Tobias and the Angel

Chapin, Chouteau

Boston University

http://hdl.handle.net/2144/19616

Boston University
Tentative Title for the flat-face of the book to be confirmed during the week of June 1st:

TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL
BY JAMES BRIDIE
AS ADAPTED AND DIRECTED
BY CHOUTEAU CHAPIN

Mrs. Stuart Chapin
8 Lowell Street, Cambridge, 38.

Bound book to be delivered, please, before July 1st to

The Librarian,
Boston University S.F.A.A.
857 Commonwealth Ave,
Boston
TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL
GRADUATE THESES PRODUCTION BOOK

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Production Data: for Music, Setting, Lights, Costumes and Properties.
In the following I touch on various materials, books and pictures, I explored for knowledge about the historical background of the play and as stimulus to my imagination in conceiving a full production of it. For research for a work of the imagination, in contrast to that for one of scholarship, must come down to earth, only to fly off into the clouds.

Who was Tobit? All we know is that there is a Book in the Apocrypha titled as his. The latest edition of Harper's Bible Dictionary says it was probably written about 200 BC, though the story it tells is dated about 600 BC. Bridie sets his play "before the reign of Ahasuerus". Who was he? I might as well look at a chronological chart of this Ancient History. I do. It clears up that particular fog:

<table>
<thead>
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<th>Hebrew</th>
<th>Assyrian</th>
<th>Persian</th>
<th>Greek</th>
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<tr>
<td>Jerusalem destroyed</td>
<td>Nebuchadnezzar</td>
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<td>Temple Rebuilt</td>
<td>Belshazzar</td>
<td>Darius</td>
<td>Marathon</td>
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<td>490 BC</td>
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<td>Esthér</td>
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<td>Cyrus</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Ahasuerus (our boy)</td>
<td>Thermopolae</td>
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<td></td>
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<td>alias Xerxes (aha!)</td>
<td>Salamis</td>
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Why isn't the Book of Tobit included in our Bible? I ask several of my friends, who are clergymen, and/or Biblical scholars. The consensus of opinion seems to be that it was too much influenced by pagan (Persian) mythology. The Church of England approves Jerome's decision to exclude it from the"canon", on the grounds that while it contains admirable instruction in manners and morals it has insufficient theological value.

But the presence of the Demon was no doubt a feature of the story.
that appealed to Bridie, he being a Scot. For the Scotch are well-aware of devils, from Calvinist preachers who threatened the more serious dangers; and, in their own "pagan" folklore, from experience with many homely varieties of fireside- and-glen-dwelling demons.

Marcel Brion says in the Introduction to the Bible in Art, "This imaginative people had invented monsters so extraordinary....impossible to represent them." The Hebrews, he means. They were not noted for their graphic art; their special skill was poetry, and music. But artists of many other peoples have delighted in them; and the story of Tobias and the Angel has inspired a number of famous paintings, especially of the Renaissance. I look these up; but because I so heartily agree with Brion that "the Old Testament stories need the simplicity of the Venetian mosaics at San Marco, the Franconian primitives and the Rhenish miniatures" I look, too, for their reproductions to further my growing sense of the style in which I would like to set and tell this simple, child-like story. Here are notes I took on various ones:

Rembrandt: Departure of the Angel, - from the very "pile of rubbel" Bridie calls for in his final scene; shows the dog; Anna by Duth fireplace!

Rembrandt: Abraham entertaining the Angel: Angel's make-up and expression simply dandy! Abraham's beard and outfit good for Raguel.

Boticelli: Departure of the Angel has three archangels, wooly dog, a very womanly Raphael. Not for me!

Carolingian Miniature 840AD: Moses Receiving the Law: this is more like it, with its flat, pointed mountain, little bonfires, primitive trees, and Moses having his tablets handed down directly from heaven.

Ghiberti Story of Cain and Abel, 1436 shows 5 or 6 levels. Suggests, for Scene One: Tobit's hut low, Angel appearing on roof....

Digression: Henry Cadbury says they used roof-entrances in Jesus' time... and here (in History of the Hebrew Commonwealth by Baily and Kent,) is a photo of archeological dig revealing flat-topped roofs of buildings around Ishtar Gate, built by Nebuchadnezzar, 600 BC.

For Angel- wings: see bas-relief stone portrait of King Cyrus, with "four huge wings of the Assyrian cherub". See Nat. Museum Monsters of Near and
Far East, which, among many provocative reproductions, includes: Persian Miniature: Jonah and the Whale—elegant type for Tigris-Fish!

To advance my mental images from flat representations to the threedimensional, requisite to stage-settings, — a perusal of Contemporary Church Art and Architecture. Two chandeliers suggest my personally-favored style of sketchy, bare, suggestive setting. (Note: I am sure it was a production I saw, years ago, in Moscow, which made an indelible impression on me. Dufy's painting, and stage sets have the same quality. The Moscow production was Vachtangov's Princess Turandot, modernized Commedia del Arte treatment of a romantic Eastern Tale. "Space-staging" in that there are no walls; ladders, trapezes, or suggestive of them, — hanging free, light, moveable and moving, clear, light, vivid colors...)

The aforementioned chandelier.

Some such feature for, at least, the First and Last scenes of Tobias, the Angel's Wings under their delicate protective shade, the Tobit family shelters, the adventure is launched and concluded... ?????????

"In the O.T. the entry of Angels causes feelings of disquiet, and though they come and go among men, unrecognized as Angels..." Brion.

In the N.T. too: shepherds on the Eve of Christ's Nativity! Bridie was surely working on this principle:

Also: "The O.T. characters are so vivid we hesitate to call them merely symbolic, yet...Tobias searched for the Universal Remedy that can open the eyes of the soul, and at the same time cure physical blindness." (Brion) Well, yes, if you like; but I prefer to trace the symbolism: where did he find the remedy? And so on into speculations about "the use of a Mud Fish's liver" — and gall.

This developed, at one stage, into a ballad I thought that Azarias might sing, (instead of telling that long story, on the banks of the Tigris)

You have won this liver
You have earned this gall
In your Battle of the River
Where you gave your All -
Surely Bridie, who was Dr. Mavor, a practicing MD, would appreciate the value of cod-liver oil, ... and whale-oil, Moby Dick oil, that's used in lamps, lamps that the Wise Virgins have ready-trimmed and filled to receive their Divine Bridegroom, ... etc. etc. So:

With the oil of a whale
Or the liver of a cod,
You have fuel for a lamp
To receive your God.

You can build a baby's bones
Till they're strong as mail,-
With the liver of a cod,
(And the oil of a whale)

Actually, what it means is:

When you've overcome an obstacle
Or suffered through a pain
When you've had the guts to take it,
You can count the guts as gain.
In a future situation
They will shelter you from harm,
You can take them out of storage
And use them for a charm -

against a Demon Asmoday, for instance!

But, in the end, I spared Mr. Bridie's play that doggerel, and reserved the moral of the ballad for personal use. I may say that every theatrical production being, by mature both an obstacle and a pain, — I've had plenty of occasion to quote this to myself! But to get back to the setting; I will add a few more of my speculations:

Angel's initial appearance
and
Benediction, end of I-1
On a white back-wall, project cloud-effect, moving slowly (where could operator perch?) then when the sky's dusky, slip in a slide of huge angel-wings.

Scrim-ceiling of hovel, through which Raphael's seen, in silhouette. But this spoils the effect of the flat roof...(and by this time, I was sold on the flat roof, as it recalled Mexico, where I've lived, in small towns and primitive villages. It, I know, is very like the Near East of Bible Times. I could picture the Tobit family's home-life, describe the props they'd use, etc. all on the basis of my Mexican experience.)

But, too, I have lived on the Lower East Side in NYC, - where boys kept pigeons on the roofs, and, at evening, would exercise them by stirring them up with long bamboo poles. The pigeons would wheel up and about against the evening sky. Maybe Tobias would keep pigeons?! And Raphael would arrive within the flock, his big wings adding a special Whoosh!

Most of all this wild fancy of mine was abandoned, of course; but I'm sure that much of it got, somehow into the play, or at least into my communications with the actors, - and others who contributed to its final form.

There was the Design Teacher's notion about staging the Demon Battle, as a comparable example: to project the silhouettes of handpuppets of the Angel and the Demon onto a surface, somehow. We couldn't get a proper lamp to work this, but there was quite a bit of - inspiration, I guess you'd have to call it, - from that notion for the Battle as it was finally staged!

Then I wondered about the Book of Tobit itself. I know just enough of Higher Biblical Criticism to realize it most probably was not written by a Tobit, in the version we have. But as it's come to us, it is in the first person. And Tobit, though not the central character in Bridie's play, does start it off, - and the final words of dialogue are Raphael's injunction "Write all
this down in a book." Tobit is the Scribe, then. He might enter the bare stage with his Book in his hand. . . . . . This is very much in keeping with the story-telling character of the play.

* * * * * * *

As my ideas of the setting for the story evolved I tried to pare down each scene to its essential dramatic demand: the First and Last, that had absorbed so much of my concern seemed to boil down to the hut, under the Angel's protection.

The second scene's big event was the battle with the fish. I hated to have this all take place offstage. Why not have the river onstage, - and, once I had found a dancer capable of being a fish, have the battle onstage, too? With music, of course. (But I'll go into the music, later.)

The Second Act's feature is the wall. That's really all that's needed.

Act Three—Scene One's feature is scorching sunlight, that the Angel basks in, but is too hot for Sara. Perhaps I could have an awning, under whose shade Sara could, at the last, seek realistic shelter.

* * * * * * *

If I had been working for a professional production I would not have been able to be so free in my adaptation of the script. As it was, I worked, to the best of my ability, to make dramatic changes, each with what I consider a good reason:

A number of lines and phrases I cut, as too "cute" or too British, for an American cast and public. In the course of rehearsals, I opened some cuts, made others. Bridie's treatment of the persecution of the Jews, in Ninevah didn't sit too well with those of us who'd lived through the time of the Hitler—persecutions. First, I balked at the burying in the first scene; then, as I went over the entire scene, I found it pretty garbled, altogether, from the point of view of structure. I outlined what was there, then rearranged it, cutting the burial-reference and supplying some necessary lines for transition to the rearranged form.
MUSIC

As Bridie calls his Tobias "a plainsailing transcription of the Book of Tobit", patently in the modern idiom, I felt justified in requesting, and gratified to obtain, from Robert Anderson of Union Theological Seminary's School of Sacred Music, an original score, likewise in the modern idiom, — though no more modern than is the dialogue or style of the play.

Personally, I don't much like the "Scheherezade" quality of much of Act II, so I didn't want it modeled on Rimsky-Korsakov; but rather, in the story-telling vein and to my personal taste and style of overall direction, — the cooler, more humorous style of Prokofiev.

The most satiric element occurs in the Oriental "Wedding March for Sara where, at my suggestion, Anderson slipped in a few bars of Lohengrin. Other comic effects, vividly, absurdly descriptive, occur in the accompaniment to the great Battle-Adventures: Tobias' with the monster River Fish and the Angel's with the Demon Asmoday. For the latter, Anderson and I worked out a sort of duet, for piano and Demon-chortles.

His, altogether, are the character-themes for Tobias and for Azarias. The latter is a composed "folksong" appropriate to the College of Cherubims. His, too, is the mood-music: watery for the Tigris; camel-train as I asked for, for the desert-journey; "waiting" for the anticipation of Tobias' return. These, in varying proportions, cover the scene-changes, lead in and out of the Narration from the Book of Tobit that I did add to the playing script.

It was my accompanist-choreographer's idea to add plucked piano-strings to Sherah's song, while the singer gesticulated with her prop-lyre.

The only sacred, and would-be historical music in the production occurs at the end of the First Scene, when old Tobit and his family gather for their Evening Hymn after the meal. Aware that contemporary Jewish melodies, such as were proposed by some members of my cast, would be anachronistic, I asked Canon Alex Zimmer to compose one in the style of the period. He did so: a Responsorial chant, in the Mixolydian Mode which is appropriate to the mood of rejoicing at the Feast of Pentecost.
REVIEW OF PRODUCTION PROCEDURE, in lieu of a "Log".

Preliminary

Once the Faculty had approved of Tobias as my thesis-production, I proceeded, within the prescribed time-table, with its preparation.

Before the "starting date" I reviewed my acting-version, went to the local museums for inspiration in style and history; read over some recent notes on Customs of the Old Testament; and arduously prepared scripts for my acting-version of the play. (I considered photostating but, in the end, settled for Do It Yourself typing and pasting!) I sent for the musical score, got the tape I had recorded of the music and the Demon-Battle. I began casting about for a pianist. This casting-about, I may say, went on till ten days before the performance. Then I settled upon my "choreographer", who proved to be the best accompanist I could have found.

Casting

In a Graduate Thesis Production of the Fall, I saw a young actor whom I thought would make an excellent Tobias. This was, frankly, one of the reasons I chose the play. For the choice of a leading actor, or star, is not merely a commercial consideration of the theatre; it is a vital artistic one. That I did not succeed in persuading the young man to read for my play may not have been the only reason for its limited success, but it was, undoubtedly, a weighty one. I have only myself to blame.

When the young man told me he'd be too busy to read for the part I was hurt, and allowed my feelings to prompt a most untheatrical, dignified withdrawal. To be hurt was perfectly natural. All people of artistic temperament have a certain childish sensitivity. That is, to use Bridie's term, their "daemons" do. Often, the daemon is let out, to wail and gnash his teeth, sometimes to good effect. I certainly felt like bursting into tears. If I had, it might have melted the young man's icy front. But I was too controlled, too much a lady.

Or, I might have turned the hurt to cajolery; wheedled him, flattered him,
even bribed him to accept the part. A lot of casting is done this way. It
is the feminine way. But I was too honest, or too proud to take it. And,
at the same time, I was too modest, or too weak to take the straightforward
masculine way, of laying down the law: "Here is your job and you've got to do
it."

With hindsight I see that's what I should have done. I should have got
the school to back me up, to take responsibility for the assignment, and so
got over that crisis in casting. That I did not will, I hope, teach me one
of the hardest lessons I learned from the Tobias experience.

This is not to say that I am sorry I persisted and worked with the
actor I did get for the part. His progress was rewarding; and in bringing
him along, as far as I did, in his part, I came closer, perhaps, to the con-
ditions prevailing in Drama in the Church, or in any amateur group, than any
other one feature of my production. But the period of Casting was en-
nervating, for me and for all concerned. And the amount of time I had to
put into coaching the less capable student was out of all proportion to the
production's other demands. And not only time; I had, fortunately, more time
than most student-directors, to devote to my production, so I don't think
my rehearsals suffered on that score. And I have had experience, which enables
me to achieve some directorial effects more quickly than a beginner could.
But my creative energy, the stimulus-to-the-imagination which is the es-
sential quality a director has to give to his play, was, perforce, dispro-
portionately spent.

After four unproductive casting-sessions, I took myself to the Big
Theatre, where the current Major Play was being cast, in hopes of catching
some of its left-overs or, at least, injecting some theatrical atmosphere
into my deflated balloon. Some eager and talented young women did make their
way to my readings, and perhaps because of this, I cast more Dancing-Girls
than , in the end, I wanted in the play. But I had a good Sara, as well as
other talent; and when my Faculty Advisor lent a most welcome hand, I got
outstanding the two/major men's parts cast, so was ready to start rehearsals. The
production date was set a week ahead, so that still gave us four to go, not counting the Easter Holidays, till the performance.

**Rehearsals**

It was easy for me to make out a schedule, working in the accustomed way, from both ends, leaving room for improvisation—of-needs—as-would-arise, in the middle. My invaluable "choreographer" (who was, in effect, my assistant-director) helped me to organize the group of capable and charming girls who, with our couple of student-professional dancers, went right to work in parallel rehearsals.

I had all the company listen to the tape of the play's music, and this gave us a lift. The shortling-Demon, also recorded, gave us a sense of the comedy we might hope to achieve, and cheered everyone up. We were out of the doldrums and set to work, outlining characters, blocking the scenes.

I may say that with one exception, morale and discipline at rehearsals was very good. The exception was an almost-notorious Problem Boy that I rashly cast for a big part in the Second Act. Everything hinged on him in that act and, for awhile there, he nearly unhinged us all! The other Problem Boy I'd been warned about, as undisciplined and unconscientious, however, proved, in these respects, to be a model boy. No doubt it was due to the attention and private coaching I lavished upon him, but certainly he worked hard at his part and, in the last days before the show, was the most enthusiastic member of the stage crew! And, in the end, the other Problem Boy came through well, too; better, I'm sure, than he has in any comparable experience of his recent, rather disturbed career. On the whole, I suppose I am rather proud of our social achievement. But to return to the theatrical:

"**Technical—Production**"

(I put that in quotes, because there is nothing merely technical about a set, lights, props or costumes. I don't know why, but it is the term we use for the artistic aspects of a production other than acting.) We had a promising conference with the Faculty Technical Director, discussing the
requisite personnel and establishing a schedule. But its achievement was due very largely to the enthusiasm of my nearly-fanatic Stage Manager, and to the capabilities of the girl assigned to design the costumes.

When I succeeded in convincing her that I did appreciate her, and did want her to costume the show, but insisted that she modify her taste to fit my own, we had a good working relationship: the costumes clicked along on schedule. When one proved unsuccessful at the Critique, it was corrected for the final performance. The truly remarkable young woman even succeeded in untangling the red tape and ironing out the temperamental wrinkles always attendant, to some extent, on artistic bureaucracy.

I was not so fortunate with the set, or with Lights. I failed to impress the Set Designer with my taste, or even with my authority. Perhaps this was because I relied too heavily on his teacher who, I knew, had an appreciation of the play, its requirements, and shared my own concept of how it might best be set. The teacher was too preoccupied with other productions and neither he nor I was able to bring the Designer into line. Work drawings were late coming in; color sketches, though charmingly executed, were insufficient. Most of all, there was no adaptation to my criticism. When, on the evening of our first technical rehearsal, I found the Designer, with some pals, "dressing the set" with a collection of ornaments that might have been right out of "Naughty Marietta", and made my protest very plain, the young people took off in a huff of hurt feelings and did not reappear that night. Nor was the Designer at hand during the all-important week-end between the Critique and the final Performance. At the eleventh hour, however, his teacher did insist upon the set's getting a modifying coat of paint, which saved all our faces!

The lighting, too, came off quite creditably, though, in its course, it was impeded by two factors: there wasn't enough equipment to light my show, while the "Majors" were performing, and what was promised to us was, no doubt in the hopes of economy, not delivered on schedule. The Light Designer, too, was absent during the last, crucial days before the
performance. The Stage Manager stepped into the breach, stayed up all night and lit the show.

Esprit de Corps

I got my cast to come back for rehearsal the last two days of the Easter Vacation. Only one was blasé about it, and drifted in late. Everyone else was shocked. I took him to task, and that was the last time the aforementioned Problem Boy gave us any trouble.

We were able to get into the theatre, to sling the available platforms into position and so gain a lot of headway in staging the entire play. The visual picture took shape rapidly. The holiday-break gave us, for the most part, renewed energy. Where it caused loss of "relationship" between actors we could, in some scenes, restore that by reverting to improvisation. But one of our handicaps, especially in the big scenes, had been the unevenness of the cast, (some far more advanced than others,) which made smooth advance in the acting almost impossible. Although they all behaved very well, the more advanced actors were obviously bored and fretful while I had to coach, and recone the beginners in every step and almost every inflection. This became less obvious when we got onto the stage and to a point where I could give notes after some run of a scene; but, looking back on it all, I think there's no doubt that the more talented and technically equipped actors, experimented, overplayed, generally got ahead of their scenes, - and, so, out of them! - just to use up their actors' energy.

And, with the same hindsight, I might say that my own unadmitted frustration at having to go over and over the primitive points may have tempted me to employ the advanced actors' energies, and my own, in the composition of a Prologue for the play. We had talked, over late coffee, about the value and pertinence of Tobias to us and to our times. One evening we pooled our ideas, and, next day, brought outlines for their dramatic expression. The result was the ill-starred Prologue.
I don't really regret any part of it, except that I do think we might have pulled it off better, and in a sense owed it to any audience to do so. But it was good education, both in working it out and in acknowledging its failure. For to have presented it in its half-baked, and so self-conscious form, we defeated our purpose and handicapped our play. Instead of relaxing our audience and bringing them to the thought, "Why do this play", - as we'd hoped to do, - we puzzled them, embarrassed them, threw them even more on the defensive than they are when they step into a Critique!

