Shakespeare's dramatic method as a guide for radio writers today

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thesis

SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMATIC METHOD
AS A GUIDE
FOR RADIO WRITERS TODAY

by
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More progress has been made in the radio drama than in any other branch of the theater in a similar period of time. This progress is evidenced by the fact that radio alone presented more individual dramatic works during the past year than all other theatrical fields combined.

The four major networks--Columbia Broadcasting System, National Broadcasting Company, Mutual Broadcasting System, and the Blue Network--devote annually more than 9,000 hours to the radio drama. Some 2,000 individual plays are presented. And these figures do not include the countless hours of saccharine sagas, or "soap operas" which comprise so important a part of the housewife's daily chores, and incidentally, of radio's commercial structure.

The radio drama--variously described as "the orphan child of accepted literature," "a new literary art form," and "a buckshot art"--has built up in just ten years the almost inconceivable audience of 51,000,000 people.

The broadcasting industry itself is now in its twenty-fifth year, but the radio theater was not born until 1936. It was then that listeners throughout the country began a concentrated fight against the broadcasters' numerous limitations on the presentation of all programs that even faintly suggested a dramatic theme.
The initial assault on the stereotyped drama was made by the Columbia Broadcasting System in the form of the Columbia Workshop. This commendable project made a thorough and practical study of the experimental theater, and combined the visual drama with the audio medium to give millions of listeners a series of original plays. They were plays that could be enjoyed by the sophisticated Broadwayite as well as the family in Hickville, and they had the effect of eliminating completely the zealous censorship which had stifled advancement for more than a decade.

After this emancipation, the radio theater expanded with lightning-like rapidity. Four years later, in 1940, a National Broadcasting Company survey disclosed that 4,128 hours had been devoted to drama on that network as compared with 2,617 hours in 1936. Since 1940, the tremendous expansion has continued.

With this expansion has come improvement. But with it, too, has come a disconcerting nonchalance among the radio writers themselves, which has prompted Archibald MacLeish to remark disappointedly that "the early hope for a new stage on which the spoken word, freed of all external paraphernalia, should create by its own power and eloquence the emotions of which it alone is capable, has not been realized."

What is the trouble with the writers?

They seem to be laboring under the delusion that scripting is such a highly specialized craft that its problems never have been faced by other writers. They look upon themselves as the most original literary group of all time. As one of them expressed it, theirs is "an entirely new technique that (is) as different from stage... technique as night from day." By their own appraisal, they are even greater than Eliza of *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* for not only do they break the ice as they go, but they are their own bloodhounds.

Actually, the innovators have been so busy theorizing about their "new medium" that they have failed to take a practical view of their problems.

The problems facing the radio writer today bear a striking similarity to those which confronted the greatest of all dramatists—William Shakespeare—in the sixteenth century. This new and strange medium called radio has grown fast, indeed, but not fast enough to outstrip the basic dramatic technique which the Bard of Avon perfected on the bare stage of the old Globe Theater. It is true enough that Elizabethan theatrical conditions imposed a whole code of conventions which Shakespeare had to accept—just as he would have accepted those of the radio theater if he were writing today. But apart from these conventions, there are fundamental techniques of Shakespeare which the radio writer might use profitably as a guide.

The fact that radio writers have, for the most part, chosen to ignore Shakespeare certainly does not make them unique in this modern age. Disregard for his masterpieces has become fashionable. Most Americans recall with a chuckling how in high school they were part of a vast phalanx which gathered annually for a mass attack on Shakespeare. They tried to make their way against a terrific barrage of acts and scenes and characters--were beaten back--and re-formed each year until their schooldays ended in defeat, as glorious, yet as futile as Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

What did Shakespeare mean for most of them? A few lines of "Friends, Romans, countrymen. . ." perhaps, or the idea if not the exact words of "To be or not to be," and something about the quality of mercy.

On the whole, Americans are inclined to view his work as one would view a landscape painting. Worthy, no doubt, but so boring. There are times when this attitude comes close to being dispelled. We see the screen version of Romeo and Juliet and realize that even today it makes an enthralling love story. We read that American soldiers in Hawaii were so deeply impressed with Maurice Evans' streamlined Hamlet that during an intermission one G.I. remarked to a companion, "What thinkest thou?" 1

We watch The Tempest or Macbeth or Julius Caesar done on the modern stage amid brilliant costuming and exquisite settings, and suddenly the thought comes that Shakespeare had something important to say to us—and what's more, that he could say it in an amazingly entertaining fashion. We are impressed with the fact that Shakespeare is useful, even today, because he possessed a more profound knowledge of life than any other writer who ever lived. He can supply us with experiences we could never otherwise obtain; he is capable of inspiring and enlightening us more extensively than other authors because he seems to have comprehended nobleness and worth beyond other minds.

Hence, this study really has a two-in-one purpose: to demonstrate a practical reason for studying Shakespeare by showing that only their own ignorance has led radio writers to believe they have fashioned a set of new literary tools when actually many tools bear the distinct trademark: "Made By Shakespeare."

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The idea for this investigation grew out of the incidental remarks of two widely-known radio authorities, neither of whom chose to follow up the subject. The first was Peter Dixon, a pioneer in radio scripting and in teaching others how it's done. He wrote:

William Shakespeare, who offers, oddly enough, the best example of a good radio writer, had (the) talent (of giving a complete picture through his dialogue). When he wrote his classics, the theater was not equipped with scenery, costumes or—grease paint! The playwright of his day had to put the whole story into the lines. Read the first few scenes of any Shakespearean drama and you will see what I mean.

The second remark came in the form of a personal experience from Max Wylie, script director of the Columbia Broadcasting System, and a professor at New York University. Said Wylie:

I assigned a radio dramatization to a writer who had never written a play or radio script before. The finished product, his first, was so accurate in all the essentials of radio writing that I could only ask him how he came by this skill. The answer was interesting and illuminating. He read Shakespeare almost exclusively; and Shakespeare, he said, faced the same problems that the radio writer must face. More than most playwrights, he depended on dialogue for his exposition: there are no stage directions to speak of in his plays, and there is no character description apart from the dialogue. Unlike any other playwright, Shakespeare begins his play straight off, almost abruptly. At once he sets something going to amaze, startle, interest, arouse the listener—exactly as the radio writer must do—and the whole substance of the play and what is to follow, particularly the atmosphere of the story and the kind of characters who are to inhabit it, are to be discovered in the opening few lines.

He indicates in his opening scenes who the characters are and their relation to one another, he lets the audience know what time it is and where the scene is laid, he explains what the situation is as the curtain goes up—all in the dialogue. Like Shakespeare, the radio writer has no printed program to explain these things to his audience, and he is playing, so to speak, upon a bare stage without scenery, exactly as Shakespeare did in the old Globe Theater.

Hence, his dramatization problems are the same and they must be solved in much the same way. Moreover, when Shakespeare wanted to change his scene and continue his play with a different sequence, he could not lower the curtain and raise it again on a different setting whose visual properties would explain modern theater. The old Globe had no curtain, no stage scenery. He indicates the end of his scene usually by a rhymed couplet, which the audience knew meant a change of scene, and this rhymed couplet is comparable to the "music bridge" which effects the transition from scene to scene in radio writing, and serves the same purpose.

Wylie's remarks have been quoted at considerable length because they afford a satisfactory preview of the thesis. It is our object to demonstrate that Shakespeare's dramatic method may be used as a guide for radio writers today, because he faced and solved many of the same technical problems which confront them. Among these problems, we shall discuss the use of dialogue to set the stage, the necessity of the rapid getaway, the problem of pacing, and the attainment of professional quality through direction, purpose and familiarity.

For illustrations, we shall turn to some of the better radio dramas and to representative works of Shakespeare.

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It would be well, perhaps, at the outset to explain something about radio writers and the various requirements which they must meet in order to achieve some success.

When you speak of radio writers, you mean staff-writing girls earning $22.50 a week-equivalent to Shakespeare's highest pay.¹ You mean, too, the top-flight serial authors like Elaine Sterne Carrington who receives $1,000 a week for the smiles and tears she injects into Pepper Young's Family. And you mean the countless in-betweens who contribute their bit to the 20,000,000 words that are broadcast daily to American homes.

All the words of all the motion pictures produced in Hollywood in a year would be insufficient to keep radio going twenty-four hours. All the words in all the Broadway plays of the past ten years would not be enough to feed the hungry coast-to-coast networks for a single day.

Twenty million words, 17,000 different programs—every day. Nobody knows how many there are on the assembly-line of broadcasting at the writer's end, but the figure certainly runs into the thousands.

These men and women come from almost every branch of the writing profession, and each one has contributed something to the finished product: the novelist, his niceties of plot structure, his description and his style; the short-story writer, his facility for brevity and novelty of theme; the newspaper man, his conscientious adherence to the "deadline" coupled again with brevity and clarity of expression; the advertising writer, his knowledge of the best way to "sell" the show.

These writers are soon aroused to the fact that they are not merely working in a medium of great fascination but also in a commercial market for which they must tailor their wares.

This market presents an array of well-defined type programs. Not by accident have these types grown up in the field of radio drama, but rather by means of the complex forces to which broadcasting is subjected in the United States.

Chief among these types are: (1) the 10-minute sketch for a variety program, radio's short-short story; (2) the 15-minute serial which is radio's Liberty Magazine; (3) the half hour quality sketch which is the Atlantic Monthly of the Air Waves; and (4) the half-hour framework program which, in contrast to the quality sketch, is a sponsored program of the drama the public wants, not what it should want.
First Nighter, a popular framework show open to freelance writers, has itemized instructions to writers which are distributed to those showing promise. The instructions are fairly typical and will serve as a concrete example of radio requirements:

"1. Plays which have a definite love interest or a mystery with an original "twist" before the ending are particularly desirable. While the conventional happy ending is not essential, it is generally conceded to be better box office.

2. 'Plant' your characters, i.e. tell us who they are and where they are in the fewest possible words as soon as possible after their entrance. Do not use an announcer, narrator, or interpreter to describe scenes or plot. Characters must do all this by their lines.

3. Do not shift scenes unnecessarily. On the other hand, do not allow the whole play to become static.

4. Radio drama is of necessity a natural and intimate form of entertainment. Dialogue should not be stiff or stagy. Make your characters real people.

5. Motivate all your characters and situations. Also remember that action is more entertaining than talk. Long conversations, unbroken by action, do not make good shows.

6. Put plenty of color, action, and motivation into your plot but keep the whole structure clear and well focused. Brevity is the soul of wit, and simplicity is the essence of good showmanship."
These six points are capable of numerous sub-divisions, but nevertheless, they serve the purpose of outlining in a general way the problems confronting the writer who is turning out material for the radio drama.

With this information about radio writers and the standards they must maintain, as a background, we proceed now to a detailed consideration of the main topic: radio writers' problems, and Shakespeare's solutions.
PART I. DIALOGUE

Illustrating the chief difference between radio drama and that of the stage and motion pictures, Rogers suggests that you close your eyes in a theater. The moment you do, you begin to lose the trend of the action. Perhaps there are several things which confuse you: you don't know who is talking... don't know to whom he or she is talking... don't know where they are... don't know exactly what they are doing... too many characters all mixed up. If this same play were presented on the air, it would be just as unsatisfying if not adapted by one who knew the technique of radio writing.

But try the experiment again in your living room with the radio on. Turn out the lights. Close your eyes. You will note several things if you pay close attention. One is that, without realizing it, you will have formed a mental picture of the scene being enacted before the microphone, an idea of the costumes being worn, and of the time of the drama. It is possible that no actual mention of any of these three may have been made by the announcer. The author has given his characters lines that tell these things and stimulate the listener's imagination.

That in itself is the great requirement of radio writing--the ability to set the stage, costume the players and establish the time through the skillful use of dialogue.

1. Ralph Rogers, Do's And Don'ts of Radio Writing, p.23.
Disturbed by the absence of visible scenery, early scripters preferred to let the announcer speak the lines generally included in the opening directions of a stage play. The announcer would begin:

"At one side of the room is a couch. Beside the couch is a large table with several magazines and books and an ashtray. Facing the table, a few feet away, is an overstuffed easy chair or old-fashioned design, and in back of this...

The listener's mind was treated as an energetic stage carpenter, and presented with a kind of verbal blueprint. The writers, doubtless, realized the awkwardness of swallowing such material in one quick gulp, but they thought it was the only solution. What had to be learned was that the mind works far more magically from a mere hint than from an elaborate blueprint. Suggest a "cheery bedroom," and immediately the mind leaps into a flurry of photographic activity. A cheery bedroom becomes a reality. But an itemized account of the number and size of the chairs and tables in the room initiated no such image-making. Instead, it merely befuddled the imagination.

Radio had to learn the importance of enlisting the imagination by hints and suggestions.

Notice how well the stage is set in the opening lines of Plain Mr. President by Dwight Cooke:
BILLY: Sam! Joe! Git them stable doors open wide. Whoa there, Betsy, whoa.

SAM: (Grunting as he rolls stable door back). You're sure tremblin' for a seizure, Billy--Mistress Washington'll have to put the leeches on you!

BILLY: I'll leeches you! Git them dirty paws off this here shinin' coach. And open the doors wider. You're gonna make the General late for the inauguration. Giddap there!

This opening satisfies the four "musts" of good dialogue:

1. The situation is clear: George Washington is about to leave his home to be inaugurated President of the United States.

2. The characters are identified: they are Negro stable boys.

3. The place of action is designated: the stable yard.

4. The action itself is evident: the stable boys are preparing Washington's coach for the trip to the inauguration.

In just these few lines, the writer has given us all the stage directions we need to sit back and enjoy the sketch. Without any preliminary build-up or embellishments, he has begun his story in a way we are able to follow and understand.

In almost all the five-days-a-week serials, the first few lines are devoted to the job of bringing the scene alive. The following opening from Irna Phillips' *Today's Children* illustrates the point:

**HENRY:** Comfortable? Would you like another pillow for your back?

**FRAN:** No thanks, dear. I'm very comfortable—lazily so. It's beautiful out here on the lawn tonight, isn't it?

Two lines later, the plot gets going, the more effectively for this brief offering to the imagination.

