

A PRODUCTION OF PHILIP BARRY'S
DRAMA, HOTEL UNIVERSE FOR A
COLLEGE AUDIENCE, AND A
WRITTEN ANALYSIS OF THE
PROBLEMS INVOLVED IN
DESIGNING, SETTING LIGHTING,
AND STAGING

Thesis for the Degree of M. A.
MICHIGAN STATE COLLEGE
Shirley Jane Foresman
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 Designing, Setting, Lighting, and Staging
the Play."

presented by

Shirley Foresman

has been accepted towards fulfillment
of the requirements for

Master of Arts degree in Speech, Dramatics,
and Radio


Major professor

Date August 23, 1947

A PRODUCTION OF PHILIP BARRY'S DRAMA, HOTEL UNIVERSE
FOR A COLLEGE AUDIENCE, AND A WRITTEN ANALYSIS OF
THE PROBLEMS INVOLVED IN DESIGNING, SETTING
LIGHTING, AND STAGING

by
SHIRLEY JANE FORESMAN

A Thesis
Presented to
The Graduate School
Michigan State College
of Agriculture and Applied Science

In Partial Fulfillment
of the Requirements for the Degree
Master of Arts

August 1947
Department of Speech, Dramatics, and Radio



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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I wish to express my sincere appreciation 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 Donald O. Buell, Director of Dramatics, 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.

It is difficult to express my thanks adequately to all those who have given their time and talents so willingly. However, I wish to especially thank William Lutzke, stage manager, and Robert Von Sternberg, production manager, and their technical crews for their tireless efforts; Professors Radford and Brattin of the Engineering Department, for their efficient service in the completion of all drawings; Dr. Dressel, of the Forestry Department, and Mr. Bryant of the Floraculture Department, for their help in furnishing part of the scenery; Walter Pung, manager of the Auditorium, and James Maher, stage carpenter, for their cooperation on all phases of production.

Above all, I wish to express my deepest gratitude to Professor Cecil Nickle for his cheerful confidence and

sympathetic

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understandi

a far more

sympathetic guidance in the technical construction and written analysis of this thesis production. Without his understanding and supervision this thesis would have been a far more difficult project.

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PREFACE

The performance of a play is the result of a combination of effort on the part of the author, director, designer, technicians, and technical crews. It is the purpose of this thesis to analyze the problems of the designer and technical staff. Since the play is to be given as a public performance, the analysis of production includes all work thereon, from the original sketches and supervision of production crews to the actual staging and performance. Included is the working script of the play, the rehearsal schedule, the designer's analysis and sketch of the setting, the stage floor plan, and working drawings of all construction; as well as property, costume, makeup, sound, and lighting plots, and the stage manager's cue sheet.

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

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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.

HOTEL UNIVERSE

A Play

BY
PHILIP BARRY



SAMUEL FRENCH

NEW YORK, N. Y. LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
25 WEST 45TH STREET 811 WEST 7TH STREET

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**MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
BY THE VAIL-BALLOU PRESS, INC., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.**

CHARACTERS

STEPHEN FIELD
ANN FIELD
PAT FARLEY
LILY MALONE
TOM AMES
HOPE AMES
NORMAN ROSE
ALICE KENDALL
FELIX

ACTION AND SCENE

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, last summer.

"HOTEL UNIVERSE" was first produced by The Theatre Guild at the Martin Beck Theatre in New York City on April 14, 1930. It was directed by Philip Moeller and the settings were designed by Lee Simonson.

HOTEL UNIVERSE

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

Pat—

PAT

What?

HOPE

Quit it!

PAT

Why?

HOPE

Why must we take our nerves out on Ann?

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

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.
[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

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?

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."

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

HOT

here for three years
dying of homesickness

ALICE

I saw him, you know

HOPE

You did!

NORMAN

When?

TOM

Where, Alice?

ALICE

It must have been
couldn't get back
someone down here
was a funny light.
awfully pale. For
to have any color.

TOM

But where was he?

ALICE

Yes. At least there
man, with gray hair
standing here at the
house was lit, and
him all up.

PAT (*unimpressed*)

Was there a very

ALICE

I didn't notice.

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

ALICE

I saw him, you know.

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 lighthouse was lit, and every now and then it would light him all up.

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

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.

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

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.

LILY

I've never known anyone to seem further from it 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.

[*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

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

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.]


ANN

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

TOM

I will.

Light Cue #1
to p. 20



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

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.]

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—

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.

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*.

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.

[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.

PAT

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

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.*

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—give me a glass of water, someone.

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

HOPE

This isn't water.

TOM

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.

Light Cue # 2
fp. 27



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.*]

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.*]

— Sound Cue #1

— Sound Cue #2

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

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?

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?

NORMAN

He was later, wasn't he?

LILY (*to the others*)

You see?

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

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.

PAT

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

TOM

Light cue #3 — — — — —
—Nine-thirty A. M. The great Norman Rose enters his office—
[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.

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
three times up

LILY

It's me, Mr. R

TOM (nearly)

Come in, come

[LILY enters th

LILY

—A gentleman

TOM

I don't like ge

Miss Malone.

[LILY stiffens.

LILY

—A Mr. Pa

Sleighs and V

TOM

Show him in.

LILY

—Mr. Rose w

in, LILY anno

know you'll l

[LILY retires.

TOM

Well, Farley

PAT

It's—just a

TOM

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

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.*]

LILY

—A gentleman to see you, sir.

TOM

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

[*LILY stiffens.*]

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.

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

TOM

Well, Farley, what is it?

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 tw

TOM

Make it three.

PAT

I'll give you th

TOM

Four.

PAT

Four and a ha

TOM

Five. Five two

[PAT's fist des

PAT

Sold!—To the

twenty-five!

TOM

But who—who

[PAT rises, op

PAT

The Chairman

covers his fac

noon, Mr. Ros

ture of appeal

[TOM hulks ou

himself at the

NORMAN (laugh

All right! I'll

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.

NORMAN (*laughing*)

All right! I'll resign!

—— Light Cue #4

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, Pet, and we survived it. We're living on borrowed time.

TOM

Lost: one battalion.

PAT

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 sometime, 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—

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?

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*)

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.

HOPE

But what on earth *was* it?

—Sound Cue #3

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.

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*)

Light Cue #5 — I unearthed a marble tablet in the lower garden to-day. It was in Latin and said: "To Semptronius who, at age 12, danced here, and pleased."

ANN

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

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

TOM

I'd like to dance here, too. (*To PAT.*) Will you play?
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
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.*]

TOM

Look, Mummy! Look where I am!

HOPE

Get down, Tom, you'll fall.

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.*

Light Cue #6 —————

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.

[*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."*

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.

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!

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.*

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:

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.

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.

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

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.

—Light Cue #7

ALICE

Well, of all the—

ANN

Wait!—Are you all right, Pat?

PAT (*weakly*)

Sure.

[HOPE covers her face.]

HOPE

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

If I could tell you—

HOPE (*gently*)

Tom—listen—

TOM (*suddenly savage*)I say, what's the answer? I want to know! (*He averts his head, sharply.*) God help me, I've got to know!

ANN

—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?
You're so pitiful, and I love you so!
[FELIX comes in from the garden.

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.

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.

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

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

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.*]

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

I know. Isn't it the devil?

ALICE

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

LILY

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

[*At the door ALICE turns and contemplates them.*

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

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.*

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.

[*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.

[*And goes out.*

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.

PAT

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

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

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

HOPE

—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 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!

[*And goes into the house.*]

LILY

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

PAT

What is?

LILY

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

Light Cue #8 —————

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?

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.

[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—

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

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—

PAT

Thanks! (*Then:*)—What is?

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?

LILY (*touching his forehead*)

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

—— *Light Cue #9*

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.]

LILY

Ann's coming back. One thing, Pat—

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.*]

——— *Light Cue #10*

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?

——— *Light Cue #11*

[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.

Sound Cue #4 —————*[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

Sound Cue #5 —————

René 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—

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.]

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.]

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.

—— Sound Cue #6

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.

—— Sound Cue #7

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

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

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—

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.

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—

PAT

—When I forget anything about you and me—

———— Sound Cue #8

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

—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.

Sound Cue #9 —————

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

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.

———— Sound Cue #10

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.

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

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?

PAT

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

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

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!

PAT

Yours—theirs—anyone's—

ANN

Oh, you're horrible—

[PAT looks at her intently.]

PAT

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

ANN (*a cry*)

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

PAT

Sound Cue #11 —————

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

What is?

PAT

—Like other places—like another place—

ANN

Where?

PAT

Light Cue #12 —————

—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.]

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

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

Light Cue #13 — 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.]

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

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.]

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.

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

Light Coc #14

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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

—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?

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—

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.*)
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

Why not?—Maybe you can tell me that!—Why not?
—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 worry about me. It's all right. Small brain-storm, 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.*

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.*

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

How do you do, Mr. Field?

TOM

How do you do, Sir?

[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

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—

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.*]

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,

to boot. (*Again she stops.*)—What am I spilling all this for? What's biting me now?

[STEPHEN *turns inquiringly to ANN.*

ANN

—Lily Malone, Father.

STEPHEN

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

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.

Light Cue # 15

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.

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.*

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.*

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.

STEPHEN

Sleep has freed her from time and space. One day sleep's sister will free her further. (*He hums a measure of a song, laughs softly, and concludes:*)—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—!

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—

———— Light Cue #16

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

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-

*Light Cue #17
to p. 108*



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 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.*

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?

[*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

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

—Rat-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*)

—Ta-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.

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.

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.*]

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?

Light Coe #18 —————

TOM

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

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—

STEPHEN

Your childhood faith is gone—

TOM

It wasn't true.

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, don'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-

Light Cue "19"

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.*

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!

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 Sortieges” 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*

Sound Cue # 12 —————

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.]

———— Light Cue #20

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 (*in fright*)

But Pa, I—

STEPHEN

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

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.

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-

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

"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

—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—

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 "Nailla" 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.

LILY (*almost in tears*)

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

—— Sound Cue #13

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

Sound Cue #14 —

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

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.*]

————— *Sound Cue #15*

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.

[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

Light Coe #21 —

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

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.

———— Sound Cue #16

———— Light Cue #22

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

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 Amesese 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

Sound Cue #17——— 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*

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.*]

Sound Cue #18

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.]

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.

Light Cue #23

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

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?

———— Light Cue #24

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—

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!

STEPHEN

Then can you face yourself—say good-bye to your last illusion, and come through alive?

PAT

Go—will you?

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—! (*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.]

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.]

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.]

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?

—— Light Cue #25

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-

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.

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.

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—

[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.

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

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.*

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-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—

ANN

Lily—darling—

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.]

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.

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

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?

[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.*

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

Light Cue #26 —————

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?

—— Sound Cue #19

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

Sound Cue #20 —

—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 exults.]

CURTAIN

CHAPTER I

The Relationship of Director and Designer

A successfully produced play demands close cooperation between director and designer. In order to understand the importance of this relationship, the terms director and designer must be clearly defined.

In a discussion of the problem, John Gassner states that "The production of a play is the director's responsibility."¹

Alexander Dean carries the theory farther: "By play directing we mean the presentation of a play on the stage for an audience interpreted in terms of dramatic action and dramatic sound and in terms of the emotional and intellectual concepts of an author's script."²

It is therefore the duty of a director to interpret the written lines of a script and to unify various phases of the dramatic production. It is his interpretation of the written script which eventually becomes the play. We may assume from this that the director can be cited as an authority.

Gordon Craig uses the title "regisseur" or stage manager as we use the title "designer". However, Craig insists that there can be no single person in that capacity, for he must be a creative artist, an architect, a carpenter, an electrician, and an engineer, to say nothing of knowing textiles, and styles for costuming, and the intricate art

¹ Gassner, John, Producing the Play, Dryden Press, New York, 1941, p. 202

² Dean, Alexander, Fundamentals of Play Directing, Farrar & Rinehart, New York, 1941, p. 32

of deft makeup.³ In contrast, Sheldon Cheney states that the term "regisseur" means "an all-powerful, all-seeing master of staging, the artist-director supreme", and that "his function is the harmonizing of all the elements of the complex-work of production... not only harmonizing , but of imagining and assembling them."⁴

Dolman uses the term "scenic designer", but Lee Simonson, Kenneth MacGowan, Selden and Sellman, and other authorities use the term "designer". This term "designer" shall hereafter refer to that person in charge of all design and technical work of production.

It should be established at what period a close relationship between director and designer began to exist.

The ancient Greek and Roman theatre settings were static, being building facades and street scenes with openings for exits. Passion plays of the 16th century were concerned with stage machinery and stage effects, while the Italian theatre had "set" scenes for comedy, tragedy, and satire. "Except for incidental music, costume is the one field in which another talent than that of actor or director invaded the theatre from Greek days until the last years of the 17th century."⁵

The trend toward extravagant spectacles still demanded no coordination between director and designer. By the

³Craig, Gordon, On the Art of the Theatre, Brownes Bookstore, Chicago, 1912, p. 100

⁴Cheney, Sheldon, Stage Decoration, John Day Co., New York, p. 8

⁵MacGowan, Kenneth, Continental Stagecraft, Harcourt Brace & Co., New York, 1922, p. 120

late 19th century, settings were "not only tasteless and untheatrical, but ridiculously artificial, muddy in color and without evidence of a knowledge of elementary picture composition."⁶

As late as 1900 "the American scene-designer was, as a rule, an anonymous craftsman, turning out stock patterns, or stereotyped back-drops by the square yard and delivering them to the stage door without much preoccupation as to their effect on the theatre."⁷

Therefore, we see that the designer is a modern product. "The relation of artist and director in the modern theatre has been a curious one, quite as intimate as that of a pilot-fish and shark, and not so dissimilar. Attached to the shark, the pilot-fish has his way through life made easy and secure; he is carried comfortably from one hunting ground to another. Often however, when the time comes to find food, it is the pilot-fish that seeks out the provender and prepares the ground, as it were, for the attack of the shark. Then they both feast, and the pilot-fish resumes his subordinate position."⁸

This parable probably illustrates as well as any the relationship of director and designer in their creation of a play from the written script.

It is now necessary to view the various tasks that

⁶ Cheney, op. cit., p. 30
⁷ Simonson, Lee, The Stage is Set, Harcourt Brace & Co., New York, 1932 p. 16
⁸ MacGowan, op. cit., p. 118

fall to the "designer". He must be thoroughly versed in the theories of design. The stage picture which he presents to the audience must have unity, emphasis, rhythm, balance, proportion, harmony and grace."⁹

Unity is singleness of thought; a play is more easily understood and sustains interest better if it is not confusingly complex. The designer must bear in mind that the setting should conform with the directional theories being used. Emphasis must be placed on certain lines, masses, or light areas, so that the meaning of the play is pointed up. With rhythm in design, every composition must be tuned to the rhythm of our living, every picture must have balance and proportion and should not intrude above and beyond the story that is being told. The qualities of harmony and grace need not only pertain to the more light and pleasant, but may be harmonious to the more stark, violent type of drama.

"Stage design is part and parcel of the total effort of interpreting the script, and integral factor in overcoming the resistance of an audience to dramatic ideas that transcend its stereotyped expectations."¹⁰

We now look at the techniques by which a scene designer presents a suitable setting for the story which the audience sees. This "process" begins and continues intermittently - in conferences with the director.

⁹ Dolman, John, The Art of Play Production, Harper & Bros., 1928, p. 72

¹⁰ Simonson, op. cit., p. 98



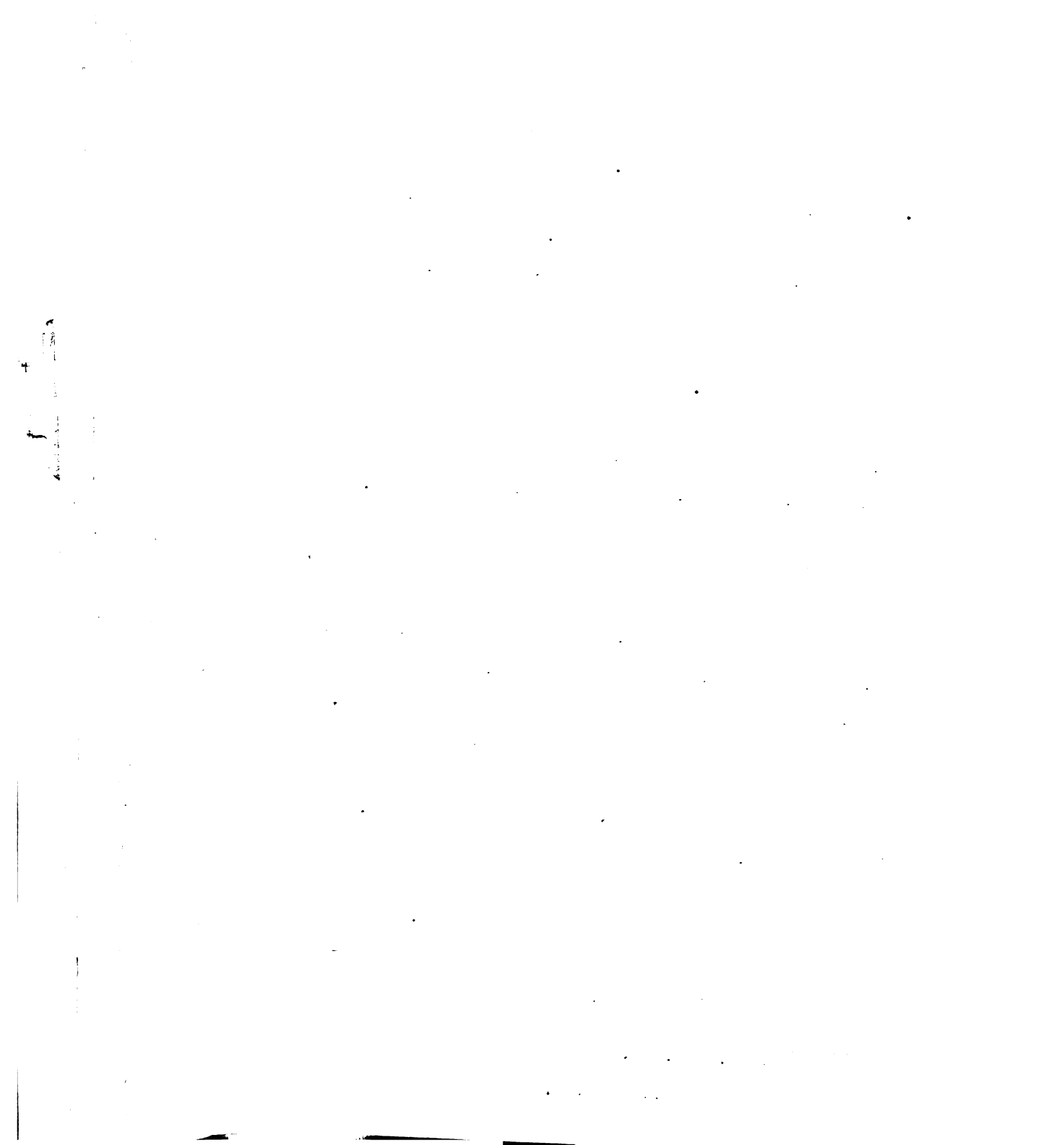
Paraphrasing MacGowan: the artist brings a scheme of production to the director as often, perhaps, as the director has presented ideas to the artist. The director then criticizes, revises, even amplifies the artist's designs, and brings them to realization on the stage. And the artist and the director, rearranging properties, costumes, makeup, and lighting plots at the final rehearsal come to the last cooperative efforts which are as important to the play as any that have gone before.¹¹

That first conference determines the basic premise of the play, the atmosphere desired, and the technical details of period, style, location, total setting, and coloring. Then the designer begins a search for details that he may use for preliminary sketches to be presented to the director. With the approval of the preliminary sketches, the designer proceeds to develop floor plans, elevation drawings, light, property, sound, makeup, and costume charts, and with their completion, he again returns to the director for approval. With the final drawings and details approved, heads of the various crews are appointed to assume the responsibilities of overseeing the technical work. "The available time, which is often short, must be apportioned very carefully to avoid expensive overtime work and thereby causing undue pressure of work toward the end of the production."¹²

The designer gives the crew head a detailed description of what is wanted; such as, working drawings of each

¹¹ MacGowan, op. cit., p. 122

¹² Meyer, Harold and Edward Cole, Scenery for the Theatre, Little Brown & Co., 1938, p. 58



unit of the setting for the construction head, a property list with full description of all pieces needed to the property head, and complete costume sketches and descriptions for the chairman of costumes. Then he himself acts as supervisor to all chairman. Ideally, each crew head should be an expert in his line, and should be able to assemble around him men with sound backgrounds in stage mechanics.

Frequent "progress" conferences with the director insure a more successful performance, with a minimum of last minute rush and confusion. It is also advisable for the designer to attend as many of the director's rehearsals as possible before the final technical practices in order to obtain a more complete picture of the total production. Additional suggestions of value may arise during these rehearsals.

The dress rehearsals, with all technical crews on hand, are under the guidance of the designer, who with the production and stage managers, has mapped out a schedule of duties for each "stage hand". It is the rule of the theatre that "the stage manager is the responsible official back stage during the run of the play".¹³ Therefore, he must be fully acquainted with the technicians' problems and his own cue sheet.

"A stage designer is in a very real sense, a jack-of-all-trades. He can make blueprints and murals and patterns and light plots. He can design fireplaces and bodices and

¹³ Dolman, op. cit., p. 330

bridges and wigs. He understands architecture, but he is not an architect; can paint a portrait, but is not a painter; creates the costumes, but is not a couturier."¹⁴

Above all, the true scene designer must bear in mind that none of his creative imagination must protrude beyond the story being portrayed on the stage. His scenery and lights must aid and supplement the mood of the lines; his costuming must be an integral part of the character; and his properties must make the setting plausible, but never should these separate entities stand out to the distraction of the audience.

¹⁴ Jones, Robert Edmond, The Dramatic Imagination, Duell Sloan & Pearce, New York, 1941, P. 69

CHAPTER II

Descriptive Analysis

of

the Setting of "Hotel Universe"

12

The first question which a director and designer must agree upon when a script has been selected is what is the basic premise? What idea will rule the mood of the play? Philip Barry's "Hotel Universe" is by nature a fantasy. It is a psychological study in which Barry "attempts to create a mood of mystic insight into life and death and to express transcendent intuitions of their nature."¹⁵

In the preliminary conference between director and designer of "Hotel Universe", it was established that the audience must be made to feel that a quality of unreality exists upon the terrace where the story unfolds. A detailed study of the script shows that the lines of dialogue held the clues necessary to visualize the setting. Remarks by the characters, such as: Pat: "Lord knows it's on the edge of the world." (p.17); Pat: "The sea meets the sky without a line to mark the meeting. The dome begins under your feet. The arc's perfect." (p.19); Lily: "It's fantastic, this terrace. It just hangs here. Some day, It'll float off in space... like an island in time." (p.20); help build a picture in the imagination which supplements the preliminary stage direction: "Over beyond the wall no thing is visible; the sea meets the sky without a line to mark the meeting. There the angle of the terrace is like a wedge into space." (p.3) This last statement presupposes that there must be a feeling of infinite depth in the back stage area. The director determined the time to be about 9 P.M. with the last rosy glow of the setting sun

¹⁵ Simonson, op. cit., P.111

fading during the first few minutes of action. Then, the flights of imagination of the characters must be portrayed in an eerie unrealistic fashion, as in a dream.

Having dealt with mood, we must now practically determine the location and time period. Again the director and designer look to the opening description of the script and the dialogue for clues. Words such as cypress, fig tree, French coffee, theoule tree, Ile de' Port-Cros beacon, bastide, and south of France spur the imaginations to picture a small hotel in the French Riviera. The time is contemporary; that is, within the last 20 years. There is mention of a great war. Whether it is World War I or World War II would not seem to matter, for the dialogue expresses the unrest and discontent that are typical of a post-war world.

The facade of the hotel itself reflects the Mediterranean area in that it is a weathered plaster, undecorated except for a wrought iron railing on the stairs and balcony. The portion of the Hotel visible to the audience consists only of an outside stairs leading to a balcony and a down-stage door on floor level. In imagination, beyond this lie the various rooms in which the characters have spent the preceding week.- The doorway at the top of the stairs evidently leads to a hallway off of which are doors to bedrooms. The bedrooms overlook a great chasm which falls away from the rear of the building. The door at the foot of the stairs indicates the entrance to the living room, dining room, butler's pantry, and kitchen. There are lower

floor bedrooms too, for as the director planned the movement, several of the characters make statements to the effect that they are retiring to pack their bags, then exit through this door. The entire hotel is similar to a large mansion, as described in the dialogue: Tom: "The house used to be a small hotel... the Hotel de l'Univers, it was called... It had been deserted for quite a while (because) ...the boatman said things began to happen..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." (p.15) This then, caught both the architecture and the atmosphere of "Hotel de l'Univers".

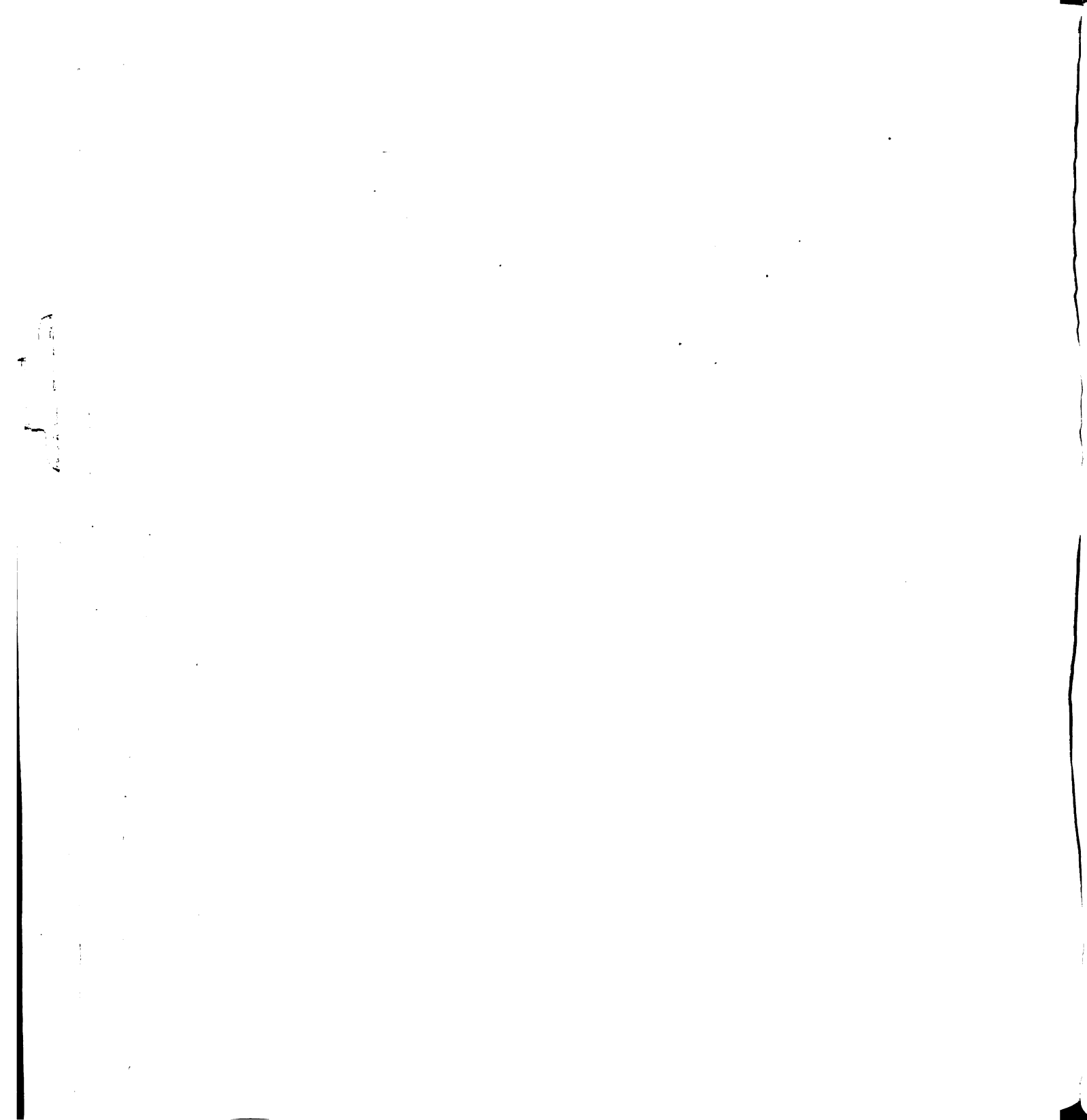
Visible to the audience are the levels of the terrace enclosed by a rather solid looking stone wall. Down stage left are steps leading to a garden, which is evidently on the side of a hill. The terrace appears as a "static projectile" which would not need much of an impulse to launch it off into the depths of the chasm beyond.