To acknowledge this was, as I say, good education; as was the Critique altogether, - a horrendous and wonderful experience. To have exposed the actors to it was, of course, risking all my status and authority as their director. But it gave me a valuable perspective and a sort of humility which I had no choice but to share with them. Theatre-people are so terribly inclined to kid themselves, as well as their competitors, and the public. We need the encouragement of believing in ourselves, and in what we are doing. It releases our creative energies. If our critics are hard on something we've worked on and love, we're inclined to say they're prejudiced, ignorant, or jealous. We flatter each other and flatter ourselves. We're superstitious, and though our great justification for the profession is the Search for Truth we're too often unwilling to face the truth about our own efforts. Young people should, by nature be more honest than older ones; but their loyalties, on the other hand, are inclined to be blind.

I was really surprised, and really impressed to find, among my actors, a number whose loyalty to Tobias was not merely intensified by the Critique's harsh treatment, - this one would expect, as a healthy reaction; but whose loyalty to the production was enlightened by the Critique. I may be presumptuous in putting this into my own words, but what I strongly felt, after we, as a company had reviewed the Critique was something like this collective expression:

"We have a reason, a good reason for doing Tobias. But we didn't
get it across. The criticisms proved that, (though, of course, some were frivolous, others whacky, but the best of them did show that,) so now we must concentrate our thoughts and our skills to get it across."

At any rate, I felt that the final performance bore this out. It was quite a creditable Opening, and Closing, Night. No one could regret, more deeply than I that it came so late, and that its satisfactions, therefore, were so diluted; but perhaps, given the circumstances, it could not have come otherwise. I am not the one to judge it, of course, yet I must say I consider the entire experience, and I mean for almost everyone involved in it, darn good education.
Boston University School of Fine & Applied Arts
Division of Theatre Arts

GRADUATE THESIS PRODUCTIONS
Authorization Procedure

Name of Student: Chouteau Chapin
Play: Tobias and the Angel
Author: James Bridie

PROCEDURE

1. Authorization:

[Signature]
Directing Chairman
Division Chairman

2. Tentative dates registered with:

[Signature]
Production Manager

3. Production timetable completed:

[Signature]
Production Manager

4. Student designers assigned:

[Signature]
Production Manager
Chairman of Design

5. Design scheme approved:

[Signature]
Chairman of Design

6. Production Expense:

PROPOSED BUDGET
ACTUAL BUDGET

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TOTAL: $87.00

7. Budget approved:

[Signature]
Division Chairman
CRITIQUE

Notes on the criticisms from Faculty, and some students, and some indication of their effect:

Dr. Ehrenberger's "Silly Book, silly play, ... a monstrosity!", oddly enough, neither angered nor totally depressed us. It was discouraging, but at the same time, peculiarly inspiring. That just goes to show how important it is who makes the criticism, - how much respect you have for him and for his judgement; and how aware you can be of the conditions under which it is expressed...... what it is currently popular to call the "existential situation". So the effect was to make us want to relieve the situation: to justify our delight in the Book, our belief in the play, and try to give it a better-knit, better-coordinated and livelier performance.

Mr. Hirsh's astute observance that the cast seemed afraid of the play and insecure therefore, in its performance brought some of us to the honest admission that this had been true, with the salubrious effect of reducing the fear to "fear itself" and so releasing inhibited energies, enabling concentration, - which bore good fruit in the final performance.

Mr. Kazanoff's imaginative concept of the play's essential qualities, and values: it's the Story of a Journey, from a sheltered family-atmosphere where an immature boy hugs his little dog, into the Great World of growing up, with its attendant perils and rewards, - gave me, as director at least, very valuable objectivity and practical help in working for the performance's improvement.

Some of the other, minor objections and suggestions were observed in our final performance, too: we eliminated the real little dog, as too distracting; we cut out the Prologue; we made a better costume for the Angel.

* * * * * * * * *

In the Faculty discussion after the final performance, there was a general expression of gratification at its improvement. The all-important fact that it was a Comedy seemed to have been got over, at last! We speculated, further, as to how it might be, or have been directed: Mr Thommen saw it, Medieval-style, progressing in a circle of small stages; Mr. Kazanoff explored some of the psychological implications of Sara's daemonic possession. I was happy to find some of my fellow-directors beginning to be caught up in some of the provocative lures that had captured me in, and through Tobias and the Angel!
Boston University School of Fine and Applied Arts  
Division of Theatre Arts  

GRADUATE THESIS PRODUCTION  

Production Timetable

Student  Chouteau Chapin  
Play  Tobias and the Angel  
Author  James Bridie  
Date of approval by Faculty Committee  Wed. March 9th

<table>
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<th>Event</th>
<th>Date</th>
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<tr>
<td>Casting, Thursday and Friday</td>
<td>Mar. 30</td>
<td>SFA, Room 468</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rehearsals begin</td>
<td>April 4</td>
<td>SFA, Room 468</td>
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<tr>
<td>Final (4) week of rehearsals</td>
<td>April 25th</td>
<td>Theatre, Room 210</td>
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<tr>
<td>Faculty Critique</td>
<td>Apr. 29</td>
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<tr>
<td>Performances</td>
<td>May 2</td>
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<td>Tuesday matinee</td>
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<td>Defense of Production Plan</td>
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Completed Thesis Production Book due for final faculty review and approval,  
Monday May 16, 1960  (two weeks after performances)
REHEARSALS
and Technical Work

* Monday April 4 – Tuesday April 12: in Room 468, Admiral Bldg.
  Reading, character discussion (continued at Howard
  Johnsons, etc.) blocking; parallel choreography rehearsals.
  Conferences with Designers and Staff.
April 13 – April 16 EASTER HOLIDAY: individual coaching.
April 18 – 19: (last two days of HOLIDAY) All day and evening
  rehearsals in the Theatre, on stage and forestage.
  Technical
Wed. Apr 20th begin set-construction
Thurs. Apr. 21 prop list communicated cont.*
  final costumes approved pianist assigned
  Acting
* rehearsals continue, aft. & eve.
Wed. Apr 20th
Thurs. Apr. 21 rehearse Acts I & III
  corrections & scenes
Fri. Apr. 22 – Sunday Apr. 24 continued as above, hereafter with music.
  set put up
Mon Apr. 25 costume parade ACT II
Tues Apr. 26 " I and III
  some set painting
Wed. Apr. 27 cont. " "
  hang available lights
Thurs. Apr. 28 " & focus lights
  rough outline of Prologue
  First Technical Rehearsal --- with actors.
Fri. Apr. 29 Dress Rehearsal and Critique ---
Sat. Apr. 30 Lights added, corrected Discussion of Critique
  in costume
  afternoon reh of ½ the play.
Sun May 1 Two Runs-through (not in costume) with lights in costume
Mon May 2 set repainted and TWO PERFORMANCES

* see sample Rehearsal Calls.
BOSTON UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF FINE AND APPLIED ARTS
855 Commonwealth Avenue

APPLICATION FOR USE OF THE BUILDING

Room desired: 416

Date desired: 11/3 - 11/6

Time: 3:00-10:00 pm

Purpose of Meeting: Grand Rehearsal

Sponsoring Organizations: SFAA

Signee: [Signature]

Address: 55 Queenberry St.

Approved: [Signature]

Not Approved: [Signature]

Date: 11/6

Richard R. Joaquim
Coordinator of Performance Functions

and for parallel Choreography-Rehearsals.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF FINE AND APPLIED ARTS
855 Commonwealth Avenue

APPLICATION FOR USE OF THE BUILDING

Room desired: 416

Date desired: 4/16/60

Time: 11-6 p.m.

Purpose of Meeting: Rehearsal

Sponsoring Organizations: SFAA

Signee: [Signature]

Address: 55 Queenberry St., Boston

Approved: [Signature]

Not Approved: [Signature]

Date: 4-8-60

Richard R. Joaquim
Coordinator of Performance Functions
"Tobias"

WED. 4/20
Rm. 468
3:30 I,1
7:30 I,2

Thu. 4/21
Rm. 468
3:30 I,1
7:30 I,2

Subject to change
Watch board

TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL

Rehearsal Schedule

April 4 to 9

Mon. 8:30 - 5:30 Act I
Mon. 7:30 - 10:00 Act I
Tue. 8:30 - 5:30 Tobias and Sara
Tue. 7:30 - 10:00 Act II
Wed. 8:30 - 5:30 Act II
Thu. 8:30 - 5:30 Act II
Thu. 7:30 - 10:00 Act III
Fri. 8:30 - 5:30 Act II
Fri. 7:30 - 10:00 Act I-1, Act III-2
Sat. 9:00 - 12:00 Tobias

W.E.W.
S.M.
Boston University
School of Fine and Applied Arts
Division of Theatre Arts
*Graduate Thesis Production
TOBIAS AND THE ANGELS
by
James Bridie

Directed by
CHOUTEAU DYER CHAPIN
MAY 2, 1960

CAST

Tobit
Dennis R. Allen
Tobias
Joel Dorfman
Anna
Joyce Cohen
Raphael
Neil Clark
Fish
Joetta Stevenson
Bandit
Clarence Stevenson
Sara
Vivian Schindler
Sherah
Madeline Winston
Tamkah
Joetta Stevenson
Azorah
Melanie Tarkenton
Kirrah
Babette Hanauer
Shomari
Rona M. Adler
Sam
Martin Bard
Asmodeus
G. Olawale Rotimi
Vivian Schindler
Clarence Stevenson

The Scene is laid in Mesopotamia and in Northern Persia. The time is
before the reign of Ahasuerus.
Act I, Scene 1 Tobit’s hovel in Ninevah, and the land outside. Late
afternoon.
Scene 2 On the banks of the Tigris, next day.
INTERMISSION
Act II, Scene 1 Raguel’s house in Ecbatana. A month later.
Scene 2 The same. Next morning.
INTERMISSION
Act III, Scene 1 The well of the Khan, at Kifri. Some weeks later.
Scene 2 Tobit’s hovel in Ninevah, and the land outside.
A few days later

PRODUCTION STAFF

Stage Manager
William Woolverton
Assistant Stage Manager
Frank Childs
Scenic Designer
Harriet Kaufman
Costume Designer
Robert Lehan
Lighting Designer
William Thrasher
Choreography by
Judith Abbott

TECHNICAL STAFF

Louis Ponderosa, Harriet Landsman, Gail Cooper, Barbara Estrow,
Linda Eskinas, Myron Finkelstein, Robert Bruchman, Joel
Dorfman, Dennis Allen

*As partial fulfillment of requirements for the Master of Fine Arts
degree.
TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL

by

James Bridie

adapted by

Chouteau Chapin

for

Graduate Thesis Production

Boston University

S.F.A.A.

May 2, 1960
On cue from Stage Manager:

**LIGHTS #1**: House Lights out; Cyc up full in yellow, rest of stage dark, except for:

Spot on the doorway, d.l. w here

1. Tobit discovered, entering, with a slim, flat book in his hands. He stands erect, speaks directly, naturally, to the audience, as the Narrator.

2. **MUSIC #1**: Tobias Theme - to - Processional.

Characters, as named, cross before the lighted cyc, in silhouette. Each should suggest, in his brief appearance, the characteristic attitude, slightly exaggerated, of his role:

- Tobias carries his fish pole, and his (stuffed) dog;
- His Mother, Anna, stops to shrug, raise her hands, hurry after her boy,
- The Fish executes her Dolphin-arches,
- The Bandit flourishes his knife,
- Sara (now to the Processional music) is followed by:
  - Two maidens, single file, each with a laurel-bough held high;
  - Sheerah with her lyre,
  - Raguel, followed by the last bough-toting maiden, and
  - Sam, with tall turban, very ceremonious indeed.

This is a continuous stream, though the "screen" (cyc) should hold only two persons or groups of persons at a time. When the procession has passed, -

Tobit opens his Book and reads from it, quoting directly from the Apocryphal BOOK OF TOBIT, (with a few interpolations, as indicated by underscoring in ink)

3. **LIGHTS 1A**: Tobit's spot dims out

Tobit crosses to bench, d.s.l., setting his Book by the proscenium as he passes it, when he is seated on the bench:

**LIGHTS #2**: Stage lights up, - afternoon in the hut and in the yard outside.
The Book of Tobit tells a story about 2700 years old. In this play, I am Tobit, and — here come the characters in my book:

(Characters parade)

my son Tobias, with his dog, Toby
His mother Anna,
The monster fish Tobias killed
The Bandit that he terrified
Sara, with her attendant maidens
Her father, Raguel and his manservant.

I, Tobit, walked in the ways of truth and righteousness all the days of my life, and I performed many acts of charity to my brethren and countrymen who went with me into the land of the Assyrians, to Nineveh. I would give them my bread, and my clothing to the naked; and if I saw any one of my people dead, and thrown out behind the wall of Nineveh, I would bury him. When the bodies were sought by the king they were not found. Then, one of the men of Nineveh went to the king and informed the king about me, that I was burying them. Then all my property was confiscated, and I was blinded. All that was left to me was my wife Anna, and my son, Tobias.
1. **WARN SOUND #1**
   Tobit's been asleep, facing d. on the bench. After a moment he wakes, (though he doesn't open his eyes now, as he is blind.) He stretches, rises, stumbles on the 6" step at the edge of the stage; recovers his balance, gropes his way u.l. -

2. He knocks the candlestick, catches it, places it on the bench, l. end.

3. Gropes a few steps r. towards the doorway, feels with his foot.

4. Sits r. end of bench, facing dr.

5. **SOUND #1**: dog barks several times.

   Tobit is old, and somewhat stooped, not very expert at getting about without his stick. He is pious, but not the least bit sanctimonious. He has a strong character, a gentle manner, a lovely sense of humor. He is garrulous, gay, - almost abnoxiuously cheerful at times. By no means withdrawn into his blindness, he is still eminently sociable and alert. He has the inner peace of the truly good.
ACT I - Scene 1.

Unerr. Tut, tut. Clumsy old fellow. Tottering about like a sturdied sheep. My stick. My stick. Now where did I leave my stick? Dear, dear, I'll be forgetting my prayers next. Let me think. Let me think. I was thinking about my grandmother and I sat down there. Or was it there? I must get my bearings. This bit of the floor is warm. Yes. That's the door. The sun is streaming in. It can't be long before sunset. Dear. Stick, where are you? It isn't very loyal of you to forget me like this. It isn't like you at all to leave your poor old blind centipede without his antenna. It isn't very Missapp boiled. And I wanted to go. "Oh. The Governor's garden is nice in the cool of the evening. The almond blossoms are falling and I can't find my stick. What a misfortune!" (A Dog barks.) That's Toby at
Tobias is a simple boy with, we should hope, much of his father's flair for the comic, though in a different form. He's not grown up, but though he is timid he should be ready to grow. The rebellious spirit of adolescence is hidden, though some of its sulkiness is sometimes apparent. He really enjoys his father's company, and his mother's indulgence. He also enjoys being master, to his little dog.

**TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL**

**ACT I**

last. I can hear him snuffling and the patter of his little feet. Tobias can't be far off. Tobias! Hurry, Tobias, and help me to find my stick.

[Enter Tobias and his dog. 

TOBAS. Well, daddy. Had your walk yet?

TOBIT. No, not yet, sonny. I can't find my stick, somehow. I've been trying to think where I put it, but my wits have gone wool-gathering as usual, and I can't remember.

TOBAS. Here it is, daddy; you should keep hold of it.

TOBIT. Oh, thank you, thank you. You are a great comfort to me, sonny, and - a proper old assistant. I am like an old bat fluttering about the room in the candlelight. I nearly knocked down the seven-branched candlestick. What do you think of that? Isn't it lucky we aren't still in our fine house in Leviathan Avenue? I'd have broken the Chaldean vases and tumbled down the marble stairs, and bumped myself all over in the corridors.

TOBAS. Well, we could have afforded a couple of slaves to lead you about.

TOBIT. I suppose we could. But, do you know, sonny, I never got quite used to a great houseful of slaves. I did hate bothering them. And they said whatever they liked to me. You remember that fellow Rasik, my head valet?

TOBAS. Mother and I always say that if he had looked after you properly and had chased away the sparrows from your bed in the courtyard, you would never have got cataract, and you would be able to see today.

TOBIT. No, no. You mustn’t talk like that. You mustn’t blame Rasik and the poor little sparrows for an act of God.

TOBAS. He was a slovenly, careless, big, black bully, anyhow. He bullied you. 
TOBIT. Oh, not very much—Not very much. No more than one expects to be bullied by one's servants. Preposterous. I have always used to make it clear to them either too hot or too cold. I remember one day saying, 'Rasik, don't they give you enough to eat in the kitchen?' And he said, 'Oh, so-so.' And I said, 'Are you-boiling your unfortunate master because you are hungry? If you are, please give my compliments to cook and tell her I prefer to be served with caper-sauce.' Joking with him, you see. And Rasik said, 'Apple-sauce and beans more likely.' I thought that was going a bit too far. I mean, I like a joke as well as anyone, but he knew quite well what my religious convictions were on the subject of pig, so I said, 'Rasik,' I said, 'I sometimes doubt if you realise where wit stops and impertinence begins.' And he said in quite an impudent voice, 'Ho!' he said, 'Ho. You are only a Jew after all.' Only, mind you. And I said, 'Rasik, I don't think that is any way to speak to your employer.' And Rasik said . . .

TOBIAS. Long time since you were at that part, I think. I should have ordered him a dose of bastinado.

TOBIT. I suppose it would have been a sort of a revenge.

TOBIAS. And a very good one.

TOBIT. No, no, sonny. I don't think you realise how painful the bastinado can be. It is worse than bunions, and I have had both.

TOBIAS. I know, daddy. But the fact remains that you were always too good-natured with servants and everyone else. And look where it has brought us.

TOBIT. Well? Isn't it nice? I have no more servants to bother me now. Only you and mamma.

TOBIAS. I know. You always say it makes life easier to be poor; but it is hard on mamma, after being head of a big establishment to go out scrubbing offices all day.

l. rises, xs u.l. to get a snack for Toby, which he takes to feed him d.r.
1. Tobias x's u.l. behind hut, goes up ladder offstage till he can be seen above the hut, looking off, U.R.

2. he comes down, to Tobit.

3. rises. Tobias pulls bench halfway out the doorway of the hut. Tobit's helped to sit on it there.

4. Then Tobias x's to his dog, plays with him and with his fishpole during the following dialogue, seated on the stage-edge, d.r.

Tobit: The work is hard, but it keeps her so fit... Step up on the roof, son, and see if you can see your mother coming. I remember she had terrible pains in the abdomen whenever I stayed out a little late at a meeting, and frightful headaches whenever I asked some unfortunate Jewish brother to dinner. Doctors were never out of the house. And now she has nothing but housemaid's knee.

Tobias: Too dusty to see much of anything, Daddy.

Tobit: Oh, well, she'll be along soon. Move my bench into the sun, will you, sonny? It's hard on you, though, our losing our money.

Tobias: Oh, I'm all right, really. It's much better fun running errands and holding horses and fishing and knocking about with my dog than spending my days in that snobbish, boring university, and my nights making myself sick at dinner-parties and pretending to be in love with screeching dancing-girls. You have the worst of it yourself.

Tobit: I'm sorry I can't go to Jerusalem now. I feel it more at this time of the year—round about Pentecost. I always used to go to Jerusalem.

Tobias: It doesn't look like a very lively Pentecost for us.

Tobit: Oh, it may not be so bad. My nephew, Achiacharus, may remember us again this year, the kind fellow.

Tobias: Achiacharus! If I were the King's accountant I think I should be ashamed to allow my own uncle to live in a hovel.

Tobit: Now, now, Tobias. Achiacharus has been very kind. He is a very busy man. I had hoped he might have found a job for you somewhere, sonny, but he is quite right to have no favourites, quite right.

Tobias: I wish I had caught a fish to-day.

Tobit: It is the happier for the fish that you haven't. Your mother may bring something home.