In both these examples, place and time are established through the dialogue. We have noted earlier that the radio writer also must be able to describe his costumes using only dialogue. However, it is not always necessary to know what a character is wearing and radio usually allows existence only to what is dramatically useful. Hence, it is often advisable to omit description of clothes and color of hair. Let the listener decide from the tone of a girl's voice whether she is blonde or brunette, whichever he prefers. On the other hand, if the costuming is essential to the story, it may be brought in like this:
JEAN: My, it's cozy in here, Dorothy. I've always wanted to have a fireplace in my living room.

DOROTHY: Well, sit down and enjoy it! Just put your things over on the sofa.

JEAN: Thanks. I really should have worn something heavier than this light spring coat, I guess.

DOROTHY: But that color blue is so wonderful with your red hair, Jean.

In just those few lines, we have learned several things. Jean, our heroine, is visiting Dorothy. There is a fireplace, a sofa and several chairs in the living room where they are talking. We also have learned that Jean has red hair and is wearing a lightweight blue coat. All this we have established without seeing a single picture, or reading a word of extraneous explanation.

Perhaps nowhere in radio drama is the principle of setting-through-dialogue better demonstrated than in the mystery script. Here, the puzzle must be solved in easily understandable fashion so the listener can catch it on the fly. If there is the slightest confusion, the listener feels for a second that he may have missed something. During this momentary dislocation, he may actually miss a salient point and lose the trend of the play.

In the mystery, too, the setting generally plays a far more important part than in the ordinary drama, so the writer must drop broader hints in his dialogue to keep the picture constantly before the audience.

In the following passage from The Shadow series notice how the characters refer again and again to their surroundings as the plot unfolds:

MARGOT: Where are we? Where have you taken me?
EDWARD: We are in a secret compartment of the cellar beneath the meeting hall. . . this place is known only to me.
MARGOT: You let me out of here!
EDWARD: (Laughing) Cry out louder if you wish. . . no one will hear you. . . these walls were made especially thick to muffle sound. . . they had a purpose in building them that way. . . even in the olden days.
MARGOT: What do you mean?
EDWARD: This room, which I discovered through the plans, was an ancient torture chamber. . . look about you. . . see the press. . . the spike-studded pit. . . (laugh) Excellent place for entertaining, don't you think?
MARGOT: But why did you bring me here?
EDWARD: You shall learn. . . presently. . . do you see this fire that I have started in the forge?
MARGOT: Yes. . .
EDWARD: In it I have placed a branding iron. . . soon that iron will be white hot!

MARGOT: Why... why are you doing this?

EDWARD: In the days of the Puritans they had a very satisfactory method for dealing with meddlers... they branded them upon the forehead...

MARGOT: No... NO...

EDWARD: (Laughing) Prepare yourself... prepare yourself, Miss Lane... I have the iron ready now...

MARGOT: Keep it away from me... (screaming) Keep it away!

At the outset, the characters clear up the problem of setting very simply and directly. Edward, the villain, explains that they are in a secret compartment of the cellar beneath the meeting hall. He reminds Margot that her screams will be in vain since the walls were made especially thick to muffle sound. What is more, we learn that the secret compartment once was used as a torture chamber and that the equipment is still there. All these bits of description we get as the swiftly paced dialogue moves along to its inevitable climax.

Radio writers admit freely that the technique of describing the scene through dialogue is the most important one in the entire gamut of scripting. Few, however, will claim that it is an original technique--and rightly so--for Shakespeare resorted to it continually. He had to because of the limitations of the Elizabethan stage.
When these limitations are known, it is easily understandable that Shakespeare made use of countless "trick devices."

Hardin Craig outlines the features of the late sixteenth century stage as follows: A pit, usually circular and without a roof; surrounded by three tiers of galleries which were the most expensive seats; a rectangular stage, longer than it was broad. A wooden awning covered part of the stage and was often used to denote "the heavens." At the rear of the stage, there was a partition wall with at least two, and often more, doors opening out of the actors' dressing rooms. Between these two doors was a third opening leading to the rear stage which was used for interior scenes such as tombs, grottoes, caves, and bed-chambers. Over the inner-room, behind the stage, was a gallery used to represent upper windows and other high places. Above this arose a turret from which a trumpeter blew three blasts to announce the start of the performance.

Shakespeare and other playwrights of the time merely used the built-in scenery in whatever combinations were suited to a particular drama. The absence of artificial lighting, a front curtain, and painted scenery made modern stage effects impossible. The stage was a setting and nothing more. When Shakespeare wanted to stress time or place or special atmosphere, he simply made reference to them in the dialogue. To these stage limitations, we owe many of his most vivid poetic descriptions, which in his theater were not merely decorative but strictly functional.

Such conditions, moreover, resulted in a wholehearted imaginative cooperation on the audience's part.

Hamlet, Othello, King Lear, Macbeth ... in each there is a different atmosphere—a characteristic diction, imagery and verse—for a different world. Hence, it is of the utmost importance that Shakespeare set his stage early and completely.

Without the elaborate sound effects of the radio, Shakespeare gives us an admirable picture of the roaring storm in King Lear through the skillful use of atmosphere dialogue:

KEN T: Who's there, besides foul weather?
GENTLEMAN: One minded like the weather, most unquietly.
KEN T: I know you. Where's the king?
GENTLEMAN: Contending with the fretful element;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease; tears his white hair,
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;
Strives in his little world of man to outscorn
The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all. 1

1. King Lear, Act III, Scene 1.
In *Julius Caesar*, the stage is set for Caesar's procession to the capitol by the Soothsayer who tells Portia:

Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Caesar at the heels,
Of senators, of praetors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void and there
Speak to great Caesar as he comes along.

Quite naturally, Shakespeare was unable to herald the storm in *The Tempest* with the rumbling thunder and lightning flashes which highlighted the recent Broadway production. Nevertheless, he preserved the effect in dialogue in this speech of Trinculo:

Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing;
I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor.

Very often, Shakespeare writes as though, like the radio scripter, he were making his appeal to an unseen audience. In the dialogue, he tells—not once but many times—exactly what is going on on the stage. For example, in *Macbeth*, he never forgets for a moment that the chief character is putting on his armor:

MACBETH: I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
Give me my armor.

SEYTON: 'Tis not needed yet.

MACBETH: I'll put it on.
Send out more horses; skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armor.
How does your patient, doctor?

Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.
Come, put mine armor on; give me my staff.
SEYTON, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly from me.
Come sir, dispatch. If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again—Pull it off, I say—
What rhubarb, cyme, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

DOCTOR: Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

MACBETH: Bring it after me.
I will not be afraid of death and bane
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

Again, in Richard II, there appears in the dialogue a
gesture which serves as a structural symbol in the play's
progress. On hearing of his defeat, the King laments:

Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs.

For within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,

Comes at the last and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell King!
Cover your heads and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence.

1. Macbeth, Act V, Scene 5.
Obviously at "farewell King," Richard has wrenched off his crown, a symbol of his abdication which is to follow. All present instantly uncover their heads to avoid being disrespectful to the King, and Richard follows with the command: "Cover your heads and mock not flesh and blood."

A typical example of Shakespeare apparently writing expressly for radio occurs early in *Macbeth* when the witches appear. The frequent clarification of costume, action, characters and setting through dialogue is one of the factors that make Shakespearean drama so attractive to the radio adapter. He was continually re-emphasizing his background to keep the scene alive for his audience.

**BANQUO:** What are these
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so. Speak, if you can; what are you?

All these examples serve to emphasize the prime importance of dialogue in setting the stage, costuming the players and establishing the time. And they illustrate, too, a necessary quality which this dialogue must have: naturalness.

The First Nighter instructions, quoted earlier, make the point that radio drama is of necessity a natural and intimate form of entertainment and its dialogue should not be stiff or stagy.

Certainly, the radio writer could not pick a more natural model than Shakespeare. His was a dialogue understandable alike to the nobility and the groundlings. Select at random a passage from one of his plays, follow the dialogue for a few lines and you will readily concede that there is seldom any of the straining for effect which mars so many otherwise commendable radio pieces.

Shakespeare's naturalness will be discussed in fuller detail when we take up his Professional Quality.

The radio requirement of description through natural dialogue must be met from beginning to end in the script, but it must not delay the opening action of the play. In other words, the author cannot take five or ten minutes at the start to tell his audience what to expect. He is faced with a second important requirement—that of the rapid getaway—which must be handled simultaneously with his introductory setting and this is the problem we shall consider in our next chapter.
PART II. RAPID GETAWAY

The late Alexander Woollcott once remarked that he was willing to give any author thirty pages to get into his story. The average radio listener, however, is not so generous. If the program has not started by page three, there will be few hanging on at page five. The rapid getaway is an essential.

The legitimate stage has a semi-comical rule: When you want to tell your audience something, first tell them you're going to tell them something; then tell them; then tell them you told them something. In radio, this rule is reduced to two simple words: tell them. Any preparatory hitching up of the trousers is almost certain to come under the producer's blue pencil. One producer explains it this way: "I like the writer who, when he's going to write a script about Mrs. Jones not being able to pay the rent, comes right out and has her say in the first speech, 'I'm sorry, Mr. Smith, we can't pay the rent'."

In the modern theater, the listener is regimented: physically by his imprisonment in Row F, Seat 28; and psychologically by the forces of crowd behavior. There is no danger of his running away. Reassured on this point, twentieth century playwright would consider disclosing nothing significant in the first five or six minutes, because such a disclosure would be lost to three-quarters of the house.
The theater-goer is still whispering to his companion, rustling his program, pushing his coat further under his seat. Similarly, the motion pictures must dillydally for several minutes while the audience becomes acclimated. Such delaying action is accepted on the stage because the audience's attention is attracted to the scenery and in the motion pictures because of the continual movement.

However, radio has neither scenery nor movement in the strict sense, and the listener is a free and unregimented individual at liberty to react in an instant by switching off a dull program. Because of the independence of the home-listener and his consequent fickleness, the radio playwright must start with act two. He must get into his plot immediately. He must establish the conflict without delay.

Six tools for commanding immediate attention on the radio have been set forth by Max Wylie.1 They are:

1. Powerful atmosphere.
2. Authentically familiar setting.
3. Swift development of a situation.
4. Strong promise of its development.
5. Intriguing and unfamiliar setting.

Now, let us examine the opening lines of some scripts, observing how these tools are used, then consider typical Shakespearean plays to see whether he "anticipated" the radio technique of the rapid getaway.

Atmosphere is generally introduced in radio by sound effects—picture-making aids that Shakespeare had to get along without. For instance, more than six million homes have their radios turned on when this comes bursting from the loudspeaker:

(RAT-TAT-TAT OF MACHINE GUNS)
(POLICE SIRENS)
(RAT-TAT-TAT OF MACHINE GUNS)
(SHUFFLE OF PRISONERS IN PRISON YARD)

ANNOUNCER: . . . Gang Busters! . . .! ¹

You may visualize scattered reactions like these:

Home 1: "Turn that off!"
Home 2: "Hurray! Gang Busters."
Home 3: "Something about crime, I guess."
Home 4: "Keep that on. That's good."

By building up the atmosphere at the beginning, the program selects its own audience: it scares away those who wouldn't like it, and makes a right-to-the-point appeal to all roving listeners who might. Certainly this method easily commands the attention of everyone interested.

WyliE also mentions the authentically familiar setting, which is too obvious an attention-getter to require further interpretation. However, the other four points are worthy of discussion and will be taken in the order he lists them, beginning with the swift development of a situation.

The dramatic story of King Henry VIII of England, particularly the episode of the execution of his fifth wife, Kathryn Howard, has been done many times on the air but never so well as by twenty-one year old Jean Holloway. The script has no waste motion, unnecessary wordage or complicated situations. In the opening lines, the author fascinates us as she pictures Kathryn about to die, yet worried not for herself but for her confidante.

KATHRYN: Florence! The dawn is long in coming.

FLORENCE: You must try to sleep! You are so pale.

KATHRYN: (short bitter laugh) Sleep! I shall have time enough for that after today.

FLORENCE: I thought surely his Majesty would grant a pardon—there is still time for him to come, my lady.

KATHRYN: He must come—he must! I cannot die without one more plea for Lady Margaret. He must spare her—she has done nothing wrong!

FLORENCE: Lady Margaret knew of your friendship with Master Thomas and chose to remain silent. Now she must pay for it.

KATHRYN: But why---? Why should she be executed because of her loyalty to me? She was kind and held her peace so that I might have a few hours of friendship—

1. Kathryn Howard, by Jean Holloway, presented on The Kate Smith Hour, December 8, 1940.
Miss Holloway has taken a running leap into the middle of her story, yet in these few lines of dialogue, she has brought the listener quickly up to date. It would be a real effort, having gone this far, to turn off the radio or switch to another program. Actually, the author uses two of the tools mentioned by Wylie: the swift development of a situation and the strong promise of further development.

The intriguing and unfamiliar setting is exploited by detective scripters to add a touch of "mysterio" to their stories. The following introduction is typical of mystery sketches:

(CLOCK STRIKES NINE . . . FOOTSTEPS UP)

WES: Sam!

SAM: Aye?

WES: Sam . . . look up there by the big oak . . . isn't that a fresh-dug grave?

SAM: Well, now . . . it sure looks like one.

WES: Mighty odd! That section's closed off . . . ain't been a burial there in over two hundred years.

SAM: Eyah. We better take a look up there.

(STEPS)

WES: Hold that lantern higher, Sam . . . that's it.

SAM: Say . . . that dug-up ground looks to be right by the grave of Sir Roger Mathus.

It is a fact that everyone in the radio audience has at one time or another seen a cemetery, but most of them can only imagine what it looks like at nine o'clock at night to two men stumbling along by lantern-light. Then, too, a freshly-dug grave doubtless has more intriguing connotations at that hour than it has during the day. Interest in this sketch is heightened a few moments later when the ghost makes one of his frequent appearances.

