and he was still rushing madly for the 8:22. He cursed it, but it kept him going.

PAT

X to RC

—You're just travel-worn, that's all. Why not let him make his crusades for Truth by himself?

HOPE

Climbing stairs

—And get sent for the first day he's lonely? That's what's always happened.—Except once, just once, when he did go to Canada for a month. (~~She rises.~~) He accomplished two things toward his soul's salvation there—two great things.

PAT

What?

HOPE

—He grew a red beard and learned to whistle through his teeth. (*She moves ^{up} toward the stairs.*)

—Talk about children! He's the worst one I've got. Oh, if you *knew* how I want to stay home with my *real* babies!

balcony

[*And goes into the house.*]

LILY

*Pat X back to**sofa and sits**on R end of sofa*

—Which is the answer, of course, to Hope.

PAT

What is?

LILY

She's so peaceful, so normal. She's all home and babies.

PAT

That's not a bad thing to be.

LILY

It's a grand thing to be.—And so is it to be the fine, free, roving soul that Tom might. It's the combination that's wrong. Of course *I* think the real trouble with them both is— (*Suddenly she stops, and laughs.*)

Do you realize what we've been doing?

Leans back on sofa

PAT

What?

LILY

—When I go in, what will you say about me?—The trouble with Lily is what? What's wrong with Lily?

PAT

Is there anything?

LILY

Plenty. But Pat—

PAT

What?

LILY

I think we've been good for each other, don't you?

PAT

I suppose so.

LILY

You lie, you don't!

[*PAT looks at her mildly.*]

PAT

, Don't be violent, Lily.

Turns away[LILY groans.]

LILY

—Now he's going to turn gent on me again. That's the catch with you: you were born a gent and you can't get over it.

PAT

I think I've done pretty well.

LILY

Oh you do, do you? Well, listen to me—

*Sinks down
in sofa*

PAT

Lily, I'm sunk.—And low, deep, full fathom five:

[She looks at him curiously. There is a silence. Then she speaks in a different tone:]

LILY

Have a drink.

PAT

No, thanks.

LILY

Pat, when I first knew you, your spine had turned to jelly—

PAT

Yes?

LILY

Yes. And your slant was all wrong. You'd been ex-

pecting too much of something—I don't know what—and hadn't got it. You were a mass of sobs.

PAT

That's a pretty picture.

LILY

It was you.—I'd knocked around enough, man and boy, to know what people really are. I taught you to expect nothing, didn't I?

PAT

Yes.

[She raises her glass.]

LILY

—And what a dandy little mother's-helper *this* is—
[She drinks.]

PAT

Yes.

LILY

—And that there's no de-lousing station big enough to pass the whole world through.

PAT

That's right.

~~LILY~~

~~Well—have a drink.~~

~~[But he decides not to.]~~

PAT

—I suppose they're good things to have learned.

LILY

I've changed your slant, haven't I?

PAT

Something has.

LILY

You've done a lot for me, too. How is it I don't fall in love with you, I wonder—

PAT

I don't know. Have you tried very hard?

LILY

Awfully hard.

PAT

I'm sorry. Maybe I'm just not your type.

LILY

Would you like to be?

PAT

I never gave it much thought.

LILY

Don't I attract you at all, Pat?

PAT

You might, if I thought about it.

LILY

*Pat rises X's R
behind sofa and D
to L end of sofa*

Think about it. (~~He does so. They look intently into each other's eyes.~~) Have you thought?

PAT

Um.

LILY

What's the answer?

PAT

I'm attracted.

LILY

Much?

PAT

Quite a lot.

LILY

Would you mind kissing me, Pat?

PAT

On the contrary.

LILY

Then do, please. (He kisses her. She clings to him
briefly, then turns away.) Oh, it's so awful—

*Leans over her
to kiss her*

PAT

Thanks! (*Then:*)—What is?

X to R by piano

LILY

I don't feel anything. I don't feel anything at all.

PAT

No. I thought not.

[She turns quickly.]

LILY

You knew about me?

PAT

I imagined.

LILY

Don't get me wrong, Pat. I'm not one of the girls,
either.

PAT

I never supposed you were.

LILY

I just—don't feel anything for anyone.

PAT

Some people have all the luck.

LILY

Oh, no—don't say that! I want to, so much— (A moment.) It seems to me—dimly—way back somewhere, I loved someone terribly. I don't know who—my father, maybe.

PAT

There you go about your father again.

LILY

—All I know is, that since, there's been nothing.

PAT

Maybe that did the trick, Lily.

LILY

How?

PAT

Maybe that's all you get.

LILY

————— You're a wise guy, in a way.

PAT

You think?

*X to R end of
Sofa and sits*

LILY (~~touching his forehead~~)

—The Farley brow, eight months gone with Minerva.
Where do you get all your dope?

gestures toward forehead

PAT

The ravens feed me.

LILY

Oh, hell—nothing happens anymore.

PAT

Buck up, Lily. Something will before you know it.

LILY

A broken neck would be welcome.

PAT

Give things a chance. Don't try so hard for them.

LILY

All right, teacher.—Have another drink?

PAT

Later—when the night wears on a bit.

LILY

Yes—and won't it, though—

[ALICE appears on the balcony.]

ALICE (*lowly*)

Listen, you two—

[LILY puts on her humorless smile.]

LILY

Yes, Angel? (To PAT.) Reach me my Winchester,
will you?

ALICE

Honestly, I've got the queerest feeling.

LILY

I told you a week ago you swallow too fast.

ALICE

—I don't suppose we could decently leave *before* eleven—

PAT

No, I don't suppose we could.

ALICE

I was afraid we couldn't. (*She moves toward the doorway, but sways against the railing. She exclaims, weakly:*) Oh—come up here a minute, someone—will you? I feel awful.

LILY

Right away, dear.

[ALICE goes out, into the house again.]

PAT

You'd better go. She may be ill.

~~*[LILY is looking off into the garden.]*~~

*Returns glasses ———
to table*

LILY

Ann's coming back. One thing, Pat—

*X to stairs - looks ———
toward garden*

PAT

What?

LILY (*as she moves to follow ALICE*)

If I were you, I'd be careful to-night.

PAT

About what?

LILY

About Ann. You may not know it, but you're still the world to that girl.

PAT

You're talking tripe, Lily. _____

LILY

Just the same, I'd be careful. (PAT turns abruptly and looks out over the wall. ~~FELIX has come out upon the balcony, with three or four small candle lamps, unlighted, which he arranges upon the balcony wall.~~ ANN comes in from the garden.) Ann—do you suppose your maid could give me a hand with my things?

ANN

But of course! She's in my room. Call her.
[LILY mounts the steps. FELIX takes out his watch.

LILY

—And it isn't tripe, my Patrick.
[From far in the distance beyond the wall a small pencil of light is cast. It performs an arc in space, sweeping across the terrace, flooding over the upper wall of the house and disappearing again in the garden above.

FELIX

Pardon, Monsieur— il manque dix-sept minutes de dix heure, Monsieur.

PAT (without turning)

Bon.

[FELIX goes into the house.LILY (at the top of the steps)

What happens when you forget to wind him up?

X back to 2nd
level behind big
chair

Felix in from
LR door

[She goes into the house by the other door. ANN stands silently watching PAT until the door has closed behind LILY. Then suddenly, swiftly, she goes to him, takes him by the shoulders and turns him about, facing her.]

PAT

Oh hello, Ann.

[From the distance piano-music begins to be heard.]

ANN (*lowly, intensely*)

I won't have it, Pat. I just will not have it!

PAT

It?—What's that you won't have?

ANN

Something's burning you up. Tell me what it is!

PAT

I'm afraid you're imagining things. Where's the music from?

ANN

Réné Mayer has a house up the road. It's always full of musicians.—You've got to listen to me. I—

PAT

Have you heard Sandy Patch's new song? (*He moves toward the piano.*)—It's called "Drunk and Disorderly." It goes like this—

ND to 1st level

ANN

Don't, Pat—we haven't time—

PAT

Then let's get the others down, shall we?—And enjoy what there is left.

[He makes a move toward the house. Her hand upon his arm stops him.]

Still on 1st level

ANN

Wait!

[She looks away, to control herself, her hand still upon his arm.]

PAT

I'm all right, my dear. Really I am.

ANN

We've known each other quite a few years, now—

PAT

We have, haven't we? I feel pretty spry, though, don't you?

ANN

We've always been able to talk.

PAT

They say I could talk when I was only—

~~[Her hand tightens upon his arm.]~~

Motion to show height at age when could talk

ANN

—Which we've always done directly, and honestly.

PAT

Yes?

ANN

Shan't we now?

PAT

If you like. Why not?

ANN

When you leave to-night I shan't see you again for at least a year—maybe more—

PAT

Oh—before I forget—

[From his pocket, in a fold of tissue-paper, he brings a very simple and fine ruby pendant, and gives it to her.]

ANN

What is it?

PAT

It was Mother's. I'm sure she'd want you to have it. I know I do.

ANN

Beautiful—

PAT

I think so.

ANN

But Pat—it's priceless—

PAT

So was she. So is Ann.

ANN

Oh, thank you for it! Put it on for me— (He catches it around her throat. She turns again, facing him, then stands for a moment with her forehead against his breast.) Pat—my dear Pat—

PAT

Things don't go the way we'd like them to, Ann.

[A moment, then she leaves him.]

ANN

—You've been dodging around corners, to get away from me.

—— X to L

PAT

I didn't know it.

ANN

I won't bite you, Pat.—What's been happening to you these past three years? I'm still a little interested.

PAT

It's been pretty much the same sort of life, thanks.

ANN

What are you doing with all that money?

PAT

Oh—spending some of it—giving away quite a lot of it. It's an awful pile to make a dent in.

ANN

You never found the job we used to talk so much about—

[PAT smiles.]

PAT

How well she knows me.

ANN

There are only two people in this world who are really important to me, you and Father.

—— X to Pat

PAT

I'm—thanks, Ann. That's good to know.

ANN

I've been able to help him a little—

PAT

I should think you had.

ANN

*Ann makes gesture
with hand
holds Pat's hand*

I'd give the eyes right out of my head, if I could help you. *(He lifts her hand to his lips, kisses it, and turns away.)* Oh Pat, Pat—whatever has happened to you?

PAT

Breaks away R

Myself.

ANN

—Don't you go telling yourself you're no good! You're the best there is.

PAT

You don't know.

ANN

Oh, yes I do!

PAT

Anyhow, let's not get solemn about—

ANN

—And what do you suppose it means to me to know that a person I love as I love you is breaking up into little pieces over something I've no share in?

PAT

But Ann—you don't love me anymore.

ANN

I do, though. I've never got over it—never. I love you with all my heart. (*A silence. She smiles uncertainly.*)—I don't suppose by any chance you love me back—

*X to L. still
on 1st level*

PAT (*with difficulty*)

There's something in the way. Nothing can ever come of you and me now. There's something in the—
[*He turns away, with an exclamation.*]

ANN

Tell me.

PAT

I can't.

ANN

—You'll be shocked to hear I'm living with you in my mind. I've taught myself to dream about you nearly every night. That gives me—rights.

PAT

Ah, Ann—let it go—please let it go.

*still/
turned away*

ANN

I can't. I simply can't.—You've always been a life-and-death person. You take things terribly hard. I'm sure it's not as hopeless as it seems. (*But he does not answer.*)—Do you remember the first time we met, on the Westbury Road?—me lost, with a sprained ankle, and you—

X to Pat

PAT

—When I forget anything about you and me—

ANN

I wish we could get back there. I wish we could start from the Westbury Road again.

PAT

—But we can't.

ANN

—Such a dear, serious boy you were. All the time you were in college you used to come to me with your little troubles—

[He laughs.]

PAT

turns to her

—Would I row on the Crew?—I didn't make the Dramatic Club.—What if they passed me up on Tap Day.—Poor Ann—

ANN

I was important to you then—

PAT

You still are.

ANN

Come to me now with your big trouble, Pat.

PAT

I'm just a flop, darling.

ANN

It's a little soon to decide that, don't you think?

PAT

I told you my schedule was different.

ANN

*XD to R end of
sofa and sits
on arm*

Pat, whatever happened, happened four years ago.

You came back from a year in England, and you were changed. It was a girl, wasn't it? I saw her picture in your study. What was it—wouldn't she have you?

[PAT smiles.]

PAT

I forget. What did she look like?

ANN

Very young, quite English, very fair. A lovely face—pretty, oh, so pretty.

PAT

Funny—I've forgotten.

ANN

I haven't.—Then you went over again the next winter—for how long was it?

PAT

I don't know—three weeks—

ANN

That's when I had my hunch about you. It wasn't long after you'd sailed. I was walking up Madison Avenue and in a florist's window I saw a lot of hawthorn blossoms—

[PAT starts slightly.]

PAT

Hawthorn—

ANN

Yes. They were lovely, and I was going in to get some when all at once I began to feel terribly queer.

*Pat X to hassock
LC and sits*

It was as if the bottom had dropped out of everything. I knew it had something to do with you, and I love you and I just went on home without them.

PAT

I don't get it at all.

ANN

Nor do I.—But the next morning I passed the same shop and saw that the hawthorn was gone. Somehow, that was terrible. I couldn't get warm again all day. I love you and I had to cable you.

PAT

I don't get it.

ANN

*Rise—turn to
him*

I've never known such a change in a person, as in you when you came back. Suddenly you were as hard as nails, and so bitter. I hated leaving you that way when I came here with Father. But I was sure you'd get through it somehow, back to yourself. Now I see that you haven't. I see that it's worse than it ever was, it's destroying you. Oh, Pat—~~it can't be just~~ some fool of a girl who wouldn't have you.—What has done it?

X to Pat

PAT

Rise—turn away

Honestly, Ann—it's all so long ago.

ANN

But I've *got* to know. Tell me!

[PAT shakes his head.]

PAT

It's all too ridiculous. Really. I never even think of it anymore.

ANN

Whether you do or not, it's got you still. Something awful's got you. Tell me—it will help to tell me. Ah, *please*—because I love you—

PAT

I would if I could. I want to. I simply can't.

ANN

I'll find out!

PAT

All right, Ann.

ANN

—But can't you *accept* it, somehow? Can't you take life whole—all of it—for what it is, and be glad of it? Why do you have to go at it with a tin box of paints, daubing it up pretty? You're grown-up, *now*.
—Why, my dear! What have I said? What is there in that, to hurt you so?

*Pat starts
and turns away*

PAT

Listen: you can have your marvellous life. I'm not taking any.

turns on her

ANN

What are you talking about?!

PAT

—The lot of you—clutching, grabbing at some little satisfaction that lasts a day or two—a swell business.

ANN

You dare talk to me about my life like that!

*Takes a step
back*

PAT

Yours—theirs—anyone's—

ANN

X to 3rd/level

Oh, you're horrible—

[PAT looks at her intently.]

PAT

So you're the last to go. You fail me too—

ANN (*a cry*)*C of 3rd/level*

—You?—And who are you, that you shouldn't be failed sometime?

PAT

*Ann sits on bench**R on 3rd/level*

I don't know, Ann. I've often wondered. (*Again he moves to the wall and stands looking out over it, the light from the lighthouse breaking over his head.*
~~Ann sinks into a corner of the sofa. From the distance, the piano-music begins to be heard more clearly. For a long time they are silent. Then PAT~~
~~speaks. His voice is one of wonder, almost of fright.)~~

—They're right about this place—it is so, you know—it's really so—

ANN

Staring straight ahead

What is?

PAT

—Like other places—like another place—

ANN

Where?

PAT

—A house my mother had in Florida, four years ago, when I came back from England—

ANN

That was the second time—

PAT

Yes. It was in March. I came straight down here from New York—I mean straight down there. Mother was in the patio all alone, having coffee—

(Still he looks out over the wall, without turning.)

—I had so much to tell her—I'll never forget it—I thought if only I could talk to someone who—

[ANN speaks, softly:]

ANN

Hello, Son. It's good to have you back.

PAT

—Could talk to someone who might, just might, have some little faint idea of what I—

ANN

Hello, Son. It's good to have you back.

[A moment. Then:]

PAT (*a murmur*)

Hello, Mother. It's good to be back.

[He comes forward to her, slowly.]

ANN

I didn't expect you quite so soon.

PAT

I know.

[He sinks down upon a cushion on the floor beside her. The eyes of both are straight ahead, not looking at each other.]

*Slowly turns
H's up to her*

ANN

You're looking tired.

PAT

It was a rotten trip. (*He goes on in a low voice, almost mechanically.*)—I think I'll stay awhile this time.

ANN

I'm glad.

PAT

It seems like a pleasant place.

ANN

It's peaceful.

PAT

That's good.

ANN

hand on shoulder — Ah, Pat—what is it, dear? I've worried so about you.

PAT

Yes. I suppose.

ANN

I've wanted to ask, but—

PAT

I know. I just couldn't talk.

ANN

Are you so very much in love?

PAT

Yes.

ANN

Tell me about her. Who is she?

PAT

Oh, it's all over now.

ANN

Over?

PAT

Yes.

ANN

But are you sure?

PAT

I'm certain.

[A moment. Then:]

ANN

Who was she, then?

PAT

—Mary Carr—the niece of one of my dons at Cambridge. (A moment. His voice hardens.)—Cambridge—another of Father's fake ideas. Finish me off, eh? Turn me into the little gentleman. Every inch a Farley— God!

ANN

Hush, Pat—

PAT

—Be good at everything. Shine! Always shine! And if you can't, don't play.—I can still hear his voice.

ANN

—Mary Carr, I've seen her photograph. She's very lovely.

PAT

Yes.

ANN

—And young.

PAT

She was eighteen in November. (*A pause. Then suddenly.*) God, that is young. Father was right *there*, at least.

ANN

What happened when he went over to you last year—

PAT

I cabled I wanted to get married. He cabled me to wait, he was coming. I waited. He came. He talked me out of it. (*Bitterly.*)—She wasn't suitable.

ANN

But that wasn't *your* reason—

PAT

I tell you I let him talk me out of it!

ANN

You agreed to put it off, that's all.

PAT

Yes—that's what I told myself—and that's what I told Mary.—That's what the little swine I was,

grunted at Mary—just put it off awhile, that's all. But somehow the point missed Mary—somehow she didn't get me.—She just stopped talking in the middle of a word, and went into the house. And I took a train, and sailed with *him*. He was ill then—or said he was—we couldn't wait a day.

ANN (*hesitantly, after a pause*)

You—I suppose you and she—you'd been a good deal to each other.

PAT

We'd been everything.

ANN

I see.

PAT

—But there wasn't to be a baby, if that's what you mean— (*Again the bitter voice returns.*) Wise boy, young Farley. *He* knows his way around!

ANN

But you wrote her. Surely you wrote her.

PAT

All the time, but I never had one little word from her. A dozen times I'd have gone over, but how could I with Father dying and then all that tangle settling the estate? (*He concludes, lowly.*)—It was a year and three months since I'd seen her, when I'd sailed. I didn't even wire—I was afraid she'd run away somewhere.

ANN

But she hadn't, had she?

PAT

No.

ANN

She was there—

PAT

She was there.

[A moment. Then:]

ANN

—And she just won't have you.

[~~Her hand reaches to comfort him.~~ He turns to her.]

PAT

Mother, she just won't have me. (Suddenly he stares at her.) You're not—oh, damn you, Ann—[He rises, and leaves her. She follows him.]XL on 3rd level

ANN

All right! But tell me. You've got to finish now!
(In another voice.)—Surely it isn't hopeless. Surely
you can—

PAT

But it is, you see.

ANN

I don't believe it. Where is she now?

PAT

Down in the ground.

ANN

Pat—she isn't—?

PAT

Turns on Ann

She is, though—as a doornail.

ANN

Oh, my poor boy—

PAT

My poor Mary.

ANN

But listen to me—listen—!

PAT

No. *You do. (He points his finger at her, and speaks.)* Three days before I came, she walked out under a tree where—she'd walked out under a hawthorn-tree at the end of a very sweet lane we knew, and stood there and shot herself.

ANN

Pat—Pat—

[He moves away from her.]

*Starts slowly
D to floor level*

PAT

You wanted to know, didn't you?

[She looks at him. Then:]

ANN

—So I lose you to a dead girl.

PAT

I've lost myself to her. _____ *X to piano*

ANN

You loved me first!

PAT

But she died— ~~(He goes to the piano and seats himself, running his fingers silently over the keys)~~—If

Head in hands —

only I could get back to her somehow. If I could just let her know I did come back.

ANN

How much of it is losing her—and how much the loss of yourself?

PAT

I don't understand that.

ANN

*X D to 2nd level
behind L end of
Sofa* —

—You used to have a fair opinion of Pat Farley. That was essential to you—that *was* you.

PAT

All I know is that nothing's been any good to me since. I'm licked, Ann.

ANN

Well, what are you going to do about it?

[Unnoticed by them STEPHEN FIELD has appeared at the top of the garden-steps, where he stands, a figure in white, watching them. He is about fifty-eight, slight in build, gray-haired, with a face uncommonly strong, fine and sensitive, lined and worn as it is, gray, too, as it is.]

PAT

What is there to?

ANN (*suddenly, sharply*)

Pat!

PAT (*without turning*)

What?

ANN

You said you'd tell me this the day before you died—

[As she reaches the word, he strikes a chord and drowns it.]

PAT

—But I changed my mind, didn't I?—And told you now! (He turns toward the house, and calls:) What'll I play? Call your tunes, gents—almost closing-time!

ANN

—And the letter to Tom—. Oh my dear—what is it?

*XDR to Pat
hands on his
shoulders*

PAT

Don't be a fool.

[A moment, then STEPHEN speaks:]

STEPHEN

Pat—

PAT (without turning)

What do you want?

[He is completely unnerved now.]

STEPHEN

I wouldn't do it, if I were you.

PAT

Do what?

STEPHEN

I really wouldn't. Things may change.

[He speaks with a clear, incisive strength.]

PAT

—Change? How? Who wants things changed? (He turns, stares at him a moment, then rises.) Oh, how do you do, Mr. Field. How are you?—Everything's fine with me. Everything is—

*Sinks into
chair*

STEPHEN

—And yet I wouldn't do it. I wouldn't go from here to those high places—to that strange accident. I really wouldn't.

[PAT *laughs shortly.*]

PAT

Honestly!—If you think just because a fellow's planned a trip to climb an Alp or two—

[ANN *takes his shoulders in her hands, turns him about and gazes into his eyes.*]

ANN

Pat!

PAT

I don't know what he's talking about. (*To STEPHEN.*)

Rise ————— I don't know what you're talking about. You're beyond me. I can't follow all this—

ANN

Oh, my poor Sweet, why do you want to do it? (*She shakes his shoulders.*) *Why?*

PAT

Throws off ————— Why not?—Maybe you can tell me that!—Why not?
Ann's hands ————— —I should have three years ago, but I was too yellow then. (*Still she stares. Another silence, then he pulls away from her, mumbling:*)—All right. Don't
XL up to 2nd ————— worry about me. It's all right. Small brain-storm,
level by wall ————— that's all.—Over now—

ANN

Promise it!

[*He gestures vaguely.*]

STEPHEN

It is not so easy. He is in love with death.

~~[PAT turns to him and sings, beating time with his finger.]~~

PAT

~~—Rat a plan, rat a plan, rat a plan—plan—plan—plan— (He stops on the high note, holds out his arms, and cries—) Yes!~~

[And goes to the point of the wall, where he stands with his back to them.]

ANN

Father—Pat's mine—I can't lose Pat!

[FELIX comes out upon the balcony, watch in hand.]

STEPHEN descends the steps and comes upon the terrace.