Tobias: I should have caught a fish. But there was a crowd of Assyrian loafers fishing from the jetty and I
ACT I

TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL

was afraid. You remember last week they beat me and threw me in the river for pushing in among them. And I wasn't pushing hard either.

TOBIT. I am sure you weren't, sonny. It is strange that you are timid. Your mother isn't timid since the Lord took away our money. And I don't seem to be much afraid of anything.

TOBIAS. That is true. You are as brave as a lion. But that is because you belong to a generation that had no nerve.

TOBIT. It is true of all new generations. Our father Adam must have been a very tough gentleman indeed, I often think. It's a great misfortune for you, sonny, that you are so timid. I cannot be glad enough that you were born too late to see the burning and ravishing and throat-slitting and pillage that I have seen.

Ah, here comes your mother now. I'm afraid her agma's bothering her again. It's the evening chill brings it on. 

(ANNA enters) 

Well, my darling, had a hard day at the office?

ANNA. Not particularly today. I was working in the Government offices today. It is a pleasant rest to work in the Government offices. It is their reposeful atmosphere that is so soothing.

TOBIT: (A kid bleats at the door.) What's that, Anna?

ANNA. It sounds like a kid bleating.

TOBIT. A kid? What kid?

ANNA. A kid I brought home this evening.

She takes a rope, hands it to Tobias)

Tobias, sonny, take this bit of rope and tether him for mamma. I left him hobbled at the head of the lane, by the fountain. There's a good boy!

TOBIAS: Is he fractious?

ANNA: Certainly not; just thirsty. Give him some water.

(TOBIAS exits)

Note on ANNA: Her distinctive character seems to be made of a combination of stock-characters: the practical, almost shrewish wife of a saintly man; (but too loving to be a real shrew); the indulgent, sentimental Jewish mother who loves to dramatize every situation; the woman-of-the-world who deplores having "come down in the world". The consistent characteristic is her femininity. She is all woman: staunch, warm and strong under a finicky, sometimes absurd manner, intuitive to the point of superstition.
2. **WARN LIGHTS #3**
   2. Anna's at the R. of Tobit.

3. x's, above, Tobit, into the hut.

4. Stops, turns back to face Tobit.

5. Gets broom, sweeps out the hut, and into the dooryard, coming to the R. of Tobit on the bench. (by the end of this speech)

6. **LIGHTS #3:** a slow dim to dusk, begins.

---

**TOBIT**: Fellow-Jews, my dear. I was only obeying our Jewish Law.

**ANNA**: As if we lived in Jerusalem? The law here is against burial . . . .

**TOBIT**: But we're told to confess our God before the Gentiles, Anna. Oh, my dear, we've been all over this before You know I couldn't leave my co-religionists to be eaten by jackals and vultures.

**ANNA**: Co-religionists! Rascals, the lot of them who were
better dead and should have been eaten. And a fine lot of thanks he got for it too.

And there's that young prig of an Achiacharus with his stuck-up barbarian of a Peloponnesian wife. Round they come about once in two years with their soup and their blankets as if we were paupers. And Tobias getting no education and running about wild with his silly little log. And what about all those business friends whose debts you cancelled? I suppose they are always dropping in to see if good old Tobit is all right and to have a chat with him over old times? Are they? Are they not? Not one of them. They are laughing at you, do you hear? Laughing at you.

TOBIT. Oh, dear, dear. You must be very miserable, Anna, that all these evil thoughts come out all over you like prickly heat. It's my fault, dear. I made you miserable. I'm a wicked old man.

ANNA. I wish to goodness you were. The kids all right. Old Jason the Greek gave it to me. He threw it in with my wages. He was a drunk. I meant it for a surprise for you.

TOBIT. And I thought you were telling lies. Oh, the low, dirty mind I have. God forgive me, I'm of little use in the world.

ANNA. You are not. You are not. It was all the little beast's fault for bleating when it did. You are an old angel. Come, I'll light the oil-lamp and feed the fire. It will cheer me up, and that will make you happy.

TOBIT. Where are those old parchments you were playing with? They'll help to make a blaze.

ANNA. Here they are, Anna. There's a cold wind now the sun has set.

ANNA. You are sure they are of no importance?

TOBIT. Quite. They are receipted bills, most of them. I liked the feel of them.

ANNA. It is a pity to destroy anything that helps to pass the long, dark days for you.

1. x's U.R. to pick up her bundle, brings it to U.L corner of the hut.

2. LIGHTS #3. Anna turns through to Tobit.

3. x's to the R. of Tobit.

4. sits, to R. of Tobit, on bench.

5. pats his hand.

6. Both rise, Anna moves bench to its former position in the hut; then Tobit sits on it. Anna then takes a "spill" from brazier, d.l. to the wall-lamp, c. of hut's rear wall.

7. LIGHTS #3A. Lamp-light inside hut. Anna x's back to Tobit.

8. Tobit takes 3 parchments fm. pock.

9. Anna takes parchments to brazier.
Tobias. It is a pity to destroy anything at all. But these put foolish thoughts into my head. Burn them, burn them all.

Anna. Oh, look! Here is the jeweller's bill for my old tiara of ten great topazes. I wonder where the tiara is now? The receipt is yellow with age. Ah, well. There it goes.

Tobit. Burn them all. Don't read them. It will make your heart ache for the silly, wicked old days.

Anna. Gabeal? Gabeal? Who was that, Tobit?


Anna. How many talents?

Tobit. Ten. I'm almost sure it was ten.

Anna. Yes, yes. It says ten here. Three thousand shekels.

Tobit. It seems a lot of money now.

Anna. It is a lot of money. Has he paid it back?

Tobit. No. I didn't expect him to. I lent him it because...

Anna. But at what per cent.? Payable when? On what security?

Tobit. Free of interest, of course. Old Gabrius was very good to me when I was a lad. Besides, I'm no disherunter, whatever else I may be.

Anna. But there must be interest. He must pay you at the bank rate at least. Is he still alive? Where is he now?

Tobit. In Media or Persia, I believe. He was starting a silk factory at a place called Rages. He was short of capital and I...

Anna. A silk factory? Where?

Tobit. Rages, I think the name was.

Anna. Rages! Oh, Tobit you are a stupid old ass.

[ 14 ]
TOBIT. I know that, light of my eyes, but I don't follow...

ANNA. Did you never hear of Rages spikenard? Of Rages frankincense? Of Gabael's Rages musk? Yes, yes! That's the name.

TOBIT. Yes. Horrible stinks they are. The ladies in the Governor's garden make the air loathsome with them. The other day I felt quite ill. There was a woman...

ANNA. Never mind about her. Don't you realise that your friend Gabael...

TOBIT. He isn't exactly a friend, dearest. He...

ANNA. Don't interrupt. That he must be a millionaire by now?

TOBIT. Well, I am glad if the Lord has prospered him, though I could have wished that he had chosen... They say somewhere that money does not stink... but I should think...

ANNA. Oh, think of your ten talents! Think of what they are now—after twenty years at I don't know what per cent. Listen. We must send Tobias to Rages at once, at once. Ten talents! We could move to a decent house in a decent district! We could have slaves. And no more staircases to scrub!

TOBIT. But Gabael will have forgotten all about it.

ANNA. Well, remind him, man, remind him! Here is his note of hand. Now don't say it would be inconsiderate to remind him, or I shall fall down on the floor and foam at the mouth.

TOBIT. Very well. Whatever you say, dear. After all he will no doubt like to be reminded.

Anna: Tobias must go, at once. We can't afford to lose any time. Gabael might drop down dead.

Tobit: oh, I hope not.

Anna: I hope not, too. You'll tell Tobias he must go?

Tobit: Yes, I'll tell him. Poor lad, what a terrible journey.

It's forty days' march to Rages.

Anna: He must go, and that's all there is to it. It will do him good.

Tobias: (calling from outside) Daddy! Mamma! Toby's behaving very oddly...he's growling and the hairs are all standing up on his back. He won't come in the house!

Anna: Is there someone in the lane?

Tobias: No, I don't see anyone. That's the funny thing. But I feel... oh, do you think it could be a djinn?

Tobit: Very unlikely. Djinns and afreets don't bother poor folk.

Tobias: I wish I thought so.

Tobit: Are you frightened, sonny?

Tobias: Yes, a bit. I don't know why. It's the dog, I think. I never knew him to behave that way before.

Tobit: Take my hand, sonny. It is steady, isn't it? Why should you be afraid in the daylight when I am not afraid in the dark? (Dog yelps outside) The poor dog is afraid. I'll go bring him in.

Anna: Tobit, don't go out! There is something! I... I feel it, too... a Presence'.
11. (They wait. The ARCHANGEL RAPHAEL appears, disguised as a porter, carrying a great basket.)

Raphael: Peace be on this house.

Tobit: And remain with you on all your travels. Thank you very much, sir. Won't you come in?

Raphael: Thank you, I will come in. Tobias: He's only a porter, Father. It's all right.

Raphael: I have brought you some pomegranates, some roast quail, some wine and some arrack. They are intended to eke out your Pentecostal dinner.

Tobit: From my nephew, Achiacharus, the King's accountant. How kind of him! Anna, my dear. . .

Anna: I'm all of a tremble.

Tobias: Don't shake, mother, it's only the porter from Achiacharus. Look what he's brought us!

Raphael: Your servant, ma'am.

Anna: God be with you, my man. You startled me. What is all this?

Tobit: From Achiacharus. Wasn't it nice of him to remember us?

Anna: Humph, no doubt. I wish his memory were a little less fitful. Are you in Government employment, Porter?

Raphael: Yes, in a sense.

Anna: I thought you looked too fine to be a casual porter. What department do you work in?

Raphael: The Courts.

Anna: Oh! I've worked there and I don't recall your face. Have you been there long?

Raphael: Yes.

Anna: Well, I've never seen you before. It's curious.

Tobit: You have to keep looking downwards to your work, Anna dear. You must look up to see a big fellow like the porter here. . . . It must have been hard work carrying all these good things. Will you have a glass of wine?

Raphael: No, I thank you. A little water.

Tobit: Are you sure?

Raphael: Yes. I am a teetotaller.

Tobit: As you wish. Far be it from me to force any man to drink against his convictions. It is rare to find any convictions at all these days. Tobias, run out and bring in the water-skin. . . . He hasn't even forgotten the little dog. Here is a bone for Toby. Tobias, untie Toby and bring him in. We have a treat for him.

Note on Raphael: His angelic character endows him with a superior awareness but he must never be "snooty" with his human friends. He enjoys his work, and especially this assignment. Little jokes such as his "job with the Courts" are for his private amusement, and the audience's as they come to appreciate his identity. But he truly admires Tobit and should enjoy this visit with him. Though he's a fun-loving angel he would never deliberately scare Anna; rather, he puts her at her ease as soon as may be. And while he will always direct Tobias, he will not bully him. He has vitality, poise and great charm.
TOBIA (looking doubtfully at RAPHAEL). He wouldn't come in, father. It is very strange.

TOBIT. Don't mind my son, Mr. Porter. He is a nervous lad. Strangers upset him. I'll tell you what we shall do. You will stay with us for dinner. Then you won't be a stranger any longer. Give him a cup of water, Tobias. It is so pleasant to find a porter who drinks water.

RAPHAEL. Thank you, Tobias.

TOBIA. You know my name.

RAPHAEL. Yes. (He drinks.) There is nothing wonderful about that. I heard your father calling you Tobias. You have spilled some of the water. You must pull yourself together.

TOBIA. I don't know what sort of porter you are, but...

TOBIT. I am sure he is an excellent porter, or he would not be employed by Achiacharus. Dear me, what strength of character it must require to carry heavy loads all through the hot day and to remain a teetotaller. Well, well. We shall have quite a feast. Very jolly and convivial indeed. Quite like old times. . . Quite like old times. And now, will you honour us by taking your place at our poor table? I think—(he sniffs)—the dinner is ready.

[The people stand round the bench till Tobit says grace, and then recline on the floor—all except Anna, who serves the meal and eats as she may. Tobias first carries round the chagul and pours a little water on the hands of Tobit and his guest.]

TOBIT. Oh, Jahveh, bless this food and wine. And sit among us when we dine. Protect the poor, Amen.

Well, Mr. Porter, I cannot see you eat, but I can hear you, and I shall be very vexed if I do not hear you crunching and swallowing heartily. A cup of wine with you,

1. he has looked off, at the proscenium, R., now x's back through doorway of hut, to R. of Raphael

2. Anna shrugs helplessly.

3. x

4. packs up a step

5. Tobit x's D.L. sniffing quail on brazier

6. continues x, assisted by Tobias at his elbow, to above c. of bench

7. LIGHTS #4 to night outside.

8. Tobit pulls out cushion and sits on it. Raphael sits on floor, r. end of bench; Tobias on edge of stage, l. end of bench. Anna, throughout the meal, squats d.l. by brazier when she is not serving: first, wine, (which Raphael refuses) Tobit & Tobias accept. Tobit raises his cup.
ACT I

1. drinks.

2. drinks, then toasts Tobias. (Anna is serving the quails)

3. Tobias turns to his mother, who's been serving bread around. She pats him on the shoulder.

TOBIT. How I wish Achiacharus were here to see the pleasure he is giving. You will tell him, Mr. Porter, how much we enjoyed his kindness?

RAPHAEL. Achiacharus did not send you this dinner.

TOBIT. Eh? Who did, then?

RAPHAEL. I am afraid that must be a secret. Shall we pretend that Jahweh Himself sent it?

TOBIT. Yes. Capital. Let us. It makes it all more exciting and it has the merit of being true. Your health, sir. And your health too, my dear son. You are going on a journey.

TOBIT. What do you say?

TOBIT. Have you been across the mountains to Media, Mr. Porter?

RAPHAEL. Yes. I have.

TOBIT. They say it is very beautiful in Media, with its great snow-capped hills, coloured like coral, and its fountains and vines, and cool dark green poplar groves and pretty walled gardens.

RAPHAEL. Yes. It is a difficult journey with a pleasant ending.

TOBIT. Ah, yes. Very long and difficult they tell me. There will be dangers to the body, sonny, and dangers to the spirit.

RAPHAEL. Thieves and demons.

TOBIT. So I have heard. So I have heard.

TOBIT. What is he talking about, mother?

ANN. Have patience, my lamb. Listen to what he has to say.

TOBIT. I don't know about thieves. You won't have much to steal. But I can guard you against demons. At least I can tell you how to avoid them.

Sonny, when I am dead, bury me. And look after your mother always.
Mr. Porter, are you getting all you want? . . . Don't forget the God, sonny, and he will do fairly by you as he does to all good men. If he gives you any money, let the poor have some of it. If you can only give a little, give that and don't be ashamed of it. It is wicked to be ashamed about money, and very foolish too. Even a little charity is a good investment against black days and death and destruction. . . . Aya. I think he'll enjoy the journey, don't you, Mr. Porter? Travel is a grand thing for a young man if he doesn't play the fool with it. It enlarges the soul and enriches the memory. Only you mustn't play the fool. Girls, now, sonny, you'll see them making eyes at you all along the way. They'll tell you with their eyes that you are a fine fellow, but they don't really mean it. They'll waste your time and use up your thoughts till you become like a silly little dog running anxiously about in the sun. Keep your mind busy with proper things sonny, and say to yourself, "I'll marry a Jewish girl, as Noe did, and as Abraham did, and as Isaac and Israel did; and she'll know my ways, and we'll have a son of my own." A son is a great comfort. The best in the world, I think. Are you a married man, sir? 

Raphael. No.

Tobit. You will some day. Young men like you do well in the world. You will do well too, sonny. You are having a great chance now. You will have great gangs of men working for you one day. Pay them well, and pay them promptly. I always used to make a point of that. . . .

I think you will have a happy journey, my son, if you think first before you do anything at all: "Will this make me sick in the stomach to think of afterwards?" Getting drunk, for instance. A very little wine will make you happy if it is going to make you happy at all. Stop then, when you have had that little, for more will not make you any happier and will be only so much expense. . . . Fill my cup, Anna. Is our friend's cup empty? 

1. Pats Tobias' hand.

2. She does.
RAPHAEL. I am all right, thanks.

TOBIT. I am so sorry. I was forgetting. Where was I? Oh yes — so much more money, uselessly spent. And that is just foolishness. I don't want you to take money too seriously, sonny, but it doesn't last for ever, and therefore you should only give it where it will do some good. Money given to gamblers and harlots, for example, only does the poor creatures harm. That's so, isn't it, Mr. Porter?

RAPHAEL. That is so.

TOBIT. Then remember you cannot be expected to know everything, and ask advice where you can get it, and that is everywhere. Advice is quite cheap and often quite useful. And always say your prayers regularly.

TOBIAS. I will, father. But, father, I don't understand. What is this journey?

TOBIT. Didn't I tell you? Dear me, what a doddering old man I am. My thoughts keep running on and on after them. I'll tell you, sonny.

You will start to-morrow at sun-up. You will take a change of clothes, what money we can get together, and the kid your mother brought to-day. You will hold down the Tigris as far as Assur. Then you will take the camel track through the foothills of Assyria. You will ask the way there to the Pai-Tak Pass. A magical great wind will blow on you there and your ship will be rescued. You will climb through the Pass and you will come to the Rock of Kermanshah, where they will tell you how to get to Ecbatana. In Ecbatana an influential Jew called Raguel, one of mine, will doubtless give you shelter and further directions. He will tell you how to find Gabriel, the Jew of Rages. You will give Gabriel my kindest regards and ask him if it is convenient for him to return a small matter of talents advanced him twenty years ago.

TOBIT. Go with God, my son, and steer cautiously the ship of piety in a sea of passions.
1. Rises, x's d. 1. of Tobias, into the "white" light.

2. Anna says, "No, he's not!"

3. Tobias rises, draws back to his mother. Tobit rises, x's to the R. of the bench, and just below it.

TOBIAS. But, father... I'll do whatever you tell me, of course. You know best, naturally. But I've never done anything of this sort before... and I'm not much of a business man... and I've no sense of direction. I'd be simply petrified with fear if night came down in the mountains and I was all alone with the bandits and Djinns and Afreets.

TOBIT. I've been thinking of that. I'll try to arrange company for you. You might join a caravan. Perhaps our guest would take a message to Achiacharus. He may know of some...

RAPHAEL (standing up) I will go with the young man as his companion.

TOBIT. That is very good of you. Very good of you indeed. You shouldn't lose by it of course. We can't pay very much, but we can scrape together a little. Only... well, you see the point is this... You see, Tobias is our only son, and perhaps we have rather spoiled him; but he isn't—I mean, it isn't as if he were an experienced man of the world. He isn't, is he, Anna? He is really younger than his age. And you see, we know so little about you. We haven't asked your name nor your history, and if you don't wish to tell us—well! But you see what I mean? We should have to know what tribe you belong to, and about your family, and so forth.

RAPHAEL. I beg your pardon. I understood that all you wanted was a hired man. If you wish your son to cross the Persian mountains processially accompanied by my tribe and family, I regret that I have no authority to speak for them.

TOBIT. Now I've offended you. What a miserable old man I am! Please don't be angry. We are naturally nervous about Tobias, and, to put an absurd instance, you might be an Assyrian strangler in disguise, and then where would poor Tobias be? Not that I think you would for a moment, after eating my salt; but stranglers are so impulsive, aren't they?
Raphael: I am neither an Assyrian nor a strangler.

My name is Azarias. I am the son of Ananias, the Nephthalite.

Tobit. Now, why on earth didn't you say so before?

Raphael. I hadn't thought of it.

Tobit. But I'm a Nephthalite myself, and I knew your father very well indeed. And his brother Jonathas too. And honest, decent pair of fellows. I met them often on the way to Assembly at Jerusalem.

Tobit. That accounts for your height. Listen to that, Anna. Isn't it splendid?

Anna. It is good news that he comes of decent people.

Tobit. The best stock in Asia. Don't be angry with me, my lad. Of course my sorrows will go with you.

Raphael. I am glad.

Tobit. Now about terms. Let me see. Let me see. As you know, I am not a rich man. I am ashamed to offer it to the son of Ananias, but what do you say to a drachma a day and all expenses, if the trip is a success, a five per cent. bonus when you return? Eh? What do you think?