Striking characterization was the sixth tool listed for commanding the audience's attention. An excellent example of this is to be found in Arch Oboler's favorite play, Mr. Ginsburg, one of the few dramatizations to be rebroadcast on the demand of millions of listeners. It is one of the best narrative plays written for radio, utilizing a technique that has been tried unsuccessfully many times—that in which one person carries the brunt of the half-hour play with all other dialogue as secondary material. Sam Ginsburg is one of the crew of fast-talking, small-time fight managers who hang around the vicinity of Madison Square Garden in New York.

SAM: Come In! Come in!

So, all right, come in and shut the door!
So, all right, sit down. Yeah . . . I want to talk to ya . . . About me . . . Everybody's talkin' about me so why should I be different? You--I want ya to understand. Why you? Aw, because--aw, what's the difference. Ya gonna lissen, or ain't ya? So I'll tell ya--mebbe not everthin'--mebbe some things I think in my head--but I'll tell ya plenty . . . I, Sammy Ginsburg, am a schlemiel. I was born a schlemiel--I die a schlemiel--all right, I know it! But what I did was right--you hear me--right! Once in his life a schlemiel can know what is right! You--you've high class, ya don't know what a schlemiel is? I'll tell ya! I'll put it in simple little words so you'll understand? I, Sammy Ginsburg, am a dope! I, Sammy Ginsburg, I gotta crack in my head like the Holland Tunnel! I'm punchy, coo-coo, nuts! I ain't sayin' it alone--ya, understand--ya don't have to tell me--everybody's sayin' it--all up and down forty-ninth street--I can hear it in my head!

One natural reaction to this introduction is increased curiosity. The listener wonders what has prompted a confession on the part of a hard-boiled fight manager whose colleagues' tardiness in admitting failure is surpassed only by their ingenuity in covering up mistakes. The average listener probably would say to himself, "Hmmm, this is a good one. Don't tell me one of the smart alecks took it on the chin. Wonder how that happened." And so Arch Oboler has another armchair fan.
It is fair to say that every successful radio sketch starts off by seeking to lasso the listener's attention in one of the six ways we have mentioned.

What of Shakespeare?

Wylie remarks that "unlike any other playwright, Shakespeare begins his play straight off, almost abruptly ... he sets something going to AMAZE, STARTLE, INTEREST, AROUSE the listener—exactly as the radio writer must do."

Necessity was the mother of inventing the rapid getaway, both for the radio writer and for Shakespeare. The former was afraid the listener would lose interest and switch to another program; Shakespeare feared the audience would lose interest and convert the intimate stage into a vegetable garden, signifying their disapproval. He forestalled such a possibility by the simple expedient of starting his plays with a scene high in "shock-value."

In **Romeo and Juliet**, he produced a street fight between the feuding houses of Montague and Capulet; in **The Tempest**, a shipwreck; in **Cymbeline**, the tragic parting of the lovers; in **Macbeth**, the prophesy of the three witches; in **Othello**, the promise of both foreign and domestic conflict; in **King Lear**, the foolish division of the kingdom, in **A Midsummer-Night's Dream**, the wedding plans; in **As You Like It**, the clash between the brothers.
There are exceptions to the rapid getaway among Shakespeare's plays, but it may be noted in general that they begin with an attention-grabbing device which could be fit easily into our six-point plan. Powerful atmosphere in Hamlet, familiar setting in Julius Caesar, swift development in The Tempest and Romeo and Juliet, strong promise of development in Richard II, intriguing setting in Macbeth, and striking characterization in Richard III.

The Hamlet opening is a genuine object lesson for radio writers, for the short, staccato speeches enable the audience to get in perfect step with the characters and conflict almost instantly. They also serve to enhance the atmosphere—an undercurrent of foreboding and uncertainty—which is inescapable, even in a casual reading of the first 21 lines.

BERNARDO: Who's there?
FRANCISCO: Nay, answer me: stand and unfold yourself.
BERNARDO: Long live the king!
FRANCISCO: Bernardo?
BERNARDO: He.
FRANCISCO: You come most carefully upon your hour.
BERNARDO: 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.
FRANCISCO: For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold, and I am sick at heart.

BERNARDO: Have you had a quiet guard?

FRANCISCO: Not a mouse stirring.

BERNARDO: Well, good night. If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus, the rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

FRANCISCO: I think I hear them. Stand, ho! Who's there?

ENTER HORATIO AND MARCELLUS

HORATIO: Friends to this ground.

MARCELLUS: And liegemen to the Dane.

FRANCISCO: Give you good night.

MARCELLUS: O, farewell, honest soldier: Who hath relieved you?

FRANCISCO: Bernardo has my place. Give you good night.

MARCELLUS: Holla! Bernardo! Say, what, is Horatio there?

HORATIO: A piece of him.

BERNARDO: Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good Marcellus.

MARCELLUS: What, has this thing appear'd again tonight?
Shakespeare captures the imagination at the start by reversing military procedure and having the soldier, Bernardo, challenge the sentry already on duty. This is sufficient to give the audience a hint that there is "something rotten in Denmark." Then as the two stand on the desolate battlement of the royal castle, Bernardo--having seen the ghost twice already--inquires timidly of Francisco, "Have you had quiet guard?" Upon hearing that all is well, Bernardo heaves a sigh of relief, but adds just in passing that if Francisco should meet Horatio and Marcellus, he should hustle them along. The implication is, of course, that Bernardo is not anxious to stand guard alone any longer than is necessary. He behaves like a man who is scared stiff.

The first direct reference to the ghost comes shortly afterward when Marcellus, amazed at Bernardo's cordiality, replies in effect, "Why are you so glad to see us? Has this thing--the ghost--appeared again tonight?" And after this brief but adequate build-up, the ghost does appear.

In Julius Caesar, Shakespeare utilizes the familiar setting technique for immediate audience appeal. In a scene designed to rock the groundlings in the aisle, he transfers to ancient Rome the English customs and usages of his own time.
Though he tells us it is the ancient feast of Lupercal, it might well be an English holiday on which the tradesmen are celebrating. They have donned their Sunday-best and the way their leader, the cobbler, confounds the tribunes must have provoked the groundlings to uncontrollable mirth. Yet even in such a burlesque setting, there is sober foreshadowing when Marcellus blurts:

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things! Oh you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome, Knew you not Pompey?

Having captured his audience, Shakespeare here is ready to get into the more serious aspects of his story.

As notable examples of the swift development of a situation, we have cited The Tempest and Romeo and Juliet. In the former, Shakespeare plunges directly into a storm at sea, and depicts the resulting confusion aboard the King's ship which is being tossed about through Prospero's wizardry. In the drama of the star-crossed lovers, we find the tragic storm brewing from the very beginning. First, servants of the feuding houses engage in a street fight; then Tybalt adds his violence to the brawl; and finally citizens intermingle with the fighters and the entire street is in an uproar.
Strong promise of future development acts as an audience magnet in Richard II, where Bolingbroke and Mowbray clash. The King's decision, banishing both men, is important because it furnishes his cousin Bolingbroke with a pretense for challenging the throne shortly after the death of John of Gaunt.

In Macbeth, Shakespeare appeals for attention through the intriguing and unfamiliar setting... the three witches with their cave, their cauldron with its gruesome ingredients, their wild and withered aspect, skinny fingers, choppy lips and grim mirth. The three sisters--"comrades of the destroying forces of nature"--meet in thunder, lightning and in rain, and preside over the hurlyburly of battle. Indeed, the opening scenes might also be classified as scenes of powerful atmosphere, for an air of dark foreboding pervades them. This atmosphere of darkness is carried through the entire play... Duncan dies at night, Banquo is slain in a dark lane, Lady Macbeth walks by night, and both she and her husband cry to the night to hide their wicked deeds.

While reviewing representative radio dramas, we cited Arch Oboler's Mr. Ginsburg as one of the best examples of an author's use of strong characterization to fascinate his audience at the start. Such a technique was not unknown to Shakespeare.

1. S. A. Brooke, On Ten Plays of Shakespeare, p. 57.
In fact, he used characterization admirably in Richard III to reveal the baseness of Richard's nature and the means by which he expected to achieve his ambitions. The opening soliloquy shows Richard to be a man utterly unsuited to and incapable of love. Like Macbeth, he is eager for the crown, but unlike him he suffers absolutely no qualms of conscience or pangs of remorse. Instead, fierce ambition, ruthless resolve, smooth hypocrisy and cold cunning are his dominant characteristics. And these are evident in his words:

But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun
And descant on mine own deformity:
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair, well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
About a prophecy, which says that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.

Dives, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence comes. 1

At this point in our study, we have covered the problem of getting started— as Shakespeare did, and as the radio writer must do. For many writers, this is the most difficult part of the play, but it is nevertheless just a part. The play that goes no further than a good beginning has accomplished little. Once the writer has his play on the move, he must know how to sustain audience interest in the plot and in the characters. And this is where the problem of pacing comes in.
PART III. PACING

One of radio's most vexing problems is that of pacing. It is troublesome because it is unapparent. Pacing is difficult to define precisely, because there are so many intangibles surrounding and supporting it, but for practical purposes we may consider it as the method by which the dramatist advances his argument and moves the immediate focus of story development either from one idea to another or from one character to another.

Without the tonal value of pacing, radio drama would be dull and insipid. And dullness is the one and only unforgivable sin in the writer's code.

There is an interesting one-act horror play from the library of the Grand Guignol which we shall study comprehensively as an illustration of the problem of pacing. It is called Gardiens de Phare---The Lighthouse Keepers---and is the work of Paul Cloquemin. The drama has many revealing elements, all of which are easily discernible: immediate interest, unbroken reality, strong characterization, exact balance, and above all superb pacing.
Here is the play in radio form, with radio cue marks in the left margin. Later, we shall break it down and try to find out--by examining minutely its several fragments--what it was that held it together.

**THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS**

(OFF MIKE, SOUND OF HIGH WIND, MUFFLED, AS IF BEING HEARD FROM INSIDE. DOOR OPENS. WIND COMES UP STRONG. DOOR SLAMS HARD AND WIND DOWN AGAIN AS BEFORE.)

4 Brehan--Well, Yvon, you all finished down below?

5 Yvon: Yes, all finished. I filled both the reservoirs. Pumped 500 gallons into the reserve tank too.

6 Brehan: You were quick. You must have hurried a bit.

7 Yvon: I wanted to get through.

8 Brehan: You never get through work on a lighthouse.

9 Yvon: I don't mind working around the tanks, or even around the lenses--but, Mon Dieu, going from one place to another I could hardly get up the staircase. It's 200 steps, you know.

10 Brehan: Two hundred and six, mon fils. I've only kept this light for 20 years. You ought to be glad they didn't build the thing any higher.

11 Yvon: A hundred and fifty feet in the air is high enough for me. The wind outside is so strong it nearly blew me off the outside stairs.

12 Brehan: That's nothing. Nowadays it isn't so bad--keeping a light. Nowadays electricity does most of the work. When I first came out here I had to pump the oil up here with a hand pump.

13 Yvon: There's still plenty of work all the same.

14 Brehan: There's enough. But it's easier. I've trimmed all the wicks and polished the reflectors and all I have to do is push the electric button--so--

15 (ELECTRIC MOTOR HUM. METALLIC GRIND OF TURNTABLE AS LIGHT REVOLVES.)
16 BREHAN: She's on. One little click of a switch and every wick burning and the whole mechanism running easy as a clock.

17 Yvon: Yes, it's simple enough. But it takes a lot of tending--isn't it too early to put the light on?

18 BREHAN: Yes. I was just giving it a test. That new bearing. I always give her a test half an hour before lighting time... if there's been any change in the equipment. I'll turn it off now.

19 (SWITCH CLICKS... MOTOR OUT)

20 BREHAN: You can never take a chance--not when other people depend on you.


22 (WIND UP SLIGHTLY... THEN DOWN)

23 BREHAN: What a night. And more wind to come too, if I know anything.

24 YVON: You're right. It'll probably be a long night.

(Yawns) I'm tired. I'm awfully tired.

25 BREHAN: Already? But we haven't been out here more than six hours. But then a whole month ashore, it goes by in a hurry. Makes one a little soft, too, n'est-ce pas?

26 YVON: (not hearing) What? What did you say?

27 BREHAN: I say life ashore--well, one has a good time and the hard thing about coming back to the Maudit is getting used to seeing no one, being alone, climbing stairs, and being alone, absolutely alone.

28 YVON: Yes, that's it. We're so terribly alone. Cut off from civilization by six miles of open sea. If we only had a telephone, even, or...

29 (WIND UP WITH SUDDEN VIOLENCE, OBLITERATING LAST LINE OF YVON'S SPEECH. WIND DOWN)

30 BREHAN: Listen to that. Screaming like a woman. Sometimes it sounds almost musical too. Have you noticed that?
31 YVON: Musical! I'd give it another word. I don't like that.

32 BREHAN: Well, one has to call it something. One—one has to talk. Sometimes when there isn't anything to do, I talk to the seagulls or I talk to the water. One must talk. In a lighthouse one talks to oneself or to the rope or the flag staff or maybe to the barometer. But that's all right—you are beginning to do it. It makes the loneliness—it makes it less lonely.

33 YVON: I don't talk to myself.

34 BREHAN: Of course you do. I hear your conversations. The pictures in your head that come out in words...

35 YVON: (grudgingly) Well, maybe... but it's silly—like women in an old ladies' home somewhere.

36 BREHAN: It isn't silly. You mustn't think about it as silly.

37 (WIND UP, SHORT SCREAMING GUST, THEN DOWN AS BEFORE)

38 BREHAN: High wind and heavy rain.

39 YVON: It's getting worse—seems to emphasize the loneliness.

40 BREHAN: That's because you've just been ashore. By and by your philosophies will grow to accommodate these little—these phases.