The terrace furniture is comfortably suited to the location and is almost periodless. The script calls for a sofa, two easy chairs, a coffee table, two casual small tables, a lounging chair, a table with two chairs, a high-backed chair, a bench, and a piano. This latter instrument while essential to the plot, is normally out of place in a setting of this sort.

It suffices to say that the costumes for the actors are to be well suited to the climate and the time period,

as well as personalized to reflect the tastes of the individuals.

The lighting of the set must follow two theories - that of realism or normality, with which the play opens, and that of fantasy, wherein the characters embark on flights of their imaginations. For this latter aspect, the director requested that a color shading be used which would give an eerie feeling of unreality.



CHAPTER III

The Contribution of the Setting to the Play

Generally speaking, there are certain functions which scenery as the environment of action, must perform. It must place the action, which is on the terrace of the Hotel de l'Univers in the French Riviera. It must reinforce the story; that is, the terrace of the hotel beyond which "nothing is visible" appears as a "wedge into space", (p.3) giving added atmosphere to the lines of the play.

The third general function of scenery is that of dressing the action. In other words, the scenic artist must remember that he "suggests" the mood of the play without destroying his artistic concept of it. Ugly scenery detracts from the action of a drama so that the audience concern is not with the actors but with the jarring notes in the background. Therefore, "it is perhaps significant that English-speaking designers have for over 200 years employed the term "stage decoration" as a synonym for scenic art."¹⁶ The attempt in "Hotel Universe" is to make line and mass pleasing to the eye and the coloring in keeping with the mood.

More specifically, there are seven requirements of a stage setting as listed by Selden and Sellman in Stage Scenery and Lighting; namely, expressive, attractive, projectile, simple, utilitarian, practicable, and organic. These may be used to determine just how well the designer has succeeded in creating an adequate setting for "Hotel Universe".

The design expresses the idea and spirit of the play

¹⁶ Selden, Samuel and Hunton Sellman, Stage Scenery and Lighting, F.S. Crofts & Co., N.Y., 1936, p. 16

well the designer has succeeded in creating an adequate setting for "Hotel Universe".

The design expresses the idea and spirit of the play in that it places and reinforces the action, as seen above. The setting is attractive to the extent that there are no unpleasing or discordant lines or coloring to distract the audience attention from the characters.

The levels leading to a corner looking out into space make the scene project the "edge of the world" idea to the spectators. The basic design is simple, being composed of four levels and several sets of stairs. This offers the director opportunities for changing composition and picturization. Such variety makes the set utilitarian to the director, for the "continuous running" of the show (without the usual Act breaks) taxes a director's skill to the utmost. In addition to being utilitarian, the scenery is practicable in that it is easily constructed by amateurs, simply assembled, and sturdy enough to accept the planned movements of the director. Since there are no scene shifts, shifting devices are not necessary.

Finally, the stage setting should be organic; that is, true to the plot of the play, not merely expressing the artist's flights of imagination. The designer must always subordinate his whims to the "living human element" brought in by the actors. Robert Edmond Jones has said: "If the designer's work has been good, it disappears from our consciousness at the moment the actor enters."¹⁷

¹⁷ Jones, op. cit., p. 27

The opening scene includes seven characters and the wide variety of positions available make possible a casual effect allowing an easy shift of focus. The nature of the conversation is such that no one knows who will speak next. It is not ordinary "tea and crumpets" talk. Everyone adds his comment - relevant or not. Therefore, the scene does not allow a single center of interest; rather, all the characters are centers of interest.

The placing of the table and two chairs on the second level stage left, and a slightly more intense light would make the satire between Tom and Pat stand out. (p. 31)

When the characters begin to enact scenes in their pasts, there would be extensive use of the ground level. The rest of the stage would dim out to shadow and only the actors themselves are seen clearly, as if it were a bright picture in memory.

There are about seven areas available for twosome scenes. Therefore, they need not become monotonous.

The character "Stephen Field" is located on the top level to give the feeling that he is playing "God" to these people. The director has given him most of his business around a chair which is located with its back to the audience overlooking the terrace wall. This allows him to gaze quietly into the depth of sky as into infinity.

The long stairs stage right with the depth of sky beyond the balcony railing suggest a feeling of climbing up into the unknown as the actors ascend. The terrace wall,

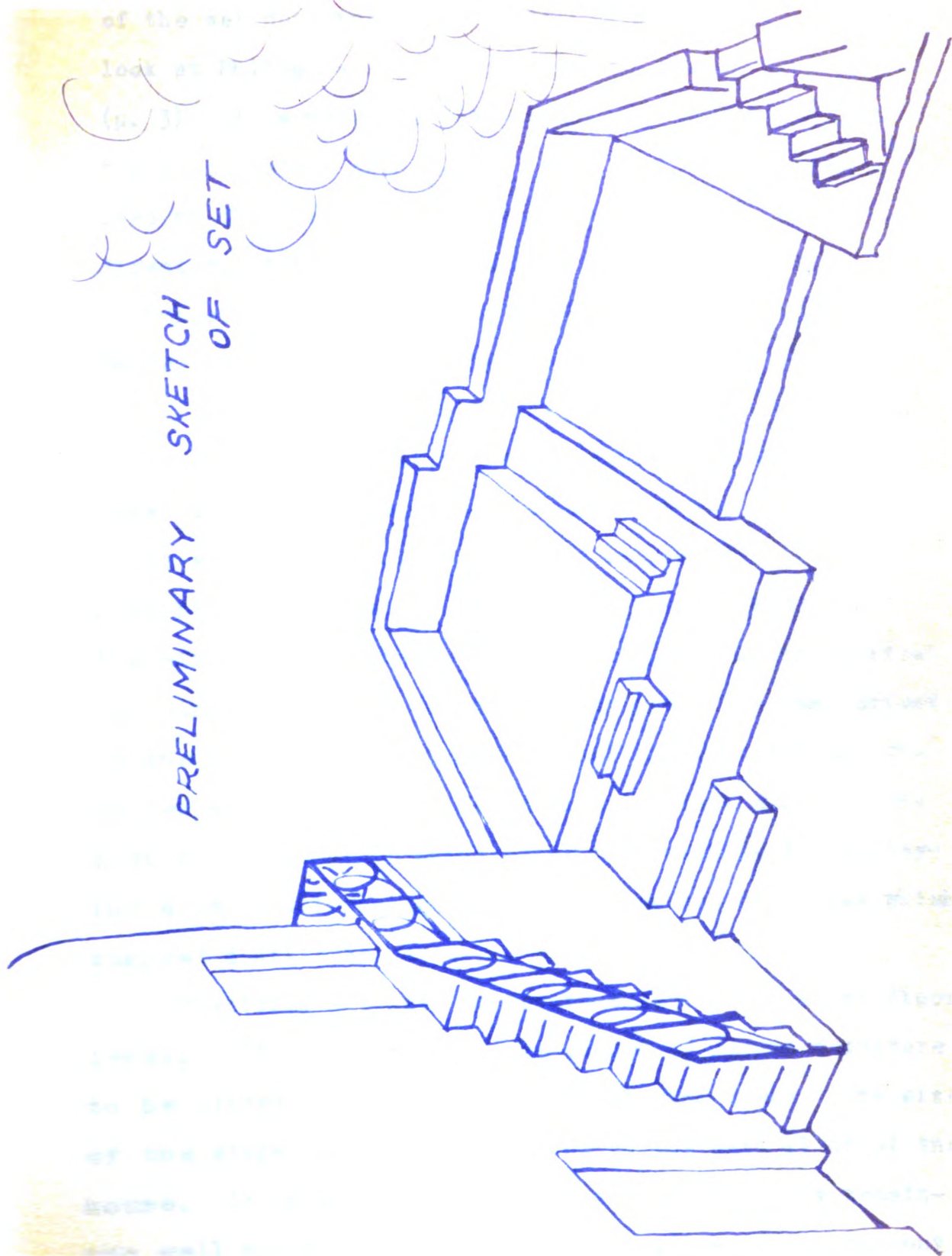
which encloses the scene gives the setting form. When Tom jumps up on the wall (p. 50) we get the feeling that there is nothing beyond and that he could very easily sink into the nothingness on the other side. The real trees at stage left suggest that just beyond is a natural garden which slopes away from the hotel and leads to the world of reality.

One of the biggest problems encountered in designing the setting was to make the levels large enough to permit furniture grouping and still leave floor space adequate for three or four action areas downstage. Allowing for these dimensions demands unusual stage depth. This depth also enhances the feeling of the "wedge into infinity".

CHAPTER IV

Discussion of the Preliminary Sketch

PRELIMINARY SKETCH OF SET



We are here concerned with the designer's adaptation of the set description given in the script. Let us first look at Philip Barry's description of "Hotel Universe".

(p. 3) It is noted that the staircase is set down left and the garden steps down right. This was in the original plan used by the designer. However, in conference with the director, it was found that this plan gave to the staircase an importance which did not fit in with the director's ideas. While it is used constantly for entrances and exits, it is not a focal point during all of the actions. Occasionally the actors leave unobtrusively. Therefore, the effort was made to "kill" the stairs as much as possible by placing it right stage at a slight angle and keeping it in dim light. Just beyond the stairs, the terrace forms a wedge so that the effect of the characters mounting into space is attained. Anyone standing in the balcony gives the same effect as one standing on the upper corner of the terrace. The garden steps are placed far down stage left and face the audience at an angle which makes them useable for a playing area. Just upstage of these steps are the trees which suggest a hillside garden.

Platforms are used to obtain three levels above floor level. All of these are large enough to permit furniture to be placed thereon and used for playing areas. The size of the stage allows only one door to the main floor of the house. It is expedient to place this in the only remaining wall space of the house just downstage of the balcony stairs.

The terrace wall rises to a height of three feet and

follows the line made by the platform levels. Ninety degree angles are used instead of blending slopes or curves because the psychological nature of the play is "inner conflict" and demands angular lines rather than harmonious curves.

It is readily seen that stage balance is secured through the hotel facade on the one side and the trees on the other. As for balance of furniture mass, the grouping may tend to be slightly heavy on stage right because of the triangular setting. The furniture should have a worn look; it should be comfortable but not strictly modernistic. The small apartment-size piano fits against the stair wall stage right and should be light in color in order to blend with the stairs against which it is placed. The table and chairs near the garden steps should be metal filagree, according to the director's request. Stephen's chair on the top level center should be large enough to almost completely hide him when he is sitting in it. All of the furniture should be dull in color and not distracting to the audience.

The designer experimented in colors and textures for both the terrace wall and the hotel facade to determine which would blend in most successfully with the background. It was decided by the director and the designer that the terrace should be flagstone and the hotel facade plaster. The flagstone of the terrace wall would give some feeling of solidity to the setting. Various shades of blues, greens, browns, and violets were to be used in their deepest tones with shading.



The hotel facade was designed in the style of French architecture and painted with a neutral color to represent plaster which has been weathered and stained. This blending of color would eliminate the over-balancing of mass on stage right. The door are solid blue-green-grey for simplicity. The floor tops of the levels are also painted blue-green-grey, as are the treads of the staircase and the other steps. This coloring mutes and tones down the entire setting.

Lastly, the wrought iron railing of the stairs is to be as simple as possible in order not to seem incongruous with the massive stairs and walls.

COSTUMES

Since costumes are as much a part of the scenery as furniture, it is necessary to include their description in any discussion of the setting.

It was stated above that the director had decided on the use of contemporary dress. Therefore, the costume plot was relatively simple.

"Individuality can be achieved by proper selection. A character can be picked out and made specially prominent by what he wears and the degree to which it contrasts with the other characters' clothing in color, design, and the quality of material. His general attitude or his particular mood will likewise be expressed through dress."¹⁸

¹⁸ Gassner, op. cit., p.119-120

The characters found in "Hotel Universe" are each individuals in themselves, presenting strong contrasts within the group. There are no two personalities which are similar. Therefore, each costume may be personalized to reflect the picture of the character.

The first determination is the time of day, and what costume or type of dress would be worn for the occasion. Turning to the opening description: "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." (P. 4) This, ideally then, is the situation. However, in producing non-professional plays, many adaptations may be necessary from the original design. A conference between the director and the designer made it seem expedient to investigate the sources available and alter the costuming as necessary. At the present time flannels for the men are not easily obtained. It was the director's wish that they be outfitted with summer gabardines or casual light-weight clothing. Summer formals or evening dresses can be easily procured for the women. The butler, Felix, can be taken care of with formal coat and black tux trousers.

The next problem is that of color, both to fit the individual and to blend with the others.

Stephen Field is in white, according to the script: "Unnoticed by them, Stephen Field has appeared at the top of the garden steps, where he stands, a figure in white, watching them." (p. 94)



Lily Malone, being an actress, would be dressed dramatically, even though the summer air calls for light, cool clothing. Vivid red crepe cut along dramatic lines would typify the character.

Ann Field is a sweet, girlish character, and should be dressed youthfully, probably with tones of pink.

Hope Ames should wear a dress that reflects the practical, homey type of girl, preferably a simply-cut dinner dress would be suitable.

Pat Farley is a breezy sort of person whom one would expect to wear blue tweeds with a casual air.

Tom Ames is a conservative man with a deep love for his wife, who treats him like a child. A brown gabardine suit with an unexpectedly bright tie would be suitable.

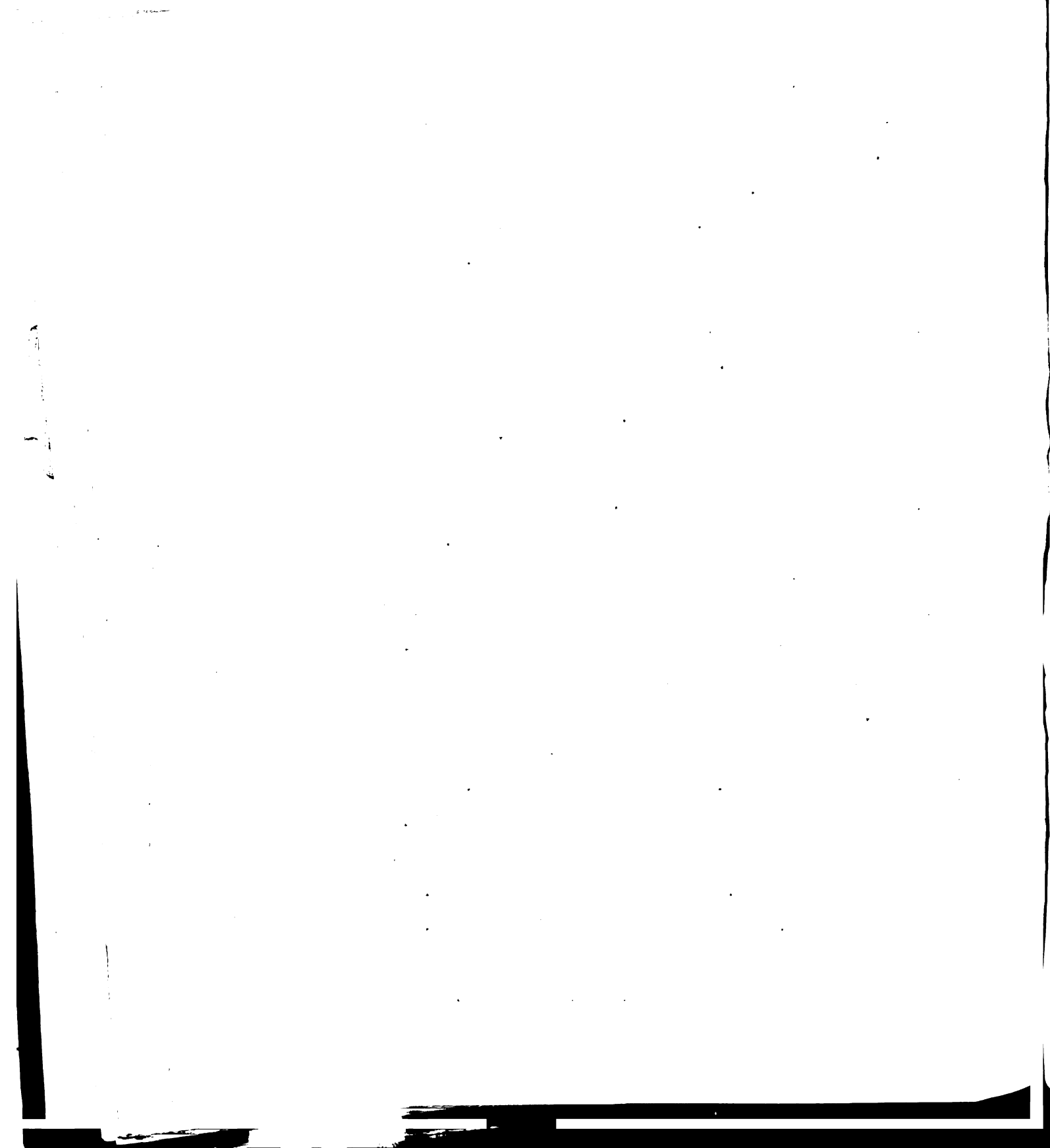
Norman Rose, being a prominent and successful businessman, would probably wear contrasting slacks and coat, with an elaborate tie - a "big" business man on a vacation.

Felix, as stated before, is formally attired in white and black.

At the end of the play, Lily, Hope, and Alice change into traveling clothes, preparatory to leaving. Again these clothes must harmonize with their personalities.

Lily would wear a dramatically out traveling suit, a bit on the flashy side. The color should be bright. She would wear no hat, but perhaps a flower in her hair.

Hope may well be attired in a slightly severe brown traveling suit with matching hat, bag, and shoes.



Alice would retain her air of smartness with a pastel suit, well-cut with contrasting accessories.

It is extremely important in choosing color and texture of clothes that the lighting of the stage should be considered.

CHAPTER V

Production Organization



It has been stated that the designer is the supervisor over all technical crews. As such, he must set up the schedules which govern the various phases of production. The following is the procedure:

The time allotments are gauged.

The Heads of the crews are chosen.

A conference is held with the crew chairman concerning amount of work to be accomplished, materials available, and supplies needed.

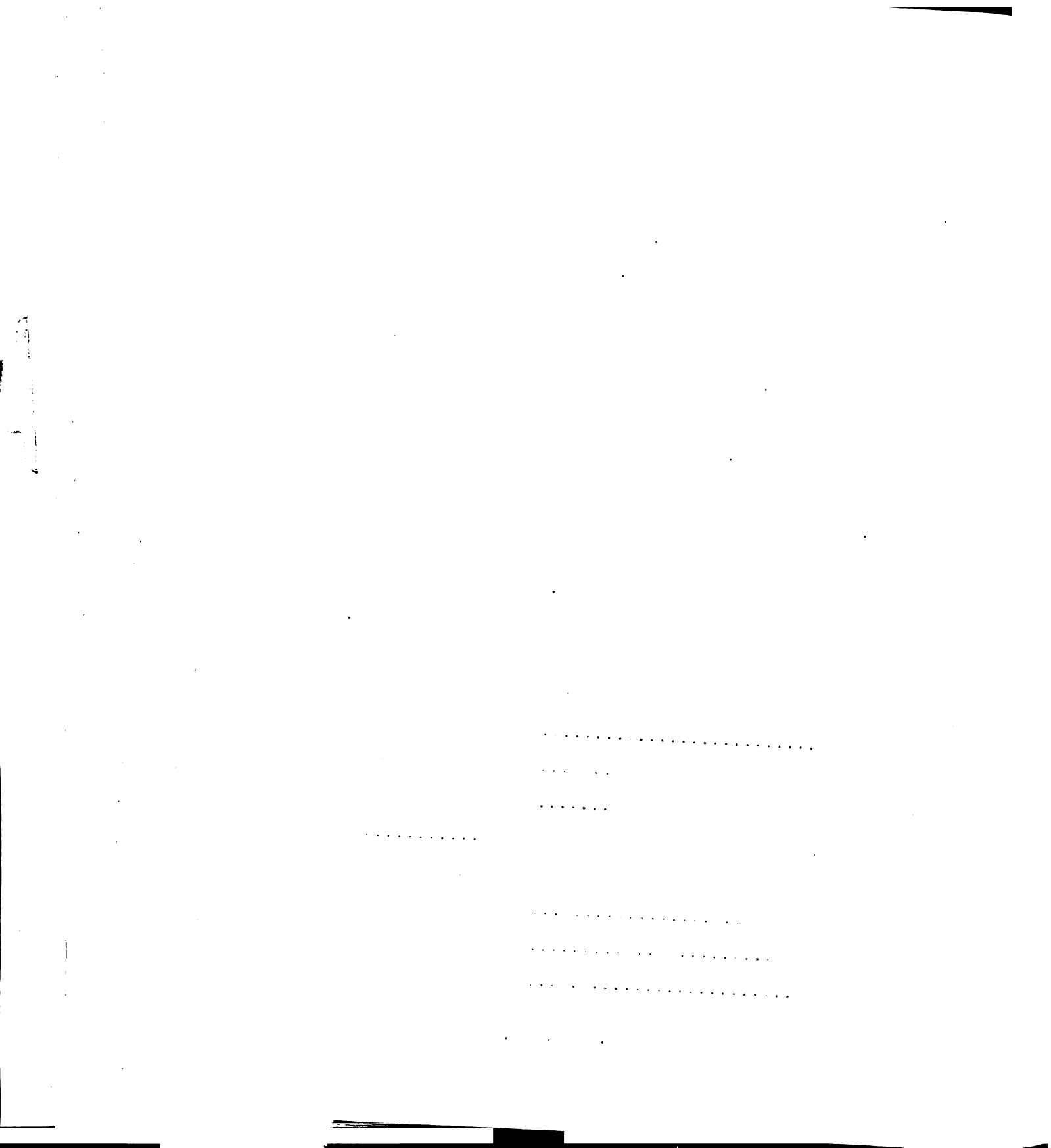
Adequate working space is reserved for the crews and time schedules are arranged.

The necessary crew men are enlisted with their working schedules.¹⁹

The time allotted for the production crew of "Hotel Universe" is approximately three weeks. The production manager selected by the designer was Robert von Sternberg. Conferences between the designer and the production manager result in the following appointments:

Stage Manager.....	William Lutzke
Assistant Stage Manager for Cast.....	John Holder
Assistant Stage Manager for Crew.....	Clare Alubowicz
Construction, Painting, and Staging Chairmen.....	
	Robert von Sternberg, Ray Reich
Properties Chairman.....	Bette Williams
Costume Chairman.....	Doreen Koebel
Sound Chairman.....	Bette Fuller

¹⁹ Burris-Meyer & Cole, op. cit., p. 56-64



Makeup Chairman..... Ann Van Sickle
 Lighting Chairman..... Karl Lamereaux

CONSTRUCTION, PAINTING AND STAGING

Stage Manager

The Stage Manager and his assistants attend all rehearsals to become thoroughly familiar with the setting, to assist the director during rehearsals, in arranging the temporary stage, and to perform any other duties the director may assign.

Construction, Painting and Staging Crew

Robert von Sternberg	}	Co-chairman
Ray Reich		
William Lutzke		
Al Beck		
Ray Gilewicz		
Loretta Majewski		
Don Alderman		
Bill Watson		
John Chase		
Richard Doyle		
Patricia Thwing		
Bette Fuller		

Construction Schedule

Construction and painting should take about three weeks, with the last week reserved for painting, touching up, and the assembly on stage. The following is the schedule of hours for work in the workshop and on the stage preparatory to the performance:

WORKSHOP SCHEDULE FOR "HOTEL UNIVERSE"

Week of July 14-18.....	1-5 P.M.
Week of July 21-25.....	1-5 P.M.
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, July 28-30.....	1-6 P.M.

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Thursday, July 31..Setting the stage.....8-12 A.M.
 Setting the stage.....1-5 P.M.
 Technical Rehearsal.....6:30-11P.M.

Friday, August 1...Technical Rehearsal.....1-5 P.M.
 Performance.....6:30-11P.M.

(The above schedule roughly follows a format suggested by
Burris-Meyer & Cole in Scenery for the Stage.)²⁰

PROPERTIES

Property Crew

Bette Williams, Chairman
Clare Alubowicz
Kenneth Hemmeter
Dick Jarman

Properties are to be completely assembled for the technical dress rehearsal, Thursday, July 31. All properties should be approved by the director before this time. Hand props should be assembled for the actors as soon as possible for the director's rehearsals.

COSTUMES

Costume Crew

Doreen Koebel, Chairman
Stephen Jaworoski
Patricia Harmon

Costumes are to be fitted and ready to wear at the technical dress rehearsal, Thursday, July 31. All costumes should be approved by the director before this time.

SOUND

Sound Chairman

Bette Fuller

~~20~~ Burris-Meyer & Cole, op. cit., p. 61

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A phonograph and a large bass drum with a soft striking mallet are needed in the sound department. The four records to be used are listed in Chapter 7 in the sound cue sheet.

MAKEUP

Makeup Crew

Ann Van Sickle, Chairman
John Swank
Jane McClintock
Kenneth Hemmeter

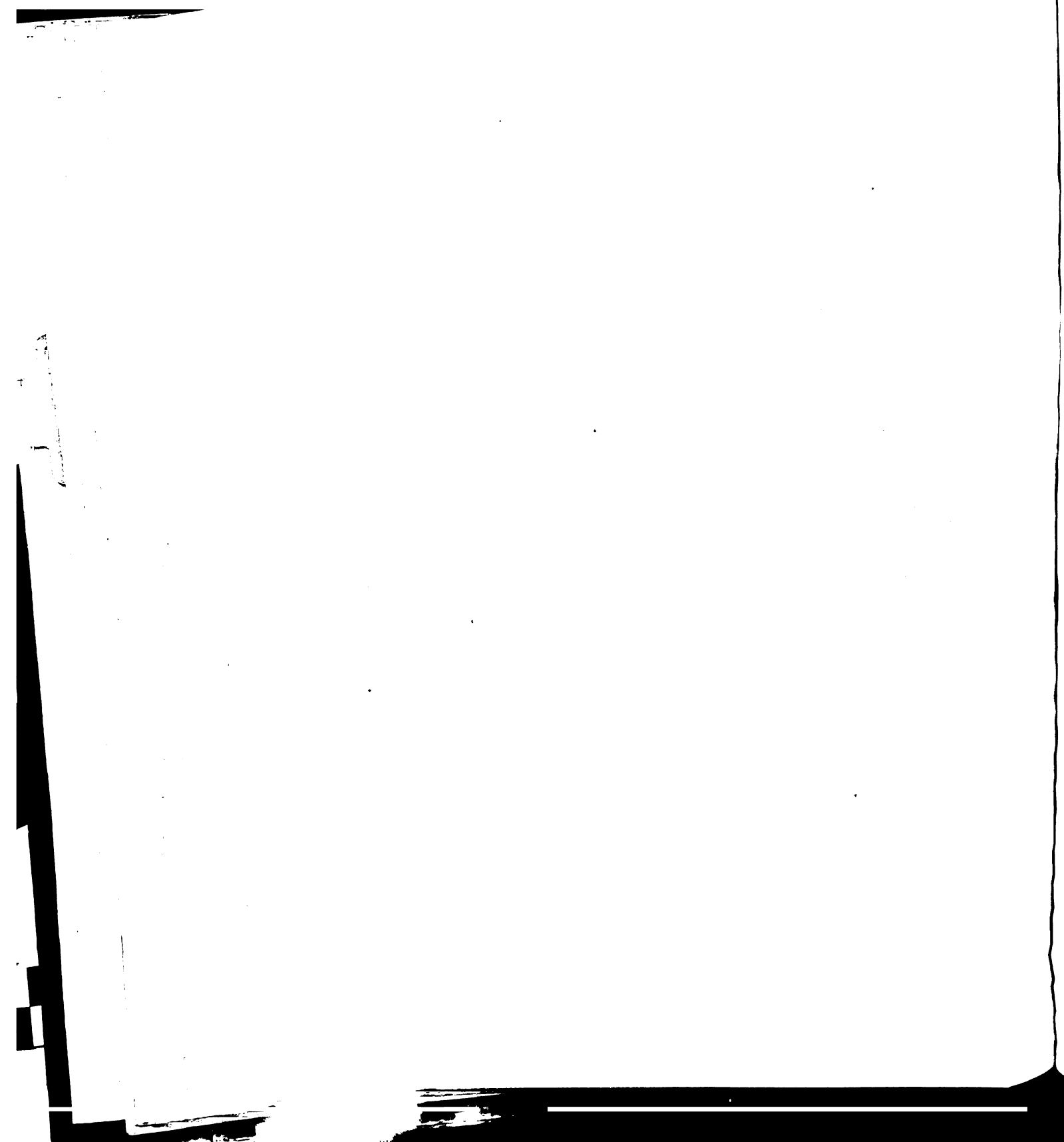
Makeup crew must be on hand for both technical rehearsals, as well as the performance.