Raphael. That will do very well.

Tobit. No, but think, man, think. That is no way to do business. You must haggle a little for better terms.

This is a business proposition, and business must be done decently and in order.

Raphael. I am like you, son. I am not a business man.

I will do what you ask for the wages you have proposed.

Anna. And the Lord knows where we shall raise them.

Tobit. Well, it is extremely irregular. Irregular in the extreme. But you seem a determined young man.

I shall not argue with you. So be it. Strike hands. (They strike hands.) So that's settled. Now, you must make a very early start to-morrow. What about going to bed? We must be up bright and early.

Oh, the dinner!

This was to be a feast. There were to be speeches and songs and stories, and I have spent the whole evening yattering and jammering like an old bull-frog. What must you think of us, Azarias?

Raphael. I think you are a most respectable old gentleman. And now it is time my young travelling companion was in his bed.

Tobit. You are quite right, Azarias. You fill me with confidence.

We shall first, however, say grace after meat and our evening hymn.

Anna, leave those pots alone.
1. The hymn is chanted, antiphonally. See musical score. (note: this approximates, from current knowledge of musicologists, what would be typical of the period and of the occasion. Myxolydian mode to suit the festive spirit.)

2. Tobias x's out to yard, looks off r. presumably to his dog.

3. Meets Raphael, who has x'd to hut's doorway.

4. Exits U.L. above hut, takes off outer wrap, puts halo prepares to mount ladder.

5. Anna x's above Tobit to Tobit, kisses him, then:

6. x's to blow out wall-lamp

7. Tobit kneels above Tobias, who has lain down, below beach, his head r.
Anna lies down, head u., D.L.

8 LIGHTS #7: Bright on Raphael who appears, arms raised as his wings show, above hut.

9. MUSIC #2: Benediction and Night Music etc.
LIGHTS #4: All dims out except ov.c, which remains dim, and Blue STRIPS which remain on for stage-shift.

Tobit: I will extol Jahveh that liveth forever; Others: Blessed be his kingdom.

Tobit: Confess him before the Gentiles, ye Children of Israel:
Others: For he hath scattered us among them.

Tobit: o Jerusalem, the Holy City, blessed are they which love thee:

Others: For they shall rejoice in thy peace.

Tobit: For Jerusalem shall be built up with sapphire and with emerald.

Others: And all her streets shall say, Alleluia.

Akl: Amen, and...

Raphael: Amen

Tobit: Will you sleep by the fire, Azarias?
Raphael: No, thank you, sir. I shall go up.
Anna: Up? 3
Tobit: I suppose he prefers to sleep on the roof, Anna. Do as you wish, Azarias, if you're not afraid of the chill. Good night then, and God bless you.
Anna: God bless you, Azarias.
Tobias: God bless you, Azarias. The dog is friends with you now.

Raphael: And God bless you. 4
Anna: Good night, Tobias, my son. 5 Come to bed, Tobit. 6

Tobit: Coming, my love. 7 And now, my son, God send you a good journey. Go then with Azarias, and God, who is in heaven, prosper your journey and the Angel of God keep you company.

Raphael: (on the roof above the hut) Amen. 9

END OF ACT I Scene 1.

SHIFT from I-1 to I-2

Tobit, Tobias Anna strike props to prop-room offstage.

Stagehands (2) from the audience where they've sat, set: Two Reed-Pieces; strike ladder UL, hut UR.

On cue from S.M.: LIGHTS #6: on Narrator, DL.

(MUSIC out under Narration)
So they both went out and departed, and the young man's dog was with them. The next morning, Anna began to weep and said to me, "Why have you sent our child away? Is he not the staff of our hands as he goes in and out before us? Do not add money to money, but consider it rubbish as compared to our child. For the life that is given to us by the Lord is enough for us.

And Tobit said to her, "Do not worry, my sister; he will return safe and sound, and your eyes will see him. For a good angel will go with him; his journey will be successful, and he will come back safe and sound. So she stopped weeping.

Now as they proceeded on their way they came at evening to the Tigris River.

RAPHAEL: Here we are at the Tigris River. Are you tired?

TOBIAH. Tired! My back and legs are made of ache, and pains in my chest and knees. My feet are red hot. My stomach is flopping about my ankles.

RAPHAEL. You must be in very inferior training.

TOBIAH. Well, you see, I spent most of this part of the year sleeping in the shade of the Governor's date-palms. I am not very much used to walking.

RAPHAEL. I am not used to walking either.

TOBIAH. I should have thought you were. How do you get about? You fly, I suppose?

RAPHAEL. Yes.

TOBIAH. I see. You are going to tell me another story. I like your stories very much, Azarias, but don't you think we could have something to eat?

RAPHAEL. Not yet. You are too hot and tired. It would make you ill. I think a swim would freshen you up. Can you swim?

TOBIAH. It is very nearly the only thing I can do, but I would have made a very good trout.

RAPHAEL. Well, take your clothes off and get into the river.

TOBIAH. Now that is what I should call a good idea. Isn't it, Tobykins? Come and have a nice swim with master. I say, you are full of good ideas, Azarias. Are you coming in too?
RAPHAEL. No. Not just now.
TOBIAS. Oh, why not?
RAPHAEL. If you must know, I have a slight abnormality in the region of my shoulder-blades. Nothing much, but I am sensitive on these matters. I always bathe alone.
TOBIAS. You are a funny chap. I have two birthmarks and a crop of pimples, but it doesn't worry me. I don't see why any thingummy on your shoulder-blades should worry you.
RAPHAEL. Will you kindly change the subject?
TOBIAS. What is it?
RAPHAEL. Get into the water. We have a fair distance to go before nightfall.
TOBIAS. Righto. You are a bully, Azarias. Here goes!

Ouch! It's like heaven with the lid off.

RAPHAEL. Don't swim out too far. There are nasty currents in the fairway.

TOBIAS. What say?
RAPHAEL. I said, Don't swim out too far.
TOBIAS. But I'm all right. I'm very much all right. . . . No . . . I'm not. What's this? Azarias, help! The fish, the fish! Oh, Azarias, it's swimming round me. It's looking for a place to bite. It's snapping at me. Oh, Azarias, its teeth! Its teeth!
RAPHAEL. Don't be a coward. Catch it by the little bags behind its jaw . . . and hold on!
TOBIAS. I can't. I can't. Keep away, you brute.
RAPHAEL. Do as I tell you.
TOBIAS. It's all very well. Ough! I've got him. By gum, he is strong!
RAPHAEL. Hold on. Hold on tight.

[He appears, naked except for a loincloth, dragging a gigantic mud-fish.]

That's right. Give a heave and pitch him on to the bank. Now grip him again.

TOBIAS. I've got him. I've hit him with my stick. He's dead. By gum, what a monster.

[He appears, naked except for a loincloth, dragging a gigantic mud-fish.]

TOBIAS. That's him.
RAPHAEL. That's he, you mean.
TOBIAS. He, then.

There's been nothing like him since the whale coughed up Jonas. Ho! If Jonas had been half the man I am he would have swallowed the whale. Isn't he beautiful, Azarias?
RAPHAEL. He is as beautiful as you are marvellous. The fire is ready for him. You will gut the fish and cut him into steaks and dry them in the sun. They will be useful on the journey.
TOBIAS. I will. Look here, Azarias, am I the hired man or are you?
RAPHAEL. I am the hired man. I am paid to guide "waves", swims on his back UR... Raphael retires a few steps R.

2. turns, swims DL. Now the Fish rises, heads towards Tobias
3. At U.C., Fish circles Tobias both rise, turn, coming to grips...

4. Fish bites Tobias' behind.

5. Fish flat, set for a push-up, executes a horizontal ½ flip over d. "waves." Flops a bit. Tobias puts one foot on him, reaches for his stick, appears to whack him. MUSIC stops, with the bang of the stick.
6. raises Fish, hold it upright, to his left.

8. Lays the Fish down, its head r.
TOBIAS. Oh, very well. [He follows RAPHAEL's instructions.]

RAPHAEL. Here is a cloth. Take first his liver and his gall and wrap them up.

TOBIAS. Why?

RAPHAEL. Because I say so. Put them in your pack.

TOBIAS. But why, Azarias? Please tell me why.

RAPHAEL. One never knows when they may come in handy.

TOBIAS. What is the use of a mud-fish's liver?

RAPHAEL. That is at once a physiological and a philosophical problem, Tobias, and I prefer not to answer it at present. Instead I shall tell you a story while you work.

TOBIAS. Thank you very much indeed.

RAPHAEL. Not at all. Once upon a time there was a king's daughter who had eyes like two full moons, teeth like a flock of Angora goats, and cheeks like a parcel of pomegranates swimming in blood.

TOBIAS. By gum, she must have been a pretty girl.

RAPHAEL. She was a lovely lady. But one day she fell ill and faded like a sick papyrus lily in the drought. She became pale and wan and could not move from her couch for the fluttering of her heart. The king's magicians . . .

TOBIAS. A friend of mine once knew a girl who was taken badly that way. She could hardly . . .

RAPHAEL. The king's magicians did what they could. They cast her horoscope not once but many times. They sacrificed a bat, a scorpion, a bull and an adder. They bled two hundred slaves till they died. They gave her a potion of herbs picked during the transit of Mercury and administered three times a day, with suitable incantations, before food.

TOBIAS. And it was of no use?
Tobias lifts the limp Fish onto his shoulder, fireman-style, starts to carry it to the water. He stops dead.

3. Tobias resumes his way, lays Fish in River, returns do.

4. x's way UR, just below bank of reeds.

5. Bandit, brandishing knife, stalks on above reeds, UR, then sits DC, bows with ironic flourish, to MUSIC #14

6. As Tobias retreats, in a semi-circle, Bandit stalks after him.

Tobias.

RAPHAEL. I should not go the length of saying that, Tobias, but it didn't help the king's daughter. She grew daily worse and worse. The king was at his wits' end.

RAPHAEL. On the borders of his kingdom there dwelt a woodcutter in a mean hut. His youngest son was called Sarabias. He was a half-wit.

The two brothers of Sarabias, who were called Arphaxad and Shimsham . . .

RAPHAEL. I beg your pardon, I did not catch the second brother's name.

RAPHAEL. Shimsham of Arphaxad and Shimsham, the brothers of Sarabias, one day made a feast. They ate for the feast a braxy ram.

RAPHAEL. Why a braxy ram?

RAPHAEL. They were glad to get it. As was their custom, they threw the offal to Sarabias, who sat by the door in the sun. At that moment one of the king's trumpeters passed rehearsing the latest news from the palace.

TOBIAS. And what was the latest news?

RAPHAEL. That the king's daughter had had nothing to eat for seven days and seven nights. Sarabias was sorry to hear this, and, taking up the liver of the braxy ram, he made what speed he could to the palace.

[ A Kurdish bandit appears behind RAPHAEL's back. His appearance strikes TOBIAS with terror, as well it may. He is armed to the teeth. ]

TOBIAS. Oh, look, Azarias! Look! Look! [RAPHAEL stops his story and looks at his bands. He does not turn round. ]

THE BANDIT. Salaam aleikum. I perceive you have been indulging in the gentle pastime of angling. A happy sport, by Allah. And perhaps the one a judicious person would choose for his last day on earth. For most unfortunately you have chosen the stretch of river held sacred by my fathers to pollute it with your lines and bait.
ACT I

TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL

So you must die, you two young men. And die, I fear, most horribly. But I am a humane man, and as I see, sir, that you are a foul Jehudi, I can only conclude that, like the rest of your repulsive race, you are dripping with gold, jewels and precious stones. To pass the time pleasantly for a few minutes, I am prepared to bargain with you for what no doubt you consider your not entirely worthless lives. Otherwise my duty will impel me to hang you head downwards over your little fire and cut you slowly to death with little cuts.

TOBIAS. What shall we do? Oh, what shall we do?

RAPHAEL (sotto voce). What an abominable taste in rhetoric he has. He is Mirza Khan, a Kurdish thief. Tell him to go to Gehannum.

TOBIAS. But he might not like it. He has a face like a devil.

RAPHAEL. Tell him so. Tell him what you have done this afternoon.

THE BANDIT. How unmanfully to whisper! What lack of breeding! Come now, little one, I had the honour to address myself to you. Will you not answer, before I grow impatient?

RAPHAEL. Answer him. Be a man.

TOBIAS. Do you know what I have been doing this afternoon?

THE BANDIT. I do not. But it will have a certain pathetic interest. What have you been doing this afternoon?

TOBIAS. I went down to that little gutter-ditch and walked about upon it. And the first thing I met was a huge and scaly monster which thought, as you think, you ignorant dog, that I was a little no-account. And it barked and roared and bit me. So I killed it and tore out its liver, and there it is, wrapped up in a cloth. (He indicates his enormous pack.) And what I did to that atrocious, fire-breathing river demon I shall do to you, you hairy-toed polecat, you son of a burnt father,
1. cringing, DC.

2. ober

3. indicates pack.

4. cringes, dodges, springs to upper level past Tobias runs off UR behind reeds. 

5. MUSIC #5

6. x's to C. playfully points Bandit's knife at Tobias.

7. rises, x's DR. starts to put on his clothes.

8. Stands up straight, looks gratefully to Raphael, like an Eagle Scout about to get a medal pinned on him.

THE BANDIT(1) Who are you, my lord?

Tobias(2) I am Suleiman-ibn-Daoud, and this is one of my Acrets. Now depart in peace and trouble me no further.

THE BANDIT. If my lord pleases, I had no idea...

Tobias. May your blood turn to dog's blood, you father of sixty dogs! Did you hear me tell you to go in peace? Your liver is too white to put beside that of a river dragon, for it is the colour of the dark flames of hell. You are safe from me, pitiful and hideous ape. Only take your ugliness from my pure sight before I repent my mercy.

THE BANDIT(2) Allah, have pity on a poor ill-used man. Allah protect you, my lord.(3) [He withdraws rapidly.] Tobias. Oh, Azarias, will it be all like this? Will it be all like this, our journey?

Raphael. How can I tell?

Tobias. But we have scarcely started, and I have only been dog weary and footsore, but twice in deadly peril of my life.

Raphael. All life is perilous. Go ahead and suck the fish. Still hungry?

Tobias. I couldn't possibly eat a bite.

Raphael. Very well then, give it to me and I will part with it. It makes now. We must be going.

Tobias(7) But this isn't the least what I pictured a journey.

Raphael. Nothing is the least as we picture it. Tobias. I shall have a nervous breakdown long before we reach Media. I feel quite ill already.

Raphael. Nonsense. You did very well. I am quite proud of my little master.

Tobias(2) Are you really? I certainly seemed to be able to speak up to that bandit once I got started. I told
him off properly, I think. The words seemed to come, somehow. I heard them at the jetty, but I hoped I had forgotten them. And I did very well with the fish too, didn't I?

RAFAEL. Yes. But there was no need to lie to the bandit.

TOBIAS. I didn't lie to him.

RAFAEL. You did. Your story of the fish I forgive you. Everybody exaggerates about fish. But you said you were Solomon. That is very far from being true.

TOBIAS. I didn't know what I was saying. I was excited. I wish I weren't such a coward. I'm afraid of everything, really. I'm even afraid of women.

RAFAEL. Are you now?

TOBIAS. Indeed I am.

RAFAEL. Don't you like them?

TOBIAS. Very much, but they terrify me.

RAFAEL. I think then there is at least one more terrifying adventure in store for you.

TOBIAS. What do you mean?

RAFAEL (laughing). Nothing, nothing.

TOBIAS. I was right in one thing I said to the bandit.

RAFAEL. What was that?

TOBIAS. I said you were an old Afreet. So you are.

RAFAEL. There are no such things as Afreet.

TOBIAS. Indeed.

RAFAEL. Come along. [They trudge out, the dog following.

END OF ACT ONE.

INTERMISSION

STRIKE I-2 to II-1

Stagehands strike: Reed-pieces

set: Reversed hut as right Garden Wall, ladder behind it.
center Garden Wall
2 cypris trees

Props set: bench
garden seat
candlabra on dr and dl walls
whip
ball
1. Tamkeh x's UC, swishing past Azorah who's on the bench.

2. x's to fountain, DR. leaves her shawl there. The other girls, except Azorah, disrobe, too, dropping their outer shawls.

3. Tamkeh's produced a big ball from behind one of the trees of the grove, 1.

4. U.R.
ACT II

NARRATOR

Now at Ecbatans, in Media, it also happened that Sarah, the daughter of Raguel, was reproached by her father's maids, because she had been given seven husbands, and the evil demon Asmodeus had slain each of them before he had been with her as his wife. She was deeply grieved, even to the thought of hanging herself. So she prayed at her window and said, "Blessed art thou, O Lord, my God, and blessed is thy holy and honored name forever. Already seven husbands of mine are dead. Why should I live? But if it be not pleasing to thee to take my life, command that respect be shown to me and pity be taken upon me, and that I hear reproach no more."

The prayer was heard in the presence of the glory of the great God. (Narrator exits.)

SCENE ONE

SHEERAH (sings)

It is the season of leaves and sheaves of green corn and soft, light rains.

Gone, gone are the storms of sand and the beat of the heat and the thirst and decay.

For the Afreet is fled, and lamed and tamed and prisoned and bound with chains,
And the vine springs, and the wind brings wings, and the delicate dulcimers play:

Farewell Asmoday!

Fled are the years of tears and the fears that have hung down on our hearts like a pall.

Rats, tarantulas, blood-sucking bats and the evil blank gnats are away;
With the terror that walks and the fright that bites in the night they have gone away all.
And the soft blue pigeons coo, and the lovers kneel down in the dew to pray.

Farewell, Asmoday!
1. HOUSE LIGHTS off.
   LIGHTS #11 on Narrator, who stands at door DL reading from BOOK of TOBIT
   MUSIC a few chords are improvised, plucked on the piano strings.

2. LIGHTS #11A up on Sara in the window. Then #11B: syc up and area up.
   The five Girls quietly take their positions, in dim stage light.

   ![Diagram of stage setup]

3. LIGHTS #10: off Narrator, up onstage.
   MUSIC #1... moreplucked chords to accompany Sheerah's pantomime with the lyre, as
   she sings, (see Musical Score)
   Tamkeh dances, circling d. & r.

4. Tamkeh and Sara exchange smiles. Sara leaves the window, x's backstage, while
   Tamkeh continues to dance to the song. Azorah's eating candy.
   LIGHTS #12

5. Sara enters DL. Tamkeh bows to her at the end of the dance.
1. Tamkeh x's UC, swishing past Azorah who's on the bench.

2. x's to fountain, DR. leaves her shawl there. The other girls, except Azorah, disrobe, too, dropping their outer shawls.

3. Tamkeh's produced a big ball from behind one of the trees of the grove, l.

4. U.R.
SARA

Very good, Tamkah. Why don't you teach them all to dance?

Tamkeh

It is wasted labor to teach cows to dance.

Azorah

You nasty, ill-tonged daughter of misfortune! What do you mean?

SARA

Hold your tongue, Azorah! You lie about and eat sugared gelatin all day; it's a perfect disgrace! Tamkeh is the only one of you who keeps anything like a figure, and she's an Etheopian and not a Persian at all. Come, I'll give you some exercise myself. Let us play at ball.

OMNES

Oh no! It's too hot! We're too tired! Have a heart, my lady!

SARA

If you don't do as I tell you I'll send for my father and have you all whipped. Where did you put the ball, Tamkeh?

Tamkeh

Here it is, Mistress.

Sara

Come along, then.

(They range themselves in a circle, toss the ball from hand to hand. The first to drop it goes into the middle and, amid squeals, tries to intercept it as it flies round, backward & forward....Tobias' head and shoulders appear above the garden wall.)
1. x's r. Girls withdraw in a frightened huddle, u.l.c.
2. tosses ball and catches it.
3. sets ball lightly on her hip, proceeds r.
4. follows Azorah
5. from slightly ul. of Azorah, backs her down to the fountain.
6. Whip in hand, she comes down towards Azorah from the garden seat u.r. The four girls advance into a whip-like line behind her, Sheerah next to Sara. They all swing into a whip-last sort of movement, freezing as Sara abruptly checks her action, whip raised.
7. Sara drops the whip.
SARA. You can't do that, Azorah. Play the game, please.