41 YVON: I—I suppose they will. But it's so wild, it's so ugly here. Maudit is on a cruel crag all right.

42 BREHAN: Of course, it's a cruel crag. That's why there's a light on it.

43 YVON: And that's why we're on it.

44 BREHAN: Well, maybe. Maudit is on the wildest piece of rock on the coast of Brittany. That's what one of the inspectors told me and when those fellows say wild, they mean it.

45 (WIND UP AND DOWN SUDDENLY)

46 BREHAN: More wind—(PAUSE)

47 YVON: Father—
48 BREHAN: H'm?

49 YVON: Father you said it took about five years to be a good lighthouse keeper. I--I suppose that in five years you see about everything that could possibly happen in a place like this.

50 BREHAN: Oh, I have seen it. I've seen it all.

51 YVON: Everything?

52 BREHAN: Everything but the lighthouse topple into the sea. I've seen wrecks and drownings and men swimming in the surf. I've seen lights fail; seen a time when I had to burn blankets and mattresses soaked in oil. Yes, I've seen a good deal, mon enfant.

53 YVON: Have you ever been in a lighthouse when your partner--when your assistant keeper--when he--I mean--

54 BREHAN: When he wat?

55 YVON: When he died?

56 BREHAN: Yvon, don't say such a thing.

57 YVON: I--I didn't mean anything by it. I just wondered if--

58 BREHAN: That's a frightful thing to think. To die without a priest. It's unthinkable. That's no way for poor Christians to go (rebuke) and it is not anything to be talking about either.

59 YVON: Well, I--I just said it. It just seemed to--sort of--occur to me.

60 BREHAN: Non, non, mon fils. Don't ever say such a thing. Those things don't happen. God knows we are here to protect others. Surely we can expect that much protection in return.

61 YVON: Yes--I hope--I mean (voice down... significant) But wouldn't it be a dreadful thing?
Let us stop here and look at a few lines beginning with cue 30. After three minutes on the air, the author has discharged all his introductory obligations, but still remains a long way from satisfying the audience's curiosity about Yvon. However, there is need for some sort of change. Without losing the atmosphere he has built up, the writer must get ahead with his story. How does he do it? Simply by introducing a new idea, a new subject of conversation. This is what we mean by pacing. The moment he calls attention to something so far unnoticed, he has refreshed the listener. Besides, there is new character reaction to this new material. In the brief section between cues 30 and 37, much progress is made in the way of characterization by setting off the father against the son. From the dialogue, we learn that Brehan is a mature, wise and experienced philosopher of the home-spun variety. His son, on the other hand, is a youthful realist, complaining of his lot in life.

We are talking about pacing. The sequence which we have just examined is very different from the one which precedes it, both in objectivity and in attitude. The one immediately following is different, too, being in effect a
return to the opening atmosphere. Read quickly, it sounds like nothing more than two men talking to each other in a lighthouse. Reread, it begins to take on the substance of careful dramatic planning, in which each undertone and overtone is calculated to intrigue us without our being aware of the means. The technique as well concealed, but its psychological effect is telling.

In the section 38 through 46, loneliness is reemphasized. From 47 through 61, we get a dramatic foreshadowing of the play's climax. In this particular drama, the author is completely untouched by anything corresponding to plot complications. He is working with one single idea: Wouldn't it be terrible if a man broke out with hydrophobia while on duty in some remote lighthouse?

The radio author's next consideration here is: How am I going to make this premise important?

The answer lies with the characters affected. Remember, we said earlier that pacing is concerned not only with ideas, but also with characters. We can have only mild horror unless we are made to care about the people to whom the horrible things are to happen. Already we are forced into
A rather reluctant respect for the older Frenchman, Brehan. He is disciplined, competent and resourceful. He had kept the light burning for twenty years, hasn't he? Yvon is a totally different character, and it is through his hesitancies, his broken lines, that we are led to the climactic thrust. Yvon has been, first, querulous and stubborn, then gruff, and finally in the illuminating episode beginning with cue 47, intensely affecting. The fact that he has been both gruff and stubborn up to this cue and that with this cue he begins a series of tentative and almost tender advances, explains why these advances gain significant pulling power. When he finally comes out with the phrase: "When he died?" we cannot avoid a strong feeling of sympathy. Besides, we are startled. Why should it interest him so much? Obviously, he is afraid for himself. We don't know at all why, but we suspect he may have reason.

What, you may think, has all this to do with radio writing? Our point is that the clever use of pacing--as applied both to ideas and to characters--has transformed a mediocre premise into an enticing melodrama. Suspense--the art of keeping people excited--is the aim of all good dramatists, and pacing is one of the most valuable tools of the trade.
We have seen now how the lighthouse story got started; how with a short spot of realistic talk and a single identifying sound sequence, we were brought into an unusual locale and made to feel very much in it; how with almost nothing to work with in the way of progressive development, there was progressive development, and it was created and sustained by constantly shifting the undercurrent of feeling; how through variations in the way our characters took things, and through the changes in the focus of their conversation, we have moved forward.

Suspense is built up to the point where Yvon reveals the cause of his fear: he was bitten by a mad dog during his shore leave and watched another of the dog's victims go out of his mind and die. Finally, Yvon becomes so hysterical that his father must use force to quiet him; and in so doing accidentally chokes the boy to death. While Brehan laments his action, he notices his arm bleeding, and surmises in an instant that his son has bitten him in the struggle, and that he too must die in the lighthouse.

We have cited this particular radio script, because it illustrated how expertly the problem of pacing can be handled on the air. Unfortunately, very few radio writers are as
adept at the art of developing their ideas and their characters, and here again, we recommend Shakespeare as a model.

Having seen what the script writer must aim at in the way of perfection, let us study a Shakespearean play, Othello, in this instance, and observe the techniques which would aid the radio author in achieving his goal.

To examine a play from the standpoint of pacing, it is not necessary to begin at the beginning, or even at the outset of a particular act or scene. It is something the writer must use continually, as we have indicated, to advance his argument by changes of ideas or characters.

Supposing in Othello, we begin our study in Act III where Iago injects the virus of jealousy into the Moor's heart and mind. Unwilling to have Othello discover him even in innocent conversation with Desdemona, the rejected Cassio leaves as the general approaches with Iago. However, this incident gives Iago an opportunity to hint to Othello that Cassio is stealing away "guilty-like, seeing (him) coming," and to insinuate further that Desdemona's plea is prompted by her guilty passion for the young lieutenant.
In the brief conversation with his wife, Othello's suspicions are completely allayed, but Iago returns to the subject immediately when the two are again alone. Did Cassio know of your love for Desdemona, he asks. Then begins Iago's Fabian policy of calculated delay and seeming hesitation, which so annoys the general that he blurts out: "By heaven, he echoes me."

Here we find a change of pace from one character to another as Iago reassures Othello of his own devotion and casts doubt on the allegiance of Cassio. Then, having excited the Moor's curiosity to the point where he wants more information, Iago introduces a change of ideas and begins philosophizing on "Good name in man and woman." When Othello asks if Desdemona possibly could deceive anyone, Iago's ready answer is: "She did deceive her father, marrying you."

At this point, Iago skillfully shifts the spotlight from Desdemona to Othello himself: "I see this hath a little dashed your spirits," and the general covers his embarrassment poorly indeed.

The two men part, but audience interest is sustained by the handkerchief incident. We wonder what possible use Iago could find for the keepsake, knowing at the same time that it will be utilized for some despicable purpose.
The first fruits of Iago's sly suggestions are perceptible soon afterward when Othello returns from a brief interlude with his wife and confesses: "Thou hast set me on the rack." He demands proof. The ancient counters with two suppositions--both of which inject new ideas to keep the audience on edge. He relates Cassio's supposed talk in his sleep, and intimates that Desdemona has given the precious handkerchief to the lieutenant as a love token.

Finally, convinced beyond doubt of his wife's infidelity, Othello swears with Iago a deep and solemn oath of vengeance upon the innocent Desdemona and Cassio.

This sequence is an illustration of pacing at its best: the clever shifting of the emphasis from one idea to another, and from one character to another Iago's technique suggests that of a dexterous boxer who knows just when to tease his opponent with a jab, when to carry the fight to his rival, and when to land a lethal blow.

The portion of Othello we have just examined also shows the Shakespearean technique of suspense which is so important a part of the dramatic texture. It has been pointed out that in comparison with Racine, Corneille or Ibsen, Shakespeare lacks suspense. Certainly, we may agree that he lacks the O. Henry ending which is such a favorite on the radio. But this lack is more than compensated by
what E. E. Stoll describes as "suspense of form"—the excited expectation of the rounding out of a harmony. Like the Greek dramatists, he offers an effect of excited anticipation, and in addition to this he presents a realization of the thoughts, feelings and circumstances surrounding a particular dramatic moment and essential to the illusion. At its best, as in Othello, this effect holds the interest just as well as surprise twists.

There remains under the heading of pacing a final important aspect which we must cover, namely, the radio writer's persistent problem of the monologue or the soliloquy.

Almost always, the appearance of a monologue in a script gives the writer away and shows him as having stumbled into a quagmire which is the result of bad leakage in his structural outline. In such cases, the writer has backed his play into a corner and is faced with the necessity of backing it out again. Such backing in and out is annoying on the stage, and even more so on the radio because it evaporates the listener's illusion.

Nevertheless, monologue can be cleverly handled on the radio, and often is, by the application of three "musts" which distinguish most good Shakespearean soliloquies. These are:

1. The monologue must be inevitable.
2. It must suit exactly the character who speaks it.
3. Its content must be both plausible and natural.

Measured on this scale, the great soliloquies of Shakespeare are appropriate examples for the floundering script writer. Consider the oft-quoted speech of Hamlet: "To be, or not to be: that is the question."

Inevitable? Yes, for the same reason that virtually all of Hamlet's soliloquies are inevitable--because he has been holding back the things that are on his mind, and when he is alone he just has to let himself go. Suitable to his character? It is admirably suited because he is a theorist, a philosopher, rather than a man of action; a talker rather than a doer. Plausible and natural in content? Again the answer is yes, because as a deep thinker, beset with a seemingly insoluble problem, Hamlet would like to commit suicide, and solve the problem.
for himself. Yet, as a thinker, "the dread of something after death" causes him to hesitate, to procrastinate in following his impulse.

These three "musts" apply, not only to Hamlet, but to most of the better soliloquies: Juliet's "What's in a rose?"; Prince Hal's "So, when this loose behavior I throw off;" Macbeth's "I have no spur to prick the sides of my intent."

What of the radio drama?

In the case of the characters in the lighthouse story we find (a) that Brehan openly acknowledges the habit of talking to himself; (b) that Yvon grudgingly concedes it; and (c) that "talking to oneself" is the normal result of being alone in a familiar and tiresome confinement. So it does not come as a surprise later in the play when we hear Brehan in the midst of a monologue that is inevitable, suitable, plausible and natural.

The author, by using Shakespeare's three "musts", has prepared us for exactly this. Had he not done so, he would have had a poor plan, indeed, a jerky and bewildering tableau boxing its own shadow without any sense or reality.
Part IV  PROFESSIONAL QUALITY

The chief difference between scripts that are rejected and those which are played on the air is summed up by radio editors in the expression: Professional Quality. This quality, they agree, is a combination of three factors—direction, purpose, and familiarity. These factors are important, according to script editors, because they mark a writer who knows his own intention and knows how he is going to handle it. This command of subject has an immediate result: it makes the listener believe what the writer says.

To illustrate these factors, we shall examine a short piece called One Special For Doc,\(^1\) written by Milton E. M. Geiger. There are only four characters: The Young Man (Allen), Doc Harshaw, a middle-aged druggist, kindly, helpful, cleverly humane; Julie, Allen's sweetheart; and Hank, a Greek restaurant owner. The story begins in Doc Harshaw's drugstore near closing time.

HARSHAW: Er . . . Good evening.

YOUNG MAN. (After a short pause) Huh? Oh--Oh--Yes. Good evening. Not much!

HARSHAW: H'm. Well, it is a bit spongy out. But I like it. Keeps the world at bay for a while.

YOUNG MAN: (with a short nervous laugh) Oh--if I'm intruding--

HARSHAW. Oh--no, no, no--nice to have you, I'm sure.

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\(^1\) Produced on the Chase & Sanborn Hour, March 10, 1938, starring Walter Huston and Don Ameche.
YOUNG MAN: Well--I originally intended this to be a business call of sorts. So here goes--fact of the matter is, I've cut myself. See--I attempted to bandage it up. Nasty cut!

HARSHAW: (with a note of gentle mockery) Oh, now that's too-o-o bad!

YOUNG MAN: Oh, not that bad! But--well--those things can develop into something serious, I've been told. Infection, you know.

HARSHAW: By all means. Infection.

YOUNG MAN: Er--so I'd like a bottle of those--what-do-you-call-’ems. They're blue tablets. You know? In a crinkly blue bottle?

HARSHAW: Oh, yes. One moment please. (Clatters in drawer full of bottles) Er--er--these?

YOUNG MAN: Yes--yes--that--that's what I mean. Er--how much are they, please?

HARSHAW: Enough, I assure you. But first I'll have to register this sale. Have to register all sales of (he pauses for emphasis) of deadly poisons.

YOUNG MAN: (as though to himself) Deadly--poisons! (then sharply) Why must you register it? I'm not going to murder my aunt, you know!

HARSHAW: Matter of fact, young fellow, I don't know anything of the sort. That's quite beside the point. It's the law that I register the sale of a dangerous poison, and the law is operating strictly in your interest. It's for your own protection. Now--name, please?

YOUNG MAN: (hesitates) Well--all right. Er--Peter Jones.

HARSHAW: (dubiously) Jones, eh? Very well. P-E-T-E-R J-O-N-E-S. Address?

YOUNG MAN: That, too? 2236 Forest Grove.

HARSHAW: 2-2-3-6- F-O-R-E-S-T G-R-O-V-E. Purpose of deadly poison?
YOUNG MAN: Antiseptic for wound.

HARSHAW: Uh-huh. Twenty-five seven-and-a-half grain tablets. And then I sign my own proud name and fill in the date and hour of purchase, and that's that! That didn't hurt one bit now, did it? You'll be mighty careful with this stuff, won't you? Ever use it before?