— Ann X to PC

STEPHEN

I know, dear. (He is watching the house.)—But let us take it quietly. Let us take it very quietly—

FELIX (to PAT)

Pardon, Monsieur— il est dix heure, juste.

[PAT does not reply. FELIX goes out.]

STEPHEN

—Here are your other friends.

[TOM and HOPE enter.]

— Lower door

TOM (to HOPE, on the balcony)

—No, no—what's the good of talking?

HOPE

Well maybe if you'd—

[She sees STEPHEN, and stops.]

ANN

This—these are Tom and Hope Ames.—My Father, Hope.

HOPE

X to Stephen ————— How do you do, Mr. Field?

TOM

X to Stephen ————— How do you do, Sir?

shakes hand
from balcony —————

[STEPHEN murmurs a greeting. LILY enters from the house.]

LILY

—I gave Alice a bromide, and she's sleeping like a log. She's—

[*She sees STEPHEN, and stops.*]

STEPHEN

X to RC ————— What a beautiful color you all are. You look like savages. People don't realize that the sun here in the Midi is—

TOM

Didn't I meet you once with Father Francis at St. Luke's?

STEPHEN

I'm afraid not.

TOM

Perhaps it's just that your voice reminds me of him.

[*LILY, eyes wide, stands staring at STEPHEN.*]

STEPHEN (*to HOPE*)

What do you think of our little retreat here?

HOPE

It's lovely. The days have gone so quickly.

STEPHEN

—Quickly—so quickly. (*To LILY.*)—Why do you stare at me so?

LILY

Why I—I'm terribly sorry. I—

*Part way
down the stairs*

STEPHEN

But what is it?

LILY

It's just that you're so like my own father—

STEPHEN

Yes?

LILY

He was an actor in a touring-company. He died years ago in Cleveland. He wanted me to be a dancer. I used to dance for him, often. It was a great pleasure to him. I mean to say—

STEPHEN (*gently*)

I am sure it was.

[*NORMAN comes in from the house.*

Lower door

LILY (*in a burst*)

—He was superb! He was so kind, so loving. He was the most beautiful man I've ever—! (*She stops suddenly, then continues.*)—But he deserted my mother, you know. He was simply foul to her.—Hell, I suppose he was just a ham actor—yes, and a drunkard,

*Starts down
stairs*

*Sits in chair
R of piano*

to boot. (*Again she stops.*)—What am I spilling all this for? What's biting me now? /
[STEPHEN turns inquiringly to ANN.]

*Sits on
piano chair*

ANN

—Lily Malone, Father.

STEPHEN

X R to Norman

Poor child. (*To NORMAN.*)—And this?

NORMAN (*advancing*)

I'm Norman Rose, sir.

[*They shake hands.*]

STEPHEN

I understand that you must leave us soon.

NORMAN

I'm afraid we must, sir.—At eleven, to be exact.

STEPHEN

*Shows Norman
back to sofa. Both
sit. Hope sits L,
Tom R. of liquor
table.*

That is unfortunate. (*Again he smiles.*) Well—let us set the hour-glass on its side, and ask the Old Gentleman to put his sickle by, and sit down with us and rest a moment. (*He seats himself.*) Before you go I want you all to see my bed of white phlox in the lower garden. In the moonlight it is white as white was never. I have banked the petunias near it—

HOPE (*delightedly*)

But I did that at home!

[STEPHEN is watching the balcony. ALICE has appeared upon it.]

STEPHEN

The odor at night is so sweet, so pungent—cinnamon and gunpowder.—And is this Alice?

[ALICE comes down the stairway without touching the railing, eyes far away, walking as in a dream. ANN rises.]

ANN

Yes—

LILY

Go back to bed, you foolish girl.

[ALICE approaches them, unseeing.]

ANN

—This is my father.—Alice Kendall, Father.

STEPHEN

How do you do, my dear?

[But she does not regard him.]

NORMAN

She's—!

ANN

Father, what is it?

STEPHEN

Sh! Be gentle with her—

HOPE

Oh, I don't like it!

LILY

I told you about that time she walked out into the hall, in Paris.

[ANN goes to ALICE.]

ANN

—There, dear, it's all right. Just be quiet—quiet—

[PAT is watching her, fascinated.]

X U to 3rd
level

X to R

PAT

Take her back. It's horrible—

[Swiftly, directly ~~ALICE~~ walks to the angle of the wall.]

HOPE

Norman—don't let her hurt herself!

[NORMAN ~~and ANN~~ have followed her.]

ANN

Alice—*Alice*—

[ALICE turns to her. In a moment her eyes uncloud.]

ALICE

—But hello, my dear. They didn't tell me you were coming down. Divine house, isn't it?

[She speaks as if she were reading aloud.]

ANN

Listen to me a moment, dear—

ALICE

They're right. There's nothing like May in England. Who's on the party, do you know?

ANN

Oh—lots of people. But Alice, listen—

ALICE

Any extra men?

ANN

I think so.

[PAT goes to the wall and stands there with his back to them.]

ALICE

I like this Norman person—

ANN

Yes, he's very nice. But—

[ALICE laughs shrilly.]

ALICE

I know!—But not too nice! (Her voice lowers, confidentially.) My dear, he burns me up. He looks so strong—so strong. I'll bet he'd give a girl a roll for her money, don't you? (A moment. Then to herself, with real feeling.)—Why can't he tell?—Why doesn't he know the way I ache for him?

PAT

Take her back, take her back—

ALICE

—Which one shall I wear?—I think the blue one, with the ruffle down the front—

~~[She unfastens a shoulder clasp, and steps out of her dress.~~

*Steps forward -
Slips out of
dressing gown -
revealing herself
in evening slip.*

HOPE

But she mustn't—!

[ANN turns to NORMAN with a helpless gesture.]

NORMAN

I'll speak to her.—Alice!

[ALICE whispers:]

ALICE

Who's that?—Is that you, Norman?

NORMAN

Hello, Alice—

ALICE

It was naughty of you to bring me here, you know it was— (*She leans toward him.*) What did you tell the clerk at the desk?

NORMAN

Why, I just said that—

ALICE

Oh, I'm a pretty girl! (*She extends her arms. NORMAN takes one of her hands in his.*) Why does no one want me? What are they afraid of?

NORMAN

Maybe they do. (*He turns to the others, painfully.*) I love this girl. I've been crazy about her for years.

STEPHEN

Humble yourself before her beauty, sir.

ALICE

Come—there are people in the next room. I can hear them. They may come in— (*Suddenly she drags her hand from his and cries in terror:*)—Ann—Ann! (*ANN goes to her swiftly.*)—This man's—been following me everywhere—

ANN

It's all right, darling, he won't hurt you. He's a nice man.

[*ALICE begins to whimper.*]

ALICE

Is he? (*She turns to NORMAN, fearfully.*) Are you? (*He nods, speechless. She darts a glance at ANN and*

huddles herself in her arms.)—But look at me—out on the street like this. Where's my little jacket? I want my little jacket—

[NORMAN wraps a thin beach-blanket about her, and gives her her dress. her dressing gown]

NORMAN

Here you are, dear.

[He leads her gently to the steps. She looks up at him with a smile of childlike trust.]

ALICE

You are a nice man—

[They mount the steps. There is a silence until they have gone out, into the house.]

LILY

She seemed to be so many places all at once. ————— *Sits*

STEPHEN

Sleep has freed her from time and space. One day—*U to 2nd level*
sleep's sister will free her further. ~~(He hums a measure of a song, laughs softly, and concludes.)~~ *behind sofa*
—And near the white phlox I have a dappled pink variety which I developed by crossing a strain of crimson—

TOM (an appeal)

Mr. Field— What's the—? Mr. Field—! ————— *Rise*

STEPHEN

—Yes. It does bewilder one at first. I know. I too used to believe life had one aspect only. I was so sure that sleep and dreaming was—well, sleep and dreaming. And of course I knew that with death it was all over—

PAT

Well?

STEPHEN

Well, now I know I was mistaken.

PAT

How?

STEPHEN

I have found out a simple thing: that in existence there are three estates. There is this life of chairs and tables, of getting up and sitting down. There is the life one lives in one's imagining, in which one wishes, dreams, remembers. There is the life past death, which in itself contains the others. The three estates are one. We dwell now in this one, now in that—but in whichever we may be, breezes from the others still blow upon us.

PAT

I'm sorry, I don't follow you.

STEPHEN

U to 3rd/evl —————

There are no words for it. It is a sense, a knowing. It may come upon you in a field one day, or as you turn a corner, or one fine morning, as you stoop to lace your shoe (A brief pause.)—Or even as it came on me.

TOM

How was that, sir?

STEPHEN

Here on this terrace.

ANN

Father—

STEPHEN

I know, dear.

PAT

—So life does go on, does it?

STEPHEN

Oh, yes. Of course.

PAT

How, for instance?

[STEPHEN smiles.]

STEPHEN

—As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be—

PAT

—World without end, eh?

STEPHEN

Without end.

PAT

Hah! That'd be a good joke.

LILY

Look out, Pat.

[NORMAN comes out again upon the balcony and stands there, watching them.]

STEPHEN

—Let us be bold and change the “world” to “universe.”—A fine night, isn't it? (His gesture includes the sky.)—There is the space we one day shall in-

X to bench R
on 3rd level
and sit.

habit, with all our memories and all our dreams. I ask you to admire this, gentlemen—

LILY

It's not always so fine, is it?

STEPHEN

But I ask you to admire that, too! (*To PAT.*) If one could but once see his life whole, present and past together in one living instant, he would not wish to leave it before his time—oh no!

PAT

I know my time.

STEPHEN

I thought I knew mine once. My mind was quite made up, that night. Nothing was to deter me.—But the light from the Ile de Port-Cros described its arc as it does now. (*He stands erect.*) It stopped me, held me.—How long I stood here, I don't know. But when I was aware again—

ANN

Father—

TOM

—What had happened to you? (*HOPE goes to him and tries to draw him ^{back} away from the wall, murmuring "Tom—Tom!" but he does not answer and will not come.*) Say what had happened!

[The terrace, in a brief space, has become flooded with moonlight. There is a silence. Then STEPHEN begins to speak again, this time more softly, gently, coaxingly.]

STEPHEN

I had walked back in time. It is a very interesting excursion. You merely lift your foot, place it so, and there you are—or are you? One thinks one is going forward and one finds instead the remembered touch of water somewhere—the odor of geranium—sight of a blowing curtain—the faint sound of snow—the taste of apples. One finds the pattern of his life, traced with the dreadful clarity of dream. Then he knows that all that comes in remains—nothing is lost—all is important.

ANN (*a small voice*)

Father—

STEPHEN

Are you afraid?

[A moment. Then:]

ANN

No.

HOPE (*in a whisper*)

But I am, I am! Tom—Tom, listen—

[TOM does not stir. HOPE leaves him.]

Hope XL

STEPHEN

Here is the moon at last, you see?—Here is our day's reflection, hung in space. (~~He hums another measure and again laughs softly.~~) Space is an endless sea, and time the waves that swell within it, advancing and retreating. Now and again the waves are still and one may venture any way one wishes. (A moment.) They seem to be still now—quite still.

So which way would you go—where would you travel?

Tom LC ~~—[A silence. Then Tom moves into the angle of the wall.]~~

TOM

To what I was—

[Another silence. LILY moves toward STEPHEN.]

LILY

To him I love—

NORMAN (after a moment)

Wherever I should go—

[He turns and goes into the house again.]

HOPE

*Look at Tom—
Step toward him* — Nowhere. I'm happy as I am—or would be, if Tom were—

[A silence. Then:]

PAT (a murmur:)

To Mary—Mary—

ANN (a cry:)

No, no!—To the Westbury Road!

~~[Pat hums softly.]~~

PAT

~~—Pat a-plan-plan-plan-plan~~

STEPHEN (to LILY)

Listen: there is a turning. All things are turned to a roundness. Wherever there is an end, from it springs the beginning.

~~PAT (barely audible)~~

~~—Pa-plan-plan-plan-plan~~

[LILY moves to the garden steps and out, following the movement of STEPHEN'S hand. TOM turns and gazes at HOPE with a curious expression.]

HOPE

What's the matter with you?

STEPHEN

Pat—Ann—it was not so long ago. Was it so long ago?

[ANN shakes her head hopelessly, and moves toward the garden, mounts the steps and goes out. Slowly PAT crosses the terrace in the opposite direction, and enters the house.]

HOPE (to TOM)

What are you staring at?

[TOM smiles, but does not reply. STEPHEN turns to TOM and HOPE.]

STEPHEN

And for us—shall we see my white phlox, first?

HOPE

Oh, Mr. Field—you mustn't let them go on like this! It's so frightening. (She turns and sees TOM still staring at her.) Tom's looking at me in the queerest way. —It's as if he didn't know me.

STEPHEN

Possibly you have changed.

HOPE

I—?

STEPHEN

—In his eyes. Perhaps you have one child too many.

X to Pat and
Ann - UC

X to C on
1ST / 2ND

HOPE

I don't know what you mean.

STEPHEN

It may be that he sees you not as a mother, but as a woman that he loves. I should not discourage that.

[TOM goes to HOPE and gently turns her about, facing him. He looks at her with a curious smile.]

Stephen
XDR

HOPE

Tom, what's the matter with you, anyhow? (His answer is to take her in his arms and kiss her. She frees herself.) Honestly, I don't know what you're thinking of! What on earth has— (He takes her face in his hands and kisses her again. She averts her head.) I can't imagine what's come over you. I want to talk to Mr. Field. (To STEPHEN.) It seems to me that you're all— (TOM comes to her again, takes both her hands in his and smiles into her eyes.) I'm not fooling. I really mean it.

PAT (from the house)

Mary? Mary!

HOPE (to STEPHEN)

Who's he calling?—I tell you it isn't good for people to let themselves go that way— (TOM draws her into his arms, and holds her there.) It's a form of self-indulgence.—Stop, Tom! It's a— (Again TOM kisses her.) Tom, will you let me go!

[He opens his arms suddenly and she is freed, almost falling. She recovers herself and turns once more, with dignity, to STEPHEN.]

PAT (*from the house*)

Mary! Where are you?

HOPE

The things that are happening here to-night aren't natural, and what's not natural must be wrong.

STEPHEN

To me they are more natural than nature.

HOPE

Of course I don't pretend to follow *your* extraordinary— (*From behind her, TOM is taking the hair pins from her hair. She stamps her foot in exasperation.*) Honestly! This is *too* much! (*To STEPHEN.*) I hope you realize that goings on of this sort are not at all usual with us.

STEPHEN

I think that is a pity.

[Tenderly, lovingly, TOM kisses the back of her neck.]

HOPE

Tom—don't be an utter fool! (*To STEPHEN.*)—To me, life is a very simple thing—

STEPHEN

Is it?

HOPE

One has one's home, one's children and one's husband—

STEPHEN

Or has one home and children only?

[HOPE looks at him, startled. TOM returns to the wall.]

— 42C

HOPE

You mean you think that to me, Tom's just another—?

STEPHEN

What do *you* think?

[HOPE turns to TOM.]

HOPE

Tom, darling—*surely* you must know that I—

[LILY's voice is heard from the garden, calling as a little girl would.]

LILY

Good-bye, Pa! Good-bye!—Come right home after, won't you, Pa?

HOPE (*to* STEPHEN)

You see? That's Lily. Oh I know she'll hurt herself! (*To TOM.*) Now you stay right here, won't you? Please, Tom—like a good boy. (*She hurries off to the garden, calling.*) Lily! Wait, dear!

[A moment, then TOM speaks from the depths of his wretchedness:]

TOM

Oh, Father Francis—can't a fellow do anything without it's being sinful?

[STEPHEN goes to a chair and seats himself.]

STEPHEN

What have you to tell me?

Ref. Piano

TOM

—So much. I know it's after hours. I know you're tired, but—

————— Turns and
start O
toward Stephen

STEPHEN

Come—

[TOM comes, head down, hands clasped. He kneels beside STEPHEN's chair and makes the Sign of the Cross.]

TOM

—Bless me, Father, for I have sinned. It is about three months ago since my last confession. Since then, I accuse myself of the following sins: Father, I've cursed and sworn and taken the name of the Lord in vain. I've neglected my morning prayers and missed Mass once, and been distracted during Mass seven times—

STEPHEN

Yes—but what is really wrong?

TOM

I've been drunk, and had immodest thoughts, and eaten meat on an Ember-Day, and committed acts of impurity four times—

STEPHEN

But what is really wrong?

[TOM chokes.]

TOM

Oh, Father Francis—I don't believe any more! Nothing's got any meaning for me. I look around me, and nothing means anything at all—and I want it to! It must—it's got to—or I'll, or I'll—

————— head in hands

STEPHEN

Your childhood faith is gone—

TOM

It wasn't true.

*Look up at
Stephen*

STEPHEN

Are you so sure?

TOM

Yes, and it meant so much to me. I even thought I ought to be a priest, but I lost my faith.

STEPHEN

Perhaps in order that you need not be one.

TOM

I know I've got no soul—nobody has.

STEPHEN

Look closer.

TOM

I have. It isn't there. There isn't any. There never was.

STEPHEN

At some time there is a soul born to every body— and like it, subject to many ills. But the soul's life is the only life there is, so the world is peopled with the living and with the dead, We know the living. Sometimes the dead deceive us.

TOM

You mean that maybe mine is—?

STEPHEN

No. The dead do not deceive me.—I mean that birth is painful. The infant suffers too.

TOM

It's awful—I can't stand it. Let me be damned!

STEPHEN

No.

TOM

But now I'm nothing—let me be *something*!

STEPHEN

Now you begin to be.

TOM

I keep wanting to do great things—too great for what I am—

STEPHEN

There are many men who would go to the ends of the earth for God—

TOM

I would! I keep starting to—

STEPHEN

—And cannot get through their own gardens.

TOM

Oh, d' n't! I'm such a weak soul—

STEPHEN

—Such a human being.

TOM

Something always stops me, always—

STEPHEN

Your own humanity.—But there are strong souls who never leave their gardens. Their strength is not in the doing, but in the wish to do. There is no strength anywhere, but in the wish. Once realized, it has spent itself, and must be born again.

TOM

But I don't know what I'm here at all for—

STEPHEN

To suffer and to rejoice. To gain, to lose. To love, and to be rejected. To be young and middle-aged and old. To know life as it happens, and then to say, "this is it."

TOM

Yes—but who *am* I? And what shall *I* be when it's over?

STEPHEN

You are the sum of all your possibilities, all your desires—each faint impression, each small experience—

TOM

—But when it's *over*!?

STEPHEN

You will be what your spirit wants and takes of them. Life is a wish. Wishing is never over.

[A brief silence. TOM rises to his feet.]

TOM

—Then everything about me *has* a meaning!—Every-

thing I see and feel and think and do—dream, even!

[STEPHEN *closes his hand over TOM's.*

STEPHEN

Great heaven, yes!

TOM

I've got a feeling that I'm dreaming now.

STEPHEN

It may be.

PAT (*from the house*)

Mary!

TOM

—But Father Francis—are you ill?

STEPHEN

Why?

TOM

You look awfully white—and your hand—it was as cold as ice. I'm afraid I've been a strain for you. Good Lord, Father—you do look white. Here—take this— (*He goes to the table and pours a glass of brandy. STEPHEN goes to the fan-back chair in the shadow in the corner of the terrace. TOM turns with the glass.*) This will fix you. This—why, where are you, Father? (*He looks about him.*) Confound it, where's he gone to? He looked sick— (*He calls.*) Father Francis!

[STEPHEN *does not answer. TOM moves toward the house, with the brandy. As he reaches the steps, NORMAN darts out with a small, white fur-rug in his hands.*

XL to liquor table
3rd level

X back DR

PC area

NORMAN

One minute, Mister!

TOM

What do you want? Have you seen Father Francis?

NORMAN (*in a moderate Jewish accent*)

How'd you like to buy a nice fur neck-piece?

TOM

Don't be a fool.

NORMAN

—Make a present to your lady-friend, eh? You can have it cheap—

TOM

No, thanks. Let me by—I'm in a hurry.

NORMAN

All right—I resign—I quit!—I'll get a job as runner in a bank. In five years I'll be rich—I'll be the biggest man in Wall Street! (*Again he offers the rug.*) Look—five dollars—it's worth fifty—

[TOM tries to pass him.]

TOM

Oh, for God's sake, Norman—Father Francis is ill—

NORMAN

I'll have money, power—that's what makes you happy—that's the life! (*Again, the rug.*) Look: It's a bargain. Buy it. An inside tip: the National City's taken half the issue at 91, and Pritchard, Ames is bidding for another hundred thousand at—

TOM (*suddenly*)

I know—the bastide!

NORMAN

Don't you call me that, you leper!

[TOM pulls away from him.]

TOM

Get away, I'm not fooling. ~~Let me by!~~

[He crosses the terrace quickly, and goes up the garden steps and out.]

NORMAN

But what a bargain! (*He shrugs.*) I should care.

(Then he turns and speaks to the empty chair in front of him.) Look here, Mr. Sterner—I resign—

I'm through!

C chair

STEPHEN (*from the corner of the terrace, hidden in his chair.*)

When I've given you such a fine opportunity, when I have even—?

NORMAN

Oh, I'll pay you back!—But I'm quitting, see? I've got better things to do than this. I'll educate myself. I'll—

STEPHEN

So ambitious, eh? Ah, you're all alike, you young people.—And next you marry a Gentile girl I suppose, and have her despise you—ruin you.

NORMAN

Oh no!—Say, am I such a fool as that? Marry a *schiksa*—me? Whose uncle is a rabbi—? I guess not!

But what I'll do is get an honest job—yes! “White fox”—this cat-fur! I'm sick of it—I'm through. I'll get up in the world. You watch me! Have educated people for my friends—

STEPHEN

May you be happy with them.

NORMAN

—Happy and strong and rich and honest! Watch me! (He offers the despised rug to another unseen client, is refused, and shrugs again.) No?—I should care!

[And re-enters the house, whistling. For a moment STEPHEN is alone upon the terrace. PAT's voice is heard from the house, in growing alarm:]

PAT

—Aren't you here?—It's me—it's Pat, Mary!

[STEPHEN passes his hand over his brow.]

STEPHEN

My head—my head. (A moment. Then:)—But this is very strange. What is this mist that closes in around me? This is a winter mist, and it is summer. Wait a bit, you, I am not ready yet!

[The distant music changes to “L'Enfant et ses Sortieegs” from Ravel's ballet “Five o'Clock.” LILY, her hair flying about her shoulders, runs down the steps from the garden. She is crossing in the direction of the house, when the music stops her. She listens intently for a moment, then with a swift motion slips the belt from her dress and drops it upon a chair. Her appearance has changed to that of a

Rise - walk
slowly L

girl of thirteen. She begins to rise up and down upon her toes, in a formal movement of ballet-practice. Her breath becomes a little short. Frowning, she bends and feels her instep. STEPHEN rises from his chair, and turns to her. She exclaims in joy.

LILY

Pa! Oh Pa, you *did* come right home!

[She runs and kisses him. He strokes her head.]

Stephen on 2nd
1st/2nd
Lily on 1st/2nd

STEPHEN

Well, well, well—and how has my little sprite endured her prison?

[He speaks in the eloquent voice of an old-fashioned actor.]

LILY

—Prison? Oh, I've been all right. I like it here. I think it's a nice hotel—nicer than the one in Harrisburg was, much nicer, warmer.—Pa, were you good to-night?

STEPHEN

I was splendid.

~~[He seats himself in another chair, facing her.]~~

LILY

How many curtain-calls were there?

STEPHEN

Alas, none. But I was magnificent.

LILY

I wish I'd gone. I wish you'd of let me. Could I maybe come tomorrow aft?

