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1958

He who gets slapped

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HE WHO GETS SLAPPED 85

CONSUELO

Will he eat me?

HE

No. But you will die before he has time to eat you.

CONSUELO

And what will become of Father? Is there nothing about him here? [*Laughing, she softly sings the melody of the waltz, which is playing in the distance.*]

HE

Don't laugh, Consuelo, at the voice of the stars. They are far away, their rays are light and pale, and we can barely see their sleeping shadows, but their sorcery is stern and dark. You stand at the gates of eternity. Your die is cast; you are *doomed*—and your Alfred, whom you love in your heart, even though your mind is not aware of it, your Alfred cannot save you. He, too, is a stranger on this earth. He is submerged in a deep sleep. He, too, is a little god who has lost himself, and Consuelo, never, never will he find his way to Heaven again. Forget Bezano—

CONSUELO

I don't understand a word. Do the gods really exist? My teacher told me about them. But I

thought it was all tales! [Laughs.] And my Bezano
is a god? *(sit C)*

HE
Forget Bezano! *to her* Consuelo, do you know who can
save you? The only one who can save you? I.

CONSUELO

[Laughing]: You, HE?

HE

Yes, but don't laugh! Look. Here is the letter H.
It is I, HE.

CONSUELO

HE Who Gets Slapped? Is that written here, too?

HE

That, too. The stars know everything. But look
here, what more is written about him. Consuelo, wel-
come him. HE is an old god in disguise, who came
down to earth only to love you, foolish little Consuelo.

CONSUELO

[Laughing and singing]: *rice of bread*
Some god! *Consuelo*

12

©

reference
HE

rise
Don't mock! The gods don't like such empty laughter from beautiful lips. The gods grow lonely and die, when they are not recognized. Oh, Consuelo! Oh, great joy and love! Do recognize this god, and accept him. Think a moment, one day a god suddenly went crazy! *x to her*

CONSUELO

Gods go crazy, too? *- turn away!*

HE

Yes, when they are half man, then they often go mad. Suddenly he saw his own sublimity, and shuddered with horror, with infinite solitude, with super-human anguish. It is terrible, when anguish touches the divine soul! *x c*

you know
CONSUELO

I don't like it. What language are you speaking? I don't understand—

remember
HE

I speak the language of thy awakening. Consuelo, *x c* recognize and accept thy god, who was thrown down *around* from the summit like a stone. Accept the god who fell *down*

to the earth in order to live, to play, and to be infinitely drunk with joy. Evoë Goddess! — *slowly & hypnotic*

CONSUELO

[*Tortured*]: HE— I cannot understand. Let my hand alone. — *cut*

HE

[*Stands up*]: Sleep. *x look of anguish* Then wake again, Consuelo! And when thou wakest—remember that hour when, covered with snow-white sea-foam, thou didst emerge from the sky-blue waters. Remember heaven, and the slow eastern wind, and the whisper of the foam at thy marble feet.

CONSUELO

[*Her eyes are closed*]: I believe—wait—I remember. *dyer* Remind me further—

[*HE is bowed over CONSUELO, with lifted arms; he speaks slowly, but in a commanding voice, as if conjuring.*]

HE

You see the waves playing. Remember the song of the sirens, their sorrowless song of joy. Their white bodies, shining blue through the blue waters. Or can

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED 89

you hear the sun, singing? Like the strings of a divine harp, spread the golden rays— Do you not see the hand of God, which gives harmony, light, and love to the world? Do not the mountains, in the blue cloud of incense, sing their hymn of glory? Remember, O Consuelo, remember the prayer of the mountains, the prayer of the sea. [*Silence.*]

HE

[*Commandingly*]: Remember—Consuelo!

CONSUELO

[*Opening her eyes*]: No! HE, I was feeling so happy, and suddenly I forgot it all. Yet something of it all is still in my heart. Help me again, HE, remind me. It hurts, I hear so many voices. They all sing "Consuelo—Consuelo." What comes after? [*Silence; pause.*] What comes after? It hurts. Remind me, HE. [*Silence—in the ring, the music suddenly bursts forth in a tempestuous circus gallop.* Silence.] HE, [*opens her eyes and smiles*] that's Alfred galloping. Do you recognize his music?

HE

[*With rage*]: Leave the boy alone! [*Suddenly falls on his knees before* CONSUELO.] I love you, Consuelo, revelation of my heart, light of my nights, I

out

love you, Consuelo. [*Looks at her in ecstasy and tears—and gets a slap; starting back.*] What's this?

CONSUELO

XDR A slap! You forget who you are. [*Stands up, with anger in her eyes.*] You are HE Who Gets Slapped! Did you forget it? Some god! With such a face—slapped face! Was it with slaps they threw you down from heaven, god? *X as usual cause*

HE

Wait! Don't ^{*slap*} stand up! I—did not finish the play!

CONSUELO

[*Sits*]: Then you were playing? *X to him*

HE

Wait! One minute.

CONSUELO

You lied to me. Why did you play so that I believed you?

HE

I am HE Who Gets Slapped!

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED 91

CONSUELO

You are not angry because I struck you? I did not want to really, but you were so—disgusting. And now you are so funny again. You have great talent, HE—or are you drunk? *—step. An ay*

HE

Strike me again.

CONSUELO

No.

HE

I need it for my play. Strike!

CONSUELO

[Laughs, and touches his cheek with her fingertips]: Here, then!

HE

Didn't you understand that you are a queen, and I a fool who is in love with his queen? Don't you know, Consuelo, that every queen has a fool, and he is always *use* in love with her, and they always beat him for it. HE *XL* Who Gets Slapped.

Movement

Sound

Thomas, A gentleman

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

CONSUELO

No. I didn't know. *x to C**C. Sit*
HE

Yes, every queen. Beauty has her fool. Wisdom, too. Oh, how many fools she has! Her court is overcrowded with enamoured fools, and the sound of slaps does not cease, even through the night. But I never received such a sweet slap as the one given by my little queen. *Someone appears at the door.* HE *Gen. H.L. Lee* notices it, and continues to play, making many faces.]
 Clown HE can have no rival! Who is there who could stand such a deluge of slaps, such a hail-storm of slaps, and not get soaked? [Feigns to cry aloud.]
 "Have pity on me. I am but a poor fool!" - *Sits C L.P.S. Lee*
 [Enter two men: an actor, dressed as a bareback rider, and a gentleman from the audience. He is spare, dressed in black, very respectable. He carries his hat in his hand.]

CONSUELO

[Laughing, embarrassed]: HE, there is someone here. Stop!

HE
HE[Gets up]: Who is it? Who dares to intrude in the castle of my queen?
mi x C L
sword
parfornine

#16

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED 93

[HE stops, suddenly. Consuelo, laughing, jumps up and runs away, after a quick glance at the gentleman.]

CONSUELO

You cheered me up, HE. Good-bye. [At the door]
You shall get a note to-morrow. — E x after her

^{Thomas}
THE BAREBACK RIDER

[Laughing]: A jolly fellow, sir. You wanted to see him? There he is. HE, the gentleman wants to see you.

^{He said it is I}
HE

[In a depressed voice]: What can I do for you?
[The actor bows, and goes away, smiling. Both men take a step toward each other.]

GENTLEMAN

Is this you?

HE

^{Standing C}
Yes! It is I. And you? [Silence.]

GENTLEMAN

Must I believe my eyes? Is this you, Mr.—

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

HE

[*In a rage*]: My name here is HE. I have no other name, do you hear? HE Who Gets Slapped. And if you want to stay here, don't forget it.

GENTLEMAN

You are so familiar. As far as I can remember—

HE

We are all familiar, here. [*Contemptuously*] Besides, that's all you deserve, anywhere.

GENTLEMAN

[*Humbly*]: You have not forgiven me, HE?
[*Silence.*]

HE

^{x DC P} Are you here with my wife? ^{turn away} Is she, too, in the circus?

GENTLEMAN

[*Quickly*]: ^{x C} Oh, no! I am alone. She stayed there!

HE

You've left her already?

GENTLEMAN

[Humbly]: No—we have—a son. After your sudden and mysterious disappearance—when you left that strange and insulting letter—

HE

[Laughs]: Insulting? You are still able to feel insults? What are you doing here? Were you looking for me, or is it an accident?

GENTLEMAN

I have been looking for you, for half a year—through many countries. And suddenly, to-day—by accident, indeed—I had no acquaintances here, and I went to the circus. We must talk things over . . . HE, I implore you. [Silence.] *make gesture*

HE

Here is a shadow I cannot lose! To talk things over! Do you really think we still have something to talk over? All right. ^{TO DO R} Leave your address with the porter, and I will let you know when you can see me. Now get out. [Proudly.] I am busy.

[The gentleman bows and leaves. HE does not return his bow, but stands with outstretched hand, in the pose of a great man, who shows a boring visitor the door.] *G. steps up door*

CURTAIN

*Bow to He.
X to door
Bow again
He collapses
over desk.*

"House lights"

15 minutes break.

17

House to-hay, # C

down + out

main curtain

D

curtain ^{up}

18

ACT III

The same room. Morning, before the rehearsal. HE is striding thoughtfully up and down the room. He wears a broad, parti-coloured coat, and a prismatic tie. His derby is on the back of his head, and his face is clean-shaven like that of an actor. His eyebrows are drawn, lips pressed together energetically, his whole appearance severe and sombre. After the entrance of the gentleman he changes. His face becomes clown-like, mobile—a living mask.

He - before
the floor

The gentleman comes in. He is dressed in black, and has an extremely well-bred appearance. His thin face is yellowish, like an invalid's. When he is upset, his colourless, dull eyes often twitch. HE does not notice him.

GENTLEMAN

He is down
Good morning, sir.

HE

[Turning around and looking at him absent-mindedly]: Ah! It's you.

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

97

GENTLEMAN

I am not late? You look as if you did not expect me. I hope I am not disturbing you? You fixed this time yourself however, and I took the liberty—

He says R D + He
No manners, please. What do you want? Tell me quickly, I have no time.

GENTLEMAN

[*Looking around with distaste*]: I expected you would invite me to some other place . . . to your home.

HE

I have no other home. This is my home.

GENTLEMAN

But people may disturb us here.

HE

So much the worse for you. Talk faster! [*Silence.*]

GENTLEMAN

Will you allow me to sit down?

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

HE

Sit down. Look out! That chair is broken.

X to
So
2 to [The gentleman, afraid, pushes away the chair and looks helplessly around. Everything here seems to him dangerous and strange. He chooses an apparently solid little gilded divan, and sits down; puts his silk hat aside, slowly takes off his gloves, which stick to his fingers. HE observes him indifferently.]

GENTLEMAN

In this suit, and with this face, you make a still stranger impression. Yesterday it seemed to me that it was all a dream; to-day . . . you . . .

HE

You have forgotten my name again? My name is HE.

GENTLEMAN

You are determined to continue talking to me like this?

HE

X C
Decidedly! But you are squandering your time like a millionaire. Hurry up! - X L *behind 207*

fussier
about couch

He sits on
stool.

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

99

GENTLEMAN

I really don't know . . . Everything here strikes me so . . . These posters, horses, animals, which I passed when I was looking for you . . . And finally, *you*, a clown in a circus! [*With a slight, deprecating smile.*] Could I expect it? It is true, when everybody there decided that you were dead, I was the only man who did not agree with them. I felt that you were still alive. But to find you among such surroundings—I can't understand it.

He

You said you have a son, now. Doesn't he look like me?

GENTLEMAN

I don't understand?

He

Don't you know that widows or divorced women often have children by the new husband, which resemble the old one? This misfortune did not befall you? [*Laughs.*] And your book, too, is a big success, I hear. *X to front of page*

GENTLEMAN

You want to insult me again?

HE

[*Laughing*]: What a restless, touchy faker you are! Please sit still; be quiet. It is the custom here to speak this way. Why were you trying to find me?

g. edges of edge of couch
GENTLEMAN

My conscience . . .

HE

XDCR
You have no conscience. Or were you afraid that you hadn't robbed me of *everything* I possessed, and you came for the rest? But what more could you take from me now? My fool's cap with its bells? You wouldn't take it. It's too big for your bald head! Crawl back, you book-worm!

GENTLEMAN

You cannot forgive the fact that your wife *X forward across*

HE

To the devil with my wife! [*The gentleman is startled and raises his eyebrows. HE laughs.*] - *Sits on desk*

GENTLEMAN

I don't know. . . . But such language! I confess I find difficulty in expressing my thoughts in

whispers

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED 101

such an atmosphere, but if you are so . . . in-
different to your wife, who, I shall allow myself to
emphasize the fact, loved you and thought you were a
saint— [HE laughs.] Then what brought you to
such a . . . step? Or is it that you cannot for-
give me my success? A success, it is true, not entirely
deserved. And now you want to take vengeance, with
your humbleness, on those who misunderstood you.
But you always were so indifferent to glory. Or your
indifference was only hypocrisy. And when I, a more
lucky rival . . .

HE

[With a burst of laughter]: Rival! You—a
rival!

GENTLEMAN

[Growing pale]: But my book!

HE

You are talking to me about your book? To me?
[The gentleman is very pale. HE looks at him with
curiosity and mockery.] - f. looks away

GENTLEMAN

[Raising his eyes]: I am a very unhappy man.

Attempt to
choke He.

turning
f. looks

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

HE

Why? - moves to ?

GENTLEMAN.

- turn XUC - gets in chair
 I am a very unhappy man. You must forgive me.
 I am deeply, irreparably, and infinitely unhappy.