AZORAH. That is the game. To get the ball. I've got it. You go into the ring.

SARA. I'll do nothing of the sort. You must wait till the ball is in the air. You can't grab it that way, like a bird of prey.

AZORAH. What nonsense! I've played ball in the Caucasus with professionals and I know what I'm talking about.

SARA. You can't try your village tricks here. Give me that ball.

AZORAH. Certainly not. I won it quite fairly. If you don't know the game you should learn it before making an exhibition of yourself.

SARA. Azorah, you forget yourself!

AZORAH. I come of a better family than you, you vulgar Jewess. Yes, Madame Asmoday!

[The maids give a cry of horror.]

SARA. What was that you said?

AZORAH. I said "Madame Asmoday!" You're the wife of a demon! Everyone knows it!

SARA catches her by the throat.

AZORAH. That's right. Strangle me! Strangle me! You've strangled seven husbands, strangle me too, Sara the Strangler! Madame Asmoday! Demon's wife! Ha!

[Sara, furious, throws Azorah down, takes a whip from the garden seat and begins to beat her.]

AZORAH. Witch! Harlot! You've had seven husbands, all of them buried! Where are your sons, witch? Strangle yourself, barren witch! Madame Asmoday!
1. Azorah x's sulkily, exits dr.

2. Girls follow, picking up their wraps, the candy-dish, whip and ball. Sara sits on bench LC.

3. rises, x's D.R. snatches her shawl to her front.

4. Enters DL. x's C. Sam follows him.

5. Sets arrow quickly to string but doesn't shoot.

6. to Sam

7. x's to Sara.

TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL  ACT II

1. sara (quietly). Go into the house. All of you.

[The maids steal away; Azorah, sobbing, between two of them. Sara sits on her throne staring in front of her.

2. RAPHAEL (unseen). Speak to her.

TOBIAS. Young lady!

3. sara (snatching up a veil). Who are you? What are you doing there?

TOBIAS. I am standing on a gentleman's head.

4. sara Go away at once. I'll call the guard and have you strangled and thrown to the foxes.

TOBIAS. No, no. Please don't do that. It would only make you more unhappy still.

5. sara. How dare you stand there? This is a private garden! How long have you been there?

TOBIAS. For about twenty minutes I think.

6. sara. Oh! How dreadful!

TOBIAS. Azarias! I say, Azarias! Don't go away! I'll fall. Help me down. I don't want to stay here. There's a young lady here in a frightful rage. Azarias!

[Raphael has obviously left him and he is hanging on to the top of the wall. Raphael appears in the doorway of the house. He is a tall, thin, fury man, very richly dressed. He is followed by an Ethiopian archer.

7. RAGUEL What is the meaning of this? Who is this young man, Sara? Sam, put an arrow into him. No, stop. Wait a minute.

TOBIAS. Yes, yes. Wait a minute. Please do. I can explain. Azarias!

RAGUEL He has a gang with him.

TOBIAS. No, I haven't. Even my hired man has run away. Dear me, what a dreadful position. Don't let your Ethiopian shoot at me, sir. I'm all right really.

RAGUEL Sara, is he a friend of yours?

SARA. Most certainly not. He is a complete stranger to me. He is a spy.

RAGUEL Sara, you are... Did he see you improperly dressed?
ACT II

TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL

TOBIAS. No, no. I assure you. Nothing of the sort.
SARA. Yes. He did. I was playing ball with the girls. I have never been so insulted in my life.
RAGUEL. But I mean, it was not entirely . . .
SARA. No, no. But it was bad enough.
RAGUEL. Do you think Sam had better shoot him?
SARA. No. We’ve had enough of that sort of thing. Give him a beating and let him go.
RAGUEL. Sam, go round to the front gate and tell the guard to see that he doesn’t escape. Then come back here at once. Bring your bamboo stick.

[The negro goes out through the door.

Well, sir?

TOBIAS. Look here, don’t give me a beating. I had no idea the young ladies would be here. Azarias told me to look over the wall. He said this might be Raguel’s place.

RAGUEL. He did, did he? Well, this is Raguel’s place.

TOBIAS. Oh, is it? Are you Raguel?
RAGUEL. I am. Who sent you here?
TOBIAS. My father.
RAGUEL. Who is your father?
TOBIAS. Tobit.
SARA. What a funny name!
RAGUEL. Not old Tobit of Nineveh?
TOBIAS. Yes, yes. He’s my father. Anna’s my mother. Achiacharus, the King’s accountant, is my cousin. My name is Tobias.
RAGUEL. Bless my soul! Tobit! Well, well, well. Sam, Sam, come here. Sam! Bring a ladder! Sara, go in, my dear, and put something on. This is Tobit’s boy from Nineveh. And how is my dear old friend?
TOBIAS. He is very well, thank you.
RAGUEL. Let’s see. He married . . . ?
TOBIAS. Anna.

1. x C.
2. Sam bows, exits
d. l. Rag. turns
to Tobias.

1A LIGHTS: Warn #12 A

3. Sam comes charging
on with a bamboo ploe,
aims it like a javelin
at T. who ducks. Rag.
restrains Sam, says, "No,
no, Sam" takes pole from
him.

4. Sara x’s DL & out.
1. Sam returns from DL, x's to wall, below Tobias.

2. Sam, solicitous now, dusts off Tobias' clothes.

3. Hands stick he's been holding to Sam who, first, sets it against wall while he first takes ladder towards the house-door. He holds back at

4. Sara's entrance. Rag., seeing her, x's a bit DL for introductions.

RAGUEL. Of course, of course. You are the son of a
good, honest man. Dear old Tobit. Ah, here's the
ladder. Come down, come down.

The negro brings a ladder and sets it against the wall.

Tobias comes down.

An active man, Tobit. Never at rest, never at rest.

TOBIAS. He is not so lively, sir, as he used to be.

RAGUEL. Why not?

TOBIAS. He has lost his eyesight.

RAGUEL. Ah, dear me. What a pity! What a pity! It is a great affliction. Poor old Tobit. Take the ladder away, Sam.

[Negro goes out.

But he keeps his spirits?

TOBIAS. Wonderfully, wonderfully.

RAGUEL. Darkness is a great plague. Not to see the sunshine. Well, well. Tobias, this is my daughter, Sara. The son of my old friend, Tobit, my dear. His arrival at our house was a little unconventional, - but he is none the less welcome.
TOBIAS. How do you do. I hope I didn’t frighten you.

SARA. No, no. I didn’t understand. You are very welcome.

TOBIAS. Sir, I have a little dog outside. He will be wondering what has become of me, and for some reason or other he is never quite comfortable with me. Would it be too much to ask you to send your man round for him?

SARA. Not at all. He may find your waggon more interesting. We shall probably have a good laugh over the whole business tonight. Now you must be hungry and tired. Sit down, sit down. I’ll bring you a small collation myself. It will sharpen your appetite for the evening meal. And my slaves will collect your camels and baggage.

TOBIAS. Alas! A Kurdish bandit stole my camels and I have no baggage except that which my little dog is guarding faithfully outside your garden wall.

SARA. Dear, dear, what a chapter of misfortunes. What a lawless country. Sara, do you entertain Tobias while I see to all this? I’ll send Sherah out with a thicker wrap for you. It begins to get chilly here in the late afternoons.

TOBIAS. [He goes out.] I’ll send Sherah.

SARA. Did you have a pleasant journey?

TOBIAS. Oh, yes, thank you.

SARA. They tell me that Nineveh is very beautiful. We have a song about the Bonnie, Bonnie Banks of the Tigris.

TOBIAS. No. It is not exactly beautiful. It is very formal and flat with its canals and windmills. And we have some dreadful slums.

SARA. How horrid! Are you interested in social welfare?

TOBIAS. No. Not much. My father is. He does quite a lot.

SARA. The gayer side of Nineveh probably appeals to you, doesn’t it? It is a gay city, isn’t it?

TOBIAS. No. I hardly think so. Rather stiff and standoffish and—well—strict. For instance— Oh, well.

SARA. Well, what?

TOBIAS. I think it’s all nonsense myself; but—well, an incident like this would be quite impossible in Nineveh.

SARA. Then you despise me because you saw my arms and legs, and no young man has any right to see a person’s arms and legs.

TOBIAS. Sara, I never saw anything more beautiful in my life—except perhaps that big rose-coloured hill at Kermanshah in the twilight, with the misty peasantry running around it.

SARA. How tactful of you to change the subject.

TOBIAS. I won’t change the subject if you don’t wish me to. It is a charming subject and I could meditate on it all afternoon.

SARA. You do despise me! You do! Or you wouldn’t talk to me as if I were a dancing-girl.

1. LIGHTS #12A: stage dims a bit

SOUND #4: Dog barks off UR T. x’s UC, Sara URC. Sam exits with ladder, my travelling companion.

2. indicated Sam, who’s returned; he then collects stick, exits DL.

3. x to T. seats him bench, 1.

4. (He wants her to be modest.)

5. To T. as he x’s DL.

6. calls

7. Her father goes, Sara seats herself on seat URC. A pause.

8. Rises.
ACT II

TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL

TOBIAS. What's the matter?

[RAFAEL appears in the grove, unseen by the two.

SARA. Did you—did you hear what that screeching
guinea-fowl said to me—over there by the fountain?

TOBIAS. Yes, I heard.

SARA. All of it?

TOBIAS. All of it.

SARA. I must go to my father. I must go in.

TOBIAS. Don't go in. What do I care what she said?

[He never heard a bad-tempered dancing-girl telling
lies before?

SARA. You believe they were lies?

TOBIAS. In so far as I could make head or tail of them;
I believe they were lies.

SARA. Suppose they weren't? Suppose I had had
seven husbands and they had all died on their wedding
night?

TOBIAS. I should think, in fear and trembling:...

SARA. I should hope that I too might die such a death, unworthy

as I am.

SARA. Don't joke about it.

TOBIAS. Before Abram, Isaac and Israel, I am not

joking.

SARA. Tobias, are you a man or a god.

TOBIAS. Do I look like a god? Why do you ask?

SARA. Because there is a god in the garden.

TOBIAS. There is a God everywhere.

SARA. Not that sort of God. Oh, I know, I know, I

know. It is terrible to feel the presence of a god.

TOBIAS. Now she's going to faint. What an extra-

ordinary girl!

[He runs to the tank to get water. He sees RAFAEL.

Hello! Azarias! How did you get here? Wait a
moment. The young lady has fainted.

TOBIAS. O, my celestial ibis! Full moon

[41]
1. douses water on her face; she revives; he kneels.
2. sees Raphael, in white light
3. steps r. into realistic light.
4. from DL.
5. sits up
6. rises
7. accepts cloak over her shoulders.
8. exits DL, Sheerah ff.
9. Circling freely, c, stage, as he rhapsodizes. Raphael's both gratified and amused.

crowned with myriad stars. O jacinth monument on an ivory plinth; are you feeling better?
SARA. Much better, thank you. Ah [2]. Who is that?
TOBIAS. Oh, that? That's Azarias. He is in
SARA. I'm afraid of him.
RAPHAEL. Don't be afraid of me, young girl.
TOBIAS. I should think not. You and he are going to be great friends.
[Enter Sheerah with a heavy cloak.
SHERAH. Lady, your father says you must put this on because it is cold.
SARA. It is not cold.
SHERAH. Well, your father says it is.
SARA. It isn't. Do you think it is?
SHERAH. What does it matter what a slave thinks?
SARA. Take the thing away and don't irritate me.
[She looks at Tobias and the Angel. Pauses. Smiles a radiant smile.
SARA. Very well [6]. If he thinks it is cold it must be cold. Thank you, Sherah [7]. Now we shall go in, if these gentlemen will excuse us [8].
[She goes, Sheerah following.
RAPHAEL. Well?
TOBIAS. Oh, Azarias [9]. She is much more beautiful than all the beautiful girls you were telling me about on the journey. When she played at ball she was like a white camel colt leaping in the pastures. My knee-caps turned to jelly and my lungs well-nigh burst in my throat. Her little feet are like two fluttering doves. She runs like an ostrich. She is as brave as a troop of cavalry with dragons' wings and heads like tigers. She has the heart of a rhinoceros and the gentility of a new-born lamb.
RAPHAEL. You have become quite the poet.
TOBIAS. I'm inspired. I'm inspired. An Angel of the Lord has visited me!
Tobias (cont)

Azarias, do you think—do you think if I went to Ragas and got the ten talents from Gabael and bought a camel or two and half a dozen slaves—do you think her father would allow me to pay my addresses to her? I want her. Azarias. I will have no one else for my wife. She is like a sandstorm beating through a mirror. Her voice is like the muzzled hands in the Government garden on the wind day of the feast of Pascha. How

Raphael. And therefore you propose to go to Ragas and leave her to the first tramp who looks over the wall.

Tobias. But oh, Azarias! Look at me! I don't look like a gentleman, let alone a merchant prince. And they are such refined and wealthy people.

Raphael. We shall see about that.

Tobias. Mind you, I think she likes me.

Raphael. It is possible that she does. The fancies of a woman are bound by no law.

Tobias. All that about the seven husbands? What do you think of it, eh?

1. at d.l. corner of bench, one foot on it.
2. x to Raphael

R

3. LIGHTS WARM 12B

4. MUSIC #8
Procession is formed for entrance

DL: Tamkah with candy-dish
Azorah with wine  Sheerah with fruit
Raguel
Shomari with bowl  Kirrah with pitcher & towel

turns DR.
2. to him

3. LIGHTS #12 B:
stage brighter, as procession advances to

4. x's straight l.

5. turns back to say this to Tobias before he exits DL.

6. from Tamka's dish

7. turns, r., steps away to c.

TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL

Raphael. Here comes her father. You had better ask him. 

Tobias. Oh, I couldn't.

Raphael. Ha! Killer of the great fish! Ha! Conqueror of Mirza Khan! You are afraid.

Tobias. Of course I'm afraid.

Raphael. Then do as I tell you:

[Enter Raguel with girls carrying a basin, a ewer, a bottle of wine and some fruit in a great dish. Azorah and Sheerah prepare Tobias for his meal. While they are washing his hands and feet he talks to Raguel.

Tobias. Raguel, this is very handsome of you.

Raguel. It is the least I could do for your father's son. Ah! Is this your friend?

Raphael. Your servant, sir.

Tobias. Yes. This is Azarias.

Raphael. The son of Ananias.

Raguel. Indeed? Ah, yes. I didn't know he had come down in the world. Any friend of Tobias is welcome here. Do you serve your master, or would you prefer to go to the servants' hall? You must be hungry.

Raphael. I shall go to the servants' hall. I am a servant.

Tobias. Oh, Azarias . . .

Raphael. I shall go. Remember what I told you.

Raguel. An extraordinary fellow. I suppose he's faithful enough. But I do feel these people who have come down in the world are a little apt to be familiar. Don't you think? Good-looking fellow, though.

Tobias. Raguel, it's about Sara . . .

[Raguel puts a piece of Turkish delight into the mouth of Tobias.

'Thank you.' I was saying, it's about Sara.

Raguel. Ah, yes, yes. A nice girl. Domesticated and so on. She is the apple of my eye.

[44]
TOBIAS. She must be P Raguel, I want to marry Sara.
RAGUEL. Well, that's plump and plain, anyhow.
TOBIAS. Yes. I have always studied to be both plain
and plump. What have you to say about it, eh?
RAGUEL. It is a little unexpected. I mean, you hardly
know each other. It is a great honour that she has found
favour in your sight. I need not say how delighted I
should be to see her comfortably married to a respectable
young man. And I don't think there is any possibility
that you will quarrel about the settlement. Only, as I
say, it is rather sudden. And old Tobit did me many a
good turn in the old days. . . .
TOBIAS. All the more reason why you should make his
son happy.
RAGUEL. I know, I know. But it's only fair to tell
you . . . Well, there are stories going about. Not too
plesant ones either. It is all superstition and old wives'
tales, of course, and I should never mention them to you
if you were not an old friend, in a way of speaking, and an
enlightened, educated man like myself. You know these
Persians, A pack of heathens, Believe anything.

TOBIAS. Go on.
RAGUEL (to the girls). You clear out now. I'll look
after the guest. Look sharp. No loitering. [The girls go.

Have some grapes. Or a citron? These pomegranates
are very good. These nectarines are not bad. Home-
grown. Yes. About Sara. Try a mango.

You know, my lad, the poor girl has been the victim
of an extraordinary series of coincidences. They are
coincidences, of course, but they are none the less heart-
breaking.

TOBIAS. Go on. I need not tell you this is very
interesting to me.
RAGUEL. Well, to tell you the truth, she has been
betrothed and even married before. To be absolutely
frank, more than once.
TOBYAS AND THE ANGEL

ACT II

TOBIAS. Seven times.

RAGUEL. So many as that? Let me see. Five times, at any rate. No. You are right. Seven times. Tragic. Awful. Most reputable, decent young fellows.

TOBIAS. What happened to them?

RAGUEL. Well, we don't exactly know. It's a frightful trial to poor Sara. It's not her fault. I don't know how she has survived. But they say she has been so unfortunate as to be the object of admiration of one of their horrible heathen gods—the foul fiend... (he whispers)... Asmoday.

TOBIAS. Who?

RAGUEL. Asmoday. You and I don't believe in such things. They say he has a tail like a dragon and a foul breath. Nasty ideas. It is getting chilly. Shall we go in?

TOBIAS. No. Tell me more.

RAGUEL. It is a strange country this, with its great pink, snow-topped hills, and its thick, dark groves. Terrible things happen here. I wish we lived in a homely and quiet land, where there are no devils walking in great winds at night. What did you notice first when you came to Persia?

TOBIAS. That no birds sing there. There is hardly a sparrow.

RAGUEL. And in the dusty desert there are birds all the way. I have only heard one nightingale and one lark since I came here, forty years ago.

TOBIAS. That is very strange.

RAGUEL. It is very strange in a country all trees and fountains and running streams.

TOBIAS. I will take Sara away from here.

RAGUEL. Go away from here yourself, my son. Sara is still a maid, and will be so, alas! till she dies. Her seven husbands were murdered...strangled.

TOBIAS. How?

RAGUEL. I cannot tell. But every one of them was
strangled on his wedding night. My daughter looked each daybreak like one whose soul has been on a long journey. She remembered nothing.

**Tobias:** Ough! It is growing dark and cold.

**[Raphael, without]:** "Tobias!"

**Raguel:** What was that?

**Tobias:** It was Azarias calling me. Perhaps he has found my dog. Never mind, Raguel. Give me your daughter.

**Raguel:** No! No! No! Your father's only son. No!

**Tobias:** I have been fighting devils all the way East from the Tigris. What do I care for devils? I have one fear only—that I shall die away from your daughter, as I shall die if you will not give her to me. I will die with her gladly. Go and tell her.

**Raguel:** Tobias!

**Tobias:** Go and tell her. Send her to me.

**[Raguel goes. It is growing dark. Tobias buries his face in the garments Sara has left on the seat. There is silence for a little. Tobias begins to shiver; to sneeze. He wraps the garment round his neck and draws himself together with his hands. His teeth chatter.]

**Tobias:** Oh dear! Oh dear! What have I been saying? This is what comes of boasting and blowing and bluffing. And I can't get out of this infernal garden. They'll shoot me if I try to escape now. Azarias! Azarias! Come and get me out of this!

**[Raphael appears from the grove with the dog.]

**Raphael:** Stop that noise. Pull yourself together. Try to pretend to be a man.

**Tobias:** It's all very well to say "Pull yourself together," Azarias. I'm all to pieces. I never felt so rotten in my life. Oh, poor dog, you are going to lose your master.

**Raphael:** The dog is laughing at you.

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1. Raphael calls from off UL.

2. Plants mango in Rag's hand.

3. Raguel exits DL. Tobias, alone, circles, ending up R.C.

4. Enters UL, with pack, which he drops on bench L, and dog. XEs to face Tobias.

5. Takes dog.

**Lights:** #13 is through BLUE STRIPES on and ("Tobias Special" out.)
Tobias. Well, he ought to be ashamed of himself. It's no laughing matter. Do you know what I've done?