STEPHEN

Say "afternoon," child. Do not clip your words.

LILY

"Afternoon."—But could I?

STEPHEN

We shall see. (*With a gesture.*) Fix me my drink—
(*LILY goes to the table and makes a brandy-and-soda.*)—And one for yourself.

LILY

I—I don't want any.

STEPHEN

And one for yourself, I said!—'Twill do you good.

LILY

Just a little one, then—it makes me feel so funny.

[*STEPHEN's manner begins to change.*]

STEPHEN

I like you funny.

LILY

Can I put sugar in it?

STEPHEN

Put anything you like in it. Put salt in it.

LILY

Oh—I wouldn't like that!

[*She brings him the glass, and a small one for herself. He seizes her glass and tastes it.*]

STEPHEN

Water!

*Lily XL to liquor
table - Stephen
sits on L end of
sofa*

LILY (*in fright*)

But Pa, I—

STEPHEN

—Your mother's daughter, eh? Lying, deceiving—

— Rise

LILY

I'm not! I just didn't want—

STEPHEN (*the actor*)

Whose child are you, eh? Are you my child, at all?

LILY

Oh yes, yes! Pa—I *am* your child! Truly I am!

STEPHEN

Then obey me—without question, without equivocation. (*He drains his glass and gives it to her.*) Fill them both.

— Sit

LILY

All right. I'll put some in—I'll put a lot in.

[Again she goes to the table with the glasses, refills them and returns to him.]

STEPHEN

Let me taste— (*He tastes her glass, and gives it back to her.*) That's better. You are your old man's daughter. Give me a kiss—

[She kisses his cheek. He takes a swallow from his glass and she does likewise.]

LILY

—But you aren't an old man! You aren't old at all. And look, Pa: I don't ever lie to you. I love you too much to. I just can't tell you how much I— (*She strikes a posture, and declaims:*) "Then poor Cor—

— XDL

*X back to
Stephen-kneels
at feet*

delia!—And yet, not so; since, I am sure, my love's more richer than my tongue. / . good, my Lord, you have begot me, bred me, loved me: I return those duties back as are right fit—obey you, love you, and most honor you.”

STEPHEN

Rise

“Pray, do not mock me: I am a very foolish, fond old man. Fourscore and upward, and, to deal plainly, I fear I am not in my perfect mind. . . . Do not laugh at me: for, as I am a man, I think this lady to be my child, Cordelia.”

LILY

“And so I am, I am!”

STEPHEN

*helps Lily up
X's behind her
and up to liquor
table*

—Not bad, not half bad. You get the feeling well enough, but you lack voice. You need filling out everywhere. You're thin all over. I don't like you thin.—What did you do while I was playing?

LILY

Well, you know how it snowed—

STEPHEN

Yes?

[She is sipping from her glass.]

LILY

Well, I got a whole shoe-box full off the window-sill and I was making a little girl out of it, only as fast as I made her she melted.

STEPHEN

What else?

LILY

Well, I did my toe-exercises.

STEPHEN

For how long?

LILY

A whole hour.—Well, almost a whole hour.

STEPHEN

You're lying to me.

LILY

Oh no, Pa!

STEPHEN

Don't you ever lie to me.

LILY

Oh, no.

STEPHEN

If you do, I'll treat you the way I did your mother.

LILY

Pa! You wouldn't ever leave me!

STEPHEN

Just let me catch you lying once.

LILY

But I never, never!

STEPHEN

See that you don't..

LILY

I don't know what I'd do if ever you should leave me—

*XR to end of
sofa**X to Stephen*

STEPHEN

—Pick up with some cheap tout, most likely, and go off with him.

[LILY turns her innocent eyes upon him.]

LILY

What?

STEPHEN

Never mind. (She passes her hand vaguely over her eyes.)—What ails you?

LILY

It's—beginning to feel, in my head.

STEPHEN

Drink it down.

LILY

I can't. My throat won't turn over any more. And—
and things are going round—

STEPHEN

Then start the music and go around with them.

[She giggles.]

LILY

Oh, that's funny! That's so funny. You're such a funny man.

STEPHEN

Stop laughing.

LILY

I—I can't stop.

STEPHEN

Go start the music— (Struggling hard to control

her hysterics, LILY starts the gramophone. Again, it is the "Naïlla" of Delibes. He follows the introductory bars with his hand, as if conducting an orchestra.) Now then—

[With difficulty, she empties her glass, and begins to dance, haltingly.]

LILY (an appeal)

Oh, Pa—

STEPHEN

What?

LILY

I don't want to.

STEPHEN

Why not?

LILY

My foot hurts. I hurt my foot practising.

STEPHEN

If you'd done it right, you wouldn't have hurt it. Go on and dance.

LILY

I can't, truly I can't.

STEPHEN

Is a man to have no amusement when he comes home of nights after playing his heart out to silly fools who don't know art from turnips? Come on—get going.

————— Rise. X to L C

LILY (almost in tears)

Pa—this isn't like you. This isn't my you at all. My

————— X to Stephen
kneel and take
his hand

you tells me stories about queens and palaces and you hold me on your knee and rock me off to sleep and you tuck me in at night and say God love you, little daughter. That's what *you* do.

STEPHEN

*Threaten to
strike her*

Oh I do, do I? And how often? In my tender moments twice a year.—Not like me, is it? I'll show you what's like me. Will you dance?

LILY

*Stephen 1st
level - Lily floor
level*

Oh yes, yes. See? I'm dancing—

[Again she begins to dance, this time more haltingly.
He stands over her.]

STEPHEN

Faster!—Wasn't Burbage amused when he came home? Wasn't Barrett and wasn't Booth? Is it too much to ask, eh?

LILY

Oh no, Pa! See me, Pa?

STEPHEN

That's better.

[She goes on, as well as she is able. At length:]

LILY (*panting*)

—My hurt foot—it won't go up any more—

STEPHEN

No? Try it.

[HOPE appears at the top of the garden-steps, where she stands unseen by them, watching them in horror.]

LILY

But I *am* trying!—Is it all right if I just—? (*Again*

she tries to rise upon her toes, and cannot. She attempts a pitiful pas seul, fails in it, falls to the floor. Then, all at once she turns into a raging fury and screams:) God damn! Hell!
[He laughs.

On floor level
L of Stephen

STEPHEN

Good!

LILY

Oh, I hate you. I hate you. I don't love you anymore!

STEPHEN

Splendid! Go on—more!

[She rises to her feet and confronts him, trembling with rage.

LILY

You're a dirty drunk! You left my mother when she was sick. You can't act. You're just a super, that's all you are. You can't act any!

[Laughing, he holds his arms out to her.

STEPHEN

Come here. Give us a kiss.

LILY

No. You smell of whisky and nasty grease-paint. You're dirty—I hate you! I won't stay with you any longer—I'll run away, that's what I'll do!

PAT (from the house)

Mary! I've come back. Where are you?

[STEPHEN'S voice changes back to his own voice. Suddenly he seems very tired.

STEPHEN

—Then go quickly. Go very quickly. See—there is the door. It is open. Go in, and up the stairs, and to your room.

Up stairs

[She gazes at him for a moment, then turns and walks directly to the steps and into the house. Again ~~STEPHEN~~ sinks into a chair, his hand over his eyes. There is a slight pause, then HOPE comes down from the garden.

HOPE

Oh, that was terrible! Why did you do it?

STEPHEN

I—? I did nothing. Tell me what happened—

HOPE

You know perfectly well what happened!—And she adored him. She— (She turns and follows LILY into the house, calling:) Lily!

[STEPHEN is alone. He rises from his chair with effort, and moves toward the garden-steps. He stiffens suddenly, then exclaims in wonder:

STEPHEN

Against chair

What's this? (Another moment. Then, more sharply:) Come now! What is it?! (He slumps against the wall, and plucks at his left arm, which has gone limp, then tries to raise his right hand to his head, and cannot.)—Cerebral hemorrhage, is that it? That's very interesting, I'm sure. The left side is quite numb—the lesion must be in the right lobe, in the Area of— God, when we crack we crack, don't we? (A moment. Then summoning his remain-

ing strength:—But I am not ready, yet! (He makes his way to the fan-back chair in the corner of the terrace and slowly lets himself into it. He calls:—Pat!

Ann! (Another moment.) There—there's the pulse—it is quite hard, quite stringy—(Again he calls:—

Ann!—But the breathing is regular, Doctor—difficult, but regular.—I say, not yet! I'll go, but in my proper time.—Curious there is no pain—only a sense of—(He catches his breath.)—No pain, did I say?

(And collects his strength for a final cry:—Ann!

[And sinks lower into his chair. From the distance piano-music begins to be heard again. It is a popular waltz, of ten years ago. A moment, then ANN comes down the steps from the garden. She is limping. As she crosses the terrace she murmurs to herself:—

ANN

Poor dear—poor darling—what can I do for him?

(As she reaches the sofa her ankle gives way under her and she sinks down upon the floor, exclaiming:—

Ouch—ouch—oh, where is that road?

[PAT comes in from the house, calling softly:—

PAT

Mary! Where are you, Mary?

ANN

Ouch—ouch—

[PAT hesitates a moment, then comes up to her.

PAT

Excuse me. Is there anything the—?

[ANN starts in alarm.

3rd/end

End of sofa

ANN

—Oh!

PAT

I'm all right. I'm harmless.—But I was just wandering around here and I saw you from across the field and I thought something might be the matter, and—

ANN

—There is. Plenty.

PAT

What? Can I help?

ANN

Well, for one thing, I've probably broken my ankle. And for another, I'm lost. And for another—no, I'm not sure you can.

PAT

Does your ankle hurt?

ANN

Oh no, it feels wonderful. They do, you know.—
Ouch!

PAT

Maybe if I could get a car up into this field for you—

ANN

Have you got one that climbs fences?

PAT

What are you lost from?

ANN

The Westbury Road.

[A breeze brings the music closer.]

*Pat reaches to
touch ankle*

*Sits beside
her*

PAT

That's easy.

ANN

It hasn't been.

PAT

You're practically on it. It's just over there—

ANN

No!

PAT

Honest.

ANN

Then what's that music I've been hearing? Isn't it the Club?

PAT

No. It's from a party I'm at.

ANN

At?

PAT

Well, one I got away from.

ANN

Whose?

PAT

Mine. At my house.

ANN

I'm impressed. Why wasn't *I* asked?

PAT

You would have been.—Where do you live?

ANN

I'm staying down here with some people named Ames.
But I got the wanders and had to walk.

PAT

So did I.—Tom and Hope Ames?

ANN

That's right.

PAT

They said they couldn't come.

ANN

Maybe they don't like parties. Or maybe they didn't
want people to see me. In the Spring I get freckled.
—Oh, this *damned* ankle!

PAT

Quit talking about your ankle. What's your name?

ANN

Ann Field. What's yours?

PAT

Don't laugh—

ANN

No.

PAT

Patrick— (*She laughs.*) You said you wouldn't.

ANN

But I've always wanted to know one!—What was it
you said to Mike?

PAT

That's not very new, you know.—My last name's Farley.

ANN

—Not one of the great, enormous, important, rich ones!

PAT

Well—

ANN

—Please, forget everything I've said. You're beautiful. You'll get me home all right.

PAT

I'm—er—I came down for the Spring holidays, and I thought I'd swing a little party, and—

ANN

Why, bless his heart, he's embarrassed! Lovely!

PAT

Oh, go to hell.

ANN

You're sweet. I think you're really sweet.

~~[PAT seats himself beside her.]~~

PAT

Foolish to stay indoors a night like this. Foolish to sleep even.—You've got awfully pretty hands.

ANN

Thanks. My eyes are nice, too. They don't cross, or anything.

PAT

Say—you come right back at a fellow, don't you?

ANN

Do I?

PAT

—Ever read a poem called “Pale hands I loved beside the Shal-i-mar”?

ANN (*suspiciously*)

What about it?

PAT

I just wondered. Didn't you like it?

ANN

I thought it was awful.

PAT

Why?

ANN

I don't know. I just did.

PAT

You're a funny girl. Maybe you don't like poetry.

ANN

—Maybe I do! (*He laughs.*) I like the way you laugh.

PAT

I'll hire me a couple of expert ticklers.

[*And then they both laugh.*]

ANN

You have awfully white teeth, haven't you?

[*Suddenly PAT frowns.*]

PAT

—What?

ANN

I said, you have—

PAT (*slowly*)

I know—I'm trying to think: there was someone with white teeth that gleamed from the water—oh, never mind. (*Another moment. Then:*)—Funny, our meeting like this. I suppose that's the way good things happen.

ANN

Maybe.—I wish you'd brought a crutch, though, or a wheel-chair.

[He eyes her reflectively.]

PAT

How much do you weigh?

ANN

Something fairly serious—or I did. To-night I've walked a good deal of it off.

PAT

We've got to do something about moving you.

ANN

I hoped you'd get around to that.

PAT

That is, eventually. There's lots of time.—Say, are you moody?

ANN

Maybe.—Am I?

PAT

Because I am. That's why I got to walking to-night.
I had something on my mind.

ANN

So had I.

PAT

Really? What?

ANN

My father.

PAT

Is he—is he sick?

ANN

I don't know.—What is it that worried you?

PAT (*a moment*)

—Well, you see, at Christmas I came down with the
Copes—

ANN

Are they like the measles?

[*PAT laughs, and explains:*

PAT

—Down *here*, with Johnny and Nora Cope. Well, one
night we were coming home quite late from some-
wheres and we stopped in at the dog-wagon in the
village to get— (*He stops suddenly and stares at
her.*) Jee-rusalem! I believe you're her!

ANN

"She," you should say.—Who?

PAT (*overcome with awe*)

Good Lord Almighty—

ANN

I wonder if it's the same dog-wagon I know.

PAT

Of course!—But this is— Gosh! Do you know what this means to me?

ANN

I'm trying awfully hard to follow, but—

PAT (*still staring*)

I had a Western, with a lot of onions, and we got up to go and there was a girl there sitting at the counter with a couple of other people and a great big glass of milk and she looked up as I went by, and—

[*ANN smiles.*]

ANN

I did, didn't I?

PAT (*excitedly*)

Yes!—and the milk had made a little white rim along your upper lip and—

ANN (*distressed*)

Oh dear—

PAT

It was beautiful.—And ever since, I've seen your face the whole time, in my mind, and I could never find you. It's been terrible.—And now— Oh Lord! —Imagine!

[ANN smiles.

ANN

Well—here I am.

PAT

It's just miraculous, that's all, it's miraculous. Gosh, I don't know what to say. You know this isn't like the usual—there's something terribly right about it. —Ever since that night I've been longing to— Jeez, I thought I'd go crazy if I couldn't find you—been longing to take your face in my hands like this, and—

[He takes her face between his hands.

ANN

Wait. Let me look at you.

[She looks.

PAT

I'm not much on looks—

ANN

Shhh! (She looks a longer time.) Why—it's the queerest thing. I think I—

PAT

—And to kiss that lovely mouth that had the white rim along the top of it—

ANN

But somehow—I don't think you'd better—yet—

PAT

No, I suppose not.—But I don't see why! (A moment. Still they gaze at each other. Then.) Look:

do you ever get a feeling that you—oh, Lord—that you know all about it?

ANN

Sometimes.

PAT

I do now! I've never felt alive before! Everything's as clear as— (*Suddenly, directly.*) Look: I'll be at the Ameses for lunch tomorrow. Tell 'em I like steak.

[ANN laughs.]

ANN

I like *you*!

PAT

—As much as I like steak?

ANN

How much do you like steak?

PAT

I'm crazy for it. I dream about it. Well—?

[Again ANN laughs, and rises.]

ANN

Come on.

[He catches her hand in his.]

PAT

Ah, Ann—tell me, Ann!

ANN

No, no! This is ridiculous. It's—

[She frees herself.]

PAT

Oh, please! Tell me—do you like me?

[A moment. Then:]

ANN

Yes.

PAT

Much?

ANN

A lot. Terribly!

[For PAT this is almost too much to bear.]

PAT

Gosh, I'm glad.

ANN

I hope I'll be.—Come on—shall we?

PAT

Look: You've got to come up to the Spring Dance with me, and the ball games, and the boat races—I row Number Seven—and—oh, Ann—

ANN

What, Pat?

PAT

It's wonderful.

ANN

It is, it is.—Do come—come on— (They go on another step or two, toward the garden-steps, where again her ankle gives way. He catches her in his arms. She recovers herself and, still in his arms, turns and looks at him. For a long moment their

*Ankle gives out
on step from floor
to 1st level*

eyes hold them together. At length they kiss. For an instant ANN clings to him, then leaves him.) Pat—
Pat—we're crazy.

PAT

No!

ANN (*breathlessly*)

Come on—. We must—

[She takes his hand. He turns.]

PAT

First, let's look back at our meadow.

[ANN frowns, half puzzled, half in alarm. Then:]

ANN (*suddenly, sharply*)

No! That's wrong!

[He had not said that. The spell is breaking.]

PAT

What is? (He takes a deep breath.)—Um! Doesn't it smell good, though! What is it? Hawthorn?

ANN

No!

PAT (*slowly, from very far away*)

But I—I guess they're right. I guess there's nothing like May in England— (Suddenly he stops, releasing her hand. His face becomes troubled. He looks at the house, frowning.) What's that house?

ANN (*a sudden cry*)

Don't think, Pat! Don't think at all! Come with me—

PAT

—But there's something I've got to do in this house.

ANN

No!

PAT

Yes. And I can't think what. And it's terribly important. I've waited too long. It's got to be done at once. It's getting late.—I know!—I've got to pack a bag. It's late. I've got to get that bag packed. I've got to pack a bag and catch a boat and go to England.

[ANN is still at the garden-steps. His eyes have not left the house.]

ANN

Stay with me, Pat! I'll lose you there!

PAT

I tell you she's waiting, and it's getting late.

[Again he moves toward the house.]

ANN

Oh, why must I always lose you?

[She goes up the garden-steps and out. PAT advances further toward the house. but STEPHEN rises—]

STEPHEN

Pat!

[PAT halts, turns slowly, looks at him, then goes to him.]

*XU to 2nd
level near house*

PAT

Why—why how do you do, Mr. Carr! I feel as if I'd been away for—I came across the fields and down the lane—the hawthorn's early, isn't it? I didn't wire. I thought I'd surprise her. How has she been?

STEPHEN

You cannot surprise her.

PAT

You mean she had a hunch that I was—? But where is she, then? I've been calling her all over everywhere. (*STEPHEN does not reply. Suddenly PAT becomes alarmed.*) Say, what is this—a joke? Because if it is—yes, and what about my letters? Why didn't she answer them? Did you and Father fix it so she wouldn't get them? I've been almost crazy. I've been—where is she? She's here—I know she's here— (*He calls:*) Ann! (*Then feeling something wrong, whispers:*)—Mary. (*Then, more confidently:*) It's Pat, Mary! (*He turns again to STEPHEN.*)—And you needn't think we're going to stay on with people who fixed it up to separate us, either. Not for one minute. I'm going to take her with me this very night, and—

STEPHEN

That is too soon.

PAT

It's not. Haven't we waited years already? We'll be wanting to get married right away. Tomorrow, most likely—or the next day—

STEPHEN

—Too soon.

PAT

Look here, Mr. Carr— (*Then correcting himself:*) Mr. Field.—I know you're a sick man. But Ann's got her whole life ahead of her. You can't take it from her. You've taken too much of it already. I don't hold

X to L on 2nd
level

with those old ideas. Ann and I are in love, and if you don't grant that that's the most important thing, it's time you did. I'm sorry to have to put it this way, but I've got to speak as I feel. I'll certainly never expect a child of mine to—to—

STEPHEN

—To what?

PAT

—To give her whole life up to me, and I don't think you should.

STEPHEN

I see.

PAT

You let her bring you here, away from all the—

STEPHEN

—She has needed me as much these last three years as I have needed her.

PAT

That may be. But—

STEPHEN

Wait! (*He looks at PAT intently, then speaks with a slow emphasis.*)—But now she does not need me any longer.

PAT

What are you looking like that for? What do you mean? (*Then suddenly, wildly.*) She's not! That's not true—you're lying. It's not possible—it can't be! She's here—I know she's here! (*Again he calls.*) Ann! Ann!

STEPHEN

She does not come.

PAT

Ann, dear! It's Pat, Ann!

STEPHEN

And still she does not come.

PAT

Oh, don't keep saying that! She's here—I can feel her all about me. (*He wheels about and looks around him.*) What kind of a deal is this, anyway? What am I doing—dreaming? (*Then one last despairing cry.*) Ann! (*And a long silence. Finally.*)—Because she thought I wasn't coming back— (*Another moment. Then, in anguish.*)—I can't believe—but how? *How* did she? She couldn't have hurt that sweet place at her temple, that lovely breast. What has death to do with her? — *head in hands*

STEPHEN

—With anyone.

PAT

But I did come back! I wasn't the swine she thought me. I did come—she must know that. I'm sure she knows it!

STEPHEN

So then, you have your picture back—

PAT

My picture?

STEPHEN

The one you love so—your picture of yourself. Now your pet illusion is whole again, and all is well, eh?

PAT

I don't know what you're—

STEPHEN

You built your whole life upon an illusion—and it went—and still you want it back—from death, even!

PAT

I don't know what you're talking about.

STEPHEN

Your idea of your own perfection.

PAT

That's not true—

Turn away —————

STEPHEN

No?—You came back, yes—but in your own time. A swine? Indeed you are!—But what brought you? How much of it was the self-contempt you felt for having left her?

PAT

None of it.

STEPHEN

—And how much your love of her, your want of her?

PAT

All!

STEPHEN

Which is it you can't live with, now? Which is it that spoils your picture?

PAT

Oh, be still about my picture! You're talking about a spoiled boy, stuffed with what he thought were fine ideals. Fakes, all of them! I've left that boy behind. I've got no picture anymore. I know I'm what I am—myself!

*X toward
Stephen*

STEPHEN

Then can you face yourself—say good-bye to your last illusion, and come through alive?

PAT

Go—will you?

Turn away

STEPHEN

If you cannot—what else is there for you?

[A moment. Then:]

PAT (to himself)

—Off to Africa.

STEPHEN

Well—?

[PAT moves toward the garden-steps.]

PAT

Off to—! (*at foot of* ~~But half-way up~~ *the steps, he stops. When he speaks, it is with a fine, saving scorn.*)—One big last shining gesture, eh? Watching myself go by. Another pretty picture: "He died for love." (*He raises his head.*) No!—That's for the weak ones. I stay.

STEPHEN (*a murmur*)

That's right, that's right.

[He leaves him, and moves painfully toward his corner.]

PAT

But I want her so. Ann—Ann—

[FELIX comes in from house.]

*Sinks to steps
head in hands*

FELIX

Pardon, Monsieur—je regrette que j'avais laissé passer l'heure. Maintenant, il est onze heures moins douze. Je regrette beaucoup, Monsieur. C'est ma faute.

[PAT does not reply. FELIX goes out. A moment, then ANN'S voice is heard softly, from the garden:]

ANN

Pat?

PAT (*a cry of joy*)

Ann! (In an instant he is up the garden-steps and out.)

I'll find you this time. Ann!

[STEPHEN gropes for his chair in the corner and seats himself.]

STEPHEN

—All right, you. Very well—I am ready. This ends, and that begins.—Oh, so you'd like to end it, would you? All of it, eh? (*He half rises, gasping for breath.*) Well, you can't! —I tell you—you cannot! (*Gasping.*) I tell you—!

[There is a slight shuffling sound, as he slumps into death. A moment. Then TOM comes in from the garden with the brandy-glass, as FELIX enters from the house and crosses the terrace toward him, with three traveling-bags.]