HE

But why? Explain it to me. [*Starts walking up and down.*] You say yourself that your book is a tremendous success, you are famous, you have glory; there is not a yellow newspaper in which *you and your* thoughts are not mentioned. Who knows *me*? Who cares about my heavy abstractions, from which it was difficult for them to derive a single thought? You—you are the great vulgarizer! You have made my thoughts comprehensible even to horses! With the art of a great vulgarizer, a tailor of ideas, you dressed my Apollo in a barber's jacket, you handed my Venus a yellow ticket, and to my bright hero you gave the ears of an ass. And then your career is made, as Jackson says. And wherever I go, the whole street looks at me with thousands of faces, in which—what mockery—I recognize the traits of my own children. Oh! How ugly your son must be, if he resembles me! Why then are you unhappy, you poor devil? [*The gentleman bows his head, plucking at his gloves.*]

wait UC
work amount C
in Circle
XUR
But

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED 103

The police haven't caught you, as yet. What am I talking about? Is it possible to catch you? You always keep within the limits of the law. You have been torturing yourself up to now because you are not married to my wife. A notary public is always present at your thefts. What is the use of this self-torture, my friend? Get married. I died. You are not satisfied with having taken only my wife? Let my glory remain in your possession. It is yours. Accept my ideas. Assume all the rights, my most lawful heir! I died! And when I was dying [making a stupidly pious face] I forgave thee! [Bursts out laughing. The gentleman raises his head, and bending forward, looks straight into HE's eyes.]

GENTLEMAN

And my pride? — *rising*

HE

Have you any pride? [The gentleman straightens up, and nods his head silently.] Yes! But please stand off a little. I don't like to look at you. Think of it. There was a time when I loved you a little, even thought you a little gifted! You—my empty shadow. *turn away*

GENTLEMAN

[Nodding his head]: *followed* I am your shadow. [HE keeps on walking, and looks over his shoulder at the gentleman, with a smile.]

HE

Oh, you are marvellous! What a comedy! What a touching comedy! Listen. Tell me frankly if you can; do you hate me very much?

GENTLEMAN

Yes! With all the hate there is in the world! Sit down here.

HE

You order me?

GENTLEMAN

Sit down here. Thank you. [Bows.] I am respected and I am famous, yes? I have a wife and a son, yes. [Laughs slowly.] My wife still loves you: our favourite discussion is about your genius. She supposes you are a genius. We, I and she, love you even when we are in bed. Tss! It is I who must make faces. My son—yes, he'll resemble you. And when, in order to have a little rest, I go to my desk, to my ink-pot, my books—there, too, I find you. Always you! Everywhere you! And I am never alone—never myself and alone. And when at night—you, sir, should understand this—when at night I go to my lonely thoughts, to my sleepless contemplations,

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED 105

even then I find your image in my head, in my un-
fortunate brain, your damned and hateful image!
[Silence. The gentleman's eyes twitch.]

HE

[Speaking slowly]: What a comedy. How mar-
vellously everything is turned about in this world:
the robbed proves to be a robber, and the robber is
complaining of theft, and cursing! [Laughs.] Lis-^{ning}
ten, I was mistaken. You are not my shadow. You
are the crowd. If you live by my creations, you hate
me; if you breathe my breath, you are choking with
anger. And choking with anger, hating me, you still
walk slowly on the trail of my ideas. But you are
advancing backward, advancing backward, comrade!
Oh, what a marvellous comedy! [Walking and smil-
ing.] Tell me, would you be relieved if I really had
died?

B. +
DL

XDC

R

X
20

GENTLEMAN

XDC to E
Yes! I think so. Death augments distance and
dulls the memory. Death reconciles. But you do not
look like a man who—

HE

XDC R
Yes, yes! Death, certainly!

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

GENTLEMAN

Sit down here. *(Repeat line)*

HE

Your obedient servant. Yes? *- sets C chair*

GENTLEMAN

Certainly, I do not dare to ask you—[*makes a grimace*] to ask you to die, but tell me: you'll never come back there? No, don't laugh. If you want me to, I'll kiss your hand. Don't grimace! I would have done so if you had died.

HE

light - stand UC
 [Slowly]: Get out, vermin! *- C turns U R*
 [Enter Tilly and Polly as in the first act, playing.
 For a long time they do not see the two men.]

HE

Jack!

TILLY

Ah! Good morning, HE. We are rehearsing. You know it is very hard. Jack has just about as much music in his head as my pig.

21

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED 107

HE

*[Introducing, nonchalantly]: My friend . . .
For the benefit performance? [The clowns bow to the
gentleman, making idiotic faces.]*

POLLY

Yes. What are you preparing? You are cunning,
HE! Consuelo told me what you are preparing for
the benefit performance. She leaves us soon, you
know?

HE

Is that so?

TILLY

Zinida told us. Do you think she would get a
benefit performance otherwise? She is a nice girl.

POLLY

*[Taking his small flute-pipe]: Here! Don't walk
as if you were an elephant. Don't forget you are an
ant! Come on! [They go off, playing.]*

GENTLEMAN

*[Smiling]: These are your new comrades? How
strange they are!*

4/22

108 HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

HE

Everything here is strange. - XDL

GENTLEMAN

This suit of yours. Black used to be very becoming to you. This one hurts the eyes.

HE

[*Looking himself over*]: Why? It looks very nice. XDL #
The rehearsal has begun. You must go away. You are disturbing us. - face u l + dl

GENTLEMAN

You did not answer my question.
[*Slow strains of the Tango from a small orchestra in the ring.*]

HE

[*Listening absent-mindedly to the music*]: What question? - XDL - face of couch

GENTLEMAN

[*Who does not hear the music*]: I pray you to tell me: will you ever come back?

HE

[*Listening to the music*]: Never, never, never!

WARN

He works with Consuelo's costume.

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED 109

GENTLEMAN

[Getting up]: Thank you. I am going. *XUL*

out

HE

Never, never, never! *turn to him* Yes, run along. And don't come back. There you were still bearable and useful for something, but here you are superfluous.

GENTLEMAN

But if something should happen to you . . . you are a healthy man, but in this environment, these people . . . how will I know? They don't know your name here?

HE

My name here is unknown, but *you will know.* Anything else?

GENTLEMAN

I can be at peace? On your word of honour? Of course I mean, comparatively, at peace?

HE

Yes, you may be comparatively at peace. Never!
[They walk to the door, the gentleman stops.] *pushing*
G. to the door

Movement

Mancini

GENTLEMAN

May I come to the circus? You will allow me?

HE

xc
Certainly. You are the audience! [*Laughs.*] But I shan't give you my card for a pass. But why do you want to come? Or do you like the circus so much, and since when?

GENTLEMAN

I want to look at you some more, and to understand, perhaps. Such a transformation! Knowing you as I do, I cannot admit that you are here without any *idea*. But what *idea*? [*Looks short-sightedly at HE. HE grimaces and thumbs his nose.*]

GENTLEMAN

What is that?

HE

My idea! Good-bye, Prince! My regards to your respected wife, your Highness' wonderful son!
[*Enter MANCINI.*]

MANCINI

U L Jan
You positively live in the circus, HE. Whenever I come, you are here. You are a fanatic in your work, sir.

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED 111

HE

[*Introducing*]: Prince Poniatovsky, Count Mancini.

MANCINI

[*Drawing himself up*]: Very, very glad. And you too, Prince, you know my queer fellow? What a nice face he has, hasn't he? [*He touches HE'S shoulder patronizingly, with the tip of his cane.*]

GENTLEMAN

[*Awkwardly*]: Yes, I have the pleasure . . . *turns away*
certainly. Good-bye, Count.

MANCINI

Good-day, Prince. *X to R*

HE

[*Accompanying him*]: Look out, your Highness, *X to*
for the dark passages: the steps are so rotten. Un-*him*
fortunately I cannot usher you out to the street. *u l*

GENTLEMAN

[*In a low voice*]: You will not give me your hand when we say good-bye? We are parting for ever.

HE

Unnecessary, Prince. I shall still hope to meet you in the Kingdom of Heaven. I trust you will be there, too?

GENTLEMAN

[*With disgust*]: How you did succeed! You have so much of the clown in you!

HE

I am He Who is Getting Slapped. Good-bye, Prince. [*They take another step.*]

GENTLEMAN

[*Looking HE in the eyes; in a very low voice*]: Tell me, you are not mad?

turn back to him

HE

[*Just as low, his eyes wide open*]: I am afraid, I am afraid you are right, Prince. [*Still low*] Ass! Never in your life did you use such a precise expression. I am mad! *right*

[*Playing the clown again, he shows him to the stair, with a big, affected gesture, a sweep of the hand and arm from his head to the floor, the fingers moving, to represent the steps.*]

23

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

113

HE

[*Laughing*]: He is down! *Au revoir*, Prince.
[*The gentleman goes out. HE comes skipping back, and takes a pose.*] Mancini! Let us dance the
Tango! Mancini, I adore you! *dance*

*throws hat
after gentleman*

MANCINI

[*Sitting back comfortably and playing with his cane*]: Don't forget yourself, HE. But you're hiding something, my boy. I always said you used to belong to society. It is so easy to talk to you. And who is this Prince? A genuine one?

*Seth
C*

Genuine. *rise* ^{HE} *he sits chair*
A first-rater. Like you!

MANCINI

he sits
A sympathetic face. Although at first I thought he was an undertaker who came for an order. Ah, HE! When shall I finally depart from these dirty walls, from Papa Briquet, stupid posters, and brutal jockeys!

HE

Very soon, Mancini.

MANCINI

Yes, soon. I am simply exhausted in these surroundings, HE! I begin to feel myself a horse. You are from society, still you don't yet know what high society means. To be at last decently dressed, to attend receptions, to display the splendour of wit; from time to time to have a game of baccarat [laughing] without tricks or cheating—

-XDE
new
pace

HE

-x to Man!
And when evening comes, go to a suburb, where you are considered an honest father, who loves his children and—

MANCINI

And get hold of something, eh? [Laughs.] I shall wear a silk mask and two butlers shall follow me, thus protecting me from the dirty crowd. Ah, HE! The blood of my ancestors boils in me. Look at this stiletto. What do you think? Do you think that it was ever stained with blood?

-X

HE

You frighten me, Count!

MANCINI

[Laughing, and putting the stiletto back into its sheath]: Fool!

Briguer

And what about the girl?
HE

MANCINI

Tss! I give those bourgeois absolute satisfaction, and they glorify my name. [*Laughs.*] The splendour of my name is beginning to shine with a force unknown. By the way, do you know what automobile-firms are the best? Money is no object. * [*Laughs.*] Ah! Papa Briquet! - *U R door - ramp*
[*Enter Briquet in his overcoat and silk hat. They shake hands.*]

BRIQUET

XDR
So, Mancini, you have obtained a benefit performance for your daughter, Consuelo! I only want to tell you, that if it were not for Zinida . . .

MANCINI

Listen, Briquet. Decidedly you are a donkey. What are you complaining of? The Baron has bought all the parquet seats for Consuelo's benefit performance. Isn't that enough for you, you miser?

BRIQUET

I love your daughter, Mancini, and I am sorry to let her go. What more does she need here? She has

Government

Consuelo

116 HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

an honest job, wonderful comrades, and the atmosphere—?

MANCINI

X OLR
Not *she*, but *I* need something. You understand?
[Laughs.] I asked you to increase her salary, Harpagon! and now, Mr. Manager, wouldn't you like to change me a thousand franc note?

BRIQUET

[With a sigh]: Give it to me.

MANCINI

P.R.
X lead
g. date
[Nonchalantly]: To-morrow. I left it at home.
[All three laugh.] Laugh, laugh! To-day we are going with the Baron to his villa in the country; people say a very nice villa. *X OLR*

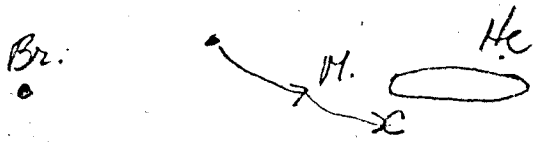
HE

What for? *to him*

MANCINI

You know, HE, the crazes of these billionaires. He wants to show Consuelo some winter roses, and me his wine cellars. He will come for us here. What is the matter, my little Consuelo?
[Enter CONSUELO, almost crying.] *U.R. later*

X & Man.



HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

117

CONSUELO

I can't father! Tell him! ^{XDL} What right has he to yell at me? He almost hit me with his whip!

MANCINI

[*Straightening up*]: Briquet! I beg of you, as the Manager, what is this—a stable? To hit my ^{XU} daughter with a whip! I'll show this cub . . . a mere jockey. . . . No, the devil knows what it is, devil knows, I swear. . . . ^{at the}

CONSUELO

Father . . . ^{XDL him}

BRIQUET

I will tell him. ^{XU}

CONSUELO

Please don't. Alfred didn't hit me. It's a silly thing, what I told you. What an idea! He is so sorry himself. . . .

BRIQUET

I shall tell him anyhow that—^{XU (more)}

CONSUELO

Don't you dare. You mustn't tell him anything. He didn't do a thing. ^{drag B. in}

MANCINI

[*Still excited*]: He must beg her pardon, the brat.

x D May
CONSUELO

He's already asked me to forgive him. How silly you all are! I simply cannot work to-day and I got nervous. What nonsense! The silly boy asked me to forgive him, but I didn't want to. [HE, dear, good morning! I didn't notice you. How becoming your tie is! Where are you going, Briquet? To Alfred?]