LIGHTING

Lighting Chairman

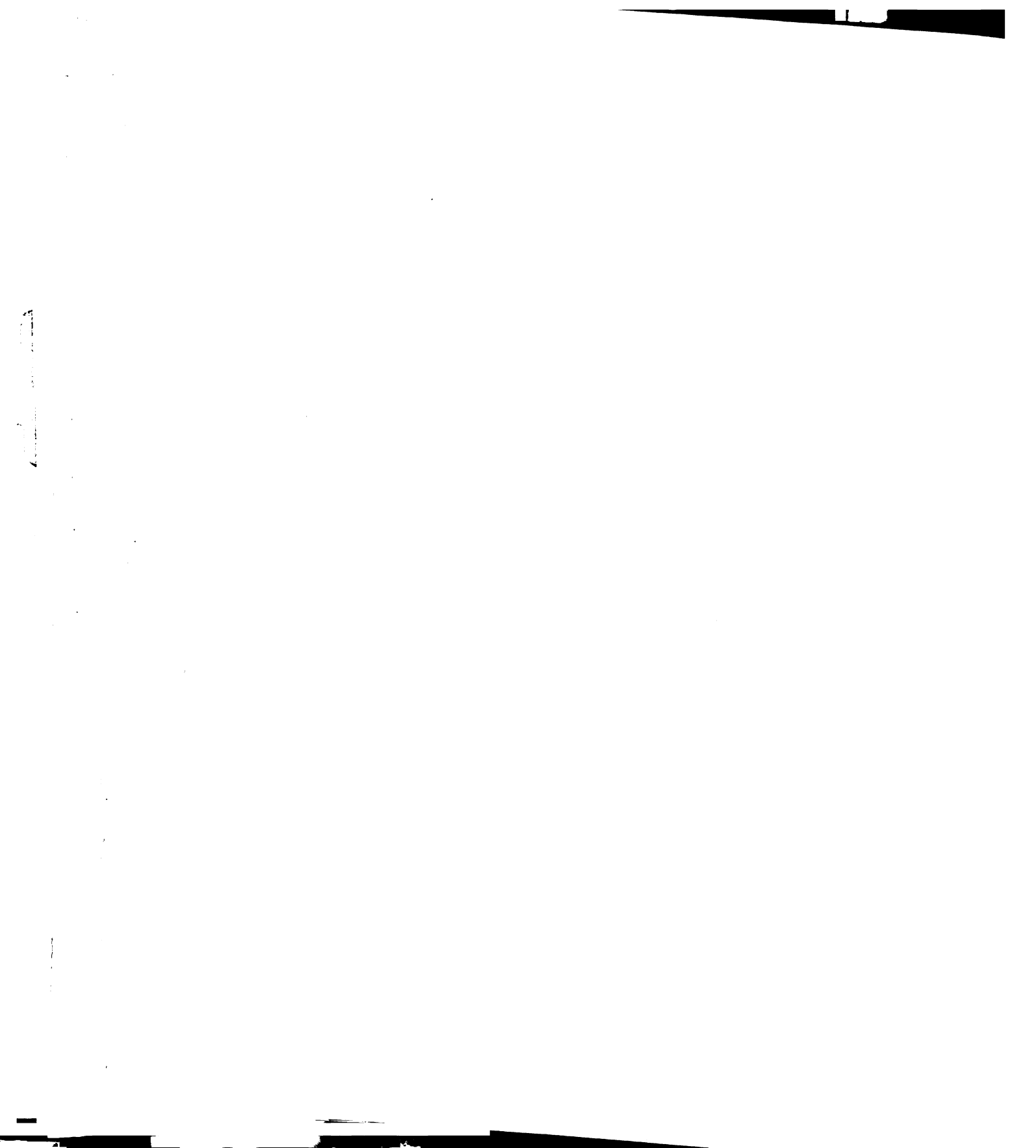
Karl Lamereaux

Since lighting can change the entire aspect of a play, the lighting chairman should be chosen with care. He should be thoroughly experienced in the operation of the board so that he may tell the electricians just what to do. He will also assist the house electricians with all work preparatory to and the working of the lights for the performance.



CHAPTER VI

**Construction, Painting and Assembly
(Floor Plan-Elevation-Working Drawings)**



Systematic organization of the construction work to be done will facilitate crew work in the workshop. The initial task is to study the working drawings of the pieces to be made. A preliminary explanation of the entire problem by the designer will make the project more clear. Then the canvas, lumber, and the hardware to be used is laid out.

The actual construction begins with the larger pieces. The tormentor for stage right, the four flats for the hotel facade, the three-fold flat to mask the staircase, and the two flats used to mask the doors are built first. When these have been completed, half of the crew will begin painting, while the others continue on with construction. When the six wall flats and their thicknesses have been built, these too will be transferred to the painting group. In like manner, the nine platforms will be built, the tops padded, and the exposed sides masked, after which they will receive the base coat of paint. With all the major construction work completed, most of the crew will be working on painting. Four of the crew members will continue working on the construction of the five stairs or steps needed, building the doors and their frames and the railing for the staircase.

When all construction is finished the entire crew will work on the painting until it is completed.

The tormentor flat, which is the first to be painted is done in brown to harmonize with the proscenium arch next to which it is placed. It is merely a flat paint job.

The flats for the hotel facade as well as those which will mask the front of the staircase were flatpainted with white sizing as a base coat. Then they were dry-brushed in swinging arcs with light grey. A crumpled rag served as the scrubbing device which came next. This was done in light and dark blue-green-grey. The final painting was a spattering with the same light and dark blue-green-grey for the purpose of blending.

The flats which are placed behind the door to mask the openings were flat-painted with white sizing and spattered with light grey.

The terrace wall flats and thicknesses were given a base coat, in flat painting, of greyed brown. Then the stones were painted in deep shades of green blue, violet and brown. The stones were shaded with a very dark brown, and were then highlighted with French ochre and lowlighted with black. All this was dry-brushed in black, over which was a spatter of French ochre and black.

As soon as the flat pieces were painted and dry, they were stacked to make room for the painting of the platforms, and the stairs. In the order named, the platforms, stairs, steps, and doors were all flat-painted blue-green-grey. The railing was painted black to resemble wrought iron.

Before setting up the construction units on stage, all drops must be located and adjusted while the electricians mount the lighting instruments on the light bridge and equip them with the proper mediums, the stage crew lays the ground cloth and re-hangs the legs and teaser borders.

This work is closely supervised by the designer who has with him his accurate floor plan with all dimensions and angles designated.

After the drops have been taken care of, the scrim is fastened on a batten and weighted at the bottom with pipe to make it hang straight.

When the electricians have finished checking the spotlights on the bridge, the stage crew can proceed to set up the stage.

The tormentor is placed stage right first and the walls of the hotel lashed to it. The angle of the stairs is determined from the floor plan. After the hotel facade has been set up, the staircase is shifted against it and the masking flats for it put in place. Next, the platforms are situated to form the levels of the terrace. When the platforms are in place, the terrace wall is attached to the levels. Then the steps are put into position and secured to prevent their moving when used by the actors. With the setting basically established, the off-stage devices are located; that is, the platform is placed back of the balcony door, and steps are arranged. All doors are hung and provided with masking flats. The railing is attached to the staircase and all doorknobs are supplied.

The electricians can now place their standing instruments; i.e., the sunlight floodlights and spotlight, the searchlight beacon, and the floodlights for the scrim.

When the scenery has been set, the designer trims the stage; that is, he adjusts teasers so that they mask the

tops of flats; he checks the border and bridge lights to make certain that they are out of sight: In other words, he checks the general picture presented by the stage setting.

The property crew now takes over and brings in the furniture and all properties required on stage. When the properties are in place they are checked by the designer, who in turn gets the final approval of the director.

The electricians check the cue sheet with the designer; the spotlights are focused on stage areas; and preliminary lighting readings are established: The stage is ready for technical rehearsal.

In order to present a clear picture of the construction of the set to the construction crew, the designer must make working drawings to show in detail how to construct each unit. Included in this chapter is the basic floor plan, with dimensions, the elevation drawing, and the series of drawings from which the construction crew of "Hotel Universe" worked. Each unit is numbered to coincide with the same unit number on the floor plan so that the position of each is clear.

It should be noted that nearly all flats, platforms, and steps were already constructed and that the work of the construction crew was primarily one of arranging and adapting the same to fit the plans of "Hotel Universe". Thus, the short number of hours in the working schedule.

-49'-0" Prosc.

2-0"

Leg & Teaser

Leg & Teaser

Leg & Teaser

~~Leg & Treader~~

Leg & Teaser

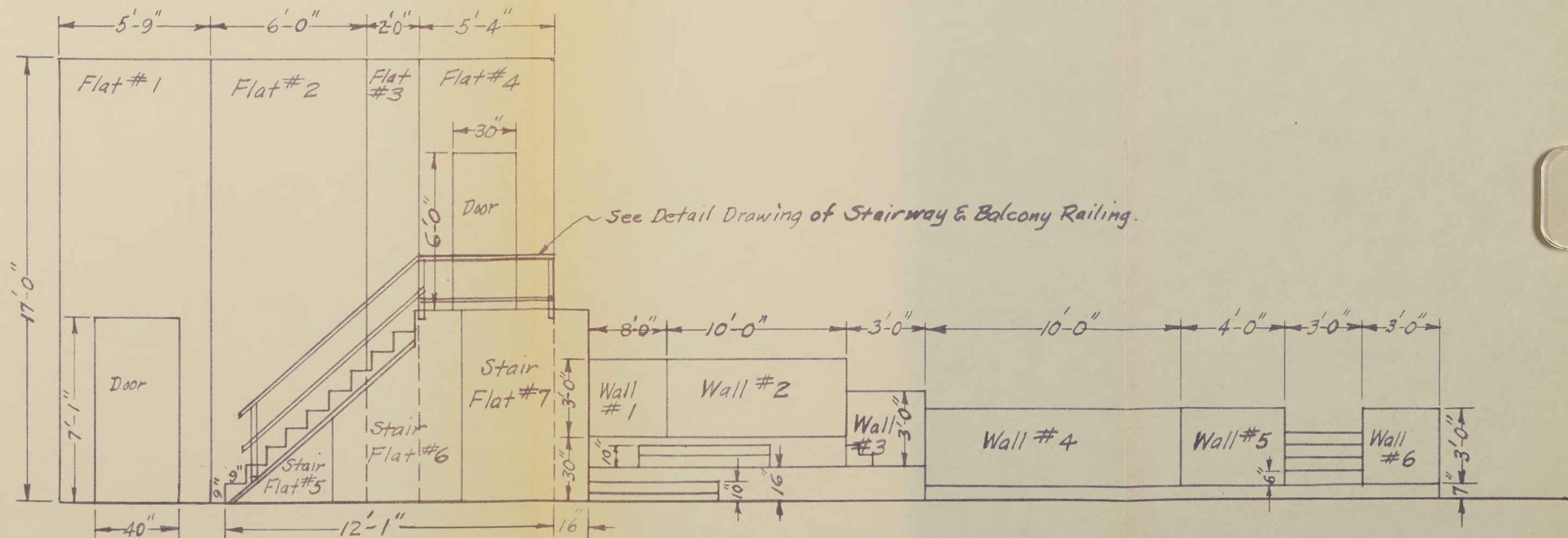
16" Leg

Grand Drape

-33'-7"

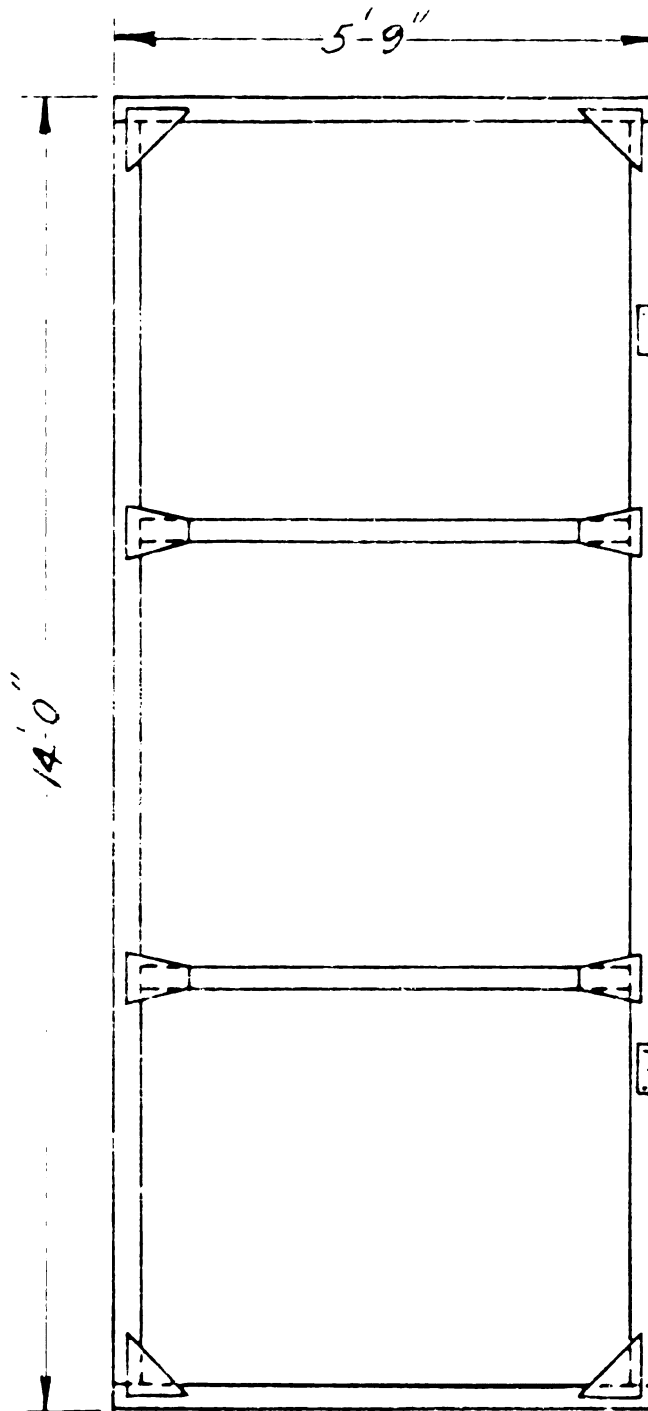
34' 6" —

DWG. NO. 1

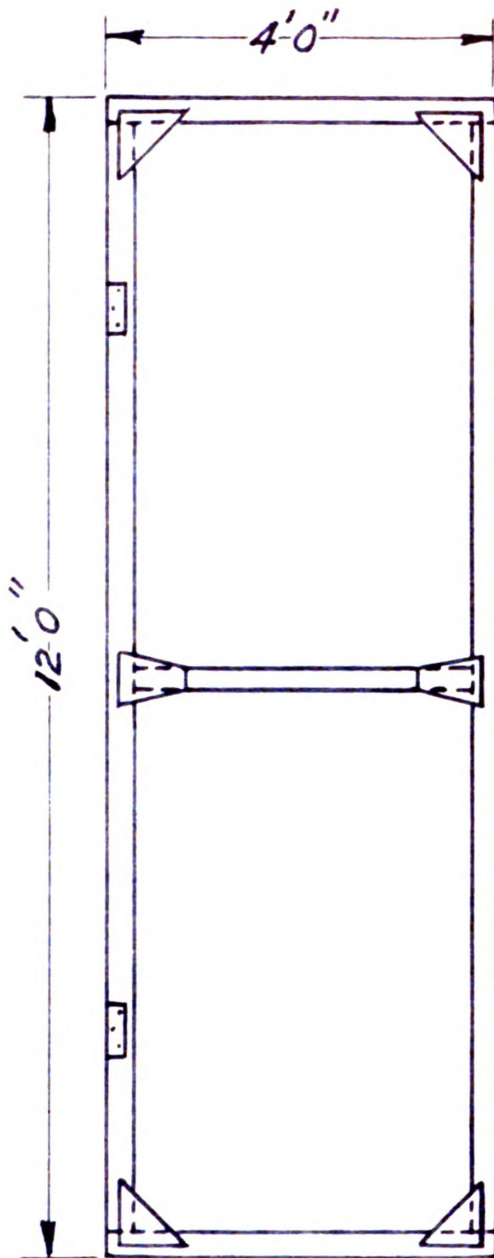


SCHEMATIC ELEVATION VIEW
FAIRCHILD THEATRE

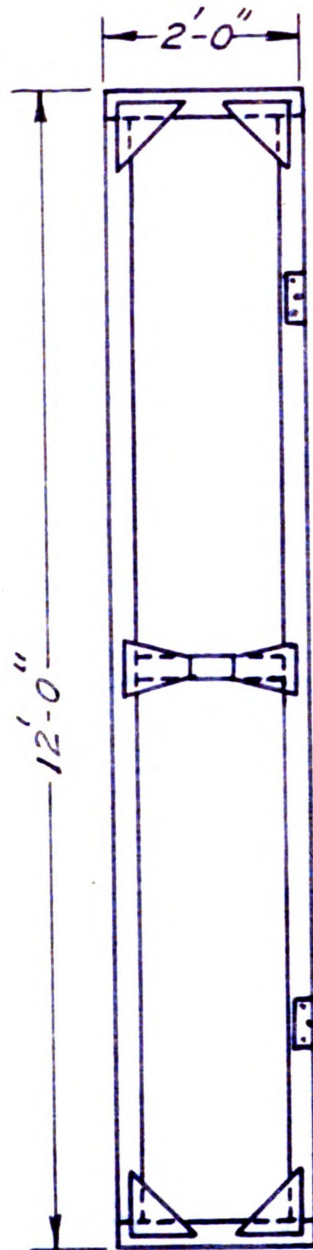
DWG. NO. 2



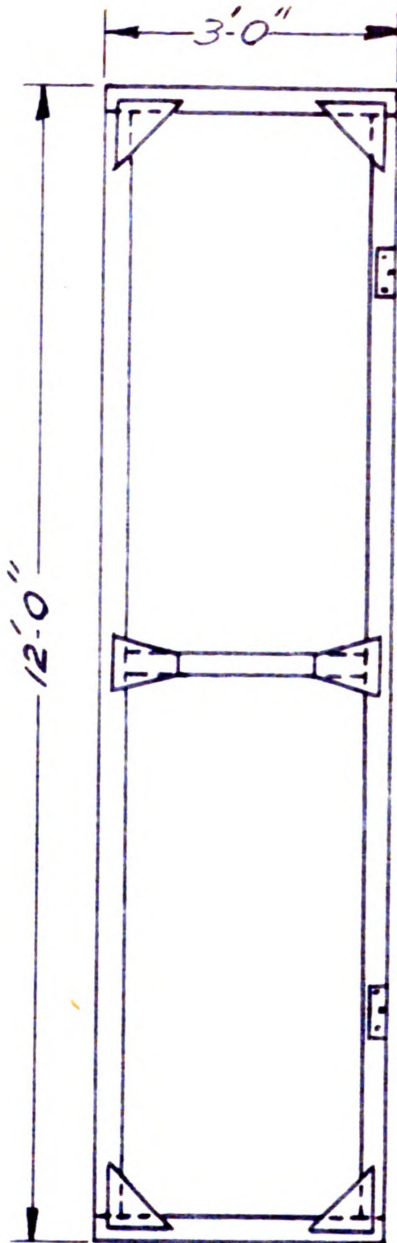
TORMENTOR - DETAIL 1
REAR ELEVATION - 2 REQ'D.



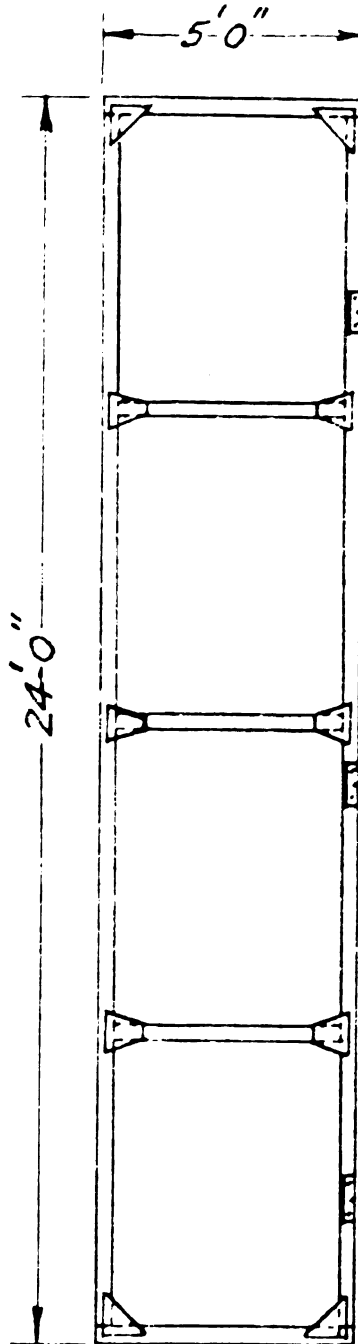
MASKING PIECE - DETAIL-2
REAR ELEVATION



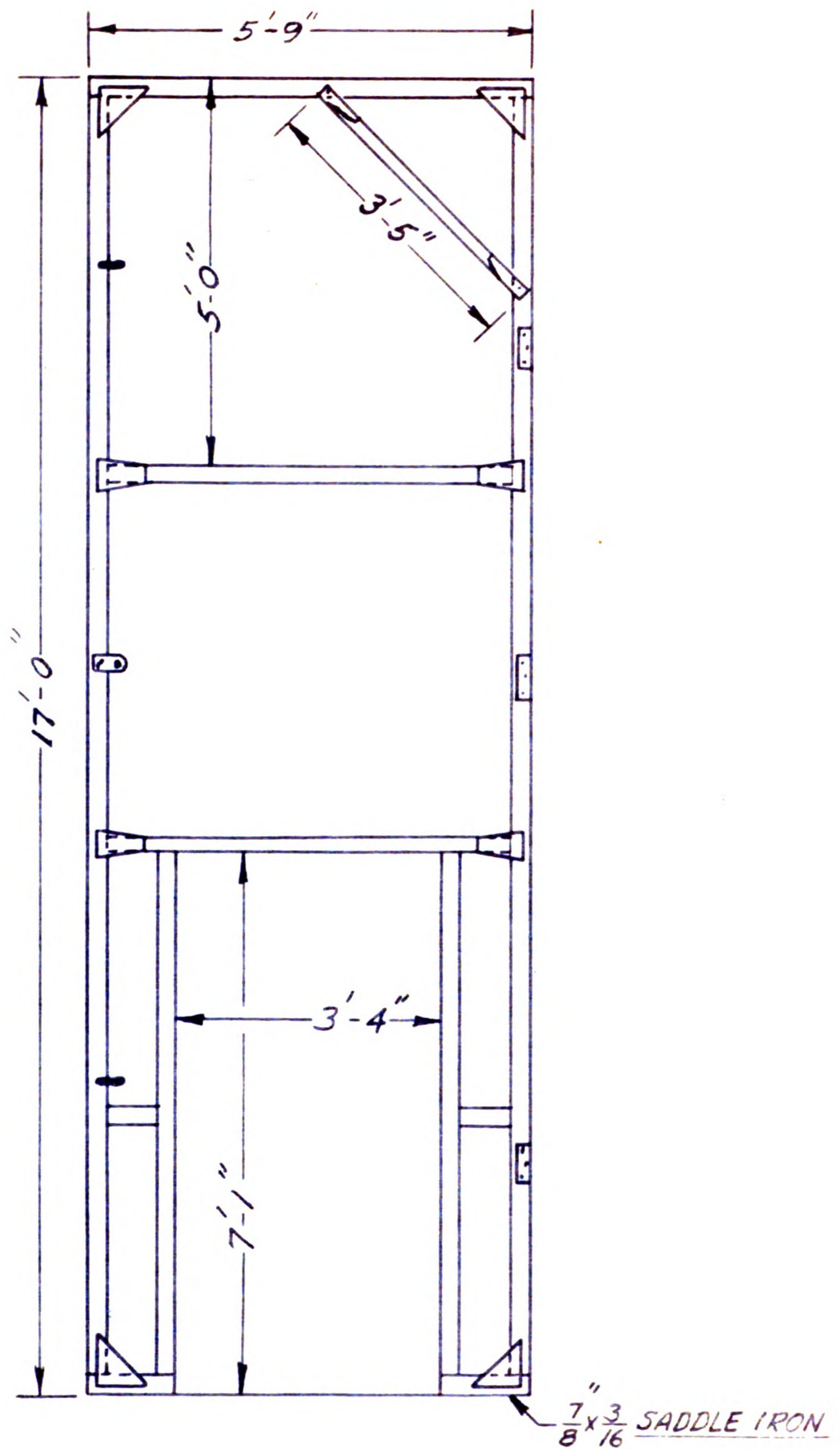
MASKING PIECE - DETAIL-3
REAR ELEVATION



MASKING PIECE-DETAIL-4
REAR ELEVATION

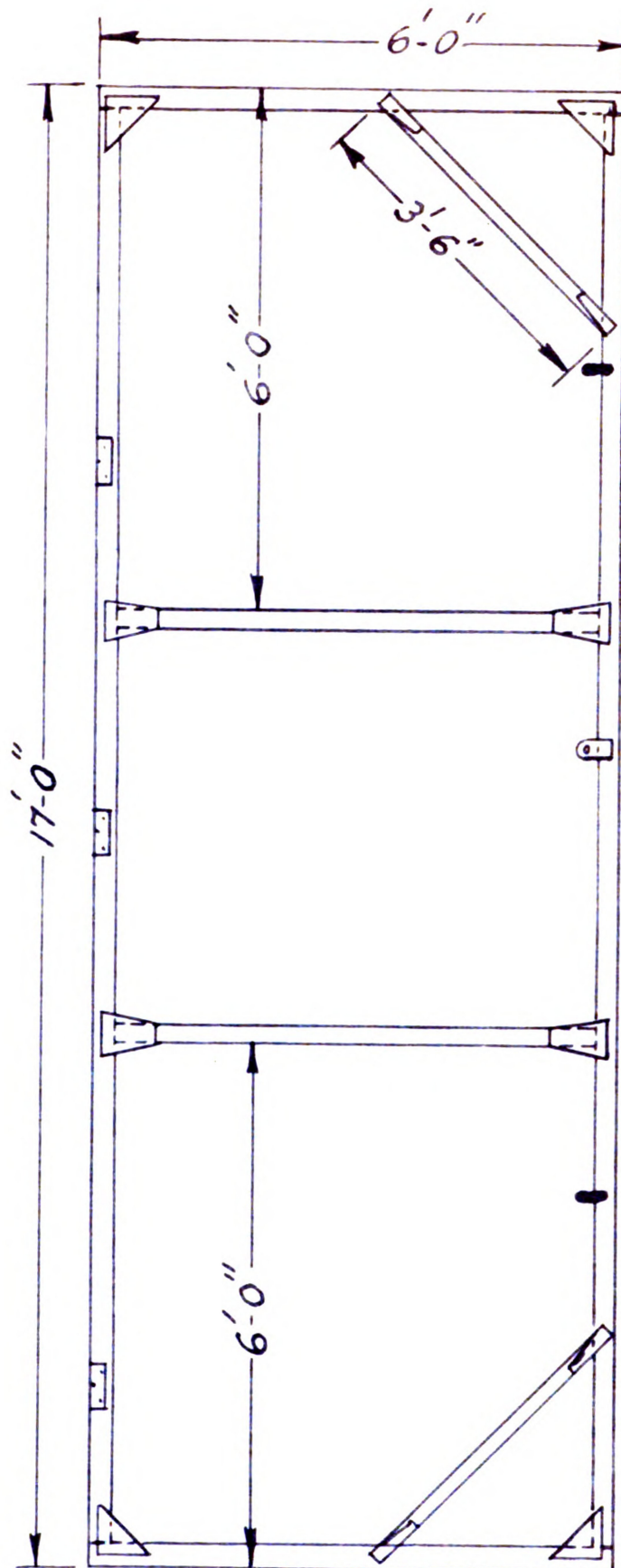


MASKING PIECE - DETAIL - 5
REAR ELEVATION - 2 REQ'D.