YOUNG MAN: Certainly. I--I've just gone through the last of one bottle and so I had to run out for more. I was sharpening my pencil with a rusty blade and it slipped.

HARSHAW: (amiably informative, chatty) It isn't the rust that does the damage. It's the germs under the rust scales. UH--that's a mighty pretty gold and onyx ring you're wearing under that bandage. Class ring?

YOUNG MAN: (irritably) Yes. High School. Can't get it off. I guess I've sort of grown into it. My--my girl gave it to me. Wouldn't let me buy my own.

(Suddenly impatient) I'm in a hurry, Doc. How much will that come to?

Biz. A rumble of thunder and a greater burst of rain against the windows.

HARSHAW: Won't you be wanting some bandage and adhesive tape? What's the rush? It's raining the Amazon River out there. Stick around a little. (His voice suddenly confidential, inviting confidences.) Stick around, boy, we ought to talk:

YOUNG MAN: Wha-what do you mean?

HARSHAW: (chatty again) You know, sometimes people get sore because I ask all these questions when they buy poisons for their own good and legitimate reasons. "Do you think I'm going to murder my aunt?" they ask me. Or--

YOUNG MAN: (apologetic, sheepish) Oh--I didn't mean to--
HARSHAW: Or they want to know do I think they're considering suicide. It's no affair of mine if they ARE. They can if they like. They can dissolve the lining right out of their stomachs if it suits them. I've the law to comply with. Look--suppose your wife--

YOUNG MAN: (savagely) I'm not married!

HARSHAW: (taken back) All right, all right. Mere manner of speaking. Suppose then the--er--police should find you moaning in your bathroom. They'd come to me as one of the town's druggists. They'd say, "Mr. Harshaw, did a young feller with a grey slouch hat and a tan topcoat and worried brown eyes and a gold and onyx class ring buy any poison here lately?" And I'd tell them, "Why, yes. He got some blue antiseptic tablets. Why?" And they'd say, "Okay, Doc. That's all we want to know. Thanks." By that time though there wouldn't be much they could do for you.

YOUNG MAN: (unguardedly) Wouldn't there?

HARSHAW: (gravely) No. The stuff's purgatory! It--it's the worst thing a fellow can take. Horrible! (Intensely, with a climactic rising of his voice as he proceeds) It's like white-hot coals burning and eating and searing your innards. Your stomach's afire! The membranes burn and wither away and you scream and squirm and pray you'll die. I--I can't describe the agony of it! Weeks--months, maybe, of torture--eating--tearing you apart--burning. The narcotics the doctors give you don't help much. It's corrosive--like acid, you know.

YOUNG MAN: (shaken) No. I--I didn't know that--

HARSHAW: Yes, if you die, so much the better for you. Because the nervous shock will wreck you for life. And your stomach's so badly burned that you spend the rest of your days on a diet of gruel and buttered toast and warm milk. Buttered toast and warm milk! When all the time your starving body cries out for a thick, juicy steak and strong bread!

YOUNG MAN: You--you're hurting my shoulder!

HARSHAW: (laughs shortly) Oh, I didn't know. Sorry. (Slaps boy's shoulder in camaraderie)
YOUNG MAN: That—that was some lecture! I guess you know though. It's your business.

HARSHAW: (significantly) Sure. It's my business. Other things are my business, too.

YOUNG MAN: What do you mean--Other things too?

HARSHAW: (gently) Listen, boy—you didn't cut yourself. Now DID you? (long moment of silence. We hear the Young Man's labored breathing.)

Biz. Roll of thunder.

YOUNG MAN: (defiantly) Well—all right! So I didn't cut myself! What about it? Here—I'll take off the bandage. There! Not a scratch! Feel better now, Sherlock Holmes?

HARSHAW: (without triumph) I knew it. Don't you know you can't dip a gold ring into a solution of this stuff without the gold's turning to silver? Forms an amalgam. Where's your high school chemistry, boy?

YOUNG MAN: (in distraction) I don't know—I don't know! I wanted to—oh—I don't know anything, now! Please don't ask me any more questions. Maybe I'd better go.

HARSHAW: No. Tell you what. I'm closing up now, and it's raining too heavily. We'll walk it off and talk it over. And maybe we'll stop at Hank's Barbecue for a snack. Talk it over, see? What do you say, kid?

YOUNG MAN: All right. All right, I guess.

HARSHAW: Good boy! You read a magazine or something and I'll start counting up--

Biz. Cash register rings... clink and jingle of coins. Fade down and out. Fade-in footsteps of HARSHAW and YOUNG MAN walking on wet gravel; rain and remote thunder.

HARSHAW: Minute you came in I knew something was wrong. It's bad stuff lettin' yourself go that way. You have a lot to live for.

YOUNG MAN: I must have been crazy, Doc.
HARSHAW: You looked fairly prosperous for a youngster.
And you looked healthy. So I figured it couldn't
be that. That leaves one other thing—especially
when the principal—or principals are young and
foolish. (Pauses) Is she pretty?

YOUNG MAN: (choking up) She's--beautiful!

HARSHAW: Well—if you'd like to talk—go ahead. Maybe
you'll feel better about it all.

YOUNG MAN: I WANT to talk. And I'm glad it's you I have to
talk to. (Pauses) It seems so--so trivial,
now. But I can't go back to her! I can't.

HARSHAW: It's not that bad.

YOUNG MAN: I don't know. Julie and I have been sweethearts
ever since we were kids in school. In high school
we were inseparable. We always said we... we'd
get married. We meant everything to each other.
It's been a long time, Doc—waiting. But I couldn't ever
seem to make enough money at any of my jobs--

HARSHAW: You're young--

YOUNG MAN: Tonight—tonight I came down to see her.
I—I never saw her looking so lovely. Something
in silver and black that made her look whiter
and more beautiful than I'd ever seen her. She
was waiting for someone—and I knew she wasn't
expecting me... .

Biz. Fade YOUNG MAN'S voice. Silence. Then YOUNG
MAN'S voice speaking a little tensely,
resentfully...

YOUNG MAN: You're beautiful tonight, Julie. I've never seen
you so—so—radiant and—all.

JULIE: (subdued and tense) Thank you, Allen.

ALLEN: That's—a—a mighty sweet dress you're wearing.
I never saw it, Julie.

JULIE: (trying to be gay) Yes—yes—I just had it made.
Isn't it a terrible night? (pause in which we
feel Allen's slow burning resentment and
suspicion. At last--)

ALLEN: Yes, Julie. Terrible.
JULIE: Allen! Don't look at me so--so strangely. As though I'd done something terribly wrong.

ALLEN: Nothing wrong. Unless it's just a little bit wrong to throw over the fellow that's been crazy about you ever since he was a kid in velvet pants.

JULIE: Oh, Allen! Don't think wrong of me. I've fought with myself. I don't want to lose you. But Pearson has been such a good friend to us. Mother and me. We were going to the theater.

ALLEN: The theater. Harmless enough. The theater. But there'll be another in a week and another after that, and another. And a string of them makes a courtship. And an expensive one that I can't afford yet--or maybe never. I'm only an engineer. All right. Take Pearson! He's platinum-plated enough. Take him! (laughs) And I thought I was tops! Sweet little school romance blossoming into cactus!

JULIE: Allen! What are you saying--

ALLEN: You've said it yourself. "Allen, not yet. We've got to save. We want to start right, Allen. We mustn't start the voyage with a light sail and an empty hold." Very prettily put! But a mockery. The runaround, if you please! Well, I'm through!

Biz. Voice fades out hysterically. Flush Allen's voice again talking to HARSHAW in the rain.

ALLEN: So that was that. And here we are.

HARSHAW: You're young. I was young too.


HARSHAW: Well, here's Hank's place.

Biz. Door opens and closes.


HANK: Hi, Doc. You shure beeg kidder. Ho, Ho! (Business like) What'll gonna be? Bum night, hah? What'll gonna be?

HARSHAW: What'll gonna be, kid? Unquote.
ALLEN: I don't know. That hamburger with grilled onion on rye sounds pretty good. And coffee.

HANK: Shure. What'll gonna be for you, Boss?

HARSHAW: Er--I'll have my special. The regular thing.

HANK: (puzzled) Hah?

HARSHAW: My special. Would you mind bending a little closer, Hank?

HANK: Shure. Hukkay. (Unintelligible whispering)

HANK: Oh, shure, Boss! (Shouts) Wan Hambur-r-r-r-k Wit' Greeled Hunnion Hon Rye! Wan S'ashul for Doc! Make Queek!

VOICE: (distant) Commandin hupp!

HANK: I be right out, Boss.

HARSHAW: All right, Hank. No rush. (Slight pause. HARSHAW whistles softly.)

HARSHAW: Well, kid, this isn't much but it's a lot better than St. Luke's or Emergency Clinic, eh?

ALLEN: Stop it, Doc. I've been a fool.

HARSHAW: I was coming around to that. But I was going to call it something else. Extreme youth, or something like that. It's a condition we all go through between the ages of say, eighteen and thirty-five. Roughly, that.

ALLEN: (laughing a little) Roughly is right.

Biz. Ticking of large clock grows louder as silence continues ... ticking monotonously.

ALLEN: Maybe I ought to go back. I wonder, should I go back?

HARSHAW: I don't know. Some get over the disease quickly, and seldom have relapses. Up to the individual.

HANK: Here komm! Hamburk wit' greeled hunnion!

Biz. Dishes slam down on counter.
HANK: And a wan spashul for Doc! Haw, haw, haw...

Biz. Slide of dishes... and fade out on Hank laughing.

HARSHA: (With strange melancholy, slowly) One special for Doc. Days without end. One special for Doc.

ALLEN: (With dawnin amazement and comprehension) One--special--for--Doc! You! Warm milk--and buttered toast. Warm milk--

HARSHA: (In same sad voice) You see? Do you understand now?

ALLEN: (Dazed) I--I see! For life. Warm milk--and buttered toast.

HARSHA: And gruel. Don't forget the gruel.

ALLEN: (Agitated) I--I don't think--I want my sandwich. I'm going, Doc. I've got to go. Sorry--Doc--

HARSHA: Yes, boy, go. Go back to her--to Julie--She needs you and wants you as badly as you need and want her. Wait for her if you must. She'll wait too. But go back.

ALLEN: I'm going. You bet I am! So long. I'll be seeing you.

HARSHA: (Softly) Good night.

ALLEN: (Hesitating) Thanks. And--I'm sorry about--you know. Awful sorry.

HARSHA: It's all right, kid. Good night.

ALLEN: Good night. And thanks.

HARSHA: (Calling after him) And give her my love!

Biz. Door slams hard. HARSHA SIGHS.

HARSHA: Hmmmmmmm. Crazy kids. Lucky he came to me. I guess I handled that prescription all right! (Chuckles softly, then shouts) Hey, Hank!

HANK: (Off mike) Commink, Boss!

HARSHA: (Shouting) Hank! Let's see some food. I'll have a steak an inch thick, with mushrooms and fried potatoes. And a gallon of tough coffee. And for heaven's sakes, take this awful-looking stuff out of my sight, will ya!
Besides being an entertaining piece, *One Special For Doc* contains those revealing elements which will serve to explain the meaning of Professional Quality, referred to earlier as a combination of direction, purpose and familiarity.

By direction, radio editors mean the unflustered execution of a preconceived dramatic plan. The value of this factor is primarily psychological and only secondarily dramatic. It conveys to the listener the feeling that he is not only on a true bearing but also that he knows his exact point on that bearing.

The second factor, purpose, marks the piece as something that will achieve an objective of worth and interest.

And the last of the trilogy, familiarity, is hailed by editors as the most necessary of all for upon it, they maintain, depends the reality of the story.

In Geiger's sketch, we find the three factors unmistakably present. Never is there any doubt that the author knows exactly where he will take us ultimately and where he will take us immediately. There is not any sign of stalling or fumbling or temporizing. Our two characters are true people as soon as they begin talking and the more they talk the more revealed and interesting they become, both to us and to themselves.
Harshaw, the druggist, is interesting to the Young Man because he represents an obstruction to circumvent. The Young Man, in turn, is interesting to Harshaw because he represents a puzzle to be solved. And both characters interest the radio listener because there is promise of a clash.

Almost at the outset, we suspect that Harshaw has spotted the Young Man as a liar who is on the verge of heedless violence, and we are fascinated by the sparring he does to knock down the boy's guard. His attack is resourceful, even relentless in a kindly way. The boy's defense has enough youthful resilience and blundering arrogance to make him a good adversary, and at the same time a ludicrous victim. We find ourselves waiting for that moment in the play when Harshaw drives the frightened lover to his final recourse of open defiance. Then we are sure revelations will follow. The author had reasons for the revelations he permits, and reasons too for his early reticences. This evidence of dramatic control is possible only through direction. It means that Geiger is sure at all times exactly where he is going and exactly how he proposes to get there.

In One Special For Doc, the purpose is primarily character interest. The story is more sentimental than romantic, more tender than courageous, but it gives us a lively situation and the story's purpose is implicit in that situation. The
Author has challenged himself with a problem of human salvage work and has justified the challenge by bringing in the problem's answer through the resourcefulness of Harshaw. Circumstance controlled the Young Man, and when Harshaw perceived this he resolved the play by controlling circumstance.

One widely-known editor has asserted vigorously that a radio play can have direction and purpose, and 30 pages of well-paced dialogue, and still fall flat when tested on the air. The reason, he says, is the writer's lack of familiarity with his characters. Such a deficiency certainly could not be charged against the author of One Special For Doc. Geiger seems to know the kindly druggist backwards and frontwards--and well he might, for he once operated a drugstore himself in Cleveland. He has captured one natural characteristic: the druggist's inquisitiveness, which probably is second only to that of the barber. Besides, he obviously knows the Young Man, for his episodes on the high school ring, the rejection by Julie, and the hamburg stand are typical, yet unique enough to be noteworthy.
To the radio writer in search of a model of direction, purpose, and familiarity, the Shakespearean comedies present an absorbing text book. Their fundamental and eternal attraction, according to Professor Henry W. Simon is that they translate us into an admittedly unreal life, yet one so consistent with itself that for the time being we accept it. Only by skillfully blending the three factors could Shakespeare have achieved so happy a result.