*B. x D
all
H. L. door*
BRIQUET

No, I am going home, dear child. Zinida asked me to give you her love. She will not be here to-day, either. [*He goes out.*] *H. L. door*

CONSUELO *x D*

Zinida is so nice, so good. Father, why is it that everybody seems so nice to me? Probably because I am going away soon. HE, did you hear the march that Tilly and Polly will play? [*Laughs.*] Such a cheerful one.

HE

Yes. I heard it. Your benefit performance will be remarkable.

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED 119

CONSUELO

I think so, too. Father I am hungry. Have them bring me a sandwich.

HE

I'll run for it, my Queen.

CONSUELO

Please do, HE. [*Loudly*] But not cheese. I don't like it.

[*MANCINI and CONSUELO are alone. MANCINI, lying back comfortably in an armchair, scrutinizes his daughter with a searching eye.*]

MANCINI

I find something particular in you to-day, my child. I don't know whether it is something better or worse. You cried?

CONSUELO

Yes, a little. Oh, I am so hungry.

MANCINI

But you had your breakfast?

CONSUELO

No, I didn't. That's why I am so hungry. You again forgot to leave me some money this morning, and without money . . .

x carib. 27 MANCINI

Oh, the devil . . . what a memory I have. [Laughs.] But we shall have a very nice meal to-day. Don't eat very many sandwiches. . . . Yes, positively I like you. You must cry more often, my child; it washes off your superfluous simplicity. You become more of a woman.

x u R CONSUELO

Am I so simple, Father?

MANCINI

Very. . . . Too much. I like it in others, but not in you. Besides, the Baron . . .

the child CONSUELO

Nonsense. I am not simple. But you know, Bezano scolded me so much, that even you would have cried. The devil knows . . .

Sound

Chas. softly

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED 121

MANCINI

Tsss. . . . Never say "the devil knows." It isn't decent.

CONSUELO

I say it only when I am with you. - XC

MANCINI

You must not say it when you are with me, either. I know it without you. [Laughs.]

CONSUELO

- xur
Ha! Listen, Father! It's a new number of Alfred's. He makes such a jump! Jim says he's bound to break his neck. Poor fish. . . .

MANCINI

[Indifferently]: Or his leg, or his back; they all have to break something. [Laughs.] They are breakable toys.

CONSUELO

[Listening to the music]: I'll be lonesome without them, Father! The Baron promised to make a ring for me to gallop over as much as I want. He's not lying?

take -
 MANCINI

A ring? *take -* [Laughs.] No, it's not a lie. By the way, child, when speaking of Barons, you must say, "he does not tell the truth," and not, "he lies." cut

to be careful
 CONSUELO

It's just the same. It's nice to be wealthy, Father; you can do what you want, then.

MANCINI

Consuelo
its
 [With enthusiasm]: Everything you want. Everything, my child. Ah! Our fate is being decided to-day. Pray our clement God, Consuelo. The Baron is hanging on a thread.

Consuelo
 CONSUELO

[Indifferently]: Yes?

MANCINI

[Making the gesture with his fingers]: On a very thin, silk thread. I am almost sure that he will make his proposal to-day. [Laughs.] Winter roses, ^{4.25} and the web of a spider amongst the roses, in order that my dear little fly . . . He is such a spider.

Consuelo runs away. It follows on wind.

25

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED 123

CONSUELO

[Indifferently]: Yes, a terrible spider. Father, oughtn't I to let him kiss my hand yet?

Mancini
By no means. You don't know yet, darling, what these men are.

CONSUELO

Alfred never kisses.

MANCINI

nic - XDL
Alfred! Your Alfred is a cub, and he mustn't dare. But with men of that sort, you must be extremely careful, my child. To-day he would kiss your little finger, to-morrow your hand, and after to-morrow you would be on his lap. - *X ac*

CONSUELO

nic XDL
Foui! Father, what are you talking about? You should be ashamed!

MANCINI

But I know. . . .

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

CONSUELO

Don't you dare! I don't want to hear such dirty things. I shall give the Baron such a slap! A better one than HE—let him only try.

MANCINI

[*With a deprecating gesture*]: All men are like that, child.

CONSUELO

It isn't true. Alfred is not. Ah! ^{—pall up} But where is HE? He said he'd run, and he hasn't come back.

MANCINI

The buffet here is closed, and he has to get the sandwiches somewhere else. Consuelo, as your father, I want to warn you about HE. Don't trust him. He ^{—XC} knows something. [*Twirls his finger close to his forehead.*] His game is not fair.

CONSUELO

^{—do cough} You say it about everybody. I know HE; he is such a nice man, and he loves me so much.

MANCINI

^{—x 6. em. ucl} Believe me, there is something in it.

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED 125

CONSUELO

Father, you make me sick with your advice. Ah!
HE, thank you.

He enters
- [HE, breathing somewhat heavily, enters and gives
her the sandwiches.]

X C. #26 HE
Eat, Consuelo.

#26

CONSUELO

dit McLaugh
A hot one. . . . But you were running, HE?
I am so grateful. [Eats.] HE, do you love me?

HE

I do, my Queen. I am your court fool.

CONSUELO

[Eating]: And when I leave, will you find another
queen?

Man. X C HE

[Making a ceremonious bow]: I shall follow after
you, my incomparable one. I shall carry the train of
your dress and wipe away my tears with it. [Pre-
tends to cry.] *sits*

H C M

27
 MANCINI

Idiot! [*Laughs.*] How sorry I am, HE, that those wonderful times have passed, when, in the court of the Counts Mancini, there were scores of motley fools who were given gold and kicks. . . . Now, Mancini is compelled to go to this dirty circus in order to see a good fool; and still, whose fool is he? Mine? No. He belongs to everybody who pays a franc. We shall very soon be unable to breathe because of Democracy. Democracy, too, needs fools! Think of it, HE; what an unexampled impertinence.

HE

We are the servants of those who pay. But how can we help it, Count?

MANCINI

But is that not sad? Imagine: we are in my castle. I, near the fireplace with my glass of wine, you, at my feet chatting your nonsense, jingling your little bells—diverting me. Sometimes you pinch me too with your jokes: it is allowed by the traditions and necessary for the circulation of the blood. After a while—I am sick of you, I want another one. . . . Then I give you a kick and . . . Ah, HE, how wonderful it would be!

business

(M)

H C

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED 127

HE

It would be marvellous, Mancini!

MANCINI

Yes. Certainly! You would be *goes to He* getting gold coins, those wonderfully little yellow things. . . . Well, when I become rich, I shall take you. That's settled.

CONSUELO

Take him, Father . . .

HE

crawls to M. taps his foot - returns to C.
And when the count, tired of my chattering, will give me a kick with his Highness's foot, then I shall lie down at the little feet of my queen, and shall . . .

CONSUELO

- f to M - x
[Laughing]: Wait for another kick? I'm finished. Father, give me your handkerchief, I want to wipe my hands. You have another one in your pocket. Oh, my goodness, I must work some more!

MANCINI

[Uneasy]: But don't forget, my child!

128 HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

Kellan CONSUELO

No, to-day I won't forget! Go on!

MANCINI

[Looking at his watch]: Yes, it is time. . . .
He asked me to come over when you were ready. You
must change your dress before I come back. [Laugh-
ing.] Signori, miei complimenti. *Y. M. H. L. G. J.*

[He goes out, playing with his cane. CONSUELO sits
on the corner of the divan, and covers herself
with her shawl.]

Selling H.C. CONSUELO

Hello, HE! Come and lie down at my feet, and tell
me something cheerful. . . . You know, when you
paint the laughter on your face, you are very good
looking, but now, too, you are very, very nice. Come
on, HE, why don't you lie down?

enter H.C.
X DC to Con. HE lie down
Consuelo! Are you going to marry the Baron?

CONSUELO

imitate H.
[Indifferently]: It seems so. The Baron is hang-
ing by a thread! HE, there is one little sandwich left.
Eat it.

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED 129

✓✓ HE

Thank you, my queen. [*Eats.*] And do you remember my prediction?

CONSUELO ✓✓

What prediction? ~~How quickly you swallow!~~ Does it taste good?

✓✓ HE

Very good. That if you marry the Baron, you . . .

CONSUELO

Oh, that's what you're talking about. . . . But you were making fun.

HE

Nobody can tell, my Queen. Sometimes one makes fun, and suddenly it turns out to be true; the stars never talk in vain. If sometimes it is difficult for a human being to open his mouth and to say a word, how difficult it must be for a star. Think of it.

CONSUELO

[*Laughing*]: I should say. Such a mouth! [*Makes a tiny mouth.*]

HE

rise
 No, my dear little girl, were I in your place, I would think it over. ^{X u c e x R} And suppose suddenly you should die? Don't marry the Baron, Consuelo!

CONSUELO

[Thinking]: And what is—death?

HE

x to Com.
 I do not know, my Queen. Nobody knows. Like love! Nobody knows. ^{But} your little hands will become cold, and your dear little eyes will be closed. You will be away from here. And the music will play without you, and without you the crazy Bezano will be galloping, and Tilly and Polly will be playing on their pipes without you: ^{X to Com.} tilly-polly, tilly-polly . . . tilly-tilly, polly-polly . . . *look at her feet*

CONSUELO

Please don't, HE darling— I am so sad, anyway . . . tilly-tilly, polly-polly . . . [Silence.
 HE looks at CONSUELO.]

HE

take her hand
 You were crying, my little Consuelo?

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED 131

CONSUELO

Yes, a little. *use x u R* Alfred made me nervous. But tell me, is it my fault that I can't do anything to-day? I tried to, but I couldn't.

HE

Why? *rise*

CONSUELO

xc Ah, I don't know. There is something here. *xDL*
[Presses her hand against her heart.] I don't know.
HE, I must be sick. What is sickness? Does it hurt very much?

HE

sh. cl. ar It is not sickness. It is the charm of the far off stars, Consuelo. It is the voice of your fate, my little Queen.

CONSUELO

Turn her away Don't talk nonsense, please. What should the stars care about me? I am so small. Nonsense, HE! Tell me rather another tale which you know: about the blue sea and those gods, you know . . . who are so beautiful. Did they all die? *x to HE*

out 2

132 HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

HE

They are all alive, but they hide themselves, my goddess.

CONSUELO

XCR

~~Handwritten scribble~~

In the woods or mountains? Can one come across them? Ah, imagine HE . . . I come across a god, and he suddenly takes a look at me! I'd run away. [*Laughs.*] This morning when I went without breakfast, I became so sad, so disgusted, and I thought: if a god should come, and give me something to eat! And as I thought it, I suddenly heard, honestly it's true, I heard: "Consuelo, somebody's calling you." [*Angrily.*] Don't you dare laugh! x c

#26

HE

Am I laughing?

CONSUELO

~~Handwritten scribble~~

Honestly, it's true. Ah, HE, but he didn't come. He only called me and disappeared, and how can you find him? It hurt me so much, and hurts even now. Why did you remind me of my childhood? I'd forgotten it entirely. There was the sea and something . . . many, many [*closes her eyes, smiling.*]

#28

HE

Remember, Consuelo.

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED 133

CONSUELO

*will*
~~No.~~ *X L* [Opening her eyes] I forget everything about it. [Looks around the room.] HE, do you see what a poster they made for my benefit performance? It's Father's idea. The Baron liked it. [HE laughs. Silence.]

#
28b)

HE

by Jane
[Slowly] Consuelo, my Queen! Don't go to the Baron to-day.

CONSUELO

u L
Why? [After a silence.] How fresh you are, HE.

HE

[Lowering his head, slowly]: I don't want it.

CONSUELO

[Getting-up]: What? You don't want it?

HE

[Bowing his head still lower]: I do not want you to marry the Baron [Imploring.] I . . . I shall not allow it . . . I beg you!

+ to her - takes her in his arms,

CONSUELO

Struggles - breaks away.
Whom, then, would you ask me to marry? You, perhaps, you fool? [With a rancorous laugh] Are

O He

C

you crazy, my darling? "I shall not allow." HE!
 HE will not allow me! But it is unbearable! What
 business is it of yours? [*Walking up and down the
 room, looks over her shoulder at HE, with anger.*]
 Some fool clown, whom they can kick out of here
 any minute. You make me sick with your stupid
 tales. Or you like slaps so much. Fool, you couldn't
 invent anything better than a slap! - *later a little
 of pleasure*

HE sinks to ground HE
 [*Without lifting his head*]: Forgive me, my
 Queen.

CONSUELO

X to M - X to
 He is glad when they laugh at him. Some god!
 No, I shan't forgive. I know you. [*Makes same
 gesture as MANCINI.*] You have something there!
 Laughs . . . so nicely . . . plays, plays, and then
 suddenly—hop! *Obey him!* No, darling, I am not
 that kind! Carry my train, that is your business—
 fool!

HE

crawl to Con.
 I shall carry your train, my Queen. Forgive me.
 Give me back the image of my beautiful, piteous
 goddess

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

135

CONSUELO

[*Quieting down*]: You're playing again?

HE

I am.

CONSUELO

[*Laughing*]: You see! [*Sits down.*] Foolish HE.

HE

I see everything, my Queen. I see how beautiful you are, and how low under your feet your poor court fool is lying. Somewhere in the abyss his little bells are ringing. He kneels before you and prays; forgive and pity him, my divine one. He was too impudent; he played so cheerfully that he went too far and lost his tiny little mind, the last bit of understanding he had saved up. Forgive me!