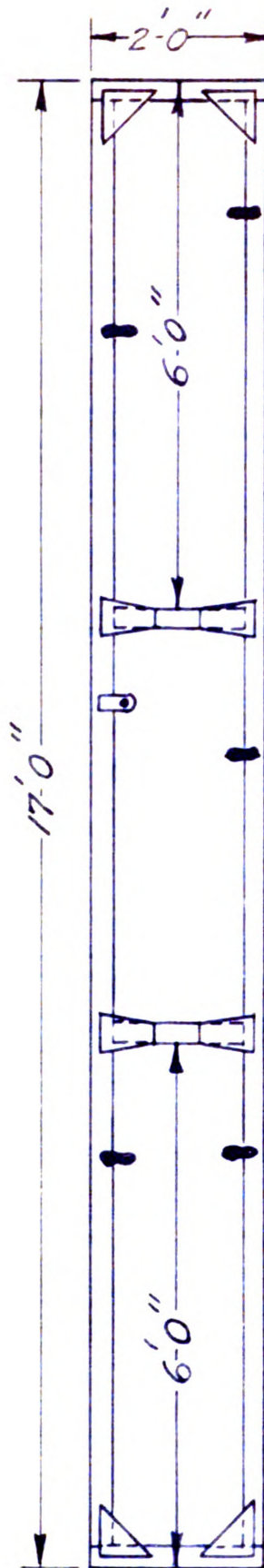


DETAIL 1 - FLAT WITH DOOR

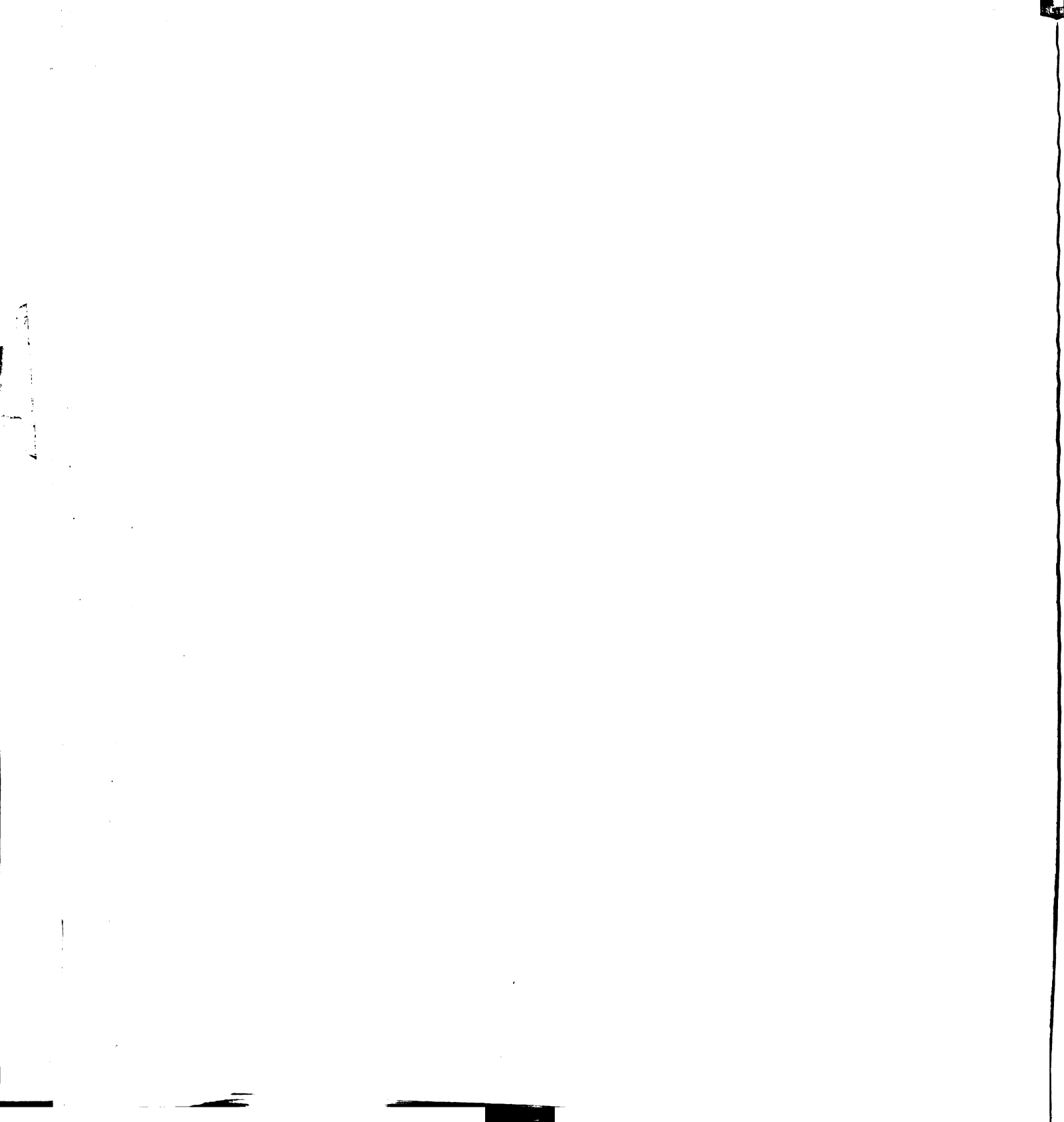
BACK ELEVATION

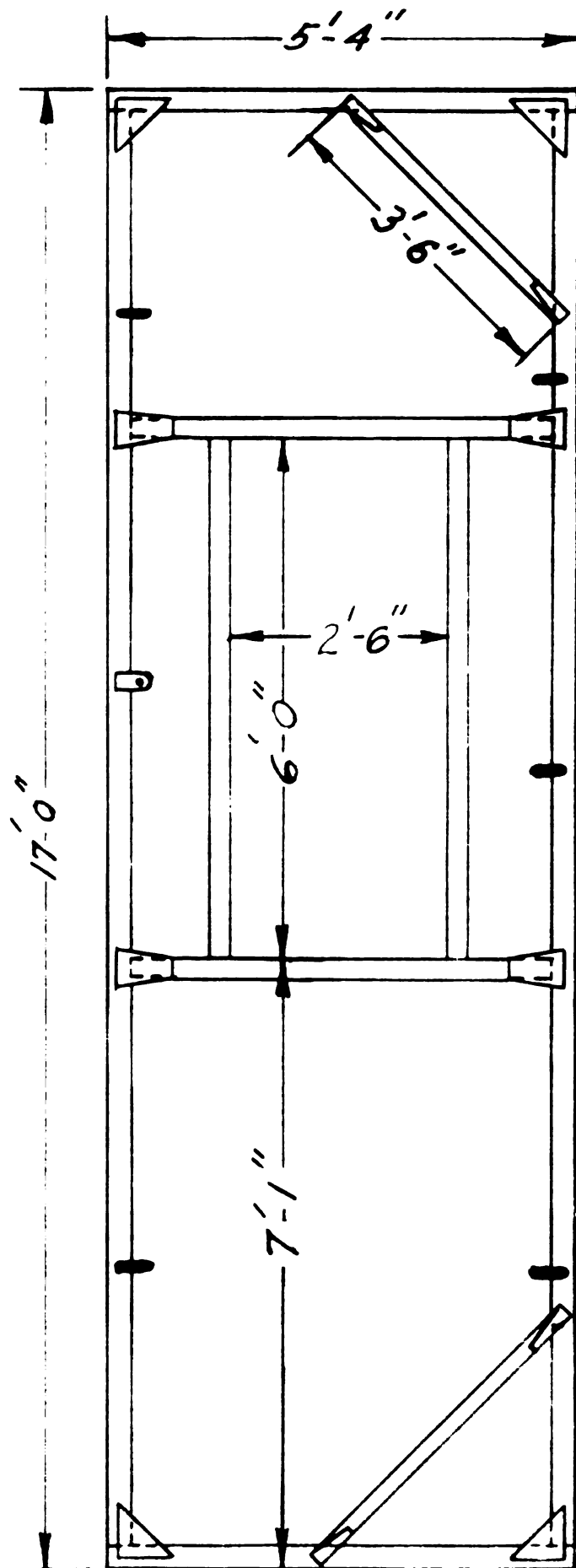


DETAIL 2 - PLAIN FLAT
BACK ELEVATION

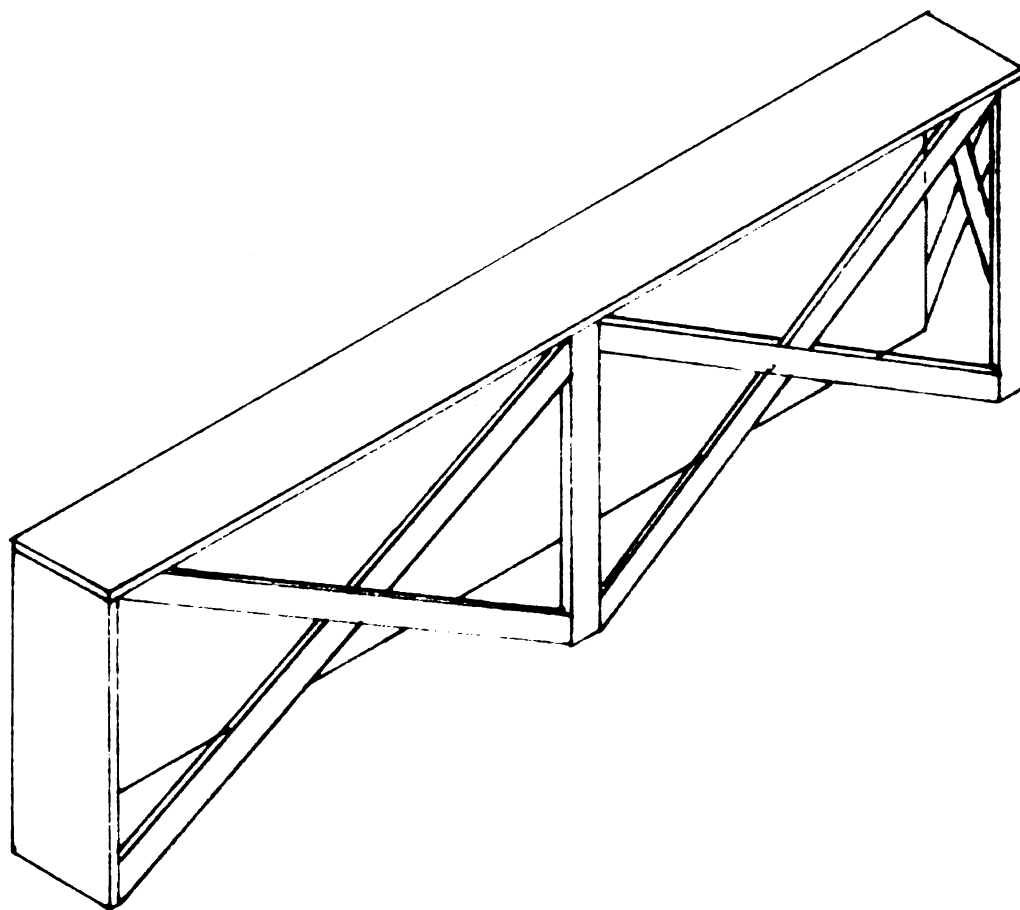
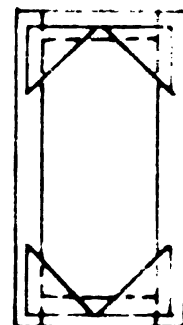
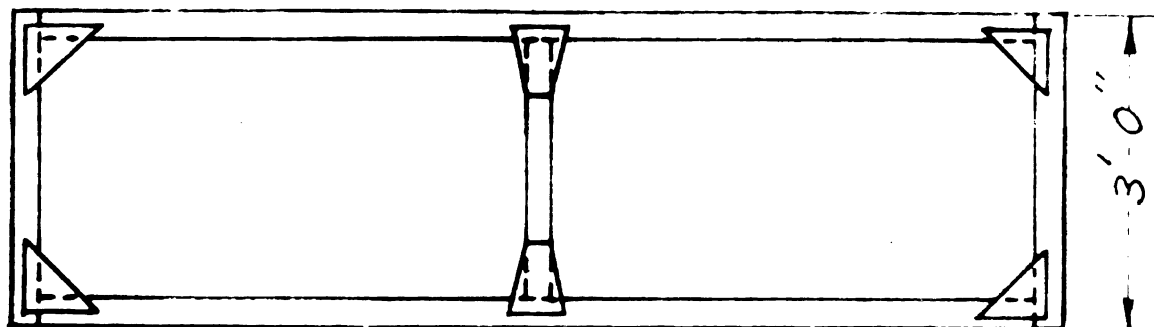
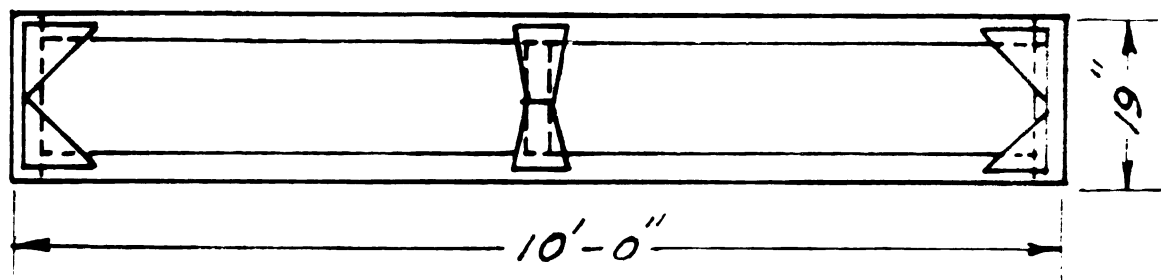


DETAIL 3 - PLAIN FLAT
REAR ELEVATION

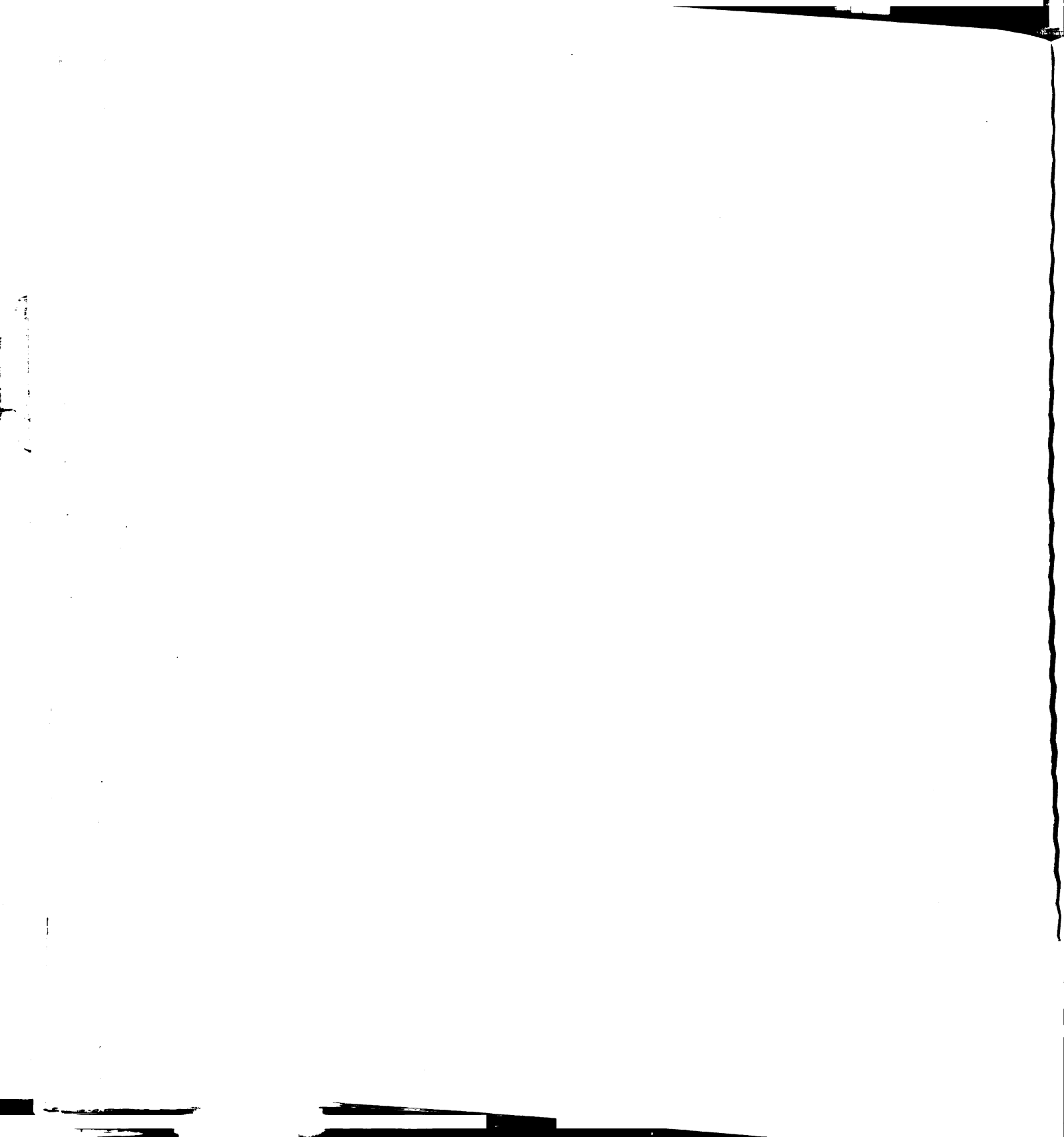


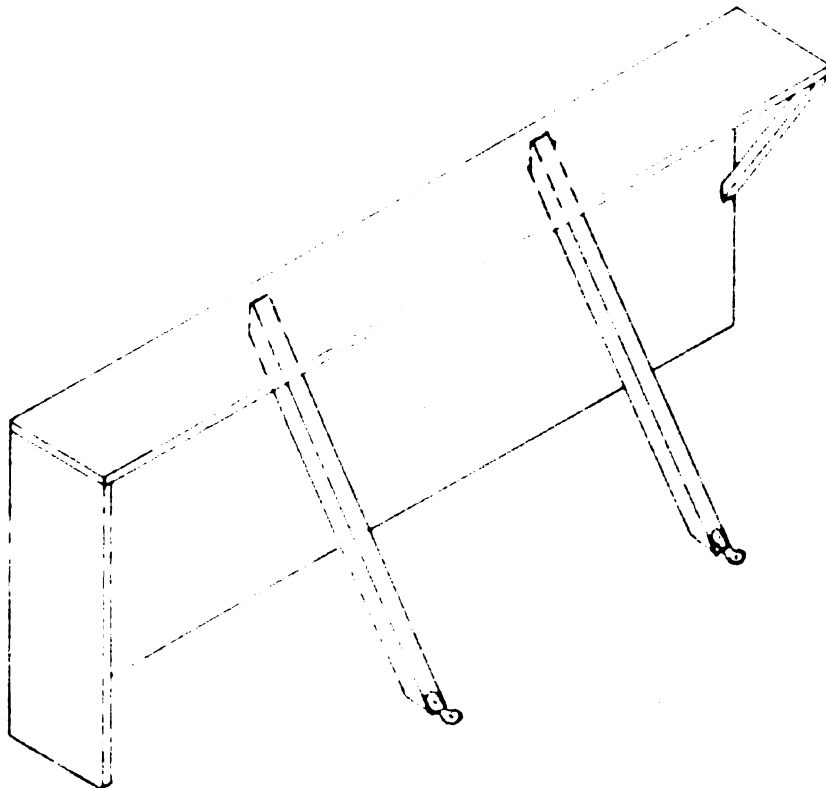
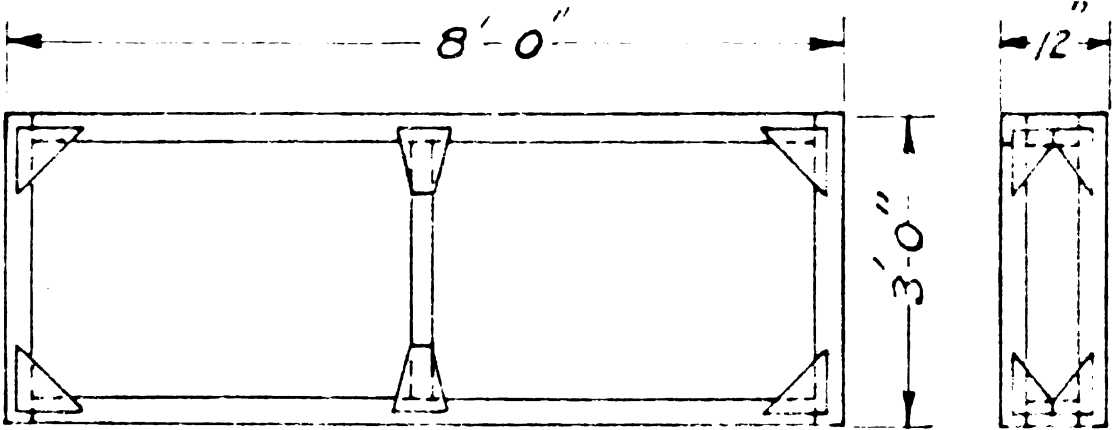


DETAIL 4 - PLAIN FLAT WITH DOOR
REAR ELEVATION

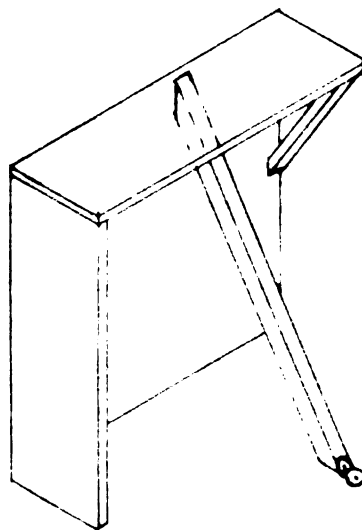
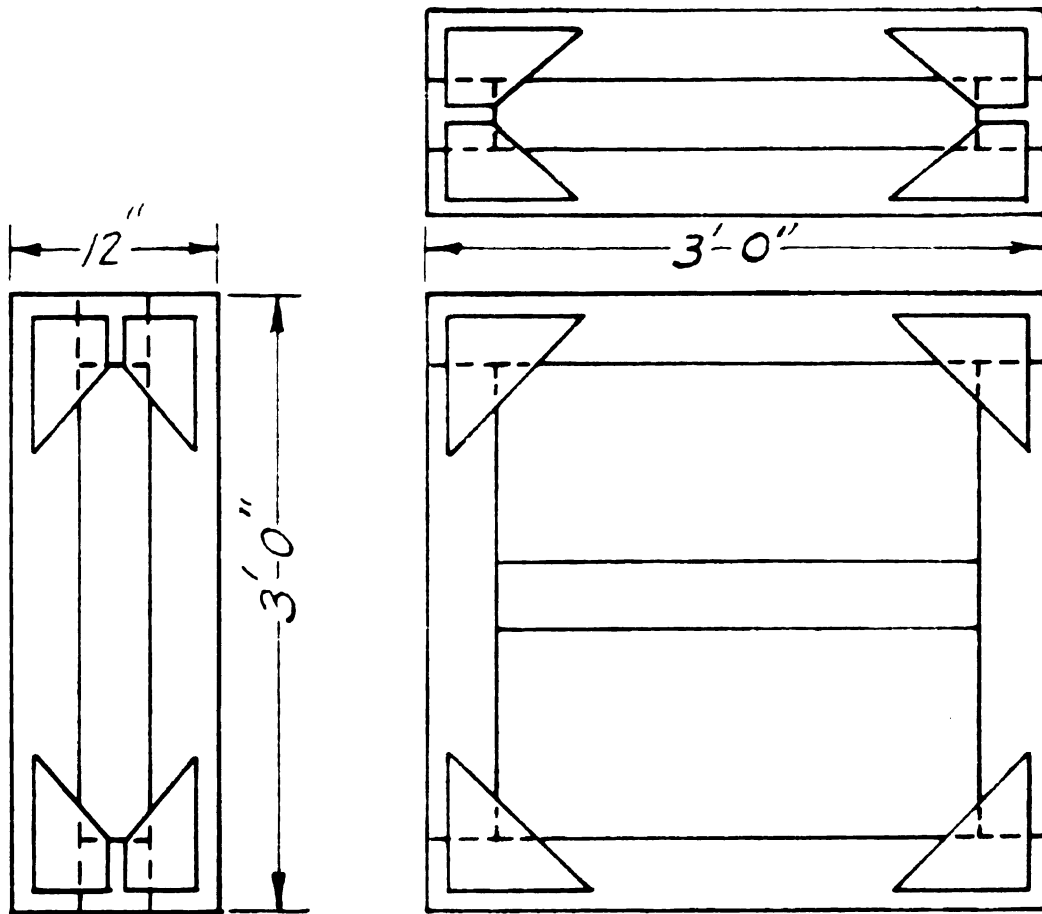


PRACTICAL WALL #1
DETAIL & ISOMETRIC

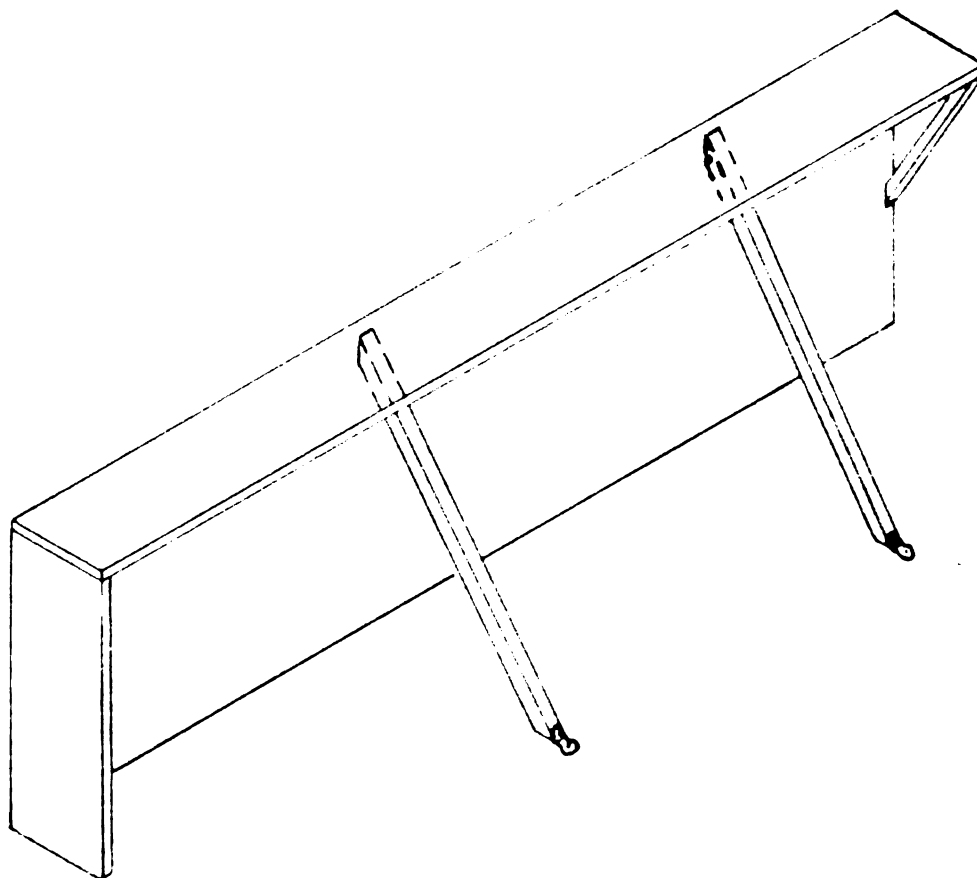
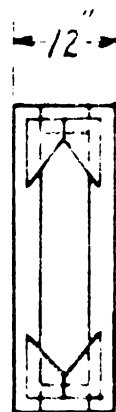
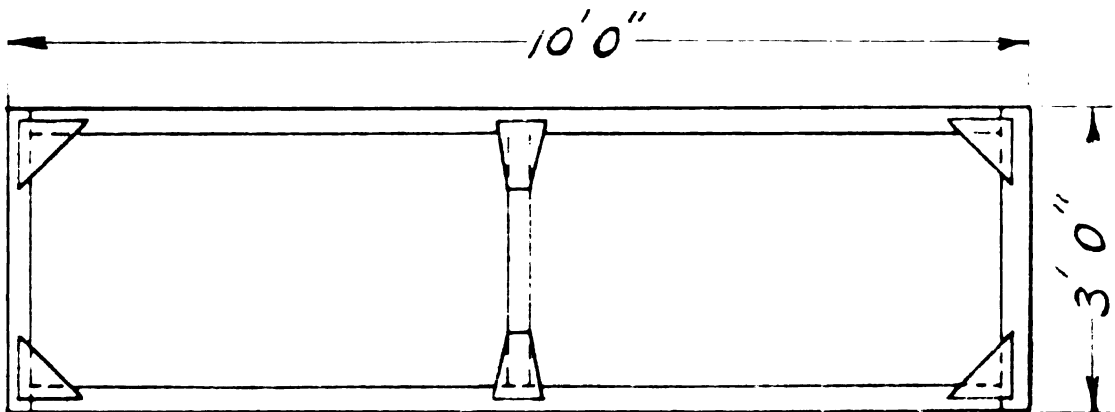
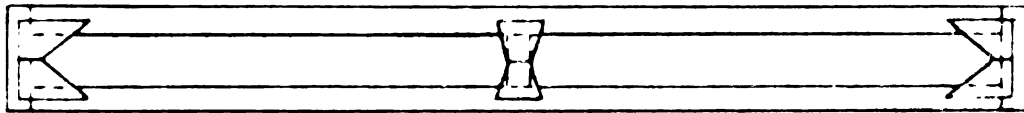