FELIX

Pardon, Monsieur—

[He goes up the garden-steps and out. HOPE comes in from the house. She is dressed to leave. She sees TOM and goes to him quickly.]

Lower door

*They meet
in LC area*

HOPE

Tom, Tom—

TOM

—I beg your pardon, but have you by any chance seen an old priest called Father— (Then he recognizes her.) Why—why, hello, Hope—

HOPE

—Who, did you say?

TOM

Why—I don't know— (He frowns at the brandy-glass.) I thought I—I had this for someone—who was it? I was taking it to him, to—Lord, I don't know— (He looks at her closer.)—How are the children?

[LILY comes in from the house, also dressed for departure.]

*goes to L end
of sofa and
sits*

HOPE

—The children—that's good, that is!—Do you realize that that's just what you've been acting like?

TOM (to himself)

—Under the piano. Under the—

[ALICE comes down the stairs from the balcony. She wears a coat and carries a small traveling-bag.]

ALICE

Listen: could anyone tell me what's got into the Rose man?

HOPE

Not Norman, too!

ALICE

—I opened my door into the hall, and there he was, stretched on the floor outside it, fast asleep on a fur-rug. (*She looks back over her shoulder.*)—And now he's—

[*NORMAN appears upon the balcony, the fur-rug still over his arm.*]

NORMAN (*heartily*)

Well, everyone—how goes it?

TOM

What's that you've got?

NORMAN

How'd you like to—? (*He stops and frowns at the rug.*) Why, it's a— (*His accent leaves him.*) Damned if I know.

[*He drops it, and cleans his fastidious hands of it.*]

TOM

Was it a bargain?

[*NORMAN looks at him sharply.*]

NORMAN

—Am I right in believing that some pretty funny business went on here to-night?

[*All look troubled, eyeing one another furtively, trying to figure out how much the other remembers, how much one remembers oneself.*]

LILY (*finally*)

Well, I don't know if you'd call it funny—but sud-

Coming down
Stairs

denly everything seems possible.—It's like beginning all over again.

~~[Alice stretches upon her cushion.]~~

ALICE

I hope I didn't miss anything. I had a delicious nap. ————— X to End of sofa

LILY

—And did you dream?

ALICE

Dream?—I should say not. I was too dead. (Another silence. All stare in front of them. Finally ALICE speaks again, this time as if from a distance:) Did I tell you? —Once when I was in England staying with the Potters, they had a— (Then suddenly, with an air of discovery.)—Why, Norman! That was where I met you, wasn't it?

NORMAN

Yes.

ALICE

—Strange.
[Again silence. Then:]

TOM

At school the big idea used to be to sneak off in the afternoons and smoke real tobacco in real pipes.— Lord, how big that made us feel. ————— Turn DL

NORMAN (after another moment)

—I often wonder what happened to old Morris Sterner. He gave me my first real job.—Once he told me that— ————— Tom X4 to Liquor table to return glass

[But he relapses into silence, which LILY at length breaks.]

LILY

It's fantastic, this terrace. It just hangs here. Some day it will float off into space, and anchor there, like an island in time.

HOPE

Don't!

ALICE

Don't what?

HOPE

Please, everyone make sense. It must be nearly time to leave.

TOM

Hope— *(She turns to him.)* Would you mind awfully if I don't sail with you?

HOPE

Why?

TOM

I want to go off somewhere by myself for awhile. I think at last I've really got a line on something that may be the answer for me.

HOPE (unconvinced)

Yes?

TOM

—In a way it's a kind of faith, in place of the old one—maybe it's the same. Anyhow, I want to work it out.

*Hops #4 to
1st level*

HOPE .

Sweet Tom.

[PAT and ANN are nearing the terrace from the garden. PAT's voice is heard:]

PAT

There's so much I'd have gone without—

[They come in, her hand in his, and stand together upon the garden-steps.]

TOM (to HOPE)

—I don't know how long it will take—but if I send for you—

[HOPE smiles.]

HOPE

Don't come—

TOM

Don't come.

[Now everyone is talking in concert:]

PAT

—Without so many good, quiet things—

TOM

I'm excited about this, Hope.

HOPE

So am I, Tom—if you do it.

PAT (to ANN)

I want to sit with the wife I love, and read books, and look at maps—

LILY

You won't believe me when I tell you—

ALICE

What?

LILY

Next year I'm going to play Cordelia in King Lear.

PAT

—And fish trout-streams with my boys, and take my daughter walking—

HOPE

—What time is it, Norman? Oughtn't we be starting?

NORMAN

I'm not going to Paris.

[ALICE glances at him in alarm.]

HOPE

Really!—And who was it who simply had to be home by the tenth for a corporation meeting?

NORMAN

They can meet without me. They can whistle for me. I'll be in Andora.

PAT (to ANN)

—And build a house and mend a fence, and be tired of a good day's work, and sleep—

~~[Now they have come down the steps and joined the others. ALICE moves toward NORMAN.]~~*Alice XDR*

ALICE

Norman—

NORMAN

What, Alice?

ALICE

I'll miss you.—Take me with you!

[NORMAN starts forward.]

NORMAN

You'd come!?

ALICE

Just ask me.

NORMAN

Alice—

ALICE

—Darling.

[Then:]

NORMAN

That's the way to see Andora!

[ALICE and NORMAN keep on gazing at each other as if they could never look their fill.]

TOM (suddenly)

Now I know how it happened! (To ANN.) Where's your father?[LILY rises quickly, and stares toward STEPHEN'S chair, which conceals him from their view.]*X back to 2nd level*

ANN

He must have gone down to the bastide.—Why?

TOM

Hotel Universe!—He'll know.

ANN

What?

TOM

Don't you know the story?

ANN

Oh—you mean about René Mayer's house—

TOM

I mean about this house—

ANN

You must be mixed, Tom. This was built in nineteen ~~11~~—
twelve by a man from Lyons.[A moment. TOM gazes at her. Then:]

TOM

Are you sure?

ANN

Oh, yes. Father leased it from him.

[LILY starts back from STEPHEN's chair with a sudden cry.]

LILY

Pa!

HOPE

Don't, Lily—please don't again—

LILY

Pat—Pat!

[He goes to her.]

PAT

What is it, Lily?

LILY (a moan)

—I don't know, I don't know—

*Turns back
toward L**X UP to
Lily - 1st level*

ANN

Lily—darling— _____ X's to Lily

LILY

—I feel as if all that held me together had suddenly
let go.

[She begins to cry, softly.

ANN

Lily—darling—don't!

LILY

It's all right—I'll be all right—

[FELIX re-enters from the garden and goes to PAT. _____ Stays on
steps

FELIX

Pardon, Monsieur—il est onze heure juste, Monsieur.

[HOPE jumps up.

HOPE

Eleven! We've got to fly!

[They all talk together:

ALICE

We'll probably be late at that.

NORMAN

Oh, no—not if we hurry.

TOM

You can make good time on these roads at night.

FELIX (to ANN)

Pardon, Mademoiselle, les valises sont dans les voi-
tures. _____ Felix goes
out to garden

ANN

—Your bags are all in.

TOM

Where's yours, Pat? Are you ready?

LILY

No! *You've* got to stay! Do you understand ~~that~~?—
You've got to stay!

PAT

Why yes, of course.—I'm not going.

[ANN glances at him quickly.

ANN

Pat!

PAT

X to Ann ————— I'm staying, Ann.

TOM

Now there's a good idea!

HOPE

I had a hunch Pat was no mountain-climber!

NORMAN

That's the stuff, Pat.

[HOPE goes to ANN and kisses her. ALICE slips her ~~arm~~
through NORMAN'S.

HOPE

Good-bye, Ann.

ANN

Good-bye, dear.

TOM

Good-bye, Pat. Take it easy for awhile.

PAT

Yes. Good-bye, Tom.

LILY

Hurry, *hurry!*

[TOM kisses ANN.

TOM

Good-bye and thanks, Ann.—Say good-bye to your father for me.

HOPE

Yes.

NORMAN

Yes!

[TOM frowns.

TOM

Say to him, that—

LILY

Hurry, hurry!

TOM

—Say good-bye to him.

NORMAN

Do you want to come with us, Tom? _____ *Xing L*

[TOM turns upon the garden-steps.

TOM

To Andora? Why, it sounds like a good idea.

HOPE

No, no! Alone! You've got to go alone!

TOM

But Hope—you know what a friendly soul I am. **You** know how I need company.

HOPE (*to the others*)

What can you do with him?

[They go out. NORMAN and ALICE mount the steps, calling over their shoulders:]

NORMAN AND ALICE

Good-bye! Thanks! Good-bye!

[PAT, ANN and LILY are left.]

1st / end

LILY

You two—you're for each other, aren't you?

PAT

I hope so.

ANN

Then we are.

LILY (*to ANN*)

Your father—remember what he said? It does go **on**.
(*ANN looks at her.*) Wherever we may be—breezes
from the other fields still blow upon us—

ANN

Why, yes. Why do you—?

LILY

I think that's good to know. God love him. God love
you. Good-bye—

[She mounts the steps, pauses for one brief instant]

to glance down at STEPHEN, then goes out into the garden. PAT and ANN are left alone. ANN touches his cheek.

ANN

Dear love.

PAT

I want to make love to you for years. Oh, it's a life, Ann!

ANN

I know, dear—don't I know! (She murmurs.)—Thank you, Father.

PAT

Yes—thanks! (In the distance, far off in the garden, a cock crows hoarsely. PAT starts.) What's that? What time is it?

ANN

Hush, darling, never mind.—It's just an old white rooster—one of Father's pets—his clock he calls him.

PAT

It must be dawn somewhere.

ANN

But of course, dear—always!

PAT

Wherever there is an end, he said—

ANN

—From it the beginning springs.

[She stares straight in front of her, her apprehension growing in her eyes. Slowly, fearfully, her head turns in the direction of STEPHEN. Silence. Then again the cock crows.]

CURTAIN

*Ann steps U
toward Stephen—
holds out hand
Then turns to reach
out to Pat.*

PART THREE

DIRECTING PROBLEMS

A. The Author, his plays, a critical
estimate with special emphasis
on Hotel Universe

A. The Author, His Plays---a critical estimate
with emphasis on Hotel Universe

Although Philip Barry is recognized as one of the most successful of present American playwrights, he is also held by many to be one of the most unsuccessful. His You and I Holiday, Paris Bound, The Animal Kingdom, The Philadelphia Story, and Foolish Notion all have enviable box office records, each running well over the 100 performances, which Broadway recognizes as the mark of a successful play. On the other hand his White Wings, John, Hotel Universe, The Joyous Season, Without Love, and Here Come the Clowns while winning critical acclaim, have been "failures" at the box-office.

Bernard Sobel in his Theatre Handbook¹ has characterized Philip Barry as "the familiar case of the clown longing to play Hamlet and doomed to real success only when he clings to the comedy which is his forte. For Barry's plays fall into two distinct categories, which bear striking resemblance, his gay drawing-room comedies, and his more serious, inspirational, even symbolical dramas His comedies from You and I to The Philadelphia Story have been successful commercially; his significant works from In a Garden to Here Come the Clowns have generally failed to be in the "hit"

1 Sobel, Bernard, The Theatre Handbook and Digest of Plays,
Crown Publishers, New York 1940 p.78

class."

His failures have never deterred this independent, free-thinking author and consequently some of his evenings in the theatre have been very exciting. Such is the case of Hotel Universe. While this play was not a Broadway success, Mr. Barry was trying to express his ideas in a different manner and these differences make the drama an interesting one to study and to present.

Since the play is filled with so many personal reactions that clearly indicate the author himself, a more detailed study of his life and his other plays might clarify some of the problems that are involved in producing his Hotel Universe.

Strangely enough, the biographers have trouble in finding many facts that carry much significance in his writings. He was born in Rochester, New York, in 1896, and, aside from a rigorous, Catholic education, had little happen to him that did not happen to the average boy in the 1900's. He graduated from a Catholic high school, and except for a brief post in the diplomatic service in Washington and at the Embassy in London, his education was unbroken and in 1919 he graduated from Yale. From Yale to Harvard was a brief step and into the '47 Workshop of Professor George Pierce Baker was a natural course for a budding playwright. In 1921 his drama, You and I, won the Robert Herndon Prize and a subsequent

Broadway production of the same play, in 1923, started him on his successful professional career. The Youngest In a Garden, White Wings, John, Paris Bound, Cock Robin, (co-authored with Elmer Rice while both of these playwrights were in Paris), Holiday, and Hotel Universe followed in quick succession, and written before the depression of 1930.

In the period following, during the greatest economic upheaval this country has ever experienced, Barry turned to the serious side, and, offering his solutions to some of the problems facing the depression generation, presented Tomorrow and Tomorrow, The Animal Kingdom, The Joyous Season, Bright Star, and Here Come the Clowns, all of which were financial failures. Returning to his brilliant comedy writing of the decade before, he proved in The Philadelphia Story that he could still write a successful play, though his latter two plays, Without Love and Foolish Notion, classed as comedies, failed to measure up in writing or in appeal.

The great variety of plays that Mr. Barry has written would lead one to believe that each would be quite different from the others. Actually, however, the similarities among them are much more striking than the differences. These similarities, which might be classified as "typical Barry features", are never quite hidden under the different lines and situations of each

play.

Quite often, there is some physical spot - usually somewhere in the house of the main character or characters - which represents all the freedom from worry and from the restraint of "big business", which Barry so abhors--a sort of refuge and place of escape. It may be the "music-room on the top floor of the Hutton's town house in uptown New York, near the East River," as in Paris Bound. It may be the playroom at the top of the Edward Seton house, as in Holiday. It may be, in You and I, an attic made into a studio, or the made-over room of In a Garden. Or it may be the terrace of the old house down on the Mediterranean, Hotel Universe, which offers respite from the tension of the hard world. But wherever it is, it appears in enough of Barry's plays to become almost a trademark.

Character development is not Barry's forte. The people who inhabit his plays could very easily be moved from one play to another with no appreciable change necessary. They may have different names--Pat Farley in Hotel Universe, Johnny Case in Holiday, Matey White in You and I--but their background is the same, their language is the same, their outlook is the same. They are all Philip Barry, trying to preach, with a smile on his lips. His leading women may be short or tall, blond or brunette, but they are always young, beautiful, witty,

understanding, and willing to be the fond companion and ready helpmate to the man of their choice. Usually, somewhere in the gay crowd, is the "hard, outward appearance-with the heart of gold." It may be Ned in Holiday, or Lily in Hotel Universe or Fanny Shippan in Paris Bound, but it is always a good, standard Barry "type". This criticism of the similarity of characterization is in no way to be taken as criticism of the individual roles. Most of them are thoroughly real and delightfully charming, when viewed separately, each in his own play. But viewed collectively, Barry's lack of originality is quite noticable.

One more feature of what might be termed "typical Barry" is his little playacting scene, out of which he seems to get such delight--the scene within a scene where everyone suddenly seems to be reading a very gay and amusing script. At least, they never miss their cues. The Norman Rose hour in Hotel Universe is an example, or the Nick Potter autobiography in the second act of Holiday. Audiences enjoy these moments, whenever they appear, for they are masterpieces of nonsense.

Finally, Barry's fundamental philosophy appears and reappears in practically every one of his plays.

The right to do as one pleases and the desire for leisure are two themes basic in most of his plays. They are the motives which successively impel Richard Winslow in The Youngest, Maitland White in You and I, Adrian Terry in In a Garden

Johnny Case in Holiday.....and Norman Rose and Tom Ames in Hotel Universe to turn their backs on success and prosperity and seek a more satisfying existence. Without such freedom--freedom of action outside, freedom of the spirit inside--life is unendurable; this is the principal tenet of Philip Barry's philosophy.²

Although it was stated a few paragraphs back that very little biographical material was available on Philip Barry, many critics feel that he reveals himself to a great extent in his writing.

The late Montrose J. Moses, outstanding critic of the theatre, made the unique statement: His plays are really Barry in quest of himself. There is no American dramatist of the same stamp. He cannot take life too soberly; he shadow-boxes with ideas and philosophies, he writes the most exquisite dialogue, he can be absurdly childish and delicately serious. His gossamer plays are shot through with patterns of ideas always in the bud, and the ideas are never given a chance to become full blown. His stories are spider webs of quaint spinning, with problematic knots which help to hold the dramas together. His seriousness is never left alone a minute; the puckered brow is chased by the inexhaustible good humor. If he should consider himself, Philip Barry would find his youth in his plays.³

George Jean Nathan, critic and reviewer, takes the opposing point of view: Once content to write at least an approximation to pure and unadulterated light comedy, he some years ago became obsessed by the notion that, in addition to his talent in that direction, he was a creature of puissant brain and that it was his duty, along with his pleasure, to share its pearls with the public. From this hallucination there presently issued not only a quota of pseudo-philosophical opera that sorely grieved that portion of the public whose mental capacities were slightly in

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2. Flexner, Eleanor, American Playwrights 1918-1938. Simon and Schuster, New York, 1938. p. 249-250
 3. Moses, Montrose J., and Krutch, Joseph Wood, editors, Representative American Dramas: National and Local. Little, Brown and Co., Boston, 1941. p 767.

excess of those of the average ballet critic but, further, a proportion of comedies which were not satisfied to be merely comedies but which deemed it incumbent upon them to include a variety of solemn passages confiding their author's profundities on divers cosmic enigmas. The result was and is a species of entertainment that sacrifices light comedy to heavy platitudinizing and that in sum suggests an undergraduate at a small Methodist college wildly celebrating the completion of a cribbed thesis with a couple of beers.⁴

John Mason Brown, noted Broadway critic and lecturer, in reviewing Here Come the Clowns, had this to say concerning the author:

You are conscious of the anguish which has sent Mr. Barry straying into Pirandello's domains. Even when you are hopelessly lost, you listen. And listening, you find yourself pleased by the play's many proofs that Here Come the Clowns is written by a man who really knows how to write. He may confuse you. He may be confused himself. He may have chosen the most elaborate of all trick ways to arrive at a very simple conclusion. But he has style. He has perceptive mind. He is sensitive and adroit. He can put dialogue to uses truly revelatory. And he is a painstaking craftsman capable of ingenious planning.⁵

With these general criticisms of Barry's writing in mind, we turn now to specific reviews of Hotel Universe. Joseph Wood Krutch, author of many books on the theatre did not like the play:

The idea is passable and, I believe, sufficiently good Freudianism: but what the play needs desperately is more matter and less art. Every incident loses its outlines because every incident is swathed in layer after layer of fuzzy verbiage about Life, Death, the Great Beyond, and the fact (announced by a mysterious white cock given to apparently untimely crowings) that 'somewhere it is always dawn'. The dramatis personae are supposed to represent the intellectual as well as the social elite, but they indulge in the most appalling mystical

Nathan, George Jean, The Theatre Book of the Year: 1942-1943: A Record and an Interpretation. Alfred A Knopf, New York, 1943. p. 123-124

chitchat and are responsible for a stream of discourse upon the surface of which float fragments of mangled Einstein together with all sorts of spongy, half-digested or completely indigestible bits which seem to be the remains of a meal formerly made upon some of the more repulsive varieties of New Thought. Such ideas pass current in Greenwich Village salons when dusk and cocktails have combined to elevate the spirits and depress the judgment, but they are not taken seriously by captains of finance and other authentic big-wigs, unless the upper classes have degenerated further than even the more earnest satirists maintain.⁶

To quote again from John Mason Brown, the following is his review of Hotel Universe, as it appeared in his column, "Two On the Aisle", in The New York Post, on April 15, 1930:

The occasionally fine, often moving, frequently boring, and generally confusing discussion which is the subject of Hotel Universe makes as clear as anything else could that Mr. Barry has a will and a way of his own. It makes equally clear that he has the courage to satisfy himself without stooping to any of those compromises in subject matter or in treatment which are usually made in the hope of satisfying audiences. Certainly he has never shown a greater willingness to go his way, regardless of who may care to follow him, than in this most pretentious of his plays. In Hotel Universe Mr. Barry has not only been intrepid enough to ask playgoers to remain in their seats for a full two hours without granting them a single

5. Brown, John Mason, Broadway in Review. W.W.Norton & Co., Inc., New York, 1940. p. 166-167.

6. Krutch, Joseph Wood, The American Drama Since 1918: An Informal History. Random House, New York, 1939. p. 170-171.

moment's recess. He has also been bold enough to ask them to sit before a play as unlike the common run of plays as it is dissimilar to those highly individual and charming comedies Mr. Barry has written in the past.

One difference, and a striking one, between Mr. Barry's former comedies and his present cosmic discussion springs from the fact that, where all of Mr. Barry's comedies in the past were reducible to a main idea which could be expressed in a single sentence, there is no sentence--indeed no paragraph--which could hold the ever-wandering ideas of Hotel Universe. Nor can any first-night review hope to do the play justice. It can only make a confused record of the script's confusion, while admitting the integrity of its aim and the frequent highness of its reach.

Instead of arguing any single case, as he was content to do when he stated the case of marriage versus art in You and I, or marriage versus divorce in Paris Bound, or marriage versus money in Holiday, or life versus fiction in In a Garden, or progressives versus reactionaries in White Wings, Mr. Barry has pondered in Hotel Universe upon the world's imponderable questions.

Stirred, as everyone must be at one time or another, by the "Everlasting Ayes" and "Nays" to which all are heir both in and out of college, he has sought, with the all-too-considerable aid of Freud, to plumb the mysteries of life, and see behind its appearances into the complicated fabric of the human consciousness.