CONSUELO

All right. I forgive you. [*Laughs.*] And now will you allow me to marry the Baron?

HE

[*Also laughing*]: And nevertheless I will not allow it. But what does a queen care about the permission of her enamoured fool?

nic

xuc

nic

- C turns away

Beyano

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

CONSUELO

Get up. You are forgiven. *He rises, bows* And do you know why? You think because of your words? You are a cunning beast, HE! No, because of the *sandwiches*. That's why. You were so lovely, you panted so when you brought them. Poor darling HE. From to-morrow you may be at my feet again. And as soon as I whistle, "tuwhoo"—

I shall instantly *lie at Con. feet - bounces* lie down at thy feet, Consuelo. It is settled! But all my little bells fell off to-day and—

[*Bezano appears, confused.* - U R done

CONSUELO

rise Alfred! You came for me?

BEZANO

X DC Yes. Will you work some more, Consuelo?

CONSUELO

rise X UC to him Certainly. As much as you want. But I thought, Alfred, you were mad at me? I shan't dawdle any more.

up + down

9

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

137

BEZANO

No. You didn't dawdle. ^{X DC} Don't be offended, because I yelled so much. You know when one has to teach, and—

CONSUELO

^{Callow him} My goodness, do you think I don't understand? You are too nice, unbearably nice, to like teaching such a fool as me. Do you think I don't understand? Come on!

BEZANO

^{hark + we do} Come on! Hello, HE! I haven't seen you yet to-day. How are you?

HE

^{rise} How are you, Bezano? Wait, wait a minute—stay here a minute, both of you—that way. Yes!

[CONSUELO and BEZANO stand side by side, the jockey scowling, CONSUELO laughing and flushing.]
^{in Ramp}

CONSUELO

Like Adam and Eve? How foolish you are! Terribly. [She runs away.] I shall only change my slippers, Alfred. X L

138

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

HE

Consuelo! And how about Father and the Baron? They will come soon, to take you with them.

CONSUELO

Let them come. They can wait. Not very important people. [*Runs away. BEZANO hesitatingly follows her.*]

HE

Stay here for a while, Bezano. Sit down.

BEZANO

What more do you want? I have no time for your nonsense.

HE

You can remain standing if you want. / Bezano— you love her? [*Silence.*]

BEZANO

I shall allow nobody to interfere with my affairs. You allow yourself too many liberties, HE. I don't know you. You came from the street, and why should I trust you? — *turn away*

A
30

comes d. n.

follows

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED 139

HE

But you know the Baron? Listen. It is painful for me to pronounce these words: she loves you. Save her from the spider! Or are you blind, and don't see the web, which is woven in every dark corner. Get out of the vicious circle in which you are turning around, like a blind man. Take her away, steal her, do what you want . . . kill her even, and take her to the heavens or to the devil! But don't give her to this man! He is a defiler of love. And if you are timid, if you are afraid to lift your hand against her—kill the Baron! Kill!

Be moves a. l. He follows.

BEZANO

breaks away from He.

[With a smile]: And who will kill the others, to come?

HE

Karlau Boy.
She loves you.

BEZANO

x oc
Did she tell you that herself?

HE

What a petty, what a stupid, what a human pride! But you are a little god! A god, youth! Why

don't you want to believe me? Or does the street, ^{XOC}
 from which I have come, bother you? But look, ^{BE}
 look yourself. Look in my eyes, do such eyes lie?
 Yes, my face is ugly, I make faces and grimaces, I
 am surrounded by laughter, but don't you see the
 god behind all this, a god, like you? Look, look at
 me! [BEZANO bursts out laughing.] What are you
 laughing at, youth?

BEZANO

You look now as you did that evening in the
 ring. You remember? When you were a great ^{XUR}
 man, and they sent for you from the Academy, and ^{UC}
 suddenly—Hup! He Who Gets Slapped!

HE

[Laughing the same way]: Yes, yes, you are right,
 Bezano. There is a resemblance. [With a strained
 expression, taking a pose] "It seems to me they sent ^{XCL}
 for me from the Academy!"

BEZANO

[Displeased] ^{X & X/S} But I don't like this play. You ^{quietly}
 can present your face for slaps if you want to, but ^{XUR}
 don't dare to expose mine. [Turns to go.] ^{done}

HE

Bezano!

follows a bump

*He
Be*

Movement

Baran &
Marsini

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED 141

BEZANO

[Turning round]: And never let me hear any more about Consuelo, and don't dare to tell me again that I am a god! It is disgusting. — *with U R door*

[BEZANO goes out angrily, striking his boot with his whip. HE is alone. Wrathfully, with a tortured expression, he makes a step towards the jockey, then stops, with soundless laughter, his head thrown backwards. The BARON and MAN-

CINI find him in this position, when they enter. — *UL door*

MANCINI

X u e
[Laughing]: What a cheerful chap you are, HE! You laugh when you are alone. [HE laughs aloud.] Stop it fool! How can you stand it?

HE

recovers
[Bowing low, with a large gesture]: How do you do, Baron? My humblest respects to you, Count. I beg your pardon, Count, but you found the clown at work. These are, so to speak, Baron, his every-day pleasures.

MANCINI

(X to HE)
[Lifting his eyebrows]: Tsss. But you are a clever man, HE. I shall ask Papa Briquet to give you a benefit performance. Shall I, HE?

*followed by loud, loud
31 laughter*

He M B

HE

Please do me the favour, Count.

MANCINI

Don't overdo. Be more simple, HE. [Laughs.]
But how many slaps will you get at your benefit performance, when even on weekdays they ring you like a gong! A funny profession, isn't it, Baron? *... B.*

Standing up BARON

Very strange. But where is the Countess?

MANCINI

Yes, yes. I shall go for her at once. Dear child, she is so absorbed in her benefit performance and her work. They call this jumping *work*, Baron.

... sit on stool
BARON

I can wait a little. [Sits down, with his silk hat on his head.]

MANCINI

... hurry
But why? I shall hurry her up. I shall be back at once. And you, HE, be a nice host, and entertain our dear guest. You will not be bored in his company, Baron. *... 32*

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED 143

[He goes out. HE strides about the stage, smiling and glancing from time to time at the BARON. The latter sits with his legs spread apart and his chin on the top of his cane. The silk hat remains on his head. He is silent.]

grabs chair
X arm & XDL
HE
In what way would you like me to entertain you Baron?

BARON

In no way! I don't like clowns.

HE

Nor I Barons.
[Silence. HE puts on his derby hat, takes a chair with a large gesture, and puts it down heavily, in front of the BARON. HE sits astride it, imitating the pose of the BARON, and looks him in the eyes. Silence.]

HE

Can you be silent very long?

BARON

Very long.

grabs chair - places it L. of Baron who jumps

away from Baron.

— Play till
close of curtain -
rise in volume

144

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

HE

[Taps on the floor with his foot]: And can you wait very long?

BARON

Very long.

HE

rise again
- Until you get it?

BARON

Until I get it. And you?

HE

til again
I too.

[Both look at each other, silently, their heads close together. From the ring one hears the strains of the Tango.] *Baron turns & stares at He.*

CURTAIN

closed curtain

5 minute break

warn

warn

#

33

#34

Sound

- "fo"

Barback riders

Smith

WASH

before
opens

35

Please to half
down - cut
worn curtain
curtain

ACT IV

36

Music in the ring. More disorder in the room than usual. All kinds of actors' costumes hanging on pegs and lying in the corners. On the table a bouquet of fiery-red roses, put there by some careless hand. At the entrance, near the arch, three bareback riders are smoking and chattering; they are all minor actors. ~~All part their hair the same way; two wear small moustaches; the third one is clean-shaven with a face like a bulldog.~~

~~THE CURTAIN~~

Go on, Henry! Ten thousand francs! It's too much even for the Baron.

~~THE SECOND~~

Mary

How much are roses now?

~~THE SHAVEN~~

I don't know. In winter they are certainly more expensive, but still Henry talks nonsense. Ten thousand!



HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

THE SECOND - *Mary*

The Baron has his own hothouse. They don't cost him anything.

HENRY *Jim*

[*Throwing away his cigar, which has burned the tips of his fingers*]: No, Grab, you're silly. There's a whole car-load full! One can smell the roses a mile away. They're to cover the entire arena.

THE SHAVEN *Jim*

Only the ring.

HENRY *Jim*

It's all the same. In order to cover the ring, you must have thousands and thousands of roses. You'll see what it looks like, when they've covered everything like a carpet. He ordered them to make it like a carpet! Do you see, Grab? —

THE SECOND *Mary*

What a Baron's craze! Isn't it time yet?

HENRY

No, we have time enough. I rather like it: a fiery-red tango on a fiery-red cover of winter roses! —

Zinida

He

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

147

THE SHAVEN *Jan*

Consuelo will be galloping on roses. And Bezano?

THE SECOND *Mary*

And Bezano on thorns. [*Smiles.*]

THE SHAVEN *Jan*

hey That youngster has no self-respect. I'd have refused.

HENRY *Jim*

But it is his job. He's got to do it. [*Laughs.*]
Talk to him about self-respect. He's as angry and proud as a little Satan.

THE SECOND *Mary*

No, you may say what you like, it's an excellent benefit performance. It's a joy to look at the crowd. They're so excited.

HENRY *Jim*

Tss! [*All throw away their cigars and cigarettes, like school boys who are caught, and make way for ZINIDA, who enters with HE.*]

37

ZINIDA

What are you doing here, gentlemen? Your place is at the entrance.

HENRY

[*With a respectful smile*]: We are here just for a minute, Madame Zinida. We are going. What a successful evening! And what a glory for Papa Briquet!

ZINIDA

Yes. Go, and please don't leave your places. *up down* [*They go. ZINIDA pulls a drawer out of the desk, and puts in some papers. She is in her lion tamer's costume.*] He, what were you doing near my lions? You frightened me.

HE

Why, Duchess, I merely wanted to hear what the beasts were saying about the benefit performance. They are pacing in their cages, and growling.

ZINIDA

The music makes them nervous. *+ C. L. - he sits* Sit down, He. An excellent evening, and I am so glad that Consuelo is leaving us. Have you heard about the Baron's roses.

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

149

HE

Everybody is talking about them. The Hymeneal roses!

ZINIDA

Here are some, too. [*Pushes away the bouquet.*] X DL
You find them everywhere. Yes, I am glad. She
is superfluous here, and disturbs our work. It is ^{fant}
a misfortune for a cast to have in it such a beautiful ^{French}
and such an . . . accessible girl.

HE

But it is an honest marriage, Duchess, is it not?

ZINIDA

I don't care what it is.

HE

Spiders, too need an improvement in their breed!
Can't you imagine, Zinida, what charming little
spiders this couple will create! They will have the J.X
face of their mother, Consuelo, and the stomach of ^{cc}
their father, the Baron, and thus could be an or-
nament for any circus-ring.

ZINIDA

XCR
You are malicious to-day, HE. You are morose.

HE

I laugh.

ZINIDA

You do, but without joy. ~~Why are you without~~
~~make-up?~~

HE

~~I am in the third act. I have time.~~ And how
 does Bezano feel about this evening. Is he glad?

ZINIDA

I didn't talk to Bezano. You know what I think,
 my friend? You, too, are superfluous here. [Silence.]
 X to him

HE

How do you want me to take that, Zinida?

ZINIDA

Just as I said. ~~X DL & cough~~
 In fact, Consuelo sold herself for
 nothing. What is the Baron worth, with his poor
 millions? People say that you are clever, too clever
 perhaps; tell me then, for how much could one buy
 me? X to him

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED 151

HE

rise - walk
[Looking as if he were pricing her]: Only for a *or around her*
crown.

ZINIDA

A baron's crown?

HE

No, a royal one.

ZINIDA

turns him
You are far from being stupid. *x cough - Sir* And you guessed
that Consuelo is not Mancini's daughter?

HE

x cough
[Startled]: What! And she knows it?

ZINIDA

Hardly. Why should she know it? Yes, she is a girl from Corsica whose parents are unknown. He preferred to use her for business rather than . . . But according to the law, she is his daughter, Countess Veronica Mancini.

HE

It is nice, to have everything done according to law, isn't it, Zinida? But it is curious there is more

blue blood in her than in this Mancini. One would say that it was she who found him on the street, and made him a count and her father. Count Mancini! ^{x DC}
 [Laughs.]

ZINIDA

Yes, you are gloomy, HE. ^{rise to him} I changed my mind, you'd better stay.

HE

Will I not be superfluous?

ZINIDA

^{x CR} When she is gone, you will not. Oh! You don't know yet, how nice it is to be with us. What a rest for the body and mind. ^{x CR} I understand you. I am clever, too. Like you, I brought with me from out there my inclination for chains, and for a long time I chained myself to whatever I could, in order to feel firm.

HE

Bezano?

ZINIDA

^{x R} Bezano and others; there were many, there will be many more. My red lion, with whom I am desperately

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED 153

in love, is still more terrible than Bezano. But it is all nonsense; old habits, which we are sorry to let go, like old servants who steal things. Leave Consuelo alone. She has her own way. *X to him*

HE

Automobiles and diamonds?

ZINIDA

When did you see a beauty clad in simple cotton? If this one does not buy her, another will. They buy off everything that is beautiful. Yes, I know. For the first ten years she will be a sad beauty, who will attract the eyes of the poor man on the side-walk: afterward she will begin to paint a little around her eyes and smile, and then will take— *X DC*

HE

Her *chauffeur* or butler as a lover? You're not guessing badly, Zinida!