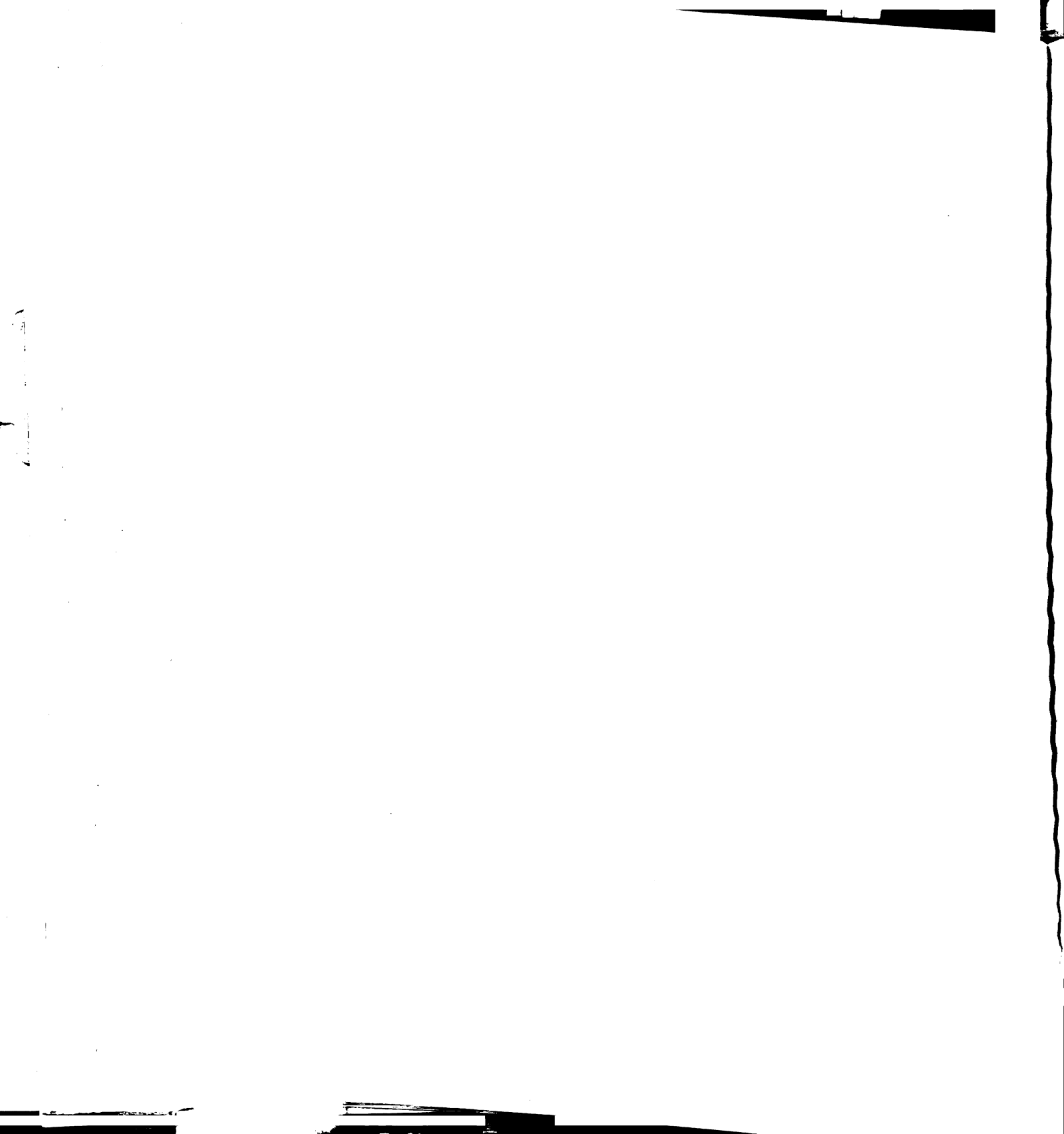
FLAT WALL #2
DETAIL & ISOMETRIC

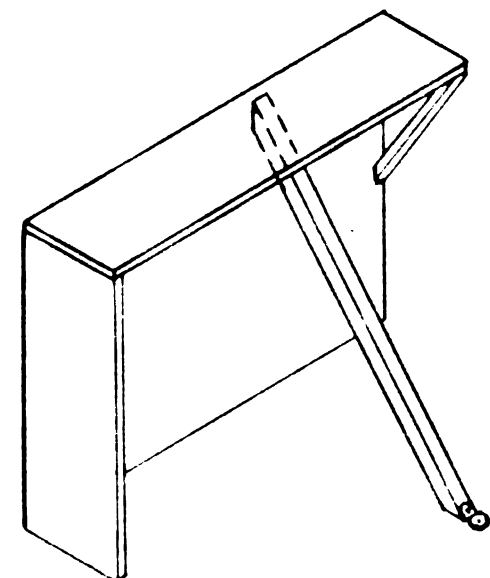
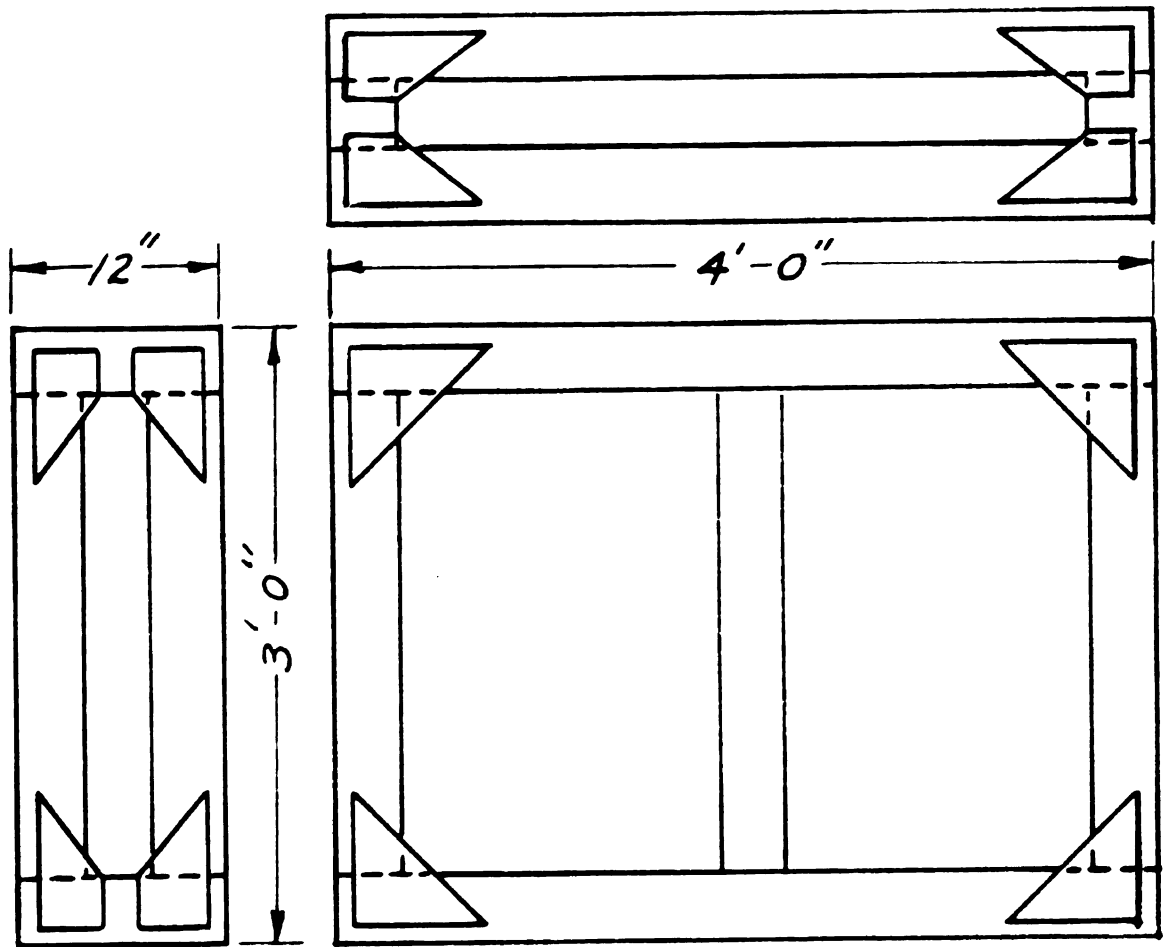


FLAT WALL #3
DETAIL & ISOMETRIC

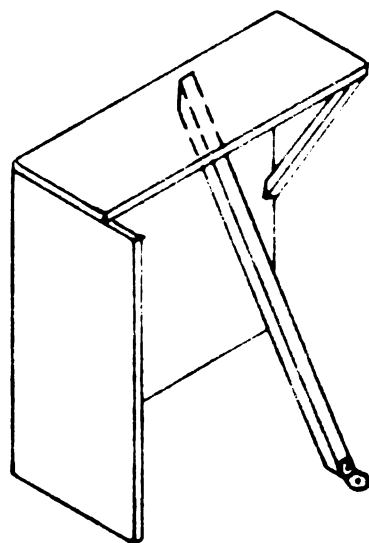
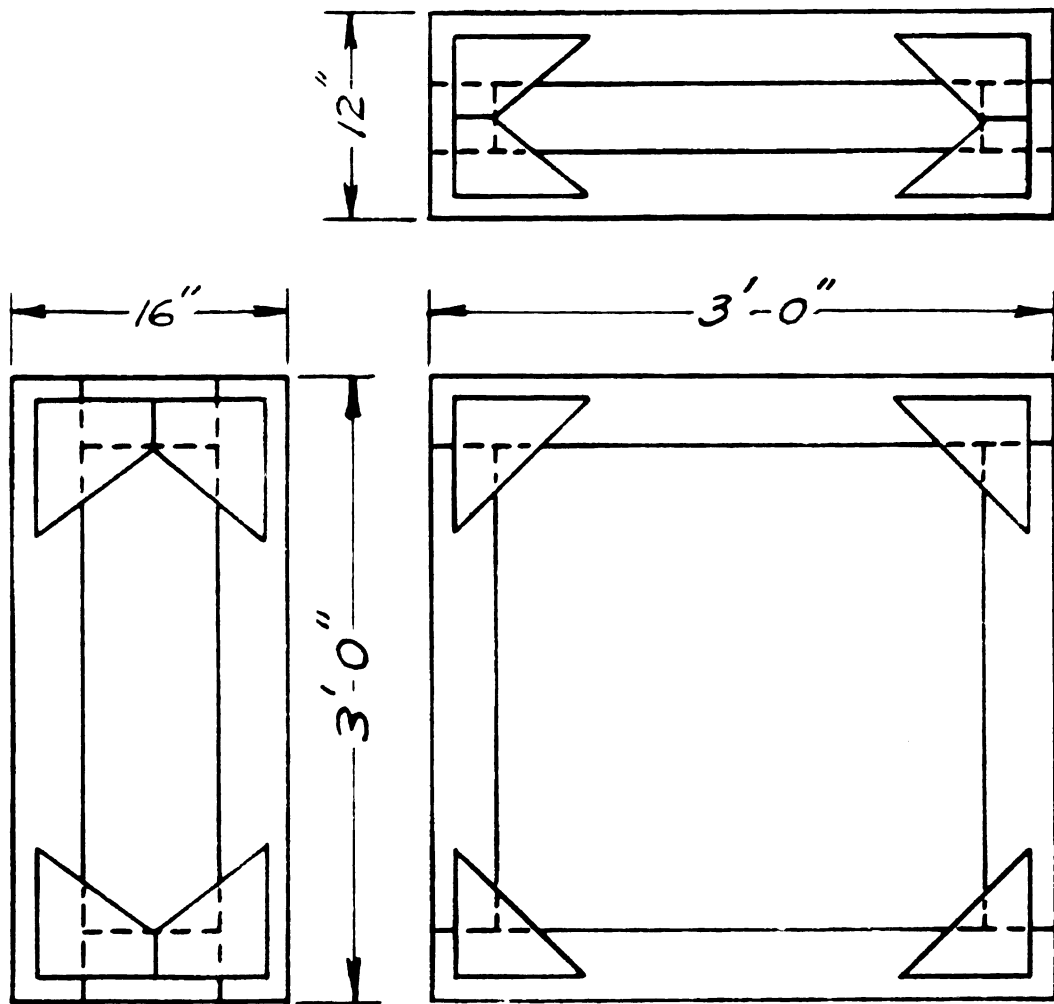


FLAT WALL #4
DETAIL & ISOMETRIC

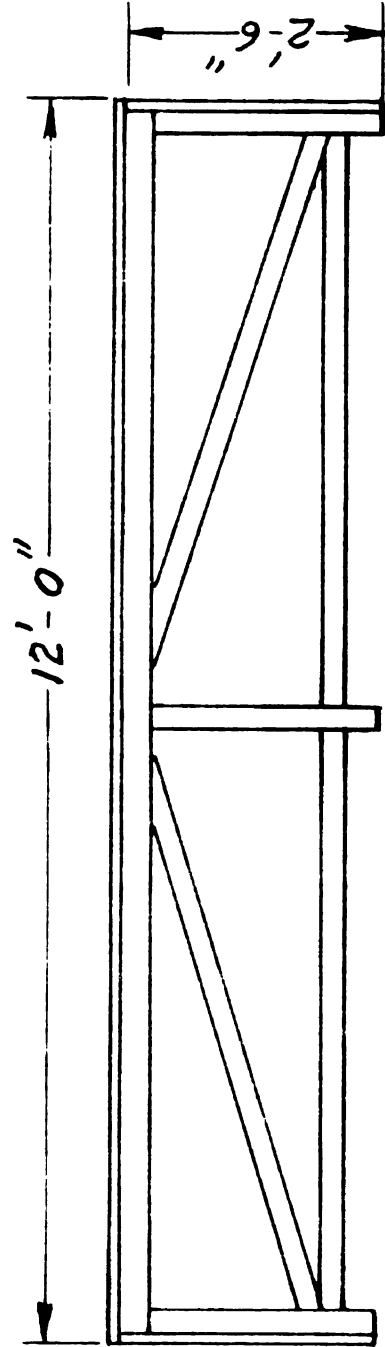
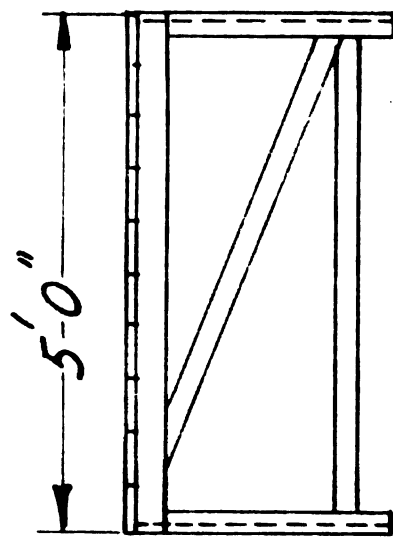
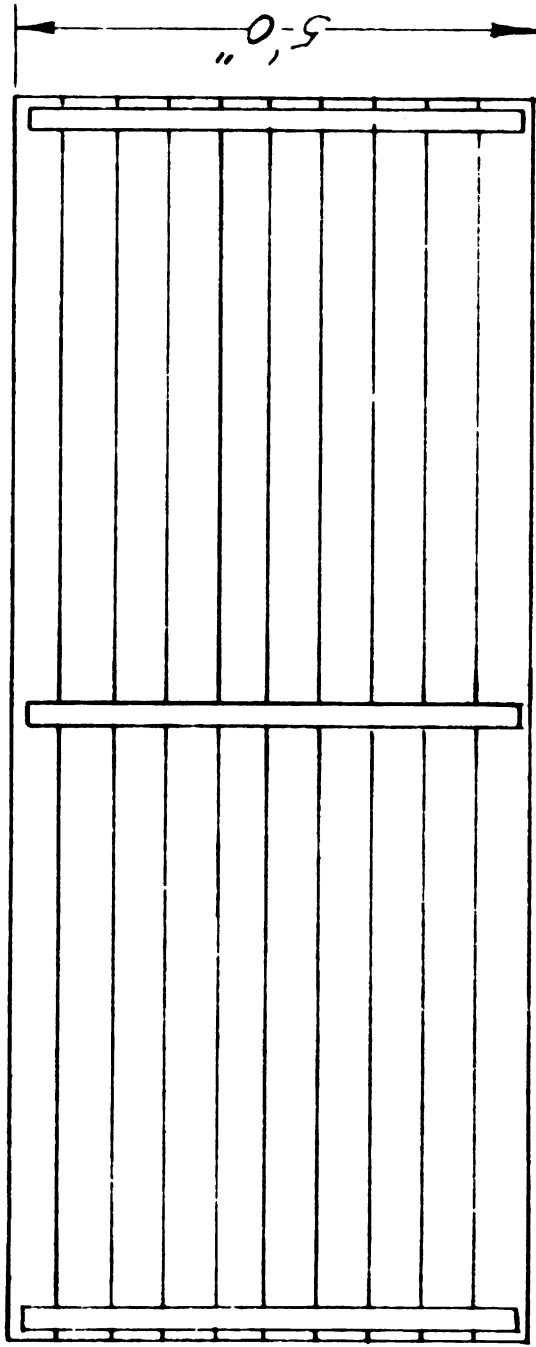




FLAT WALL #5
DETAIL & ISOMETRIC



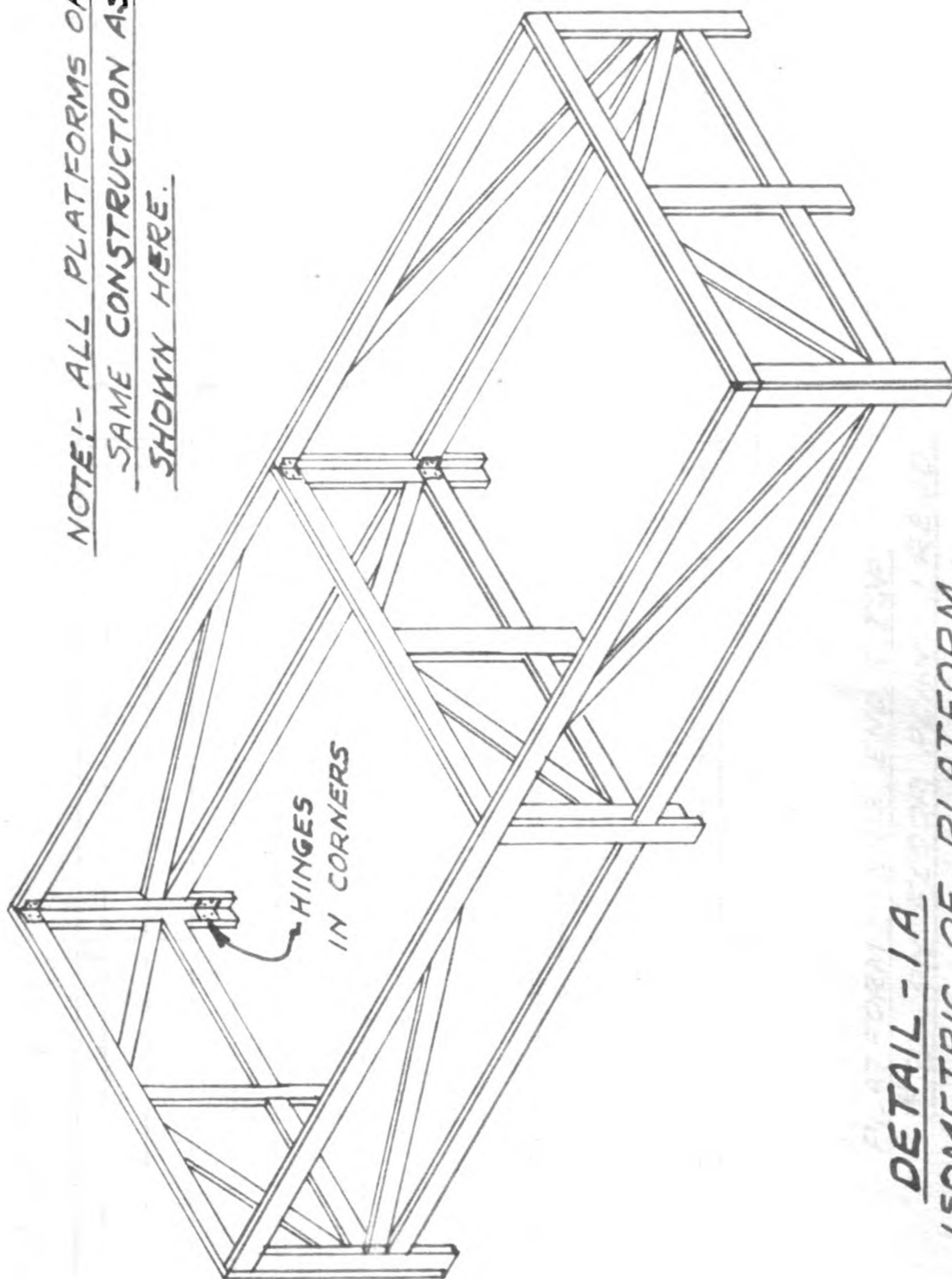
FLAT WALL #6
DETAIL & ISOMETRIC



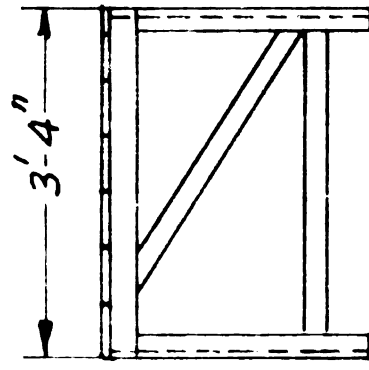
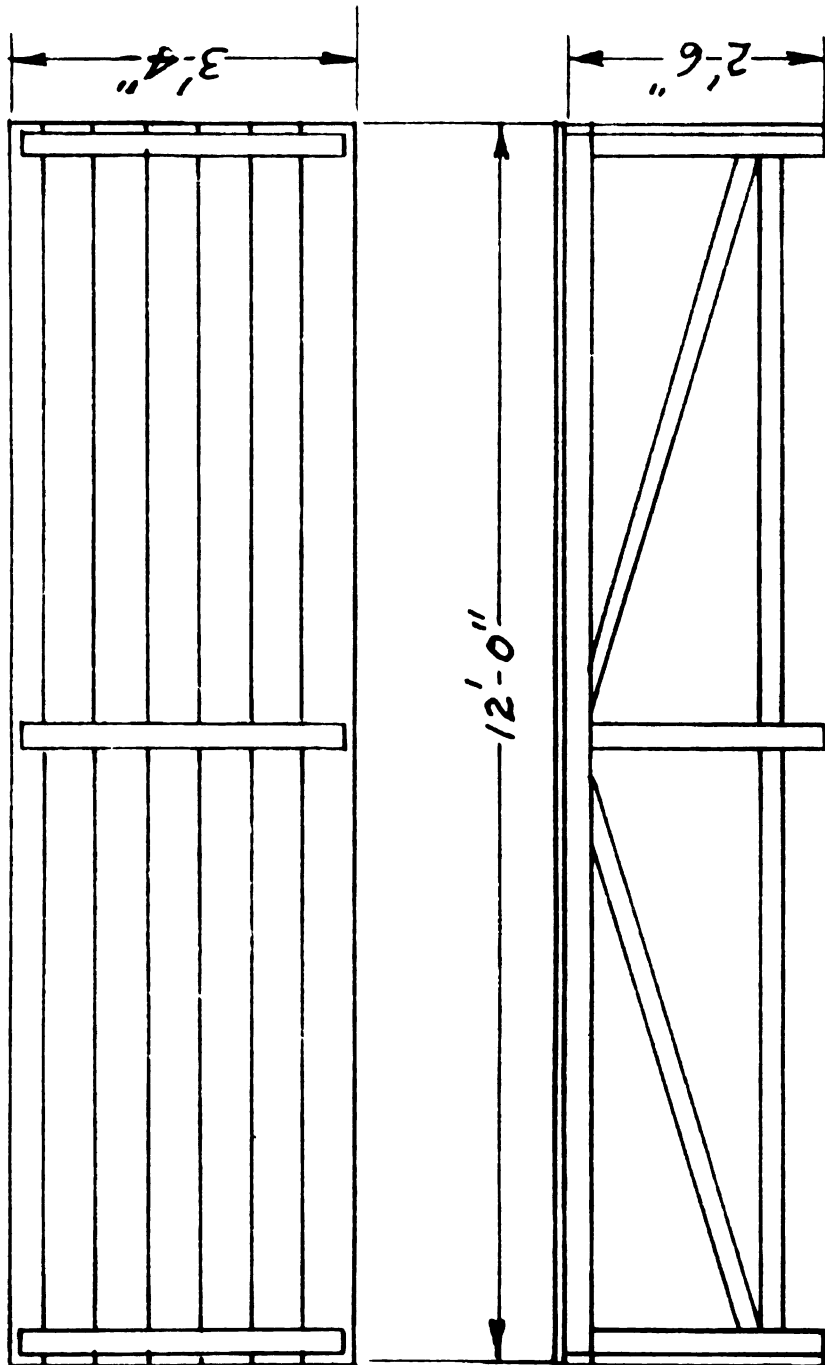
PLATFORM - SIDE, END, & TOP
#1 IN FLOOR PLAN - 1 REQ'D.

NOTE:- ALL EXPOSED SIDES OF PLATFORMS (SEE STAGE FLOOR PLAN)
TO BE COVERED WITH BRISTOL BOARD.

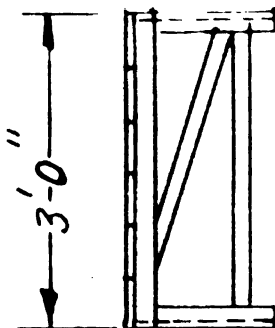
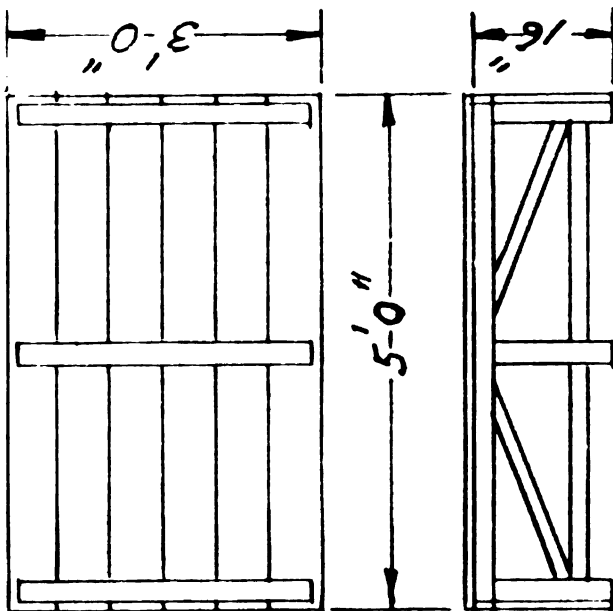
NOTE:- ALL PLATFORMS OF
SAME CONSTRUCTION AS
SHOWN HERE.