To do this he has chosen the terrace of a house in southern France which faces on the Mediterranean. On to this terrace, this "fantastic terrace" which reminds people of other places and of their former selves, he has sent Ann Field (Katherine Alexander), the girl who owns the house with her half-mad father (Morris Carnovsky), and her five guests. They are the Amesess, Tom (Franchot Tone) who is a Catholic, and his beautiful but unimaginative wife (Phyllis Povah), whose normal happy life in her children and her home makes her already afraid of and puzzled by the strange things

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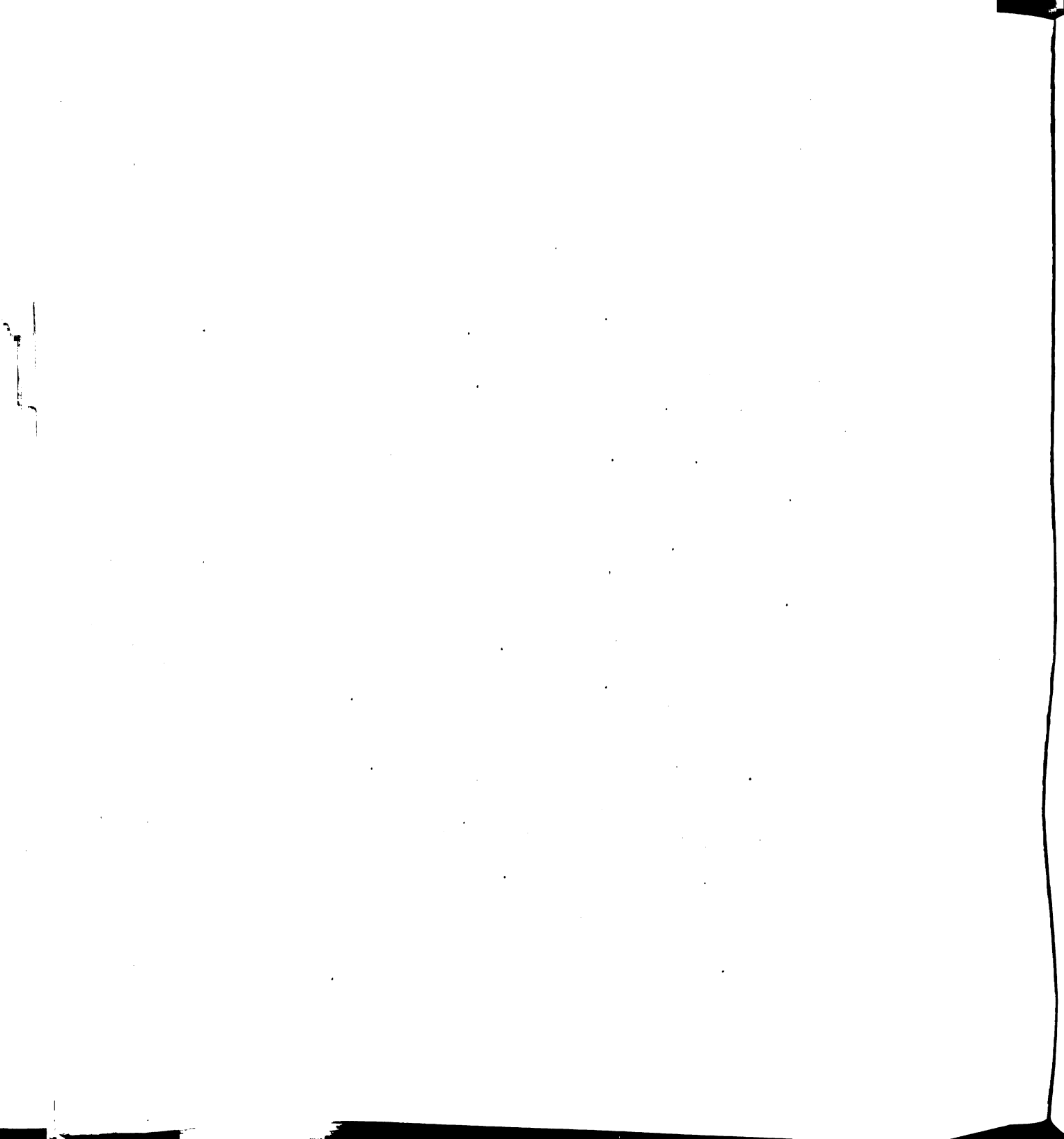
which are taking place; Lily Malone (Ruth Gordon), a little actress who is crazy to defy her public and play Cordelia; the completely physical Alice Kendall (Ruthelma Stevens), who is in love with Norman Rose, a Jew (Earle Larimore), and Pat Farley (Glenn Anders), who is in love with a girl who is dead and is loved by Ann Field.

Each of these in his or her own way are samples of the "lucky ones," those same lucky ones out of whom Mr. Barry has built so many well-dressed comedies in the past. Now, however, it is disillusionment and unhappiness which they face, because of the strange spell this strange place has cast over them. They are thinking, as Mr. Barry has one of them tell us, of the estates of man, of his mortal estate, his imaginative being and the world that lies beyond the grave. As Mr. Barry also tells us, "the breezes blow from one to another" of these estates. In addition to the threefold world in which they live, his characters are troubled with the enigma of time and the consideration of their own worth.

It is nearly nine o'clock when they begin talking. But as the time goes by Pat has instructed a servant to appear to inform them of each half hour as it passes, for all of these guests must take a train at eleven. They are sitting on the moonlit terrace discussing the death of an acquaintance. Four out of the six of them admit they, too, would be willing to die.

Little by little they begin to think back to their childhoods, turning to the past as so many of Mr. Barry's characters have done before. Finally the three men start playing "under the piano" or "under the apple tree," changing into boys who are playing at Father Damien, and fighting over "Jew", "Catholic" and "heretic" in what is the best scene in the play and one of the best scenes Mr. Barry has written.

From then on Hotel Universe, which holds its own remarkably well for its first hour, suddenly begins to decline if for no other reason than that Mr. Barry is faced with the dilemma of having to solve his questions as well as put them. From then on, too, the thinness and the empty



pretentiousness of his material begin to show through the necromancy of his dialogue. For tortured as he may be, and sensitive and gifted as he undeniably is, Mr. Barry has not yet acquired the wisdom or the philosophic stature with which to answer the Sphinx's riddle.

He brings the weird and clairvoyant Mr. Field on to his terrace, and thereupon his play begins to slip through his hands--even away from his habitual taste--into obvious and hackneyed scenes which at times are amazingly insensitive and silly. His young people, or at least most of them, begin to see in old Mr. Field the priest, the rabbi, or the drunken father who has influenced them in their youth. But the worst of Mr. Barry's more uncertain scenes is the inexcusable one in which he has Alice Kendall slip off her evening gown in the unsubtle attempt to symbolize her desire for Norman Rose.

When old Mr. Field dies, Mr. Barry's young people shake off their pasts, discarding both their cloying inhibitions and their childhood memories, all of which leads to Mr. Barry's conclusion that whenever there is an end, then there is a beginning, a conclusion which it must be confessed does not come as a sufficient solution to two solid hours of seeking out the mysteries of life.

Bromidic and sophomoric as are some of the preachier stretches of the second half of this unusual and strangely uneven play, Hotel Universe is admirably acted by the Guild's acting company and its guest players. Miss Alexander as Miss Field, Miss Gordon as the actress, Phyllis Povah as the wife, Earle Larimore as the Jew, Franchot Tone as the Catholic, and Glenn Anders as the egotist, give admirable individual performances, contributing to an ensemble extraordinary for its fluidity and general excellence. Morris Carnovsky, as old Stephen Field, undoubtedly does all that can be done with a part intrinsically false.

But in spite of the excellence of the acting, Mr. Moeller's capable direction and Mr. Simonson's excellent atmospheric setting, yes, and in spite of the general interest and the earlier and better portion of the play, Hotel Universe comes as a

disappointment. Not that it is not a brave experiment and a finely sincere effort, for it is. But that it shows that, like Mr. O'Neill, Mr. Barry is happiest when he is not thinking too deeply.⁷

The late Montrose J. Moses gives an expert analysis of the generation which is represented in Hotel Universe

The younger generation which came out of the War had its bitter cracks against everything: they set out to repudiate the world as it was: they left from their calculations entirely any illusions that might have been ready at hand for them; they were not sure of anything, but they were willing and anxious to think of everything. What they knew for a certainty was that they had had enough of what they called the "older generation", which had bungled the world into a great social and economic mess; they were--in other words--out on a voyage of new discovery.

If they had taken anything with them in their mental kit other than rebellion, they might not have so easily fallen into morbidity. If they had been willing to pause by the roadside, to spend a week-end with themselves as they were fundamentally, and to chart the seven seas of existence, they might not have turned so violently against the life they finally came to live, after they turned against the life of the older generation. As I see it, that is the entire philosophical matrix in Philip Barry's plays. In "Paris Bound", youth married gains its experience, becomes ripened in the spirit of compromise. In "Holiday", youth fights against the pressure of life that would strangle the joie de vivre. In "Hotel Universe", youth is fagged. Barry would substitute a sense of fun for the vacuous living of the older generation. "Life is exciting," exclaims Youth. "Life is an exacting business," exclaims the older generation. Barry's plays have about them the atmosphere of youthful excitement. In "Holiday"

7. Brown, John Mason, Two On the Aisle; Ten Years of the American Theatre in Performance. W.W.Norton & Company, Inc., New York, 1938. p.159-163.

the exclamation is, "We are all grand at seventeen." What is the disillusionment in "Hotel Universe." ?

Plays of the younger generation, with which we have been deluged for many years past, all seem to agree upon the restlessness of the rebel. "Holiday" is restless. But, even though the rebel, who repudiates the conventions of society, goes out to think bravely about life, he soon realizes that thinking about life is not living, and the two points of view sometimes end in disillusionment. So we have the poignant moments in "Hotel Universe."

After the War, young people looked upon the world as hideous; they could not square their own questions with any of the answers offered by their elders. They became violently interested in the problems of why they were here and whither they were going. That is a typical youthful attitude of the past decade, of all decades. They have debated the morality preached in the pulpit and have been witness to the repudiation of that morality as exploited in the newspapers. So, the restless group that Philip Barry introduces in "Hotel Universe" is but the reflection of that awful drifting uncertainty into which rebelliousness so often takes us. Barry's characters express their doubts because they have only a smattering connection with the permanent things of the universe. They distrust any permanency whatsoever. They would not work on schedule time because they wish an untried schedule for life of their very own, that would make life worth living. In "Holiday," the hero decides that it were best for people to let fresh air into life while it is young; to take a holiday first and to work afterwards.

In this spirit, young people are willing to risk everything. They are sometimes willing to risk death, and, in a moment of despondency, they are willing even to take life as a sacrifice. They do not yet know the value of ease; they only know that they must go quickly through the adventure. One of the characters in "Hotel Universe"

contemplates killing himself, and an older, a wiser being tells him that things may change -- why do it? He is sufficiently knowing of the younger generation not to say to this young person: "You may change. In this world there is a certain law of maturity which comes from experience; you are in a state of flux; you know nothing of the certainty of calm."

Not one of Barry's characters but is thus drawn rebellious. In most of his dramas, with a flash or two, he suggests that there is a practical side to life which, humorous though it may be in dialogue, serves also its purpose as a stabilizer of excessive energy. One of his people says: "While there is life there is rent to pay": in itself a wisecrack, but representing a point of view which might serve to bring back a rebellious spirit to a point of rest. For a point of rest is as necessary in life as it is, according to Ruskin and Coventry Patmore, in art.⁸

8. Moses, op. cit. p. 768-769

Chronological List of Plays by Philip Barry.

A Punch for Judy, produced by Professor George Pierce

Baker's 47 Workshop, Morosco Theatre, New York,

April 18, 1921.

You and I, produced by Richard Herndon, Belmont Theatre,

New York, February 19, 1923.

The Youngest, produced by Robert Milton, Gaiety Theatre,

New York, December 22, 1924.

In A Garden, produced by Arthur Hopkins, Plymouth Theatre,

New York, November 16, 1925.

White Wings, produced by Winthrop Ames, Booth Theatre,

New York, October 15, 1926.

John, produced by The Actors Theatre, Inc., Klaw Theatre,

New York, November 4, 1927.

Paris Bound, produced by Arthur Hopkins, Music Hall, New

York, December 27, 1927.

Cock Robin, (with Elmer Rice) produced by Guthrie McClintic,

Forty-eighth St. Theatre, New York, January 12, 1928.

Holiday, produced by Arthur Hopkins, Plymouth Theatre,

New York, November 26, 1928.

Hotel Universe, produced by The Theatre Guild, Martin Beck

Theatre, New York, April 14, 1930.

Tomorrow & Tomorrow, produced by Gilbert Miller, Henry

Miller Theatre, New York, January 13, 1931.

The Animal Kingdom, produced by Gilbert Miller, and
Leslie Howard, Broadhurst Theatre, New York,
January 12, 1932.

The Joyous Season, produced by Arthur Hopkins, Belasco
Theatre, New York, January 29, 1934.

Bright Star, produced by Arthur Hopkins, Empire Theatre,
New York, October 15, 1935.

Spring Dance, (adapted from a play by Eleanor Golden and
Eloise Barrangon), produced by Jed Harris, Empire
Theatre, New York, August 25, 1936.

Here Come the Clowns, produced by Eddie Dowling, Booth
Theatre, New York, December 8, 1938.

The Philadelphia Story, produced by The Theatre Guild,
Shubert Theatre, New York, March 29, 1939.

Without Love, produced by The Theatre Guild, St. James
Theatre, November 10, 1942.

Foolish Notion, produced by The Theatre Guild, Martin
Beck Theatre, March 13, 1945.

B. The Technical Value Problems

- 1. Composition**
- 2. Picturization**
- 3. Pantomime**
- 4. Movement**
- 5. Rhythm**

B. The Technical Value Problems.

Following the directing procedure as established by the Department of Speech, Dramatic, and Radio, the philosophy of the late Alexander Dean will be used in the analysis of the directing problems.

The director, according to Dean must deal with all phases of directing, "dramatic action and dramatic sound and in terms of the emotional and intellectual concepts of the author's script."⁹ The technical values as he lists them, are the elements which deal with the visual problems that occur in all plays. The planning of a stage setting so that the areas will be usable and then using all of the areas as planned. This is listed as "Composition." As the artist on his canvas studies, selects and arranges his scene or subjects so that those seeing his picture will understand it and be satisfied, so the stage director must do the same for his audience as they watch his Stage.

But just an arrangement of a scene is not enough in the theatre. The audience is interested mainly in the people and what happens to them. Hence the director must deal with more than mere composition. He must show relationships between characters and reactions to situations (picturization), he must supply a certain amount of action to hold interest (movement) and see that this

9. Dean, Alexander, Fundamentals of Play Directing, Farrar and Rinehart, New York 1941, p.32

action is done as the characters would do it (pantomime). This whole pattern is tied together and carried forward as a unit by allowing the play to progress at certain speeds with variations of this basic speed as the scene demands (rhythm).

Thus, the technical values include what use the director makes of his factors of composition, picturization, movement, pantomime, and rhythm. The specific problems as encountered in Hotel Universe will be discussed in the sections which follow.

1. Composition.

The first factor with which a director finds himself dealing in analysing a play for the technical values is "composition." According to Dean: "Composition is the rational arrangement of the people in a stage group through the use of emphasis, stability, sequence and balance to achieve an instinctively satisfying clarity and beauty."¹⁰

However, before an arrangement of people can be made, a satisfactory arrangement of stage areas must be worked out. This was the first of the major decisions to be made in directing this play.

The setting was planned with definite compositional factors in mind. There were three major areas in the whole setting: the house where Ann Field, her father and their guests were living, the terrace where all of the action of the play takes place, and the mysterious garden with its strange charm. The immediate problem was to provide a terrace where two hours of unbroken action might take place. Again three major areas were evident. The first area was that of the intimate, protected action, centered around a piano; the second was still informal, but more casual, around the liquor table; the third was the more remote and mysterious area where fantasy might be revealed and where unreality might flourish. This

10. Ibid, pg. 137.

NOTE

1 large & 3 small envelopes } Pats' pocket
 Ruby pendant
 Cigarettes

Pocket watch for Felix

Prop. table - S.R.

1 Fur rug
 1 Jacket
 4 Suitcases (small)

KEY

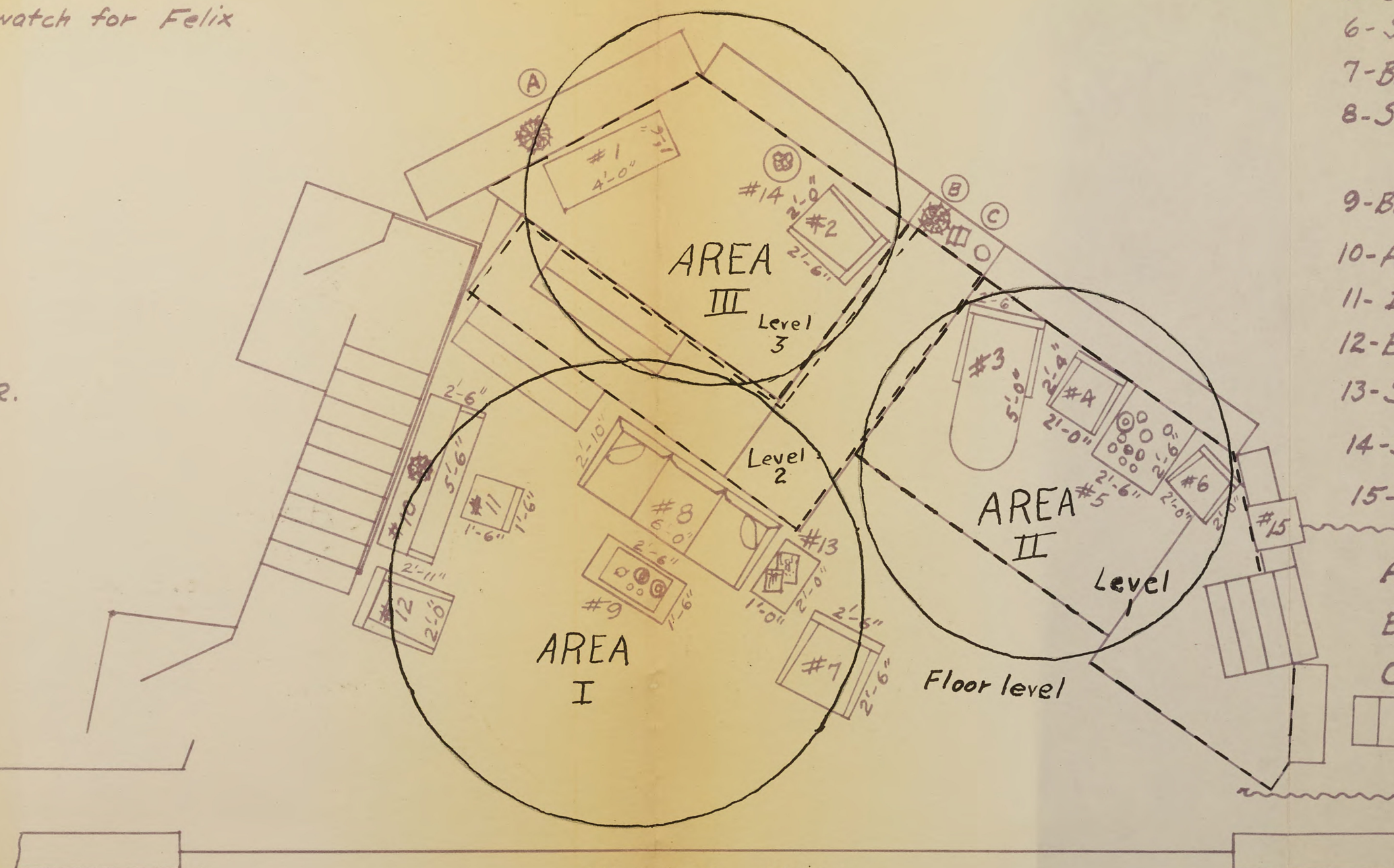
- 1 - White bench
- 2 - High backed green & white chair.
- 3 - Lounge chair (tan)
- 4 - Straight white chair
- 5 - Glass top table with { 3 liquor bottles
6 glasses
6 stirrers
- 6 - Straight white chair
- 7 - Bamboo porch chair with deep red [cushion]
- 8 - Sofa bamboo with brown cushions & print pillows
- 9 - Bamboo Coffee table with scarf & silver tea service.
- 10 - Apartment piano - brown with green bouquet.
- 11 - Brown piano chair.
- 12 - Bamboo porch chair with brown cushion.
- 13 - Small bamboo table with 2 magazines
- 14 - Small round green metal table with green bouquet.
- 15 - Small phonograph - not practical

A - Small fig tree - potted.

B - Small potted tree.

C - 2 Books & ash tray with water.

Sound Table with
 1. Practical phonograph
 2. Large drum & mallet
 (See sound cue sheet)



FLOOR PLAN
PROPERTY PLOT

DWG. NO. 3

area was conceived, in imagination, as being on a higher level than the other two.

A few pieces of furniture were specifically called for in the script, and the rest was left to the discretion of the director and designer. In order to get remoteness in the set, three levels were used. The floor level was planned for the general living scenes (area I on floor plan) and the furniture included the piano, davenport, easy chairs and coffee table. The second level (area II) contained the chaise lounge where Alice spent the first one-third of the play, the liquor table holding a supply of beverages, two chairs, and the portable phonograph. The third level (area III, upstage right) was almost three feet above area one, and was large enough to contain Stephen's chair, a low white bench, and a section of retaining wall, strong enough to hold Tom.

These three levels were joined by a series of steps, which offered playing areas within themselves, so that many attractive stage pictures could be used. The lighting arrangement was so planned that each area could be used separately by bringing up and down the lights and varying the intensities on the areas. This isolation of area pointed up the separate scenes, yet the set also lent itself well to full stage use as during the opening

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scene when all but area three was inhabited, or during Alice's sleep-walking scene (page 101 of the script), when every area on the stage was in use.

The flight of steps, stage right, also led to an even higher level--the balcony which leads into the remoter sections of the house. The steps were used primarily for exits, except for the entrance of Alice asleep and the entrance of Lily as she watched Stephen and saw, in him, her own father. The upper balcony was too small an area for much more than a single person to stand, and consequently little use was made of it.

The characters were kept predominately in the areas which seemed to be best suited for them. Stephen played the major portion of his scenes on the highest terrace level, staying in the range of the lighthouse. His chair was so placed that he had the emphasis when he needed it, but could be blocked out during his later illness and death scenes. Except for the introduction scene when little of unreality had yet crept into the play, Stephen did not come away from his area except when he was portraying another character.

Pat and Ann used all levels going from the very intimate "Westbury Road" scene on the davenport, to the remoter sections of the house and garden. Tom stayed largely in the first and second areas going into

the third area for his one brief climbing scene. Hope, as the down-to-earth, matter-of-fact member of the party ventured only as high as area II. Alice wandered into area III only when in her sleep-walking scene. Otherwise she spent most of her time reclining on the chaise lounge in area II. Norman Rose, tycoon and would-be intellectual, followed Alice's example by going into area III only once. He is content to stay in areas I and II with a brief scene on the balcony toward the end of the script.

Lily made free use of the lower two areas and the stairs as already noted. Only when she realized what Stephen had done in breaking the spell in which she was caught, did she work into area III and then only for a brief moment. Felix was kept as the one normal note in the play and consequently he never ventured above area two, although he did appear once on the balcony.

The stage as visualized worked well in the practical application of production. As the two-some scenes followed each other, the change of area, together with the change of lighting kept the interest of the audience alive. The furniture arrangement within these areas also aided in getting variety into the scenes, as well as aiding in pointing up the emphatic character or line. As is apt to be true in plays which stress characters

and ideas, the composition problems are not perplexing. An adequate arrangement of the set is needed but beyond that this factor offered few barriers.

2. Picturization.

Picturization adds the actor's contribution to the scene. According to Dean picturization is defined as "the visual interpretation of each moment of the play. It is the placing of characters so as to suggest their mental and emotional attitudes toward one another so that the dramatic nature of the situation will be conveyed without the use of dialogue or movement."¹¹ This is the play as viewed through the closed glass doors of the lobby--action without words.

Fortunately for the director, Hotel Universe offers but few picturization problems. The ensemble scenes are few and far between, and those are obvious in their intent. The play opens with a scene in which all of the characters on stage are relaxing. There is an air of uneasiness and slight antagonism among the guests. This was accomplished by having the two lower areas used by seated actors. Each was in a little section by him or herself. Hope, in the down right chair. Pat at the piano. Ann at one end of the davenport, with Tom at the other. Alice stretched out in her lounging chair, Lily at the right of the liquor table and Norman seated at the foot of the garden steps. Little change in general feeling was necessary and

11. Ibid, pg.203

except for an occasional cross to give distance between characters, no special picturization problems arose.

The Norman Rose hour needed a little dramatizing. The principals in the little scene were shifted to the liquor table which became a stage. Here Pat and Tom acted out their little drama to the general amusement of observers Alice, Norman, Lily, Ann and Hope, who settled down on opposite sides of the stage where a better view might be gained. The two actors held the center of attention until the scene was broken by Tom moving away from the table and Norman coming over to it.

The scenes between the unreal sequences needed very little picturization because of their simple story-telling nature. All that was necessary was to arrange the group into positions which indicated conversation or story-telling. The same applied to the scenes with only two actors, either real or unreal. They were placed in a general conversational relationship, that plainly conveyed the meaning to the audience.