ZINIDA

Am I not right? I don't want to intrude on your confidence, but to-day I am sorry for you, HE. What can you do against Fate? Don't be offended, my friend, by the words of a woman. I like you; you *-X to HE*

Movement

Briguet &
Mascini

154 HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

are not beautiful, nor young, nor rich, and your place is——

HE

XCR
On the side-walk, from which one looks at the beauties. [*Laughs.*] And if I don't want to?

ZINIDA

XCR - Lillian -
What does it matter, your "want" or "don't want"?
HZ turn away
I am sorry for you, my poor friend, but if you are a strong man, and I think you are, then there is only one way for you. To forget.

HE

turn to her
You think that that's being strong? And you are saying this, you, Queen Zinida, who want to awaken the feeling of love, even in the heart of a lion? For one second of an illusory possession, you are ready to pay with your life, and still you advise me to forget! *the* Give me your strong hand, my beautiful lady; see how much strength there is in this pressure, and don't pity me.

W.C. Sawyer
[Enter BRIQUET and MANCINI. *The latter is reserved, and self-consciously imposing. He has a new suit, but the same cane, and the same noiseless smile of a satyr.*]

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

155

^{for} ZINIDA
^{for}
[Whispering]: Will you stay?

HE

Yes. I shan't go away.

^{X DR to desk} MANCINI
How are you, my dear? But you are dazzling, my dear! I swear you are marvellous! Your lion would be an ass, if he did not kiss your hand, as I do. . . .
[Kisses her hand.]

ZINIDA

May I congratulate you, Count?

MANCINI

Yes, *merci*. [To HE] How are you, my dear?

HE

Good evening, Count!

^{X 3.} BRIQUET ^(M steps back)
Zinida, the Count wants to pay immediately for the breach of contract with Consuelo . . . the Countess's contract. Don't you remember, Mother, how much it is?

ZINIDA

I'll look it up, Papa. > *cheerful look*

MANCINI

Yes, please. Consuelo will not return here any more. We leave to-morrow.

[ZINIDA and BRIQUET search among the papers. HE takes MANCINI roughly by the elbow, and draws him aside.]

HE

[*In a low voice*]: How are your girls, Mancini?

MANCINI

What girls? *X O K* What is this, stupidity or blackmail? Look out, sir, be careful, the policeman is not far.

HE

You are much too severe, Mancini. I assumed, that since we are *tête-à-tête* . . .

MANCINI

But tell me, what kind of *tête-à-tête* is possible, between a clown and me? [*Laughs.*] You are stupid, HE. You should say what you want, and not ask questions!

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED 15.

BRIQUET

Three thousand francs, Count.

X of them MANCINI

Is that all? For Consuelo? All right. I'll tell the Baron.

rise ZINIDA

You took—

BRIQUET

Don't, Mother, don't.

ZINIDA

Count, you drew in advance, I have it written down, eighty francs and twenty centimes. Will you pay this money, too?

MANCINI

*X
turn
100* Certainly, certainly. You will get three thousand and one hundred. [*Laughing*] Twenty centimes! I never thought I could be so accurate. [*Seriously*] Yes, my friends. My daughter Consuelo—the Countess—and the Baron, expressed their desire to bid farewell to the whole cast.

HE

The Baron, too?

MANCINI

Yes, Auguste, too. They want to do it during the intermission. ^{um} Therefore, I ask you to gather here . . . the more decent ones . . . but please don't make it too crowded! HE, will you, sir, be kind enough to run into the buffet and tell them to bring right away a basket of champagne, bottles and glasses—you understand? - C

After the door HE
Yes, Count.

MANCINI

Wait a minute, what's the hurry—what is this, a new costume? You are all burning like the devils in hell!

HE

You do me too much honour, Count, I am not a devil. I am merely a poor sinner who the devils are frying a little. [*He goes out, bowing like a clown.*] *get*

X to Brng. MANCINI
A gifted chap, but too cunning. } XDR

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED 159

BRIQUET

It's the Tango colour, in honour of your daughter, Count. He needs it for a new stunt, which he doesn't want to tell in advance. Don't you want to sit down, Count?

MANCINI

Auguste is waiting for me, but . . . it's all right. ^{let's}
[Takes a seat.] Nevertheless I am sorry to leave you, ^o
my friend. High society, certainly, prerogatives of
the title, castles of exalted noblemen, but where could ^{me}
I find such freedom, and . . . such simplicity. . . .
And besides, these announcements, these burning posters, which take your breath in the morning, they had something which summoned, which encouraged. . . .
There, my friends, I shall become old.

P.B.
turn to
Z.

BRIQUET

But pleasures of a higher kind, Count. ^{turn to} Why are you silent, Zinida?

ZINIDA

I'm listening.

MANCINI

^{me} By the way, my dear, how do you like my suit?

Movement

*He returns
Waiter & Conductor
Set up buffet table*

160 HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

You have wonderful taste. [^{whirls}Spreads out his lace tie and lace cuffs.]

ZINIDA

I like it. You look like a nobleman of the courts of long ago.

MANCINI

play
poet
cc
Yes? But don't you think it is too conspicuous? Who wears ^{a reverse to what modern} lace and satin now? This dirty democracy will soon make us dress ourselves in sack cloth. [*With a sigh*] Auguste told me that this jabot was out of place.

ZINIDA

The Baron is too severe.

MANCINI

x2
cc
Yes, but it seems to me he is right. I am a little infected with your fancy. [*HE returns.* ^{uR. ~~Two~~} *waiters follow him, carrying a basket of champagne and glasses. They prepare everything on the table.*]

MANCINI.

to desk
Ah! merci, HE. But, please, none of this bourgeoisie exploding of corks; be slower and more modest. ^{He waves} Send the bill to Baron Regnard. Then, we will be here, Briquet. I must go.

whistles

bill under nose of H.

Movement

Jackson

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

161

ZINIDA

[Looks at her watch]: Yes, the act is going to end soon. *waiter lets up*

M Mancini
Heavens! [Disappears in a hurry.]

BRIQUET

The devil take him! *- f d R*

ZINIDA

[Pointing to the waiter]: Not so loud, Louis! *rice - follow Louis*

BRIQUET

No! The devil take him! And why couldn't you help me, Mother? You left me alone to talk to him. High Society! High pleasures! Swindler! [HE and ZINIDA laugh. *The waiters smile.*]

BRIQUET

waiter
[To the waiters]: What are you laughing about? You can go. We will help ourselves. Whiskey and soda, Jean! [In a low and angry voice] Champagne! *- dit*
[Enter JACKSON, in his clown's costume.] *- R. R. Lane*

~~X to L. & HE~~ JACKSON

A whiskey and soda for me, too! At least I hear some laughter here. Those idiots have simply forgotten how to laugh. My sun was rising and setting and crawling all over the ring—and not a smile! Look at my bottom, shines like a mirror! [*Turns around quickly.*] Beg your pardon, Zinida. And you don't look badly to-night, HE. Look out for your cheeks. I hate beauties.

BRIQUET

A benefit performance crowd!

JACKSON

~~X to desk~~ [*Looking in a hand mirror, correcting his make-up*]: In the orchestra there are some Barons and Egyptian mummies. I got a belly-ache from fright. I am an honest clown. I can't stand it when they look at me as if I had stolen a handkerchief. HE, please give them a good many slaps to-night.

HE

~~X to C~~ Be quiet, Jim. I shall avenge you. [*He goes out.*] *ll X done*

ZINIDA

And how is Bezano?

hashtag
laughter, applause

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED 163

JACKSON

A success
[Grumbling]: Bezano! A crazy success. But he is crazy, he will break his neck to-morrow. Why does he run such a risk? Or perhaps he has wings, like a god? Devil take it. It's disgusting to look at him. It's not work any more. - *step back*

BRIQUET

You are right, Jim! It is not work any more. To your health, old comrade, Jackson.

JACKSON

To yours, Louis.

XKR laughter & applause
BRIQUET

XKR It is not work any more, since these Barons came here! Do you hear? They are laughing. But I am indignant, I am indignant, Jim! What do they want here, these Barons? Let them steal hens in other hen roosts, and leave us in peace. Ah! Had I been Secretary of the Interior, I should have made an iron fence between us and those people. *XOR*

JACKSON

I am very sorry myself for our dear little Consuelo. I don't know why, but it seems to me that we

Movement

Angelica &
Thomas

164 HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

all look to-day more like swindlers than honest artists. Don't you think so, Zinida?

ZINIDA

X to Count
Everybody does what he wants. It's Consuelo's business and her father's.

BRIQUET

X C
No, Mother, that's not true! Not everybody does what he wants, but it turns out this way . . . devil knows why. *X DCL*

[Enter ANGELICA and THOMAS, an athlete.]

u.c. door
X C
ANGELICA

Is this where we're going to have champagne?

BRIQUET

And you're glad already?

Saccharin X DR

THOMAS

X ULL
There it is! Oh, oh, what a lot!

ANGELICA

The Count told me to come here. I met him.

5 B Z
PT

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED 165

BRIQUET

[Angrily]: All right, if he said so, but there is no reason to enjoy it. Look out, Angelica, you will have a bad end. I see you through and through. How does she work, Thomas?

XOL

THOMAS

Very well.

ANGELICA

[In a low voice]: How angry Papa Briquet is to-night.

Big x. sit desk

[Enter HE, TILLY, POLLY, and other actors, all in their costumes.]

(HE stands, u R facing desk)

TILLY

(Pinna x UL to wall)

- u C

Do you really want champagne?

POLLY

- u C

I don't want it at all. Do you, Tilly?

TILLY

And I don't want it. HE, did you see how the Count walks? [Walks, imitating MANCINI. Laughter.]

(HE turns & looks at Tilly)

uarn

Sound

#

March of Cadets

POLLY

~~XUL~~
Let me be the Baron. Take my arm. Look out,
ass, you stepped on my beloved family tree!

ANGELICA

It'll soon be finished, Consuelo is galloping now.
It is her ~~waltz~~ ^{music}. What a success she is having! + DCL ⁱⁿ
[All listen to the ~~waltz~~ ^{music}. TILLY and POLLY are ^{is coming}
singing it softly.]

ANGELICA

She is so beautiful! Are those her flowers?

[They listen. Suddenly, a crash as if a broken wall
were tumbling down: applause, shouting, scream-
ing; much motion on the stage. The actors are
pouring champagne. New ones come in, talk-
ing and laughing. When they notice the direct-
or and the champagne, they become quiet and
modest.]

~~U L X D R~~ VOICES ~~XUL~~
They're coming! What a success! I should say,
since all the orchestra seats . . . And what will it
be when they see the Tango? Don't be envious,
Alphonse.

#39

Movement

Consuelo, Baron
Crawford,
Mancini

BRIQUET

x to L.

Silence! Not so much noise, please! Zinida, look here, don't be so quiet! High society!

out

uR [Enter CONSUELO, on the arm of the BARON who is stiff and erect. She is happy. MANCINI, serious and happy. Behind them, riders, actors, actresses. The BARON has in his button-hole a fiery-red rose. All applaud and cry: "Bravo, bravo!"]

XO

CONSUELO

step far.

M. x to her

Friends . . . my dears . . . Father, I can't . . . [Throws herself into MANCINI's arms, and hides her face on his shoulders. MANCINI looks with a smile over her head at the BARON. BARON smiles slightly, but remains earnest and motionless. A new burst of applause.]

BRIQUET

by the desk
serv to her

Enough, children! Enough!

MANCINI

Calm yourself, calm yourself, my child. How they all love you! [Taking a step forward] Ladies and gentlemen, Baron Regnard did me the honour yesterday, to ask for the hand of my daughter, the

by the desk
serv to her

B+Z

HE

TU

B T+P

168 HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

Countess Veronica, whom you knew under the name of Consuelo. Please take your glasses.

CONSUELO

No, I am still Consuelo, to-night, and I shall always be Consuelo! Zinida, dear! *[Falls on the neck of ZINIDA. Fresh applause.]* X & Z-DR

BRIQUET

Stop it! Silence! Take your glasses. What are you standing here for? If you came, then take the glasses. X C

(Recede TR)
[Trembling]: They are frightened. You take yours first, Papa, and we will follow. X O

[They take the glasses. CONSUELO is near the BARON, holding the sleeve of his dress coat with her left hand. In her right hand, she has a glass of champagne, which spills over.] B

BARON

X to Con.
You are spilling your wine, Consuelo.

CONSUELO

Ah! It is nothing! I am frightened, too. Are you, Father? X to C. Man

crowd sigh -
applause

MANCINI

Silly child. [*An awkward silence.*]

BRIQUET

[*With a step forward*]: Countess! As the director of the circus, who was happy enough . . . to witness . . . many times . . . your successes . . .

CONSUELO

I do not like this, Papa Briquet! I am Consuelo. What do you want to do with me? I shall cry. I don't want this "Countess." Give me a kiss, Briquet!

to her - hug her BRIQUET
Ah, Consuelo! Books have killed you. *crowd sigh*

[*Kisses her with tears. Laughter, applause. The clowns cluck like hens, bark, and express their emotions in many other ways. The motley crowd of clowns, which is ready for the pantomime, becomes more and more lively. The BARON is motionless, there is a wide space around him; the people touch glasses with him in a hurry, and go off to one side. With CONSUELO they clink willingly and cheerfully. She kisses the women.*]

Bay Con
Pri. x

very pretty scene
and much

B+C

Beyano

Set on bench
→ X DC

JACKSON

XC

Silence! Consuelo, from to-day on, I extinguish my sun. Let the dark night come after you leave us. You were a nice comrade and worker, we all loved you and will love the traces of your little feet on the sand. Nothing remains to us!