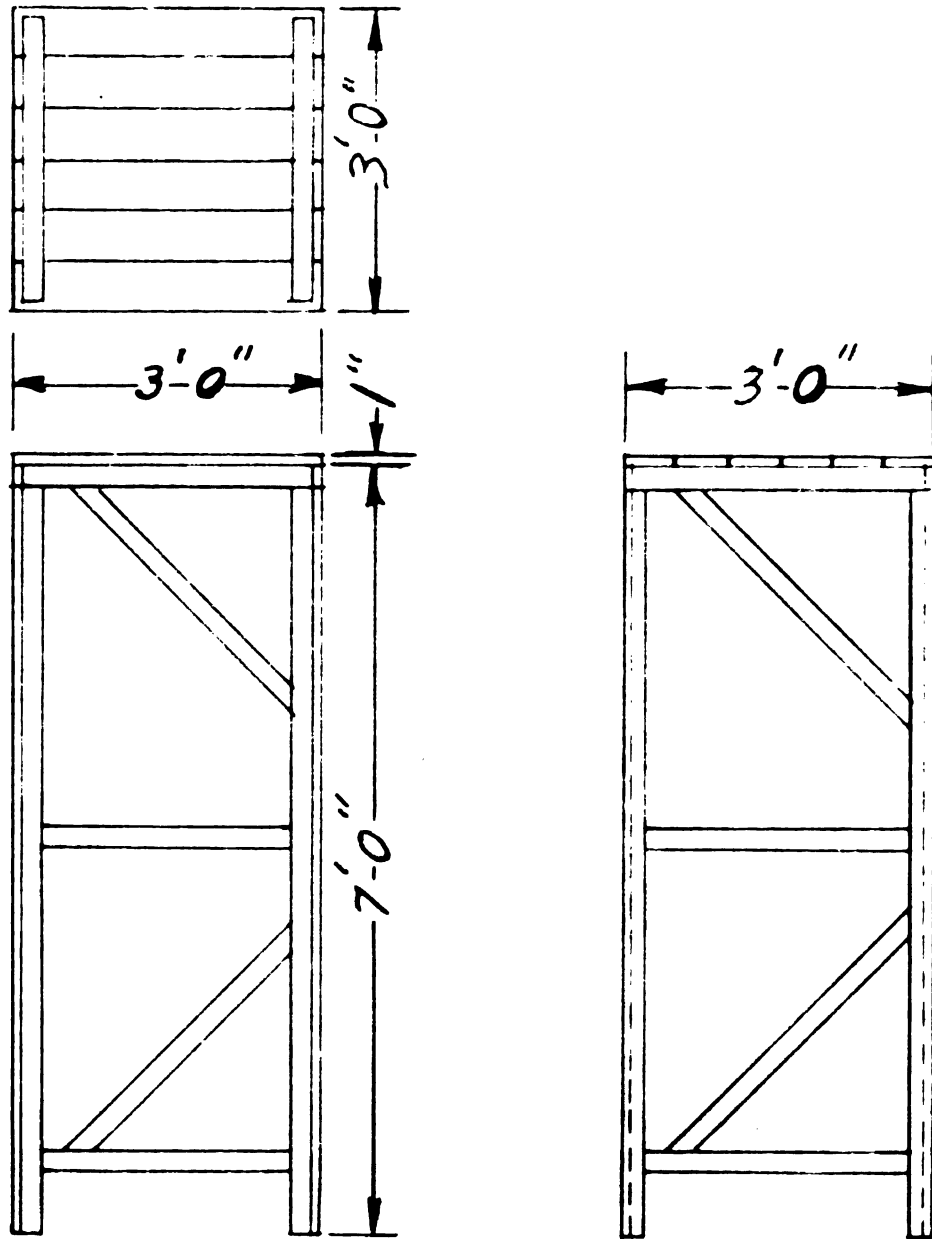
DETAIL - 1A
ISOMETRIC OF PLATFORM
UNIT WITHOUT TOP



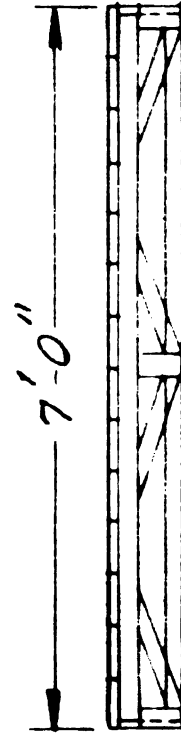
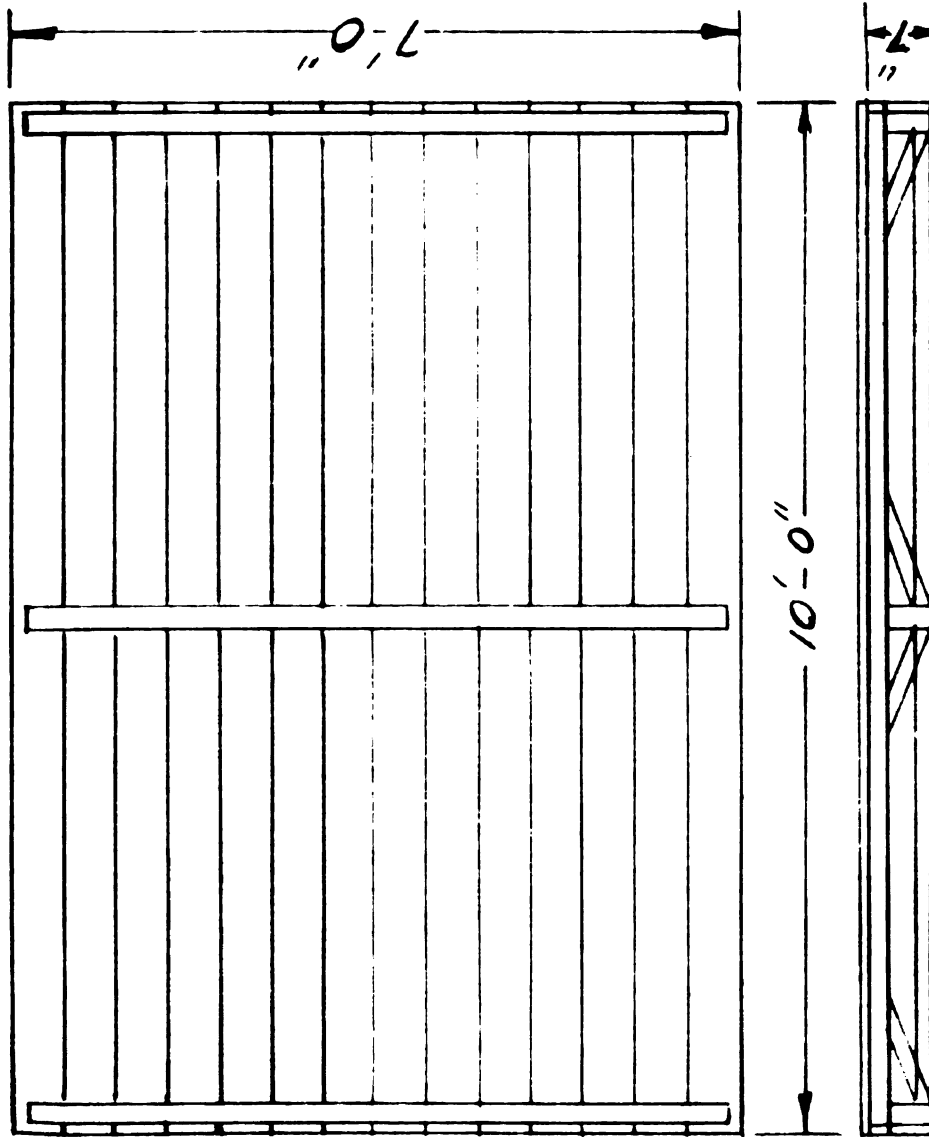
PLATFORM - SIDE, END, & TOP
#2 ON FLOOR PLAN - 1 REQD.



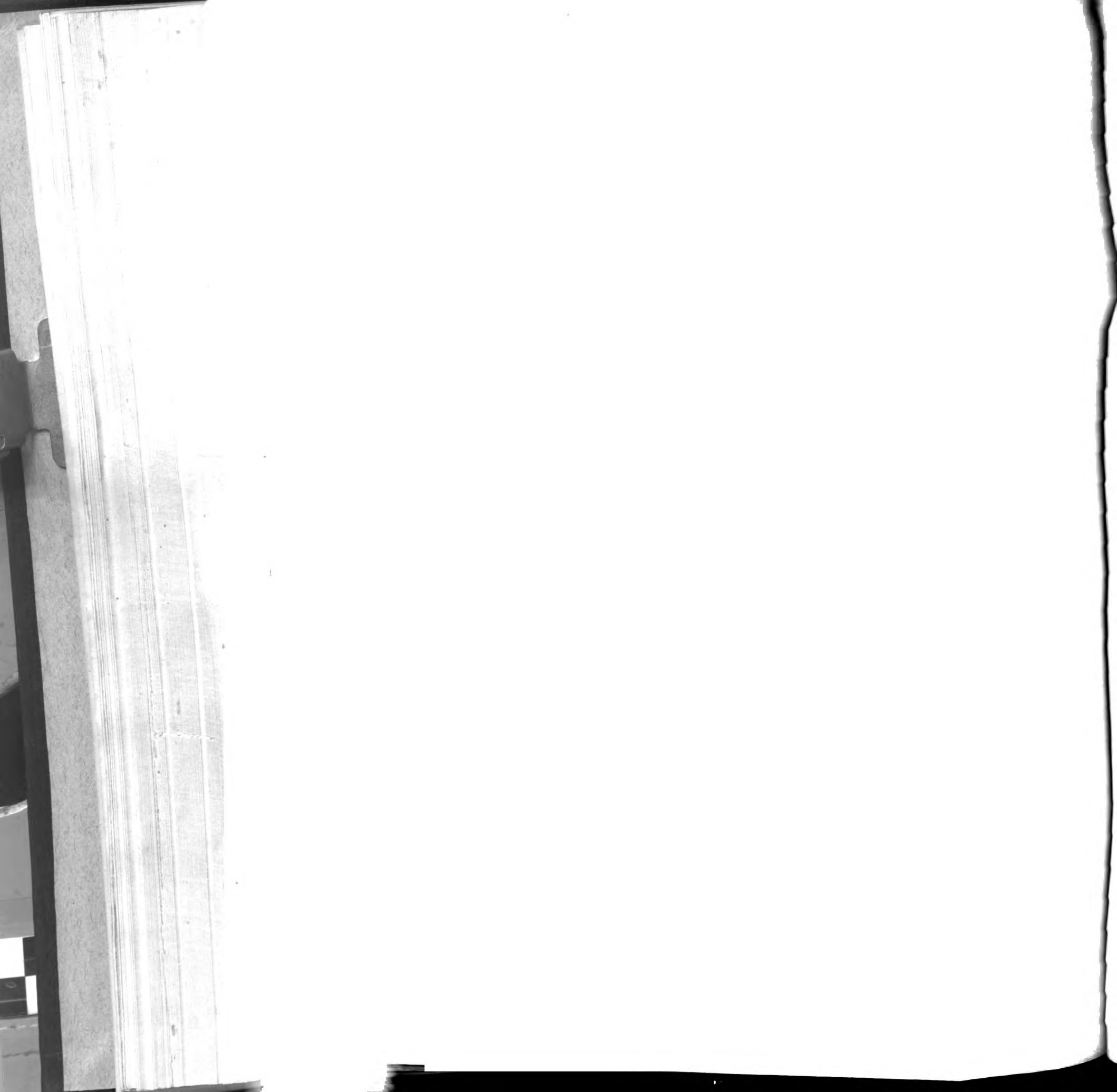
PLATFORM - SIDE, END, & TOP
#5 3-4-5-6 ON FLOOR PLAN
4-REQD.

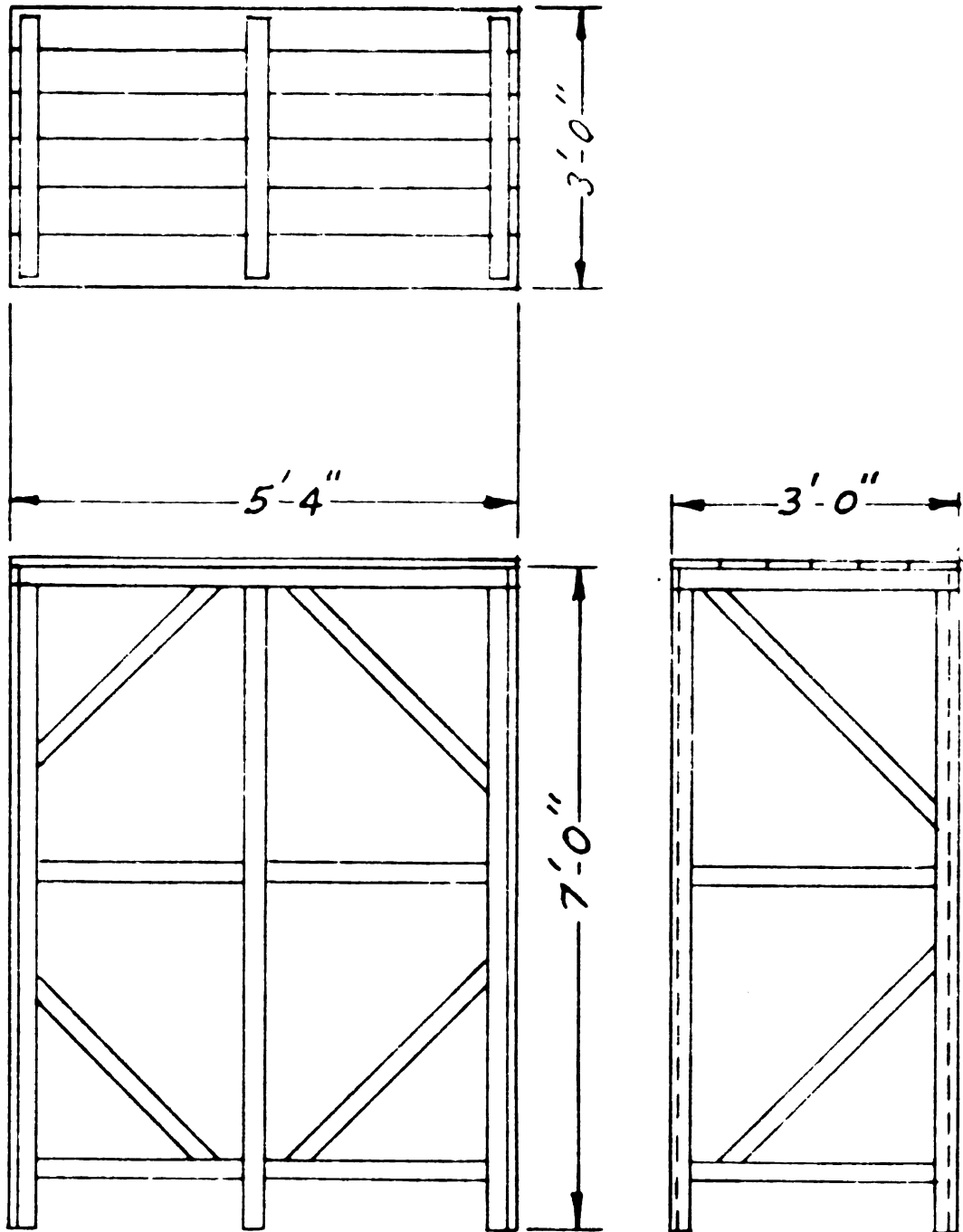


PLATFORM- SIDE, END, & TOP
#5 10 & 11 ON FLOOR PLAN
2 REQD.

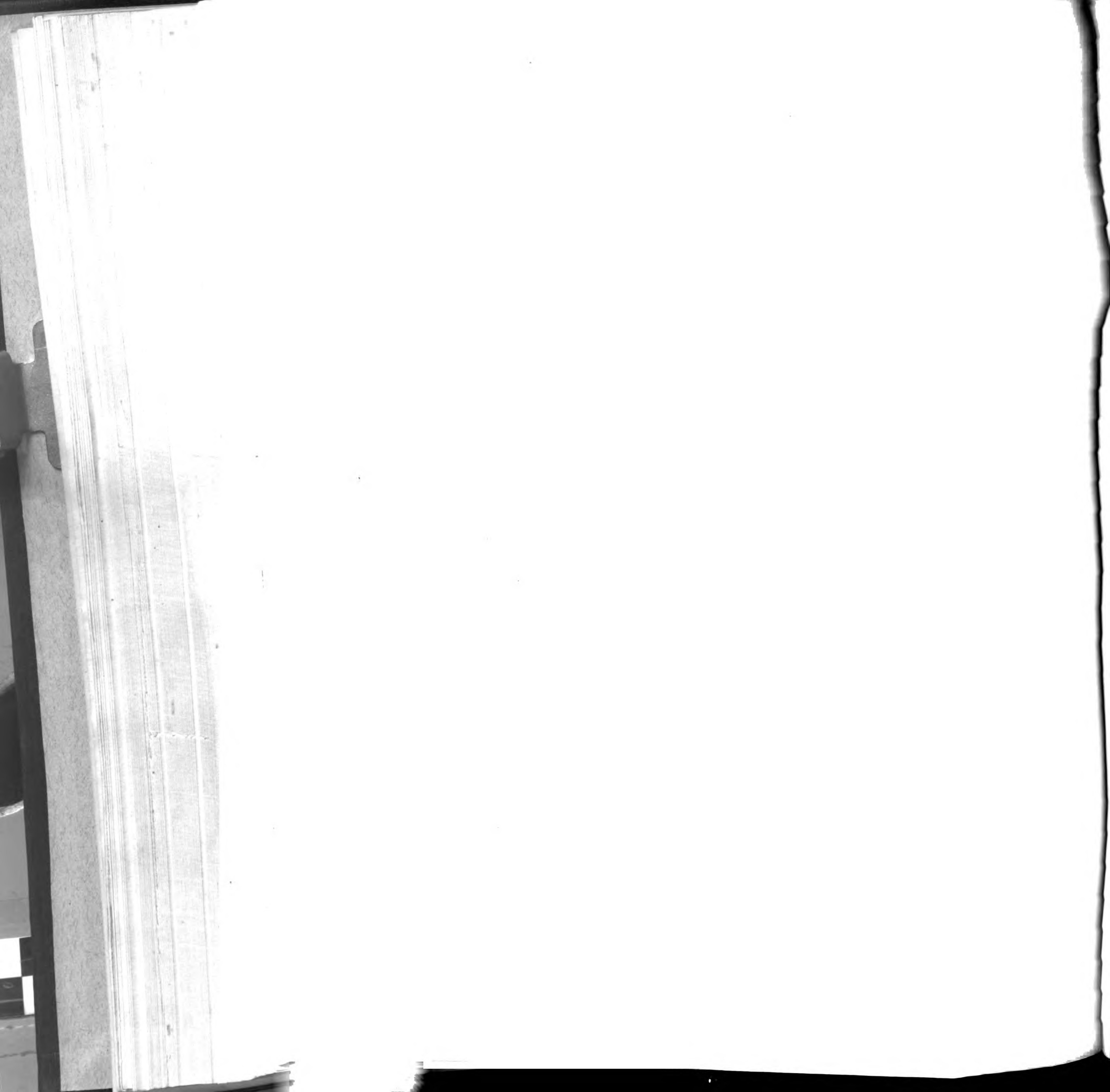


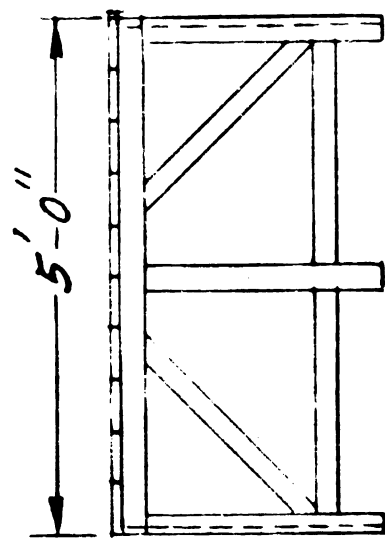
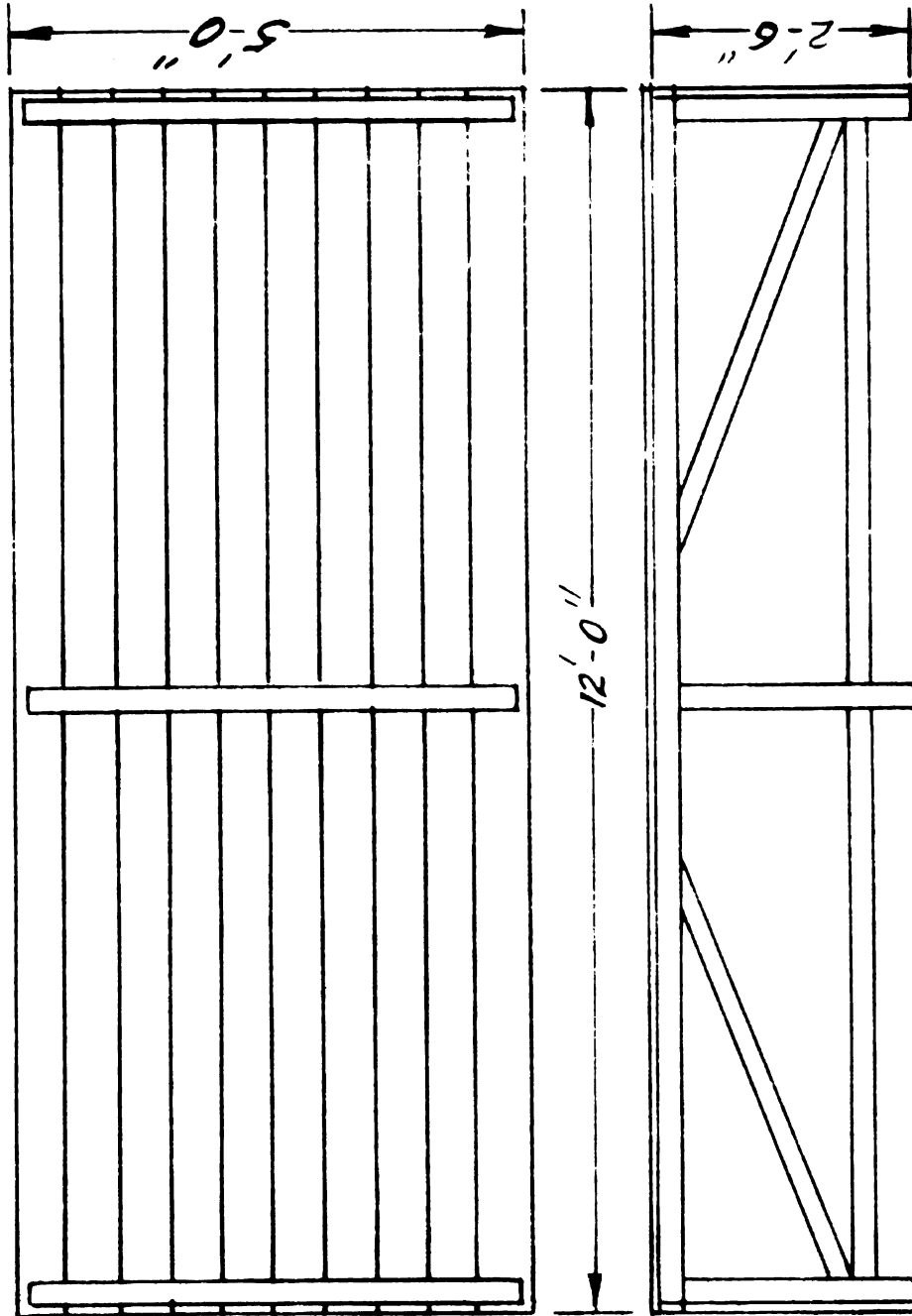
PLATFORM - SIDE, END, & TOP
#5 7, 8, 9 ON FLOOR PLAN
3 REQD.



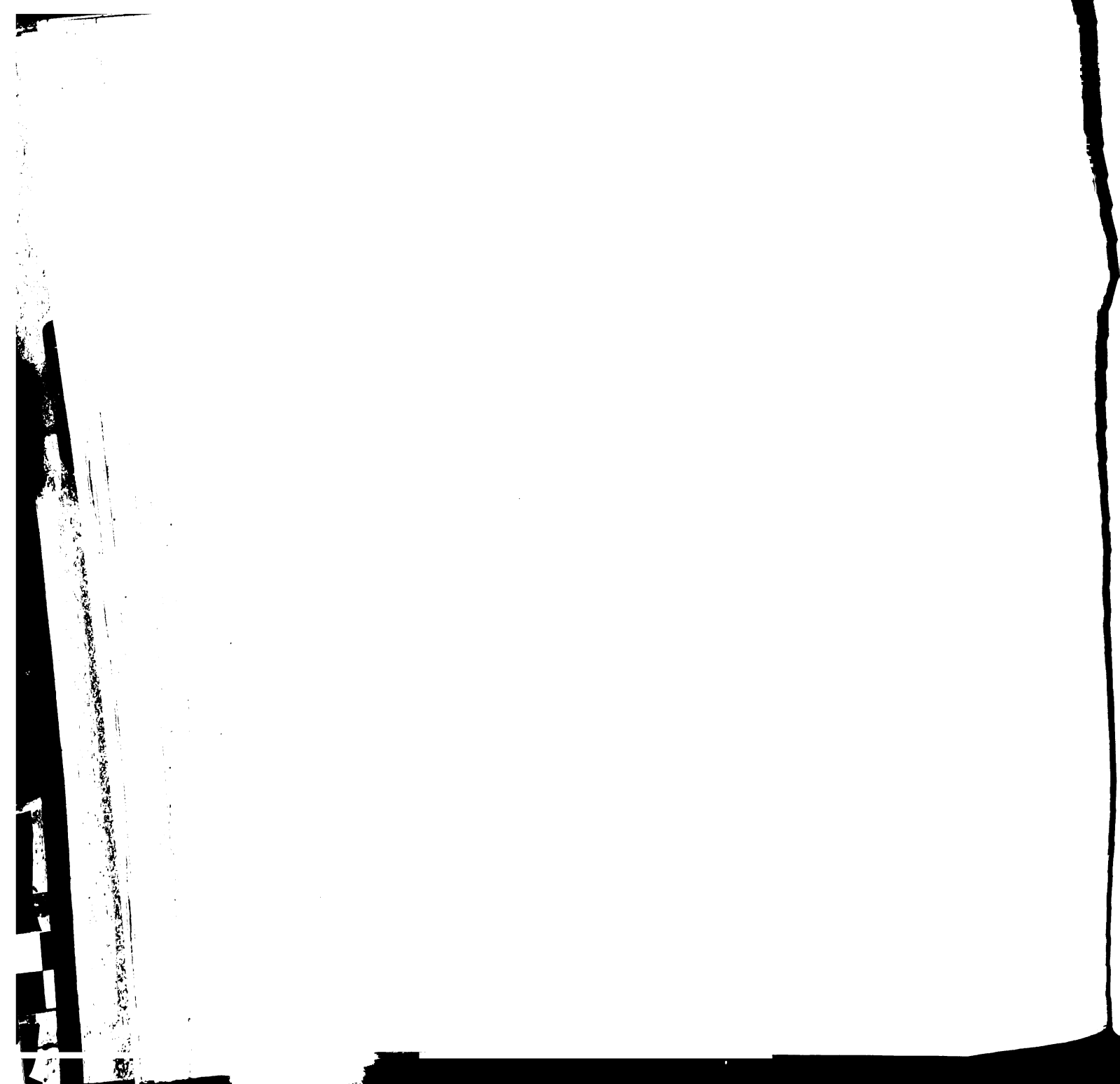


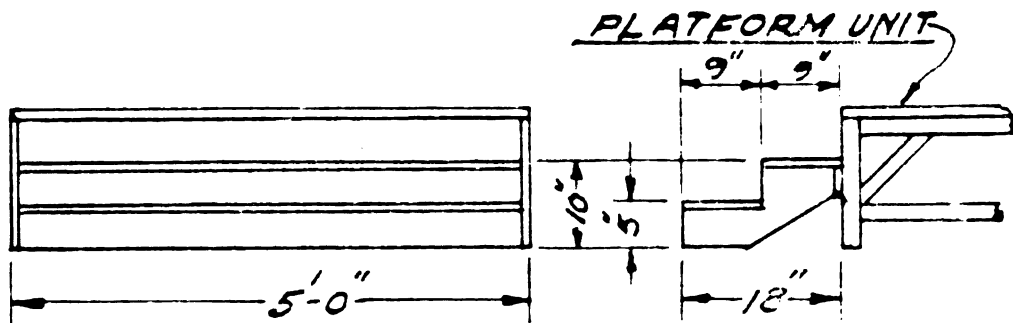
PLATFORM - SIDE, END & TOP
12 ON FLOOR PLAN
1 REQD.