Raphael. What have you done?

Tobias. I've offered to marry Sara.

Raphael. Don't you want to marry Sara?

Tobias. Of course I do. Anyone would. But you know what happens to anyone who marries Sara?

Raphael. Yes. And so did you. You should have thought of that sooner.

Tobias. But to be strangled by a demon. And oh, what a nasty demon, too. Azarias, get me out of this. I'll give you half Gabael's ten talents if you get me out of this. Fifteen hundred shekels I'll give you, Azarias.

Raphael. What a way to behave before your dog! You are a god to your dog. You will make an atheist of him.

Tobias. Azarias, they will be back in a minute. What am I to do? What am I to do?

Raphael. You are to marry the girl, of course. You want to. You ought to. You have got to. You can't run away now.

Tobias. But if Asmoday comes! A great fiend with a horrid breath!

Raphael. I've no patience with you. Here, here's your pack. Take out the liver you took from the Tigri mud-fish.

Tobias. Oh, Azarias...

Raphael. Be quick. Have you got it?

Tobias. Yes. Yes. It is all dry and tough like a bit of leather.

Raphael. Slip it into the bosom of your djibbah.

Tobias. Why?

Raphael. Don't keep asking me why. When you go to the ante-room of the bridal chamber, you will find a gold incense dish on a brazier. You will put that dirty
ACT II  

TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL

bit of liver down on the gold dish of incense. You will put a lighted candle to the liver and it will begin to smoulder. There will then arise a nasty smoke and stench.

TOBIAS. But...

RAPHAEL. Hold your tongue. I rather think that will settle our friend Asmoday. He never washes, but he is a sensitive demon. (He laughs.) In the old days before the Fall, they had a nickname for him in the College of Cherubim. Do you know what it was?

TOBIAS. No.

RAPHAEL. They nicknamed him the Stinker.

TOBIAS. And you think, perhaps?

RAPHAEL. It is vulgar of them, but we were... a mixed lot in those days—before the Fall. Good-night to you, Tobias.

TOBIAS. Don’t go. Don’t leave me.

RAPHAEL. I shan’t be far away. I rather want to see Asmoday’s face.

TOBIAS. So do | me. I don’t expect he’ll bother about you at all. But he’ll wonder who put you up to it. Now be a good boy and try to be a credit to me. I wouldn’t do all this for everybody. It’s a schoolboy sort of trick for a—for Azarias to play. Good luck to you, sonny.

Sings: “Aligor, Halphas, Belial, Belphegor
Went for a sail in a washerwife’s tub.
They whistled old Glasya Labolas for a wind,
And they left Asmodeus in a quay-side pub.
Hey diddle diddle and a rub-a-dub-dub,
They went for a sail in a tub.

[He goes off singings in high good-humour. The moon rises.]”

TOBIAS (to his dog). It’s all very well for him, Toby. It looks to me as if he were too free with his talk of devils. He must have done himself pretty well in the servants’
1. x's to bench, sits.

2. MUSIC #9

3. MUSIC #10 for "routine" Wedding Procession:
   - Azorah
   - Sheerah
   (with torch-lighters)
   - LIGHTS #4; stage brightens
   - Sam
   (with wedding garments)
   - Tamhek
   - Kirah
   - Sara
   - Raguel
   - Sumari
   (holds Sara's veil)

4. He does, Tamkeh helps.
   - Kirah takes the dog.

4a: LIGHTS #14A; areas bright

5. X's to dias, UR. beckons
   - the two to follow; Rattles
   - off ceremonial words, hands
   - raised over them; others

6. Sara steps d. to r. of Rag. Sam re-enters with scroll.
   - steps to Sara, arm around her;
   - she's weeping.

hall. But I suppose we'll have to go through with it, old dog. No way out now.
(He reaches for the wine-bottle and helps himself to a good swig.)

Well, that's a help, anyhow. I don't know if daddy would approve, but I'll have another. (He has another. A nightingale is heard.)

By gosh! There's the nightingale. A sound over heard in Persia. Perhaps things aren't so bad after all, doggie. And Sara is really a most charming girl.

[A sound of stringed instruments is heard from the house. Raguel comes out, leading Sara in a bridal dress. Sherah, Azorah and two or three other girls follow; last of all Sam, the Ethiopian, with rich raiment for Tobias. Tobias rises as the head of the procession appears.]

Raguel: Sam, offer the Lord Tobias his wedding garment.

[Sam drapes Tobias in the finery.]

Raguel: Sam, you, it is meet that you should marry my daughter. Eat, drink and be merry.

Tobias: Father, you have an unfortunate way of putting things. At the moment I have no appetite. If you don't mind we shall have the marriage contract first.

Raguel: Very well. As you wish it. Take her then from henceforth according to the manner, for you are her cousin and she is yours; and the merciful Jehovah give you good success in all things. (Sara, give me your hand.) (To Tobias.) Behold, take her after the law of Moses and lead her away unto thy father. My blessings on you both. And now here is the instrument of covenants, we shall go in and sign it presently. Sara, my child, be of good comfort. It may all turn out well—quite well. Don't cry. We shall eat, drink and...
Never mind. For the present let us make the best of it.

Tobias. Do you know, I don't think Sara is very keen on the wedding feast either. Do you mind having it yourselves? A wedding feast is always rather trying, and when it comes to the eighth, and considering the circumstances—I think she would rather enjoy the cool night air for a little. Eh? What do you think, Sara?

Sara. (nods.) Raguel. But the settlement?

Tobias. Oh, to Tophet with the settlement! Don't you realise... Here, give me the pen.

[He signs the settlement and throws it back to Raguel.]

Raguel. But this is hardly business, is it? And where is Abaras?

Tobias. Raguel, in two minutes I shall go mad and bite everybody. Go to your dinner. I shall be in presently.

Raguel. Well, well. Very well. Your room is ready. One gets used to these nervous young brides-grooms. Come in everybody. Dinner is served. It is hardly the way I like to do things, but I suppose it is all for the best.

[All go out except Tobias and Sara. The music becomes a little more distant, but continues through the scene, reinforced by occasional bursts from the nightingale.]

Sara. What a little dog is very nice.

Tobias. Would you like him? I will give him to you.

Sara. Oh, very, very much. He will remind me of you.

Tobias. Sara, I must say you are the most tactless family I ever met. Just when I was beginning to forget.

Sara. Forget! It is easy for you to forget.

Tobias. Oh, is it! "Remind you of me?" Do you think I enjoy the prospect of having my life choked out by a filthy demon?

Sara. It's only once for you and then it's all over.
But for me it is again and again and again. How can you make me talk of such horrors?

Tobias. Sara, don't cry. It is pleasant here in the garden. The past and the future are outside high walls. We needn't look over the walls—even if we could. Don't cry, Sara.

Sara. You must love me very much to face death for me.

Tobias. I love you very much, of course. But as for facing death... I am perfectly certain I shouldn't have done that if Azarias hadn't put me up to it.

Sara. Then you wouldn't...?

Tobias. I'm only a poor little worm, really. I like to think I could die for you. I probably should have become very, very ill if I had gone on to Rages and left you. If I had only seen your eyes looking over your yashmak. I should have remembered them for ever and pinned away with longing. But Jehovah was kinder and more cruel to me than that. As I told Azarias, my hopes turned to jelly.

Sara. Will Azarias stay with us when we are married?

Tobias. He certainly will not. Azarias is a very decent fellow and I don't know what I should have done without him. But I shouldn't like to be anchored to him all my life. He has a strong personality.

Sara. Yes. He has, hasn't he?—Oh!

Tobias. What is it, my lovely one?

Sara. I said "When we are married" as if we had years and years of life in front of us. Oh, go away. Go now before it is too late.

Tobias. But I love you, Sara.

Sara. I love you too, Tobias. That is why this time is worse than ever before. If I could die too I would be happy. But I can't die. Go away, my darling.

Tobias. I can't go now. Sara, it may not be so bad. Asmoday may not come.

Sara. He will. He will come. More surely to-night.
than any other night—for I see happiness blazing up before me to-night. Asmoday will not allow me happiness.

Tobias. Oh! To Eblis with Asmoday! Look here, Sara. There is a chance.

Sara. There is no chance. Oh, sorrow continual! Oh, undying pain!

Tobias. Shut up and listen. Azarias has given me a charm.

Sara. Azarias? What is it?

Tobias. It is a charm he says will exorcise Asmoday. Personally I don’t for a moment think it will.) My own feeling is that Azarias was drunk to-night.

Sara. He wasn’t. He couldn’t be. Tobias, if Azarias gave you a charm it will work.

Tobias. Well, drunk or sober, jocely-ernest, he has never let me down before.

Sara. How long have you known Azarias?

Tobias. Oh, we’re old friends. Well, not exactly that. My father hired him for a drachma a day. He was well recommended by cousin Achiacharus.

Sara. But he gave you a charm?

Tobias. Yes. He did.

Sara. Then we are safe.

Tobias. Oh, do you think so?

Sara. He said we were safe?

Tobias. More or less, yes.

Sara. Didn’t you believe him?

Tobias. Not particularly. He has peculiar ways of putting things. He probably just tried to cheer me up because he thought I ought to marry you.

Sara. He thought so?

Tobias. Yes; the unscrupulous devil.

Sara. Tobias, you are a brave little man. You are much braver than you think you are.

Tobias. Oh my beautiful! What do I care whether I die or not? [Silence.

1. rises, x’s to bench 2. a few steps D.L. 3. rises 4. x’s below Sara, to her r. 5. he turns round to her; she puts her hands on his shoulders. 6. embraces her.
1. releases her.
LIGHTS:  WARN #15
SOUND # : WIND

2. exeunt DL
LIGHT on behind window, DR.
after a moment of More WIND
Sherah & Azorah enter DL.
(WIND intermittent through
their scene.)

3. XBs to pick up fruit dish
by bench; back to 1. wall-lamp.

(stage 1. out.

4. blows out lamp, LIGHTS #15

5. x up for wine-bottle, by
bench.

6. x's DR, looks up at window.

7. turns from her, blows out
lamp R.
LIGHTS #15A: Stage R. out
WARN #16

SARA. Let us go in.

TOBIAS. It is too soon. Couldn't we stay here?

SARA. Will the wind work here?

TOBIAS. No, it won't. No. That's true, it won't.

(A blast of sound is heard.) What was that?

SARA. It was the wind.

TOBIAS. I don't look like it.

SARA. It is early for Asmoday.

TOBIAS. Ooo! Asmoday! Let us go in! Hurry!

[Music in. The wind howls nearer and then appears to
remote from the house. A light appears in a
upper window. Enter Sherah and Azorah. They
begin to pick out the branches. The music dies.]

AZORAH. Well. There goes another.

SHERAH. Poor little man!

AZORAH. Little fool! He might have seen how
smart we all were with the wedding ceremony.
Practice makes perfect.

SHERAH. He must be very much in love with her.

AZORAH. Love is madness. Look at old Astaroth
up there beaming as if butter wouldn't melt in her
mouth. She knows! I would rather be bitten by a mad jackal
than fall in love.

SHERAH. Well, I don't think it's fair.

AZORAH. What is fair? We are living in a game
played by malignant fiends. And there are no rules.

SHERAH. I hope one malignant fiend comes and goes
quietly this night. I shan't be able to sleep a wink.

AZORAH. Woof! It is getting colder and colder.

SHERAH. That big valet of Tobias' is a fine-looking
fellow.

AZORAH. Handsome is as handsome does. He looks
at nobody! His blood is made of skim-milk.

SHERAH. At any rate I am glad Asmoday is not going
to strangle him. But I am sorry for the little man too.

AZORAH. You are never happier than when you are

[They are in a very dim light.]
SHERAH. Oh, why did you put out the lamp?
I'm frightened.
AZORAH. You needn't be afraid of evil spirits. You, have no bones to crunch. Who's that?
SHERAH. Oh, Azorah.
AZORAH. Be quiet.
[rachel steals past with a pick and a mattock and disappears into the grove.
AZORAH. It is only old Raguel with his pick and his mattock.
SHERAH. Where is he going?
AZORAH. He is going to dig a grave for his son-in-law. He loses no time now. Let us go in. I am not afraid, but it isn't wise to be out when the Lord Asmoday comes for his nightcap.
SHERAH. What do you mean by his nightcap?
AZORAH. His evening hot drink.
SHERAH. And what is his drink?
AZORAH. Blood.
SHERAH. Oh, Azorah, come in. Come in, Azorah.

Note: Because Azorah was heavier than Sheerah, line changed from "no bones to crunch" & Z. teases Sh. by running her finger up her spine here.

2. Rag, x's stealthily to c. and up above bench, off UL.

3. X's to DC. Sheerah follows.

4. Both scuttle off DL.

LIGHTS #16: cyc full blue; also BLUE STRIPS and off DR window glows.
WIND up, under it:

MUSIC #11: Rumble and the Demon's theme. Third time it's played:?

5. Demon's horrendous head and shoulders appear above wall, UR.

this is accompanied by:

DEMON
(whistle: a rising whoosh!)

MUSIC
Theme repeats

DEMON
("sings" theme) Ho-ho-ho-ho ha!

MUSIC
Theme higher

DEMON
(same) He-he-he-he ha! 6
snorts & snuffless offstage

MUSIC
continues

glisando 7

snorts, smuffles, smaks lips

DEMON

coughs, makes sounds suggesting "what is this?" "Who did this to me?"

pause, then:

"Aligor" theme 9

Raphael, in armor, and with wings, enters UL.

7 leaps over wall UR
WIND up LIGHTS #17: green to overall.
c., DL, back to C. runs to fountain, reaches to window DF
SMUDGE-SMOKE explodes, drives Demon back to earth.
cowers, circling DR.

9
1. Steps up onto bench, raises his winged arms wide.

LIGHTS #17A: gold on Raphael
MUSIC #11A: Angel Trumpet theme

2. The Fight (accompanied by MUSIC #11A cont.) and by LIGHTS #17B: yellow cyc, gold spot and overall green all flashing.

Demon springs at Raphael.
Raphael leaps r. to UC.
Demon lunges at Raphael's knees
Raphael side-steps, whacks Demon with his sword.
Demon somersaults D.L.C., tumbles to c. and side-rolls off the leval to DC.
Raphael stands "over" and above him, flapping his wings like a rooster.
Demon makes a great spring at Raphael, who dodges; - Raphael pursues Demon off UL as he

MUSIC continues into #12: calm, then birdsong.

LIGHTS #18: Full blue cyc and BLUE STRIPS
Window off Dk goes out.

LIGHTS #18A: cyc yellow; general light sunny, then sunlight on window.

Raphael. Good evening, Stinker.
Asmoday. What?
Raphael. I said, "Good evening." The correct answer is to repeat the phrase, not to stand there saying "What."
Asmoday. Who are you? Are you Sara's eighth lover?
Raphael. That is none of your business. You have been repeatedly warned to mind your own business, but there seems to be no curing you.
Asmoday. What did you say just now?
Raphael. I said "Good evening."
Asmoday. You said something else.
You are old Stinker Asmoday, aren't you?
Asmoday. Who taught you that smoke magic?
Raphael. Don't you know me, Stinker? Don't you remember the College of Cherubim? Look at me.

Asmoday (trills a long growl)
ACT II - Scene 2

Tobias: What a delicious morning!
Sara: That's Persian air. Do you like it?
Tobias: By Gum, I do! Shall we go out? 6
Sara: Yes, let's.
Tobias: There's a lark singing.
Sara: I've never heard one before.
Tobias: We have them in Ninevah. The foul brutes of noblemen there eat larks' tongues.
Sara: Horrible! But I'm longing to see your father's place in Ninevah. It must be so different, in a great city like that. Do you think he'll like me?
Tobias: He'll love you. He loves everybody.
Sara: How nice... Shall we go down?
Tobias: Come along. 7 (They disappear. Raphael enters.)
Raphael: I've had a magnificent night! Our friend was quicker than I thought he'd be. I went after him like a whirlwind, and he climbed and banked and dived till I thought I should lose him. Over the Black Sea he took to the water and it boiled and frizzled all around him. He nearly gave me the slip in the Caucassus first, but we had a straight burst across Anatolia, and I got him, just over the Nile Delta. He was dead beat. Not an ounce of fight left in him. (Tobias and Sara enter.)

Tobias: Oh, good morning, Azarias.
Raphael: (not noticing Tobias) (sings) Aligor, 3 Belias... etc.
Tobias: Have you been drinking again?
Raphael: No, I've been dreaming. But it was a gorgeous dream!
Sara: Oh, Azarias, your charm worked splendidly. There was only a thunderstorm and a great roaring round the house, and then Asmoday must have flown away.
Raphael: (coldly) Ah!
Sara: And we are so grateful to you, Azarias, my husband and I. I don't know where we should have been if it hadn't been for your forethought. I should have been a widow again.
Raphael: Very probably. Asmoday won't bother you again. Call for me when you want me. 7 (he goes.)

Tobias: What an extraordinary fellow!

(Raguel appears with shovel)
1. steps toward her father.

2. x's above Sara, to r. of Tobias.

3. x's below Tobias and out, DL.

4. starts for grove, UL.

5. follows her

6. stops.

7. a look at him; then starts a slow, luxuriating walk DR.

8. Turns to Tobias, who has followed her.

9. takes his l. hand. They walk a few steps together, till:

10. Tobias stops.
TOBIAS. Oh, shut up about Azarias.
SARA. I don't think that's very kind. After all, I owe him the life of my husband. It wouldn't be very flattering to you if I weren't grateful to Azarias. And if you are going to be rude and brutal on the first day of our honeymoon, I wonder very much what it is going to be like later on.

TOBIAS. Well, you keep on talking about Azarias, and I keep feeling afraid you will make me jealous, and jealousy's the most abominable feeling in the world.
SARA. I only said he was wonderful. And so he is.
TOBIAS. No, he is not particularly wonderful and he was only doing his job. If he knew the trick he would have done very wrong not to tell it me, especially when he is drawing a salary for looking after me.
SARA. I thought you were wonderful too, but now I think you are mean and petty and contemptible.
TOBIAS. Sara!
SARA. You think of nobody but yourself.
TOBIAS. Well, honestly, I think that's pretty thick! By Gum, I do! Did Azarias run the risk of being strangled by Asmoday? No! Did Azarias terrify the bandit who attacked us on the road near Asshur? No! Did Azarias fight the devil-fish? No! Who did? I did. Azarias sat in perfect safety and gave good advice.
SARA. But it was good advice.
TOBIAS. For goodness' sake stick to the point—whatever it was—I forget now. You have upset me abominably.

SARA: Tobias.
TOBIAS: What is it?
SARA: Don't walk up and down. Tobias, I'm sorry.
TOBIAS: Why sorry? I lost my temper. I should be sorry.
SARA: No, you shouldn't. I am a pig and you are my brave little hero.

AZORAH: I have your little dog, Master. He was frightened during the night, but he slept under my bed and I gave him his breakfast.
TOBIAS: Thank God for that.
SARA: Daddy's prepared another ceremony.

SHEERAH: It is the season of leaves and sheaves of green corn and soft, light rains.
Gone, gone are the storms of sand and the beat of the heat and the thirst and decay. For the Areet is fled and lamed and tamed and prisoned and bound with chains, and the vine springs, and the wind brings wings and the delicate dulcimers play:
Farewell, Asmoday!

1. The quarrel's taken place c. Now Tobias breaks away and paces, 2 times diagonally, DLC to URC.
2. sits on edge of stage, RC. Sara x's to his l. sits close to him. Sara.
3. Azorah from DL, x's to c. Tobias & Sara rise.

4. MUSIC #14 Procession to Sheerah's Shng.
5. She and Tobias retreat to bench, sit as Procession advances:
Sheerah singing , with her lyre.
SHOMARI with 2 laurel-boughs ( gives one to Az. to hold over Raguel) Raguel, beaming with satisfaction.
SAM, who stays at the doorway, DL. TAMKEH and KIRAH with laurel-boughs they use to form a bower over the bridal couple seated on the bench. They come to this position:
1. rises
2. steps to Raguel.