Say
up
down

- x la Jim

CONSUELO

You are so good, so good, Jim. So good that there is no one better. And your sun is better than all the other suns. I laughed so much at it. Alfred, dear, why don't you come? I was looking for you.

x to
N.Y.

My congratulations, Countess.

BEZANO

CONSUELO

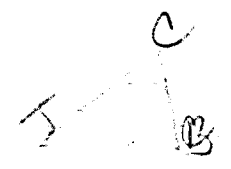
Alfred, I am Consuelo!

BEZANO

When you are on horseback; but here—I congratulate you, Countess. [He passes, only slightly touching CONSUELO's glass. CONSUELO still holds it. MANCINI looks at the BARON with a smile. The latter is motionless.]

X DR
XC
X DC

much
with



HE WHO GETS SLAPPED 171

BRIQUET

Nonsense, Bezano. You are making Consuelo unhappy. She is a good comrade.

CONSUELO

No, it's all right. — *Bez. XDL*

ANGELICA

You'll dance the Tango with her to-night, so how is she a countess?

Philly Polly

May I clink glasses with you, Consuelo? You know ~~Polly~~ ^{ally} has died of grief already, and I am going to die. I have such a weak stomach.

[Laughter; ~~BARON~~ shows slight displeasure. General motion.] *XCR*

MANCINI

XDL Enough, enough! The intermission is over.

CONSUELO

Already? It's so nice here. *XDCR*

BRIQUET

XCR I shall prolong it. They can wait. Tell them, Thomas.

In this case...

Conductor appears on ramp.

XCR

Conductor

MANCINI

Auguste, the musicians of the orchestra, too, ask permission to congratulate you and Consuelo. Do you . . . ?

BARON

Certainly, certainly.

[~~Enter crowd of musicians.~~ The conductor, ~~an old Italian,~~ lifts his glass solemnly and without looking at the BARON.]

H. R. d. m. THE CONDUCTOR

Consuelo! They call you Countess here, but for me you were and are *Consuelo*.

CONSUELO

Certainly!

THE CONDUCTOR

Consuelo! My violins and bassoons, my trumpets and drums, all are drinking your health. Be happy, dear child, as you were happy here. And we shall conserve for ever in our hearts the fair memory of our light-winged fairy, who guided our bows so long. I have finished! Give my love to our beautiful Italy, Consuelo.

Kisses C. 's hand.

warn

Movement

Sound

applause

stays - left.

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED 173

[Applause, compliments. The musicians one after another clink glasses and go out into the corridor. CONSUELO is almost crying.]

— *to Consuelo at entrance* OR
MANCINI

Don't be so sensitive, my child, it is indecent. Had I known that you would respond this way to this comedy—Auguste, look how touched this little heart is! #

— *to Consuelo*
BARON

Calm yourself, Consuelo.

CONSUELO

It is all right. Ah, Father, listen! — *XUC*

[The musicians are playing the Tango in the corridor. Exclamations.]

MANCINI

You see. It is for you.

CONSUELO

—
They are so nice. My Tango! I want to dance. Who is going to dance with me? [Looks around, seeking BEZANO, who turns away sadly.] Who, then?

VOICES -

Baron! Let the Baron dance! Baron!

-x to Cons . BARON

All right. [*Takes CONSUELO's arm, and stands in the centre of a circle which is formed.*] I do not know how to dance the Tango, but I shall hold tight. Dance, Consuelo. [*He stands with legs spread, heavily and awkwardly, like an iron-moulded man, holding CONSUELO's arm firmly and seriously.*]

MANCINI

[*Applauding*]: Bravo! Bravo! [*CONSUELO makes a few restless movements, and pulls her arm away.*]

CONSUELO

ACL No, I can't this way. How stupid! Let me go! [*She goes to ZINIDA and embraces her, as if hiding herself. The music still plays. The BARON goes off quietly to the side. There is an unfriendly silence among the cast. They shrug their shoulders.*]

MANCINI

[*Alone*]: Bravo! Bravo! It is charming, it is exquisite!

*Byron's hand
couch*

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED 175

JACKSON

Not entirely, Count.

[TILLY and POLLY imitate the BARON and CONSUELO without moving from their places.]

TILLY

[Shrieking]: Let me go!

POLLY

No, I'll not. Dance!

[The music stops abruptly. General, too loud laughter; the clowns bark and roar. Papa BRIQUET gesticulates, in order to re-establish silence. The BARON is apparently as indifferent as before.]

out

st. UR

MANCINI

kicks & strikes them.

Really these vagabonds are becoming too impertinent. [Shrugging his shoulders] It smells of the stable. You cannot help it, Auguste!

BARON

Don't be upset, Count. - XC

He

[Holding his glass, approaches the BARON]: Baron Will you permit me to make a toast? - X UL

to Anglica

176 HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

BARON

Make it.

UC
HE

To your dance! [*Slight laughter in the crowd.*]

BARON

I don't dance!

ouch x DC
HE

Then another one, Baron. Let us drink to those who know how to wait longer, until they get it.

BARON

I do not accept any toasts which I do not understand. Say it more simply.

[*Voice of a woman: "Bravo, HE!" Slight laughter.*]

MANCINI says something hastily to BEIQUET; the latter spreads his arms in gesture of helplessness. JACKSON takes HE by the arm.]

from UC /ouch
JACKSON

Beat it, HE! The Baron doesn't like jokes.

WARN

Sound

Bell manual

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED 177

HE

But I want to drink with the Baron. What can be simpler? Simpler? Baron, let us drink to the very small distance which will always remain 'twixt the cup and the lip! [*Spills his wine, and laughs.*] *Bo.*
[*The BARON turns his back on him, indifferently.*] *x tr #*
The music plays in the ring. The bell rings. *Cons.*

BRIQUET

x DC
[*Relieved*]: There! To the ring, ladies and gentlemen, to the ring, to the ring!
[*The actresses run out. The crowd becomes smaller; laughter and voices.*] *Hot behind*

MANCINI

[*Much excited, whispers to the BARON*]: "Auguste, Auguste—"
x to Bar. etc

BRIQUET

x to Z. - as usual
[*To ZINIDA*]: Thank heaven they're beginning. Ah, Mother, I asked you . . . but you want a scandal by all means, and you always—

ZINIDA

x KR
Let me alone, Louis.

[*HE approaches Consuelo, who is alone.*]

178 HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

CONSUELO

^{DC}
HE, deary, how are you? I thought you didn't want even to come near me. [*In a low voice*] Did you notice Bezano?

HE

I was waiting for my turn, Queen. It was so difficult to get through the crowd to approach you.

CONSUELO

Through the crowd? [*With a sad smile*] I am quite alone. What do you want, Father? ^{My to her}

MANCINI ^{CL}

Child! Auguste . . .

CONSUELO

^{X of}
^{Queen} [*Pulling away her hand*]: Let me alone! I'll soon be— Come here, HE. What did you say to him? They all laughed. I couldn't understand. What?

HE

I joked, Consuelo.

CONSUELO

Please don't, HE, don't make him angry; he is so

J. M. Baron

B. 2.

0

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED 179

terrible. Did you see how he pressed my arm? I wanted to scream. [*With tears in her eyes*] He hurt me!

HE

~~It's~~
It's not too late yet. Refuse him.

CONSUELO

~~It is~~
It is too late, HE. Don't talk about it.

HE

Do you want it? I will take you away from here.

CONSUELO

Where to? [*Laughs.*] Ah, my dear little silly boy, where could you take me to. All right, be quiet. How pale you are! You too, love me? Don't HE, please don't! Why do they all love me?

HE

You are so beautiful!

CONSUELO

No, no. It's not true. They must not love me. ~~I~~
I was still a little cheerful, but when they began to speak . . . so nicely . . . and about Italy . . .

and to bid farewell, as if I were dying, I thought I should begin to cry. Don't talk, don't talk, but drink to . . . my happiness. [*With a sad smile*] To my happiness, He. What are you doing?

HE

I am throwing away the glass from which you drank with the others. I shall give you another one. Wait a minute. [*Goes to pour champagne.* CONSUELO walks about thoughtfully. Almost all are gone. Only the principal figures are left.]

MANCINI

FDL to Chris
[*Coming to her*]: But it is really becoming indecent, Veronica. Auguste is so nice, he is waiting for you, and you talk here with this clown. Some stupid secrets. They're looking at you—it is becoming noticeable. It is high time, Veronica, to get rid of these habits.

CONSUELO

[*Loudly*]: Let me alone, Father! I want to do so, and will do so. They are all my friends. Do you hear? Let me alone!

BARON

FDL
Don't, Count. Please, Consuelo, talk to whomever you please and as much as you want. Would you

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED 181

like a cigar, Count? ^{X & B.} Dear Briquet, please order them to prolong the intermission a little more.

BRIQUET

With pleasure, Baron. The orchestra crowd can be a little angry. [*Goes, and returns shortly. HE gives a glass to CONSUELO.*]

B - M. Stark C

to Con. DL HE

Here is your glass. To your happiness, to your freedom, Consuelo!

CONSUELO

And where is yours? We must touch our glasses.

HE

You leave half.

CONSUELO

Must I drink so much? HE, deary, I shall become drunk. I still have to ride.

HE

No, you will not be drunk. Dear little girl, did you forget that I am your magician? Be quiet and

sr. ex. H. C

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

drink. I charmed the wine. My witchery is in it.
Drink, goddess.

CONSUELO

^{-xco}
[Lingeringly]: What kind eyes you have. But why are you so pale?

HE

Because I love you. Look at my kind eyes and drink; give yourself up to my charms, goddess! You shall fall asleep, and wake again, as before. Do you remember? And you shall see your country, your sky . . .

CONSUELO

[Bringing the glass to her lips]: I shall see all this; is that true? - (She) ~~grows~~

HE

[Growing paler]: Yes! Awake, goddess, and remember the time when, covered with snow-white sea-foam, thou didst emerge from the sky blue waters. Remember heaven, and the low eastern wind, and the whisper of the foam at thy marble feet. . . .

CONSUELO

[Drinking]: There! Look! Just a half! Take

all
d.S. L. to center

#40

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED 183

it. But what is the matter with you? ^{HE turns away} Are you laughing or crying?

HE

I am laughing ~~and~~ crying.

MANCINI

^{X 2!} ^{HE X 110}
[Pushing HE away, slightly]: Enough, Countess, my patience is exhausted. If Auguste is good enough to allow it, then I, your Father—Your arm, Countess! Will you step aside, sir? ^{X 11} ^{HE + behind}

CONSUELO

I am tired.

MANCINI

You are not too tired to chatter and drink wine with a clown, and when your duty calls you—Briquet! Tell them to ring the bell. It is time. ^{Briq. sits 110}

CONSUELO

I am tired, Father.

ZINIDA

Count, it is cruel. Don't you see how pale she has become? ¹¹⁵

184 HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

BARON

fc
What is the matter with you, dear little Consuelo?

CONSUELO

Nothing.

ZINIDA

to Cons.
She simply needs a rest, Baron. She hasn't sat down yet . . . and so much excitement. . . . Sit down here, dear child. Cover yourself and rest a little. Men are so cruel!

both set
CONSUELO

I still have to work. [*Closing her eyes.*] And the roses, are they ready?

ZINIDA

Ready, dear, ready. You will have such an extraordinary carpet. You will gallop as if on air. Rest.

POLLY

Do you want some moosic? We will play you a song; do you want it?

*to Polly - humms
Polly*

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED 185

CONSUELO

[Smiling, eyes closed]: Yes, I do.

[The clowns play a soft and naïve song: tilly-polly, tilly-polly. General silence. HE sits in the corner with his face turned away. JACKSON watches him out of the corner of his eye, and drinks wine, lazily. The BARON, in his usual pose, wide and heavily spread legs, looks at the pale face of CONSUELO, with his bulging motionless eyes.]

CONSUELO

[With a sudden cry]: Ah! Pain!

ZINIDA

What is it, Consuelo?

MANCINI

My child! Are you sick! Calm yourself.

BARON

L. de B. Callan
[Growing pale]: Wait a moment. . . . She was too much excited. . . . Consuelo!

CONSUELO

[Gets up, looking before her with wide-open eyes, as if she were listening to something within herself]:

*Clowns react -
move back to d.r.
area.*

186 HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

Page 101
Ah! I feel pain. Here at the heart. Father, what is it? I am afraid. What is it? My feet too . . . I can't stand. . . . [*Falls on divan, her eyes wide open.*]

MANCINI

[*Running about*]: Bring a doctor! Heavens, it is terrible! Auguste, Baron . . . It never happened to her. It is nerves, nerves. . . . Calm yourself, calm, child—

BRIQUET

Bring a doctor! [*Somebody runs for a doctor.*]

JACKSON

[*In a voice full of fear*]: HE, what is the matter with you?

HE

X Enciso says her
It is death, Consuelo, my little Queen. I killed you. You are dying.

[*He cries, loudly and bitterly.* CONSUELO with a scream, closes her eyes, and becomes silent and quiet. All are in terrible agitation. The BARON is motionless, and sees only CONSUELO.]