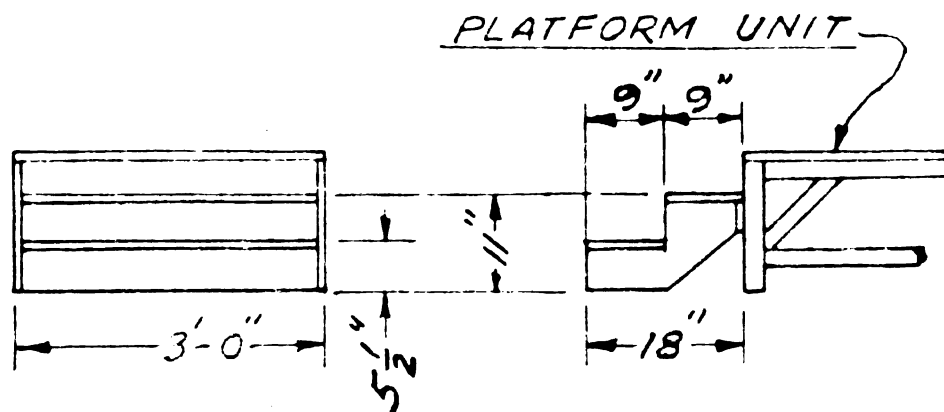


PLATFORM - SIDE, END, & TOP
13 ON FLOOR PLAN - 1 REQD.





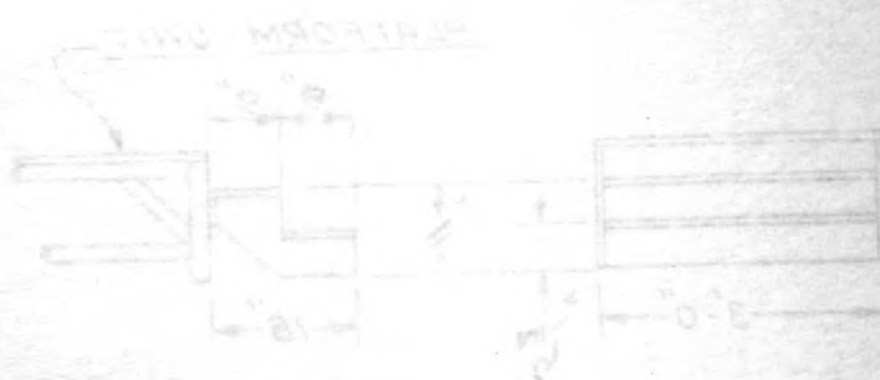
STAIR UNITS #2 & 3 ON FLOOR PLAN
2 STEPS - 2 REQD.



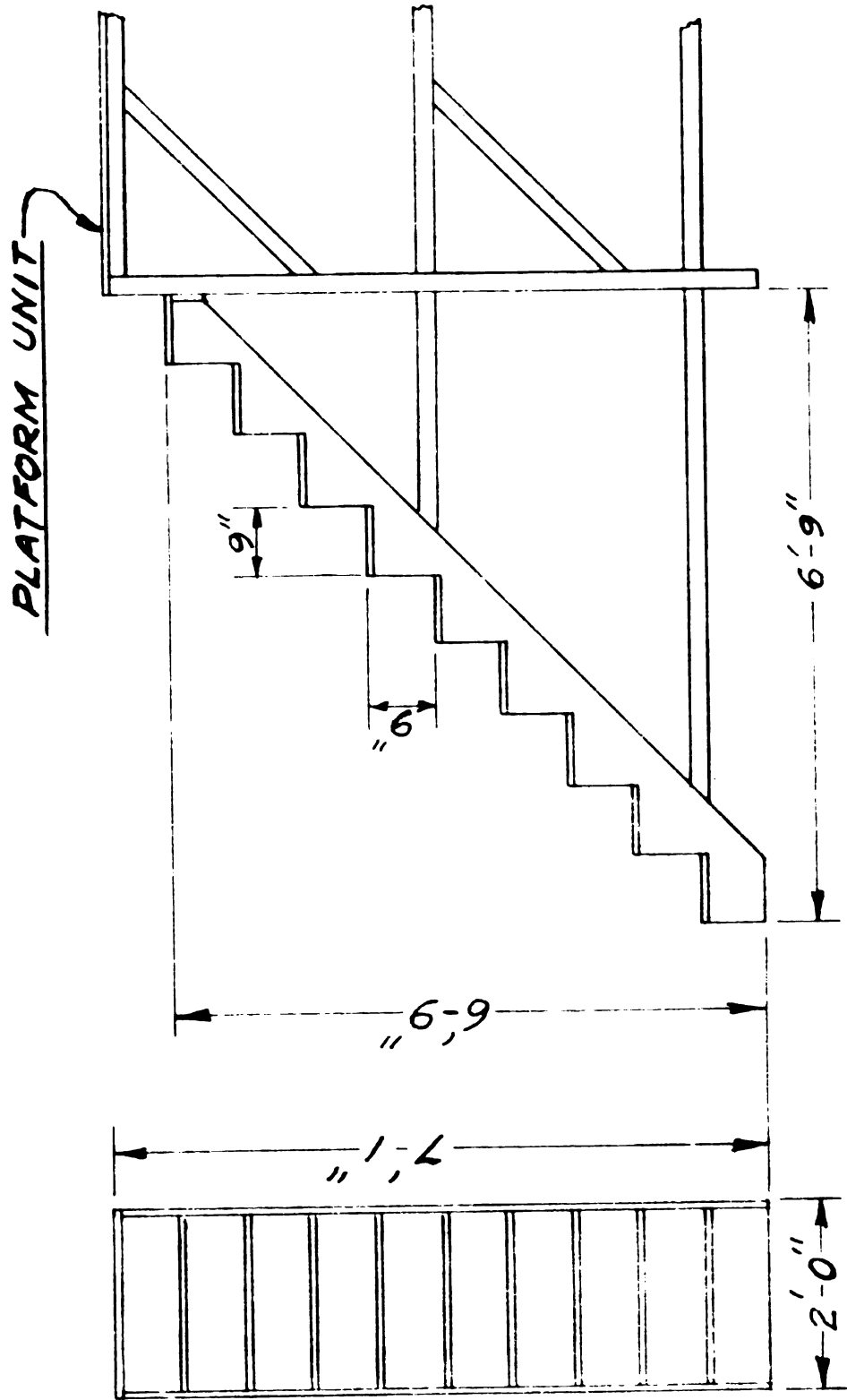
STAIR UNIT #4 ON FLOOR PLAN
2 STEPS - 1 REQD.



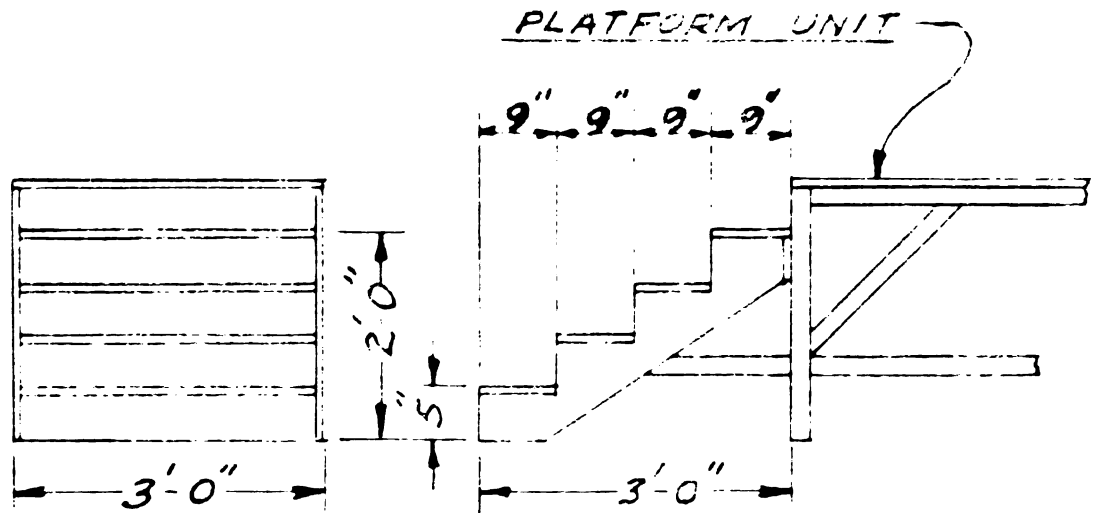
STAIR UNIT #3 ON FLOOR PLAN
2 STEPS - 1 RAMP



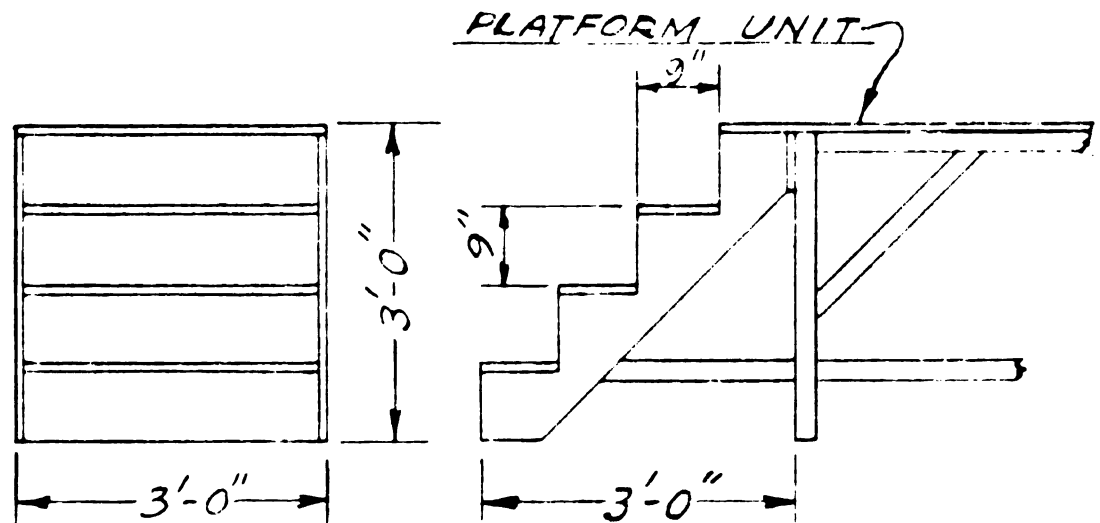
STAIR UNIT #4 ON FLOOR PLAN
2 STEPS - 1 RAMP



STAIR UNIT #6 ON FLOOR PLAN
9 STEPS - 1 REQD.



STAIR UNIT #5 ON FLOOR PLAN
4 STEPS - 1 REQD.



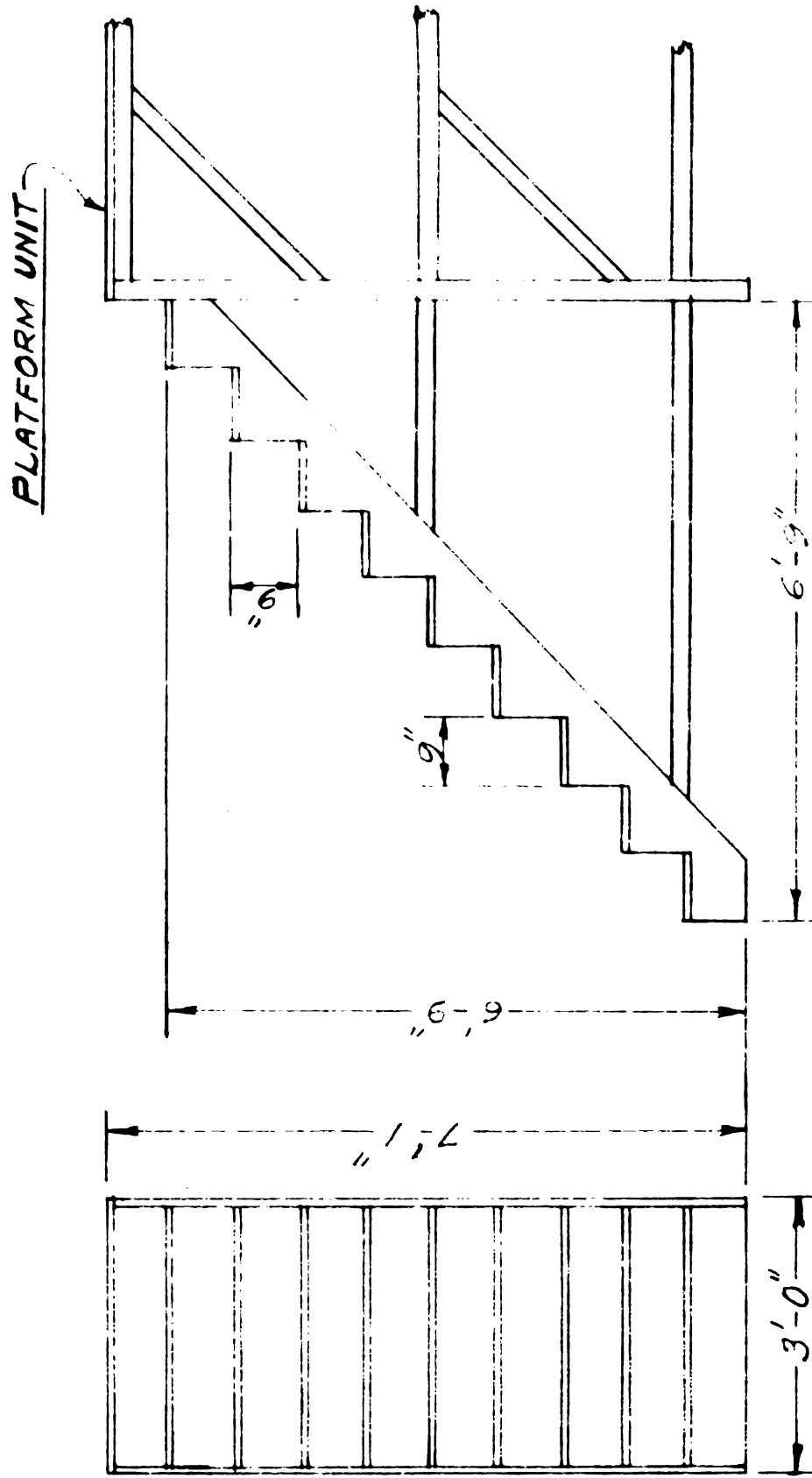
STAIR UNIT #7 ON FLOOR PLAN
4 STEPS - 1 REQD.



STAIR UNIT #2 ON FLOOR PLAN
4 STEPS - 1 RISE

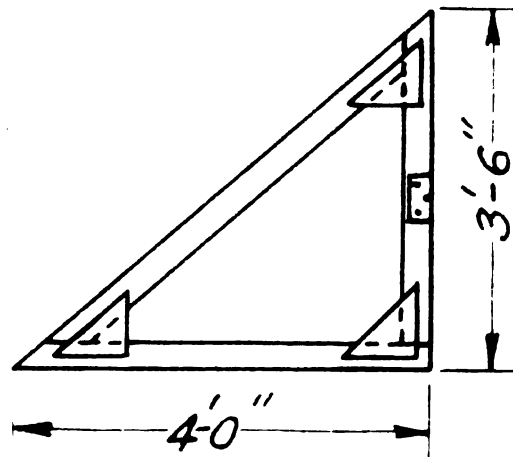


STAIR UNIT #1 ON FLOOR PLAN
4 STEPS - 1 RISE

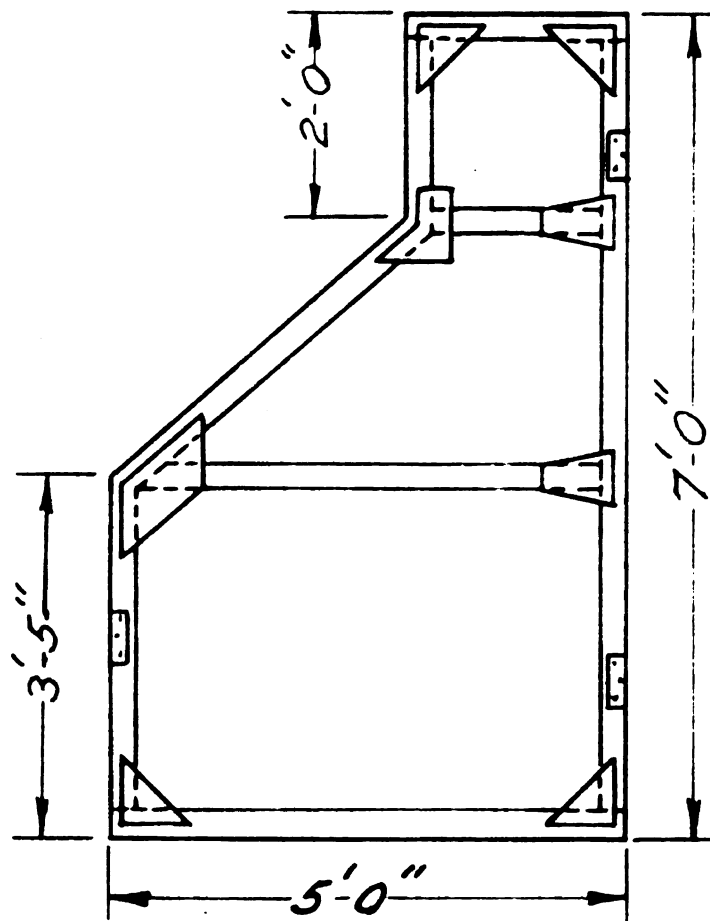


STAIR UNIT #1 ON FLOOR PLAN
9 STEPS - 1 REQD.

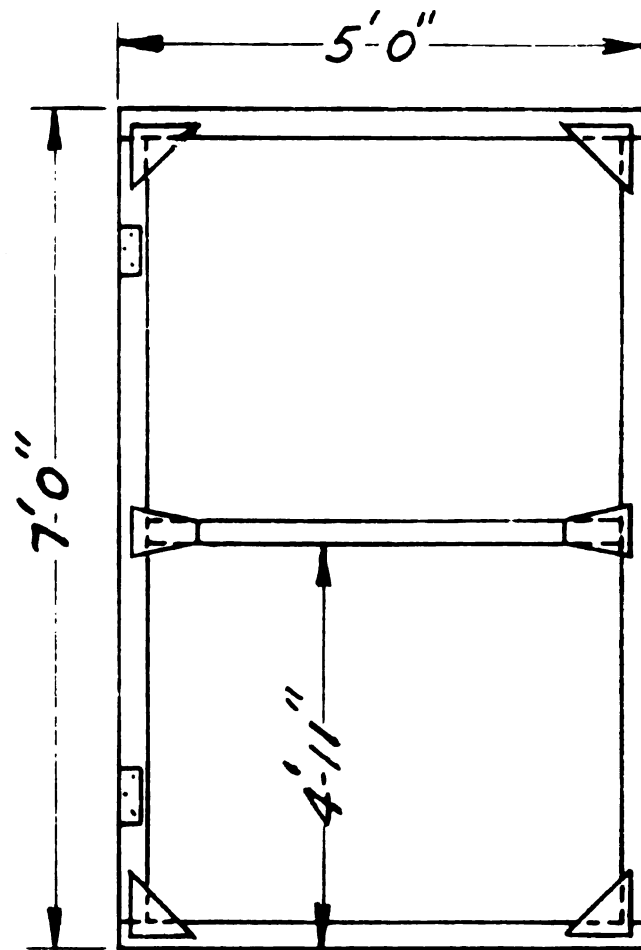
NOTE:- FOR CLARITY IN DRAWING, THE STAIRWAY FLATS (DETAILS #5, 6, & 7) WHICH FOLLOW ARE DRAWN IN THEIR NATURAL POSITION. FASTEN THE TRIANGULAR CORNER BRACES, HINGES, ETC. ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FLAT INSTEAD OF AS SHOWN ON THESE DETAILS.



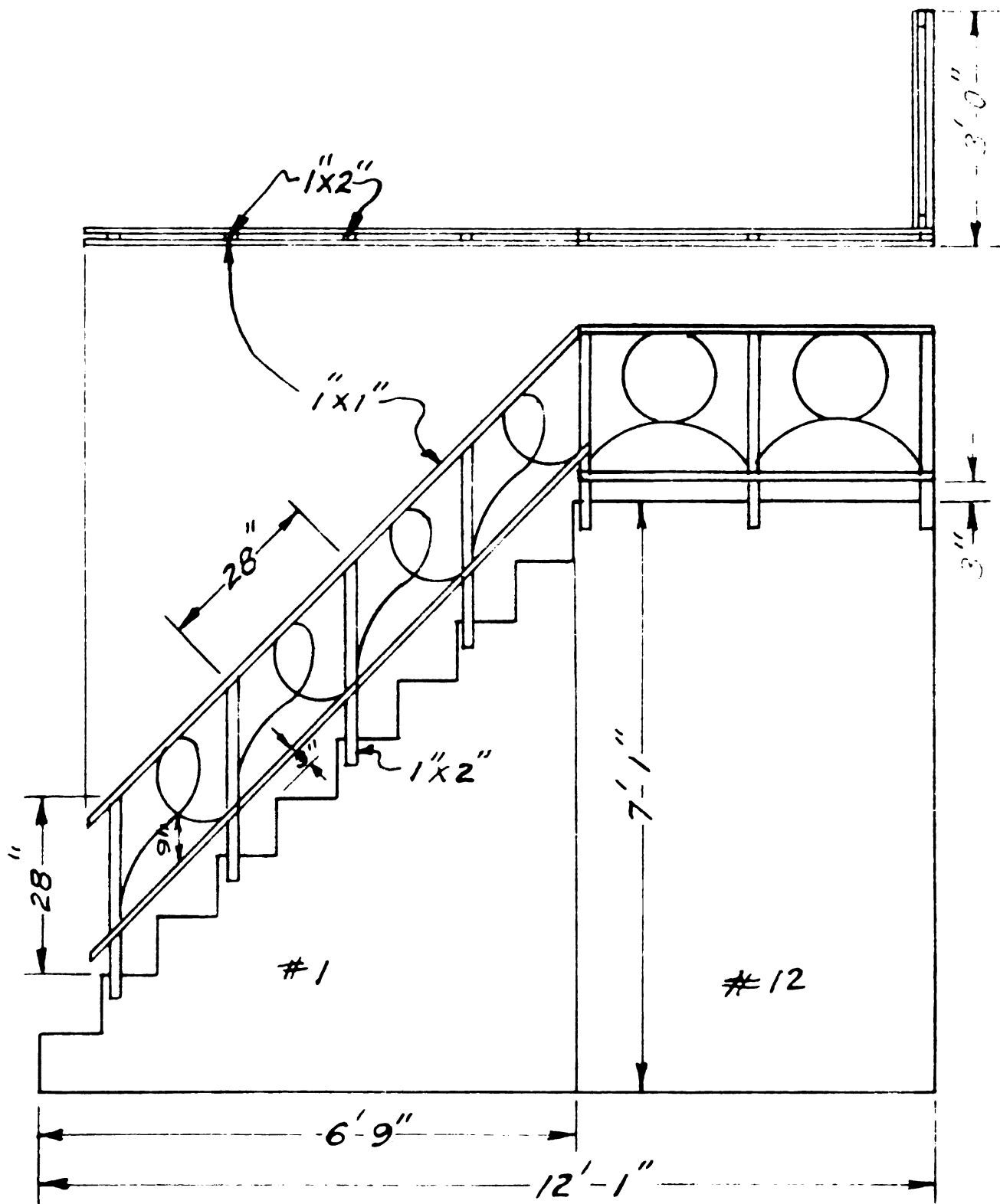
DETAIL-5 STAIRWAY TRIANGLE FLAT
REAR ELEVATION



DETAIL-6-STAIRWAY IRREGULAR FLAT
REAR ELEVATION



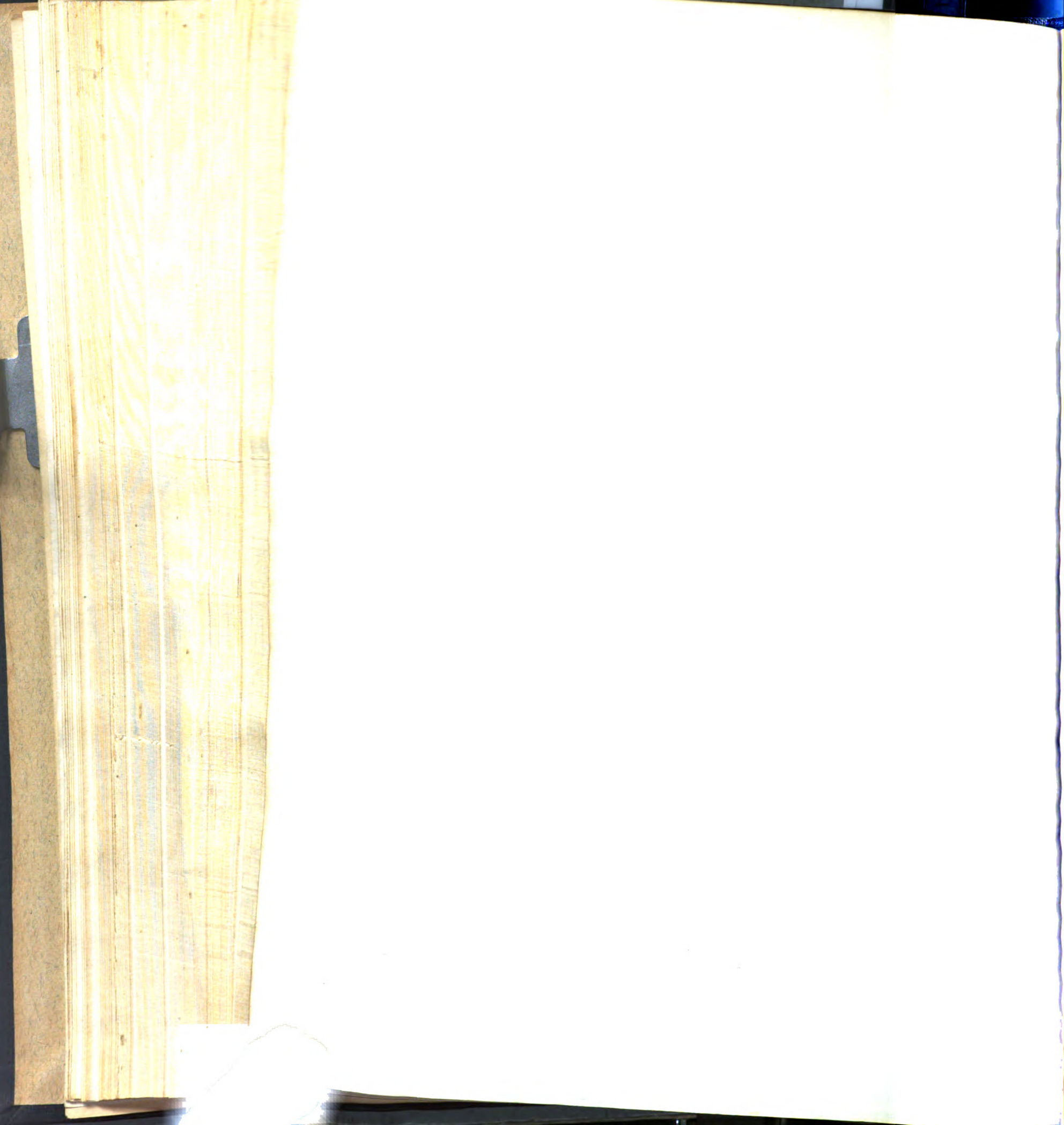
DETAIL-7- STAIRWAY PLAIN FLAT
REAR ELEVATION