3. Sam pantomimes "Dinner is served."

**MUSIC #14A**

4. Bridal couple lead procession into the house, still sheltered by their laurel-bower; Sheerah with her attendant; Raguel and his. He "conducts" the whole thing, mightily pleased. Sam bows them all into the house, DL, and bows, finally, to the audience before he leaves the stage.

**LIGHTS #19:** all dim out.

**HOUSE LIGHTS up for Entreacte and SHIFT:**

Two stagehands

**Strike:** bench, seat and lamps to Proproom.

R. wall-piece, far stage R.
C. wall-piece, far stage L.
ladder, far stage L.

**Set:** awning over fountain DL.

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RAQUEL. My beloved son and daughter. It has pleased Jahveh in His infinite compassion to spare the life of you, my son. It is well that we should mark and solemnise the occasion in no uncertain fashion, by such a feast as has never been seen in Ecbatana. Expense, my son, shall be no object. And in that expense you and I shall share equally.

TOBIAS. Father.

RAQUEL. Well, my boy?

TOBIAS. You remember what I told you about the camels and so forth? As a matter of fact, I shall be extremely short of cash until the dowry becomes due.

RAQUEL. Um! I could advance you a proportion. But stop a bit. You were going to Rages to see Gabael?

TOBIAS. About a matter of forty talents.

RAQUEL. Splendid. Gabael shall come to the feast. I shall send a trotting camel this very morning. But the wedding-breakfast is ready. Sheerah will sing another stanza for the occasion. Do you all escort the bride and bridegroom to the breakfast?

Sheerah: Fled are the years of tears, and the tears that have hung down on our hearts like a pall.

With the terror that walks and the fright that bites in the night they have gone away all.

And the soft blue pigeons coo and the lovers kneel down in the dew to pray.

Farewell, Asmoday!

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END OF ACT II
Then Tobias called Raphael and said to him, "Brother Azarias, take a servant and two camels with you and go to Gabael at Rages in Media and get the money for me and bring him to the wedding-feast. And Tobias said to Raguel, "Send me back, for my father and mother have given up hope of ever seeing me again." But his father-in-law said to him, "Stay with me and I will send messengers to your father, and they will inform him how things are with you." Tobias replied, "No, send me back to my father." So Raguel arose and gave him his wife, Sara, and half of his property in slaves, cattle and money.

After this, Tobias went his way, over the mountains and through the desert. (exits.)

SARA. Azarias! . . . What a fright you gave me.

RAFAEL. You have finished your siesta very early, Sara.

SARA. I couldn't sleep. Tobias is asleep. I don't know how he can. It is so hot. This is a horrible country. I came out to the well to get some water for myself. It was more trouble to go to the other end of the Khan and waken my lazy sluts of maids. And I couldn't waken Tobias. Isn’t it hot?

RAFAEL. Yes, it is hot.

SARA. The sky is like brass. Persia was nicer than this. Why aren't you in the shade? This sun is dangerous.

RAFAEL. I like it.

SARA. But it will give you heat stroke. It is dangerous to like such things.

RAFAEL. It is dangerous to like anything too much.

SARA. Oh, do you think so! I can't think that way about things. If—when I like a thing or—or a person, I just let go and go down the wind. There is no other way of liking. It can't be always dangerous. . . . I suppose we move on again at sundown? I am sick of this journey.

RAFAEL. Are you?
1. kisses his feet.

2. raises her, x's to sit her at his R. on well-edge.

3. steps opp. her; he's at the edge of a slightly higher platform, at her l.

4. to him.

5. turns as though ready to lean back against him.

6. steps back so Sara's pose is upset.

7. she does take his hand.

8. on her knees, clasping his.

(Note: numbers on notes below refer, obviously, like those above, to text directly opposite.)

1. kisses his feet.

2. raises her, x's to seat her at his R. on well-edge.

3. rises, x's to DC.

4. stares at her.

5. in telling her off, vigorously, he paces away to the L. and back to Sara.

[Sara moves quickly to well, changes her tone.]
compound of absurdities and irrelevances. Your only
admirable feature is the magnificent impudence that
impels you to make sheep's eyes at an Archangel six
thousand years your senior.

SARA (begins to weep, silently).

RAFAEL Don't snivel. You can't hope to make
any impression upon me by that wretched exercise.

SARA Very well. I shall kill myself.

RAFAEL I begin to think it is the best thing you
could do. And I am not speaking solely in the interests
of Tobias.

SARA You are a cruel monster.

RAFAEL Please remember to whom you are speaking.

SARA As if I could forget. Oh, what shall I do?

What shall I do?

RAFAEL Is that a rhetorical question or do you
to really want to know?

SARA I know the gods take pleasure in jeering at
poor mortals. What is there to know? Is there any-

where anyone?

RAFAEL (eyes, Sara. There is hope.

SARA (looking at him quickly). Yes? Yes?

RAFAEL (clears his throat).

SARA Oh, don't preach to me now. I can't bear it.

RAFAEL I never preach. Behave yourself or I
shall go away altogether.

SARA I will behave myself, dear Raphael.

RAFAEL Very well then. Listen.

You may fall in love with a man's demon—indeed it
is advisable and stimulating to do so, provided that, at the
back of your mind, you remember that you are only
falling in love in a Pickwickian sense.

SARA I don't understand you.

RAFAEL I shall try to make myself clear.

A demon, spelt with an "a," is a creature by whose
agency you write immortal verse, go great journeys, leap
into bottomless chasms, fight dragons, starve in a garret...

SARA Strangle our husbands.

RAFAEL Yes. That too.

It is perhaps fortunate that demons are much too
occupied to visit, or to concern themselves with, the bulk
of mankind.

SARA It is very fortunate.

RAFAEL (When it is necessary to Jahveh’s purpose
they make contact, often with extremely disturbing
results; for demons are not all equally expert and con-

scious, and their material is not invariably well chosen.
I could talk for a thousand years on the methods and the
shortcomings of demons. It is only necessary to tell
you how to behave when you meet a demon. And
evidently it is very necessary indeed.

Foolish women, of whom you are one, fall in love with
demons. Your excuse has been that a demon of the
inferior sort has tormented you since you were a child.
He made you impatient with common men. He is now
bound and in Egypt. There is no longer any more any
excuse for you.

SARA But I am still impatient with common men.

RAFAEL You must cease to be so. Often, at odd
times in the future, you will see me looking out of Tobias's
eyes. But you can only love me through Tobias.

You must study Tobias and Tobias alone—his
little oddities, his bursts of friendliness, his
gentleness, his follies. You must love him for
those, and for his own peculiar little body.

SARA But how can I help loving his daemon?

RAFAEL You cannot love what you cannot under-
stand. Love what you understand and you will under-
stand more and more till your life is so full that there will
be no room for anything else—torturings and itchings
and ambitions and shames.
1. x’s to well.
2. Tobias enters UL. x’s to C.
3. steps to Raphael.
4. This, Bridie explains, is a camel call. He exits UL.
5. to the well.
6. takes both her hands for a moment.
7. sits on edge of well.
8. strolls past Tobias, 1.
9. swigs from water-bottle.
10. turns to him.
11. stands.
12. steps towards her.
13. another few steps, heading off UL.

Sara: Very well.
Raphael: And some day you will have made a new Tobias, all your own, and you will understand him from the beginning.
Sara: Until his daemon comes along and takes him away from me.
Raphael: By then, my dear, he will not be taken away from you.
SARA. Stop that. I want to talk to you.

TOBIAS. Is there anything more to be said? I know what you think of me. You are free. You may go.

SARA. What sort of woman do you think I am?

TOBIAS. I have told you a hundred times. I have no words to tell you now.

SARA. It runs in my memory that a certain little man rescued me from Asmoday.

TOBIAS. No, no. That was Azarias.

SARA. It was not Azarias. It was you. Look up.

TOBIAS. You're not going to leave me? Even if I live in a slum?

SARA. Even if you live in a ditch full of cactuses and scorpions.

TOBIAS. Even if I am a liar?

SARA. All men are liars. There is no choice.

TOBIAS. But I am a coward.

SARA. You are nothing of the sort. If you say so again you will begin to be a bore, and that is much more dreadful.

TOBIAS. Then you aren't going to leave me?

SARA. I am not going to leave you.

TOBIAS. I am very glad. But I don't know what you can see in me.

SARA. I can see two nice merry little humble eyes. Guileless eyes, like a friendly dog's. And you have two rosy cheeks like fresh apples. May I kiss them?

TOBIAS. I see no reason why you shouldn't and every reason why you should. Shall I tell you what you are like?

SARA. Yes, do.

TOBIAS. In the first place, your eyebrows are like two rainbows springing from that alabaster tower of Babylon, your nose. Your eyes are like two brown pigeons sheltering behind purple hibiscus petals. Your brow is like nothing I ever saw in my life before. Your teeth are like a flock of Angora goats...... (exeunt.)

END of ACT III - Sc. 1.

Narrator

Now his father, Tobit was counting each day; when the days for the journey had expired and they did not arrive he was greatly distressed. And his wife went out every day to the road by which they had left; she ate nothing in the daytime; and throughout the nights she never stopped mourning for her son, Tobias.

1. Tobias stops, turns back to her.

2. steps yp to face him;

(he's on a slightly higher level.)

LIGHTS: WARN #22

BLUE STRIPS on.

3. turns to UR of him.

4. she does.

5. LIGHTS #22: stage dimes as

They start off UL, his arm around her waist.

MUSIC #16. Continues through Shift and, very softly under Narration.

SHIFT: (to same as I - 1.)

Stagehands set hut from 1. ladder from r.

Props bring furniture & props to above hut. Anna places them

LIGHTS #23: on Narrator

Now his father, Tobit was counting each day; when the days for the journey had expired and they did not arrive he was greatly distressed. And his wife went out every day to the road by which they had left; she ate nothing in the daytime; and throughout the nights she never stopped mourning for her son, Tobias.
ANNA. Eighty-five days. Eighty-five days. He is dead, I tell you, he is dead.

Tobit. He has been detained. All sorts of things may have happened. Poor Gabael may be dead or sick and there may be nobody to give him the money. If it is so I am very sorry.

ANNA. It isn't Gabael who is dead. It is Tobias. I know it. I know it. Do you think a mother doesn't know?

He may be lying at the foot of a precipice broken and dead with no one to help him—far from his mother who would give her life for him—gladly, oh, how gladly!

Tobit. I know you, mother, but surely you can have faith in Jahveh and in our prayers?

ANNA. Jahveh! Jahveh allows steep precipices to be, and bloodthirsty robbers to be, and wolves and bears. My little son, my little son!

Tobit. Anna, you are making yourself unhappy about nothing.

ANNA. Is it nothing to lose all that I have? Is it nothing that the rest of our lives should be all blackness and sorrow?

Tobit. It does not matter at which end of our lives sorrow comes. The sorrow and the happiness cancel out.

ANNA. I cannot understand how you can start talking like a copy-book at the moment that your only son is being torn to pieces by wolves.

Tobit. Do be reasonable, Anna. How do you know he is being torn to pieces by wolves?

ANNA. I am the seventh daughter of a seventh son. I know these things.

Tobit. Then you didn’t know he had fallen over a precipice?

ANNA. He has fallen over a precipice and been torn by wolves. Oh, unbearable grief!

Tobit. Nothing of that sort could possibly happen to him. That fellow Azarias is a most reliable man. I took to him from the first. I had an instinctive confidence in him.

ANNA. You have an instinctive confidence in every cutthroat and pickpocket and garrotter in Nineveh. Your instinct is nothing. A woman's instinct is the thing. It cannot lie. It is never wrong. Oh, Tobias! Oh, little, little Tobias!

Tobit. Woman, you will make me cry too, and all about nothing.

ANNA. Azarias. Didn't you say yourself he was a nobleman in disguise? The first day they had gone I felt Tobias was in danger. I know now. On that day Azarias cut his throat and threw him into the Tigris. I know he did, I know he did.

Tobit. Anna, if you would stop inventing deaths for our son and go again to the road end and look out for him it would be more to the point.

ANNA. What is the good of that? I have looked and looked day after day till my eyes have nearly fallen out. I know he will never come back.
1. rises, x's r. of bench.

2. hobbles to doorway, turns.

3. U.R.

4. sink to floor, at edge of stage, l. of bench. Hugs herself; falls asleep from fatigue.

5. Raphael enters from l. quickly, lightly; satisfied with the scene, beckons Tobias; but Tobias no longer feels the need of a guide.

6. holds up "fish gall".

7. comes closer to Raph.

8. x's DR of Raphael below the well.

9. Tobias does, and 10. x's into hut.

11. upstage of Anna.

12. hugs him.

---

Tobit: You're not yourself today. You're possessed! Well, I'll just take a turn down to the bazaar. Perhaps I'll hear some news of him there.

Anna: How could you hear any news of him? He has died in Media, far, far away, on a cold hillside. Oh, Tobias, my son! my son!

Tobit: Anna, my darling, you'd better pray for our son, Tobias. I'll pray for you!

Anna: What does he care for his own flesh and blood? He's hard as flint to any but beggars and lepers and worthless tramps!... My boy, my strong, handsome, beautiful boy! My only comfort, my only hope! Gone forever, forever. I shall never see him again. Never again. Never, never... (falls asleep.)

Tobias: Why did you make me leave Sara behind quickly, lightly; in the camp? She took it very unkindly.

Anna: She will be here presently. Would you like to see another trick?

Tobias: No. I want to go to my mother.

Raphael: Stay where you are. Would you like to see another trick?

Tobias: Oh, very much, if that is what you want me to answer.

Raphael: Do you see this?

Tobias: Yes. It looks beastly. What is it?

Raphael: It is the gall-bladder of the fish you killed in the Tigris.

Tobias: What fish? Oh, yes; I remember. So it was. Why did you keep that disgusting thing?

Raphael: Because I thought it would come in handy. Would you like your father to see Sara?

Tobias: What do you mean? That's impossible. The poor old chap is blind.

Raphael: I know that. Answer my question.

Tobias: What question?

Raphael: Would you like him to see Sara?

Tobias: Dearly. But it's hopeless. He has been to all the horoscopists and surgeons and magicians from here to Jerusalem. They all say it is hopeless. It is cataract.

Raphael: Take this gall-bladder in your hand, and when your father comes out to greet you, strike the gall into his eyes.

Tobias: Look here, Azarias, a joke is a joke, but please remember I am not the soft sort of half-wit who left Nineveh with you nearly three moons ago.

Raphael: Yes, you are. Will you do as I tell you for the last time?

Tobias: Oh, well. If it's the last time...

Raphael: It is the last time. I have other work to do. Take the thing. Now go to your mother.

Tobias: She's asleep. (kisses her)

Anna: Tobias! Not dead! Not eaten!

Tobias: It's all right, mother. Here I am.

Anna: Oh, my darling son!

Tobias: Are you glad to see me, mother? I got the money all right. I'm afraid I took longer on the journey than I intended. How is father?
Tobit: Anna! Anna, they say that a great caravan....

Tobit: Daddy!

Tobit: Oh, you've hurt me! My eyes! How strong you've grown! What muscles! You great ox of a boy! Oh, my eyes, - they're burning! Never mind, sonny, it wasn't your fault.

Anna: What's the matter, old man?

Tobit: It's my eyes. It's something Tobias had in his hand. It got into my eyes. They'll be better presently. How are you, Sonny? Thank God you're back.

Tobias: How are you, Father? Has everything been all right? Has Achiacarus....

Tobit: Yes, sonny, everything's been....

Anna: Achiacarus is in prison just now.

Tobit: He'll get out all right. He was a little inquisitive. Oh, my eyes! I could tear them out!

Anna: Tobias, what have you done?

Tobias: It was Azarias. He gave me some....

Tobit: Never mind, never mind. Anna, get some water for my eyes. They're burning like hot coals....

Anna: All right.

Tobias: Azarias! What have you done? Do something for him, quick! He's in pain.

Tobit: No. It's... It's all right. I...

[He looks at his hands, then at Tobias.

Oh, praise the Lord, I can see. The curtains are drawn from my eyes. I can see. Oh, Tobias!

Tobias: Father!

Tobit: I can see, Anna! I can see! I can see Tobias! I can see you! What a beloved ugly old darling you are. Kiss me. What do you think of the Lord now, you mournful old crocodile? Who is that gentleman over there?

Tobias: That's Azarias, daddy.

Tobit: Oh, God bless you, Azarias. You've brought my son back and my sight back and - Oh, what a happy day!

Anna: A happy day indeed. Sit down, you old fool, you'll dance yourself to death. You've nearly killed me. Sit down at once and get your breath.

[Sara comes down the street while all this is going on.

Tobit: And here is a beautiful young lady. What a blessed sight a young lady is. Were you looking for anything, my dear?

Sara: I'm looking for...

Tobias: Daddy, this is my wife.
ANNA. Your what?
TOBIA. My wife. Sara is her name.
ANNA. But you never told us.
TOBIA. I hadn't time!
ANNA. Time? You men! A girl would have screamed, "Mother, I'm married," as soon as she came in sight.
TOBIA. Girls have no real modesty. You are very welcome, my dear. It is a strange thing for a new daughter to arrive with none of the usual preliminaries, but you are very welcome.
ANNA. You're welcome to me too.
TOBIA. She's Raguel's daughter, father. Raguel of Ecbatana.
TOBIT. Oh, joyous news! Old Raguel's daughter, Anna! Think of that. How is old Raguel? I've always meant to go and see him. I had a slight temporary infection of my eyes. Nothing much, but it prevented me travelling. Dear me, what a lovely girl you are!
Anna: The poor girl must be ill with fatigue and you keep asking her questions and not allowing her to answer them. I'm surprised at you!
Tobit: Ah, listen to that! I've surprised old Anna. After forty years. Never mind, I'll surprise more than Anna, now I can see my way about... Go in, my child. Don't mind what a daft old man says.
Anna: That's quite true, you are daft. We are very sorry to have to welcome you to such a wretched hovel, Sara dear, but we have seen better days; and if Tobias has had the sense to make any decent arrangements, we shall see better days again. Come in, my dear. You must be tired after your long journey. Sit down.
Sara: Your little house looks wonderfully cosy!
Tobit: It's good to see you, sonny.
Tobias: It's good to see you, Dad.
Tobit: Jahveh has made me a very happy man. Jahveh is full of unexcepted moments.......
Sara: Everything is so new to me in this big city, I wanted to see you quite informally, and when Azarias and Tobias slunk off like cats so early in the morning, I thought I'd better follow them. I hate a fuss, and I hope I'm in time to prevent it.
Anna: You are a dear, sensible girl and I love you for that. You are just the girl for Tobias. He is even more unpractical than his poor, silly old father.
Tobit: So Azarias took good care of you, did he?
Tobias: Azarias has been a sort of guardian angel to me, daddy. First he made me kill a devil-fish that was trying to kill me; then he made me terrify a bandid who was terrifying me. ....
Tobias: (continued) . . . . And he made me look over Raguel's wall when I was afraid of the guards, so that I saw Sara like a water-lily in the morning. And Sara was bewitched by an enormous great fiend, but he made me marry her, although I was afraid of the fiend, and he told me how to scare the fiend away, and he went with Raguel's messages to Gabael and brought Gabael back, and he made me drive a bargain that took Gabael's breath away and made him shake me reverently by the hand. . . And he hurried me back to you and taught me how to cure your blindness, and here we are.

Tobit. And all for one drachma a day. What an invaluable man! You remember what I told you. Have you paid him regularly?

Tobias: Well. As a matter of fact . . .

Tobit. Oh, Tobias! That's dreadful.

Tobias. I hardly liked to . . . I mean, one drachma a day to a superior chap like Azarias. No, I was proposing to divide the dowry with him. I think he has earned it.

Tobit. I think he has. And he shall have five of Gabael's ten talents.

Tobias. They are eighteen now, daddy.

Tobit. Eighteen! Tobias!

Tobias. Well, Gabael was quite pleased. Raguel said he got off very lightly.

Tobit. Well, well. Perhaps it is all right. At least we must tell Azarias at once. What will he think of you? He will think you have forgotten all about him. Azarias!

Azarias, we are grateful to the Lord for His bounty, but we must not forget you. Tobias and I have laid our heads together, and we have decided, as a small earnest of the great debt we owe you . . .

Raphael. You owe me nothing.

Tobit. I beg your pardon?