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED 187

MANCINI

[*Furious*]: You are lying, rascal! Damned clown! What did you give her? You poisoned her! Murderer! Bring a doctor! *X to Briquet*

HE

Bezano
A doctor will not help. You are dying, my little Queen. Consuelo! Consuelo!

[*BEZANO rushes in, cries: "BRIQUET!" becomes silent and looks with horror at CONSUELO. Somebody else come in. BRIQUET is making gestures for someone to close the door.*]

CONSUELO

[*In a dull and distant voice*]: You are joking, HE? Don't frighten me. I am so frightened. Is that death? I don't want it. Ah, HE, my darling HE, tell me that you are joking, I am afraid, my dear, golden HE!

[*HE pushes away the BARON, with a commanding gesture, and stands in his place near CONSUELO. The BARON stands as before, seeing only CONSUELO.*]

HE

Yes, I am joking. Don't you hear how I laugh, Consuelo? They all laugh at you here, my silly child.

B
M
C
7

Wain
act 3

188 HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

Don't laugh, Jim. She is tired, and wants to sleep. How can you laugh, Jim! Sleep my dear, sleep my heart, sleep my love.

CONSUELO

Yes, I have no more pain. Why did you joke that way, and frighten me? Now I laugh at myself. You told me, didn't you, that I . . . should . . . live . . . eternally?

HE

Yes, Consuelo! You shall live eternally. Sleep. Be calm. [*Lifts up his arms, as if straining with all his forces to lift her soul higher.*] How easy it is now! How much light, how many lights are burning about you. . . . The light is blinding you.

CONSUELO

Yes, light . . . Is that the ring?

HE

No, it is the sea and the sun . . . what a sun! Don't you feel that you are the foam, white sea-foam, and you are flying to the sun? You feel light, you have no body, you are flying higher, my love!

Can I am flying. I am the sea-foam, and this is the sun, it shines . . . so strong. . . . I feel well.

Special
light

41

41a

~~scribble~~

41/b

#

Grand
Glue
Loud

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED 189

[*She dies. Silence. HE stays a moment with lifted arms, then takes a long look, lets his arms fall, and shakingly goes off to one side. He stands still for a moment, then sits down, drops his head on his hands, and struggles lonesomely with the torpidity of coming death.*]

BRIQUET

[*Slowly*]: She has fallen asleep, Mother? ^{VEL}

ZINIDA

[*Dropping the dead hand*]: I am afraid not. . . . Step aside, Louis. Baron, it is better for you to step aside. Baron! Do you hear me? [*Weeps.*] She is dead, Louis. ^{to C + Requiem}

[*The clowns and BRIQUET are crying. MANCINI is overwhelmed. The BARON and HE are motionless, each in his place.*]

JACKSON

[*Drawing out a large prismatic clown's handkerchief to wipe away his tears*]: Faded, like a flower. Sleep, little Consuelo! The only thing that remains of you is the trace of your little feet on the sand. [*Cries.*] Ah, what did you do, what did you do, HE! . . . It would have been better if you had never come to us.

[*There is music in the ring.*]

WARN

*

BRIQUET

to ramp
 [Gesticulating]: The music! Stop the music!
 They are crazy there. What a misfortune!

out
 [Someone runs off. ZINIDA approaches the crying *X to*
 BEZANO and strokes his bowed, pomaded head. *flex*
 When he notices her, he catches her hand and
 presses it to his eyes. The BARON takes the rose
 from his button-hole, tears off the petals, and
 drops it, grinding it with his foot. A few pale
 faces peer through the door, the same masquerade
 crowd.]

ZINIDA

[Over the head of BEZANO]: Louis, we must call
 the police.

MANCINI

John
Cornel
 [Awakening from his stupor, screams]: The police!
 Call the police! It's a murder! I am Count Mancini,
 I am Count Mancini! They will cut off your head,
 murderer, damned clown, thief! I myself will kill you,
 rascal! Ah, you! [HE lifts his heavy head with dif-
 ficulty.] *Breaks down.*

HE

They will cut off my head? And what more . . .
 Your Excellency?

Sound

gun shot -
manual -

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED 191

BARON

Sir! Listen, sir! I am going for the police. Stop it, sir. [*He suddenly takes a step forward, and looking HE in the eyes, speaks in a hoarse voice, with a cough, holding one hand at his throat.*] I am the witness. I saw. I am a witness. I saw how he put poison . . . I — *cut u R door*

[*He leaves the room, suddenly, with the same straight, heavy steps. All move away from him, frightened. HE drops his head again. From time to time a tremor shakes his body.*]

JACKSON

Staring DL
[*Clasping his hands*]: Then it is all true? Poisoned! What a vile man you are, HE. Is this the way to play? Now wait for the last slap of the executioner! [*Makes the gesture around his neck, of the guillotine. Tilly and Polly repeat the gesture.*]

ZINIDA

pract
Leave his soul alone, Jim. He was a man, and he loved. Happy Consuelo! —

[*A shot is heard in the corridor. THOMAS, frightened, runs in and points to his head.*]

WARN

X

Movement

Sound

Thomas

192 HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

THOMAS

UK Baron
Baron . . . Baron . . . his head . . .
He shot himself? . . .

BRIQUET

[*Throwing his arms up*]: God! What is it? The
Baron? What a calamity for our circus.

MANCINI

The Baron? The Baron? No. What are you
standing here for? Ah!

BRIQUET

Calm down, Count. Who would have believed it?
Such a respectable . . . gentleman! *XDR by desk*
with Mancini

HE

[*Lifting his head with difficulty; he sees only dimly*
with his dulled eyes]: What more? What happened? *rise*
XUC

THOMAS

The Baron shot himself. Honestly. Straight here!
He's lying out yonder.

WARN

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED 193

HE

[Thinking it over]: Baron? [Laughs.] Then the Baron burst?

JACKSON

Stop it! It's shameful. A man died and you . . . What's the matter with you, HE?

HE

[Stands up, lifted to his feet by the last gleam of consciousness and life, speaks strongly and indignantly]: You loved her so much, Baron? So much? My Consuelo? And you want to be ahead of me even there? No! I am coming. We shall prove then whose she is to be for ever. . . .

[He catches at his throat, falls on his back. People ^{falls over in front} ~~run~~ ^{run} to him. General agitation.]

CURTAIN

SLOW

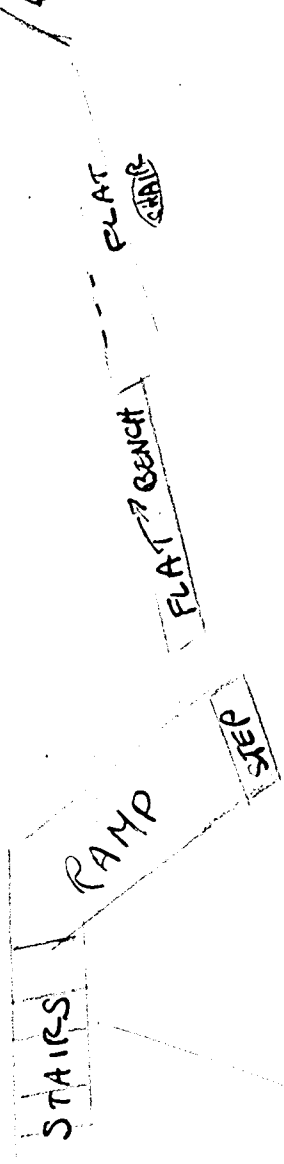
42

BLACK VELOUR

BLACK

VELOUR

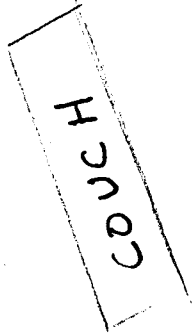
ENTRANCE
to dressing room
outside world



FLAT BENCH

FLAT BENCH

STEPS



GRAB



Ground Plan - unit set
"HE WHO GETS SCAPED"

- Act II
- Strike bench + chair
 - Add buffet table
% food - u. center.
Flush % wall.

Sound Cues

ACT I

In 15 Mancini: -- understand about heroism tango -- soft
 Out 15 Polly: -- wasn't the idea Bezabo's ----
 In 48 He: -- I feel it tango
 Out 49 Curtain: -- bring volume up steadily. Out abrupt

ACT II

In 49 Rise of curtain: Mosquito Dance
 Out 49 Consuelo: -- he's only joking ----
 In 61 Briquet: -- to the ring -- Bell, manual
 In 61 Briquet: -- to the ring -- Bell and Grand Duke
 Out 63 when the waiter has finished setting up.
~~In 66 He: -- yes, you took a teacher~~
~~Out 66 Mancini: my father taught me ----~~
~~In 68 Mancini: the eyes, the nose ----~~
~~Out 68 He: -- like a spider ----~~
 In 74 Briquet: -- oh, she is crazy -- The Big Cage loud.
 Out 75 Zinida: -- I? no. did you see? ----
 In 81 Consuelo: -- you are the nicest of all ----
 Out 81 He: -- I always do ----
 In 89 Consuelo: -- remind me ---- gallop music
 Out 89 He: -- Leave the boy alone ----

ACT III

In 108 He: -- Why? it looks very nice -- tango -- soft.
 Out 109 Gentleman: -- thank you. I am going ----
 In 121 Consuelo: -- I say it only when I'm with you -- Echoes -soft
 Out 122 Mancini: --a ring ---- fade out slowly.
 In 144 He: I too. Curtain. fade slowly.

ACT IV

In 145 Curtain: "Go." low. let record finish
 In 166 Polly: -- stepped on my family tree -- March of Cadets
 Out 167 Briquet: -- high society ----
 In 173 Mancini: -- how touched his heart is --- tango - soft
 Out 175 Polly: -- no, I'll not dance. -- abrupt.
 In 177 He: -- betwixt the lip and the cup -- Bell
 In 189 Jackson: -- if you had never come to us Grand Duke
 Out 190 Briquet: -- stop the music--- abrupt.
 In 191 Zinida: -- Happy Consuelo ---- gunshot ----manual.

Light Cues

ACT I

House to half. # A 5 minutes before curtain
 House down and out 1 minute before curtain. Warn curtain.
 # B curtain going up.

4 With curtain 1
 6 Clowns exit 2
 34 Bezaro----- Consuelo exits 3
 48 With curtain falling 4
 House lights. 10 minute break.

ACT II

House to half. # 5 signal front of house.
 House down and out. warn curtain.
 # 5a curtain going up.

49 With curtain going up 6
 54 Consuelo: Get up. you're so fat. 7
 61 Jackson: you're a fool and play for nothing. 8
 74 Briquet: oh, she's crazy. Applause 9
 75 Zinida: Oh, Bezano. *My Consuelo sits* 10
~~70 79 Mancini: after waiter strikes table, etc. 11~~
 86 Consuelo: some god 12
 88 Consuelo: remind me in further 14
 89 Consuelo: I was feeling so happy 15
 92 He: by my little queen 16
 95 With curtain falling 17
 House lights. 15 minutes .

ACT III

House to half # C
 House down and out warn curtain.
 # D curtain going up.

96 With curtain 18
 104 Gentleman: sit down here 19
 105 Oh what a marvelous comedy 20
 106 He: get out vermin 21
 107 Polly: come on exit. 22
 112 He: I am mad 23
 119 Consuelo: I am hungry 24
 122 Mancini: winter roses 25
 125 He; eat Consuelo 26
 128 Mancini exits 27
 132 Consuelo: and as I thought it 28
 132 Consuelo: there was the sea 28a
 133 Consuelo: no rises 28b
 136 He: Bezano appears 29
 138 He: Bezano, sit down 30
 141 Bezano: exits. Baron enters 31
 142 Mancini: company, Baron, exits 32
 144 With curtain falling 33
 Closed curtain

5 minutes

ACT IV

House to half # 34 Signal front house.
House down and out. Warn curtain.
35 Curtain going up.

145	With Curtain rising	36
147	Second: they're so excited	37
154	He: pity on me. Enter Briquet & Mancini	38
166	Angelica: are those her flowers; applause	39
182	He: because I love you.	40
188	He: you shall live eternally	41
188	Consuelo: I am flying	41a
188	Consuelo: I feel well	41b
196	With curtain falling	42

2 curtain calls.

House lights.

PROPERTY LIST

ACT 1.

Desk materials - set before curtain (pen, paper, leger)

Costumes and ballet slippers - set before curtain, hanging on hook ulent

2 pillows on couch - set before curtain.

Stiletto, handkerchief - MANCINI

Money - BRIQUET

Lace handkerchief - BEZANO

Card - HE

Riding crop - BEZANO

ACT 2.

Blanket - set before curtain - over back of desk chair

Cigar - BARON

Shawl - CONSUELO

1 whiskey and soda glass on tray - WAITER

Bottle and glasses on tray - WAITER

Small table and 2 chairs - WAITER
with bottle and glasses

Letter - THOMAS

Whip - ZINIDA

Strike small table and 2 chairs - WAITER

ACT 3.

CONSUELO poster - hang ul before curtain

Towel - on desk before curtain

2 ballons - TILLY, POLLY

Tray with at least 3 small sandwiches - HE

Riding crop - BEZANO

ACT 4.

Roses - on couch and on desk before curtain

Strike bench and chair from uc

Set buffet table with table cloth before curtain.

Basket of champagne and glasses, bill- HE

Trays of food and glasses and bottles-to be set on buffet table-WAITERS

2 umbrellas- TILLY, POLLY

2 whiskey and sodas on tray- WAITER

Rose- in lapel-BARON

Baton- Conductor

The Waiter's Cues.