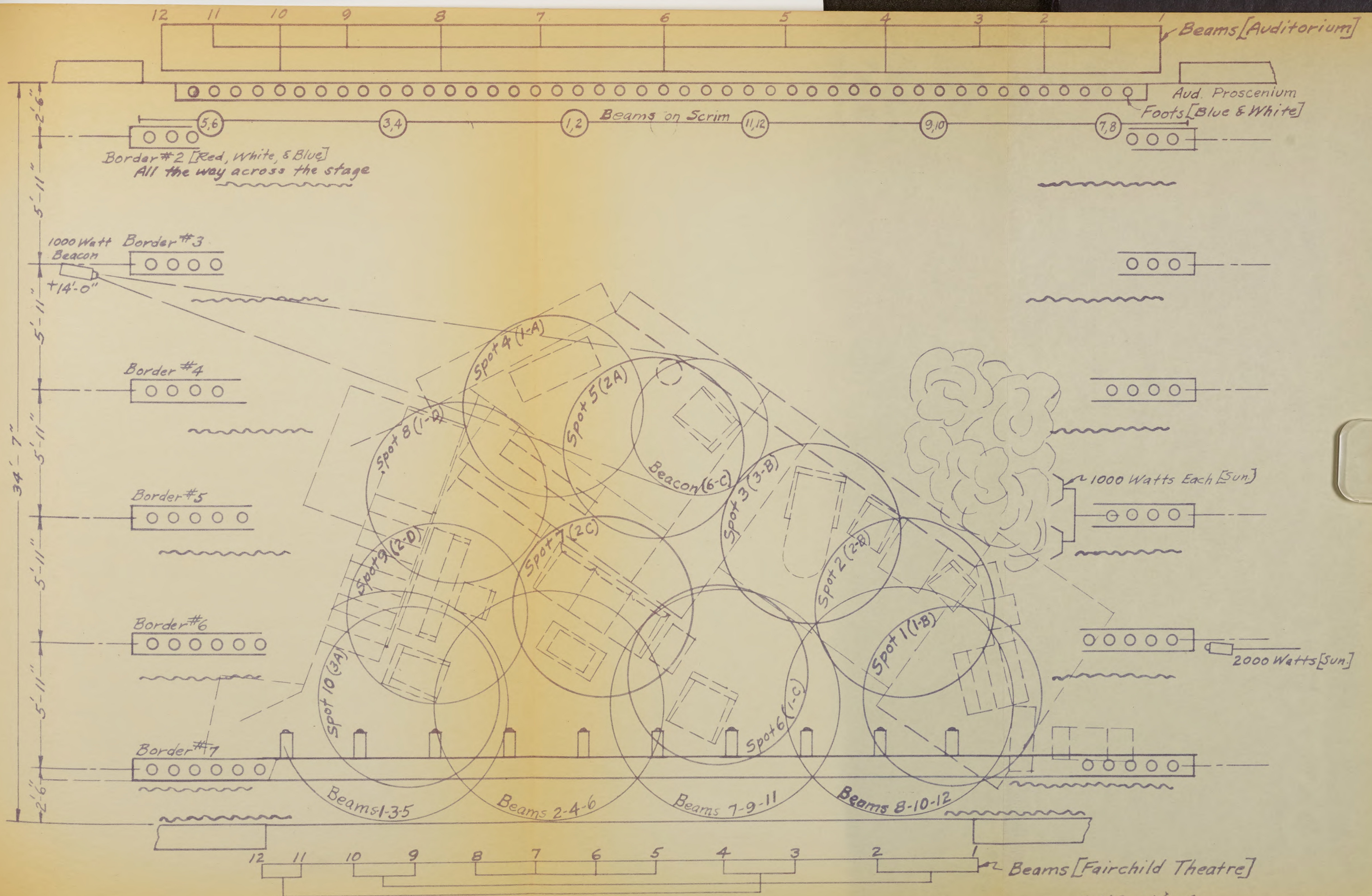


RAILING FOR STAIR UNIT #1 & PLATFORM #12
NOTE:- APPROX. 8'-0" OF 1" ROPE USED IN EACH SQUARE

CHAPTER VII

Lighting and Sound





LIGHTING PLOT

DWG. NO. 4

"Lighting a scene consists not only in throwing light upon objects but in throwing light upon a subject. We have our choice of lighting a drama from the outside, as a spectator, or from the inside, as a part of the drama's experience. The objects to be lighted are the forms which go to make up the physical body of the drama- the actors, the setting, the furnishings and so forth. But the subject which is to be lighted is the drama itself. We light the actors and the setting, it is true, but we illuminate the drama. We reveal the drama. We use light as we use words, to elucidate ideas and emotions. Light becomes a tool, an instrument of expression, like a paint-brush, or a sculptor's chisel, or a phrase of music."²¹

However, the problem of lighting is not only theoretical, but demands a basic knowledge of the medium. This basic knowledge should include the fact that there are two kinds of stage lighting; i.e., floodlights for general illumination and spotlights for focus lighting. These two kinds of lights have "three properties, quantity, color, and distribution, over which varying degrees of control are possible."²²

Also extremely important in lighting is familiarity of the values or meanings of colors. For example, in "Hotel Universe" the lighting is almost wholly blue, or shades thereof, with a very little pink and white added.

²¹ Jones, op. cit., p.118-119

²² Selden, Sellman, op. cit., p.221

It has been mentioned above that the director requested a feeling of unreality throughout the play. Therefore, we must be conversant with the mood the color blue arouses. Selden and Sellman have stated that: "Blue symbolizes coldness, melancholy, the sky, the sea, heaven, hope, constancy, fidelity, serenity, generosity, intelligence, truth, spirituality, and aristocracy."²³ It would seem that most of these qualities fit the atmosphere that both the director and the designer desire.

Light falling upon a stage rests on a color; it may be the furniture, the setting, or the costumes worn by the actors. At any rate, when the colored lights strike a color on the stage, that object will change its original shade. It is therefore imperative that the designer be fully acquainted with the color theory of pigment and its relation to the color theory of light. That color theory of pigments states that when a white light falls on a colored surface, the pigment absorbs all rays of white light except that ray or rays which the pigment will reflect. Those rays come to the eye and are given a name that corresponds to the color reflected; i.e., a red pigment will reflect a red ray of light and we give it the name "red".

The color theory of light is in reference to the ray of light which travels through a color medium. Assume a spotlight that has a blue color medium between the light

²³ Selden & Sellman, op. cit., p. 381

source and a reflecting surface. The blue medium will absorb all of the light rays emitted from the lamp except the blue ray. This blue ray falls on a reflecting surface, and unless this surface has a pigment that will reflect a blue ray, no light reaches the eye and we say that it is "black".

Thus in the lighting of a stage with colored lights, the color effect observed is the relationship of the color mediums used and the color of pigments and dyes of the materials.²⁴

It was with these fundamentals in mind that the coloring for the set pieces in "Hotel Universe" was selected.

The colors in the facade walls are blue-green-grey, while the terrace wall colors are dark tones of blue, green, violet and brown. With mostly blue light falling on these colors, the whole atmosphere will give the desired "eerie" feeling.

The greatest problem in the lighting of the set was the distribution of the ten spotlights that are available on the light bridge. The lack of an adequate number of instruments makes the lighting "spotty" although the focus of each is enlarged to the fullest extent. All major playing areas are spotted. The twelve beam lights adequately cover the entire forestage. All spots and beams have color mediums of varying blue shades except four center beams which have surprise pink mediums to lighten the scene slightly.

²⁴ Fuchs, Theodore, Stage Lighting, Little Brown & Co., 1929, p. 126-132

To give the rosy glow of the setting sun, off stage left are two floodlights with surprise pink mediums focused on the trees, and just left of the garden steps is a spotlight with a surprise pink medium which is focused on the facade of the hotel. The glow through the branches of the trees is very effective.

Off stage right about fourteen feet from the floor level is a thousand watt spotlight with no medium which is used as a searchlight beacon. The effect was achieved by a fast dimming up and down at twenty second intervals. The light falls on a potted tree on the terrace wall and creates the desired effect. It also strikes Stephen when he sits in his chair up center, thus justifying the line: "... only the light from the lighthouse on the Ile de Port-Cros, crossing the terrace here -- like the finger of God, Father says." (p. 47)

To get an over-all blending of lighting, the colors red, white and blue of border lights 1, 2, 3, and 4 are used.

Lighting the scrim curtain presented an interesting problem. The fore-lighting is done by blue borders 5 and 6 and 4 thousand watt flood lights with dark blue mediums coming up from the floor. The back lighting was accomplished by using Auditorium beam spotlights with varying shades of blue mediums focused high on the scrim, and from the floor blue and white Auditorium footlights are used. The black scrim, under this light, gives the feeling of depth to the whole stage which fulfills the director's concept.

The lights are in constant flux throughout the performance. The effect of the opening is realistic - a normal evening with rays of the setting sun lighting the scene. Gradually the sun disappears and the warmth leaves the scene. At approximately the same time, the characters step into their pasts and act out scenes from their lives. This calls for a dimming down of all lights on the stage except where the scene is being played. Since the nature of these scenes is fantasy, the electrician is able to follow the characters in these twosome scenes with a pool of light without destroying the mood. This technique is used quite effectively, with constant minor adjustments through the entire performance.

With the return to normality of the characters, the realistic coloring and lighting at the end of the play is almost similar to that used at the beginning.

"Lucidity, penetration, awareness, discovery, inwardness, wonder... These are the qualities we should try to achieve in our lighting."²⁵

²⁵ Jones, op. cit., p. 121

CONTROL BOARD SET-UP

Control Unit	Instrument	Circuit Number	Color Medium	(Original) Control Reading
	Border #1		White	6
			Red	9
			Blue	10
	Border #2		White	2
			Red	5
			Blue	7
	Border #3		White	4
			Red	5
			Blue	9
	Border #4		White	1
			Red	4
			Blue	9
	Border #5		Blue	10
	Border #6		Blue	10

7A "Fairchild"
Beam Spots
(1000w)

7A #'s 1-2-9-10	102-103-110-111	Day Blue	10
7B #'s 3-4-11-12	104-105-112-113	Dark Blue	10
7C #'s 5-6-7-8	106-107-108-109	Surprise Pink	10

Bridge Spots
(1000w)

1B	#1	59	Day Blue	9
2B	#2	62	Day Blue	5
3B	#3	58	Day Blue	8
1A	#4	57	Day Blue	8
2A	#5	56	White	6
1C	#6	55	Day Blue	10
2C	#7	54	Day Blue	10
1D	#8	53	Day Blue	8
2D	#9	52	Day Blue	5
3A	#10	66	Day Blue	9

CONTROL BOARD SET-UP (Cont'd)

Control Unit	Instrument	Circuit Number	Color Medium	(Original) Control Reading
60	Light House Spot (1000w)	90	none	none
4A	Sun Spot (1000w)	61	Surprise Pink	3
4B	Sun Floods 2 -(1000w)	96-97	Surprise Pink	5
4C	Auditorium Foots		White	10
8C	Auditorium Foots		Blue	10
	Auditorium Beams (1000w)			
8A #'s 1-3-5-7-9-11	114-116-118- 120-122-124	Day Blue	10	
8A #'s 2-4-6-8-10- 12	115-117-119- 121-123-125	Dark Blue	10	

Master Set-Up

White Border Master - White Borders #'s 1-2-3-4

Scene Master #2 - Red Borders #'s 1-2-3-4

- Control Units 4A - 4B

Scene Master #1 - Blue Borders #'s 1-2-3-4

- Control Units 7A - 7B

B. Master - Control Units 1B-2B-3B

C. Master - Control Units 1C - 2C

Note: All other Control Units set on Rehearsal Control

LIGHT CUE SHEET

OPENING: Cut work lights

Bring in stage lights - At rise, all lights at
"Original Control Readings

CUE Dim out house lights

- #1 Dim out Scene Master 2
- #2 Dim out White Border Master
Dim Unit 1A to 3
- #3 Dim out Scene Master 1 to 5
Dim Unit 3B to 6 and 0 Master to 5
Bring up Units 1B-2B to 10
- #4 Bring up Scene Master 1 to 10
Dim Unit 1B to 8 and Unit 2B to 5
- #5 Bring up Unit 1A to 9
- #6 Dim Unit 1A to 3
- #7 Dim Unit 1C to 5
- #8 Dim out B Master
Dim out Unit 70
- #9 Dim Scene Master 1 to 9
- #10 Lighthouse Spot - 60

The effect of a revolving lighthouse light is obtained by bringing in the control unit rapidly and when the light unit comes to full brightness, dim out rapidly. The retarding lag of the "tubecontrol" brings in the light slowly and dims it out slowly, giving the effect of the light coming into and leaving the set. Repeat the above at 20 second intervals through the balance of the performance.

LIGHT CUE SHEET (Cont'd)

CUE

- #11 Bring in Unit 2A to 6; stand until characters leave platform, then dim out
- #12 Bring in Unit 1A to 10
Dim Scene Master 1 to 8
- #13 Dim Unit 1A to 8; hold until characters move
Dim Unit 1A to 3 out, then-
- #14 Bring in Unit 7C to 10
- #15 Bring in Unit 1A to 7
- #16 Dim Unit 1A to 5, as characters move off platform
- #17 Bring in Unit 1A to 10 and Unit 2A to 3
- #18 Dim out Units 1A - 2A - 7C - C Master
Dim Scene Master 1 to 5
Bring in Unit 3A to 10
- #19 Bring in Unit 9C to 8 and C Master to 10
Dim Unit 3A to 5
- #20 Bring in Units 1C - 2C to 10
- #21 Bring in Unit 2A to 4
- #22 Bring in Unit 2A to 7
- #23 Bring in Unit 1A to 6
Dim Unit 2A to 6
- #24 Bring in B Master to 7
- #25 Bring in Scene Master 1 to 10
- B Master to 10 - {Units 1B at 10
 {Units 2B at 7
 {Units 3B at 8
- White Master to 5
- #26 Bring in Unit 2A to 8
Dim out Units 1D - 3A - 7A - 7B
Stand through all curtain calls...then, bring in
House lights
Cut in work lights
Dim all stage lights and clear Board

On

On

Re

"N

"M

"S

"W

"S

On

SOUND INSTRUMENTS

One large base drum with soft mallet for striking

One phonograph - electrically controlled

Records:

"Nailla" - Wilhelm Bachaus - R C A Victor

"Meet Me Tonight In Dreamland" - Bob Stanley - Sonora

"Spellbound" - A. Goodman - Decca

"Waltz in A Flat" - Chopin, Opus 64 - #3 - R C A Victor

"Spring Rain" - Wayne King - R C A Victor

One sound effect record of a rooster crowing (continuous) -
Recordio disc

SOUND CUE SHEET

CUE:

- #1 Start "Nailla" at beginning; volume at 3/4 throughout
- #2 Cut "Nailla" with actor's movement on stage
- #3 Dull thud on drum (no resonance) single blow
- #4 Fade in "Meet me Tonight in Dreamland"; keep at 1/4 vol.
- #5 Fade "Meet me.." down slightly and hold
- #6 Bring "Meet me.." up to original volume and hold
- #7 Fade "Meet me.." down slightly and hold
- #8 Bring "Meet me.." up to original volume and hold
- #9 Fade "Meet me.." down and out
- #10 Fade in "Spellbound" to 1/4 volume and hold
- #11 Bring "Spellbound" up to 1/2 volume, hold 5 sec., then fade down and out
- #12 Fade in "Waltz in A Flat" to 1/2 volume, hold 10 sec., then fade down and out
- #13 Start "Nailla" at beginning 3/4 volume; hold 2 sec., Fade down to 1/2 volume and hold
- #14 Bring "Nailla" up to 3/4 volume and hold to cut cue
- #15 Cut "Nailla" abruptly
- #16 Fade in "Spring Rain" to 1/4 and hold
- #17 Bring "Spring Rain" up to 1/2 and hold
- #18 Fade "Spring Rain" slowly and out
- #19 Start rooster record at beginning at 1/2 volume
One crow only
- #20 Rooster record at 3/4 volume... hold for two crows

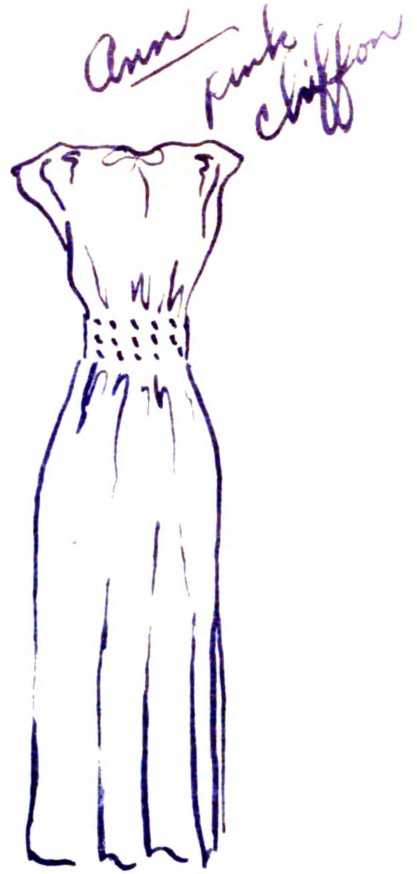
CHAPTER VIII

Costume, Property and Makeup Charts



black
crape

Lily



Ann
pink
chiffon



green
print

Lily - change



pink
black

Hope
black
crape
&
pink
net



Dope - change
brown & white
jersey silk



Alice

blue
chiffon



yellow
cotton
suit

Alice - change

Costume Chart

The following is a list of costumes as they appeared in the performance:

STEPHEN FIELD:	White linen suit; white shirt; tan tie; white sox; white shoes.
ANN FIELD:	Pink chiffon; matching slip; pink sandals; pink flowers for hair.
PAT FARLEY:	Blue tweed coat; dark blue trousers; white shirt; yellow tie; blue sox; brown and white shoes.
LILY MALONE:	Black crepe formal; matching slip; black sandals; white feather in hair. black velvet ribbon with white flower for hair.
TOM AMES:	Brown gabardine suit; white shirt; brown and white polka dot tie; brown sox; brown shoes.
HOPE AMES:	Pink and black crepe and net formal; pink half slip; white sandals. Brown and white striped summer suit (cotton); brown straw hat; brown bag; white gloves.
NORMAN ROSE:	Brown coat; tan trousers; white shirt; red, yellow, and brown tie; tan sox; brown and white shoes.
ALICE KENDALL:	Pale blue chiffon formal; matching slip; silver sandals. Yellow summer cotton suit; brown and white spectator pumps; brown saddle bag, gloves; white straw hat.
FELIX	White formal coat; black tux trousers; white shirt; black bow tie; black sox; black shoes.

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)

PROPERTY PLOT

DWG. NO. 3

Property Chart

The following is a complete list of all stage and hand props to be collected by the property crew for "Hotel Universe".

STAGE PROPS:

Porch furniture:

- 1 sofa - bamboo with brown cushions
- 1 apartment-sized piano - scarf for top - white vase with green ferns
- 1 bench - white wood
- 4 regular porch chairs - 2 white wood; 2 bamboo with brown and deep red cushions
- 1 coffee table - bamboo
- 2 small porch tables - 1 green metal; 1 bamboo
- 1 lounge chair - tan metal with tan cushions
- 1 high-backed porch chair - green and white metal
- 1 phonograph - table size - not practical with record
- 2 potted trees (app. 4' tall)

HAND PROPS:

- Silver coffee service for six
- Liquor bottles - 3 fancy glass and silver
- 6 liquor glasses
- 2 books
- 4 envelopes - 1 large manila; 3 small white (for Tom)
- 4 small suitcases
- 1 fur rug (for Norman)
- Ruby pendant (for Pat)
- Drink stirrers
- 1 pastel beach blanket or shawl
- 1 ashtray
- 1 pocket watch (for Felix)

PROPERTY CUE SHEET

The following is the cue sheet for hand props:

CUE:

- #1 Felix enters on balcony with pocket watch in hand
- #2 Felix enter on balcony with pocket watch in hand
- #3 Norman enters with fur rug over arm (down stage left
door)
- #4 Felix comes from down stage door with watch
- #5 Felix comes from down stage door with 3 suitcases
- #6 Alice comes down stairs with suitcase
- #7 Norman appears on balcony with fur rug in hand

MAKEUP CHART

ACTOR: Tony Chapp

CHARACTER: Stephen Field

AGE: 58

TYPE: Intellectual - Distinguished

BASE: Dark suntan pancake (Pond's)

ROUGE: Factor #4

LINERS & SHADOW: Dark Brown; white #12

POWDER: Factor #4

SPECIAL EFFECTS: Mustache and Van Dyke beard, grey with
cornstarch streaks; hair greyed.

ACTOR: Marie Posz

CHARACTER: Ann Field

AGE: 28

TYPE: Straight

BASE: Suntan pancake

ROUGE: #3

LINERS & SHADOW: Brown

POWDER: #3

ACTOR: Bill Devereaux

CHARACTER: Pat Farley

AGE: 32

TYPE: Straight

BASE: Suntan pancake (dark)

ROUGE: #3

LINERS & SHADOW: Brown

POWDER: #3

MAKE UP CHART
(cont'd)

ACTOR: Zoe Carr

CHARACTER: Lily Malone

AGE: 30

TYPE: Straight

BASE: Suntan pancake

ROUGE: #4

LINERS & SHADOWS: Brown

POWDER: #4

ACTOR: Bud Haggart

CHARACTER: Tom Ames

AGE: 40

TYPE: Straight

BASE: Suntan pancake (dark)

ROUGE: #3

LINERS & SHADOWS: Brown

POWDER: #3

SPECIAL EFFECTS: Light lines around eyes

ACTOR: Lois Vosburg

CHARACTER: Hope Ames

AGE: 36

TYPE: Straight

BASE: Suntan pancake

ROUGE: #4

LINERS & SHADOWS: Brown

POWDER: #3

MAKE UP CHART
(cont'd)

ACTOR: Stan White

CHARACTER: Norman Rose

AGE: 38

TYPE: Straight

BASE: Suntan pancake

ROUGE: #3

LINERS & SHADOWS: Brown

POWDER: #3

SPECIAL EFFECTS: Lines around eyes - shoe polish at temples

ACTOR: Alice Luniewski

CHARACTER: Alice Kendall

AGE: 26

TYPE: Straight

BASE: Suntan pancake

ROUGE: #3

LINERS & SHADOWS: Brown

POWDER: #3

ACTOR: John Holder

CHARACTER: Felix

AGE: 50

TYPE: Butler - distinguished

BASE: Suntan pancake

ROUGE: #4

LINERS & SHADOWS: Brown

POWDER: #4

SPECIAL EFFECTS: Whiten hair - lines on face

CHAPTER IX

Rehearsal Periods and Adjustments Made

Regardless of how exacting a designer is in his preliminary work, the setting will invariably need revising when it is finally placed on stage. "Hotel Universe" was no exception.

When the director viewed the setting as it was assembled for the first time, she found that the garden steps, stage left, were almost entirely beyond the sightline. Since there is important business and movement around these steps, the entire setting was shifted toward stage right about 3 feet. This brought the steps into view, but made a difference in the angle of the wall, making it more parallel to the audience.

It was also found that even with stage lighting the facade and stairs of the hotel were too bright a color and should have been spattered down. This was also true of the flagstone wall. However, when the scene gradually darkened, as the evening progressed, the background seemed to blend in fairly satisfactorily. Therefore, no further change was made.

The three foot steps facing left on the 16 inch level were shifted from the wall to the front edge of the 30 inch platform, to allow Pat standing room near the wall.

The furniture on the 7 inch platform right center was found to be crowded, but this was due to the extra large table which the property crew had procured.

The apartment-size piano could not be obtained, and an upright, dark in color, was used. This change called

for two additional properties; namely, a light scarf and white vase with ferns. The mass on stage right was now heavier than desired in the original plans, but the above-mentioned properties acted as blending agents.

However, in general the set proved to be utilitarian to the director as per planned. Small adjustments, such as lights showing through a crack in a platform, or a lash line not pulled tight enough, or spots not properly painted can be taken care of after the technical rehearsal. When the setting is on stage the flaws in design become evident and adaptations must be made.

Let us now turn to the actual procedure of a technical dress rehearsal.

"The technical rehearsal serves the purpose of integrating in performance sequence all the technical elements of production."²⁵

The Stage Manager cues actors, lighting crew, properties, sound crew, and stage crew. The assistant stage manager in charge of crew checks the stage and reports to the production manager, who re-checks to see that every prop is in position. The assistant then signals the Stage Manager that the setting is ready. The assistant stage manager for the cast checks with the actors on stage for the opening scene, and signals the stage manager that all is in readiness. The prompter(s) are in place, as is the sound technician. When the production manager has re-checked with each crew chairman, he gives the stage man-

²⁵ Burris-Meyer & Cole, op. cit., p. 432

ager the "all-set" signal. The lighting booth is advised of curtain time. The stage lights come on, the house lights dim, and the curtain goes up and the show begins.

The system of checking and re-checking by both the production manager and the stage manager is an excellent practice, for grave error can result from a hastily pulled curtain.

It should be remembered that during technical rehearsals the designer is always overseeing the entire production from a strategic spot, ready to act as a "trouble-shooter" if necessary.

Since there are no shifts or scene changes in "Hotel Universe" no shifting crew was needed. In cases like this the stage personnel should be kept to a minimum to alleviate confusion back stage.

When the few alterations necessary had been made on the setting, the main problem throughout the technical rehearsals was the lighting. Since the lights are in constant state of flux, the electrician and lighting chairman, together with the designer, must be extremely alert.

There can be no certainty about the results of a paper planned lighting plot either. For example, Stephen says: "but the light from the Ile de Port-Cros described its arc, as it does now." (p. 108) No light appeared at that moment because he had missed the beat in the interval timing. This was the first verbal explanation of the flashing light that had appeared since its start, and the lack of coordination

between line and light left the audience in confusion.

Therefore, though, the designer is thoroughly acquainted with his instruments and their capabilities, each play presents a different problem, and it is only by experiment and observation that the correct lighting can be gained.

CHAPTER X

Performance Analysis

Since "Hotel Universe" had but one static setting, the main concern of a performance analysis would be with the actors themselves. The scenery measured up to the director's expectations in that it provided the actors with a tangible evidence of the setting which during rehearsals had only been in their imaginations. There was no sudden "breakdown" of the set pieces, and all properties were in order.

Therefore, from a designer's viewpoint, the errors that occurred would be found in the sound or lighting departments. For example, at one time the offstage music was cued in when it should not have been. Also a defect in lighting circuit resulted in a wavering spotlight, and almost destroyed the dramatic value of the moment. Throughout the performance, adjustments were made to the original lighting cues for minute improvements.

The audience response was unusual in that the reactions to intensely serious lines were humorous instead of sober. This, however, would fall under a director's analysis of line interpretation.

Verbal expressions about the setting and the lighting were satisfactory and gratifying. Especially effective was the scrim curtain as a backdrop. It was found that the floods were not needed to provide the desired effects, so the instruments were not used. The translucent nature of the scrim was much more effective than an opaque sky cyclorama would have been.

The capacity audience made it necessary for the stage manager to hold the curtain until 8:25 to seat the late-comers. One felt that the spectators were "with the show" all the while, and this, for a continuous running through two hours, is unusual.

A critical review of the performance in the Michigan State News included the following:

"The cast performed exceptionally well and full credit must go to the scene designer and others who did the stage effects." 26

²⁶ Michigan State News, Volume 36-334, No., 13, Wednesday, August 6, 1947.

CHAPTER XI

Summary and Conclusions

The production of Philip Barry's Hotel Universe was staged August 1, 1947.

The performance provided the Summer School of the College with a non-commercial play during a term devoid of drama.

Since the play was of an experimental nature, the production offered the designer an opportunity for original contribution to and justification of the theories of play production.

This analysis of theory, procedure and method, included, in detail, the problems involved in the designing of setting, properties, costumes, lighting, and makeup of a play.

The importance of the relationship between director and designer was made evident in that all original ideas brought forth had to be adapted, adjusted, and remolded to the final satisfaction of both.

There can be no dogmatic condemnation or approval of a designer's contribution by this author. Here, rather, an attempt has been made to view the end result impersonally and critically in the light of the existing standards in the field of dramatic production.

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