Consider, for instance, the rollicking comedy, A Midsummer Night's Dream. It starts out ominously with Egeus determined that his daughter will wed Demetrius or die. The fact that Hermia prefers Lysander makes no difference to the stern father or the rigid law of Athens.

Shakespeare's manipulation of characters marks the play as a masterpiece of direction. The three young people, together with Helena who is in love with Demetrius, escape into the woods where they encounter a bewildering array of characters and circumstances, first among the fairies and later among the laborers. All ends happily, of course, but while we are under the spell of the play, magic, mythology and dreams seem to be the only real world. So much do we become a part of the play that the return to Athens and the coldly practical Egeus appear to us entirely unreal by comparison.

The writer's purpose--admirably accomplished--is to transport the audience for an hour or two into another world, then return them with a new perspective on life.

Familiarity with his characters and setting is evidenced by Shakespeare in this play, as in many others, by the fact that he kept England chiefly in mind. Though his scene was Athens, Venice, Rome, Verona, or Messina, he was always writing of the people and the scenes he knew in England. J. Dover Wilson writes that "the game of make-believe may be kept alive by a splash of local color here and there, but the characters, their habits, their outlook and even generally their costumes are 'mere English.'"  

Commenting on A Midsummer Night's Dream, John Masefield said:

"For some reason, perhaps homesickness, perhaps weariness of the city-hostile, that those who have lived in the country cannot call life, or it may be, perhaps, from an exultation in the bounty of the world to give pleasure to the kind, the country meant very much to Shakespeare in the months during which he wrote the last of the English plays. In writing this play, his imagination conceived Athens as an English town, possibly Stratford, or some other more pleasant place, with a wood haunted by fairies, only a league away, where the mind could be happy listening to the voice of the beloved."


2. John Masefield, critical essay in Five Great Comedies, p. 93.
The three attributes of Professional Quality may be found also in the delightful Twelfth Night. Direction—Shakespeare's constant control over his characters and plot—is the very key to the play's success. He keeps certain characters apart throughout several episodes, only to unite them with more telling effect in his denouement. He hides Viola's femininity until the way is cleared for her marriage to the Duke. He manipulates the twins with such dexterity that suspense and interest are kept at a high point throughout the play. And he handles the subplot of Sir Toby and Malvolio in a manner that adds rather than detracts from his general plan.

Shakespeare's purpose in Twelfth Night is to show that reality is the best cure for daydreamers. The Duke is overcome with sentimentality, Olivia with pretended grief, and Malvolio with pride. Each is living in his own dream world, and Shakespeare brings all three down to earth by opening their eyes to reality.

Familiarity again is evidenced when Shakespeare resorts to the simple expedient of using as models the people he knows and placing them in settings with which he is acquainted.

It is not necessary to analyze all the comedies, but merely to think back over the plots. . . As You Like It. . . The Merchant of Venice . . . The Tempest . . . to realize that direction, purpose and familiarity, so essential in the
radio script, run hand-in-hand through Shakespeare's better plays.

Indeed, it was Shakespeare's familiarity with his characters that made his plays tick, and editors maintain that lack of this quality is the greatest stumbling block for radio writers today. Where the radio writer speculated and theorized, Shakespeare dealt in facts. His characters were people he knew thoroughly; so well, in fact, that he could probably tell you what time they got up in the morning, how much they paid for their house, and what they would do if it were struck by lightning. Knowing all this, Shakespeare was able—as the radio writer often is not—to give characters their own lines, instead of his.

Too often in the radio drama, all the characters sound like all the other characters, use the same phrases, react uniformly to the same set of circumstances. This shows a deficiency in observation and in memory, both of which were Shakespeare's fortes. Again, in this respect, Shakespeare is the best teacher!
PART V. ADAPTATION

When we speak of Shakespeare as a guide for radio writers today, we do not mean to imply that one of his masterpieces can be taken from the dusty corner of the bookshelf and presented on the air verbatim. That has been done with Macbeth as with some of the other plays. But such a practice does not generally make for good radio drama.

In the first place, Shakespeare wrote at too great length for the half-hour radio program. He himself in Romeo and Juliet refers to "the two hours' traffic of our stage," and critics generally are agreed that few Shakespearean performances would be handled in less than that time. Margaret Webster maintains that Shakespeare actually wrote with the idea that his copy would be cut.

Again, though we have pointed out numerous similarities between Shakespeare's stage and that of the radio writer, we must concede that Shakespeare was preparing his drama for a visible audience and technical differences were inevitable.

We must make still a third concession. Shakespeare was writing, not for twentieth century Americans, but for Elizabethans. If, as J. Dover Wilson1 explains, we of the twentieth century want really to "get into" the situation, we must ask ourselves how it would appeal to English minds of three centuries ago.

Shakespeare's plays are replete with swiftly moving action in numerous scenes, widely separated in time and space, with impassioned rhetoric and brisk low comedy. True, some of these techniques may seem obsolete to us today, but it would have been artistic suicide for an English dramatist even to attempt to check the tide of Elizabethan energy on the stage of the old Globe. And after all, Shakespeare was writing primarily to make a living, another aspect in which he is no different from the script writers of the present day.

It is interesting, nevertheless, to speculate on just what liberties the radio adapter would take with Shakespeare. The chief problem involved in extracting a good radio program from a work that has been written for an entirely different purpose is the problem of selection. How much of the original are you going to keep, and how much can you throw out? Further, because the original piece is not a radio piece, how far may the adapter go in reshuffling the work of the first writer? Can he invent an entire new scene if he feels so inclined? May he reshape the original to the extent of shifting its scenes and supplying new characters?
Max Wylie answers all questions relating to the functions, restrictions, and privileges of the adapter as follows:

He may do anything with any piece, whether poetry, prose or drama, which truthfully translates to radio the import, the flavor, and the purpose of the original in its fullest possible integrity. All that any adaptation actually is is a transplantation from one medium to another of a series of sympathies and antipathies already established in the original. These sympathies and these antipathies are sacred, and they belong to the first writer. They cannot be outraged at any time, nor can they at any time be neglected. Further, they cannot be subjected to new interpretation. There they are and there they must stay. What this means in one sentence is simply this: no adapter, for any cause, may tamper with the feelings or the prejudices of the original, or with those of any characters created by the author.

Because the adapter's privileges are many, it stands to reason that his responsibilities likewise are numerous. His chief and ever-present responsibility is to recognize that he, the adapter, is the protector of the author's interests and the custodian of his literary valuables.

Radio adaptation usually means cutting and shortening and speeding up. Often it means rearrangement and invention. By the latter, is not meant the incidental manufacturing of bright conversation which can be thrown into the original at random, nor the kind of invention which concerns the plot. It means invention which is honestly conceived by the adapter as the most useful and economical way of making clear to the radio audience what was clear in print.

Writers and directors are generally agreed that since one's aural memory is not so strong as his visual memory, important material and significant events--items which must be retained in the mind--must be firmly fixed so that they will produce their full effect when the proper time comes. A character in a story may be very important in the plot sequence, yet a novelist, for instance, may drop him after a few pages and bring him back later. His return is not a shock to the reader because his introduction was so strong that he is kept in mind. But in the radio drama, this carry-over is far more complicated, because we are more likely to forget things with the steady pulse of sound alone to move us forward.
Hence, if the adapter finds that the original story contains either a character or a brief suggestion of situation that is necessary to the understanding of the story, it becomes his duty to expand them. This he may do by additional emphasis or by creating a brief scene which is altogether new to the story. His aim, of course, at all times is to accomplish as quickly as possible what has already been accomplished in the original.

Above all, the radio adapter must adhere strictly to this rule: Radio drama must be clean.

The radio program occupies a peculiar place in American life. It is almost as much a part of domestic routine as breakfast, dinner and supper, and probably takes up even more of the family's time. The family ideal is a wholesome one and nothing must be injected into the family circle that is contrary to that ideal.

Unfettered by such idealistic ties, Shakespeare was inclined to call a spade a spade, without realizing that that instrument could turn up a lot of dirt. The radio scripter, for instance, could never get away with the scene of Desdemona listening to Iago's indecent witticisms on the wharf, or Helena discussing virginity with the ribald Parolles. Such passages would be vigorously blue-penciled by editors as too risque for "family listening."
To illustrate in tangible form many of the principles and devices analyzed in the foregoing pages, I have attempted a radio adaptation of *Romeo and Juliet*. In the accompanying notes, matters or radio technique exemplified by the script are singled out for special comment. The story of the star-crossed lovers has been selected because it presents such a wide range of effects that its translation into radio form brings into action a stimulating array of radio techniques, involving limitation in the size of the cast, elimination of non-essentials, enlistment of the imaginative collaboration of the listener, constant selectivity, custom of identifying sound effects and characters, use of background effects, transitional devices, and countless other aspects of radio storytelling.

The adaptation has been cast in the framework of the *First Nighter* program which we mentioned earlier, a half-hour commercial show of about 4000 words. *First Nighter* wants its sketches in three segments, each with a climax. The first and second segments should end on strong suspense to hold an audience through a commercial announcement.
ROMEO AND JULIET
By William Shakespeare
As Adapted For Radio
by
Joseph Nolan

CHARACTERS

Romeo ............ Friar Laurence
Juliet .............. Nurse
Mercutio ........... Balthasar
Tybalt ............. Lady Capulet
Montague ........... Prince
Capulet ............ Page
Paris .............. Voices

1. Because the listener cannot possibly keep track of as many characters in his mind as he can in the visible media, we have been forced to cut Shakespeare's cast. Eliminating Benvolio, Friar John, Sampson, Gregory and others less important to the plot, we have reduced the dramatis personae from 27 to 14.
ACT ONE

(MUSIC: THE WALTZ. AD LIBBING OF DANCERS UP, THEN DOWN UNDER:)

ROMEO: What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

MERCUTIO: I know not sir; but she doth indeed surpass
All the admired beauties of Verona.

ROMEO: O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!

MERCUTIO: So shows a snowy dove drooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

ROMEO: The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

1. Mercutio . . . We have substituted Mercutio in this scene for the "servimgman" because his death which follows shortly is important to Romeo's future. Radio must introduce its principal characters early to give the listeners a chance to get acquainted with them before a crisis arises.

2. What lady is that . . . In the original, this is Act I, Scene 5, where Juliet first catches Romeo's eye. We have skipped the first four scenes, because subsequent material serves to fill out the continuity of the story.

3. All the admired beauties of Verona . . . Spoken in the original play by Benvolio (I, 3) about the fair Rosaline, and used here to inform the listeners that the scene takes place in Verona.

4. So shows a snowy dove . . . Romeo's speech is too long for radio purposes, so part is given to Mercutio to "keep him alive." On the stage, the actors can be seen, but in radio they must speak if they wish the audience to remember them.
(MORE AD LIBBING OF GUESTS, THEN FOOTSTEPS FADING IN)

TYBALT: This, by his voice, should be a Montague.
Fetch me my rapier, boy.

CAPULET: Why, how now, Tybalt! wherefore storm you so?

TYBALT: Uncle, this is a montague, our foe,
A villain that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

CAPULET: Young Romeo is it?

ROMEO: Romeo's my name, sir.

TYBALT: 'Tis he, that villain, Romeo.

CAPULET: Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;
He bears him like a portly gentleman.

TYBALT: I'll not endure him.

CAPULET: He shall be endured:
What, Goodman boy! I say, he shall: go to;
Am I the master here, or you? go to.

TYBALT: Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet convert to bitter gall.

1. This, by his voice ... On the stage, the physical
   presence of both forces makes possible many crisis scenes in
   which the two face each other with dramatic fierceness, but
   in which one does all the talking. The ringing long-speech
   climax is practical on the stage. But in radio, the method
   used is more often the shorter and shorter speech, for only
   this way can the writer keep both forces in constant
   electric aliveness in the listener's mind-world.

2. Romeo's my name, sir ... An example of radio
   "invention" designed to keep Romeo "alive" to the audience.
   Actually, Romeo is identified by Tybalt, and spends most of
   the scene standing around looking well disposed but not too
   well organized.
(FOOTSTEPS FADE OUT. AGAIN WALTZ MUSIC UP BRIEFLY THEN UNDER)

ROMEO: (FADELING IN) If I profane with my unworthiest hand
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

JULIET: Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,1
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

ROMEO: Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

JULIET: Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

ROMEO: 0, them, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

JULIET: Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

ROMEO: Then move not while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purged.

(THEY KISS ON-MIKE)

JULIET: Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

ROMEO: Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!
Give me my sin again.

JULIET: You kiss by the book.

(FOOTSTEPS UP)

NURSE: Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

(AD LIB GOODBYES. JULIET'S FOOTSTEPS FADE)

1. Good pilgrim . . . Romeo was masquerading as a
pilgrim or palmer. The conversation that follows between
Romeo and Juliet is admirably adapted to radio in Shakes-
peare's original.
ROMEO: Good nurse, what is her mother?¹

MARRY, bachelor,

NURSE: Her mother is the lady of the house.

(UNBELIEVING) Is she a Capulet?

(FOOTSTEPS UP)

MERCUTIO: (FAADING IN) Romeo,

AWAY, be gone; the sport is at the best.

(FAADING UNDER)

ROMEO: Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

(CAPULET: (ABOVE THE TALKING) Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;

WE HAVE A trifling foolish banquet towards.

ROMEO: Good host, the hour indeed is late.

CAPULET: Is it e'en so? why, then, I thank you all;

I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.

More torches here! Come on then, let's to bed.

(FOOTSTEPS FAADING OUT. AD LIBBED GOODNIGHTS)

JULIET: (FAADING IN) Nurse, what is yond gentleman?

NURSE: The son and heir of old Tiberio.

JULIET: What's he that now is going out of door?

NURSE: Marry, that, I think, be young Petruccio.