In the little boy scene, the three boys are brought down into the downstage left area, again for the purpose of separating them from the onlookers, and yet keeping them visible to all. There they assumed the character-

istic positions of small boys--sitting on the floor. As two of the boys ganged up on the third, or as all three were bickering against each other, their various relationships were suggested by two of them getting together to exclude the third or by all three remaining equidistant apart, pointing at each other, or turning away as the occasion demanded. As Pat and Tom started to fight, Norman was shoved aside, giving the boys plenty of room for action. When the onlookers realized that they were really fighting in earnest, the group broke up to separate the two, forming two decided factions. In the action immediately following, Ann served as a unifying force as she moved to the other group and then back to Pat.

The next two scenes through the Lily-Pat and the Pat-Ann scenes were twosome sequences as mentioned above, needing very little along the picturization line.

The next problem was to show how the group felt toward Stephen upon his introduction. Ann, as his devoted daughter, stayed by him, to perform the introductions. Stephen had to stay near the center because the guests' reactions to him had to be visible to the audience. He was the focus of all attention and as such, symbolized visibly his role as the pivot around which all of them would come to revolve.

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As the play advanced to Alice's sleep-walking scene, four people's reactions were shown by picturization. Alice was shown as being released from all inhibitions, which sent her to an area completely away from the rest of the group. The first person to go to her was Ann, representing Stephen and his philosophical release. The other person to go to her was Norman, the man who loved her and whom she loved. Pat's violent reaction to this unusual display of freedom is to turn his back completely on her, unable to stand such a bearing of soul.

The next scene, presenting much of Stephen's philosophy, needed care in the placing of Stephen so that he would be the center of interest and so that the rest could listen comfortably. He was placed on a higher level almost in the center, with Ann again nearby, and the guests arranged around the stage.

The Hope-Tom scene brought the two in close contact while Stephen was a separate force over at the other side of the stage. As Tom realized that his cause was hopeless, he moved away to the wall. It was significant, too, that even when Stephen showed her where her weakness lay, Hope did not go to Tom but was distracted by Lily's call and went into the garden.

For the Father Francis sequence, the picturization

was inherent--that of the kneeling boy giving his confession to the aged priest.

When Norman talked to Mr. Sterner, the chair was empty for two reasons: Stephen had just had a spell of dizziness and it would be inconsistent for him to get right up and move to another area, and it pointed up even more in this brief sequence that this was the voice of Norman's conscience, telling him that he wanted money in the first place to gain the freedom he thought went with it, and making him realize that now that he did have money he should take advantage of the limited amount of freedom that it did offer.

The Lily-Pat scene started, after the ballet, with Lily's crossing to her father and welcoming him with an enthusiastic embrace. She stayed beside him until he asked for a drink, and she had to go to the liquor table to fix it. For the Cordelia sequence, the dramatization was all exaggerated, with many sweeps and flourishes and the two moved to a new area to set a small stage for their skit. As the father became more intoxicated, he crossed to the liquor table and Lily stayed a short distance away. In the part which followed, when the father was shouting at the hysterical Lily, the only time she went to him was to beg him to be gentle. His only answer was to threaten to strike her.

She backed away from him and stayed away for the rest of the scene, showing that the illusion was breaking.

The Pat-Ann and the Pat-Mr. Carr scenes were the twosomes mentioned before. In the next to the last scene, as the guests were assembling, preparatory to leaving, each entered still showing somewhat, some effect of his unreal scene. Gradually as they worked their way back to reality, they assumed practically the same stage positions as in the opening scene. This tied the whole play together, giving almost the idea that perhaps all of this never happened at all except in the people's imagination.

The curtain picture was of Pat and Ann, realizing that with the crowing of the cock, a new dawn is breaking for them. Ann, remembering that one life must end when another begins, turned to the area of her father, knowing he was dead even before she saw him. With the hand that she once held out to her father, now held out to Pat, the curtain fell, with Ann and Pat starting out together, alone, and yet with the influence of Stephen still around them.

3. Pantomimic Dramatization

Much of the very important "three-dimensional" quality is given to a play by the little details of business and pantomime which each actor uses as he goes through his characterization. This is called "pantomimic dramatization", about which Dean says: "Pantomime is action without words. By action is meant a sequence of facial expressions, gestures, hand operations, and body positions and movements that, absorbed from life, is used imaginatively by the actor and the director to tell something about the elements of character, situation, locale, and atmosphere of a play. If these elements are made clear without the use of dialogue, they are dramatized by pantomime. This process is called "pantomimic dramatization."¹²

Hotel Universe had very few pantomime problems other than those found in the usual play. The handling of the coffee cups, the drinking from and the handling of the liquor glasses, the smoking of cigarettes, and business with magazines and letters are found in practically every modern play, and were executed in this play with little difficulty.

Where pantomimic dramatization did help the most

¹². Ibid, pg. 297

was in the unreal scenes, since the properties and furniture available on the terrace had to suffice for all of the different places and situations represented. In the Norman Rose hour, all of the typical movements and actions of the "big business" man were exaggerated for a comedy effect--the swaggering step, the lunge for the secretary, the fear of authority, as represented by Pat's throwing his coat open to show an imaginary badge. One of the most amusing moments was Tom's telephone conversation, using a long mixing spoon for a telephone--holding the end as he turns to speak to Pat, and slamming it down at the end of the conversation.

The two fantasy scenes where older people went back to their childhood presented the problem of getting the actors of college age to take on the characteristic gestures, body positions, and facial expressions of youth. In the little boy scene, all three of the men had to become boys of about ten years--boys who would be fascinated by old sticks, who would look with eagerness and dread for leprosy, and "pals" who would cut a third person out--all this in young boys' favorite position, squatting on the floor.

In the Lily-Pat sequence, Lily had to become a young, imaginative girl of thirteen, full of big dreams of becoming a dancer, and absolutely worshiping this

wonderful man who is her father. Then she had to show a change to growing fear of this drunken man who is also her father and from there, the progression into deep disgust and hate--all as a thirteen-year-old girl.

Pantomimic dramatization was given special use in only two other scenes. When Norman is in his land of unreality, he goes back to being a Jewish peddler and his business of trying to sell the fur rug to the imaginary customers was quite typical of the East side Jewish merchant. As Tom turns to Father Francis, he automatically goes into the confessional ritual of the Catholic church--the hands folded, the crossing, and the kneeling. Special attention was given to these smaller details which give depth to the characterizations and to the entire play.

4. Movement.

Hotel Universe is a play primarily of characterization and of idea, with very little inherent action. Since the setting was completely different from the one originally used on Broadway, the action recommended by the author, outside of the barest fundamentals, could now be used. So this director's foremost contribution was in blocking in the movement to suit the setting, interpretation, and cast. The play will not be analyzed to justify the movement which was used.

The first scene extends from the beginning of the play to Ann's entrance (p. 17 of the script--Part II). Seven people were on stage as the curtain opened, and since the lines were very brief, mostly expository, and shift rapidly from one person to another, little movement other than the absolutely essential was deemed necessary. Hope was taking her coffee in the chair downstage right; Pat was at the piano, strumming out his mournful tunes; Ann was seated on the right end of the sofa, with the coffee service in front of her; Tom was sitting to the left of Ann on the sofa; Alice, naturally was in the easiest chair on the terrace, the one with a hassock, where she could really relax. Lily was seated at the liquor table, probably preferring liquor

to coffee anyway; and Norman was sitting on the garden steps over at the left. Even though all the people are under somewhat of an emotional strain, they have learned to keep themselves pretty much under control and present an outward picture of relaxation, even though inwardly tense. Ann's entrance broke into this strained scene, and served to lighten and to change the mood. She was determined to be the charming hostess, so she began talking the moment she came in, on any subject that presented itself, just so long as it was bright and gay.

The action, following this, until just before the Norman Rose scene, was just as needed by the script, such as the entrance of the butler, the crossing to the liquor table and back, and Tom's business with Pat's letters. Since the Norman Rose scene had to be played around the liquor table, Lily had to move from there to leave it free. Consequently, when she sprang up in anger at Norman, she moved over to the piano, to get away, physically as well as mentally, from his ridicule. Then Norman crossed over to give his theory of life in general and his own in particular, leaving most of area II free for the next scene. Tom crossed from the sofa up to the liquor table, with an exaggerated stride in his version of "big business", with Lily following, mimicking his stride, with imaginary notebook poised for

dictation. And so into the sprightly little scene of play-acting.

At the end of the scene, Tom, as the broken Norman Rose, hulked over to the piano stool, amidst the laughter of the onlookers, and the real Norman laughingly said he'd resign, as he crossed over to the liquor table and sat down beside Pat. Throughout the following scene when suicide was the main subject of discussion, very little movement was necessary again because of the nature of lines. Because Lily went right around the group, asking each his ideas on suicide, the lines to Ann were changed to follow Pat's in logical sequence, according to the way the group was seated.

Tom's lines (p. 49 of the script-Part II) which led into the little boys scene, began to reveal a little of the influence of this strange old house and somewhat of a premonition of what may follow. For that reason he went, for just a few lines, up to the highest level and from there even to the top of the wall, before he came down to the floor level in front of area II, to get into the scene with Pat and Norman. Hope, however, never could reach Tom either spiritually or mentally, so, even when she went to stop him, she never got above the floor level.

As the fight stopped, Lily had moved over to the

right, out of the way. Alice was disturbed but not enough to move, Ann, Hope, and Norman were stopping the fighters, and Ann made Pat sit in the center chair and stood beside him. Hope pulled Tom down to sit on the first level, where she could comfort him. After Ann and the butler had gone, Lily came out of her corner once to give her interesting fact regarding the invention of polo. Getting no response from anyone, she retired to her chair to await a more opportune moment.

As Hope started to follow Tom into the house to pack, she shows her confused and bewildered mind by the many starts and stops. To motivate Pat's getting out of his down center chair and over onto the sofa, near Lily, for the next scene, he crossed to the liquor table, mixed two drinks, and brought one to Lily, all the time talking or listening to Hope.

The Pat-Lily scene was relatively short and the first break did not need to come until Lily asked Pat to think about whether he was attracted to her or not. He got up from the sofa, and in mock seriousness, trying to cover real seriousness, he crossed around in back and over to the left end of the sofa. From there, he leaned over Lily and kissed her. She clung to him a moment, then broke away--completely away--down right

to the foot of the stairs. It was there that she revealed the one thing that had been worrying her most--the fact that she could not feel love for anyone--much as she wanted to. But she immediately changed the emphasis from herself to Pat, crossed to the sofa, and was there when Alice came out on to the balcony, to give her plant line about being ill. As Lily went up the stairs to help Alice, Pat crossed to return the glasses to the table, which gave him a chance to change to a new area for the next scene u up onto the second level and the inter-area space.

Ann came up to Pat and caught him on the second level, about center, upstage, but as he started toward the house to call the others, she tried to stop him and they worked down-stage, ending up just about center stage on the first level, to play their scene with the pendant. Then Ann broke away from him, unable to stand the thought of his not loving her as much as she loved him. Then she forgets herself again, in her earnestness at wanting to help him, and when he had kissed her hand, she clung to even his hand in an effort to get him to tell what it was that had happened to him, to make him change so.

Determined to be completely honest with him, Ann told Pat of the story behind her hunch and cable of three

years before. It was hard to tell such a revealing incident straight into his eyes, so she moved down to the right arm of the sofa, while Pat crossed over to the hassock. But, when she had finished, she had to go to him again, to plead that he confide in her, and then, because she knew somehow what was going to happen, to tell him honestly that she would find out, anyway. In breaking away from him, after his outburst against the day-to-day type of existence, Ann crossed up to the highest level so that, with the complete change of mood and situation, the very unreal scene in which Ann played Pat's mother could be played up there, at a distance from the audience, from the rest of the tables and chairs, from everything that represents reality.

As the scene was broken, Pat came down to the floor level and thus sharply cutting the mood with his deep cynicism and bitterness. It was just as Ann suddenly realized that Pat believed the only solution to his problem lay in suicide, that Stephen, Ann's father, entered bringing with him his very steadying and calming influence. Pat felt this breath of calmness, and went back to the wall to contemplate what the future held for him.

As each of the other guests came in, the air of

peacefulness surrounding Stephen, gradually took hold of them. Each was reminded of something or someone in his past. Tom and Hope were the first on. They came on arguing and stopped all of a sudden when they saw Stephen. It was as if they realized that their quarrels were so petty, in comparison to the greater, deeper ideas personified in Stephen. They were introduced and went over to the left, out of the way of the succeeding entrances. Lily came down the stairs and also stopped in the middle of a sentence at the sight of Stephen, who reminded her so of her own father. As though some force was drawing it out of her, she told how wonderful her father was, how good he was to her, and then, as she came the rest of the way down the stairs, she revealed that he had deserted her mother and had really been just a drunken ham-actor. As she finished her story, she sank bewildered, into the closest chair--beside the piano. Norman was the next one in, stopping just inside the lower door. Stephen went over to meet him, to greet him and to bring him into the group by showing him to the sofa. All was in readiness for the first scene fantasy.

Alice, oddly enough, was the first one to step over the border into another, freer realm, when she came down the stairs and, in her dreaming sleep,

crossed up to the part of the stage which was nearest to that other realm. There she played her scene, passing from one time to another, in one minute to another, until Norman gained her confidence enough to take her back up to her room.

Then, as each of the listeners interpreted what he heard according to his own life, Stephen explained some of the ideas which he had figured out, in his years away from civilization. Symbolizing the fact that he was closer to Death than to Life he moved from the second level, behind the sofa, to the higher third level, where his chair had been placed, so that he could watch the light-house and the shoreless sea beyond.

As Lily stepped toward him, when she thought with love of her father, Stephen realized what he must do to free her from this unnatural obsession and he sent her to the garden, to more or less wait her turn. He knew, too, that Pat's help had to come from Ann so he asked them to return to the time that was not too long ago--to Westbury Road, where they first met. But they, too, had to wait their turn--first came Hope and Tom.

The revelation to Tom that Hope was a woman he loved, rather than the mother he had grown so used to expecting, had to show forth not in passionate kisses, but in sincere and devoted embraces. The area, on the

first level, was dimmed down with lighting, but care still had to be taken that the gentleness and purity of Tom's love were predominant. So he had the gentle, tender touches--holding her face in his two hands to view this wonderful new person, gently taking her hair down, and kissing the back of her neck. This new devotion, however, did not come through to Hope, who still as she left, spoke to Tom as a mother would to a child.

In the Father Francis scene which followed, there was no opportunity for big movement, so all of the small gestures had to be emphasized. The progress of Tom's working through his problem was shown in his movements: first the familiar position of confession, next the break-down into his hands, then the looking up to the priest for guidance and help, Father Francis' answers and explanation, and finally Tom's standing upon his own two feet, as he saw the solution to his confusion.

When Norman came in, he had reverted to the sharp, short ~~dancing~~ movements, one usually associates with small-time Jewish clerks. But when he made the decision to become a runner in a bank, to become free of the "eked-out" living he was making, his stride took on new firmness and he went off whistling.

The scene between Lily and Stephen as her father,

had the most movement of any of the scenes--in the first part because the child-Lily would be restless and unquiet, and then later, because the scene became of a wild, somewhat brutal nature. Lily was crossing from the garden to the house, when the sound of music stopped her, and she started her ballet exercises, As her father called her, she ran to him, and the first part of the scene was played on the first level. When Stephen, as the actor, cried out that maybe she wasn't his daughter at all, because she hadn't drunk the liquor, she did the scene from King Lear. Here she knelt in deepest love to her father, in direct contrast to later, when she knelt in absolute fright and terror to plead with him to be gentle with her. From the time that Stephen crossed up to the liquor table to the end of the scene, he remained on the level above Lily, to give him the advantage of height, in playing her dominating and drunken father. Even when she was screaming out her hate and disgust, it was from a lower level, at this figure that had been towering over her for so long. At the height of Lily's fury, Pat could be heard in the house calling for Mary, and Stephen, realizing that Lily had been helped, knew there was very little time left to finish his work on this earth, and he sent her away. Hope had watched the latter part of the scene from

the garden steps. She could not understand that Stephen had been doing this for Lily's own good. She thought only that he had been de-bunking this man Lily loved too long and too well, and she ran into the house to comfort Lily as best she could.

As Ann and Pat went into the re-enactment of their meeting at Westbury Road, Stephen was in the background, in his chair, and though he could not be seen, his influence and spirit could be felt throughout. The short lines of this scene were very natural and needed little action to help them sound spontaneous. As they were leaving, Ann stepped up to the first level and the added effort caused her ankle to give way. As Pat caught her, her nearness was too much to bear, and he kissed her. It was this kiss that broke the mood for Pat, and he thought again of Mary and of England and, forgetting completely about Ann, started for the house. Ann saw that she had lost him again to the dead girl and dejectedly went back to the garden.

Stephen, realizing that there was one last person to straighten out before he could leave, called Pat back, appearing as a combination of the fathers of the two girls Pat loved. He, Stephen, stayed up on the highest level through this whole scene because Death was to near. Pat, when he believed he wanted Mary, stayed next to the house, which represented for him England and all the ties

which have bound him to his dead love. When he realized that it was Ann he was looking for, he turned toward the garden, which represented the freedom and quietude and complete serenity of Ann's love. Then his love for Ann became all mixed up with the story of Mary and again he almost convinced himself that suicide was the answer. It was Stephen's telling him the hard truth about his egocentric "picture", which showed him that suicide would be taking the coward's way out--- that in order to live with himself, even in the world beyond life, he would have to show the courage and fortitude latent in each of us, to face life as it comes, and to live it out in the fullest way to its fullest extent. Even then he sank to the steps, knowing how hard it would be by himself. But suddenly Ann called to him and from his line, "I'll find you this time." We knew that it had been Ann that he really had been seeking all the time-even when he was calling for Mary.

Knowing now that his work on earth was over and that his time for departure had come, Stephen was not loathe to leave. He and Death were old friends; he knew his destination and he was not afraid.

As the guests began to assemble, each revealed the effect of the extraordinary events of these last two hours, but none of them was quite sure what exactly had happened. All were back in the very real, very

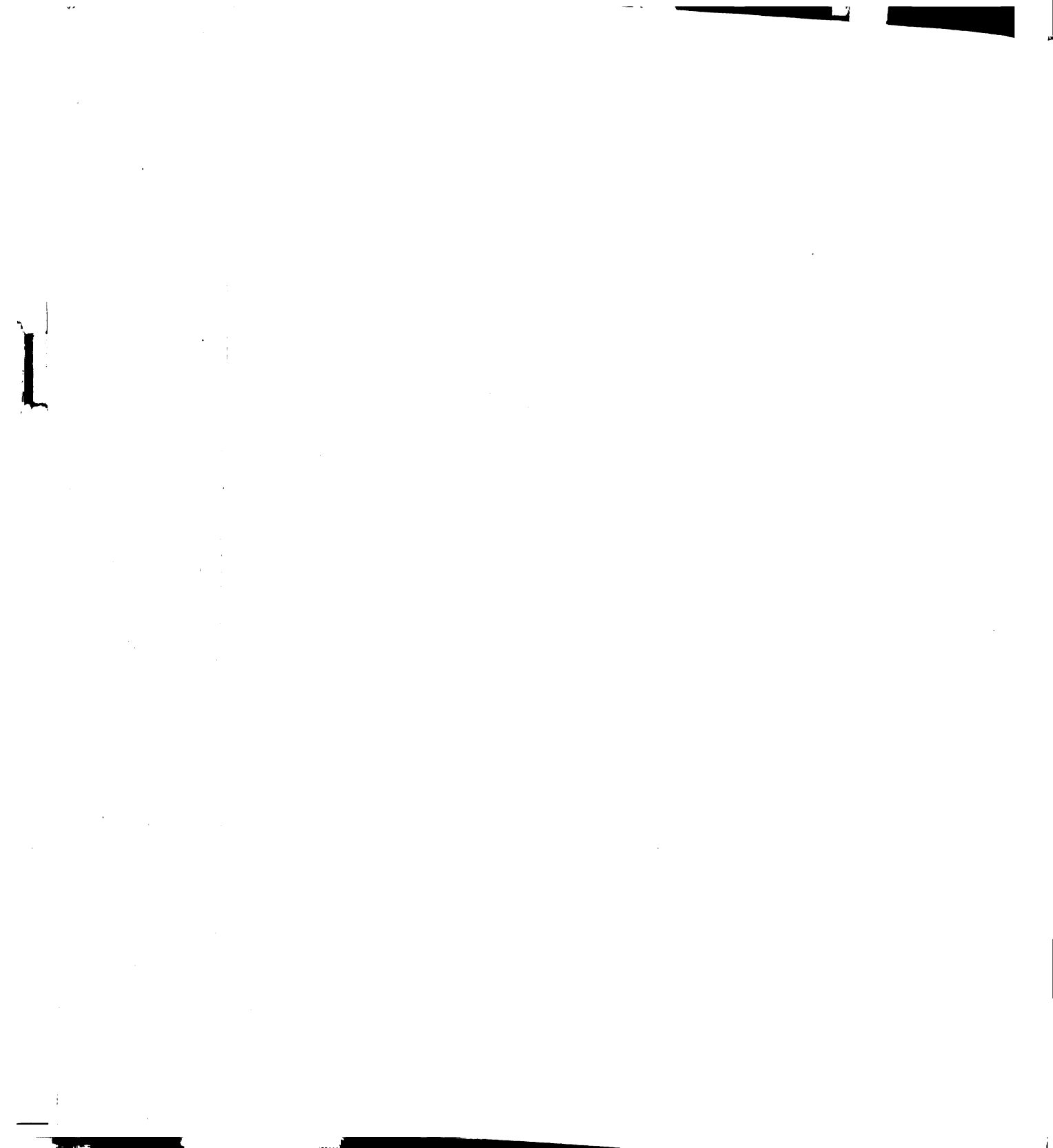
substantial world of tables and chairs, so they stayed down in areas I and II. It was not until Tom thought he had found the answer in the tales about Hotel Universe and mentioned Ann's father, that Lily connects the two, and crosses up to behind the big chair. There she realized not only the death of Ann's father, but the end of this terrible obsession which had held her in its grip to tightly that she had used it for support.

The time was getting late and the guests hurriedly took their leave, especially at Lily's insistence. She wanted them all to leave before the discovery of the death of this fine man who had played so many parts to help each of these travelers solve the problems of his life.

As Lily turned briefly to give a mute farewell to this man who had been for a little, her father, we knew that she was leaving more than any of the rest. But she is hard; she will survive, and, because of this experience, next year will play a very real and understanding Cordelia.

So Pat and Ann were left to begin their new life together. This dawn was heralded strikingly by the crowing of Stephen's pet rooster. With the words, "Wherever there is an end...from it springs the beginning." it came to Ann that since their life together was just beginning, someone's life must be at an end. She

takes a step up to her father's chair, realized that he had already gone, and then turned with the hand that had, in the past, reached out to Stephen, now extended to Pat.



5. Rhythm.

One of the most important of the technical values of which to be aware when directing a play is rhythm. Dean defines rhythm as "the experience that we receive when a sequence of impressions auditory or visual, has been ordered into a recurrence of accented groups." (Ibid. p 284) The author must think in terms of rhythm when he is writing the play--in the lines, in the locale and atmosphere and in the characters--and the director must think of rhythm in interpreting the play as the playwright sees it. In Hotel Universe, there are three different rhythm patterns for the director to be conscious of: the casual, light-hearted, wise-cracking reality, the deep, philosophical seriousness, and the unusual, imaginative fantasy. The first is bright, quick superficial, with Lily taking the lead. This is her field, and she shines with her clever quips and her "cafe society" humor. The second is, of course, mostly Stephen's, since all of the philosophy revolves around him. This has the deep, regular recurrence and resonance of a big bell. The play slows down while Stephen is explaining his theories of life and time and space, but it gains in meaning and import. The casualness of the first rhythm and the seriousness of the second have to be delicately balanced by the director so that each does not lean too far in one direction or the other. The third rhythm is

one of unreality. Sometimes this was obtained by using the slow measured beat of the sleep-walking scene, sometimes as a contrast it was possible to use a very real, down-to-earth flow of conversation with the situation providing the unreality. However it is done, the audience must be fully aware of what is going on even if they don't know how.