Raphael. You owe me nothing.

Tobit. Well, if you put it that way, it's exceedingly generous and charming of you to say so, but in that case perhaps you will be kind enough to accept a little gift as a token . . .

Raphael: I accept no gifts.

Tobit. He won't accept a gift, Tobias.

Anna: But it's good to give and receive gifts. . . . Come! . . . Won't you come in and have something to eat and drink with us, Azarias? . . .

Raphael: I am not Azarias. I cannot eat and drink and walk the earth with you. I am Raphael, one of the seven angels who present the prayers of the saints before the throne, and who go in and out of the Courts of Heaven.

Tobit, a few prayers with alms and righteousness are better than many with unrighteousness and avarice.

Jahweh has heard your prayers and has seen your deeds that were themselves prayers. Now, therefore, give God thanks for I go unto Him that sent me. But write all these things which are done in a book.

1. LIGHTS: WARN #25

2. turns back to Tobit.

(Now, in the hut, Sara's looking out toward her husband.)

3. x's 1. to join Sara

4. x's DR to Raphael.

5. gracious, smiling, he withdraws to the prosenium, R.

6. turns up to face Raphael.

7. Raffled, Tobit x's into hut. Raphael x's out of sight, UL.

8. She leads her family outside, expecting to find Azarias

9. MUSIC #17: a few bars, to signify the awesome "Presence." Then Raphael is seen on the hut roof, with halo and wings.

LIGHTS #25: "Angel Special" & WARN #26 and #27

10. "spreads his wings"

11. MUSIC #8: Thunder

LIGHTS #26: lightening, and LIGHTS #27: blue cyc; only group DR. is lighted. For Raphael has disappeared.
Anna: Lord have mercy!
Tobias: No wonder Toby was frightened! Do you remember, Father, he was frightened to come in when the Angel was in the house? And at Ecbatana again. And Sara, — I believe you knew all the time weren't you afraid?
Sara: Yes, but I grew less and less afraid of him. And he seemed to dwindle and fade till I could hardly be sure he was there at all. Do you remember at the Wall of the Kahn at Kifri? I saw him pale, like a ghost. And when he walked in front of you, I saw you, through his body. To-day I saw him like a drifting mist.  
Tobit: We have been visited.  

END OF ACT III
and
END of THE PLAY

Curtain Calls
Tableau of Tobit Family and Raphael on the roof.
Rest of the Cast files on, to music, through door DL. Take positions across downstage: (Demon comes on from DR)

All file out, UR or DL except Tobias who takes the last call, with Raphael who comes to his side, C. They go off, UR together, to the music.

END OF THE PERFORMANCE
Musical Score

for

Tobias & the Angel

by James Bridie

Robert Anderson

Union Theological Seminary

Directed by Chauncey Chapin
Act I  Scene I.

Original Angel Music before "Amen"

During change of Scene  P.23

(See Below)
Eve Totiti: "Coming my love"
Song of the Mud Fish's Liver (p. 79)

Sung by Raphael

Bandit Music

P. 28 - Entry
P. 30 - Withdrawal

Exit Music End Act I Scene 2 p. 51

Cue: Raphael "Come along"
Nightingale - BSO. Act II Scene 1

"O, Tobias! But I'll have another drink!"

(subito)
The text at the top of the page reads: "Cue Tobias: "really is a most charming girl""

Below the text, there is a musical notation titled "Wedding Procession" with a duration indication of "p.50."
Canon ALEX ZIMMER's Melody in the style of the Antique Hebrew for the Tobit family's
EVENING HYMN AFTER A MEAL
(end of Act I - Sc. 1)

I will exult Jehovah, That liveth forever.
Blessed be His Kingdom forever. Confer us His Re-forming-
Blessed be the Children of Israel. For He has scattered us among them.
O Jerusalem the Holy City. And shall be built up with sepulchres and with embankments.
For I shall rejoice in Thy peace. For Jerusalem shall be built up.
Amen.
'Ome Tobres: "like nothing I ever saw in my life"
Exit of Raphael p. 82

Cue R. "Write all these things in a book"

HOLD Ped.
24.

cue Tobit: "we have been visited"

Curtain Call:

Bows, then

dying away

right into
Curtain call cont'd.
It is the season of leaves and sheaves of green
Corn and soft light rains. Gone, gone are the
Storms of sand and the beat of the heat and the thirst and de-
lay, for the fleet is fled and lamed—and
Tamed and poisoned and bound with chains, and the
Vine springs and the wind brings wings and the deli-
cate—
Dulcimers play:— Farewell, as goodbye!

Fled are the years of tears and the fears that have
Hung down on our hearts like a pall—Rats, ta-
Ran-tu-las, blood-sucking bats, and the evil—Black
 Gnats are a- way; with the terror that walks
PRODUCTION DATA

Music Cue Sheets .................. W. Thrasher, choreographer.
Setting Description .................. Director
Setting Scaled Ground-Plan .......... Frank Childs, Designer
Light Plot and Schedule ............ Robert Lehan, Designer
Costume Plot ...................... Harriet Kaufmann, Designer
Property Plot ....................... Director
SETTING

The permanent setting consisted of:

Cyclorama, painted with desert-scene, yellow sky.
Masking-flats, stage-height, r. and l. for scenery-storage, entrances, lights.
Wall-flats, DR and DL, forming an expansion of the small stage; these were
stippled, pink to grey-sand.
DR was a window; beneath that, a well.
DL: a doorway, curtained with grey-pink silk.

Platforms which doubled the stage in depth, and extended it to half-as-much—
again in width. Available material was used. Levels varied. (see
floor-plan)

Set-pieces consisted of:

3-fold screen, double-covered for I-1 and III-2 Hut (painted tan)
Act II Garden Wall-piece (blue, with white vine-trill

2 strips of(natural) tall reeds for the River Scene, I - 2.
2 12' lengths of blue net-cloth

2 standing cut-outs of(construction-board) cypress trees for Act II
another wall-piece to add to the aforementioned one that doubled.

an awning of paisley-type cloth supported by 2 bamboo poles, that stood in the
well, serving Acts I and III.
MUSIC CUES

Introduction of Characters by Tobit, as Narrator:

p 1   #1  Open with Tobias' theme, p. 2 (of musical score) Change to Processional music, p. 24, at Sara's entrance.

Act I

p. 18   #2  Azarias: "Amen": Night Music, p. 5; cont. p. 20; stop at Camel Music, for Narration. Go into Journey Music, top of p. 8. As Water Maidens enter with Fish and "water": Water Music, p. 10. Stop at Azarias"Here we are at the Tigris River."

p.20   #3  Tobias:"You are a bully, Azarias...Here goes!" (he dives): Water Music, p. 10. Continue until Tobias'"I've got him!"; then begin Tobias' Theme, bottom p. 11.

p. 22   #4  Tobias "Look, Azarias, Look!": Bandit Theme, p. 12.

p. 24   #5  Bandit,"Allah protect you, my lord!" Exit of Bandit, p. 12

p. 25  #6  Azarias "There are no such things as afreets. Come along." p. 12 Exit for Tobias and Azarias. Continue through p. 13. Go into Water Music, p. 10, as Water Maidens leave with Fish, and until lights fade.

Act II

p.2-7   #7  Light up on Narrator: Run fingers along piano strings, for "Dream Music". Same, at end of Narration, to accompany Sheerah's plucking of her lyre; continue, occasionally, through the song. (What do you think, eh?)

p.2-10  #8  Tobias,"All that about the seven husbands?" Processional Music, p. 14; stop just short of wedding-march motif.

p.2-17  #9  Tobias, "I'll have another" Nightingale Music, p. 13.

p.2-17  #10  Tobias, "And Sara really is a charming girl": Processional Music, for wedding, p. 14; end it with Tobias,"Father, you have a most unfortunate way of putting things."

p.2-22  #11  Sheerah, "Come in, Azorah!/(Run fingers along piano strings; follow with Demon Music p. 15, accompanying Demon's actions and sounds, till, after the Smoke Explosion, he snorts, suggesting "What is this? Who did this to me?". At that point pause, - hold for four-count. With Raphael's entrance, then, play Azarias' Song, p. 14 with right hand, as left hand resumes Demon's bass rumble; this, till Raphael's line,"Good evening, Stinker."

p.2-23  #12A  Raphael, "Look at me, Asmoday!": Angel trumpet-theme, p. 16, and continue through Battle, to mid-p. 17.


p.2-24  #13  Tobias,"Shall we go more?" Solo lark repeats.

p.2-24  #13A  Tobias, "Come along.": chorus lark repeated, p. 17, till Azarias,"I've had a magnificent night!"
MUSIC CUES (cont.)

p. 2-26  #14  Tobias, "Thank God for that!" Pluck piano strings before the Procession; continue plucking, to accompany Sheerah's plucking her lyre, and:

p. 2-27  #14A  Raguel. "Escort the bride and bridegroom to the breakfast." Same accompaniment to Sheerah's lyre, continued till lights fade on Act II.

ACT III

p. 3-1  #15  House Lights Out: Camel music, pp. 20, 21; fade under Narration.

p. 3-1  #15A  Narrator, "...and through the desert." Same, to cover transition to opening dialogue Sara-Raphael; fade under that.

p. 3-5  #16  Tobias, "Pigeons sheltering behind purple hibiscus petals": Love Song, p. 19 into Tobias Music, p. 20, Camel Music pp. 20, 21. (All this to cover shift into Scene 2 of Act III, - and adapted to the speed of the Shift.) Continue, very softly, under Narration and stop only with Anna's "Eighty-five days!"

p. 3-10  #17  Anna "...to eat and drink with us, Azarias?" Night Music p. 5, till Raphael appears on the hut-roof.

p. 3-10  #18  Raphael "...which are done, in a book." Thunder, p. 23.

p. 3-11  #19  Tobit, "We have been visited." Final Music, p. 24, top; continue as lights fade.

CURTAIN CALLS

p. 3-11  #20  First Call - Tableau of Tobit Family and Raphael: Procession Music, p. 24 for entrance of the rest of the cast. It repeats for their exeunt, followed by Tobias Music for the Third and Last Call, - p. 25.

* * * * * *

MELODY for Sheerah's Song is found on pp. 27, 28 of the Musical Score;

" Azarias' Song: Aligor, Belias etc. that's sung unaccompanied, is on Score p. 4.

Tobit Family's Evening Hymn, sung unaccompanied, inserted into Score on p. 18.

It was contributed by Canon Alex Zimmer.

All the rest of the Music was specially composed for Tobias and the Angel by Robert Anderson of the Union Theological Seminary School of Sacred Music, 122 St. & B'way, NY 27, NI.

It is protected by copyright and should not be performed without arrangement with him.
LIGHT PLOT

"Tobias And The Angel"
Lighting Plot - 4" Scale
Desn. By: Robt. A. Lehan
## Light Schedule

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NO.</th>
<th>TYPE</th>
<th>LOCATION</th>
<th>WATTS</th>
<th>AREA</th>
<th>GEL</th>
<th>DIM</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>6&quot; Leko</td>
<td>Boom L.</td>
<td>500</td>
<td>door L.</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>P-4</td>
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<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>6&quot; Leko</td>
<td>Boom L.</td>
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<td>1</td>
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<td>6&quot; Fresnel</td>
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<td>6&quot; Fresnel</td>
<td>Pipe L.</td>
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<td>V-1</td>
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<td>6&quot; Fresnel</td>
<td>Pipe L.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>54</td>
<td>P-2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>6&quot; Fresnel</td>
<td>Pipe L.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>54</td>
<td>P-2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Flood</td>
<td>Pipe C.</td>
<td></td>
<td>stage fill</td>
<td>43</td>
<td>P-3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>6&quot; Fresnel</td>
<td>Pipe R.C.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>54</td>
<td>P-2/P-4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>6&quot; Leko</td>
<td>Pipe R.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>54</td>
<td>P-5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>6&quot; Fresnel</td>
<td>Pipe R.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>54</td>
<td>P-6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>6&quot; Fresnel</td>
<td>Pipe R.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>54</td>
<td>V-1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>6&quot; Fresnel</td>
<td>Pipe R.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>54</td>
<td>V-1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>6&quot; Leko</td>
<td>Boom R.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>54</td>
<td>P-1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>6&quot; Leko</td>
<td>Boom R.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>window R.</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>P-1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>6&quot; Fresnel</td>
<td>Torm. L.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>7 angel spel</td>
<td>58</td>
<td>P-6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>6&quot; Fresnel</td>
<td>Boom R</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>5 sun spel</td>
<td>54</td>
<td>P-3/P-1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>Strip</td>
<td>Ctr. Rear</td>
<td>480</td>
<td>cyc. foot</td>
<td>Cir. 1-29</td>
<td>V-2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>Strip</td>
<td>Ctr. Rear</td>
<td>480</td>
<td>cyc. foot</td>
<td>Cir. 2-Cir. 3</td>
<td>V-2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>Strip (Booth)</td>
<td>Prosc.</td>
<td>720</td>
<td>Stage fill</td>
<td>blue lamps House</td>
<td>6d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character</td>
<td>Act I - Scene 1</td>
<td>Act I - Scene 2</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----------</td>
<td>----------------</td>
<td>----------------</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tobit</td>
<td>yellow-orange-brown-green striped tunic  brown monksloth robe  blue etc. print &quot;Beanie&quot;  * sandals (short white beard)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anna</td>
<td>coral denim baggy skirt and blouse  rose &amp; grey-print headscarf  charcoal black apron  black flat shoes</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tobias</td>
<td>short orange cotton tunic  brick-red sash  blue-green homespun loose coat  blue-and-orange crocheted &quot;Beanie&quot;*  barefoot</td>
<td>green and black striped denim undershorts (underdressed in Act I - Sc.1) for swimming.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raphael as Azarias</td>
<td>light blue tights  blue wool tunic with blue-to-grey cloth &quot;wings&quot; attached; white headscarf*  Arabic headband, black wool*  red-and-white sash*  white wool aba  sandals</td>
<td>same</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raphael as Angel</td>
<td>removes aba and sash  wears halo.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bandit</td>
<td></td>
<td>orange-yellow-purple striped pants  orange-and-blue turban, gold pin, gold sash; sandals.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
## COSTUME PLOT p.2

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Act I - Scene 1</th>
<th>Act II - Scene 11 and Scene 2</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Fish</td>
<td>olive green leopard; mustard tights; green gloves; headpiece, constructed on wire mesh;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sheerah</td>
<td>(As River Maiden) open-front skirt, blue taffeta; short jacket, bl. taffeta; trimmed with magenta chiffon sandal</td>
<td>metallic pink sequined pillbox-hat; magenta headscarf; green sash; green, fringe-trimmed shawl</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>light blue nylon headscarf</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Azorah</td>
<td>(As River Maiden) open-front green taffeta skirt; gold draped top; gold sash</td>
<td>same</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>sandals</td>
<td>bright green china-silk headscarf; gold, sequined pillbox-hat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>light blue nylon headscarf</td>
<td>gold earrings and pin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kirrah</td>
<td>(As River Maiden) open-front skirt, green taffeta; short jacket, gr. taffeta; trimmed in peach silk; gold pin; sandals</td>
<td>same</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>light blue nylon headscarf</td>
<td>wine pillbox-hat; peach sash; wine, fringe-trimmed shawl.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shumari</td>
<td>(As River Maiden) open-front skirt, green Taffeta; short jacket, trimmed with rick rack and fringe sandal; earrings and necklace</td>
<td>same</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>light blue nylon headscarf</td>
<td>blue pillbox-hat with dark blue &amp; sequin trim; blue sash; pink headscarf; blue shawl, pink fringe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tamkeh</td>
<td></td>
<td>open-front skirt, blue taffeta, lined shocking-pink; &quot;&quot; short jacket, trimmed bl. fringe, sequin blue sash; deep pink shawl; shocking pink pillbox-hat; powder blue headscarf; hoop, gold earrings; black ballet slippers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character</td>
<td>Act II - Scene 1</td>
<td>Act II - Scene 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----------------</td>
<td>---------------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>--------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| Sara            | 1. open-front skirt, - powder-blue with rhinestones, covered with turquoise chiffon over-skirt; matching short jacket; gold sash; gold silk pillbox-hat with sequins; gold china-silk headscarf; powder blue slippers.  
2. (Wedding-Dress) full-length gold jersey dress, draped with yellow chiffon and gold-meshed-net; gold hat (same) with long yellow silk headscarf. gold clip on dress. (same blue slippers) | same, without hat; yellow scarf pinned to hair. |
| Tobias          | 1. Same as Act I.  
2. (Wedding Finery) open-sided gold silk tunic with"jeweled" belt huge orange-gold-and black turban long satin coat, striped yellow-red-etc.* gold clog-slippers. | same, without the turban |
| Raphael as Azarias | same as Act I | same |
| Raphael as Angel | (same) tights, tunic-with"wings", sandals gold-bronce breastplate, helmet and sword. | |
| Raguel          | wine-colored- red-gold etc. embroidered gown* tall dark red hat, draped with purple scarf* gold pin; red leather slippers  
( full black beard) | same |
| Sam             | 1. eyelet-embroidered white cotton tunic; red-and-black-striped shin-length pants; dark red faz with red-purple-gold bow-band. Black slippers.  
2. (For Wedding) exchange faz for scarlet velvet turban and black silk. | same |
| Demon Asmodeus  | black tights, jersey and slippers; headress constructed of wire, black wool fringe, silver balls;  
(Wake-up: stylized war paint.*) | |
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Characters</th>
<th>Act III - Scene 1</th>
<th>Act III - Scene 2</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sara</td>
<td>Same as II-2, except that gold scarf is exchanged for yellow one.</td>
<td>Same as III-1 plus Aqua cotton full-length cape draped over one shoulder.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tobias</td>
<td>striped &quot;Wedding&quot; coat, closed with &quot;wedding&quot; belt</td>
<td>Same</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>thin beige wool aba*over this &quot;Wedding&quot; slippers</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>brick-red headscarf<em>and black wool Arabic headband</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raphael as Azarias</td>
<td>Same as I and II</td>
<td>same</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raphael as Angel</td>
<td></td>
<td>same as Act I- Scene 1.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tobit</td>
<td></td>
<td>same as Act I-scene 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anna</td>
<td></td>
<td>same as Act I - scene 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On Stage</td>
<td>Brought onstage.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>--------------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I -1 *wall-lamp, hut c. wall</td>
<td>dog - Tobias</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6' rope, l. &quot;</td>
<td>fish-pole</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*5' crude bench</td>
<td>bundle with- Anna</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>burlap pillow</td>
<td>bread in it</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*brass candlestick on</td>
<td>large basket - Raphael</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*low stand for it.</td>
<td>with:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*crude broom</td>
<td>wine-bottle</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*brazier</td>
<td>cloth wrapping 3 &quot;pomgranates&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 crude brooms</td>
<td>stick wi. 4 &quot;roast quail&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 crude cups</td>
<td>3 parchment receipts - Tobit</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Tobit's stick</td>
<td>halo behind hut- Raphael</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>spill of paper</td>
<td>pack with cloth in it - Raphael</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>water-bottle(at well d.r.)</td>
<td>stick</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>dog - Tobias</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>pack</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>stick</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>knife</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II - 1</td>
<td>2 lengths of &quot;water&quot; cloth - Girls</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(beach) ball</td>
<td>&quot;liver&quot; - Fish</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>little whip</td>
<td>&quot;gall&quot; - &quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dish of candy (for Azorah)</td>
<td>pack with liver - Raphael</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sheerah's lyre bench</td>
<td>dog</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>low seat</td>
<td>bow and arrows - Sam</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>smudge-smoke effect ready, behind window, d.r.</td>
<td>bamboo stick</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 candleabra (torches) dr. and dl.</td>
<td>ladder</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 torch-lighters</td>
<td>wedding garments for Tobias - Sam</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>marriage contract</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>stylus</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>pick - Raguel</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>shovel</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II - 2</td>
<td>girls</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 laurel-boughs</td>
<td>pick &amp; shovel - Raguel</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sheerah's lyre</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III - 1</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III-2 all *2nd articles listed under I-1</td>
<td>water pitcher - Sara.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>peanuts to shell</td>
<td>gall- Raphael</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>