¹. Good nurse . . . Inserted to identify the character to whom Romeo is speaking. Because the radio audience is "blind," a formal introduction is necessary.
JULIET: What's he that follows there, that would not dance?

NURSE: His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.

JULIET: My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

NURSE: Anon, anon!
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.

(MUSIC: MIDNIGHT MUSIC. FADE OUT FOR:)

(BACKGROUND OF CRICKETS: FEATURE SEVERAL SECONDS THEN DOWN)

ROMEO: (MUMBLED TO HIMSELF)
Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
With love's light wings will I o'erperch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out.

(CRUNCH OF BRUSH AS HE DROPS ON OTHER SIDE OF WALL, THEN FOOTSTEPS UP SOFTLY)

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
But, soft! (FOOTSTEPS STOP) What light through yonder window breaks?
It is my lady, O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!
She speaks . . .

1. What's he that follows there . . . In the original the Nurse has to leave Juliet for a moment and ask Romeo's name, but such a sequence serves only to delay the radio play.

2. With love's light wings . . . These lines are Romeo's when he makes love to Juliet on the balcony, but the radio adapter is faced with the problem of getting Romeo up there first. This is an easy way.
JULIET: (FADING IN) O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?  
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;  
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,  
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.  
What's in a name? that which we call a rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet;  
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,  
Retain that dear perfection which he owes  
Without the title. Romeo, doff thy name,  
And for that name which is no part of thee  
Take all myself.

ROMEO: (ALOUD) I take thee at thy word:  
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;  
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

JULIET: What man art thou that thus bescreen'd in night  
So stumbllest on my counsel?

ROMEO: By a name  
I know not how to tell thee who I am:  
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,  
Because it is an enemy to thee.

JULIET: My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words  
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound:  
Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?

ROMEO: Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

JULIET: How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?  
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb  
And the place death, considering who thou art,  
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

ROMEO: Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye  
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,  
And I am proof against their enmity.

JULIET: By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

1. O Romeo, Romeo . . . This is unusually long for  
radio, but so well handled that the audience can take it.  
Such is the case with many of Shakespeare's soliloquies—  
few other writers could express themselves well enough to hold  
the audience through several lines.
ROMEO: By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

JULIET: Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,¹
Else would a maiden blush unpaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me?

ROMEO: Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops...  

JULIET: O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

ROMEO: What shall I swear by?

JULIET: Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

ROMEO: If my heart's dear love—

JULIET: Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract tonight:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say 'It lightens.' Sweet, good night!

ROMEO: O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET: What satisfaction can'st thou have tonight?

ROMEO: The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

JULIET: If that thy bent of love be honorable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

¹... the mask of night is on my face... Here, Shakespeare shows the radio writer how to keep the scene alive through his dialogue.
(FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING)

NURSE: (IN BACKGROUND) Madam!

ROMEO: Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence's cell; There stays a husband to make you a wife.

(MUSIC: GREGORIAN CHANT OF THE FRIARS' CHOIR AT MIDNIGHT MASS IN THE MONASTERY. UP BRIEFLY THEN IN BACKGROUND FOOTSTEPS)

FRIAR LAURENCE: (FADING IN) Here comes the lady: O, so light a foot Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint: A lover may bestride the gossamer That idles in the wanton summer air, And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

JULIET: Good even to my ghostly confessor.

FRIAR L: Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

JULIET: As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

ROMEO: Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy Be heap'd like mine and that thy skill be more To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath This neighbor's air, and let rich music's tongue Unfold the imaged happiness that both Receive in either by this dear encounter.

JULIET: Conceit, more rich in matter than in words, Brags of his substance, not of ornament: They are but beggars that can count their worth; But my true love is grown to such excess I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

FRIAR L: Come, come with me, and we will make short work; For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone Till holy church incorporate two in one.

(MUSIC)

1. Here comes the lady . . . We have included the marriage in our first act—as though part of the night's activities—in fulfillment of First Nighter's requirement for a climax in each segment of the drama.
(MUSIC: TO A STREET QUARREL)  
(MILLING OF CROWD. AD LIBBED THREATS)

TYBALT: (ABOVE THE CROWD)  
Well, peace be with you, gentlemen; here comes my man.

(FOOTSTEPS FADE IN)

Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford
No better term than this--thou art a villain.

ROMEO:  
Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Both much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: villain am I none;
Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

TYBALT:  
Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

ROMEO:  
I do protest, I never injured thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet--which name I tender
As dearly as my own--be satisfied.

MERCUTIO: (BREAKING IN) O calm, dishonorable, vile submission!  
Alla stoccata carries it away.
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk
Now that my sword is drawn?

TYBALT: (DEPRECATINGLY) What wouldst thou have with me?

MERCUTIO:  
Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pitcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

1. Romeo--Tybalt-- An example of Shakespeare apparently writing expressly for radio, by identifying his characters immediately.

2. Now that my sword is drawn ... Inserted as a means of introducing the conflict. In the theater, the audience could see Mercutio, but the radio listener is handicapped.
TYBALT:  I am for you.

ROMEO: Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

MERCUTIO: Come sir, your passado.

(CLASH OF SWORDS ON-MIKE)

(BACKGROUND EFFECTS OF MILLING CROWD UP)

ROMEO: (SHOUTING) Draw, Neighbors, beat down their weapons. Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage! Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath forbidden bandying in Verona streets: Hold Tybalt! Good Mercutio!

TYBALT: I've got him now.1

Come, friends, away.'

(HURRIED FOOTSTEPS FADING OUT)

MERCUTIO: (MOANING) I am hurt.

A plague o' both your houses! I am sped.

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

ROMEO: What, art thou hurt?2

MERCUTIO: Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry 'tis enough.

Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

PAGE: As fast as I can, sir.

(FOOTSTEPS FADING OUT)

ROMEO: Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

MERCUTIO: No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me tomorrow and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both your houses! Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat to scratch a man to death! A braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

1. I've got him . . . Used to inform the radio audience of the outcome of the fight.

2. What, art thou . . . Spoken in the original by Benvolio who is omitted from our radio adaptation. Since Romeo is to dominate this scene, the speech serves to keep him in the limelight.
ROMEO: I thought all for the best.

MERCUTIO: (GASPING FOR BREATH)
Help me into some house, or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses! They have made worms' meat of me: I have it, and soundly too: your houses...

FIRST VOICE: O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!

ROMEO: This day's black fate on more days doth depend; This but begins the woe others must end.

SECOND VOICE: Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

(FOOTSTEPS FADING IN)

ROMEO: Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again, That fate thou gavest me; for Mercutio's soul Is but a little way above our heads, Staying for thine to keep him company: Either thou, or I, or both must go with him.

TYBALT: Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here, Shalt with him hence.

ROMEO: This shall determine that.

(AGAIN CLASH OF SWORDS ON-MIKE)

(BACKGROUND EFFECTS OF CROWD UP WHILE:)

MUSIC: BATTLE MUSIC COMES UP, GRADUALLY SWALLOWING EFFECTS.

MUSIC TO CLIMAX. THEN SEQUE TO SERENE MOTIF)

FRIAR LAURENCE: Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man; Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts, And thou art wedded to calamity.

ROMEO: Father, what new? what is the prince's doom? What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand, That I yet know not?

1. Help me into some house... Shakespeare preferred to have his characters die off-stage but the radio writer need have no such scruples. Carting Mercutio off merely retards the play.

2. Romeo... Father... Again Shakespeare apparently writing for radio. As soon as we hear Romeo's voice, we surmise that Tybalt is dead since they agreed to fight to the finish.
FRIAR L: A Gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips; 
    Not body's death, but body's banishment.

ROMEO: Ha, banishment! be merciful, say 'death;'
    For exile hath more terror in his look,
    Much more than death: do not say 'banishment.'

FRIAR L: Hence from Verona art thou banish'd:  
    Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

ROMEO: There is no world without Verona walls,
    But purgatory, torture, hell itself. 
    Hence banish'd is banish'd from the world,
    And world's exile is death: then banish'd
    Is death mis-term'd; calling death banishment,
    Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
    And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

FRIAR L: O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness! 
    This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

ROMEO: 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here. 
    Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog 
    And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
    Live here in heaven and may look on her; 
    But Romeo may not.

FRIAR L: Let me dispute with thee of thy estate. 

ROMEO: Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel: 
    Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
    An hour but married, Tybalt murdered; 
    Doting like me and like me banished; 
    Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear 
    thy hair, 
    And fall upon the ground, as I do now, 
    Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

1. Hence from Verona... The setting is reemphasized, since the listener cannot see it for himself.

2. Tybalt murdered... We are reassured of something we already guessed.

3. And fall upon the ground... Shakespeare is keeping the setting alive, just as the radio writer must do. In the original, the nurse is introduced at this point, but for radio purposes she may be omitted since she contributes little to the dramatic intensity of the scene.
FRIAR L: Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast,
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too;
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.

ROMEO: How well my comfort is revived by this!

FRIAR L: Go hence; good night; and here stands all your state:
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguised from hence:
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

ROMEO: But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
Farewell.

MUSIC: TRIUMPHANT, THEN IN A DARK MOOD

(KNOCKING)

FRIAR L: Who knocks so hard? Whence come you? what's your will?

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1. The radio writer is confronted with the problem of getting Juliet in without bothering with the long sequence of Paris. These lines are borrowed from Act III, Scene 3, where the Nurse calls on Friar Laurence during Romeo's visit.
(DOOR OPENING)

JULIET: O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so, come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!

(DOOR CLOSING)

FRIAR L: Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief; it strains me past the compass of my wits: I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it, on Thursday next be married to this county.

JULIET: Tell me not, Friar, that thou hear'st of this, unless thou tell me how I may prevent it: if, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help, do thou but call my resolution wise, and with this knife I'll help it presently.

FRIAR L: Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope, which craves as desperate an execution as that is desperate which we would prevent.

JULIET: O bid me leap, rather than marry Paris, from off the battlements of yonder tower; or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears; and I will do it without fear or doubt, to live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

FRIAR L: Hold then; go home, be merry, give consent to marry Paris; Wednesday is tomorrow; tomorrow night look that thou lie alone; let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber; take thee this vial, being then in bed, and this distilled liquor drink thou off.

JULIET: What will it do?

FRIAR L: When presently through all thy veins shall run a cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse shall keep his native progress, but surcease: no warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest; the roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade to paly ashes, thy eyes' windows fall, like death when he shuts up the day of life; and in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death thou shalt continue two and forty hours, and then awake as from a pleasant sleep. now, when the bridegroom (START FADE) in the morning comes to rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead... (FADE OUT)
(PAUSE)¹

(FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING MIKE)

NURSE: (FADING IN) Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet!

        fast, I warrant her, she:
        Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!
        Why, love, 2 I say! madam! sweetheart! why, bride!
        Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!
        I must needs wake her. Madam, madam, madam!
        Ay, let the county take you in your bed;
        He'll fright you up, i' faith. I'll draw the curtains.³

        (RUSTLE OF CURTAINS)

What, dressed! and in your clothes! and down again!
I must needs wake you: Lady! Lady! Lady!
Alas, alas! help! help! my lady's dead!
0, well-a-day, that ever I was born!
Some aqua vitae, ho! my lord! my lady!

(FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING RAPIDLY)

LADY CAPULET: What noise is here?

NURSE: 0 lamentable day?

LADY CAPULET: What is the matter?

NURSE: Look, look! 0 heavy day!

LADY CAPULET: 0 me, 0 me! My child, my only life,
        Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!
        Help, help! call help.

¹ This device, a common one in radio, is known as the pause transition. It sounds like this:

FULL-volume To rouse thee
(spotlight) from thy bed,  what, Mistress
HALF-volume there thou art thou dead
ZERO-volume (out)
(MORE FOOTSTEPS)

CAPULET: (HAPPILY) For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.

NURSE: She's dead, deceased, she's dead; alack the day!

LADY CAPULET: Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!

(SOBBING)

CAPULET: Ha! let me see her; out, alas! she's cold; her blood is settled and her joints are stuff; life and these lips have long been separated: death lies on her like an untimely frost upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

NURSE: 0 lamentably day!

LADY CAPULET: 0 woeful time!

CAPULET: Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail, Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

(MUSIC: SOLEMN)

2. Why, love, I say . . . The next four lines of the original have been cut as unsuited for family listening. Radio enforces a strict censorship on all sex matters in deference to the feeling that it is the new world's hearthside.

3. I'll draw the curtains . . . On the stage this can be seen, but on radio the Nurse must prepare the audience for the sound effects which are to follow.

4. Death, that hath ta'en her . . . It is radio's practice to cut a scene as soon as possible after the high point of interest, so we have eliminated the entrance of the friar and the subsequent dialogue.
ACT THREE

(MUSIC: LIGHT, HAPPY)

ROMEO: (happily) News from Verona! How now Balthasar!
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

BALTHASAR: Then she is well, and nothing be ill:
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you.

ROMEO: (CRUSHED) Is it even so?

BALTHASAR: O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

ROMEO: Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence tonight.

BALTHASAR: I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import some misadventure.

ROMEO: Tush, thou art deceived:
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

BALTHASAR: No, my good lord.

ROMEO: No matter, get thee gone, (START FADE)
And hire those horses: I'll be with thee straight (OUT)

1. News from Verona. . . Another instance showing Shakespeare as a radio writer. This implies at the outset that the scene has changed, that Romeo no longer is in Verona, and the listener will assume from what has gone before that he is in exile.

2. Your looks are pale . . . The listener cannot see the effect of the news on Romeo, so Balthasar must act as the interpreter.
(PAUSE)\(^1\)

(NOW CRICKET BACKGROUND SNEAKS IN AND IS KEPT THROUGHOUT THE SCENE)

ROMEO: (FADING IN)
Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron. Hold, take this letter; early in the morning see thou deliver it to my lord and father.

BALTHASAR: Yes, good master.

ROMEO: Give me the light: upon thy life, I charge thee, Whate'er thou hear'st or see'st, stand all aloof, And do not interrupt me in my course.