It was possible in Hotel Universe to use several different ways of physically obtaining rhythm. The recurrent light from the lighthouse on the Ile de Port-Cros all through the latter half of the play, symbolizes the passage of time, and the beat and pulse of life that is all around. Music, having such an obvious rhythm itself, always helps in the tempo of a play, and music was used in both of the Pat-Ann scenes and in the Lily-Pat scene. In the latter, the movements of the ballet brought a rise and fall which steadily built up to the climax, when the music stopped dead and Lily carried on alone, with no support. The regular appearance of the butler not only pointed up the passage of time but also provided a break of complete sanity and normality into which ever of the scenes that he came in.

As was said before, Stephen in characterization, represents the philosophical. He is a calming, quieting influence but perhaps too close to the other world to meet these very-much-of-this-world group of people, so

the author has put in Ann, his daughter--raised by him, living under the influence of his ideas, yet young enough and human enough to serve as a bridge between the realm he represents and the estate of the here and now. Ann is most completely a blending of all three of the basic rhythms of the play. Pat, on the other hand, has the capacity for all of them but seems incapable of finding himself or the answers he is looking for in any but the first. He rejects Stephen's philosophy as not applicable, and he takes the third as a child would--without question and without understanding. He seems, more or less, to let the tide carry him where it will; he will neither swim against it nor argue about where it's taking him.

Lily, as Barry's favorite type of sophisticated humor personified, stands out as the leader of the wit-and-humor department. She is bright, stacatto, and timed to the second. But having the imagination necessary to be the actress that she is, she is the most pliable and most easily susceptible to the spell that Stephen enfolds around her. It is an easy thing for her to fall into the childhood rhythms of the dance in her scene with her father.

Tom Ames is like Pat in many ways. He too, is confused by this new world which has been thrust upon the younger generation by their elders. He is groping for an answer somewhere away from that which he has known--

not realizing it might lie in his own wife. He, unlike Pat, cannot accept the fantastic transition back to his childhood, without some sort of explanation. He thinks it might hold the solution. Hope, his wife, has none of the imagination necessary to understand the happenings of the evening. She wants things to remain like she is--calm, natural, clearly transparent, steady and even, and permanent.

Alice hasn't the intelligence to take in any of what is going on, nor does she want to. She is slow-moving, lazy, completely indifferent, and she knows how to make the most of her feminine charms. Norman brings in the mental factor, with his reasoning, his figuring everything down to a fine point, and even in his recalled scene, where he thinks only in terms of money, and power and influence.

Even Felix, the butler, brings in a rhythm of his own--the completely sane, rational, stable feeling of permanence and down-to-earthness.

The opening scene opens at a rather unusually high state of tension. Lily takes it to an even higher state on her description of the suicide dive of the week before, but the exposition necessary at the first of a play, begins and the scene slows down while the audience is informed of the background. Ann's entrance comes as a definite spark to lift the scene with bright-

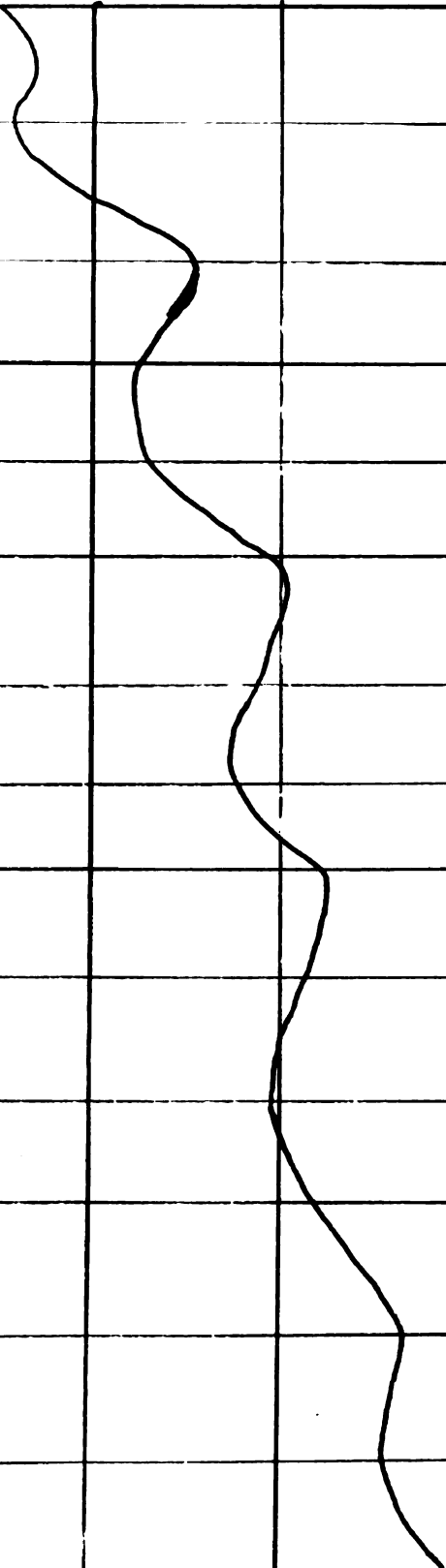
ness and small talk. With such a beginning, the scene goes even higher with the Norman Rose hour, ending in high hilarity. As a break between this play-acting scene and the next, Barry has inserted the beginnings of the philosophic angle: the brief revelation of some of the reasons for the bewilderment and confusion, and the discussion of suicide--pro and con.

The little boy scene--childlike--kept building up in temp, until Pat and Tom are carried away literally and end up fighting each other for all they're worth. This is at a high pitch and the audience needs relief hence, the next scene necessary, also, to get everyone off the stage. The Lily-Pat scene, though intense, is low in pitch and in tempo and it blends right into the Pat-Ann scene that follows. The rhythm slows down even more to a very measured beat in the sequence when Ann plays Pat's Mother, then very suddenly breaks and rises to a new high on the climax of the scene, when Ann realizes that Pat is heading toward suicide.

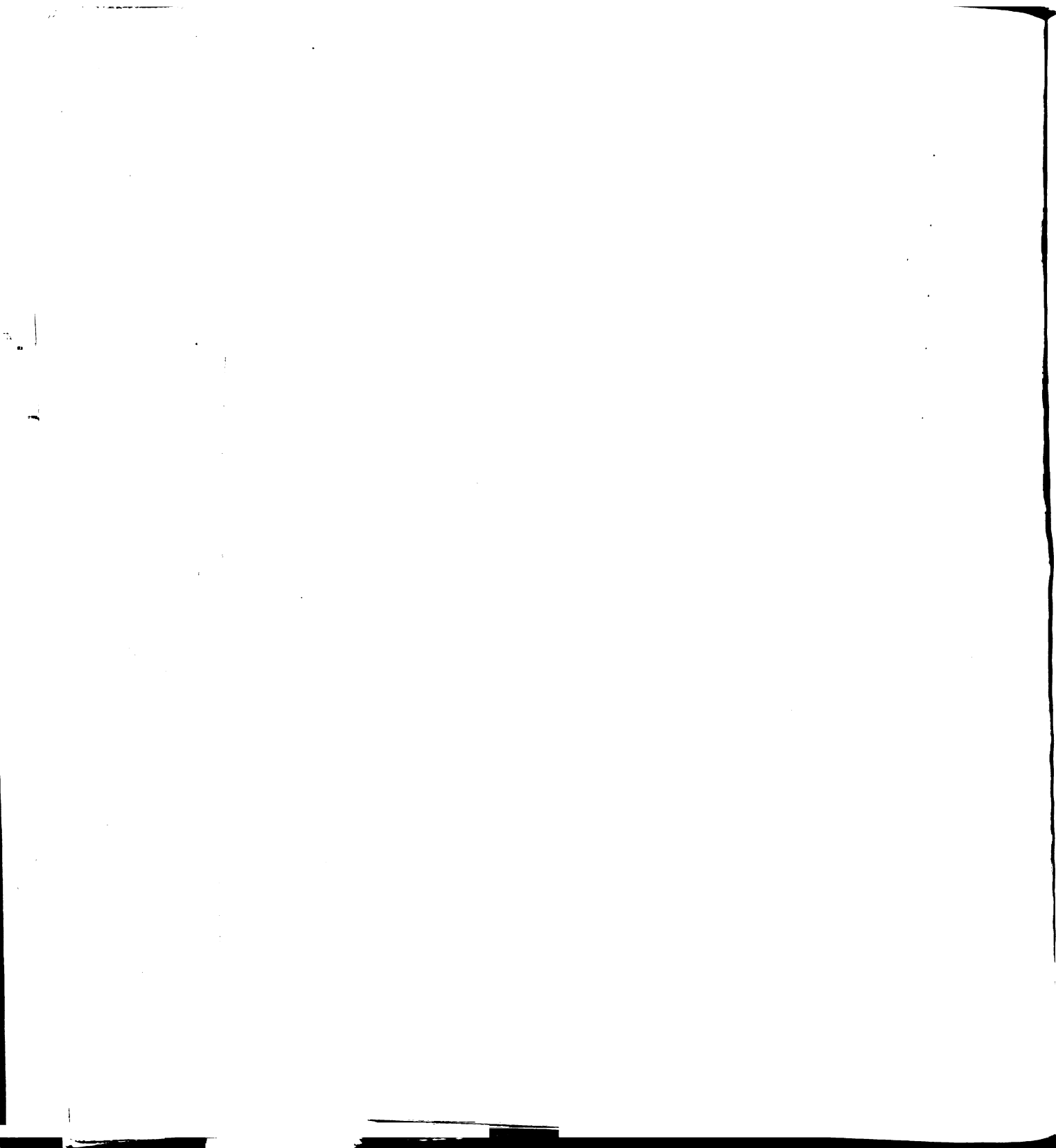
The introduction of Stephen brings with it calmness and reassurance and we start into a downward swing through the measured beat again of Alice's sleep-walking scene and into Stephen's explanation of his philosophy. In the Hope and Tom scene, there is a brief rise as Hope works herself up in trying to keep her dignity, then the philosophic mood takes over again for the Father Francis scene. Norman's short scene with Mr. Sterner

starts the rhythm back to the higher state. The Lily-Pat scene begins on the way up--with the music and the childlike Lily doing her ballet dance and keeps on going up to the high peak of the whole play when she screams her hate out at her father. The second Ann-Pat scene, though full of youth and gait, is definitely a diminishing scene. Even Pat's brief flare-up with Mr. Field has little more than a momentary rise. As the rest of the guests assemble, the play is slowing down. Each in his own way has solved his problem and things are going to be different from now on. As the play slowly settles, it seems almost to start up again with the sound of the cock crow--a note of hope and the dawn of a new day.

Graphic Representation of the Rhythm of Hotel Universe

Scene	Intensity of Rhythm		
	Low, slow	Medium	High, fast
Opening scene to Ann's entrance (pp. 1-17)			
Ann's entrance to Norman Rose scene (pp. 17-30)			
Norman Rose scene (pp. 30-35)			
Philosophic scene (pp. 35-50)			
Little boy scene (pp. 50-60)			
Brief explanatory scene (pp. 60-66)			
Lily-Pat scene (pp. 66-75)			
Pat-Ann scene (pp. 76-94)			
Stephen's introduction (pp. 94-100)			
Alice's sleep-walking scene (pp. 101-105)			
Stephen's philosophy (pp. 105-111)			
Hope-Tom-Stephen scene (pp. 111-114)			
Father Francis scene (pp. 114-119)			
Norman-Mr. Sterner scene (pp. 120-122)			

Scene	Intensity of Rhythm		
	Low, slow	Medium	High, fast
Lily-Pa scene (pp. 123-132)			
Second Pat-Ann scene (pp. 133-146)			
Pat-Mr. Carr scene (pp. 146-151)			
Final ensemble scene (pp. 152-164)			
Final scene, Pat and Ann (pp. 165-166)			



C. The Dramatic Value Problems

1. An analysis of the Author's Purpose in Hotel Universe.
2. The Author's use of Action.
3. The Author's use of Dialogue.
4. The Author's use of Character

1. An Analysis of the Author's Purpose in Hotel Universe.

As the director deals with the general technical value problems that arise in every play, he must also consider what the author is trying to say, or do, or prove, in writing the specific play. What is the purpose for which this play is written.

The author may have an interesting story to tell of what happened to Jones when this set of circumstances occurred. If so his effort will be considered a story or plot play. He may have in mind the telling of what happened to one member of the Jones family, with emphasis on the peculiarities or differences of said Mr. Jones. If this is his purpose he has written a character play. Or taking the Jones family as an illustration the author may draw a lesson, preach a message, or underline an idea. If so he has written an "idea" play.

With this emphasis on story, character or idea in mind, the playwright may go a step further and invade the field of comedy, tragedy, melodrama, farce, or serio-drama . These forms have come down to the theatre from earliest times, and the playwrights of each generation have turned to the general type of plays to leave the stamp of their own period on the history of drama.

The modern playwrights have experimented with the -established forms of the past to bring a new note into

the theatre. Some of the authors have been more inventive than others, and the "new" in drama has resulted.

Except for Hotel Universe, Philip Barry has been a conservative author. His one break with custom in this play is to run the action continuously for the full two hours, in an effort to sustain the mood which he has created. Beyond this one break, the play follows the usual trend.

Before a director can proceed to the lesser details he must determine what the author is trying to say, and then determine the form in which the idea is placed. Going back to the discussion of emphatic elements and types of plays, Hotel Universe would come under the broad classification of a serio-drama. There is a mixture of comedy and tragedy with a tendency toward the comedy side. Life is righted for all concerned as the play ends, and yet death has come for the leading character.

Specifically, Mr. Barry is trying to prove that there is a rightness to life no matter how confused and nonplussed man may become. To prove his point he has used six very different but representative types of people whose lives have become tangled either by outside or by inner circumstances. They meet a representative of the "higher power" who has an insight into "God, Man and the Universe", and by reasoning together, the complications suddenly disappear and life once more

has a rightness about it.

The major emphasis in the play is on the ideas as illustrated by the characters. The weakness of the play lies in its thinness of plot.

2. The Author's Use of Action Within the Script.

Once the director has determined the author's underlying purpose in writing the play, he turns to the script for suggestions as to how to interpret the ideas advanced. One of the major aids which the playwright will give is the action which is inherent within the play or within the lines of the play. Any play, if it moves forward at all, must do so on the action which the author provides. Very often, this action is the all important part of the script, as in plays which stress the story element. On the other hand, the author may be so anxious to state his theme or draw his characters, that the action is secondary and, in some cases, all but forgotten.

Mr. Barry has provided a minimum of inherent action in Hotel Universe. As was pointed out in the discussion of Movement under the section on Technical Values, this director's chief contribution was providing activity which would dramatize the play. There is some action which has been provided, however and the detailed analysis of that action is as follows:

As has already been stated, the author's purpose in presenting this play, is to offer to a confused and bewildered generation the value of faith and understanding and belief in varied forms. He has used a theatrical trick in solving his problem, by giving his chief character,

Stephen, the power of the "beyond" in showing to his guests what actually happened or what might have been. The main inherent action lies in these so-called fantasy sequences, or in the play-within-a-play sequences. There is little action in the opening expository scene. The first real action comes in the Norman Rose hour when mock heroics move the characters about. Exits and entrances are few in the first quarter of the play. The talk of philosophy and suicide calls for little action, and not until Tom begins to feel the eeriness of the terrace and imagines a different place and time, does action really start. His climb to the high wall and his descent to "under the apple tree" mark the first major changes. Immediately following, the three boys--Tom, Pat, Norman--go into their "little boy" sequence and here the action reverts to huddling on the floor, sitting crosslegged, rising to knees, and finally into a friendly scuffle which goes into a full-fledged fight. For the first time the stage is alive with action. The fighters are separated, and peace is restored between the warring factions.

Little action is needed in the twosome scenes that follow, other than the exits and entrances--the slight movement as the terrace starts weaving its spell. The entrance of Stephen and the return of all the guests motivates some movement involving the action of intro-

ductions, and the placing of guests. The scene of Lily and her reaction to Stephen carries little movement except that of coming down stairs. As Alice enters, the scene shifts. She is sleep-walking and her wandering carries her to the highest level. Here even in her sleep, she reaches out to both Ann and Norman, to show that she will always need support from someone else-- she will never be independent to the extent that the others are. Ann, representing the philosophic world of her father, crosses to her to try to quiet her and get her to go back to bed, and Norman, the one she loves, goes to her, **eager** to protect her and to give her the support that she needs. In the moment when she slips out of her dressing gown, there is symbolized all of the freedom she is seeking and the throwing off of the restraints and conventionalities which always plague her in real life. She goes to Norman freely until she **sees** that she has revealed herself and her love, and it seemed to her that she was standing out on the street in her slip. Then Norman takes her hand in a new, quiet way, not interested in her physically, but with a deep and devoted love, and the two go into the house and their own world.

The Hope-Tom scene was undoubtedly meant to be played with even more of Tom's newly discovered passion coming through. But for a college audience, it was felt that it would be better to keep the whole situation more

in the quiet, dream-like mood with the accent on Tom's worshipfulness of this new vision which he sees.

Physical contact and movement were cut down and in its place was substituted such simple, yet meaningful gestures as Tom's trying to take down Hope's hair, to release it and her from all restraint. It is when Stephen hits upon the real explanation of the Ames' trouble, that Tom turns away to show his despair.

To get into the Father Francis scene, Tom is back as a high-school boy going to confession. He goes into the kneeling position, hands folded, to enumerate the minor offenses, but we soon realize that what is really wrong is that he needs a re-explanation of his faith. As he goes from the bewildered boy to the reassured young man, he goes from the kneeling position to a full rise, until he is standing on his own two feet, ready to face the world.

In direct contrast to Norman Roses's complete lack for imagination and emotionality in real life, it is he, alone, who does not need even a real person there to reenact his scene. He talks to an empty chair, seeing Morris Sterner there, and he proffers his fur rug to passers-by who do not exist. His movements are all those usually associated with the Jewish race--quick, darting, and sharp gestures and crosses--to point up the change between his lowly beginning and the suave, cosmopolitan

that he is now.

There is much inherent action in the scene between Lily and Stephen as her Pa. It opens with the ballet and the music, and in comparison we see the difference between this time, when she is dancing of her own free will--because she likes to, and later, when her father forces her to dance even though her foot hurts. The father in his growing drunkenness, must take frequent drinks, finally going over and sitting at the liquor table. Again a contrast is noticable between the time Lily kneels to her father, in great love, in her playing of Cordelia and the later time, when she kneels to him, begging and pleading with him to be the father she loves and remembers. But his only answer is to get more furious with her and to threaten to strike her unless she dances as he demands. She dances at a faster and wilder pace until her ankle gives out and she falls in a heap at the feet of this drunken and ill-tempered man who is her father. It is from the floor that she first cries out against him. Then as she gains strength, she rises to her feet, and screams with her whole body. At the sound of another needing help--Pat's calling for Mary--Stephen drops his character suddenly and completely and with a simple gesture of his hand points the way into the house and back to reality for Lily.

-- The Westbury Road scene between Pat and Ann, though

fantasy, is carried along primarily by the clever and quick dialogue, without needing much action until toward the end. There, on the motion of the strained ankle giving way and the kiss, Pat suddenly is reminded of another time and another place and, forgetting all about Ann as a person, starts back from where he would be going if he had followed through to the Westbury Road. He slowly crosses from the freedom of the garden to the restraint of the house, as if it were his bounden duty--as if he would be doing the wrong thing to go where he could be happy. However, before he gets completely under the spell that the idea of Mary has woven over him, he is called back by Stephen as the combination of the two fathers. In the confusion of his ideas of love, Pat stays first by the house representing Mary, and then he crosses toward the garden symbolizing Ann and freedom from this death-bound idea. His bewilderment snows again when he thinks of Ann as being somehow unattainable and for a moment, unable to stand the thought of facing the future without her, sinks to the steps, head in hands. Then as she calls for him, as he used call for his Mary, he is up and out into the garden to find her this time.

As the guests began to gather in preparation for leaving, the author put in small details to show that the whole group is fast getting back to actuality. The

one who has the hardest time breaking away from the past is Lily, who still sees Stephen as her father, though she knows that is wrong. Each person finally is able to bid goodbye to Ann and Pat, and to head out through the garden to a new free future. Pat and Ann are left to begin their new life together, as the dawn of a new day breaks.

3. The Author's Use of Dialogue.

(All page reference in this section refer to the Script--
Part II)

In checking further on the dramatization of the playwright's purpose in presenting his play, the director turns to the most helpful and most obvious medium provided--the dialogue in the script itself.

There is no one who will not agree that Philip Barry, confused and irrational though he may be in his reasoning, is a writer of some fine note. The critics may disagree with what he says but they cannot help but admire the way that he says it. The line values in his plays are definite and very clear-cut, presenting no great problem in determining the type and the interpretation to be given.

Plot lines are those which send the play forward in an ordered manner. Since Hotel Universe is not primarily a plot play, this type of line is not as prevalent as usual. However, there are some very definite lines which are designed to carry the play along. Every line giving the time of evening that Felix, the butler, speaks, brings with it the feeling of time passing and the fact that, at eleven o'clock, the guests must leave. The lines on the length of time it will take to get to Toulon (p.24) and the fact that there are bags to be packed (p.24), and Stephen's line on their leaving soon (p.100), are all reminding the audience that these people are just

guests, soon to be leaving this unusual place. Hope's lines toward the end of the play are all urging the people back toward normality (pp 156-158).

Lines of exposition are those which give the background---what happened before this brief scene in these people's lives. Hope's lines are the very first of the play (p.6) tell us the fact that they are all guests at the home of Ann Field and that they are leaving tonight. All the lines following (pp. 8,9,10) are concerned with this lad whose suicide had such an effect on the mood of the whole group. Pat's lines (p. 13,14) give the background of the Fields--father and daughter, and Tom tells the story of the Hotel this house is supposed to have been (p. 15)

Gradually the past of each one of these lost people who are gathered here is revealed.

Most of Pat's background is revealed in his scenes with Ann: The pile of money he's trying to make a dent in (p.79), the fact that he is one of "the great, enormous, important, rich" Farleys (p. 137), and that he went to Cambridge (p. 89). He tells the whole story of his affair with Mary,-the basis for his present attitude- to Ann when she is playing his mother.

Lily tells us what the past, present and future holds for her.

Norman is a financial genius to Alice (p.29) but

he used to be clerk in a little fur shop on Twenty-third street (p.63) and we find out from his discussion with Mr. Sterner (p.121-122) that he has worked himself up the hard way. Most of the background given for Alice comes out in her sleepwalking scene, (p.102ff.), that she has been Norman's mistress without realizing that she was in love with him.

Each one of the scenes, when the Terrace becomes another place and time goes backward, is an exposition scene--full of exposition lines since each is showing some section of the background of the people who play in them.