ACT II

57 Jackson: Whiskey & soda! Believe me -----
tray with glass of whiskey to Jackson.

58 Jean: Whiskey & soda for the manager -----
tray with whiskey & glass to desk.

62 Mancini: Waiter, please
table, 2 chairs, tray with champagne.

79 Mancini: I'll come back for you child -----
strike chairs, table, place stool back.

95 Curtain: strike tray and glass

ACT IV - *Strike stool, white chair ^{stage} & wall*

160 Mancini: seems to me he was right -----
set up buffett table.

161 Zinida: act is going to end soon
tray with whiskey

161 Briquet: whiskey and soda ----
2 glasses to buffett table.

Curtain - Movement

Act I - - hold a beat - fast curtain

Act II - - Iggy leans down on table - medium

Act III - - I two - hold beat - fast curtain

Act IV - - slow dramatic curtain

Act I

Breakdown for ~~scene~~ work

Brigant - Mancini

He Jackson

Concubine - Brigant

Zinida (money)

group

He - Zinida - Brigant (money)

Zinida - Brigant (love)

Zinida - He (I love you)

Act II

Baron - Concubine

Mancini - He - Jackson - Brigant - group

(should be in scene)

He - Mancini - Brigant (I love Zinida)

Zinida - Crowd (faints)

He - Consuls (France)
He - Gentleman

Act III
He - Gentleman

Mancini - He (Poetry) Brigue / Consuls

Consuls - Mancini - (absent from) ^(allied) _{participating}

Consuls - He / Bezans

Bezans - He

Mancini / Baron / He

Baron / He

Act IV
Consuls (absent from)

Bezans - He (participating)

Mancini - Brigue - Bezans - He

Play - great script
① Pick out program cards
pre-acted weekends, address, phone
not free

② no stage manager ✓

③ post on 4th or near elevator ✓

④ rehearsals may run over - perhaps
always call CI 79413 when not
coming - always return ✓

⑤ He - would you like breaks - then
come back or what?

⑥ preference as to which rehearsals?

⑦ ~~rehearsals~~ must work on your own too!

1st General Production
Meeting with Cast
followed by line reading

He Who Gets Slapped

Act I

Page

Call on

4
5
10
12
17
18
23
27
42
46

Tilly, Polly
Briquet, Mancini
Zinida
Crowds
Thomas
He
Jackson
Consuelo, Bezano
Bezano
He

7:50
8:20
30

Act II

49
54-55
59
62
70
72
74
92

10
Consuelo, Baron
He, Tilly, Polly, Jackson, Crowds
Mancini, Briquet
Bezano
Waiter (table, glasses,)
Thomas
Briquet
Zinida, crowds, Consuelo, Bezano
Thomas, A Gentleman

8:35
9:00
35

Act III

96
106
110
115
116
136
141

19 (Waiter take table down)
He, Gentleman
Tilly, Polly
Mancini
Briquet
Consuelo
Bezano
Baron, Mancini

9:03
9:45
15

Act IV

145
148
154
160
161
164
165
167
170
172
192

3 bareback riders
Zinida, He
Briquet, Mancini
Waiter (Arranges table) Conductor
Jackson
Angelica, Thomas
He, Tilly, Polly
Consuelo, Baron, Mancini, Crowds
Bezano
Conductor
Thomas

9:14
(Conductor?)
10:20

ANALYSIS OF SCRIPT AND PRODUCTION OF HE WHO GETS SLAPPED
DIRECTOR'S NOTES - DIRECTOR'S PROBLEMS
culled from books, reviews, etc.

Andreyev - interested in soul and thought; recesses of the soul rather than action. Panpsyche concentration. Must, therefore, attempt to reformulate play into action and not intellectualize. Work against script in order to make playwright's ideas playable.

Theme-. Man is absorbed in inconsequential aims and activities, such as external achievement and pride of the intellect.

. Man is constantly attempting to relate himself with the life about him; to establish an immediate bond between himself and the larger social life. HE's solitiude, loneliness; yearning for human oneness- a moral bond in human existence.

.Man is unable to cope with or fight fate, destiny ,God of the Devil. Accident? But always an abyss of hopelessness.

HE- a restatement of pessimistic, sceptic, anti-social, anti-militarist, misanthropic Andreyev . Intellect who is fighting intellectualization of Man. Disgusted with surrounding stupidity, treachery and vulgarity ; enters circus in order to wallow in low life. Also, an attempt to mock the "outside world" for its drabness and commoness. Finds Beauty and becomes obsessed in his aim to make her realize herself; to awake her from her sleep, and to save her from the defiling BARON. Follows Beauty(CONSUELO) out of the world as he did all his life, slapped, jeered at, and misunderstood. Pathetic, bitter, generous, warm, crafty, sinister, impatient, love. All of the proceeding necesarry in order to establish some sympathy and understanding for what tuhs out to be a murder. MERCURIO- Voice work, physicalization of degenerate aristocrat, develop wierd, macabre business bits. Crystalize his relationships with each individual: warmth in relation to clowns, disgust in relation to GENTLEMAN, mockery and yet sympathy for trapped and misguided MACINI.

Time span between acts- however develop love for CONSELO on stage.
 Death idea must come to HE on stage. Success as clown-also on stage.
 Entire play has a tendency to develop off in the wings as written-
 with bits and snatches(montages) from the ring on stage. Attempt to
 reverse this--and bring all realizations actively onto stage.

CONSUELO' s fondness for HE, who plays, cajoles, and cheers her
 must be seen for only then can an audience liking of any sort develop
 for HE. Sharply delineate HE's moments of sincerity from those of
 play-acting clownishly. But always suffering.

CONSUELO- goddess according to classic laws of beauty. Tall, graceful,
 severe features softened by charm and naiveté. Psyche is lofty and
 pure: a captive in life enslaved by oppressive reality; by the power
 of material things. Half-tones such as sighs, expressions-suffers
 when nearest to discovering her home. Must feel that she IS a goddess;
 and not that HE has planted it there-but that the beauty IS a real
 part of her. Thus, visions of other life must come from 'out there'
 and not from being hypnotized by HE. Clarify the fact that CONSUELO
 is not stupid but naive. Show the horrifying commonness that she can
 fall into in HE's CONSUELO scenes. This always occurs when he
 attempts some physical contact unwittingly; such as kissing the hem
 of her skirt or wildly hugging her. Their scenes must have both
 the sensitivity of a fairy-tale and the brutal frankness of a man and
 woman. The more desperate HE becomes as the play progresses, the more
 yearning and (possibly) sexual his love becomes.

MANDROS- Body movements. Hysterical, nervous movements-tone down.
 Vanity and snobbishness due to her position; quiet, shy love for BEZANO.
 Not a frail, timid conception- but a dynamic, alive personality-
 her motif-- the Tango(the music of life).

MANCINE-Ridiculous, macabre, fallen so low as to lord only in the
 circus. Ironic underscoring of HE. Fallen aristocracy and what
 happens to his high qualities of pride, form and style in the
 individual when crowd has lost respect for him due to his lack of money.

Bizarre, yet tragic. Impotent. Trapped but realizes it.

Final decision to sacrifice CONSUELO must be made on stage in front of HE. Selfish, money-hungry, flattering, woman-loving (pleasure-loving). FOLEY- Voice pattern, lacks variation, monotony. Must enjoy himself and mock himself more. Relish the future with ^{the dream of} money more. Not hungry enough or sensual enough. Cowardness must be developed. Develop a laugh. Tendency to talk ~~at~~ at people and not to them. Work privately; slowly.

BRIQUET-Ignorant, ~~also~~, money grubbing, a self-made man. Hates aristocracy but reversal in ACT IV to MANCINI when in the presence of actual money. Cowardly, talks behind BARON's back but not to his face. Having problems with ZINIDA. Always working at being in charge, though ZINIDA has the business brain. He can't even read. Question- has he or has he not had contact with the outside world?? Discussion with LEVY. Developed past background of BRIQUET with him. Yes, BRIQUET has had actual contact with outside life and been burned, failed; returned to build up circus, which is satisfactory explanation for his resentment but awe of aristocracy and intellect. Possessed and admires strength of ZINIDA; a weakling. Warmth and humanity in relation to circus people (clowns, CONSUELO).

LEVY-lacks belief as an actor. Attempts to intellectualize. Works slowly but evolves. Must specify all details and find all for and with him. Must keep finding new images and re-stimulating freshness of Briquet. Experimented with lion roaring record, developed character traits; attempts to make jokes; rushing at MANCINI but then backing down; taking his inferiority out on HE or on WAITERS; reacting strongly and gaining confidence from backing of the crowd people.

BEZANO- cruel, handsome, destroying as life and passion are destroying. Also, suffering from a feeling of social inferiority. Inability to communicate his feelings. Is not well-liked by other circus people. Quiet, demanding in his work and merciless of CONSUELO in her work. Has transposed all his frustrations in his relationships with others

to a demanding drive and ferocity. As all others in this play, he cannot communicate with others- a basic frustration and disappointment ensues and the loneliness that is so often referred to.

HADJAPANTIAZIAS- Diction, body movement. Feelings must vibrate strongly down to his fingertips. Slow down rate of speech in order to achieve words. Enunciation. No awareness of stage conventions in movement. Work privately. Develop anger on stage from line to line; let it grow and build. Vary anger into types: controlled and uncontrolled. Quick condemnation of others- the "disgusting" lines that are repetitive is another example of his loss of words and his fear of anything that becomes too emotional; too exposing. UNburdens himself in spurts to CON-SUELO off stage- must show on stage that his relationship with her differs- how?? Possible tenderness in their few lines together----Scene with HE must develop to the point where the possibility of BEZANO being swayed into violent action by HE is prevalent- but decision to renounce her is enacted. Possibility of HE plaguing BEZANO into scurrying all around the stage; turning, whirling, trying to escape.

BARON* Original conception- very fat, old and dissipated. Little movement, quiet, controlled intensity. Lust, depravity. Sidney Greenstreet or Eric von Stroheim. Heavy, ponderous thighs; labious and slow movement. An element of ludicrousness and scariness in his scenes. Attempt on many levels failed. Readjustment to actor^{director} just never found the key. Finally, evolved rigidity, properness, outrage. Necessity for more movement in order to sustain scene. Much less intense control. Rather a nervous, jumpy hysteria. Realized, however, that he was not diabolically tinted in order for his death to be a shocker+horrifying.

MELLO- Audibility problems. Following through on movement. Attempted to develop character gimmick bits, which director stifled for fear of becoming too melodramatic. A mistake.

ZINIDA* Strong, intense, impassioned, hysterical. Bored, lonely. pathetic and tragic at times. Been through many sexual encounters. Brittle, cold,

hardened. Bright, quick to understand HE, shrewd in her handling of BRIQUET and of the business. Fiery.

JAMOGORHAN- Worked hard with me to find character, Never tired or pathetic enough. Reblocked ACT IV scene with HE many times. Director was stumped. Not big enough in general. (*Note: Conception of the entire play was a romantic melodrama. Attempted to work with and not against this fact. Strove for bigness with all the characters. Constant problem as they would feel they were doing too-too much. MANCINI, BEZANO, GENTLEMAN, and ZINIDA all had to be developed along these lines- going further than the situation realistically. Stylized; all of the characters are very involved with themselves. Achieved this with some and not with others.) ZINIDA needed more wildness and fire.

GENTLEMAN-Life who has robbed HE of all that ~~made~~ existence worthwhile. Hypocrite, ugliness, affected humility, disgusting. Properness of the aristocracy, trickery and legal mind. Expose his bluff on stage, his fear, his desire to be free; his action -to convince HE to die. Weasel-like. Show the power of HE over him. A defiler of the mind as the BARON is a defiler of love.

CHERRY- Attendency to overplay, which director utilized in order to achieve the fake exterior of this man. Tremendous strides . Restimulation- or possibility of actor going stale; losing freshness. Kept working bits of unexpected business into scene. Cereberial actor. Found it mandatory to steer clear of discussions.

CIRCUS PEOPLE- Worked with them for only one week as an ensemble. Worked with and without principals. Energy and spirit-less. Lacked pep and vitality. Realize now that their characterizations were not specific^{enough}, but too general. Did not concentrate or give them enough business or physicalization. Did work hard at involvement though, which never did come across. Dissatisfaction with what and how director worked with them-on director's part, Made the mistake of thinking that acquaintanceship and reacquaintanceship^{with situation} would involve

and stimulate their imaginations and inventiveness. Constantly encouraged them to try new things. Gave them some bits but did not follow through in the execution of said things. Felt it could and would come; concentrated minutely and laboriously on principals. If crowd actors had been more skilled and experienced, director could have used said methods. However as it was, this was erroneous.

CONCLUDING STATEMENTS* Director lacked technical guidance in most areas. Thus, set and lighting-wise the show suffered. Sets were designed and executed by director, which was both a tremendous learning experience and disheartening. Cast worked hard and seriously from the beginning. Had meetings and pep talks and general group explanations at large often; thus the theory of all as a part of the whole worked. Tremendous cooperation and spirit. Learned much about the differing methods of actors and how to communicate to each, due to the fact that there was a tremendous variety of types in such a large cast. Readjusted to actors methods- rather than the other way around. Allowed a great deal of individual inventiveness (at least, more than ever in the past) and found this profitable on the whole. Feeling of accomplishment in certain areas and of failure in others.

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Graduate Director

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