Why I descend into this bed of death, Is partly to behold my lady's face; But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger A precious ring, a ring that I must use In dear employment.

BALTHASAR: I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

ROMEO: So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou this money: Life, and be prosperous: and farewell, good fellow.

(FOOTSTEPS FADING OUT ON GRASS)

Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death, Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,

(SOUND OF WRENCHING IRON ON DOOR OF TOMB)

Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open, And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

(APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS)

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\(^1\) The pause is the most effective form of radio transition when the material faded out and that faded in are closely linked in the story as they are here.
PARIS: Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague! Can vengeance be pursued further than death? I, Paris, do apprehend thee, villain: Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

ROMEO: I must, indeed; and therefore came I hither. Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man; fly hence, and leave me: think upon these gone; Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth, Put not another sin upon my head By urging me to fury.

PARIS: I do defy thy conjurations, And apprehend thee for a felon here.

ROMEO: Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee boy!

(CLASH OF SWORDS ON-MIKE)

(THUD AS PARIS FALLS)

PARIS: O, I am slain! If thou be merciful, Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet Whose bridal bed I came to strewn with flowers... 

ROMEO: (PANTING) In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face. Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris! What said my man, when my betossed soul Did not attend him as we rode? I think He told me Paris should have married Juliet: Said he not so? or did I dream it so? Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet, To think it was so? O, give my thy hand, One writ with me in sour misfortune's book! I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;

(SOUND OF ROMEO'S FOOTSTEPS AS HE CARRIES PARIS' BODY INTO THE TOMB)

1. I, Paris, do apprehend thee... Shakespeare does not have Romeo identify Paris until he has slain him, but the radio listener cannot wait so long. We must clear up the mystery for him at the outset, in order to prevent the slightest confusion.
A grave? O, no! A lantern, slaughtered youth, 
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes 
This vault a feasting presence full of light. 
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

(SOUND OF LAYING PARIS' BODY IN TOMB)

O my love! my wife! 
Death that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath, 
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty: 
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet 
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks, 
And death's pale flag is not advanced there. 
Here, here will I remain 
With worms that are thy chambermaids; O, here 
Will I set up my everlasting rest, 
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars 
From this world's weary flesh. Eyes, look your last! 
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you 
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss 
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!

Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide! 
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on 
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!

Here's to my love! I drink! 
O true apothecary! Thy drugs are quick. 
Thus with a kiss I die ...

MUSIC: FUNEREA

(FOOTSTEPS ON THE GRASS)

FRIAR LAURENCE: (BREATHING HEAVILY) 
Saint Francis be my speed! how oft tonight 
Have my old feet stumbled at graves!

(RUSTLING OF LEAVES)

Who's there?

BALTHASAR: Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.
FRIAR L: Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend, What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light To grubs and eyeless skulls? As I discern, It burneth in the Capels' monument.

BALTHASAR: It doth, so, holy sir; and there's my master, One that you love.

FRIAR L: Who is it?

BALTHASAR: Romeo.

FRIAR L: How long hath he been there?

BALTHASAR: Full half an hour.

FRIAR L: Go with me to the vault.

BALTHASAR: I dare not, sir; My master knows not but I am gone hence; And fearfully did menace me with death, If I did stay to look on his intents.

FRIAR L: Stay, then; I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me: O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

BALTHASAR: As I did sleep under this yew-tree here, I dreamt my master and another fought, And that my master slew him.

FRIAR L: (CALLING OUT) Romeo! Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains The stony entrance of this sepulchre? What mean these masterless and gory swords To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

(FRIAR'S FOOTSTEPS ON STONE FLOOR OF TOMB)

Romeo! 0, pale! who else? what, Paris too? And steep'd in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour Is guilty of this lamentable chance?

1. Alack, alack... Again Shakespeare gives us the setting through dialogue.
(JULIET STIRRING . . . GROANS)

FRIAR L: The lady stirs.

JULIET: (SLOWLY) 0 comfortable friar! where is my lord? I do remember well where I should be; And there I am. Where is my Romeo?

FRIAR: I hear some noise. Lady, come from that nest Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep: A greater power than we can contradict Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away. Thy husband is thy bosom there lies dead; And Paris too. Come, I'll dispose of thee Among a sisterhood of holy nuns: Stay not to question, for the watch is coming; Come, go, good Juliet . . .

(NOISE OF CROWD APPROACHING)

I dare

No longer stay.

JULIET: Go get thee hence, for I will not away.

(FRIAR LAURENCE'S FOOTSTEPS OUT)

(CROWD DRAWING CLOSER)

What's here? A cup, closed in my true love's hand? Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end: O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop To help me after? I will kiss thy lips: Haply some poison yet doth hang on them, To make me die with a restorative.

(KISSES ROMEO)

Thy lips are warm.

(CROWD MUCH CLOSER: AD LIB VOICES)

YEA, noise? then I'll be brief. O happy dagger! This is thy sheath--(GROANS)--there rust, and let me die.

1. O happy dagger . . . These lines are perfectly suited to radio. There can be no question in the listener's mind about what Juliet is doing.
(SOUND OF JULIET'S BODY FALLING ON FLOOR OF TOMB)

FIRST VOICE: This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

SECOND VOICE: The ground is bloody; search about the churchyard;
Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach.
Pitiful sight! Here lies the county slain;
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.
Go, tell the Prince; run to the Capulets;
Raise up the Montagues...

THIRD VOICE: (FADING IN)
Here's Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard.

SECOND VOICE: Hold him in safety, till the Prince come hither.

FIRST VOICE: (FADING IN) Here is a friar, that trembles,
sighs and weeps:
We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

SECOND VOICE: A great suspicion: stay the friar too.
Here comes the Prince.

(FOOTSTEPS FADE IN)

(CROWD AD LIBBED)

PRINCE: What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

SECOND VOICE: Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain:
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new killed.

PRINCE: Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

SECOND VOICE: Here is a friar, and slaughtered Romeo's man;
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

PRINCE: Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

1. Here lies the county... Setting is reemphasized.
FRIAR L: A holy friar, 1
I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Both make against me, of this direful murder:
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excused.

PRINCE: Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

(AD LIB CROWD URGING THE FRIAR TO TELL HIS STORY)

FRIAR L: I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:

LADY CAPULET: (WITH A GASP)
My daughter to a Montague wed?

(CROWD REACTION AD LIBBED)

FRIAR L: I married them; and their stol'n marriage-day
Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city.

MONTAGUE: (INTERRUPTING)
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd my dear wife's breath.

(AD LIB CROWD UP BRIEFLY)

FRIAR L: For Romeo, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.
You, parents, to remove that siege of grief,
Betroth'd and would have married her perforce
To County Paris . . .

CAPULET: But, holy sir, we thought . . .

FRIAR L: Then comes she to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some mean
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.

1. A holy friar . . . On radio, the Friar's story
must be broken up so the audience will not lose sight of
the fact that he is talking to a large gathering. For this
reason, we bring in Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Montague as well
as the ad-libbing of the crowd.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd be my art,
A sleeping potion, which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight
Return'd my letter back.

(FRIAR BREAKS DOWN MOMENTARILY)

(AD LIB CROWD SYMPATHY)

Then all alone
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
But when I came, some minutes ere the time
Of her awaking, here untimely lay
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But, as it seems, did violence on herself . . .

(FRIAR BREAKS DOWN COMPLETELY)

(AD LIB CROWD UP BRIEFLY)

PRINCE: We still have known thee for a holy man.
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate;
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love.
And I for winking at your discords too
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: All are punish'd.

CAPULET: O brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.
MONTAGUE: But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

CAPULET: As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

PRINCE: A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

(MUSIC UP)

THE END
CONCLUSION

During the past decade, the radio drama has grown to the point where listeners have come to expect only the finest theater from their loudspeakers. And yet, despite this vast growth, the radio drama has not realized fully its potentialities. It has fallen short somewhere along the line. It has betrayed the hopes of those who saw it as "a new stage on which the spoken word, freed of all external paraphernalia, should create by its own power and eloquence the emotions of which it alone is capable."

Who is to blame for this shortcoming?

The blame lies squarely with those writers who are obsessed with the belief that scripting is such a highly specialized craft that its problems never have confronted others. The problems of the radio writer, many of them, were not only faced but solved successfully by Shakespeare three-hundred years ago on the boards of the old Globe Theater.

Because of the limitations of the Elizabethan theater, Shakespeare had to set his stage, costume his players and establish the time all through his dialogue, just as the radio writer must do.
To catch the interest of his fickle and unregimented audience, he had to set something going right in the beginning to startle, amaze, arouse them, exactly as the scripter has to do today.

Then, in order to hold the interest he had aroused, Shakespeare was faced with the necessity of pacing his drama—that is, of moving the immediate focus of story development from one idea to another, or from one character to another. The same problem confronts the radio writer.

And finally, Shakespeare had to inject into his tragedies, his comedies and his histories three attributes which the radio editor knows as Professional Quality: direction, purpose, familiarity.

This, then, is why we maintain that the dramatic method of Shakespeare could serve well as a guide for radio writers. It is true enough that many incidentals of the Shakespearean stage have become obsolete in the present era, but it is equally true that they fundamental principles of the drama which he established are just as valuable today as they were in the sixteenth century.
ABSTRACT OF THE THESIS

Many signs point to the fact that more progress has been made in the radio drama than in any other branch of the theater in a similar period of time. In just 10 years, the radio has acquired the virtually inconceivable audience of fifty-one million people. During the past year alone, radio presented more individual dramatic works than all other theatrical fields combined. The four major networks devote annually more than 9,000 hours to the drama, presenting some 2,000 individual plays.

With the rapid expansion of radio drama has come undoubted improvement in technique. But with it, too, has come a disconcerting nonchalance among radio writers themselves which has prompted discriminating critics to remark disappointedly that the drama has not realized its potentialities.

What is the trouble with the writers?

They appear to be working under the mistaken conception that scripting is such a highly specialized craft that its problems never have been faced by other writers. Actually they have been so intent on theorizing about their "new medium" that they have failed to recognize the striking similarity between their own problems and those which confronted William Shakespeare in the sixteenth century.
The purpose of this study, therefore, is to show that Shakespeare's dramatic method may be used as a guide for radio writers today because he faced and solved many of the same technical problems which confront them.

What are some of these problems?

The first and most important from the standpoint of the scripter is the skillful use of dialogue to set the stage, costume the players and establish the time of the story. It is a case of enlisting the imagination by hints and suggestions. This technique Shakespeare resorted to frequently because of the limitations of the Elizabethan stage—the absence of artificial lighting, a front curtain, and painted scenery. The stage was a setting and nothing more. When Shakespeare wanted to stress time or place or special atmosphere, he simply made reference to them in his dialogue. To these stage limitations we owe many of his most vivid poetic descriptions which in his theater were not merely decorative but strictly functional.

Very often Shakespeare writes as though like the radio scripter he were making his appeal to an unseen audience. In the dialogue he tells not once but many times what is happening on his stage. For example, in Macbeth, he never forgets for a moment that the chief character is putting on his armor, and he has him refer to it frequently during the conversation with the doctor.
Shakespeare handled the problem of pacing deftly in all his better plays, but perhaps Othello best illustrates his genius in this regard. In Act Three, Iago injects the virus of jealousy into the Moor's mind and heart with a calculated plan which shows Shakespeare as the complete master of every situation. Here we find magnificent change of pace, change of emphasis from idea to idea and from character to character, and finally the conclusive thrust which convinces Othello beyond doubt of his wife's infidelity.

The fourth problem of the radio writer we have termed Professional Quality, explaining that it embraces three factors: Direction, Purpose, Familiarity. The factors are of prime importance in any script, according to radio editors, because they mark a writer who knows his own intention and knows how he is going to carry it out.

To the radio writer in search of a model of direction, purpose and familiarity, the Shakespearean comedies present an absorbing text book. Their fundamental and eternal attraction is that they translate us into an admittedly unreal life, yet one so consistent with itself that for the time being we accept it. Only by skillfully blending the three factors could any writer have achieved so happy a result.

When we speak of Shakespeare as a guide for radio writers today, we do not mean to imply that one of his plays can be presented on the air verbatim, though that has been done.
The radio writer's second problem is that of the rapid getaway. Because of the independence of the home listener and his consequent fickleness the radio playwright must start with Act Two. He must get into his plot immediately, establishing the conflict without delay.

Necessity was the mother of inventing the rapid getaway, both for the radio writer and for Shakespeare. The former was afraid the listener would lose interest and switch to another program; Shakespeare feared the audience would lose interest and convert the intimate stage into a vegetable garden, signifying their disapproval. He forestalled such a possibility by the simple expedient of starting his plays with a scene high in "shock value." In Romeo and Juliet he produced a street fight; in The Tempest a shipwreck; in Macbeth the prophesy of the three witches; in Cymbeline the tragic parting of the lovers; in As You Like It the clash between the brothers.

The third problem of the radio writer is pacing—the method by which the dramatist advances his argument and moves the immediate focus of story development either from one idea to another, or from one character to another. Without the tonal value of pacing, radio drama would be dull and insipid, and dullness is the one and only unforgivable sin in the writer's code.
Usually, however, certain minor changes are necessary and it is interesting to speculate on just what liberties the radio adapter should take with Shakespeare. In this thesis, we have prepared *Romeo and Juliet* for presentation on the half-hour *First Nighter* program. This particular Shakespearean drama was chosen to illustrate in tangible form many of the principles and devices analyzed in the thesis because it presents such a wide range of effects that its translation into radio form brings into action a stimulating array of techniques. In the adaptation, special note is taken of radio’s limitation in the size of the cast, elimination of non-essentials, enlistment of the imaginative collaboration of the listener, constant selectivity, the custom of identifying sound effects and characters, the use of background effects, transitional devices and countless other aspects of radio storytelling.

Throughout the thesis, we conceded that many incidentals of the Shakespearean stage have become obsolete in the present era. But we maintained steadfastly and offered evidence to support our contention that the fundamental principles of the drama which Shakespeare established are just as valuable to the radio writer of today as they were to writers of the sixteenth century.

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