Locale Lines set the stage and the place, and atmosphere lines set the time and the mood. Because they often overlap, they will be discussed together. Pat vies the country--France (p.9). Hope thinks of Ann as being "buried down here for three years in this fake, rootless country", (p. 10-11). The light-house is mentioned twice before it comes on, once by Alice (p. 11) and again by Ann (p. 47). There is a beach near the house (Ann's line, p. 10) but "the sea meets the sky without a line to mark the meeting" (Pat's line, p. 19-20). Lily's line on the vague unrest which she has felt since she came here (p. 15) and Tom's lines (p. 15) begin to bring out and emphasize the unusual mood of this terrace--which, its said, sometimes used to resemble other places and other times

and "people's pasts kept cropping up." Both Lily and Norman recognize this atmosphere (p. 16) and wonder if may it could be true. Lily being the actress, again senses the unusualness of this terrace (p. 20) and significantly enough recalls the very same line (p.156) after all the problems have been solved, here, in this spot. All of the names mentioned--Paris, Marseilles, Toulon, Cannes--re-affirm the country as France. Ann's offering coffee (p.17) and the butler's giving the time every half hour, set the time of the play as after dinner--starting about nine in the evening and ending a few moments after eleven. From several lines we learn that it is a lovely evening--though warm. Hope mentions that the air is so heavy (p.24) and Lily thinks that is unusual for Alice to have a chill on such a night.(p.46) Stephen never ceases to appreciate the beauty of the weather and comments not only on the fine night (p.107) but on the moon (p.109) which has just become visible to those on the terrace. On the fantasy scenes, little indication is given as to the surroundings--only a brief statement of the general location--"under the piano--under the apple tree" for the little boy scene (p50); the patio of a house Pat's mother had in Florida for the Pat-Ann scene (p. 186-187; for Alice's sleepwalking scene (p. 102ff.) many places--"May in England", "clerk at the desk" (indicating a hotel), "out on the street"; for the Father Francis scene, the name, Father Francis recalls

the Tom's lines: "an old priest at school" (p. 43) and "St. Lukes" (p. 98); "...it's a nice hotel--nicer than the one in Harrisburg was, much nicer, warmer," gives the general location of the Lily-Pa scene and the single words, "Westbury Road" immediately tell us that this is where Pat and Ann met, as Ann mentioned in their other scene (p. 81).

Comedy lines are those which are put in for a definite purpose: to gain variety from the serious lines, to give the audience relief from the tension of a previous scene, or to provide good, general humor. Except for the Norman Rose scene, most of the comedy lines are scattered sparsely throughout the play. These people are too tense and too disillusioned to do much joking except of the cynical, jabbing nature. Pat wants to ridicule Tom's tale about the house, so he makes his comment--"The man in 608 had a nightmare, and the lady in 609 rang for ice-water"--on the "things" which were said to have happened in this old Hotel Universe (p.15). Lily uses an old cliché to try to change the mood of the discussion and to conceal her tenseness (p. 15): "I'm taking the night-boat for Albany". Making light of a memory which might have had some little effect on him, Pat passes off the subject of his mother's affair with the tutor in Cannes, in his answer to Alice's question as to whether Mrs. Farley had fired the tutor: Pat replies, "Heaven's, no--Mother?" (p. 25). The sharp

relief comedy line of Lily's on the origin of polo (p. 62), is funny to the audience because it is the break after a highly tense scene. It is such a complete change of thought and so utterly absurd, that any other time it would have had the desired effect and loosened the whole group up. As it is, the line falls flat. There is a slight humorousness in the quick, child-like resort to name-calling in the little boy scene. "Catholic," "Mr. Jew," "Protestant-dog-sit-on-a-log-and-eat-meat-on-Friday," (p. 55-56) are all typical of the first way children think to hurt each other. In the Westbury Road scene (p. 133 ff) the humor is that of lighthearted youth, the gay, gentle poking of fun at everything that happens to catch the fancy--not too much thought but a lot of laughter. The Norman Rose scene has that particular brand of humor that Barry delights so in writing. It is what might be called "stream of consciousness" bantering--between a couple of quick-witted members of this society where the quip is held highest on the list of conversational types. The humor comes from the absolute absurdity and utter nonsense of each new thought, which is, in no way related to the preceding thought or to the following one. The one thing which holds it all together is that it is all a satire on "big business"--with all the words, situations, and tones of big business, and one of the sense.

Lines of character are those spoken by the person himself or by another, about him which indicate the type of character he is, what his personality is like, how he looks on life. Several lines, before Stephen's entrance, give clues as to what he is like. Alice gives his physical appearance (p.11). Pat gives us some of the reasons why Ann had to bring him here away from civilization (p. 13) and Ann describes her feelings toward this wonderful man who is her father (p. 48). It is a particularly significant line when the butler comes in to tell Ann that Stephen wishes to know if she needs him (p. 61). This points up a later line of Stephen's (p. 148) that Ann has needed him as much as he has needed her. The rest of the time, Stephen reveals himself through his own speeches--his love of flowers (p. 100); his recognition of the similarity between his own trouble and these people's problems, and his explanation of what had helped him (p. 105-106); and his offering to help each one of them (p. 109-110), knowing as he does that his time here in this world is limited.

Ann is always thinking so much of others, and so little of herself, that there are few lines actually revealing much of her character, though in everything she says, we get the qualities of charm, graciousness and unselfishness. Hope is amazed that Ann has endured

her guests' "Bad manners" as long as she has (p.6), when in reality, Ann as probably either not noticed at all or is determined not to let it affect her attitude toward these friends. Lily makes the statement that she feels so inadequate near Ann (p. 27). Ann has the heart that Lily wants and can never have. Some of the affect of her father's philosophy can be seen in her absolute belief in a world beyond this one (p. 40-41). After the little boy scene, Ann realizes what has happened and wants to help these people whom she loves, but doesn't have quite the capability of her father (p. 60-61). Two things are revealed about Ann in her two scenes with Pat--her great love for him and her complete and sincere frankness in telling him so. There is nothing to be gained by avoiding the subject so she does not bother. In her line (p. 97), "Father--Pat's mine--I can't lose Pat!", and similar lines (p. 146), she shows that she knows what will happen to her if she loses Pat again after waiting for him for so long.

The first line to give any indication of Pat's real trouble is, is his line about having no illusions whatsoever about the "great big wonderful world" (p.14). Lily says it is because Pat's slant is that "nothing matters a damn anyway." (p.39) He reaches a conclusion, directed at the rest, but, in reality, aimed at himself,

that everyone is looking for an answer, when there isn't any-unless maybe it is suicide (p. 63). In this scene with Lily, Pat says, himself, that he is sunk "a low, deep, full fathom five" (p. 68)--and Lily knows the reason to be that she has taught him to expect nothing in this world (p. 69). Ann shows how well she knows him, when she says that he has always been such "life-and-death person", taking things so hard (p. 81). She knows that it was something that happened in England that made him change so, to come back "as hard as nails and so bitter" (p. 84). It is in Pat's last scene with Stephen as Mr. Carr, (p. 150-151), that we find out, that it is contempt for himself at having gone off and left Mary that is causing all this disillusionment with life. At the end he has found the answer to all of his discontent and restlessness, in "good, quiet things" (p. 157) like reading, fishing and good honest hard work.

Lily's character is revealed mostly in her own lines, except for an occasional comment, such as Norman's (p. 62) when he says that he is sorrier for her than for anyone he knows. She shows herself as being greatly disturbed by the air surrounding this place (p. 15). She greatly envies Ann's warmth and heart (p. 20, 27) and she explains the reason for the wisecracking is that she is afraid of these people's gibes. (p. 20) She tells that she once tried committing suicide (p. 42) because

she just got sick of herself. At the end, we find out, in her line, (p. 161) how much she had been depending on this image of the father for support, and how weak she feels now that it is gone.

Ann is the first to notice a space left in Tom (p. 43). He clarifies the emptiness a little more when he tells of the many things that he wanted to do that somehow just won't get done (p. 49). If he'd only died at fifteen! (p. 65). Lily sees him as a fine, free roving soul (p. 67) but we learn from the Father Francis scene (p. 114 ff.) that he has been bound so much by his Catholic upbringing and the confusion of his faith. "I don't know what I'm here at all for--" (p. 118). After his place in the universe has been explained and straightened out, he wants to go off by himself for a while to think it all through, and to apply it to portions of his old faith that have worn thin (p. 156). It has given him new independence (p. 157) and he will come back to his marriage a new, more patient, more contented man. Every line of Hope's in which she begs the group to stop talking in riddles and to please make sense, shows her to be a normal, though imagination-lacking, person who is frightened by that which she doesn't understand. It's affecting Tom, too, and he's the worst child she's got. "Oh, if you knew how I want to stay home with my real babies!" (p. 66). As she

explains to Stephen, "To me, life is a very simple thing--one has one's home, one's children and one's husband." (p. 113), which constitutes her whole world. Lily says, "She's so peaceful, so normal--all home and babies," (p. 66).

Alice's best character lines (p. 39) come when she gives her philosophy against thinking and against being clever, and against everything except lazy happiness and cats. And one line in her sleep-walking scene which reveals a hidden worry (p. 104), "I'M a pretty girl! Why does no one want me? What are they afraid of?"

The character lines for Norman come through Lily's comment (p. 29) that he is one of the most wretched men she knows, and Tom's idea (p. 63) that Norman is caught and knows it. He'd like to retire but too much depends on him. Norman reveals much in stating the fact that he would like to Andora, where he would have time to think (p. 62).

There are two groups of philosophy lines in Hotel Universe. One group showing the disillusionment of the younger generation, and the fact that they are living on faith in practically nothing, and the other group, representing hope in the future, introducing a new set of values to live by. The first group is headed by Pat: He admits that has no illusions about anything in this

world (p. 14). Tom follows with his statement (p. 38) on having to expect disillusionment if you do any thinking at all, and besides what difference does it make, when we'll all be dead and done with, in a few years anyway (p. 40). Lily admits having enjoyed going through this life that has been given to her, but even she has found no place where she can fit in (p.42). A significant line is "While there's life---there's the rent to pay." (p.36), which cuts out the familiar "hope" and substitutes a never-ending materialism. Pat's theory is that their age runs on a different schedule than the preceding one--they will have had the works at forty instead of eighty (p. 37), and Norman backs him up with his idea that people expect too much from life (p. 37). And all this comes from the generation that is supposed to be made up of the "lucky ones...the ones who've got the world by the top of the head." (p. 65).

In direct contrast to these cynical, disheartening statements, comes the calm reassurance of Stephen's and Ann's philosophy: Ann's suggestion that they look with hope toward the possibilities of life, instead of always concerning themselves with the probabilities (p. 37); Stephen's explanation of the three estates in existence (p. 106) all of which have some effect on our present lives; his describing of space and time as -factors which can be controlled (p. 109), and his offer-

ing to help each one of the guests return to that time in his life which has held the basis of all the present maladjustment. In the Father Francis scene, it is as though Stephen wants this message to go out to all within hearing distance of his voice: there is a purpose and a meaning to everything that we think and do--there is some reason for our being here. We are all part of a huge wheel--each one of us providing his share of balance--without anyone of us the wheel will be thrown off balance.

4. The Author's Use of Character.

The third and final aid which the playwright gives the director in the hunt for the play's purpose, lies in the use made by the author of his characters. From the earliest days of playwriting there has been the leading man who is beset by a problem or problems that must be solved. The characters which surround this leading figure have a number of duties to perform. They may be used for plot purposes, for exposition development, for comedy relief, or for the expounding of ideas. No wise playwright uses a character without a purpose. All too often a minor character has unbalanced a play by using a peculiar talent to gain too much attention for himself. Each character should not be used for more of a contribution than the playwright has visualized.

In Hotel Universe Mr. Barry has a very definite use for each of the characters, and each is a separate and distinct individual. Stephen Field is the Barry conception of the Almighty, a person of great insight and understanding. His purpose is to unravel the tangled threads of the lives of his guests. Ann, his daughter, who is the hostess to the six guests, starts as the guide and counsellor for her friends, but gives over her job when Stephen appears on the scene. Felix, the butler, is the only earthy character in the play. He is untouched by anything except his round of butler's duties. The

visitors at the Field's Mediterranean Villa each represent a type in the limited strata of society from which he has chosen to people his play.

Pat Farley is the wealthy young man whose background has wrecked his life and career. Tom Ames is equally young, equally wealthy, but is caught with too many intellectual concepts which he cannot answer. Hope, his wife, is the overly normal individual who refuses to recognize that life may be complicated. Norman Rose is an older man, successful and wealthy, but his success has been his undoing for he has failed to find the reason, even in his wealth, why he is unhappy. Alice is one who has found that beauty will open doors to her that brains will not--so she has successfully submerged all signs of intelligence. Lily is the best example of an outward appearance of brittle casualness, of hardness and coldness, almost, but not quite, covering her simple spirit and warm tender heart.

To aid the director in presenting these general types in the specific characters, a careful and complete character analysis must be undertaken, to help in bringing out the third dimension of depth.

Stephen, is a scientist-turned philosopher. He has found that science can only go so far and beyond that point, we must turn to faith--in God, in some Infinite Guidance, or at least in the spiritual order

of nature. He has found his way through the mist set up by civilization and this highly intellectual world we are living in, and has almost gone beyond into that other world of purity and freedom. Fortunately for the group gathered here on the terrace, enough of his spirit has remained behind to lead them through their frustrations into lives of happiness and contentment, such as he has only found now, this late in life. The guests seem rather much in awe of Stephen, but they needn't be. He is in reality a very simple man, interested in his flowers, his pet rooster, and in devoting his life to helping others to find the mental ease and quietude that he now knows. He has passed on to his daughter, Ann, as much as it is possible to pass from one individual to another. From here on she must discover for herself.

Ann has been used by the author as a kind of go-between between her father and this group of very realistic people. Throughout the first half of the play, she is the sympathetic, understanding and thoroughly charming hostess, but at the same time she is preparing the audience for the philosophic ideas which Stephen will bring in. She is the pivot of the first half, then after Stephen comes in, the play revolves around him, and Ann is free to face and solve her own problem. As for Ann, the person, she has been raised by this deeply philosophic

father, one who thinks in terms of truth and honesty, and she has absorbed much of his forthrightness. She has the graciousness that comes with comparative serenity and the charm that comes with maturity. It is noticable that only two people cause her to lose her emotional stability--the two who are the most important to her--Pat and Stephen, her father. She realizes that the only way to make Pat reveal what it is that has so affected him, is to give him an opportunity to talk to someone, who is outside the immediate picture but who is close enough to him to be terribly interested in what concerns him. In her great love, Ann becomes a combination of the woman, Pat's mother must be and the woman Ann will be when she is on into middle-age. She is deliberate, calm and understanding, with the smoothness and the third-person detachment of the charm they are under. From this journey forward in time, she takes a step or two backward and becomes the young, gay joking girl that she was when she and Pat met--full of quick laughter and quick soberness. At the end of the play, however, she is a woman of indeterminate age--a woman in love--with an air of tranquillity around her which reaches out to each person who is near.

Hard, cynical, disillusioned Pat Farley has managed with the assistance of Lily to build up a thick curtain around himself, to screen from the world, the confused and

bewildered soul which refuses to be straightened out. Outside interests--his father, the tradition of his family, his wealth--have continually tried to mold his destiny and to shape his way of life. He has a great resentment against this interference from others, but he has not been allowed to develop strength of character enough to fight it. From the two other ages of his life we are allowed to view, we can see that his disgust with the world and with himself has but lately come upon him. For three years, he has held himself responsible for the suicide of the girl, Mary, feeling that their love was unfulfilled because of a lack in himself--because he hadn't fought back at these material forces that blocked his happiness. It is for Stephen to reveal to him that there was not a true love there--that it was only a picture which had replaced an infatuation in the mind of this man who tends to dramatize everything about him--including himself.

Lily Malone is an actress, through and through. She was born and raised in the theatre, she is now a well-known star, with enough money from one source or another to keep her in the manner she likes, and she will probably go on into character roles in the only life she knows. She is the "hard on the outside, heart of gold on the inside" type of person, which often is found in Barry's plays. She reflects her occupation in

her speech, which is clipped, brittle, and times to the fraction of the second. Only once in awhile does another Lily come through--she keeps it pretty well hidden. But sometimes the warmth and honesty of her real character is revealed, and we know that the positive sure face that she shows the audiences covers a soft and often quite beautiful inner heart. Unlike the others, it is an illusion, instead of a lack of illusion, which is keeping her bound. She seems to have two fathers--the gentle, wonderful, magnificent actor-father and the harsh, cruel drunken ham, and, until her scene with Stephen, she has been unable to connect the two into one person. When she can finally see that they are one and the same, and that the drunken father far over-shadowed the other, she is freed from this link with the past and can start looking to the future.

Tom Ames, as a character, can be identified in some ways with the author. Perhaps it is because they are so close, that Tom is one of the most sympathetic characters in the play, and yet the most difficult to understand. His problem might be the same as plagued the young Barry, but because it is difficult to take an objective viewpoint, the motivation and the solution are somewhat confused. We know that Tom is groping for a new faith to take the place of the old one which, he feels, has failed him. There is something missing from

his life, but he does not know what is--he only knows that he is not living and is not complete in himself. He has come away from home on what Pat calls "crusades for truth" but what he really needs is not a new faith but a new explanation and readjustment of the old one. In Hope, all the time that he has been married, he has found a devoted wife and mother. She has been the perfect housekeeper, but, lacking completely in imagination she has been unable to give him what he longed so for--sympathetic understanding and someone to share his free, roving spirit. With his faith straightened out, Tom will come back from Andora with a new independence, able to work out the answers by himself, and understanding and loving Hope for what she is.

Hope is best described by Lily: "She's so peaceful, so normal. She's all home and babies." She is a practical down-to-earth modern woman,--very earnest and sincere in her desire to help Tom, but bewildered as to what is wrong. She doesn't realize that it is her own lack of imagination, which is hindering her from understanding the nature of Tom's problem. He looks to her for protection and she responds with a maternal love which is not quite adequate enough for Tom's emotional nature. She will never change, but Tom, when he returns, will have learned to adapt to her normalcy and non-imagination and they will find new happiness together.

Alice Kendall is described as being "twenty-six, very smart and rather pretty." She evidently has been among the wealthy all her life, because she isn't used to being self-supporting or independent. Having lived by her beauty and smartness for so long, her brain has sort of fallen into disuse, and thinking proves to be such an effort that she rarely bothers. So, as the philosophy starts going by, she lets it go right over her head, without even troubling to raise a hand to examine it. She knows she won't understand it anyway. It isn't until her sleep-walking scene, when all of her inhibitions are removed, that we learn that she has been traveling as mistress to Norman and that, unusually enough, she really is in love with him, and can't understand why he doesn't love her. The warmth of Norman's protection and concern comes through even the dream, and at the end of the play, Alice realizes that life would be empty without him. In humbleness and humility she goes to him, asking to be taken along--wherever he goes. This is the solution to the gnawing ache in Alice--this feeling of being wanted, above all others, for herself alone.

Norman represents reason over emotion, intelligence over heart. He is a young Jew who, by his own ambition and his desire for power and wealth, thinking they bring happiness, has worked himself up from a lower East Side

fur clerk to the head of a big corporation--" a financial genius". He represents "big business"--that which Philip Barry abhors, not for itself but for the demands that is puts on those who are ensnared by it. Always the grabbing after money, money, and more money, with no leisure time, no life to call your own, draining all your energy, all your individuality and all your imagination, leaving you old before your time. To show exactly how much of a change has taken place in Norman, his scene from the past is taken from the time when he is a little Jewish clerk, with all the accent, mannerisms, and techniques usually associated with that race--in complete contrast to the suave, sophisticated member of the "international" set that he is at the time of the play. To give Barry's idea of what he think all business men are yearning for, Norman's trouble is that he has no time to himself--to just quietly contemplate life. He is tied to his corporation and would be to the day he died, if he hadn't been shown that he isn't so indispensable as he thought, that his first responsibility lies with himself. If he wants to go off to Andora, they can whistle for him--he's going! Maybe it's a good thing that all business men don't feel the way Barry thinks they do. The world would be in a rather sad shape. Felix, the butler, with every entrance injects a note of absolute detachment, he is the perfect servant--completely obli-

vious and untouched by all of the unusual happenings of the evening. He is French, having probably come with the house, and is very correct and in his place.

PART FOUR

MISCELLANEOUS

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Publicity and Promotion

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Michigan State News

Vol. 36 334, No.9

Wednesday, July 23, 1947

**Nine Students
Cast In Lead
Of Grad Play**

Marie Posz, Tony Chapp, Bill Devereaux, Joe Carr, Bud Haggart, Alice Luniewski, John Holder, Lois Vosburg and Stan White will co-star in Phillip Barrie's "Hotel Universe," which is being presented this term as a graduate thesis production.

Barabara Forbes, of Des Moines, Ia., will direct the drama, and Shirley Foresman, Appleton, Wis., will act as producer.

The action throughout the full-length play is continuous, and takes place within a two-hour interval at a villa in the south of France.

Barrie's play is primarily a tense, emotional drama, mirroring the conflict of individual character.

It will be presented August 1 in Fairchild theater. There will be no charge for admission.

Only Summer Drama Will Be Presented Friday In Fairchild

Two Graduate Students To Stage James Barry's 'Hotel Universe'

A group of thwarted, unhappy people and an understanding physicist are the chief characters in Phillip Barry's play, "Hotel Universe," which will be presented this Friday evening at 8:15 in the Fairchild theater as a master's thesis production.

Barry is the author of "The Philadelphia Story" and "Holiday," and most of his plays have been in a lighter vein than "Hotel Universe," which is a serious character study.

The action of the play is continuous and takes place in southern France.

The play is under the direction of Barbara Forbes, Des Moines, Ia., and is produced by Shirley Foresman, Appleton, Wisc. both of whom are graduate students.

William Devereaux, Lansing junior; Marie Posz, East Lansing senior; Anthony Chapp, Detroit sophomore, and Irving Haggart, Flint sophomre, are the leading players.

No charge will be made for admission.

- Michigan State News

Vol. 36 334, No.12

Friday, August 1, 1947

Drama Rehearses



Photo By Bransdorfer Brös.

Stanley White, Grand Blanc junior gives his interpretation of lines to Zoe Carr fellow thespian. The summer play "Hotel Universe" by Phillip Barry, is playing this evening at Fairchild theater. The show is produced by Shirley Foresman and directed by Barbara Forbes, graduate students.

CARR individuals in the group is suffering from some fear or obsession. Their common concern over the problems of life and death has been intensified by the suicide of a fellow traveler.

Resolves Conflicts

The physicist, through his understanding of universal forces, is able to resolve each of their individual conflicts and explain the true significance of life.

First produced by the Theater

clude: Lois Vosburg, Pontiac; Zoe Carr, East Lansing junior; Marie Posz, East Lansing senior; John Holder, Battle Creek freshman, and Alice Luniewski. Miss Luniewski was seen in the Studio theater's production of "Far Off Hills."

There will be no charge for admission.

Michigan State News

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Wednesday, August 6, 1947

Summer Play Draws Crowd

"Hotel Universe," Philip Barry's confusing drama played to a capacity crowd of enthusiastic but confused students and faculty in Fairchild theater Friday.

Presented as a master's thesis production by Barbara Forbes, Des Moines, Ia., graduate student, and Shirley Foresman, Appleton, Wis., graduate student, the drama represented an excursion in experimental theater.

The cast performed exceptionally well and full credit must go to the scene designer and others who did the stage effects.

William Devereaux as Pat Farley and Anthony Chapp as Stephen Field were outstanding in carrying the load of the play.

Irving Haggart, Lois Vosburg, Zoe Carr, Alice Luniewski, Marie Posz, Stanley White and John Holder all did excellent work in character portrayal.

—J. K.

Postcards sent as personal invitations to
faculty and friends.

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Directed by
Barbara Forbes

Produced by
Shirley Foreman

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Churchill Theatre, Friday, August 1, 1947, 8:15 pm

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